

UNMISTAKABLY DEF PREVIEW ISSUE

UNDERGROUND

the *hip* pocket guide
to alternative listening

ABSOLUTELY AND TOTALLY FREE



TWO BIG BOYS

paying homage to
sexploitation movies



FRONT 242

the sound of bolshy
Euro electronics

★ THE STITCHED BACK

FOOT AIRMAN

deny 'wacky' tag

★ COURAGE OF LASSIE

develop rock/folk awareness

★ MY BABY'S ARM

produce massive pop 45

★ THE LAZY GIANTS

Americans in Hackney

★ JAMS *do* Scottish hip hop

★ THE BLACK ANGLIAS

drive over the horizon

★ SUBTERRANEAN

RECORDS explorative study

★ Whatever happened to

SUBWAY SECT

★ Gargantuan new

MEKONS album offer

★ THE CROP OF '87

*best albums and
singles so far this*

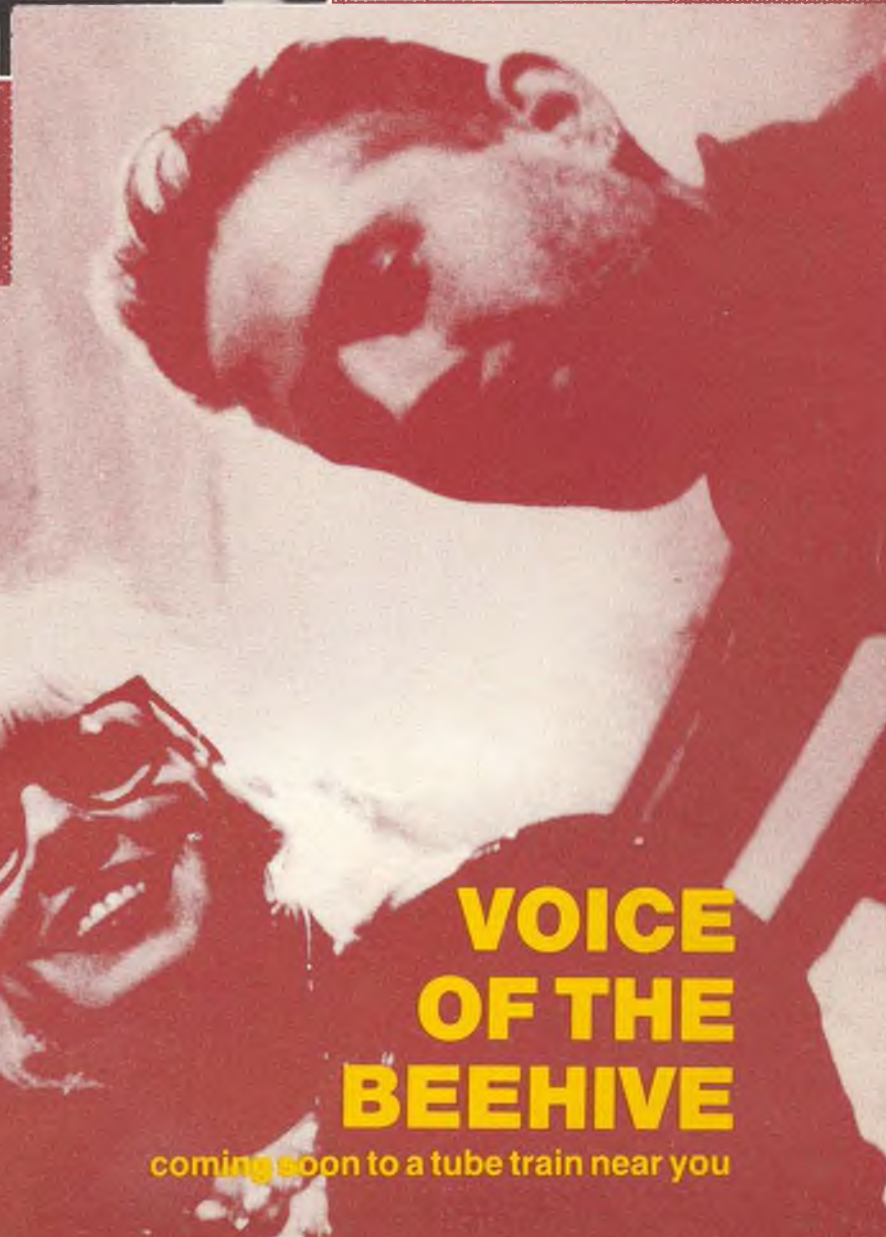
year from

*LITTLE
RICHARD to*

*A CERTAIN
RATIO*

plus, news, yet more reviews

*sub-culture and talk about a **FREE THING***



VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE

coming soon to a tube train near you

SUB

THE STYLE OF MEANING

culture



CRIME RAYS

It's A Crime is a mail game and as such can take one of two forms, computer or human modulated. Either way you write to KJC who send a rulebook and turn card. You fill out your orders and mail them back. A computer processes your moves and prints out the results. In due course you receive these back and have to decide what to do next.

It's A Crime supports 35 players who all start equal. The game orders are processed every ten days. Each turn costs 62½p plus stamp. (And in a magnanimous financial move, *Underground* has launched its own team headed by Dr Whybrew. As our rise or fall is plotted you'll be able to see the latest scam by scanning Sub-Culture each month. So, keep the airwaves clear.)



What does the game consist of? Well, imagine New York late 1990s. Lawlessness is rife. The Big Apple has deteriorated into a semi-derelict urban ghetto, rotten to the core. The few brave citizens who remain face a life or death struggle with the ever increasing number of drug crazed street gangs.

This is where you begin, not as a hero sent to clean up the mess, but as a gang leader intent on becoming the Daddy with the biggest turf and the sickest, most notorious outfit. All 35 players attempt to control as many blocks as possible, achieved by sending groups from their gang to mug, steal, firebomb, assault, peddle drugs, spy, ambush or generally act tough. *The ultimate aim is to become rich and evil enough to be enlisted into the mob!*

If you want to break into gangland yourselves KJC Games can be reached at PO Box 11, Cleveleys, Blackpool, Lancs FY5 2UL.

Dr Whybrew

FINAL by Playground £2.45 & sae from Fourth Dimension Records, c/o Rich, 7 Wentworth Gdns, Bullockstone, Herne Bay, Kent CT6 7TT

■ Bubonic rabble are nothing new in this green septic isle, cropping up at the drop of a Sonic Youth bootleg tape, but in Playground's case there's something a little more truculent, erring constantly on the wild slab of life and here coerced strangely onto tape when several of these songs *need* to court vinyl for full range impact.

■ Where once a mistrustful drum-machine laughed down its silicon sleeves at the hopeful boys as they pirouetted stonily around stage they now have a drummer. This provides a well-like boost to their scandalous undertakings; lending that fateful tinge to the all-consuming pyre that melts their finer points into a heaving wall of sound.

■ From the unstoppable derangement and intensity of Offering, right through until the appallingly 'jokey' Fuggin' Th' Blues, Playground display fine rambling tension that reaches some quite magnificent heights considering their wayward abilities. The power source is mainly the drums, with a frantic sheet of bass being constantly tugged beneath the snarled vocals and the prime operational tool, a guitar that slaps tiny inserts of shining shivers into a caustic soundscape or just whangs out the power alongside the rest of them.

■ A slump occurs during Satisfied, and Last Laugh could do with a haircut but overall the ruinous spasms are cheering in these satchel and brimstone days.

■ Imagine if you will two huge electricity pylons collapsing on-stage, sparks everywhere, and four halfwitted snotpackers grimly holding on while all around their shoes are burning. Playground on this form virtually live inside catastrophe. And may that always be the way. Pratinjia

ALWAYS FIRST with the new invention? **Yep, Factory** are first on everyone's block to introduce free car carry cases with selected CDs. So, if you want to take your New Order FACD 50 1981 Movement CD into your convertible Beetle there's no probs. Well, apart from the fact that most of the car CD systems still suffer a little from over rocking, not to mention an urban danger from theft. Next up? Check out the Cabaret Voltaire designed Doublevision satellite dish. (Are you sure about this? — Ed) Triv Tel



From 1974 to 1984, **DMPO's** On Broadway in San Francisco has played host to 3200 shows featuring many renegades from the cultural fringe — from **The Go-Gos** to **The Ramones**, **Black Flag**, **Whoopi Goldberg**, **Jim Carroll**, **Blondie**, **Robert Fripp** and **Tuxedo Moon**. With the club's owners set on a change of direction for the sweatbox, it was left to **The Dead Kennedys** to bring down the walls for the last time at a special live show that's been lovingly recorded on video with full stereo sound. Running at nearly an hour, the tape will cost you around 15 quid in the shops and it's on the Hendring label.

The music itself easily breaks into the value for cash department and the full force of a DK live soiree is something to experience. **Jello Biafra's** gradual undressing, his enthusiasm and humorous presentation of hard faced lyricism and subtle sub-horror mimes is perfectly supported by a continuous stage invasion featuring the many variations of West coast dress sense and mindless slam dancing. The Dead Kennedys Live is class stuff — guaranteed to gradually upturn the corners of the most downbeat of mouths. **Dave Henderson**



ATOMIC FIRE BALL

with the Red Hot flavour. Yes, fresher than a speeding bullet, get your next internationalist relation to grab you a pack next time they visit the States. Made in Illinois, they blend the good old taste of English gobstoppers with a subtle hint of chilli peppers. Perfect hardcore-slam-dancin'-a-go-go fare containing sugar, corn starch, artificial flavour, artificial colouring (FD&C Yellow #5) and Caruba wax. **McTasty. No?**

Dave Henderson



JIM WAS IN THE CAFE. I STOPPED FOR A COFFEE — THE COFFEES GOOD BUT THE FOODS NOT SO HOT. WE NEVER EAT THERE. WE CONTINUED THE CONVERSATION WE HAD LEFT EACH OTHER WITH LAST TIME WE MET. I MUST RING THAT LADY. HE SAID I MUST RING THAT LADY. HE SAID I SAID I HAD NO. J O. I HAD NO. J. Jim said a lot - I WASN'T LISTENING I WAS THINKING OF GETTING A J O.

ILLUSTRATION BY OLLIE HOWARD OF O-OH CHONGO

2 UNDERGROUND

SO, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

Welcome to the special preview issue of *Underground*, your ultimate guide to the alternative musical sub-culture.

Every month, *Underground* will carry an expert information overload on new rock, psychedelia, alternative dance, psychobilly, new jazz, thrash, mod, reggae, deep soul, left-field pop, industrial noise, re-issues, remixes and more.

Underground will open the doors to the enthusiasts who can see past the closed circuit media coverage of TV and the national press, and feature:

- **Extensive reviews of all relevant independent and related releases on single, album, cassette and CD, plus catalogue and distributor information**
- **Hard news and data from the UK and abroad**
- **Up-front features on new acts, picture profiles of new names and cult label discographies**
- **Specialist columns on the full range of enthusiast tastes**

- **The scam on independent videos, films and publications**
- **Specialist charts, including the Underground Guide To Alternative Listening, the strictly independent chart, store charts, export and import charts, re-issue and reader charts, and more**
- **Tip sheets with reviews of new band demos, hot shots from the live circuit and our tips for major success**

At 20 pages, this all-editorial preview issue is only intended to give you a taste of what's to come. Our first full-size issue is out on FRIDAY MARCH 20, and it'll be available at a newsagents near you. That'll be your first chance to find out about the albums, books, posters, boxed record sets and T-shirts which our teamsters have tagged for you to win.

The first issue also features a classy hand-sculpted absolutely FREE exclusive colour magazine detailing the roots and growth of the independent label network.

UNDERGROUND ISSUE ZERO — a special concept issue about Subterraneans, Subway Sect, people on the *Underground*, Sub Pop and Sub-Culture. Andrew Lloyd Webber move over ...

2 SUB-CULTURE

All the stuff that's fit to pose with; Atomic Fireballs, *Tongue In Cheek*, five murderous day trips and more

4 SUB-CULTURE II

The sequel (already) with new comics surveyed — including *The Ex Mutants*

4/5 FACT & FICTION

All the news that's fit to print and a little bit that's probably not

6/7/8/9 REVOLUTION

The crop of '87. Albums, singles, re-issues, cassettes and CDs. All on the racks now, re-reviewed and put into focus by our writers.

10/11/12 LISTOMANIA

The Underground Alternative Listening Guide, The Strictly Independent chart, specialist charts.

12/13 TOTAL NAMEDROP

All the bands that're cool to mention. Get stupid with The Stitched Dick Foot Axman, The Black Angles, Two Big Boys, My Baby's Arm

14/15 VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE

Two all-American girls get indoctrinated into the British underground (well, the tube anyway). A single out on Food, and a big deal to follow.

16 SHARP PLASTIC

San Franciscan label Subterranean explored

17 ISSUE ONE PREVIEW

We tell you again that *Underground* will be at least twice as big (that means more pages), that it'll be on sale on March 20 (that means go buy it)

17 WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SUBWAY SECT?

Vic Godard tracked down

18 EYEBALL ON THE WORLD

Intrepid international scribes get the story on Front 242, The Lazy Giants and more. We also check out Sub Pop 100 — the album that got away.

19 BIG CONSUMER MESSAGE

Free Thing warning and a threat to all advertisers

20 TIP SHEET

The last straw, band demos reviewed, live circuit surveyed, gig league tables, artificial turf and the super league (*Are you sure about this?* — ed)

Underground —
on sale March 20
— for subterraneans
everywhere.

THE TURNPIKE CRUISERS offer 23 tracks of rock 'n' roll sleaze all wrapped up on a neat C90 called **Amsterdam** (which was recorded in the red light district of Amsterdam — geddit?). It's available from **Jettisoundz** at PO Box 30, Lytham St Annes, Lancs for **£3.99** including post and packing, and it'll be a nice taster for their debut album which should see the light of day in May and will be called **Eddie The Nightmare Cat**.

SUB
culture

PART 2 the sequel

It depends what you want . . . It depends what moves you . . . It depends on your soul . . . In *Batman Year One, Part 3*, Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli's re-telling of Batman's past, on DC comics, you turn immediately to a swarm of bats converging out of nowhere; a seething mass against a white sky and an orange moon, Batman, unseen,

is hunted by police. "They've got him cornered, They've got him outnumbered, They've got him trapped. They're in TROUBLE." And then your head falls off. The problem with many of the more independent comics face is of course a dearth of similarly imaginative writers or artists. Many of the comics merely look scrappy, some have good stories but poor artwork, or vice versa.

First up is the legendary **Gene Vincent** session introduced by Stuart Colman which became Vincent's last ever recording. Expect Be-Bop-A-Lula again but the real potato is Distant Drums, unavailable elsewhere except on hideously AM-radio whistle-infested bootlegs. At least the Gene Vincent Fan Club can now stop petitioning the BBC.

The first man in leather should be turning up again alongside **Marc Bolan, Syd Barrett** and **Jethro Tull** sessions in Strange Fruit's first pre-1977 archive retrieval. All are pending confirmation but are pencilled in to follow March's half-dozen (**The Slits, Siouxsie And The Banshees, Birthday Party, Spizz Oil, The Specials** and **Stump**) and April's shower; **The June Brides** (from Oct 1985), **Culture** (Dec 1982) **Yeah Yeah Noh** (Jan 1986) and **The Prefects** (Jan 1979).

Buy them all if you can afford it; where else will you find a vital and comprehensive guide to modern Western music without dealing with any suspect door-to-door salesman?

● More news; next week in issue one of *Underground*, we'll be outlining a super huge competition where one lucky person can win the first 50 Strange Fruit Peel Sessions. Tune in for details.



The Slits in typical Peel seah gear

In a courageous move to map out the future of the mid-North as we know and love it, In Tape have posted a bulletin about their plans and releases up to June. Sadly no mention of boating trips to the Norfolk broads or any other such exciting news . . . we'll have to make do with March's selection of releases which include a 7 and 12 inch from **Zor Gabor** — featuring ex-**Banshee John McKay**, plus a 7 and 12 from **The Hearthrobs** called **Toy**. Not to be outdone, **Frank Sidebottom** releases a 7 inch only entitled **Tribute To Queen**. ■ In April the scam is pretty much the same with Frank hitting it on 7 and 12 with **If You Really Love Me Buy Me A Shirt**. This activity will be preceded by newies from **Gaye Bykers On Acid, Rote Kapelle** and **Family Fantastic**, a new single from **The Janitors**. And, if we've got any pocket money left as we head off into May, there'll be new things from ex-**Weeds** person **Andrew Berry, The Bargepoles** (formerly **Implied Consent**), **The Creepers** and **Terry And Gerry**. More news as it makes plastic.

It's nearly a decade since Trojan Records instigated their Trojan Explosion maxi-singles series of in demand reggae titles and now the company have compiled some of these on one LP entitled **Reggae Explosion** which is released this month (through PRT and Jetstar).

Containing 20 tracks, the album concentrates on material recorded between 1966-72 and features mostly often anthologised sides like **Desmond Dekker's** You Can Get It If You Really Want and 007, **Harry J All Stars' Liquidator**, **The Upsetters' Return Of Django** as well as contributions from **The Wallers, The Maytals, The Melodians, The Ethiopians, The Pioneers, Jimmy Cliff, Boris Gardiner** and more.

Premier German tin-bashers **Ein-sturzende Neubauten** are currently in rehearsal in Hamburg, where they are preparing to provide the music for a new **Peter Zadek** play, *Andy*, which opens at the city's main theatre **Schausspielhaus**, on March 3. ■ The play tells the story of a 15 year old German boy and his life in Hamburg. He was shot three years ago, and the story first ran in Stern as a sequel to **Christiane F**, which was later made into a film. ■ It will be Zadek's last play for the prestigious theatre company, and he says his aim is to turn the famous theatre into a brothel. **Neubauten** will be providing the music live each night, and the play is expected to run until May.

But, Superheroes are largely a no-go area today, and a complete bore anyway, so why bother? Indie companies thankfully err towards the "character" side of things, and long-running stories, of which **Comico's Grendel** is certainly one of the more remarkable, and genuinely sinister. Originally a back-up strip in **Matt Wagner's** stunning **Mage** series, **Grendel** is now a regular series in its own right and definitely a prickly read. It concerns journalist **Christine Parr**, and the kidnapping, abducting and killing of her son by a travelling Kabuki performer. In the guise of her father's old alter-ego, the battling killer **Grendel**, she is out seeking revenge, compelled and revolved by the cunning **Tyjuo** who keeps the eyes of his victims in phials, a gruesome collection!

"If you like your stories sick and twisted," **Comico** suggest, "keep reading **Grendel** . . . it gets better as it gets worse."

Gu! Strong rumours persist that it will also be made into a movie.

Pointy breasts, protuberant enough to turn throats dry, flaunt themselves along with their butchery cohorts throughout **Ex-Mutants**, an amazingly drab **Amazing Comics** affair. If you mix sorcery, imagery, mutants, adventurous heroes and titanic struggles it naturally follows that bra-strings must be weak.

With many a mesmerising mammary in sight, or a eyestraining groin, we can take refuge inside perhaps

the cutest coloured comic of late, **Jonny Quest**, **Comico's** young protagonist with the scientist father, cheeky dog and peculiar turbaned colleague pitting their shady wits against shadier space alien adversaries. Farty torpid stories in part but **Ken Steacy's** visual style smears everything with brilliance.

Strength in character, visual carresses, and storywriting depth. *That's* what you expect from these indies. Or just the plain awkward, sweet and downright dangerously deranged. **Fusion**, Eclipse's latent space fantasy narries together alien 'animal' and 'human' form on their *mission*. Quite what that is we haven't learnt yet. They've been inebrated. Against the scattered style of this story is a stunning back-up, **Dr Watchstop** worthy of the greatest *8000AD* *'Patriot Shocks'*, whereby a common planet occupant tricks a saviour of 'rare' species to whisk him away to a life of luxury as a unique and endangered specimen. Maybe that's why **Matt Johnson** often looks so circumspect.

Lloyd Lewellyn, dubious dude of the **Fantagraphics** stable, is from the jazz-age period. His habit of doings are a cooler counterpoint of **Eclipse's Stig's Inferno**, where naggingly normal abnormalities juggle with your trusting humour. Brain-bending. Mind-washing. That's what it's all about. And there's so much of it!

All these comics are available from: **Forbidden Planet, 27 Denmark St, London WC2**

light wave TV



ITS **RISH SHORT** details ON **fact** of the rope of eurapa **STON TONIGHT** of a dimension 1934

fiction



I don't know, first Ish and Tragic Venus got slated in the tape review section. I thought they were good myself and so did Abstract and Third Mind as both multi-media operations will have tracks from them soon ... rumours that publishers Chappell/Intersong will be starting a new independent label to showcase new acts ... Voice Of The Beehive look set to sign big (see feature) ... *The Tube* should be mentioned here as it's another way of saying *Underground* ... but without the good groups ... The Red Guitars have split in two or three ... Easterhouse say goodbye to brotherly love as Ivor and Andy Perry get physical in a Manchester niterie ... Stump sign to Ensign ... Half Man Half Biscuit win a posthumous award for their *Back In The DHSS* album at the *Music Week* awards ... Zodiac Mindwarp goes through producers like band members, even Beastie supreme Rick Rubin can't handle him, latest news says that Dave Balfe and Bill Drummond will attempt to get it together (man) ... The Stupids launch the Vinyl Solution label, while ex-Stupe Wolfie Retard gets down with his own Perfect Daze ... Neubauten down on schedule for new LP, but busy doing a musical (check news pages) ... *Flipside* reaches issue 50 with this quarter's publication (available in the UK for £1.20 including postage from All The Madmen, 97 Caledonian Rd, London N1) and it comes replete with stuff on Firehose, Doggy Rock, Instigators, Mad Parade, SWA, and more ... The JAMS get street heavy with *The Beatles*, search out smartass profile for details ... Newest names to say you've liked for years include The Caretaker Race, Baby Amphetamine, House Of Love, Nasty Rox Inc and The Pocket Rockets ... oh yes, and sometime *Underground* pen pusher Julian Henry teams up with Miaow's Cath Carrol for *The Hit Parade's* sixth single (scheduled for the end of March) ... EMI seen lurking with bags of toffees trying to attract the *One Little Indian* label ... Latest release from O L Indian features a group of assumed names called *The Baby-men* with a treasonable attack on the gentry entitled *For King Willy* ... And, *The Butthole Surfers* are back, with a new LP too. *Locust Abortion Technician* continues the old Rembrandt Pussy Horse rise to the top ... *Flesh For Lulu* have done a track for the John Hughes flick *Some Kind Of Wonderful* (his follow up to *Pretty In Pink*) ... Brix and The Adult Net hit the film scene with an appearance in *Daddy* (a film about a teenage father) ... and what of the mystery disappearance of Wreckless Eric?

QUOTE OF THE MONTH: Bill Prince from *The Wishing Stones*: "Yeah, Tom Verlaine went downhill after Little Jonny Jewel."

An odder than strange concoction featuring an ex-*Monochrome Set* and an ex-*Zerra One*, MY BABY'S ARM have shown up in a hauntingly demonic hue. A weird name, and an even weirder single on the Kasper label, through Rough Trade, looks set to thrust them into the hearts of the public. Hung In The Playground features a moody show of bravado tipped with a cool and sweet chorus line.

Unicorn have a batch of new stuff ready to roll and they'll be kicking off during March with a compilation called Unicorn One featuring diverse tracks from both sides of the Atlantic from *The Purple Hearts*, *The Gents*, *The Toasters*, *The Outlets*, *The Pictures* and more. Hot on its heels will be an album called *The Golden Age* from *The Key* (whose average age is a mere 16).



Punk primadonnas or poets in residence? *The Dead Kennedys* have their classy *California Uber Alles* re-released by *Fast Product* in 12 inch format.

Oh my God. It's the tenth anniversary of Spizz. Yes, within gobbing distance of last year's soporific 42 part punk retrospectives in lots of muso papers (check out the *Underground* 24 page history of independent singles given away free with ISSUE ONE of UG, next week), Spizz — the man who was *Oil*, *Energi*, *Athletico* and claims to be currently *Sexual* — celebrates his 10th anniversary in *Shadowplay* magazine (PO Box 10, Rainham, Essex — a mere quid including p&p and it comes with a four track cassette).



THE Welsh invasion of our stereo systems continues with the Anhrefn label being followed by an angry six track seven incher featuring six Welsh punk bands. Entitled *The First Cuts Are The Deepest*, it features *Classified Protest*, *Eifyn Presli*, *The Heretics*, *Yr Anhrefn*, *I Mobster* and *The Bugs*. It's on the *Words Of Warning* label and it's through *Revolver* and the *Cartel*.



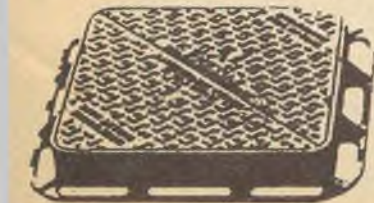
Hot poop ... As Jih follow up their *Jungle 45*, *Big Blue Ocean* produced by Dave Ball, with a collaboration between Jih and former *Associates* man-about-town Billy McKenzie. Watch this space for details.

Sketchy plans from *Probe Plus* Following the tear jerking demise of *Half Man Half Biscuit* and their subsequent return to their local DHSS office, *Probe Plus* drown their sorrows with a brace of new platters. Coming soon, claims the tear-blemished missive, a mini-LP from *The Tractors*, a new 12 inch from *Jegsy Dodd And The Sons Of Harry Cross* called *Look At Life* and *The Walking Seeds'* 12 inch *Look At Death*. Pretty organised and conceptual, eh? ● And there's more ... from Northern Ireland, *Probe* will bring us, "the best band in Northern Ireland", yes, it's *St Vitus Dance*. But, will *Trumpton* ever be the same again?

And, record title of the month must go to *Crazyhead* whose *What Gives You The Idea You're So Amazing, Baby?* (on *Food* through *Rough Trade*) has a lot of words in it. The five smelly urchins who perpetrate such noisy symphonies come from *Leicester* and, after demolishing the *ICA Rock Week* in a show of greasy rock aggression, they'll be hammering into a wall near you before too long.



Q2 Who did DJ Cheese get Coast To Coast with?



REVOLUTIONS

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.) **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

In regular issues of *Underground* we'll be supplying in depth reviews sections catching all those independent and related sides that have such strange names. We'll also let you have all the necessary details so you can track down the little devils.

A CERTAIN RATIO

Live In America

Dojo DOJOLP 47

NM C ...

1985 US live set that sees A Certain Ratio torn between the devil's jazz and the deep blue hue of their excellent avant-funk. This is a band I have loved and hated between releases. I thought it improbable that they'd recapture the disarming grooviness of their Graveyard And Ballroom first steps, but this live show certainly underlines their breadth and vision. Still teetering on the edge of jazz funk tedium on one occasion, ACR do all the right things at just the right time for just enough of the time. Know what I mean? **Dave Henderson**

PHILLIP BOA AND THE VOODOO CLUB

Aristocracies

Red Flame RF 52

NM C ...

Crazy man, Phillip. Aristocracies once again tames the unchained beast of rhythm, twisting Third World funk, beatpop and experimental daring into new cut-out shapes. It's hard to fathom why the man from Germany is still a marginal because he really has mastered the commercial world — that's in commercial *and* inventive. Gag of the decade, sure, but here is the modern dance. Come and get it. **Martin Aston**

JUNIOR BRAMMER

Telephone Line

John Dread JDPL003

Je ..

For more than ten years the man called Trinity was one of the foremost reggae D.J.s, with scores of singles and disco releases and some two dozen albums to his name. Recently he has begun singing in more traditional style and now goes under the name Junior Brammer. His role model is obviously Dennis Brown and he adapts the other's style most pleasingly on this present set, paying tribute to popular bastions of reggae music such as the Peoples Club and Four Aces on *Let Me Love You*, and detailing the vagaries of Frontline hustling with *Dread Special*, a tune set to a reworking of the Sleng Teng rhythm to interesting ends. **Evelyn Court**

CHUMBAWAMBA

Starvation, Charity And Rock 'N' Roll

Aqit Prop PROP 1

RR C ..

An independent chart top fiver from its first faltering steps before Christmas, Chumbawamba's outspoken prose and points of view nestle neatly in some fine music. For the uninitiated, the Chumba's might come on as a little loopy but, get past the sensibly correct facade and you'll discover some fine music and some, or, pretty loopy people. A classic for a distorted and disturbed generation whose consciences are cleared by the love of Bob. But, deep down, there's a deeper dig going on. **Dave Henderson**

In this special collectable-most-desirable-slim-Jim *hip* pocket issue, though, our team of vinyl vultures rant endlessly about what's been available since the end of '86 and is still racking in the high street and available for your hi-fi. It goes like this...



THE CREEPERS

Miserable Sinners

In Tape IT 39

RR C ...

Marc Riley's love of Eno variations and mutated pop coupled with time in The Fall and a general wealth of experience in being an independent son has led him into the production of this marvy album. A sound statement of popiness with the odd interlude of uncontrollable power.

The cover of Eno's *Baby's On Fire* is breathtaking, and the excellent *Old Man's Treat* is brimming with sexually explicit hip swinging that makes Elv look mucho bland in hindsight. A crusty epic indeed. **Dave Henderson**

COIL

Horse Rotovator

Force And Form/K.422

RT C ...

After sloganeering their revival as "We've got an uncontrollable dirge", Coil emerge from the cupboard of discontent, following their pleasingly excitable *Scatology* LP, with a rather splendid new album. Teetering in the wee small hours of an irreverent Saturday night, this is the perfect mix of film noir (New Yawk street cop) and gothic horror monstrosity, steeped in English classicism. Beautifully structured, *Horse Rotovator* lapses into an almost Almond-esque wilderness that has remained underdog for aeons. Here Coil flex their muscles and produce nightmarish pop for inebriated purists. These are the sounds of Victorian Britain gently stretched through a Revox rack. The gas light flickers on. **Dave Henderson**

DJ JAZZY JEFF AND FRESH PRINCE

Rock The House

Champion CHAMP 10004

..

Licensed from Word Up in the States, this leather-capped scratch-and-mix special hangs loose on the plug side *Girls Ain't Nothing But Trouble*, which has become a catchy cut through its TV theme mix over. But ho! Sexist claimants hang ten, as Jeff and Prince acquit their dubious prose with more than a smattering of sexual fantasies rapped and delivered with humour-injected aplomb. There's even room here to turn the tables with *Guys Ain't Nothing But Trouble* while still keeping the tempo and quality on the up and up. A Walkman must, *Rock The House* never threatens the future of A-bomb life as we know and fear it, but it lines up with the title and still manages to catch breath. **TC Wall**

- **EXCELLENT** An absolute must
- **PRETTY GOOD** A recommended listen
- **AVERAGE** Could be better (could be worse)
- THE PITS** No bullets means they're firing blanks

DEAD KENNEDYS

Bedtime For Democracy

Alternative Tentacles

RT C ●●

The band split shortly after this chart-topping indie monster, and it's a fitting epitaph to Jello Biafra's agi-punk thrashing. The 21 songs included never fail to motor at anything less than 100mph in true Kennedy fashion, and although the lyrical and musical content is crude, it is also potent and effective. Like Jello says in one song though, "punk deserves to die when it becomes just another stale cartoon" — The Kennedys were always much more than a cartoon and they will be missed. This record is one of the USA's more valid contributions to modern culture. **Julian Henry**

THE EASTERN DARK

Long Live The New Flesh

What Goes On WGO 127

RT C Sh ●●

Singer and writer James Durroch was killed in a car crash just hours after the final mix of this mini-album. The Eastern Dark may have been after legendary status but only because of their tangled, fluorescent guitar rock. Touching on prime time Blue Oyster Cult and recent Died Pretty territory, Long Live . . . is a searing indictment of Radio Free Australia; it's trad but with a lot of space and time on its side. But not for James Durroch. A white-hot record. **Martin Aston**



HOLGER CZUKAY

Rome Remains Rome

Virgin V2408

●●

Finally, after some three year's wait, Holger follows up his superb *Der Osten Ist Rot* (The East Is Red) with a new LP — and (Coleman voice:) what an ethereal package he's come up with. Holger's always presented us with a patchwork of ideas and influences, but this LP has more musical squares tacked loosely together than an Oxfam blanket. And thankfully, too, because each component of *Rome Remains Rome* presents a variety of styles and ideas which remain interesting and fresh throughout, while still presenting a colourful whole. Of course, as the title suggests, there is a loose central thread running through, hinged around a sort of *Spitting Image* Pope. He, along with his *Swinging Nuns*, aids in the exorcism of songs like *Blessed Easter*, a mystically hipswaying number that merges religious overtures with a sensual backbeat. Holger's mushrooming influence is likely to increase with this, perforated as it is by Jah Wobble's insistent basslines, and illuminated by Czukay's own irreverence. What it won't do is mainstream him in any way, and while the cheers of his fans rebound for that, it remains unfortunate that the byproduct is his continuing invisibility to the world at large. **Carole Linfield**

THE GODFATHERS

Hit By Hit

Corporate Image GFTHRLP 010

RR C ●●

Don't mess with these boys, they mean business — *I Want Everything, I Want You, I'm Unsatisfied* — see what I mean? Three titles from this "singles so far" package which is solid evidence, m'lud, that this tight-lipped, determined London five-piece are establishing a track record to prove it. Also included is their second and now deleted single, *This Damn Nation*, possibly their finest three mins to date, with searing lead guitar calculated to pick you up and throw you against the nearest wall (ouch). Combining Canvey Island R&B with that venerable '60s institution, the garage, bands like The Godfathers are needed to sort out the UK pop charts once and for all. **Capisce? Karen Kent**

HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT

Back In The DHSS Again

Probe PROBE 8

PR C ●●

Independent chart regulars, the Biccies have had their last crumble, and this posthumous collection commemorates some of their best moments coupled with some of their previously unreleased outbursts. As ever the comic level is high and it all makes for maximum smiles (without developing the dishevelled amateur approach of their debut album too much). A guaranteed populist record that should see a Half Man revival in around five year's time (when Tranmere move into the higher echelons of the super league). **Dave Henderson**

PETER HOPE AND THE JONATHAN S PODMORE METHOD

Dry Hip Rotation

Native NTVLP 14

RR C ●●●

Ex-Box front person shakes off the eccentric overcoat and gets totally wired. I've been lambasted for enthusing over some odd things in my time, and this even made me check my stylus. Not that the quality of sound is questionable, it's just that Hope and his reading of the genre are structured so provocatively. This is an exquisite work that suggests the man may soon have his own talk show on pirate TV. Any backers? **Dave Henderson**

HURRAH!

Tell God I'm Here

Kitchenware Arista 208201

●●●

If you want to blow a blast of fresh, powerful, unstagnated rock music through your speakers, then this is the band, and the LP, to do it with. Hurrah! are exciting, young, guitar-based, divinely uncomplicated; providing the world with a much needed resurgence of rock vitality and purity. Released through Arista, Hurrah! are still tied to the apron strings of Kitchenware, which will hopefully prevent them from being locomoted into the A-Ha league which, on the strength of their sublimely gut wrenching current single *If Love Could Kill*, could so easily happen. It would be a shame to waste such embryonic greatness for a quick five minutes on *Saturday Superstore*. All these ten tracks are self penned and have been waiting for the right conditions in which to be let loose on the world at large. The blissful *Sweet Sanity*, a previous, criminally ignored single; the agonised *How High The Moon*; the rousing *I Would If I Could* . . . every facet of their monstrous capabilities are explored. This LP has already been acclaimed elsewhere; do yourself a favour and seek it out. You may not miss it at your peril, but certainly at your cost. **Carole Linfield**

HÜSKER DÜ

Warehouse — Songs And Stories

WEA 925 544-1

●●

Minneapolis' three wise monkeys of pop have issued a double album of some 20 songs following last year's sublime *Candy Apple Grey* long-player, with a renaissance explosion with nary a duff track in the lot. Still sounding like *Ticket To Ride* played through a compost heap, the DÜ(?) have continued their winning formula of driving, melodic pop delivered with a dynamism reminiscent of the heady days of early Jam. Standout tracks include the current single, *Could You Be The One*, *Charity*, *Chastity*, *Prudence And Hope*, and the epic closing cut *You Can Live At Home Now*, at 5.25 mins virtually a concept piece compared to the usual length of their songs. Completely brilliant. **Karen Kent**

ISSUE ONE ON SALE MARCH 20

GERARD LANGLEY AND IAN KEAREY

Siamese Boyfriends

Fire BLAZE 06

NM C ●●

A few dim-lit days and nights in a studio with a master guitarist and a poet with itchy lips might deliver a backslapping, overlapping din, but Siamese Boyfriends is an unassuming giant. Kearey of The Oyster Band, new crossover folk heroes, has a love of folk, Appalachian, blues and other idioms which allows him to join up the dots between Martin Carthy and Ry Cooder — brilliantly — while Blue Aeroplanes mentor Langley speaks the words — acerbic, knarled words with a gritty vision. Both know what the other is doing. Chance it. **Martin Aston**

LONG TALL TEXANS

Sodbusters

Razor Records RAZ 23

P ●●

Is this rockabilly? It doesn't seem lunkheaded enough, because this talented trio disport themselves well, switching from the typical three gears with a simple beat, and instead opting to dip wildly into various paces and always with a snappy production and cool arrangements that generally work best when they're not off on their jaunty sprints. If you have to lurch about with a stupid haircut this might be the soundtrack of your wettest weekends. **Pratninja**

MICRODISNEY

Crooked Mile

Virgin V2415 ●●

It seems as if Microdisney have been wallowing around in the peripheries for an eternity. Yet they've shown rare patience and iron tenacity, have been out the sombre, post-punk monochrome sets, and have arrived in a musically bleak midwinter all full of smiles and summertime. Crooked Mile has finally given them a solid backbone, one which they seem certain to flesh out. The chart success of Town To Town aptly displays their melodic tendencies, which if anything grow meeker and more subtle as the LP proceeds, letting go of all pretensions and fashionability. This is gentle lust, a lullaby for the post AIDS generation. **Carole Linfield**

THE PASTELS

Up For A Bit With The Pastels

Glass GLALP 021

NM C ●●●

The Pastels are up for a bit of respect with this overdue debut and they've won it. The anti-shambling texture of this year's Pastels model is less coy, less awkward and possibly less endearing, but songs like Crawl Babies, If I Could Tell You and Get Around Town fluently grab toy orchestras, strings and heartstrings in a rejuvenated effort. Thank God The Pastels won't be getting upstaged. **Martin Aston**

PIANOSAURUS

Groovy Neighbourhood

New Rose ROSE 107

RT C ●●●

New Jersey wackos who've gone down in some dodgy combos over the years come up with the ultimate in tourist tat. Yes, Pianosaurus play toy pianos and guitars and probably have a drumming bunny thrown in for good measure. The sweet quality of this candy-coated confection is tasty though. Instead of drab ineffectiveness, the kids of P are kept in check and come in with actual songs. Maybe the melodies do consist of odd left-field ideas in places but Pianosaurus aren't scared to tangle with The Box Tops, Annette Funicello and The Beach Boys. Groovy Neighbourhood is pure bubblegum, the kind of album that The Residents should have made years ago. **Dave Henderson**

BIM SHERMAN

Haunting Ground

RDL 600

C ●●●

The creative impulse of singer Bim Sherman has maintained a consistent equilibrium in the dozen or so years since his first recordings. He has not spread himself too thinly during this time and, perhaps as a consequence of this, there is always a thoughtful grace to his work. His curious pitch of voice carries its own gentle momentum and this is suitably instructed here with sympathetically languid accompaniment from a mix of Dub Syndicate and Radians musicians, Sherman's customary force. Haunting Ground is an appropriate title for this evocative music. **Evelyn Court**

MICHELLE SHOCKED

The Texas Campfire Tapes

Cooking Vinyl Cook 002

RT C ●●●

Crickets singing, strings snapping, swimmers being attacked by killer sharks, it's all here as Michelle Shocked guides us through her folk repertoire invoking an intimacy that is as delightful as her songs. With the recording budget of a set of batteries, she communicates a deceptive innocence with songs like 5am In Amsterdam and (Don't You Mess Around) With My Little Sister, all wrapped up in a sickly-sweet Texan accent. With just an acoustic guitar, she has an innocence and an endearing lack of inhibition that just lets the melodies flow until the fire, or the batteries, die out. Michelle confirms that folk rock is set to make a big impact in the late '80s. Get those campfires going. **Bernie Rose**

SQUIRREL BAIT

Skag Heaven

Homestead HMS 072

Sh RT C ●●●

It's always nice to have energy creep up over your shoulders like a living, breathing carpet and Squirrel Bait have so successfully stewed their potent body-building, bone-scraping sounds that you slip into the sound more than listening, there to be pummelled into the nearest casualty unit when least expected. The guitars mellow out of their more angst-ridden stages to double back and raid your spinal fluid with *compressing* action. A form of music which lacks the quite tedious excesses of the Arsehole Stuffers and their reprehensible art-folk dirge. This is clever because it's crafted, in a natural manner, where bands who go for glory in *guts* don't usually get any further than their playpens in the dark. Squirrel Bait are like a rag-doll version of Big Black embedded in a decibel romance. **Pratninja**

THROBBING GRISTLE

CDI

Mute CD1

RT Sb C ●●

A reasonably priced addition to the CD shelf for those aspiring sound structuralists who've been bored to tears by the bland Tangerine Dream, Kitaro and endless imminent Beatles releases in the genre. CD1 is a previously unreleased symphony in sound created by TG circa '79. Recorded on 8 track it lacks some of the clout of digital production but it's chocful of ideas and interesting twists. In Mute's move to re-educate the world in terms of TG development, it's just the tip of an iceberg that'll include their previous four Industrial Records. They're LPs heading for a big thaw near you . . . soon. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Crucial Electro Three

Streetsounds ELCST 1002

●●●

Twenty track mix down of all you've ever wanted to know about electro and hip hop that transcends its earlier dodgy days and introduces the listener to the newer, more pertinent, profound and effects — heavy teams. Excellent in places, awful elsewhere, this is Streetsounds' last will and testament before the big bank manager in the sky took back their blotter. With prime cuts from DJ Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince, Duke Bootee and D.ST. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

London Pavilion (Volume One)

él ACME 7

P ●●●

If pop is meant to be irreverent, beguiling, glamorous, avaricious, arrogant, melodic, memorable and discontented, then the él label is pop music. Except pop is meant to sell records. This sampler of él, circa 1986, is the best way to get introduced to the cast of divine eccentrics and the way él has recaptured some of the essence of pop the chameleon — from the camp (Marden Hill, Cagliostra), to the hit parade art of The King Of Luxembourg, Bid and Anthony Adverse and back. Don't forget, too, the almost straight melodic seduction of Gol Gappas, Always and Rosemary's Children. If you like your music enlightened by character, take London Pavilion at least once a day, and keep paying attention. **Martin Aston**

WISEBLOOD

Dirtish

K422 WISE 003

RT C ●●

A sweaty union between Clint Foetus and Roli Swan in an ever expanding do-deca-hedra of family inbreeding associated with Some Bizzare. The result is a bastard child for the mutahnt sideswipe of Cap'n Beefcake and Jim Morrison. This, of course, would take place through a confessional vent. But really, Wiseblood offer sex music with dirgey blues thrown in for good measure — imagine The Swans in overdrive or The Dead Kennedys singin' the Hank Williams songbook. Pretty interesting, I'd say. **Dave Henderson**

< SQUIDGY ORGAN OF THE MONTH: as featured on Biff Bang Pow's The Whole World's Turning Brouchard >

REV

Classic classics

made available again

RE-



Little Richard

BOB ANDY

Retrospective

| Anka AV002STLP

Je

A strong collection of songs from the ever thoughtful Andy culled from an assortment of sides originally released in singles form between 1970-75. Even the dignified monochrome photograph of the singer which adorns the sleeve is a faithful reflection of the music within. As both composer and singer Bob Andy attends to each nuance of his songs with painstaking deliberation, and the perfection for which he strives he very nearly attains, on tracks like Life, Rock It Down, Desperate Lover and Let Them Say. A most rewarding listen. **Evelyn Court**

THE CADETS/THE JACKS

The Cadets Meet The Jacks

Ace Records CH 197

P

Classic mid '50s vocal group rock 'n' roll. There was a vocal group called The Jacks who also recorded cover versions of other group's records under the name of The Cadets. Or maybe it was the other way around, music historians aren't sure which came first — very confusing. The biggest hit for them though was under The Cadets moniker, a novelty rocker (subsequently covered by The New York Dolls) titled Stranded In The Jungle which scored in the US R&B charts — and pop charts, something coloured acts didn't often do in 1956. Also included here is the similar sounding Love Bandit and interesting versions of Heartbreak Hotel and Sixty Minute Man re-titled Dancin' Dan . . . **Snakey G**

JIMMY DONLEY

Give Me My Freedom

Charly CR 30265

Ch

This guy was a tragic case. What he went through in the early part of his life is a psychoanalyst's nightmare/delight (depending on which way you look at it). From a poor area of Mississippi he started his recording days in 1957. He is as much a legend in the Southern States of America as other Swamp Pop heroes such as Jivin' Gene and Johnnie Allan (who, incidentally, wrote the sleeve notes and has a book on Jimmy to follow). A brilliant and prolific song writer, he wrote four hits for Fats Domino, but sadly his main inspirations were his wife whom he 'physically abused' and his devoted mother whose death in 1962 indirectly caused him to take his own life a year later. **Snakey G**

THE IKETTES

Fine Fine Fine

Kent 063

P

One time female backing group with the Ike & Tina Turner revue display a selection of their own material for the Modern label in the mid-'60s. The set omits their stunning Atlantic side I'm Blue (The Gong Gong Gong Song) but very nearly justifies its price by including the memorable I'm So Thankful and left-fielder Camel Walk Blue On Blue. For the rest, lightweight Motownesque pop of some charm. **Evelyn Court**

LITTLE RICHARD, BILLY WRIGHT AND THE TEMPO TOPPERS

Hey Baby, Don't You Want A Man Like Me?

Ace CHA 193

P

Little Richard and Billy Wright were two of the most colourful, dare I say 'campiest', characters on the early to mid '50s R&B scene. Both having performed with pancake make-up and eyeliner, outrageous hair styles and, so legend has it, in frocks as well! In 1953 Little Richard was lead vocalist with The Tempo Toppers who have five tracks included here. All early '50s Peacock recordings, there are even tracks here with Little Richard being backed by The Johnny Otis Orchestra, vibes 'n' all. Richard was with the label in the years between leaving RCA and signing to Specialty! — a kicking from label boss Don Robey being the main reason for the change. Billy Wright & Orchestra were on the way out, popularity wise, when they signed to Peacock, having had several R&B hits for Savoy. A very underrated artist, often cited by Little Richard as his major influence. There are four unreleased tracks here, so it's quite a historic release as well as being great, big band R&B. **Snakey G**

JERRY McCAIN

Midnight Beat

Charly CRB 1148

Ch

Although known as a harmonica player whose biggest successes were instrumentals, Mr McCain also had a very versatile voice that was at home in any style of R&B. Born in Alabama, his career in music started in the mid '50s, recording for Trumpet and OKeh among others. His early recordings were some of the rawest R&B you could find — Cutie Named Judie and My Next Door Neighbour have to be heard to be believed! The recordings on this LP are from much later though, from the period he was signed to Jewel Records (1965-67). His style by then had smoothed out, becoming very slick and varied. The song She's Crazy 'bout Entertainers is well worth a listen, Jerry singing about his wife who turns groupie and goes off bonking the likes of James Brown — a whole host of stars of the time are mentioned. **Snakey G**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Blues Is Alright Volume II

Malaco MAL LP0010 Ch

Ch ●●●

The Blues is alright certainly and in careful, capable hands if the material collected here is any gauge. And with contributions from such as Z Z Hill, Johnnie Taylor, Latimore, Denise LaSalle it's as much a synthesis of Deep South deep soul as anything, hardly differing from the kind of sides producer Jerry Ragovy was contriving with Garnett Mimms And The Enchanters and Howard Tate in the mid '60s. What trace of the bar blues does exist is dressed up in suave, sassy arrangements, with the lowdown, downhome sound disappeared for good, although B B King and Little Milton are links with an earlier tradition and Bobby Bland's always sounded this way anyway. For as McKinley Mitchell says here, "the blues ain't nothing but a man in the wilderness looking for his baby", while Johnnie Taylor maintains "people got money, still got problems, anyway you look at it still called the blues". **Evelyn Court**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Think Smart Soul Stirrers

Kent KENT 064

P

You can't really go far wrong with Kent compilations as their compilers are the top DJs on the Northern Soul scene. If they know how to keep them shufflin' on the dance floor till 8am at all nighters they are well capable of being left to put together the likes of this. This selection is from Old Town and Barry Records in New York. Stand out cuts include Jerk It by The Gypsies, Barefootin' Time In China Town by Lester Young, and You Better Believe Me by Beverly McKay (before her bank robbing days). **Snakey G**

6 UNDERGROUND

Q4 Who released Take The Skinheads Bowling last year and this year?

UG! IS HERE

NUMBER ONE

MARCH 20

Ad Camper Van Beethoven



The Godfathers bust into the UGTAL at 11 in the singles chart. This daunting 45 comes in a gatefold full colour bag hot on the heels of their Hit By Hit LP

The Guana Batz re-enter the charts in an on-off attempt to sell their second hand motors.



Beasties' album License To Ill plummets to 10 in UGTAL albums, but check out their new 45 Fight For Your Right To Party which should show massive moves next ish



SINGLES

THE UNDERGROUND GUIDE TO ALTERNATIVE LISTENING

ALBUMS

Charts compiled from record sales from the last four weeks at selected specialist independent and high street outlets.

last week

1	1	I LOVE MY RADIO	Tatf	Transglobal
2	4	FUTURE'S SO BRIGHT I GOTTA WEAR SHADES	Timbuk 3	IRS/MCA
3	2	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE	The Smiths	Rough Trade
4	7	KISS	Age Of Chance	FON
5	15	WHO IS IT?	Mantronix	10
6	14	EVANGELINE	The Icicle Works	Beggars Banquet
7	5	WASTELAND	The Mission	Mercury
8	10	YOU BE ILLIN'	Run DMC	London
9	—	MY FAVOURITE DRESS	The Wedding Present	Reception
10	16	STRANGERS IN TOWN	Spear Of Destiny	10
11	—	LOVE IS DEAD	The Godfathers	Corporate Image
12	—	PEEL SESSION	Siouxsie And The Banshees	Strange Fruit
13	9	THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE	Siouxsie And The Banshees	Wonderland
14	11	SWEET SWEET PIE	Pop Will Eat Itself	Chapter 22
15	13	INTO THE GROOVY	Cleome Youth	Blast First
16	12	REAL WILD CHILD	Iggy Pop	A&M
17	—	THIRTEEN	BAD	CBS
18	17	BLUE CHAIR	Elvis Costello	Imp/Demon
19	35	TOWN TO TOWN	Microdisney	Virgin
20	37	BRIGHTER	The Railway Children	Factory
21	20	WHAT'S THE POINT	Fuzzbox	Vindaloo
22	22	EVERYTHANG'S GROOVY	Gaye Bykers On Acid	In Tape
23	21	MELANCHOLY ROSE	Marc Almond	Some Bizzare
24	—	LOVE REMOVAL MACHINE	The Cult	Beggars Banquet
25	27	WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK	Steinski & Mass Media	4th & Broadway
26	18	SOMETIMES	Erasure	Mute
27	—	PEEL SESSION	The Slits	Strange Fruit
28	38	PEEL SESSION	Joy Division	Strange Fruit
29	—	BAMP BAMP	Bambi Siem	Product Inc
30	—	PEEL SESSION	Stump	Strange Fruit

BUBBLING UNDER

THE MAGNIFICENT JAZZY JEFF	DJ Jazzy Jeff And Fresh Prince	Champion
HURRICANE FIGHTER PLANE	Alien Sex Fiend	Anagram
SICKLEMOON	X Mal Deutschland	Xile
TRIED AND TESTED PUBLIC SPEAKER	Bogshed	Shelfish
SLOW TRAIN TO DAWN	The The	Some Bizzare

1	1	DIRTDISH	Wiseblood	K. 422/Some Bizzare
2	—	BACK IN THE DHSS AGAIN	Half Man Half Biscuit	Probe Plus
3	5	GOD'S OWN MEDICINE	The Mission	Mercury
4	—	UP FOR A BIT WITH THE PASTELS	The Pastels	Glass
5	6	GREETINGS FROM TIMBUK 3	Timbuk 3	IRS/MCA
6	7	SHABINI	The Bhundu Boys	Discafrique
7	4	TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES	Michelle Shocked	Cooking Vinyl
8	3	INFECTED	The The	Some Bizzare
9	13	QUIRK OUT	Stump	Stuff
10	2	LICENSE TO ILL	The Beastie Boys	Def Jam/CBS
11	9	THE QUEEN IS DEAD	The Smiths	Rough Trade
12	8	ESPECIALLY FOR YOU	The Smithereens	Enigma
13	12	PICTURES OF STARVING CHILDREN	Chumbawamba	Agit Prop
14	15	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY	The Dead Kennedys	Alternative Tentacles
15	14	THE SINGLES ALBUM	Soft Cell	Some Bizzare
16	10	THE HOUSE SOUND OF CHICAGO	Various	London
17	22	WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME	The Bible	Backs
18	18	LONDON O HULL 4	The Housemartins	Go Discs
19	11	WAREHOUSE SONGS & STORIES	Husker Du	WEA
20	21	BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON	Los Lobos	Slash/London
21	17	HIT BY HIT	The Godfathers	Corporate Image
22	20	WONDERLAND	Erasure	Mute
23	26	NME C86	Various	Rough Trade
24	—	MASTER OF PUPPETS	Metallica	Music For Nations
25	—	IN THE PINES	The Triffids	Hoi
26	28	RAISING HELL	Run DMC	London
27	19	BROTHERHOOD	New Order	Factory
28	23	TAKE THE SUBWAY TO YOUR SUBURB	Various	Subway
29	—	MUSICAL MADNESS	Mantronix	10
30	—	LOAN SHARKS	Guana Batz	10

BUBBLING UNDER

STREET SOUNDS CRUCIAL ELECTRO 3	Various	Streetsounds
ROCK THE HOUSE	DJ Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince	Champion
LIVE IN AMERICA	A Certain Ratio	Dojo
WHAT'S IN A WORD	Brilliant Corners	SS20
BLOOD & CHOCOLATE	Elvis Costello	Imp/Demon

STRICTLY INDEPENDENT SINGLES COLLECTION

THE UNDERGROUND

1	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE	The Smiths	Rough Trade RT C
2	KISS	Age Of Chance	FON RT C
3	MY FAVOURITE DRESS	Wedding Present	Reception RR C
4	LOVE IS DEAD	Godfathers	Corporate Image RR C
5	THE PEEL SESSION	Siouxsie And The Banshees	Strange Fruit P
6	HEAD GONE ASTRAY	The Soup Dragons	RAW TV Products RT C
7	SWEET SWEET PIE	Pop Will Eat Itself	Chapter 22 NM C
8	INTO THE GROOVY	Ciccone Youth	Blast First RT C
9	BRIGHTER	Railway Children	Factory RT C P
10	EVERYTHANG'S GROOVY	Gaye Bykers On Acid	In Tape RR C
11	BLUE CHAIR	Elvis Costello	Imp/Demon P
12	THE PEEL SESSION	The Slits	Strange Fruit P
13	THE PEEL SESSION	Stump	Strange Fruit P
14	BLUE MONDAY	New Order	Factory RT C P
15	SERPENTS KISS	The Mission	Chapter 22 NM C
16	ASK	The Smiths	Rough Trade RT C
17	STUMBO	Wishblood	K422 RT C
18	BAMP-BAMP	Bambi Slam	Product Line RT C
19	THE PEEL SESSION	Joy Division	Strange Fruit P
20	SOMETIMES	Erasure	Mute RT C P
21	PANIC	The Smiths	Rough Trade RT C
22	HANG-TEN!	The Soup Dragons	Subway Re C
23	MAHALIA	The Bible	Backs B C
24	TRIED AND TESTED PUBLIC SPEAKER	Bogshed	Shellfish B C
25	IN A LONELY PLACE	The Smithereens	Enigma RT C
26	LIKE A HURRICANE/GARDEN OF DELIGHT	The Mission	Chapter 22 NM C
27	THE PEEL SESSION	The Specials	Strange Fruit P
28	POPPIE COCK	Pop Will Eat Itself	Chapter 22 NM C
29	CUBIST POP MANIFESTO	Big Flame	Ron Johnson NM C
30	THE DAY BEFORE TOMORROW	BMX Bandits	53rd & 3rd FF C
31	THE PEEL SESSION	New Order	Strange Fruit P
32	REALLY STUPID	The Primitives	Lazy RT C
33	TRUMPTON RIOTS	Half Man Half Biscuit	Probe Plus Pr C
34	LUCILLE	Fatal Charm	Native RR
35	THE GRIP OF LOVE	Ghost Dance	Karbon P
36	I'M GOING TO HEAVEN	The Close Lobsters	Fire NM C
37	SIXTEEN DREAMS	Loop	Head Re C
38	COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY	The Chesterfields	Subway Re C
39	BEATNIK BOY	Talulah Gosh	53rd & 3rd FF C
40	ANAL STAIRCASE	Coil	K422/Force And Form RT C
41	THROWAWAY	Mighty Mighty	Chapter 22 NM C

42	DICKIE DAVIES EYES	Half Man Half Biscuit	Probe Plus Pr C
43	BIZARRE LOVE TRIANGLE	New Order	Factory RT C P
44	THE PEEL SESSION	Madness	Strange Fruit P
45	THE PEEL SESSION	Spizz Oil	Strange Fruit P
46	GREY SKIES BLUE	The Submarines	Head Re C
47	I WANT YOU	Elvis Costello	Imp/Demon P
48	THE PEEL SESSION	The Damned	Strange Fruit P
49	STEAMING TRAIN	Talulah Gosh	53rd & 3rd FF C
50	LOVE'S EASY TEARS	Corseaux Twins	4AD RT C

STRICTLY INDEPENDENT ALBUMS COLLECTION

THE UNDERGROUND

1	BACK IN THE DHSS AGAIN	Half Man Half Biscuit	Probe Plus Pr C
2	UP FOR A BIT WITH THE PASTELS	The Pastels	Glass NM C
3	SHABINI	Bhandu Boys	Discalrique C
4	DIRTY DISH	Wishblood	Some Bizzare RT C
5	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TALES	Michelle Shocked	Cooking Vinyl RT C
6	QUIRK OUT	Stump	Stuff RT C
7	THE QUEEN IS DEAD	The Smiths	Rough Trade RT C
8	ESPECIALLY FOR YOU	The Smithereens	Enigma RT C
9	PICTURES OF STARVING CHILDREN	Chumbawamba	Agit Prop RR C
10	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY	The Doid Kennedys	Alternative Tentacles RT C
11	HIT BY HIT	The Godfathers	Corporate Image RR C
12	NME C86	Various	Rough Trade RT C
13	WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME	The Bible	Backs B C
14	WONDERLAND	Erasure	Mute RT C Sp
15	TAKE THE SUBWAY TO YOUR SUBURB	Various	Subway Re C
16	IN THE PINES	The Triffids	Hot RT C
17	BROTHERHOOD	New Order	Factory RT C P
18	LOAN SHARKS	Guana Batz	ID Re C
19	BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE	Elvis Costello & The Attractions	Imp/Demon P
20	WHAT'S IN A WORD	The Brilliant Corners	SS20 Re C
21	LIVE IN AMERICA	A Certain Ratio	Dojo NM C
22	THE MOON AND THE MELODIES	Budd/Fraser/Guthrie/Raymonde	4AD P
23	YOUR FUNERAL, MY TRIAL	Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds	Mute RT C Sp
24	BACK IN THE DHSS	Half Man Half Biscuit	Probe Plus Pr C
25	IDEAL GUEST HOUSE	Various	Shelter NM C
26	STOMPING AT THE KLUB FOOT VOLUME 3	Various	ABC Re P C
27	KING OF AMERICA	The Costello Show	Imp/Demon P
28	SOBERPHOBIA	Peter And The Test Tube Babies	Dojo NM C
29	WATCH YOUR STEP	Ted Hawkins	Gull P
30	GIANT	The Woodentops	Rough Trade RT C

Compiled from shop sales of independently distributed records

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

11 UNDERGROUND
Q5 Where are Hüsker Dü from?

istomania

In future these charts pages will be TWICE AS BIG with a special pull out section all ready for you to pin to your wall or throw in the bin. More specialist charts, more inventive categorisations, export and import charts, fanzine charts, label best sellers charts and all the usual stuff (but better).

ROCK STEADY

1	ON TOP	Heptones	Studio 1
2	PLEASURE DUB		Treasure Isle
3	THE ORIGINAL REGGAE HITSOUND OF	The Ethiopians	Trojan
4	JUDGE DREAD ROCK STEADY HUSH UP	Prince Buster	Blue Beat
5	YOU LEFT ME STANDING	Various	Trojan
6	LOVE ME FOREVER	Carlton And The Shoes	Studio 1
7	ROCK STEADY PARTY	Derrick Harriott	Island
8	SINGS ROCK AND SOUL	Alton Ellis	Studio 1
9	DANCING DOWN ORANGE STREET	Various	Studio 1
10	HI FASHION DUB TOP TEN		Studio 1

Compiled by Observer Station, from personal addiction

ROIR tapes 10

- 1 THE BLOW UP *Television*, an 85 minute live outburst
- 2 UP AGAINST THE BEAST *Brother D & Silver Fox*, classic reggae/rap confrontation
- 3 THE KITCHEN TAPES *The Raincoats*, young hopefuls live in the Big Apple
- 4 GHOST RIDERS *Sulcide*, dynamic duo live revival
- 5 NEW YORK THRASH *Various*, loud and uncompromising hardcore
- 6 STONE KILLERS *Prince Charles*, baad ass funk picked up later by Virgin
- 7 BABES IN ARMS *MC5*, out-takes and unreleased stuff
- 8 CRY TUFF DUB ENCOUNTER *Prince Far I*, reggae classic
- 9 NEW YORK SINGLES SCENE *Various*, early NY 45s with Patti Smith, *Television* and more
- 10 REVISITED *Malaria*, Germanic demonic operatic death music



SPACEMATIC DANCE TEN

- 1 THE STORM Double Image **NIA 12 inch**
- 2 THE BRIDGE IS OVER Scott La Rock MC KRS One/Mr D Nice **B Boy 12 inch**
- 3 LICENSE TO ILL (ALL OF IT) Beastie Boys **Def Jam LP**
- 4 THE TERMINATOR Junior Gee And The A-Team **4th and Broadway 12 inch**
- 5 IT'S MY BEAT Sweet T And Jazzy Joyce **Profile 12 inch**
- 6 GIVE ME THE REASON Luther Vandross **Epic 12 inch**
- 7 CRUSH ON YOU The Jets **MCA 12 inch**
- 8 SEXY Masters Of Ceremony **Strong City 12 inch**
- 9 MY MIKE SOUNDS NICE Salt 'n' Peppa **Next Plateau 12 inch**
- 10 SATURDAY NIGHT Schooly D **Schooly D 12 inch**

Compiled by Howie D and DJ Szeps, just classic cuts

RADIO CHART

WJUL, 1 University Avenue, Lowell, MA 01854-2827, USA
1700 Watts

1	HAPPY HEAD	Mighty Lemon Drops	Sire
2	BEND SINISTER	The Fall	Beggars Banquet
3	RAGIN' FULL ON	Firehose	SST
4	CUT DOWN	Red Lorry Yellow Lorry	Homestead
5	BORN BAD	Various	BFD/Born Bad
6	PEEL SESSIONS	Gang Of Four	Strange Fruit
7	BURL	Killdozer	Homestead
8	CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN	Camper Van Beethoven	Pitch A Tent/Rough Trade
9	THE BEAT FROM 20,000 FATHOMS	Smersh	RRRecords
10	THE UNACCEPTABLE FACE OF FREEDOM	Test Dept	Some Bizzare

VERY ALTERNATIVE DANCEFLOOR CHART

New IOI, Postbus 1153, 2301 ED, Leiden, Holland

- 1 A SPLIT SECOND A Split Second Antler
- 2 GO BACK The Klinik Antler
- 3 AGGRESSIVA Front 242 RRE
- 4 LOCATE A STRANGER The Invincible Limit Lost Cause
- 5 STUMBO Wiseblood Some Bizzare
- 6 NEVER GIVE UP Crack Foundation Sampler
- 7 MEDUSA Clan Of Xymox 4AD
- 8 COLOURS Nirvana Press Sampler
- 9 200 YEARS Skinny Puppy Network
- 10 THIS IS WHERE THE FIRE USED TO BE Then The Wall Crashed Down demo



This is the myth:

STITCHED BACK FOOT AIRMAN are a bunch of funsters who wear terribly loud shirts and release records with humorous titles. They sing about toy dogs and mumble things about cash registers and criminal records. SBFA are like early Julian Cope, Pink Floyd, The Monkees and early everything else. SBFA are 'arty bastards' with 'a touch of innocent genius'.

This is the truth: Stitches Back Foot Airman are getting pretty pissed off with this misrepresentation! So is there more to the band than just this oddball element with which we have been presented?

Simon: "Oh yeah, we try to play that down — when we get reviewed they don't mention the music. They mention our shirts which is just ridiculous really. People have made comments about our lyrics which just showed that they obviously hadn't listened to the words. It's a bit annoying when that happens in reviews."

Mike: "Especially when we're called 'wacky' because a lot of our words aren't just throwaway. We take a lot of time over them."

Robin: "But it's inevitable really — and of course it's eye-catching copy. SBFA have been noted for their tendency to swap over instruments while on stage. That's a bit wacky isn't it?"

The Airman are bound for bigger things but wouldn't they be forced into a compromise of their values if they became a household name?

Simon: "Yes, that's inevitable. You wouldn't be able to carry on in the same way."

And, your new single, Wouldn't You Like To Know The Stitches Back Foot Airman, is that your bid for fame?

Simon: "Ha! I suppose it is in a way."

Robin: "To be honest, though, we're just going to carry on in the same way as we always have and I can't really see that making us a household name! Unless people find the music so appealing that they just can't resist it!"

Wouldn't you like to know The Stitches Back Foot Airman? Of course you would and in the words of the great men themselves: "Shake-up all you casuals. Wake up!"

The Stitches Back Foot Airman are on Very Mouth and their other release is a 12 inch **Egg Timing Greats**. It's a cracker.

ALEX KADIS





Baxter: "Me and Ron spent New Year's Eve at a holiday camp in Somerset and at midnight this little old lady between us gurgled, 'Ooh! I'm in the middle of two big boys'."

So *that's* how you got your name?

"Well, no, it's a '60s porno term for large mammary glands, Sharon Tate said it in *Valley Of The Dolls* — 'Don't worry about me sugar, I've got ma two big boys to support me'."

TWO BIG BOYS like to dish out references.

"Our aim is to both aurally and *visually* stimulate the audience via a backdrop of films and slides by Man Ray, Jean Genet, Hans Richter, Warhol RIP and Russ Meyer. A surreal environment injected with '60s tack. A multi-textured entertainment."

Ron and Stella are vocal opposites who fracture then melt together in haunting, gliding harmonies that weave a sultry spell over the psychedelic-pop backing of Harry Day's bass and Baxter Martin's sleazy sax drone. Two Big Boys (and a big girl's blouse) release their debut single *Monkeys On Smack* very soon. Art, smart or just. . .

RONNIE RANDALL

From Scotland, with something approaching love, come **JAMS**, which of course stands for The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu. A

The JAMS

The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu

THE BLACK ANGLIAS Four young men determined to re-create the sound of one of our most important bands, The Shadows. Armed only with bass, drums, a Telecaster and obligatory Strat they're ready to take on the world. Clad in heavy leathers, polo-necks, shades and a neat line in formation stumbling they're quite a sight live, storming into terrifyingly accurate versions of *The Cruel Sea*, *Slaughter On Tenth Avenue* and *Walk Don't Run*. Occasionally graced by the presence of ex-Kursaal Will Birch on drums, go and see them as soon as possible, you know that Hank would be proud of you

. . . HOXTON LEONID



THE BLACK ANGLIAS BARRY, MARK, RAGGY, CHRIS

THE WILD BUNCH are Miles and Nellee, a two piece from Bristol whose particular brand of hip-hop is set to burn down a few dance halls this year. They've been together for three years and have used the time to create a superb sound. Their first single, which has just been snapped up by 4th & Broadway, is a double sider with the very hard *The Avenue* depicting the perils of night-life in Bristol.

But the real peach is a lovers rock version of Herb Alpert's *Look Of Love*. It features the voice of Shara (who's had a couple of independent soul records out herself) and will be an essential buy. In the meantime the boys have managed to salvage an unspeakable Morgan McVey track with a steaming remix that is actually worth looking out for.

PAUL HOWARD

DROP

five piece consisting of Rockman Rock, King Boy D. Nigerian born Chike and Lovers rock duo Burning Illusion, they've got a white label rap-a-long beatbox 45 that's got more than an inch of Beatles' circa *All You Need Is*

Love tied up in there too. The whole affair is mysterious, a telephone number only and a threat that the group will soon be releasing more material.

"No, we've not been in bands before, and, yes, I suppose we were originally influenced by The Beastie Boys to actually get up and do something. I mean, if you were 15 and living in America you'd be getting up and doing something after hearing The Beastie Boys."

Too true. But these colonials seem a touch wiser, world weary a bit, but not angry . . .

"We're not like Crass in that kind of way, but we're into ripping things off, we're into saying what we want to say."

And the title of the album?

"Oh, 1987, What The F***'s Going On?"

And distribution?

"Well, we approached Rough Trade but they've not said anything yet."

DAVE HENDERSON

06 What have The Babymen, The Very Things, DCL Locomotive and The Cravats got in common?

It's a NAME

< OUR SECOND GIG WAS THE ALBERT HALL AWARD: *Nasty Rox Inc* >

13 UNDERGROUND



Voice Of The Beehive have just released their first single, *Just A City*, on Food Records. They're going to be big news, coast to coast, but the question is, who are Voice Of The Beehive?

John Best **gets the scam**
Rod Clark **takes the pix**

History of the beehive by Julian Henry



The mark one proto-type beehive modelled by Dionne Warwick along with immaculate dental work and perfect go-go pose.



The 'beehive high rise'. The Ronettes achieve multi-story status by climbing on each other's shoulders.

Henderson is speaking: "Go forth into the streets of this great city," he says, like some cheap Biblical bitpart. "Seek out the ones who call themselves Voice Of The Beehive, and find out who they are." You can see why he's editor, I think to myself. So I go, and mere nanoseconds later on the geological clock, I'm in this pub in Camden, face-to-face with two girls and two boys, mouthing the words "who the f*** are Voice Of The Beehive?"

"We are," they rejoin. I breathe a hefty sigh of relief — found 'em! And, er, who are "we"?

(Pub table, left to right) Tracey Beehive, singing, guitar and glitter boots, older sis at 24, known on occasion to correct her myopia with chic '50s spex; Melissa Beehive (20), singing and tambourine and junk jewellery magnate, fave colours burgundy and chartreuse; Mike Jones, soft spoken Welsh wizard behind most Beehive arrangements and Tracey's fellow wielder of the ole six string razor; Woody — no, not Henderson's pet poodle of the same name — but one Daniel Woodgate, stixman, late of some band called Madness, or something.

Missing is Mark "Bedders" Bedford, also recently emerged from a state of Madness, and the man VOTB call Mr Bassman, because he, er, plays the bass.

So enough of this jolly banter, I say, how come none of you, girls or boys, have a beehive to call your own? "I'm working on it," proffers Tracey, a little apologetically. "I'm trying to get the record company to give me a little bit of money to get some kind of beehive made, but wigs are so expensive I think I'm going to have to learn to tease my own hair."

At this point I think it's worth stopping to more fully introduce, more fully appreciate, our heroines. LA women and diamond (albeit, paste) girls, the pair of

GIRLS

them; they came to London in search of Quadrophonia, and still think it would be neat to lie and say they were scooter girls back home.

When they open their mouths to talk, they're killing; effortlessly witty, backstreet Bette Midlers, if they weren't on the stage already, I say to them, I'd have to suggest they got on it pretty damn sharpish.

When she opens her mouth to talk, Melissa displays a missing molar that this very morning threw in its little toothy towel just as she was having a frank exchange of views with those nice people at Heathrow immigration.

When they open their mouths to sing, they're some fledgling embodiment of classic pop; beyond the need for justification in the way The B-52's and Blondie are. The latest in some kind of long line of delineation that runs from The Shangrilas through The Ronettes down to Harry's mob and beyond. Why, Henderson has even suggested they could be the next Bangles.

"The who? I'm sorry I don't believe I'm familiar with that name. Are they a band or something?"

Feigning ignorance is, the Beehives understand, a far more caustic commentary than any cheap mud slinging.

But, what do they want to be? "We want to be like Madness, The B-52's (aha!), Bow Wow Wow . . . great pop with a real sense of humour." Is there a gap in the marketplace (man) for that kind of thing right now? I ask like some particularly feeble-minded kind of pondweed. "Is there a gap?" Woody, quite rightly incredulous. "The whole market's a gap, isn't it?"

Sometime around this point, Tracey takes my specially prepared sheet of buzzwords (beehive? buzzwords? no, alright then please y'selves) to see what she wants to answer.

"Girl-meets-boy for the self-aware," she reads — well it was just a passing thought! — "I like that. Girl-meets-boy for the self-conscious, maybe," she decides.

Whatever, for a band tapping some classic, disposable pop vein, Tracey's words (Melissa and Mike also write) display some neat erudition and fine, fine sentiments. Check this, dear reader, do:

"Girls lie to boys, and boys lie to girls. He says he's been at the office, papers up to here . . . but he smells of beer. She says it's OK, he thinks she doesn't know . . . women always know. I'm gonna be the one to break all of those rules, I think those people are fools. What good is the truth if you never use it?" — Trust Me.

Pearl-ettes on domestic disharmony worthy of a young Costello, written with the full glorious arrogance of innocence, and the thumping backbeat of a Running Bear — a truly waist-up: waist-down experience. And don't start me off on The Things You See When You Don't Have Your Gun, or I'll never shut up!

Back with the buzzwords, we're at "feminism." "Oh, don't ask us that," they plead, and, not wishing to be a dullard, I suggest we try "boys" instead. "Hang on a minute," chimes in Woody. "Why do interviewers always ask girl groups these sort of questions? Would you ask an all-boy group that sort of thing?" I humbly submit that I probably would, and anyway, Tracey and Melissa are cooing that they want to talk boys.

Melissa likes 'em skinny and wild, Julian Cope-like, Zodiac Mindwarp-esque or Steve Mack-ish — could this be why they do it's A Good Thing live? Tracey's less directly forthcoming, but perhaps being older, seems to prefer a more, uh, manly man. Oh, and they did take Microdisney drummer Tom Fenner surfing with them in California over Christmas. That Petrol Emotion and Microdisney are two of VOTB's favourite groups.

And, to prove serendipity's a reality as well as a nice word to say, two nights after our Camden rendezvous, VOTB played their biggest gig ever, third on the bill to Microdisney at London's Astoria. The A&R men who hadn't already wined and dined them (not many) were there, wondering what price promotion from plucky independent Food?

"It's been great, we spent a whole week going to different restaurants every day. We'd rise around 11, and every day a different car would come and whisk us off somewhere else to see another label." At the time of writing the Japanese meal would appear to be odds-on favourite.

But with all the press and major label attention aren't they afraid of being analysed out of all existence; losing the very perfect imperfection that makes them so loveable?

"Yeah, we're very aware of that, that's what happened to the Shop Assistants" . . . and, to my mind, Fuzzbox, with whom the Beehives share an intuitive, total, and oh-so-fragile glamour, beyond the ken of yer average marketing mind. Unlike Fuzzbox, though, VOTB also have the songs.

Woody, why is there all this interest? Is it because they're girls, because of you and Bedders, or because of the (fab 'n' groovy) songs? "The songs, the songs. They've got such great songs; everyone knows they're just the best band to come through in such a long time."

All I know is that when I hear the sound of their honeyed voices in such edible unison (almost like The Roches (!) "Yes, I like them," Tracey) it's such a dizzy pleasure, I don't have to think, I just like.

One last buzzword: "fame". Tracey: "Great TV show." Woody: "Great record, one of Bowie's best. No, really, fame doesn't really exist. I supposedly experienced it to some extent, and it has no real impact on the person you are, or the way you live your life. The only way I ever knew anyone knew who I was was when I saw my name in print." That, it would appear, is about as tangible as it gets. Melissa? "I can't predict what's going to happen in the next 15 minutes!"

One thing that will happen — indeed, has, by the time you read this — is that VOTB will release their very first record, a single, Just A City/I Walk This Earth, on Andy Ross and David Balfe's aforementioned Food label.

VOTB would have you believe their name comes from some book or other about "the democratic organisation of a beehive". This is, of course, all crap put together afterwards to offset the fact that they all gave their hearts years ago to Queen Bee-52 Cindy Wilson . . . prepare to give yours, honeychild.

AT THEIR



Dusty Springfield struts her stuff with a junior beehive, still in the early stages of construction.



Kate Pierson of the B-52's becomes upwardly mobile, though this impressive bouffant is in fact a wig.



They called her The Queen Of The Beehive. Marl Wilson's singing career has never been the same since the day she forsook her beehive for a standard trendy 1980s perm.

BEST



The Subterranean label from San Francisco was started at the tail end of the '70s and has developed a catalogue of more than 50 essential releases during its colourful career. As well as records on their own label, the Subterranean network has evolved through mail order handling of labels such as Alternative Tentacles (Dead Kennedys, Tragic Mulatto, early Butthole Surfers and more), Thermidor (SPK, Nig-Heist, XX Committee, Toiling Midgets), the Italian Diavlyery Productions (Jonee Jonee, Plath), Modern Masters (Arkansaw Man) and one-off material from Factrix, Sun City Girls, Glorious Din, Negativland and many more. • Regular newsletters from their 577 Valencia, San Francisco, CA 944110, USA address also list numerous fanzines, posters, videos and other paraphernalia of interest. All in all, they're well worth contacting for news, information and vinyl of international importance.

Latest newsletter from the label acclaims the new live Flipper double and threatens, soon to be released, delights from Polkacide (San Fran's punk/polka crew with 13 thrashed out originals), The Longshoremen's Walk The Plank (their second album for the label), Controlled Bleeding's Core (a fusion of jazz, electronic and industrial sound, and finally A31's Ruins Of America featuring Flipper's Will Shatter and various other rowdy musicians.

CHROME should have been bigger than... well, they should at least have had the kind of mass acceptance that Devo and Pere Ubu originally grabbed for their strange rock readings split between dirty, filthy pop and electronic dirginess. One of Subterranean's legendary releases was the six album box set which featured previously unreleased material from the pens of *Helios Creed*, *Damon Edge*, and *Hilary and John Stench*. • In the UK they turned up on Don't Fall Off The Mountain, Red Records and Beggars Banquet, but it's more than likely that these releases are deleted now.

FLIPPER's rise to infamy through hardcore notoriety was further enhanced with the release of their superb *Gone Fishin'* album (recently picked up for UK distribution through Fundamental via Red Rhino and the Cartel). Their aggressive tampered with sounds are close in kinship to the *Butthole's* and *Swans* while still retaining a unique edge which is all their own. Internal friction has left them in a state of fatal disagreement but there's a live double (also out through Fundamental here) showing their most dishevelled hours replete with game and fold out sleeve. Oh yes, go get it.

JOE POP-O-PIE is the oddball personified. His *Joe's Third Record* features the man himself on vocals, harmonica and the odd keyboard. A true left-fielder it was recorded between 8pm and 10am on April 2, 1985 and features distorted versions (sometimes totally backwards) of both *I Am The Walrus* and *Sugar Magnolia*. As for the other tracks, Joe wrote them himself and throughout this *Flipper* go metal, *Jonathan Richman* on the wild side collection the onus is on fun (and *no* overdubs).

THE LONGSHOREMEN have a brand of psychologically unsound hipness that could grasp an intrusive journo by the scruff of his giro and make him write a book in biro. These persons throw Kerouac on the fire and hit the road for keeps. Bet they've got holes in the elbows of their sweaters too.

▲ Joe Pop-O-Pie



▲ Each band features members of the other

▲ Z'ev



▲ Longshoremen



▲ Dave Henderson gets a message from The Subtrax

- SUB 15 *VARIOUS* Red Spot (an anthology of SF bands with *Minimal Man*)
- SUB 16 *JR CHEMISTS/LES SELDOMS* Arizona Disease (five track shared 7 inch)
- SUB 17 *VARIOUS* The Witch Trials (late night horror from *Jello B*, *Christlan Lunch* and more on a 12 inch EP)
- SUB 18 *MINIMAL MAN* The Shroud Of (LP of powerful r'n'r and electronics)
- SUB 19 *PREFIX* Underneathica (quirky funk on 7)
- SUB 20 *INFLATABLE BOY CLAMS* I'm Sorry (2x7 inchers of sordid nursery rhymes)
- SUB 21 *NERVOUS GENDER* Music From Hell (electronic LP with testicles — it says here)
- SUB 22 *WILMA* Pornography Lies (anxious and funny 3 track 7 inch)
- SUB 23 *FLIPPER* Sex Bomb (7 inch insanity)
- SUB 24 *DEAD KENNEDYS* Nazi Punks (7 inch hardcore with anti-Nazi arm band)
- SUB 25 *FLIPPER* Generic Flipper (the album of the noise of a hangover)
- SUB 26 *FACTRIX/CAZAZZA* California Babylon (live LP)
- SUB 25 *CODE OF HONOR* Fight Or Die/*SICK PLEASURE* Dolls Under Control (LP with a slide apiece from hot hardcore acts)
- SUB 28 *TOMMY TADLOCK* Body Ad (redefining country on 7 inch)
- SUB 29 *STEFAN WEISSER* Life Sentence (hand painted 7 inch box set with pix, booklet and a 20 dollar tag)
- SUB 30 *Z'EVE* Elemental Music (LP from early metal basher and performance artist)
- SUB 31 *CHROME* The Chrome Box (6 album set) out of print
- SUB 32 *NEGATIVE TREND* We Don't Play, We Riot (4 song 12 inch from '78 Calif punk band)
- SUB 33 *Z'EVE* My Favourite Things (nine live metal muthers)
- SUB 34 *CHROME* Anorexic Sacrifice (limited ed 7 inch) out of print
- SUB 35 *FLIPPER* Get Away (mail order only on green vinyl, 7 inch)
- SUB 36 *CODE OF HONOR* What Are We Gonna Do? (7 inch way beyond hardcore)
- SUB 37 *FACTRIX/CAZAZZA* Percent Dreams (collaborative 7 inch fusing electronics with Moroccan percussion)
- SUB 38 *BRUCE LOOSE* What's Your Name? (7 inch from *Flipper* man in a quieter vein)
- SUB 39 *SICK PLEASURE* Speed Rules (7 songs 7 inch EP. Fast)
- SUB 40 *LEATHER NUN* Primemover (7 inch from tactile Swedes)
- SUB 41 *ARKANSAW MAN* Every Job (jazzy melodies, sparse, clean 7)
- SUB 42 *FLIPPER* Gone Fishin' (brilliant state of the art *Flipper*, just released in the UK through Fundamental)
- SUB 43 *CODE OF HONOR* Beware The Savage Jaw (LP from metal hungry pop thrashers)
- SUB 44 *POP-O-PIE* Joe's Second Record (6 song 12 inch)
- SUB 45 *LONGSHOREMEN* Grr Huh, Yeah (LP entry into the beatnik nearderthal rat race)
- SUB 46 *FRIGHTTIG* Cat Farm Faboo (album from the dishevelled version of *The Bangles*)
- SUB 47 *ROD MYERS AND THE RAMPS* Wheelchair (single pastiche of Wild Thing extolling the virtues of invalid care)
- SUB 48 *PSYCLONES* Psyclones (debut vinyl from this mix of industrial and hardcore) ock act)
- SUB 49 *HELIOS CREED* X Rated Fairy Tale (solo album from *Chrome* person)
- SUB 50 *WILMA* Wilma (lush, lyrical LP from all girl act).

SUBTERRANEAN RECORDS the first 50

- SUB 1 *VARIOUS* SF Underground (SF's first punk comp with *Flipper*, *No Alternative* and more)
- SUB 3 *SOCIETY DOG* Working Class People (7 inch single)
- SUB 3 *VARIOUS* Live At Target (compilation of four of the West Coasts most challenging acts including *Factrix* and *Nervous Gender*)
- SUB 4 *JARS* Psycho (avant-garage-psycho 7 inch)
- SUB 5 *BAY OF PIGS* Addiction (sleazoid 7)
- SUB 6 *TOOLS* Hard Work (anti-draft biker 7)
- SUB 7 *FLIPPER* Love Canal (primal *Flipper* 7 inch, damnation with a beat)
- SUB 8 *VARIOUS* Club Foot (live comp with *Longshoremen*, *Naked City* and more)
- SUB 9 *NO ALTERNATIVE* Make Guns Not Love (wall of noise punkabilly 7)
- SUB 10 *VARIOUS* SF Underground 2 (the sequel with *The Spikes*, *The Undead*)
- SUB 11 *TOOLS* out of print
- SUB 12 *ULTRASHEEN* City Boy (dance explosions from jazz to pop on 7)
- SUB 13 *SOCIETY DOG* Off The Leash (4 song 7 inch EP from hardcore hounds)
- SUB 14 *STEFAN WEISSER* Editions & Contexts (7 inch spoken cuts on clear vinyl)

SUBTERRANEAN: from hardcore to freaked out funk, from metal to metal bashing. All that with added Underground zeal.

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5

SO, WHAT'S NEW?

From issue one there'll be seven more good reasons to grab a copy of *Underground* with our specialist contributors telling you all about the life and times of everything from mod and psychedelia to re-issues, rockabilly and the loudest of the loud.

QUIPHOLA... and other silly haircuts
For the fact hungry rockabilly, psychobilly and generally winkle-picking honcho, Snakey G will be putting together the best of what the rest detest with an added slurp of Brylcreem, a nod to the eternally elite, the collector at heart and the man with the expensive cowpoke trowse. Threats, danger and the rest catered for.

STATION TO STATION
Decorum don't come easy, but Evelyn Court's intense prose on the healthiest reggae music from re-issues to the present day can't be considered less than compulsive scanning. Ev's hottest dance tracks, the news that's fit to pop and all the beat-heavy sounds that're cool to mention.

SURFIN' CLAM BAKE
Our man with the patchy complexion and multi-patterned shirt, Hoxton Leonid, will be telling it like it is in a strictly, psychedelic, hyperdelic, surfs up, shades at the ready (remember The Ventures?) type thing. So, if you're into fish and frolics, let's swim.

MIXMASTER
DJ sounds that cross, the missing link between The World's Famous Supreme Team, 23 Skidoo, The Wild Bunch, 400 Blows, The Beastie Boys and Age Of Chance. All revved up and surgically investigated by scratch and spin specialist Paul Howard.

VERY LOUD!
Our eardrum maestro, Whiplash, will be diagnosing the best way to loosen that snotty wax that's lodged in your upper lobes with a sheer and succinct blast from his noisiest compadres. If you thought extreme physical danger from noise emanated from the larynx of jazz crooners intent on smashing a few glasses, then check out Whiplash's hot faves and think again.

GET SMART
The mod scene and gyrating soulfulness through all points of the music world, in maximum detail. Can you tell the difference between a Cushman, a Vespa 125 bored out to a 225, the sound of primal Purple Hearts, the new ska invasion from the States, or, can you measure the velocity of the latest hip swings? Well, Felix Adler can. From Potato Five to Young Holt Unlimited.

REWIND
The past given the kiss of life and massaged back to notoriety. Our team tell all about Little Richard, explain just who The Ikettes were, collate The Impressions' roots and tell you where you can get to hear all of these (and much, much more).

So check this, if you want to keep plugged in...

FIVE TRENDY MURDER SITES TO VISIT WITH YOUR UNDERGROUND TRAVELCARD

1 23 Gardenia Gardens, N10 (Highgate tube). Scene of Dennis Nilsen's little soirees, where drains blocked with boiled human flesh made Dynarod suspicious. (See also his previous abode at 195 Melrose Avenue, NW2; Willesden Green tube.)

2 The Magdala Tavern, South Hill Park NW3 (Belsize Park tube). David Blakeley asked for bitter and got it — his lover Ruth Ellis shot him three times outside this pub, and became the last woman in Britain to really swing.

3 Noel Road, N1 (Angel tube). Just a jealous guy, Keith Halliwell bludgeoned his playwright lover Joe Orton to death before stabbing himself into immortality. Love kills...

4 The Blind Beggar, Whitechapel Road, E1 (Whitechapel tube). HQ of the most infamous twin set, Reggie and Ronnie Kray. George Cornell's brains exited his head at vast speed in this pub thanks to a missile from Ronnie; he should never have called Ron a "fat poofter".

5 Evering Road, N16 (Highbury & Islington tube and a long hike). Reggie's finest hour. Jack McVitie, minor gangland rival, also found out the hard way that sarcasm is the lowest form of wit, and felt cold steel in his liver as a result. His final resting place is reputed to be in a London flyover.



WAITING FOR GODARD



Where are you Vic Godard? The maker of Subway Sect's fine *Ambition* single (released on Rough Trade in 1978) and the veteran of four different record contracts since, has been lying mighty low of late. Is there no life after Godard? (Geddit?)

But no, there's more. A chance sighting outside a bookies in Putney, south west London, has revealed his whereabouts. Vic has forsaken the late night sophistication of the jazz set, which followed his uncouth youth, and is now pursuing the real love of his life, horse-racing.

How the mighty are not so mighty anymore. Still, get nostalgic — a compilation of the Subway Sect's best moments, Vic Godard & The Subway Sect, *A Retrospective 1977-81*, is still available on Rough Trade.

- SINGLES**
- 1 NOBODY'S SCARED, Brak, 1977
 - 2 AMBITION, Rough Trade, 1978
 - 3 STOP THAT GIRL, Rough Trade, 1980
 - 4 STAMP OF A VAMP, Club Left/Island, 1981
 - 5 HEY NOW I'M IN LOVE, London, 1982
 - 6 HOLIDAY HYMN, EI, 1985
- LPS**
- 1 WHAT'S THE MATTER BOY, MCA, 1982
 - 2 SONGS FOR SALE, London, 1982
 - 3 A RETROSPECTIVE (1977-81), Rough Trade, 1985

UNDERGROUND the hip pocket guide to alternative listening
ISSUE ZERO: bullets loaded
NOT FOR SALE
Published by Spotlight Publications Ltd
Greater London House
Hamstead Road
London NW1 7QZ
Telephone 01-387-6641
Telex 299485 Music G
Fax 01-388 5010
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Snakey G, Whiplash, Dr Whybrew
ADVERTISING MANAGER Jon Newey
AD REPRESENTATIVE Jane Carr
CLASSIFIED
ADVERTISING SALES
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PUBLISHER Eric Fuller
GROUP PUBLISHING
DIRECTOR Mike Sharman
MANAGING DIRECTOR Jack Hutton
Distribution
Spotlight Magazine Distribution,
1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX
Telephone 01-700 4600
Typeset by Offshoot Graphics Co,
17-18 Great Sutton Street,
London EC1
Printed by
Chesham Press, 16-18 Germaine St,
Chesham, Bucks
ISSN 0951-502X

< OBLIGATORY PTV MENTION: Hello PTV >

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07 Which country is home for Phillip Boat?

U OR NON U? ON SALE MARCH 20

THE
ONE
THAT
GOT
AWAY

Yes, sneaking in at the tale end of last year, a compilation entitled Sub Pop 100, on the Sub Pop label, arrived at the luckier import stores. You might very well have missed it, but it's a little diamond that's well worth seeking out. Pratinja dives from the Lotus position and takes it by its horrible vinyl throat.

They've scratched 'Guitars' and 'Machines' on the relevant sides of this Lord Lucan and they've got Big Black's Steve Albini demanding his breakfast by way of an introduction. They're Americans without their trousers down, their socks unwashed since 1981, which is as far back as they dare go in search of synchronised swimming, bringing us the Scratch Acid tonsilectomy Greatest Gift, a surprisingly puny Nothing To Prove by The Wipers and a typically torturous Kill Yr Idols from Sonic Youth, all of four years old. (Funny, they sound younger.) * Naked Raygun opt for a new *Pink Panther* theme tune with their choppily irascible Bananacude, six years old and apparently their first recorded work ever. The slack-kneed U-Men are fairly monstrous with Gila, a band who believe that disrupting a charmingly mundane tune makes you more 'interesting' somehow. Crappola! * It's a pleasantly scrappy album this, with all manner of sub-Patti Smith people rubbing grease into their hair before trotting down to the studio to look intense. Middle class layabouts with nothing but self-inflicted grime on their hands, they therefore know how to approach a tune and consequently both Dangerous Birds with Smile On Your Face and Savage Republic's Real Men are scathing but soft in their calamity. Skinny Puppy's fledgling rampart-rubber, from '85, Church In Hell is a meaningless tinkle, and Steve Fisk's Go At Full Throttle is unintentionally hilarious mutant-piffle. * Lupe Diaz tries — oh Lord how he tries — to sound compelling as he's felling ions in the atmosphere; one lolloping slurp of ideas that might actually be an old Spitfire revving up underwater, and Boy Dirt Car's pungently springy Impact Test is a snarling pantsfiller that goes nowhere fast. * As your head spins and demands independence, Shonen Knife crop up with their divine toe-curler One Day Of The Factory. A fine compilation, but for God's sake don't call any of it ART, because that's puke.

Sub Pop (PO Box 20645 Seattle WA 98102, USA).

^ SLEEVE OF THE MONTH: TAGC's Digitaria >

Eksakt Records from the Netherlands celebrate five years of rampantly different and slightly strange releases spanning post-psychedelia, sub-Residents, distorted metal, punk, pop and roll and general good time muzak with distribution throughout Europe and a steadily growing reputation. Early releases features **Soviet Sex**, **Exploiting The Prophets**, the excellent **Idlotsavant**, **Nine Tobs**, the very hard to grapple with compilation Dutch Difficult Music, **The Moonies**, French outfit **Ptöse**, the brilliantly named **Miners Of Muzo** and a cast of other unpronouncables ● Kinda makes it glad we joined the EEC doesn't it? For further details of some fine discs, pen a missive to Aksakt at Willem II Straat 37, 5038 BC Tilburg, Netherlands for a catalogue.



Why would two Californian beach bum brothers choose to forgo sunshine and fresh orange juice in order to carve out their careers in London? Craig and Jason Gray are loony tunesmiths known as **Lazy Giants** who claim to have "come in search of the big musical dream". But, perhaps nightmare might be more apt. ● The Lazy Sods are proving not a bad player exchange for some of our better known exports to the sunshine state. The brothers create an eerie, though beautifully melodic form of post apocalyptic new age music featuring Jason's croaking, death-raked vocal wail. Tracks like Chernobyl Twist, Sleeping Deep and City In My Room have sprung out of some suitably crackpot minds with a lush depth and quality not usually associated with a cheap 'n' nasty Tascam four-track recording. But as they say, "If you've got imagination the equipment is irrelevant, you just have to work harder." The Giants have been working very hard indeed. ● March is being spent in the previously unknown luxury of a 16-track studio, expect movement from these sleeping Giants, for sure.

RONNIE RANDALL

Ronnie Randall



COURAGE OF LASSIE say woof. Ron Nelson and Mandy Schenkel are Courage Of Lassie's answer to Roddy McDowall and Elizabeth Taylor, proud owners of a beautiful animal that likes to go musical walkabouts but always returns home to its

roots. They have already set plenty of tongues wagging back home in Canada with their distinct brand of dark, wrist slitting rock/folk a la Leonard Cohen, Tim Buckley *et al.* — although with brief excursions into Japan territory in their instrumental



In a dark disco, at the point of collapse through bad alcohol, a sudden sound assault cleaned me up and made me dance electric. **Front 242** at full blast is something that you don't forget. As I picked myself up, four 242's came my way hustling for the bar. Richard (of electronic percussion and piercing eyes) bleats: "As far as Front 242 are concerned, most rock bands are still in the stone age." Right. Right. Front 242 use a sophisticated armada of synths and sampling. It's like the guitar had never been invented. Patrick (on Emulator): "We're the result of our time, there is so much information about . . . radio, TV, the media has such a huge presence these days. Front 242 takes it all, looks at it, transforms it and feeds it back again." Front 242's records have that distinctive electronic rhythm against synth sound that urges you to tap your toes, but little else. The new album, *Official Version* has much more though. There are pumping bass lines, persuasive dance beats, aggressive sampling and oblique vocals. A perverse son of Kraftwerk, Yello and Depeche Mode. But with all that in mind, it's important to note that Front 242 *do* have a unique sound. And the effect? You'll either love them to death or hate them for existing. Live, Front 242 use and abuse paramilitary images and a light show that reduces the venue to an ever moving battlefield. For now, most people will have to make do with the new Front 242 LP, on RRE through Red Rhino and the Cartel. Featuring eight non-stop pieces, it perfectly illustrates that Front 242 have something to say and they don't just say it, they shout it. Loud.

Jean Marc Lederman



Air Du Temps and Modern English on Hiroshima, they also know how to send pigeon-holing critics barking up the wrong tree. Sniff out their excellent LP, *The Temptation To Exist*, on Amok Records. It's heaven scent . . . Alex Bastedo

> QUESTION OF THE MONTH: Who are something something Penis something? >

"It's a brilliant red" Neil Kinnock "I couldn't live without it" Margo Thatchle "Everyone's Gone To The Moon" David And Jonathon

FREE



19 UNDERGROUND

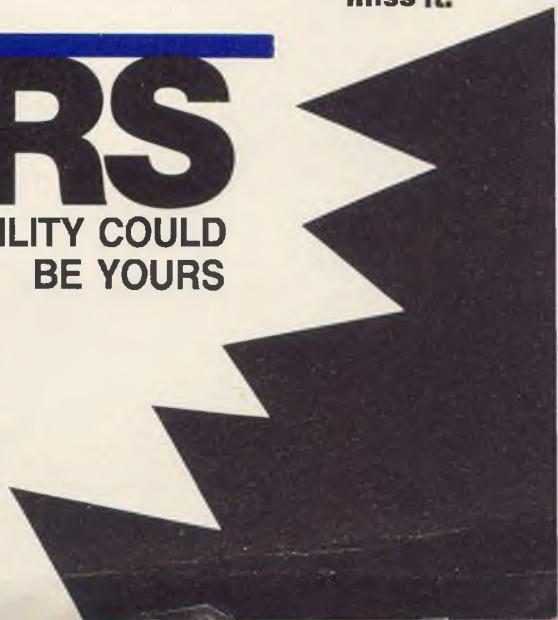
Yes . . . in *ish* one of *Underground* you'll not only get a mega-fantastic in depth read on all the best that's fit to crawl from a manhole cover near you, but you'll also find a 24 page wraparound booklet with a maniacally intense overview of how we arrived at today's independent jumping off point. It's all here (well, almost), from Stiff through 2-Tone to Ron Johnson, Blast First and FON. So don't miss it.

ADVERTISERS

ADVERTISE IN THIS MAGAZINE AND INTERMINABLE CREDIBILITY COULD BE YOURS

This special 20 page pre-launch issue of *Underground* is designed to showcase editorial content and style for our future readers. Advertising pages have been specifically excluded. Future issues will feature a minimum of 44 total pages, with the full range of display and classified sites available. *Mono, spot colour* and *full colour* positions are all for sale at highly competitive rates,

with the added incentive of a 10% off, four for the price of three launch offer. For more details and a full rate card, please ring the *Underground* Advertisement Department. ☎ 01-387 6611, or write to us ← *Underground*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.



● **EACH MONTH** in *Underground* we'll be wading through the box of demos and threatening letters in an attempt to see who is coming up, who the A&R men are being subjected to and who are going to be worth watching. Each month a panel of guest reviewers, featuring journalists, DJs, producers, A&R men and the like, will be assembled around an unsuspecting tape deck and their reactions will be systematically taken down and rated. The panel for this special issue consisted of Dave Henderson, DJ Paul Howard, Julian Henry and Ronnie Randall. The numbered system after each review refers to marks out of ten for content, delivery, presentation and potential.



THE SWINGING LAURELS (*Happy House Studios, Welford Road, Leicester, LE2 6BE*) have returned. Where have they been? We don't know. But it must have been somewhere nice, as they're now sounding deliciously modern and relaxed and as a result, this tape is the first serious contender in the pile. They say that Leicester is 'where it's at', so presumably hundreds of A&R men are combing the streets, signing anything that moves. The Laurels were never a band to stand still for more than a moment, perhaps now their time has come. Best song was Closer And Closer.

8 9 8 8

KEVIN WHITE (*30 Chessington Road, Ewell, Surrey KT17 1TU*) has produced his own cassette which is for sale via mail order, priced £1.99. He recorded it alone, in his bedroom no less, on an 8 track recorder. We all cried Marc Almond! as the tape started, but after a few moments a respectful hush descended. There are plenty of original ideas in his songs, and a big pile of xeroxed literature that came with the tape indicates just how keen Kevin is to become a pop star. We think he deserves to succeed.

7 9 8 8

TRAGIC VENUS (*no address supplied*) arrived on the cassette deck at just the wrong moment. With no Goths or generally gloomy sorts present to redress the balance, our team was unanimous in its response to the two songs submitted; Doom-laden backing track supports a young lady's operatic vocal contortions. We didn't like it (Henderson was *not* present). Next.

3 4 1 1

CATCH THE BOMB (*no address supplied*) like to travel fast and none of their songs go on for more than 2 minutes 50 seconds which is a good thing. Still, they've recorded this fine tape of five songs, but they've forgotten to use a producer for financial reasons. Honestly. Whatever next? Anyway, they sound a bit like a cross between The Ramones and The Housemartins so we'll forgive them. Too many songs on the tape to get maximum effect and it got a little boring by the time it got to Suicide Girl. At least they move, though.

7 8 8 7

THE FIRST (*Unit 119, The Metrotore, 231 The Vale, London W3*) are from Birmingham, and are apparently 'generating major record company interest'. Selected comments follow: Oh God. Not another one. They sound like most rock groups. Ummm. Should be big in Russia, the mid-West and other culturally deprived areas. Go for it boys! Good at what they do, but with big reservations.

4 7 6 5

4,000,000 TELEPHONES (*1 Dorset St, Lincoln, LN2 5NS*) have released their own single (French Girls) so perhaps they deserve more than a review on this page. Their music is danceable in a rather frantic way, and you get the impression there are several hundred people in the group such is the feverish height of activity on their recordings. A bit on the arty-side (so what's wrong with that?) but professional and determined nevertheless, so international fame and success is probably just around the corner.

8 8 7 8

THE GATHERING (*Anders Drakenberg, Norrgardgatan 14, S-694 00 Hallsberg, Sweden*) are said to be a bit 'like U2'. And they are. Opinions varied from 'goes nowhere' to 'no opinion', but being an open-minded and God-fearing institution the reviewing team had to admit that they do what they do with confidence and authority. What else can you say about rock music like this? They play their guitars loud. People will buy their records.

4 6 5 7

● **Rather than litter each issue with a million bland reviews of live shows that'll be out of date by the time they reach your eyes, *Underground* will endeavour to give you the gen on the live scene, like who's doing what, who's going to see them and what the talk is in the bar.** ● **In a move to expose the trials and tribulations of live action, we'll also be compiling a monthly league table of miles covered by bands, gigs played and other general stuff on the bands most likely to.** ● **For example . . . did you know that, between January '86 and January '87, Blyth Power covered a staggering, swaggering, 5500 miles, played 80 gigs and went through five spare wheels, two engines, eight customs stops, one strip search and 27 sets of guitar strings? How about that then? The gauntlet is down . . . beat it.**

Special blurry pic by Rod Clark



CULTURE CLASH DANCE PARTY

Seemingly in ever decreasing circles, the live circuit looks to be a little less than the place to be seen of late. With people concentrating on doing mega good releases to impress would-be investors, rather than going for the old scam of seeing the band live, the showcase gig has suffered accordingly. **Voice Of The Beehive's** recent Astoria shows and subsequent soirées were something of a success, though, with wall to wall A&R men mooching with punters and groaning supporters. Highly rated too are **The Wishing Stones** featuring ex-Loft bassist **Bill Prince**. ● Other excited mentions coming in report that **Crazyhead** (fellow Food act with the Beehives) are the loudest and proudest to come from Leicester at the moment and there's talk about someone with **Penis** in their name who various A&R persons are seeking out. ● The **BAD** tour has been playing host to **The Pocket Rockets** and there's mucho talk about ex-NME writer **David Dorrell's** outfit **Nasty Rox Inc** who're following suit in a **Clash Pressure Drop** period mould. The get up and do it ethic continues with **Culture Clash Dance Party** where everyone swaps instruments, breakdancers come and go in a BAD pre-programmed beat way. ● More from the highly recommended set include **Pop Will Eat Itself** (currently scraping the bottom end of the charts) and **The Cardiacs** whose madcap (*wot? — ed*) performances are coming to a watershed near everyone. Check the local rag for details. ● Also mentioned in pub extra hours are **Frenzy**, Scottish excessives **Nyah Fearties**, and the soulful tail end of **The Fun Boy Three** in the guise of **After Tonight** as well as the croonin', much talked about **Howlin' Wilf And The Vee Jays**. Check them out, tell us who you thought were the biz.



THE PLANET WILSON (*somewhere in Hull*) include two ex-Red Guitars and sound at their best when they lift the tempo. Four songs included on the tape illustrate sound commercial potential without any of the usual crass drawbacks, and feet were seen to tap accordingly. A rather nice glossy picture was enclosed along with a labourious explanation of what 'The Planet Wilson' means; unfortunately this got lost so we are none the wiser.

8 8 7 7

JASS (*c/o Fon Recordings, Sheffield*) look to be impressively progressive. Cries of 'yes' and 'alright', and even 'it's quite good this' greeted their three song demo. Indeed, feelings ran so high that a member of the review team picked up a telephone and demanded an interview for the next issue of *Underground*. Why do we like it? Because, it's the music of the future and because here's a tape that doesn't use guitars or drums in the same way that everyone else has been for the past 20 years. Best song: All of them.

9 9 9 9

So, if you've got demo tapes or ideas, and are bursting to get out of the bedroom and onto the stage, send them to The Underground Tip Sheet, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1.

Don't miss out
 ISSUE ONE OUT NEXT WEEK
UNDERGROUND

MONTH: Those Phoney American Accents >

UNDERGROUND



£1

SHARP + PRECISE for the Alternative Listener

ACTIVE April 1987

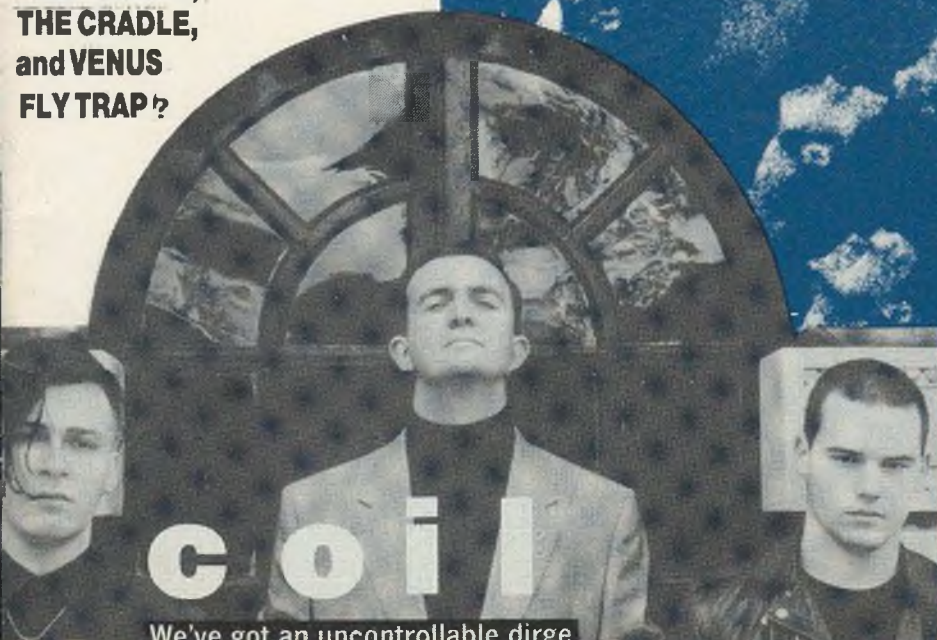
- ★ **AUSGANG A-GO-GO**
emerge from the punk maelstrom
- ★ **BIG BLACK**
we hate the audience
- ★ **BUTTHOLE SURFERS**
unleash momentous album
- ★ **CRAZYHEAD**
spit out their earplugs
- ★ **NYAH FEARTIES**
go for total hangover
- ★ **ROSE OF AVALANCHE**
lift the covers
- ★ **THROWING MUSES**
send critic into awegasms
- ★ **GLOBESTYLE RECORDS**
under the magnifying glass
- ★ **20 Things You Never Wanted To Know About HURRAH!**
- ★ **How come BESERKLEY Records is back?**

skin

Lush, brittle, nasty but nice



and, who the hell are
THE THREE WISE MEN,
PHIL WILSON,
THE CRADLE,
and **VENUS**
FLYTRAP?



coil

We've got an uncontrollable dirge



SLAB

Cement mixers in funky jazz showdown



The Railway Children

Reunion Wilderness

The mini album
available on LP, cassette & CD
Out Friday 27th March

A Factory Production
FACT 185

Hey there little insect! whatever happened to Beserkley Records?

Julian Henry scours the streets of West London trying to find out what *did* happen to Beserkley

And here we go with our first comp this ish ... All you've got to do is answer one question and send it on a postcard to *Underground*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead, Road, London NW1 7QZ to arrive no later than April 13 and you could win a 20 track collection of the best of Jonathan Richman's material on CD.

So, here it is, it's easy, so there's *no* excuses. Which record label has Jonathan most recently recorded for?

Beserkley is back! The American West Coast record label who first introduced the world to Jonathan Richman, The Rubinoos and Greg Kihn is set to return to the fray with an ambitious schedule which will see all of their back catalogue (some 28 titles) re-issued. And, the label returns under the control of its original mentor John Doucas, who is based in London. In addition to re-issuing old material, Beserkley is actively seeking to unearth new UK talent, and immediate releases are already scheduled.

The first new signing is Mrs Green, a west coast American guitar combo, and a sneak preview of their debut album was enough to alert various *Underground* ears. In early May they're set to visit the UK for the first time, so watch this space for further details ...

The Beserkley re-launch comes five years after their last UK release. John Doucas explains: "After our initial success with Jonathan Richman we found ourselves based in the States, and we fell out of touch with what was happening over here. When the Rubinoos single came out and failed to make the chart we were all completely demoralised."

"We've restarted the label with the idea of keeping Beserkley very much on its original path. We're not interested in working with major labels as in the past — we've done deals with a big company and they've given us lots of money without really understanding us. All the new releases are being distributed through Counterpoint, who will hopefully get our records into places like newsagents and petrol stations (as well as record stores), and we'll be able to do a few unusual things, too."

The peak of Beserkley's success in the '70s came with Egyptian Reggae by Jonathan Richman, which sold over 300,000 copies. Can they top that, or do they plan to re-release it in some format?

"We've had plenty of requests to re-issue the single, both in its original form and with various re-mixes and edits," says Doucas. "The thing they don't understand is that it was recorded in the CBS women's toilets using four microphones, so we haven't really got the capacity to change it too much."

Doucas' partner Brian Leafe continues: "We're looking for new acts to sign and develop on a worldwide basis. It's important, though, that they fit in with the corporate Beserkley feel — we don't necessarily want jugglers and buskers hanging around outside the office trying to bowl us over, but anything that's unusual we'll take a *good* look at."

In addition to Mrs Green, Beserkley has also signed Eleven Bloody Men and Johnny Gun, two new American acts that Doucas says will be "right for certain territories, but maybe not the UK."

A compilation of the Best Of Beserkley is planned for the tail end of 1987, and the first chance that we'll have to check out the new school of talent from Doucas and Leafe will be in May when the Mrs Green LP arrives.

Meanwhile, any interested parties can contact John Doucas or Brian Leafe at 29 Beethoven Street, London W10 4LG.

New Beserkley boys Mrs Green: Richard Charlesworth (left) sings, plays guitar and writes the songs, Sam Floyd (centre) drums and David Curtis (right) plays bass and sings. The group's debut album is unveiled in May followed by a short UK tour.



ALL THE STUFF THAT'S FIT TO PRINT (AND SOME THAT'S NOT) UG! ONE: Spesh four letter ish with S L A B , S K I N a n d C O I L

5 FACT
Pretty pix of all the names whose 'phones were engaged. *Rumblefish* meet *The Dave Howard Singers* in a Telecom disaster.

5/6 FICTION
Stuff and nonsense . . . and where's *Wreckless Eric*?

6 AFTER THE FACT
Pulp nasties from the Underground. *Anthony Burgess* and fanzines.

8 SLAB
A feature on churning cement mixers and trilly jazz couplets. Toot!

11-23 REVOLUTION
Marx V Lenin. Thirteen pages of reviews, albums, singles, tapes and CDs. All lovingly rated, with catalogue numbers and distribution details.

24 SUB-CULTURE
All the stuff you need for life. Computer games, comics about fish, *Erasure* sheapo CDs.

26 THROWING MUSES
The band that Martin Aston has pinned to his wall, release a new record. Aston cleans their shoes.

27-30 LISTOMANIA
Chart expo '87 with The Underground Alternative Listening Guide, specialist charts, the strictly independent chart, export charts, store charts and more.

31-33 TOTAL NAMEDROP
They're noop! But who are *The Cradle*? Who are *Venus Fly Trap*? Who are *A House*?

34 QUIPHOLA and other silly haircuts
Rockabilly and psychobilly investigated by Snakey G. *Nyah Fearties* interviewed and a chance to win a Sun box set.

36 GET SMART
From mod to jazz, soul on the sweet side and all that swinging stuff from Felix Adler.

37 HURRAH!
20 things you never wanted to know about Newcastle's Kitchenwearers

38 MASTERMIX
Dance on through lots of names that sound *real/hep*. Paul Howard at the turntable, plus a focus on Rhythm King's *Three Wise Man*.

39 BIG BLACK
Loud and annoying feature about Yanks in London. Bleeeah!

40 ROSE OF AVALANCHE
Leeds crew explain their love of music most fine.

41 SURFIN' CLAM BAKE
Hoxton Leonid dons his shades and trends through the psychedelic surf wasteland, plus a look at the partnership of *Nikki Suddon* and *Jeremy Gluck*.

42 STATION TO STATION
Evelyn Court checks the follow up to the Boops explosion of last year and scans *Reggae Quarterly* magazine.

43 CHILD STARS
The Railway Children talk to Ro Newton, *The Doctor's Children* get examined by Julian Henry.

44 VERY LOUD
Whiplash checks the *Cro-Mags*, *Crazyhead* get interviewed, ears bleed, heads explode.

45 AUSGANG A-GO-GO
When punks go disco by Pratinja.

45 COIL
Dirgey broadside from the *Coil* set, as dictated to Alex Bastedo.

46 CARDIACS
Who the hell are they?

46 REWIND
A look at the re-issues which will be available through April, plus a

focus on HDH's CD featuring *Invictus* and *Hot Wax* material. Brrrrr.

48 SHARP PLASTIC
Globestyle Records' *Worldwide Guide*. John Lewis explores the secret life of accordions.

49 SKIN
A downbeat trip to Cornwall for *Marc* issue to meet two fifths of *Swans*.

51 EYEBALL ON THE WORLD
What's happening in the States and in Europe. Our scribblers get on the 'phone to find out.

52 TIP SHEET
Live shows talked about, demo tapes reviewed in our very own search for . . . something to listen to.

54 MOTOMOUTH
Threatening prose from people in groups.

54 WHATEVER HAPPENED TO OVEREND WATTS
Our intrepid reporter tracks down the former *Mott*.

PLUS . . . A message from *Camper Van Beethoven*.



SPECIAL LOU GRANT "Stop Press . . . Hold The Front Page" (well page 4) The absolutely wildly successful *Strange Fruit* label add yet another bolt to their crossbow and launch themselves headlong into the tape-only game. The first of their **Innie Top 20** tapes will feature charters from the independent sector with 20 originals from the original artists.

Retailing at 4.99 a piece, the *C70s* will be available through *Revolver* and the *Cartel* and volume one will feature *Erasure's* *Sometimes*, *Ciccione Youth's* *Into The Groovy*, *Talulah Gosh's* *Beatnik Boy*, *The BMX Bandits' The Day Before Tomorrow*, *Half Man Half Biscuit's* *Dickie Davies' Eyes*, plus contributions from the *Joy Division* and *New Order Peel Session* records and tracks from *The Soup Dragons*, *Mighty Mighty*, *1,000 Violins* and yet more. Phew!

Out April 13. Get it. That's all.

Animal Liberation
Wax Trax Records will release a special *Animal Liberation* album around April 20 with wide-ranging contributions from *Nina Hagen* And *Lene Lovich*, *Attrition*, *Siouxsie & The Banshees*, *Chris And Cosey*, *Colourfield*, *Luc Van Acker*, *Shriekback*, *Howard Jones* and *The Smiths*. UK distribution will be by the *Cartel* ● A neat package, it's a poignant reminder of the *Animal Liberation* cause and it should raise more than a few eyebrows (and hopefully sell more than a bag full). All tracks deal lyrically with related subjects and the delay in release has occurred due to finalising the *Banshees'* track, *Skin*, and also because of the odd duff test pressing. Any problems in locating the album should be referred to *Wax Trax*, PO Box 59, London N22.

details ON
RIZ SHORT of the rope of eurapa
 STON TON IGH 1024 a dimension

fiction

fact



Having spent the past ten months lubricating the machine, **Hula** re-emerge. A critically acclaimed ULU performance has been followed by a three week European jaunt and on April 23 and 24, the boys present a two night showcase at the ICA. Then

they're off Stateside to Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art. Add to that a *Tube* slot, and two film soundtracks — Mark Knowles's *A Safe Bet* currently touring the fleapits with Nic Roeg's *Castaway*, and *Security*, a Steel Bank Film for Channel 4 — and you can see that the order book for Hula's brand of mechanised funk is full. Poison, the **Daniel Miller** — produced single, promises to be their biggest yet and April also sees the release of the Voice album and a second new single • New boys **Justin Bennett** (percussion) and **Daryll De Silva** (sax) have been welded on to replace all action drummer **Nort** who is now promoted to commander of vision, while yet another former Hula metal basher **Al Fisch** becomes master of the mix.

HULA



Test Dept make strange hand held construction to herald their return from never never land. The unacceptable face of popism scratches its furrowed brow.



When **Minutemen** mainman **D Boon** was tragically killed last year the band went into a state of total distraughtophobia. Some time on the two remaining Minutes, **George Hurley** and **Mike Watt**, unleash **Firehose** with the aid and assistance of madly mad Minutemen fan **Ed** (from Ohio). In the US people have been going barnpot over them. Expect more of the same here real soon.



Fields of Nephilim are still looking for someone to fix their dry ice machine.

FIELDS OF NEPH



Who are **Von Magnet** and what is their *Sculptured Record* all about? It's good and here's an arty pic that came with it.

SCULPTURED RECORD 001



Heads On Sticks deny internal band strife by squeezing together after releasing a new cassette only thang called, oh, check reviews page for name and details.



Rumblefish release their greatest pop opus to date, the wonderfully pink and grey *Tug Boat Line*.



RUMBLEFISH

The **Dave Howard Singers** have a track on *Funky Alternative II*, a compo on *Concrete* set for April release with other bits by **Communards**, **Three Wise Men**, **Stump**, the fab **Cabs** and **Chakk**. Why, I do believe that'll be through *Revolver*.



DAVE HOWARD

education, education, not only was **Sting** a teacher, but **Long Tall Texans** person, **Mark** (of the big quiff) taught maths until he got *Razored* and made *Sod-busters* . . . The next **Chakk** 45, to follow the excellent *Timebomb* (now available in 12 versions, plus one with extra *Mozarella*), should be *Years I Worked*, FCN boss **Amrik Rai** rumoured to be melting down an overstock of **Age Of Chance** *Crush Collision*'s to re-use the vinyl for it . . . Latest **Beehive (Voice Of)** big deal news sees the gals dining Japanese with infamous balloonists **Richo Branson** at the Kensington Hilton . . . **The Beastie Boys** claim to *not* know which of their live US dates they're doing so as to get exclusive interviews with *Smash Hits* and *Melody Maker*(?) . . . And, nouveau skateboard fadists will thrill to hear that **The Stupids** have been holding out for (and look set to get) a *SHits* int . . . So, what's happened to **Wreckless Eric**? Ex-*Last Few Days* person **Stan Bingo** spotted releasing a vid through Ikon with former **23 Skidoo** vision chap **Richard Heslop**. Mr Bingo also to be seen very soon in **Kubrick's Full Metal Jacket** as an extra GI . . . Nottingham club *The Spontaneous Underground* plan to release a comp tape of the best bands who've played there and that includes **Living In Texas**, **The Shamen**, **Gaye Bykers On Acid**, **The Batfish Boys** and more (contact them at *Laburnum Cottage*, Main St, *Thrumpton*, Nottingham) . . . And for discerning new agers, the old age **Tangerine Dream** plan their only date this year as a freebie in Berlin on August 1 to celebrate the 200 year anniversary of the founding of the group, sorry, the city . . . **Jools Holland** made an impromptu appearance at the *Prince Of Orange* in South London a couple of weeks back in a vain attempt to keep up his mortgage payments now that he's joined the **Bill Grundy** club of unemployable TV presenters . . . And, **Sweet** are to reform (wow) with **Ritchie Blackmore** writing songs for them (wow) . . . Then, still, rumour is rife that **Dennis Greaves** is working on a new incarnation of **The Truth** (oh, no, publisher collapses) and they allegedly sound like a cross between **David Coverdale** and **Nine Below Zero** . . . Come back **Larry Wallis** all is nearly forgiven. Hot tips from *All The Madmen* include a new album from **Blyth Power**, **Thatcher On Acid's** *Curdled LP* and **Paranoid Visions'** *Schizophrenia* album . . . Meanwhile, in London, *Network 21* continue to broadcast in a strictly evocative eye patch manner on 89.6 FM at weekends . . . Arg, **Nocturnal Emissions** remixing all their material to compile a box set, and ex *Noccy*, **Caroline K**, who was recently involved in public

press popular **Class War**, has a new album of pagan soundtracks set for release... **Reuben of Head Of David**, a man who reads *Ker-rang*, *Viz* and *Razzle* (but not simultaneously) claims his current fave discs include *Play That Funky Music* **White Boy** by **Wild Cherry** and *Skateboard Rampage* by **The Caravels**... New CDs on their way include brain scrapers from **The Cramps** and **The Lords Of The New Church** (both on Illegal)... and for 'puter buffs, there'll soon be a *Star Trek* game where the characters actually speak to you. **TECHNO.**

American label **Twin/Tone**, which at one time brought the world **The Replacements**, and has four new releases reviewed on import in this very ish, should firm up a UK deal with **Rough Trade** soon... **Lydia Lunch** working up a box set for imminent release on **Widowspeak**... **Josef K** to reform rumours scotched, even though previously unreleased material is still surfacing on **Supreme** through **Fast Forward**... **ROIR** Tapes soon to be available in UK and Europe for cheaper prices and the launch of the label will be augmented by a hard vinyl collection of the best from the label so far. Final clearance being sought to include **Subicide**, **MCS**, **Prince Far I**, **Atlanta Tims**, **Television** and a load more... First **ROIR** UK releases will include NY compilations with tracks from early **Beastie Boys** and **Bad Brains** among others. And a closing thought for the month... Who are **Dead Marilyn?** And who cares?



A SECOND BITE OF THE ORANGE

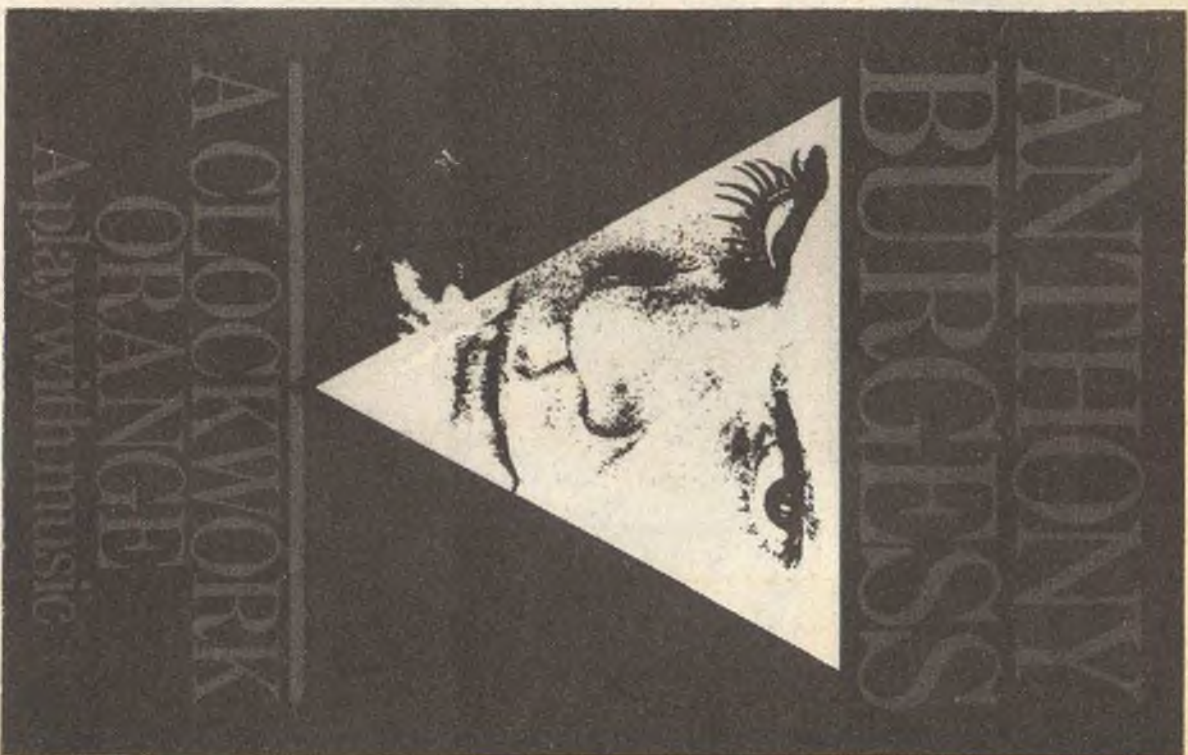
A CLOCKWORK ORANGE — A PLAY WITH MUSIC.
Anthony Burgess.
(Hutchinson, £5.95 paperback)

It's been no secret that Anthony Burgess, author of that infamous novella *A Clockwork Orange*, has been less than impressed with the continuing cult status of his brain-child. So it comes as something of a surprise that he's resurrected it in play form. ● Aside from denying any references that he was the God-father of the punk generation, the prologue by Burgess himself also reveals his objections to Kubrick's adaptation of his work in now banned film form. Basically, Burgess felt that the literary implications vital to the understanding of *A Clockwork Orange* were left too much to visual bluntness. And, to help rectify his misgivings and redress the balance, he has produced this one and only official script. ● All those theatre groups in upstairs pubs rooms the country over may not welcome this new, approved script, however. Many have been performing a bootleg version more closely akin to the film version, and may be loath to encompass a script in which the hooligan hero "is growing up, falling in love, proposing a decent bourgeois life with a wife and family, and consoling us with the doctrine that aggression is an aspect of adolescence which maturity rejects". ● Other themes of the book remain intact, though the characters do undergo "further development", and there is also a 'guest performance' from a character rather akin to Kubrick himself. ● Whatever, I doubt the more activist sectors who've elevated this tale into legendary status will applaud it. **Carole Linfield**

PULP NASTIES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

IN THE CROWD

Ever since the days of *Maximum Speed*, the leading mod fanzines have always exuded professionalism and obsession for detail seldom seen in other youth subculture publications (see *Roadrunner*, *Extraordinary Sensations* and *Twist* for confirmation), Guernsey's *In The Crowd* is no exception. From the **Spock** cover through 28 pages of packed enthusiasm, there's even a free showcase flexi that introduces two bands new to the mod scene, **The Offbeats** and **The Pictures**. Plenty of interesting letters, articles and interviews with **Makin' Time** and **The Pictures**. A must for any budding young stylists. £1.20 from 4 Rue du Pre, St Peter Port, Guernsey. C.I. (that includes p&p).



NEW L.P.

THE
CELIBATE
RIFLES:
'KISS KISS
BANG
BANG'
NEW L.P. (GOES ON 8)

LIVE AT C.B.G.B.'S NEW
YORK CAPTURES
RIFLES AT THEIR
WILDEST & LOUDEST
MORE BAZOOKA
GUITARS RIFLES UK
TOUR STARTS 20TH
APRIL (see music press
for details)

ALL STAR AUSSIE
BAND (GURUS,
LIME SPIDERS,
SCREAMING
TRIBESMEN) fronted by
ROB YOUNGER (EX-
RADIO BIRDMAN), INC.
Born Out Of Time 'THE
REAL STUFF!!

WHAT GOES ON RECORDS
Distributed in the UK by the Cartel
Manufactured by Shigaku Trading



NEW 12" EP
THE NEW CHRISTUS
'DETRITUS'
NEW 12" EP (WHAT GOES 97)

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD

'GOD LIKE RECORDS
FROM GOD LIKE SHOPS'
DISTRIBUTED BY PINNACLE



THE
BELOVED
Happy Now

Bobby S
Anoth

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN
'REUNION WILDERNESS'
(FACT185, FACT185C, FACD185)

THE BELOVED
'HAPPY NOW'
(HARP 5T)

BOBBY SUTLIFF
'ANOTHER JANGLY MESS'
(URINE 2)

SLAB

8

UNDERGROUND

You know those old incredible-but-true stories about pet alligators and turtles who get dropped down American suburban toilets and then feed on the sewerage and dumped toxic waste happily floating downstream before ripping through the pavements as axe-wielding homicidal maniacs? Of course you do. Now relocate to heavenly springs landmark in the Midlands Leamington Spa and break into the homes of Steve Bray and Bill Davies to see what they're breeding. These two have had the demented idea to drop modern funk, freeform jazz and punk-white noise strategies down the bowl of no return and then feed it film fantasies, urban and sci-fi-prophecy paranoia and personal insight. And why? Just for the hell of making music with a wholly different kind of tension that collars head and body, which attempts to turn convention on its pointed, little head. That's all.

Mutant marauders! Mad scientists! Hybrid hijackers! Category killers! Slab!

There are many people in Slab! Many faces full of expression trying to, er, well, express themselves. Arty bastards? Techno wizz kids? Stylists with soul roots? Or, maybe Slab! are just the tip of an upcoming resurgence in music that utilises all areas and stays faithful to none. Martin Aston **speculates over their life and times.** Ronnie Randall **huddles them all into a cupboard for a mug-shot**



"It sounds very po-faced and this is talking off the top of my head," squirms founder, singer and saxophonist Steve, "but I do like to challenge people. Why just like modern jazz? Why just like Boyd Rice, or Sonic Youth and The Swans? Is it not possible to like all things and forge ahead, building something new out of it? Why be so staid? Why not mutate the whole bloody thing and make the most godawful sound that you can, because if you go forward and create this huge sound, you can still strip it out and write an odd pop song or do things like Tom Waits has done." It's been a while since we had some new sensations. You can get too used to what's always getting served up for dinner. Five Slab!'s sit around six cups of tea, poverty-stricken and cheerful, anxious that people should be invigorated by their attempts to be innovative, a touch pissed off that people are snailheads, so unreceptive to a change in the climate. Like when it snows, everything falls apart. When Slab! the beast comes to town, people will be confused. "The aim is to unsettle people, to challenge them from what we feel is their conservative attitude toward music. Everybody's got to go forward and try something. Otherwise you might as well be a pop band." ● Still, Slab! realise that when white boys hunger after the black beat, it's only a matter of time. "When we become SPANDAU BALLET..." ● As I said, it's been a while.



"The bands around today are still in the song-writing rut," says totally-untrained guitarist Paul Jarvis. "They're still searching for that three-minute perfection whereas we'd rather get up on stage and play awesome music that

you'd notice rather than pretend to be great songwriters." Slab!'s steamrolling fusion will take some stopping. Not only does the beast chew up pop before it's had a chance to eat itself but it embarrasses the rigid boundaries of the funk fraternity. As they carve out SLABS (had to happen once...) of locomotive funk patterns, cowbells clang, guitars feed back, tapes feed in, brass lines heap in unison piercing, swinging TV-themeland fills (remember 'Mission Impossible?') while a growling muskateer of a bass straddles the surge of drums, voice and sax fighting for the right to party... "I wouldn't be opposed to incorporating another couple of brass players as well, or different kinds of instruments..." The beast marches on. Between the two singles, 1986's Mars On Ice and the new Parallax Avenue, the original six had already mutated into eight: alongside Steve, Paul and bassist Bill, there's Robin's drums, Nellie's trombone, Hugh's trumpet and now Dave on almost-normal-guitar-but-not-quite and Margaret on tapes. Six, eight, or an orchestra of crazed hybrid warriors, it initially made no difference; only Red Flame's Dave Kitson recognised Slab!'s reasoning, gleefully releasing the group on his offshoot label Ink. Lucky, because the other demos landed up with the it's-not-what-we're-doing-at-the-moment brigade.



"I know Ron Johnson had one because they're a fairly local label," Steve remembers, "but honestly it's not a Ron Johnson sound. That's fair enough, people run their own labels and release what they like." But Slab! aren't really that magnanimous. "It was bloody hard getting gigs. It would have been easier if we'd been a shambling band. We spent two years doing nothing because we couldn't get gigs, especially in the Midlands. It's a hellhole to play. We were under pressure to present ourselves in a certain manner to get on, and we don't ever intend to do that."



These days Slab! are following early supports to A Certain Ratio and Hula with their own spotlights while enjoying the patronage of John Peel (two sessions already under the belt). All eight heads and 16 legs of Slab! wish it to be known that the 'Industrial Funk' signpost can be dropped alongside pop politic's twitching torso. Dismissing the obvious comparisons with ACR, Hula, Chakk and 23 Skidoo, Slab! say they'd rather talk about Ronald Shannon Jackson, James Blood Ulmer and Bill Laswell's Material, all New York pioneers who expanded funk's frontiers, injecting harmolodics and fusing jazz sensibilities to funk's primal workout. Or the jazz masters themselves — Ornette Colman, Albert Ayler, Coltrane, the men who became innovators, changers of musical composition and technique. But at least Slab! talk in the humblest of terms. Steve: "We're saying, yes we like the ideas and the attitude but Ornette's been playing for 40 years and you

SLAB'S ten fave LPs

1 ASCENSION John Coltrane

2 BARBEQUE DOG Ronald Shannon Jackson

3 A SCREW Swans

4 LAST EXIT Last Exit

5 OUT TO LUNCH Eric Dolphy

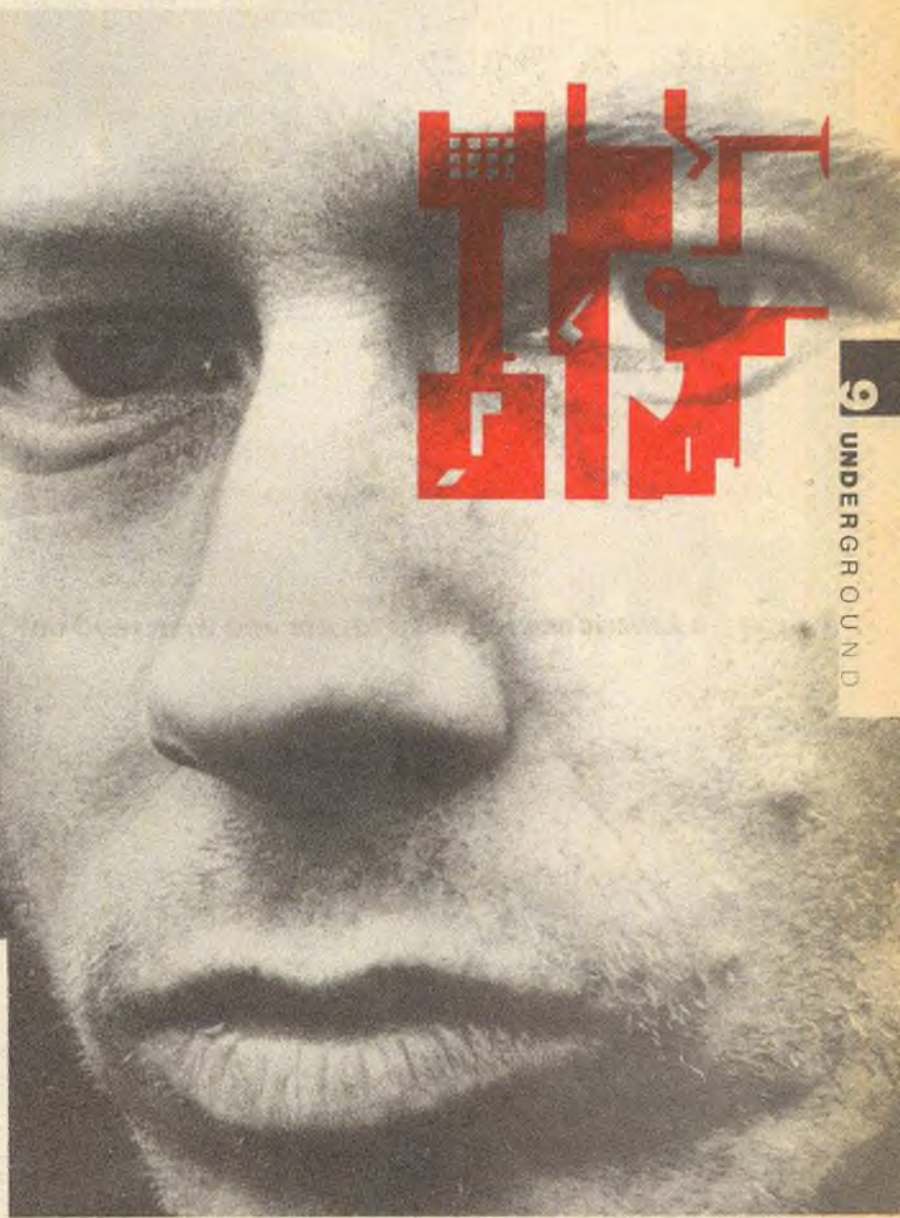
6 RITES OF SPRING Stravinsky

7 OF HUMAN FEELING Ornette Colman

8 TIJUANA MOODS Charlie Mingus

9 THE THIRD DECADE Art Ensemble Of Chicago

10 LIVE 69 The Velvet Underground



9 UNDERGROUND

can't expect us to live up to that yet. But in terms of our music, we're going to go so much further. I still think something like Ornette, James Blood Ulmer and The Swans would be goddamn..." ● An adjective was still to be found as I left the Slab! lab an hour later but Steve had no trouble with one to describe his opinion of rock in the '80s.

"I think it's an incredibly redundant avenue — people have been saying for years that rock is dead. There are few stunning 'rock' bands who are really extreme. I have a fair amount of time for the Mary Chain although they're too limited. Most rock records seem to be more and more rehashes of The Stooges circa 1970, without the humour of the flares. What is jazz doesn't limit itself to a certain fashion and to a certain audience. I also feel that there is more feeling in black music." Bill: "Certainly rhythm's body feeling is what's lacking in independent music, or nearly all music in this country." But you disrupt the fluidity of jazz and funk with tapped tape interference and guitar drones, essentially white cultural weapons. Where's the body feeling there? Earlier Slab! had complained that the likes of giants Ornette Coleman and Evan Parker weren't brutal enough — why noise? Why brutality? Steve: "I think that's possible because we're white and we're grown up in a rock environment which is as inherent to us as jazz and gospel and blues was to Ornette in the 1950s. We've all grown up hearing pop songs and

played on electric guitars. We want to take that rock element to the extreme and make it do things that it was never theoretically designed to do, to totally abandon the principles of guitar playing in that sense. We called in Paul because we wanted somebody who could play noise, who wouldn't play the guitar in a technically cliched manner." Dave: "Paul plays things that I would never have thought of because he's not stuck in the same patterns I've been learning for years. I'm now trying to de-learn my guitar." Meanwhile Paul, who can't unlearn what he's never been taught, does things like stick knitting needles (size five) under the frets (cries of "we were using them before Sonic Youth got any publicity!"). So before you think Slab! are snotty jazz purists, so hip they can only hop to Blue Note reissues, remember that jazz and funk breed technical proficiency but Slab! prove you can live it without having to learn it. "Anybody can do it!" they chuckle. Remember punk's point? "Noise annoys," Slab! exclaim. Behind the noise is, er, noise. Margaret's noise. She's not saying where the tape noise escapes from but sometimes the rest of Slab! don't know either. Paul: "On Parallax Avenue we used tapes of mosquitos and me and Dave were looking at each other and thinking, Christ, am I feeding back?" Steve: "No, it was the tape of the animals. The most important thing to say about the tapes is that they're not used in the usual cliched fashion, just to have voices and American preachers flitting around the mix.

The tapes are alongside the guitars as noise and hopefully adding different textures of sound. Mars On Ice had children singing on it but we tend to avoid voices as people have done it quite well." But not submarine radar, divebombers, animals and high-pitched, whining insect invasions, so Slab! are safe to move on.

The presence of strangely strange but oddly normal diversions doesn't just stop at the sound, but infiltrates the lyrics as well. You wouldn't by now expect Slab! to follow orders or even give any. Rejecting the choice to be directly political — "It's by and large preaching to the converted" — Slab! instead want to reach out at root level, scorching the imagination. Paul writes the words — "So I'm not even your conventional frontman," says Steve "which is deliberate" — which show definitive stains left behind by a film and literature degree course. Brainscan the boy and you'll find a library of short story *Twilight Zone* paranoia episodes rooted in present-day settings — a bizarre amalgam of potential coincidences and ambiguous conclusions ...

lyrics inspired by Reggie Perrin and Marc Bolan ("Oedipus T. Rex") or films like *Man Of Flowers*, *Lolita* and *The Passenger* ... lyrics that tell of unsettling people unsettling other people. A good example is Mars On Ice. "It was written deliberately, an attempt to write a short story narrative in 16 lines. It was when Voyager II took pictures of the blind side of Mars and found a huge contour of a human face that couldn't be explained away by erosion. Was it a communication to Earth? The story was reported in a small column in the *Daily Mirror* — odd when it could be potential world news! There's this man in bed reading the news who gets really scared when he ties in the story with the possibility that a handshake with a stranger earlier that day might have transferred a space virus. I have this thing about handshakes, you see ..." An everyday story, right? Everything is possible ... Which is Slab! all over. They slap the brain and shake the body, the irresistible force against the immovable object of the rest of musical youth, leading us into temptation. Incredible but true. Which is where we came in.

REVOLUTIONS

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 |

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.)

Re available by mail from Lotus Records, 14-20 Brunswick St, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs

RTS available by mail from Rough Trade Shop, 130 Talbot Rd, London W11

●●● **Desert island necessity** only trade it for an ice cold Bud

●● **Almost but not quite** filch this one if you can

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

● **No bullets!** deny its existence

RODNEY ALLEN

Happysad

Subway Records SUBORG 002

Re C ●●

Imagine an 18 year old Billy Bragg, and you'll be close to Rodney Allen. He's already clocked up over 100 live dates at which he has taken the stage naked (metaphorically speaking) except for his Rickenbacker guitar. The songs on his debut LP are about things like beer, unemployment, cups of tea, discos — you know . . . familiar territory to anyone who ever bought The Jam's That's Entertainment — but he churns them out with a freshness that is hard to resist. Happysad is a promising start for Rodney Allen, and it'll be interesting to see if he has the commitment and character to develop a more concrete style of his own. For the moment he passes stage one with flying colours. **Julian Henry**

ALTER NATIVES

Hold Your Tongue

SST SST 075

(US import from PO Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260, USA) ●●●

Wow! Er, wow! This is a *shocker*. An instrumental album that never plummets to the depths of self indulgence and easily transcends the tunefulness of extinct odd bods like the Shads *et al*. Alter Natives play hard and fast instrumental fare geared tunefully by a mean, acidic guitar interplay and essential upfront rhythms. Wow! Need I say more? And, put it on again. **Dave Henderson**

ALWAYS AUGUST

Black Pyramid

SST SST 078

(US import from PO Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260, USA)

●●

I really warmed to this one. The AA's history of the avant-garde left field variety, gives little away and after a brief spell it's really hard to relate the kind of tangents these guys are hitting off at against the accepted preconception of music as we know it. In there I heard everything from the good (New Order, Coltrane, A Certain Ratio, Husker Du) to the bad (Chicago, Colosseum). But each tickle of interest made me want to play it again.

Black Pyramid is a compulsive listen, a *deja vu* of past fun and fears, and Always August seem destined to grow into something bigger and better than a triple Big Mac. Ciao! **Dave Henderson**

THE BEVIS FROND

Miasma

Woronow W003

Re C

Any high court judge would deem all this calculated '60s revivalism proof positive that rock music had no new direction to go. Black cap would be placed

on skull, and a pronouncement of execution made.

That would be a mistake of course. The all conquering age of the computer is about to unleash a quantum leap in possibilities. But in the meantime who would blame him when boring old muso's like The Bevis Frond keep leading us up dead ends. Miasma has doomy organs, screeching plastic guitars, drum solos, harpsichords and titles like The Earl of Waltham's Flower. Nuff said.

Ronnie Randall

BLYTH POWER

Wicked Women, Wicked Men and Wicket Keepers

All The Madmen MAD LP 006

RT C ●●

Namechecks for Carlisle, Middlesborough and Hammersmith Broadway here as Blyth Power take you on a journey across Britain's fading, still-feudal countryside. From Cromwell to Caligula to The Bricklayer's Arms, singer and drummer Josef's wordsworth of agitated ideas and gnarled ironies have been underrated, probably because Blyth Power have been hoverers around the independent beehive rather than committed over-workers. They're in a siding all their own, plugging a chugging, basic rock-folk, close to the early Under-tones, fronted by a terse, medieval punk jester. Don't expect anything epic and Blyth Power won't expect you to pay for the ride. Fair exchange, squire. **Martin Aston**

BOURBONESE QUALK

Bourbonese Qualk

New International Recordings NIR 871

RR C ●●

Bourbonese Qualk have been subverting the minions for some years now. Working in 'art' and video, 'experimenting' with sound — get the habit? Here that sound becomes almost acceptable, even rhythmic. But with 15 tracks on the album, most of which follow the practice of 'spontaneous noise', it seems they still rely on the ethic of short, sharp, shock excitement. **Mark Balmer**

THE BOYS NEXT DOOR

Hee Haw

Missing Link ING 008

RTS ●●●

A dislocation dance, both musically and vocally, mostly through the corridors of early Pere Ubu and early Birthday Party, Hee Haw provides the missing link (ha ha). This five-track bumps, squeals and slithers underneath nagging guitars and saxes, as restless and swaying as a see-saw or the sea. There's no information included bar the song titles and four scraped messages in the corners of the album cover; "Papal Narves", "Chanson La Porte/Mechanic", "Moaning Messages" and "Indistinct Fantaticism of the . . ." I suppose it all means "We Are Great", and they are. **Martin Aston**

FIVE DRINKS MENTIONED BY THE BEASTIE BOYS 1 Budweiser
2 White Castle 3 Heineken 4 Crucial Brew (Red Stripe) 5 Brass Monkey

TOP SPEEDS ATTAINED HERE!
MAXIMUM REVOLUTIONS

10 UNDERGROUND

< THIS MONTH'S CATCHPHRASE: *I've always liked cricket* >

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM



PREACHER MAN

MARCH

- | | | | | | |
|----|--------------|--------------------|----|-------------|--------------------|
| 13 | TOTTENHAM | Middx. Poly | 1 | PETFORD | Worthington |
| 15 | CROYDON | Underground | 22 | NORTHAMPTON | Old Fire Station |
| 16 | WOOLWICH | Thames Polytechnic | 4 | BRISTOL | Tropic Club |
| 17 | PETERBOROUGH | Tropicana | 25 | LEEDS | Warehouse |
| 18 | LONDON | Dinwalls | 6 | LEICESTER | Princess Charlotte |
| 20 | SWINDON | Brunei Rooms | 27 | DUDLEY | JR's |

APRIL

- | | | |
|----|------------|----------------|
| 28 | BURFENHEAD | Hard Rock Cafe |
| 29 | MANCHESTER | Boardwalk |
| 31 | STOKE | Blue Lays |
| 1 | POOLE | Mr. C's |
| 3 | LONDON | Marquee |
| 4 | LONDON | Marquee |

NEW SINGLE
ON 7" AND 12"

**SITUATION
TWO**

PRODUCED BY BILL BUCHANAN

FRESH FOR LULU

SIAMESE TWIST

NEW SINGLE ON 7" AND 12"



BEGGARS @ BANQUET

BREAKING CIRCUS

The Ice Machine

Homestead HMS 075



Labelmates with Big Black in America, but more in line with a pick axe than a hammer. Breaking Circus thrash a path through 12 fatal accidents of which two, Gun Shy and Deadly China Doll, may go down in the obituary listings. Nasty, but not nasty enough. **Mark Balmer**



BUTTHOLE SURFERS

Locust Abortion Technician

Blast First BFFP 15



Oh my God! There's a book to be written about this band and their "music". If you've caught them live and seen Gibby setting fire to amused punters and generally abusing his body you've got a sketchy outline of what they're about.

^ FULL DISCOGRAPHY OF SLABI: A 12 inch on Red Flame called, er . . . ^

If you freaked with Rembrandt Pussy Horse — their last album — and thought that had set them apart from their more straightforward "rock" roots, then Locust Abortion Technician will totally finish you off.

Now the Surfers have gone even further from the road of normal song construction. Hardcore explosions, mutant scratchings, phone messages, slowed tapes, orchestras, sampled(?) voices, tape loops, it's all here in a magnificent noise that builds to the point of orgasm through some mighty interludes. There are no easy reference points here, for a split second it sounded like Throbbing Gristle playing with Flipper, then again it was Captain Beefheart backed by The Vandals, or was it The Temptations circa Psychedelic Shack being headbutted by some greasy oiks?

This is a disturbing album at times, emotive, powerful and full of wit. If you buy one thing this month it should be this. **Dave Henderson**

CAMERA OBSCURA

Camera Obscura

Originalton West 006

(from Lotus Records, 14-20 Brunswick St, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs)



Four serious garlic jugglers stare from the back of this austere sleeve. Orchestrations without orchestras, broken up barrages of chorale effects, the rain dribbling down an adjacent drain, it all goes to make a fitting soundtrack for a film that flickers only in the underworld. Pretentious? No. Enjoyable? Well, yes, actually. The Cam's give new age muzak a good name without really highlighting the boundaries too much. Relaxing, unstructured but reasonably well directed. **Dave Henderson**

THE CANNIBALS V THE SURFADELICS

Run Chicken Run

Hit CHICKEN 1



What a good marketing ploy. On one side The Cannibals, flip it over and you've got The Surfadelics, and that goes for the full colour sleeve too. The bands, if you're not familiar with them, are two of the leading lights on the garage circuit. The Cannibals, whose first record came out in 1977, have moved on from their days of hardcore trash to a twilight land known as Pebbles. This is their best recorded work to date, you'll throb along from the dreamy Magic Carpet Ride to the bizarre Twilight Zone.

The Surfadelics have changed quite a bit since I last encountered them. A much meaner sound, the added attraction of keyboards, and a few years of experience has made them a very hot property. The lyric end of their songwriting could do with some work, though. Their finest moment here is a surprisingly refreshing version of the much abused Troggs ditty Wild Thing, closely followed by the instrumental Surfadelic Affair. **Snakey G**

WHO BROUGHT YOU SONIC YOUTH, HEAD OF DAVID, BIG BLACK AND CICCONE YOUTH? CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE THEM? DO YOU WANT MORE?

It was Blast First and, even though one of their initial ten releases has been deleted, the label who like to "boogie" and "pick splinters out of their foreheads" offer their ten most fave discs to you if you can get one measly question right. We have begged and pleaded, but they've still given us six sets of their filthy product and it can be yours if you know who Ciccone Youth were parodying with their Into The Groovy 45. (Question is extra easy so that we can clear some space in our office.)

AH! THE PRODUCT!

- BFFP 1 BAD MOON RISING Sonic Youth
- BFFP 2 DEATH VALLEY '69 Sonic Youth with Lydia Lunch
- BFFP 4 EVOL Sonic Youth
- BFFP 5 HEAD OF DAVID MINI LP (this is the one that's deleted)
- BFFP 6 DRAG RACING Big Stick
- BFFP 7 STAR POWER Sonic Youth
- BFFP 8 INTO THE GROOVY Ciccone Youth
- BFFP 9 TEN LOCKED GROOVES Lee Ranaldo
- BFFP 10 GODBREATH/DOGBREATH Head Of David
- BFFP 11 ATOMIZER Big Black (the one that'll replace the one that's deleted)

AH! THE ADDRESS TO SEND THE ANSWER TO . . .

Send your answer on a postcard to Blast First/Underground, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, London NW1 7QZ to arrive no later than Friday the THIRTEENTH of April. Aha.

Sonic thrust trust!



Youth workers from the States enthuse over Ug!

UNDERGROUND

CARDIACS

Big Ship

Alphabet Records ALPH 004

P.

Cardiacs look to be a rather wacky set of people. You know, they like 'having fun'. Live, they're said to pull in enthusiastic crowds, and looking at their curiously ugly faces, I can see why. I mean, why do people stop and stare at car-crashes? Why do people go to see Cardiacs? The Big Ship doesn't quite live up to their visual appearance unfortunately, but it is clever, humorous in a jolly *titter-titter* way and it runs at 45 rpm. There is a difficulty in understanding the LP because there's something "theatrical" about Cardiacs and whatever appalling pranks they get up to on stage, it sounds a bit constipated on record. **Julian Henry**

CHRIS AND COSEY

Take Five

Licensed LD 874

RRG.

If you like lengthy electro-pop tracks then this is a vinyl paradise. Personally, I find this just a little too sterile. A bit of dirt smeared across music sets the soul on fire and this is clinically tested and germ-free. There are some worthy songs on Take Five, namely Love Cuts, which will be receiving overplay treatment in clubland. The synthesis is only sometimes off-set by a compensating passion in the vocal and it is at those points that Chris And Cosey flourish into grandeur. Send The Magic Down is one such peak; an enigmatic movement with atmosphere enough to prove that what this medium creates can be real. **Alex Kadis**

JAY CLARKSON

Mini LP

Flying Nun FN 054

RTG..

The renaissance of modern singer/songwriters continues with top New Zealand indie label Flying Nun adding the sensitive and sentimental outpourings of Jay Clarkson to the rest of the folksy minstrels in post-Suzanne Vega boomtown. Her strong voice is effectively supported by the mainly acoustic, sparse

arrangements but her real full potential is only realised in one of these eight ballads, the harrowing *Some Kind Of Haunting*, with the rest passing by in a pleasant enough, low profile manner without leaving any lasting impression. Giving her the benefit of the doubt, it's an engaging enough initial invite that should attract further exploration. **Jerry Smith**

THE CLEANERS FROM VENUS

Going To England

Ammunition Communications Clean LP1

P..

The opening track shows us where these extra-terrestrials are at; "*I'm going to England, but this ain't the '60s...*" Oh! but it is, totally. What we have here from Martin Newell and Giles Smith is an old fashioned form of sampling known as *imitation*. At times uncannily reminiscent of the beat age Beatles, choc-a-bloc with distant echoing harmonies, strumming guitars and constant period namedrops like Emma Peel, Profumo, Ilya Kuriyakin and the like. It's *Swingin' London*, *King's Road Chelsea* and all. The only thing missing is mono. Forget your Fab Four CD's, *Going To England* is period perfect... and it's new! Marvellous. **Ronnie Randall**

COURAGE OF LASSIE

The Temptation To Exist

Amok Records AMOK 506

(Amok Records, 12-6 Beechwood Ave, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1L 8E4)

...

An excellent import from this Canadian group, well produced and veering largely towards the darker side of currently in-vogue folk. Not afraid of openly displaying their influences (The Rose and Hopes & Fears are dedicated to Mr Leonard Cohen), there is also enough originality in Ron Nelson and Mady Schenkel's songwriting to make this a collection well worth getting to know. For trendy sceptics perhaps put off by the band's name, don't be... the feel of this album isn't a million miles removed from much of This Mortal Coil's recent output. I wonder how many of the songs on this record will get rediscovered in 15 years time? **Alex Bastedo**

▼ RUMOUR OF THE MONTH: The BMX Bandits are really The Soup Dragons >

THE WEATHER PROPHETS



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THE REVOLUTION GOES ON + ON + ON

THE DELTAS

Mad For It

ID NOSE 11

G ...

This mob have been going since 1982 without really getting anywhere, but their fortunes turned last year when ex-Polecat Boz Boorer (guitar-sax) decided to muscle in. He moved vocalist Bongo from behind his drums, placing him at the front of the sage and wheeled in Ricochet Ray to fill the vacant position. A whole host of other musicians turn up and play now and again — piano, harmonica, accordian, etc — the line ups are never the same twice. The changes have added a bluesy feel to the old, but still lurking rockabilly style.

Gimme The Drugs is the best track by far, with Bongo coming on like Baloo the bear from *Jungle Book*, with Whip It Up and the down home Sex Therapy in joint second place. **Snakey G**

THE DOCTOR'S CHILDREN

King Buffalo

Upright Records UPLP 11

M RT C ...

The Doctor's Children have come of age, and this six-track mini-LP is the proof. Nodding appreciatively to Peter Perrett, Tom Verlaine and Mike Scott *en route*, King Buffalo is a rare sort of rock record; it has all the components of a mainstream rock mega-hit, but it shambles rather than runs. Singer Paul Smith also happens to be a great songwriter and his vocal melodies trip across an unstartling rhythm section in a fashion that is both devastatingly simple and impressively effective. As a live outfit they can be inconsistent, but on record they've got it right. Next stop for The Doctor's Children? The Big League. **Julian Henry**

DREAMS SO REAL

Father's House

Twin/Tone TTC 8688

RTS ..

A second generation Athens, Georgia, band produced by REM's Peter Buck, but the buck stops there. Dreams So Real aren't drawn to REM's light like empty-headed 12-string moths but are instead fit to plough a lush Merseybeat grazing-ground of ringing guitars, harmonies and multiplying moments of light and shade. It's heavily Byrds-derived but Father's House is also a Southern paradise found. Dream on. **Martin Aston**

DUM DUM SCORE

Audio Sheep

NMW 003

RR C ..

My copy came with a plastic wraparound sheet thinly disguising a dodgy Bon Jovi sleeve. Inside the story got even cloudier through 14 excerpts of Cale-esque monotone drone punctuated with truncated rhythm, disjointed noise and the occasional blippy outburst. DDS are from the top right hand corner of England and play as if they're waiting for their moment to come. This is a rock renegade, a casualty of society, and pretty damn good at that. **Dave Henderson**

ENGLAND'S GLORY

Legendary Lost Recordings

Five Hours Back TOCK 004

RR C ..

Peter Perrett was — and still will be, if he can maintain his recent post-junk recovery after six bad years' addiction — one of our most distinctive singers and songwriters, whose mastery of the crumpled ballad and adrenalin rocker meant that The Only Ones were England's real new wave glory. Out of the archives of oblivion comes the unreleased debut album from Perrett's pre-Only Ones' group England's Glory, recorded in 1973.

Perrett's great debt to The Velvets (especially Loaded) in his adenoidal drawl and affected, world-weary delivery was suitably tempered by an individuality as marked as a Syd Barrett or Bowie; the songs were already strong, if still naive and unrealised (Perrett was only 18) — hear this languid version of City Of Fun compared to The Only Ones' rivetting 1978 album reading — but that's not the point. For fans, this is indispensable, and for others, an opportunity to hear a particularly English school of fatalistic song. **Martin Aston**

< **MYSTERY NOISE OF THE MONTH**: *The Hafler Trio's*

Brain Song LP on Touch. Selected track: Buggy Whip Flings. >

41 < A DATE FOR YOUR DIARY: January 19, Johnny Marr buys a guitar string >

EYELESS IN GAZA

Kodak Ghosts Run Amok (Chronological Singles, Etc)

Cherry Red BRED 73

P..

A singles and classic album tracks compilation that is definitely one for the nostalgia buffs to go all gooey-eyed over, recalling those wonderful teenage lager days and John Peel nights at the turn of the decade.

Always producing melodic yet primitive slices of angry young pop that oozed charm but ultimately lacked 'chart' ambition, Martyn Bates and Pete Becker seemed happier in concert, staging their own versions of the Nights Of The Long Macs for the massed ranks of 'angst in their pants' student brigades.

With another nail in the vinyl coffin, the cassette version of this album also includes the hard to find 1981 Caught In Flux LP, completely free for your further listening pleasure. **Alex Bastedo**

FIGURES

The Gateway

Twin/Tone TTR 8690

RTS..

For the Figures' third release, Twin/Tone have hired ex-Feelie/Golden Palomino Anton Fier to pull Figures into shape, but in tightening up Jeff Wayne's guitar musing, The Gateway only lights a small fire. Anyway, I reckon it's the songs really; pockets of adrenalin confidence surge in and out but it feels too AOR and limited to swoon over. Hardly a bad record, but disappointing. **Martin Aston**

FLIPPER

Public Flipper Limited

Fundamental SAVE 15/16

RR C..

Double set from West Coast madmen who spent the majority of their time arguing between themselves and the audience. Live cuts from '80 to '85, featuring tunes which have appeared here and there (mainly on Subterranean in the States) on singles and on their much touted albums Generic and Gone Fishin'.

The double makes for intriguing listening but it's beer sodden, jack the lad style never builds until the latter tunes and fails to reach the clinical tenacity that their studio stuff maintained. Flipper have since split but threaten to reform (they're still arguing about it). **Dave Henderson**

JEREMY GLUCK WITH NIKKI SUDDEN & ROWLAND S. HOWARD

I Knew Buffalo Bill

Flickknife SHARP 037

Sp..

Take singing Barracuda, two former Swell Maps, an ex-Birthday Party and a founder Gun Clubber and you get this rambling collection of haunting, dust blown tales and mutated rock 'n' roll ballads. Its loose format makes for a rather hit or miss affair with the good points — Jeffrey Lee Pierce and Rowland S. Howard's howling slide guitars, the wild thrashing acoustics and Jeremy Gluck's lonesome moan — set against the long self indulgent arrangements and a general lack of diversity in the material. One to satisfy those that heed the melancholy call of the wide open prairies, from Flickknife's idea of the first indie 'supergroup'! **Jerry Smith**

HEADS ON STICKS

The Eyes Of The Company

C-O-N Records Con18

(88 Camden High St, London NW1 0LT) ..

Rarely is music so emotive that it becomes frightening. This is. A perfect soundtrack for the next *Halloween* movie, The Eyes Of The Company is a hellish wash of synth and bile. Black As Sea halts abruptly and kickstarts again as Shadows, Slowworms and Chinese Walls, each a sinister construction which chills the air and raises the hairs at the base of the spine. Very powerful. Very virulent. Don't listen to this when you're alone at night... **Alex Kadis**

STEVE KILBEY

Unearthed

Red Eye RED LP 1

RTS..

The Church vocalist celebrates the group's dismissal from EMI by releasing a 14 track home demo (4, 8-track) collection amassed over the past five years. Milder and more wistful than the usual Church chime, Unearthed is at worst

evidence that Kilbey kept all his best Peter Perrett songs to himself and at best, some charming, relaxed songs recorded under the summer sun. Not just for fans only either. NB — no paisley shirts in sight. **Martin Aston**



LAIBACH

Opus Dei

Mute Records STUMM 44

RT C SP...

This is a rare type of record. The marriage of thundering metallic percussion, classical orchestration and melodies, and a vile Germanic vocal might at first appear absurd, but this strange record not only works as an original idea, but it also demonstrates huge commercial potential. You could even imagine Geburt Einer Nation picking up Radio One airplay, for God's sake!

Laibach are Yugoslavian and it's a good thing — it would be hard to imagine a British group performing with this sort of freedom and aggression without sounding contrived and self-conscious. Laibach steal from every source imaginable and the result is impressively modern. Give me more of this. **Julian Henry**

LOOK BLUE GO PURPLE

LBGPEP2

Flying Nun Records LPGP002

C..

More guitar pop from Flying Nun's import series from down under. The all girl LBGP put CND symbols and hearts all over their product. Very Hackney/Islington, N1, but the sound is remarkable down home country USA. More's the surprise they're from Auckland, NZ.

I don't want to get you too hot and bothered, but if I were to say The Bangles meet the Mamas and the Papas I wouldn't be far off the mark. There's a real '60s West Coast pop sensibility to LBGP with plenty of attractive jangly rhythms and fine vocal harmonies, if occasionally crammed too tightly with lyrical content. **Ronnie Randall**

MARS

Seventy-Eight

Widowspeak WSP10

RT C

Seventy-Eight is an album of studio and live recordings made in '77 and '78 in New York and recently reworked by Jim 'Foetus' Thirwell. Eleven tracks of painful cacophony best left well alone by anyone with a delicate disposition. This music certainly has aged well, being as abrasive and tortuous as when first performed. Don't go looking for tunes here — there are no easy melodies in this infernal region, more the sound of a damned soul being torn limb from limb. Especially good on The Immediate Stages Of The Erotic, a screeching, toe-curling little number. Rum doings indeed. **Liz Evans**

THE MEKONS

Honky Tonkin'

Sin/Cooking Vinyl SIN 006

RR C...

This is simply a brilliant country 'n' western album, make no mistake. It's profoundly arresting, both in its musical excellence but even more in its declining, misery-gin atmosphere that carries the best C&W tradition. The Mekons have never been to Nashville but would probably only want to go to see the shrine that sunk a thousand heroes. Their adoption of country, polka and bar-room manners is perfect for their dislocated, vivid commentary on a sinking Britain. Please Don't Make Me Love You and Gin Palace had me taking an early bath but always coming back for more. Oh, and you get a book list that inspired and accompanied each lyric. Gram Parsons and EP Thompson united — three cheers and a double, no ice, for Mekons. **Martin Aston**

THE FIRST MONTHLY UNDERGROUND RECORD TITLE OF STYLE AND IMPORTANCE AWARD goes to The Claim, and Trick Bag Records (through Red Rhino and the Cartel), for their *This Pencil Was Obviously Sharpened By A Left Handed Indian Knife Thrower*.

JOHNNY THUNDERS

Stations Of The Cross

Roir A-46

RR C ...

Oww!! Rock 'n' Roll baby!! Recorded in '82 at NYC's infamous Mudd club for the Lech Kawolski film of the same name this is pure, unadulterated rock at its sweatiest. This recording captures perfectly that night of candescent activity. Thunders slaps down his audience only to pick them up again and again. Making savage love and desperately needing a fix, Thunders blunders through several cover versions — of particular note the old Surfadelics/Ventures gem Wipeout. High spots include the ever excellent and classic Chinese Rocks. Torturing song after song, Thunders staggers through to the end. **Alex Kadis**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Beauty

Pink PINKY 15

RT C ..

Pink's pop approach has always been satisfyingly off-centre and consequently more durable (see Subway comp). The June Brides have been and gone, and then there's the eclectic, broody Wolfhounds, the jumbled-up brass and brassiness of Jamie Wednesday and the bloodrushing pop sweeter of McCarthy. Add That Petrol Emotion's first single Keen and The Ringing's scraping Caprice and you have a pile of dodgy adjectives, a rugby scrum of Boy's Own experiences and a compilation you should own. Beauty is a convenient self-promotion but it's going for the price of a 12". It's worth £3.29 for The Wolfhounds' Another Hazy Day On The Lazy 'A' alone, one of last year's most dazzling atmospheres. **Martin Aston**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Imminent 5

Food BITE 5

RT C ...

The compilation album has been a much abused and much maligned format but Food Records have managed to come up with a high quality series of the best indie talent around with Imminent 5 carrying on the tradition in fine style. Providing 17 vibrant and diverse tracks from the brightest up and coming stars of the moment, it places the wild and exhilarating Jack Rubies and the haun-

tingly psychedelic Shamen along side the ever playful BMX Bandits, the eccentric Stitched-Back Foot Airman and even the spirited chartbound rush of the ever wonderful Primitives. In fact every one has its merits, all deserving a mention as future saviours of the nation's charts in an imaginative compilation that, dare I say, could well prove to be the C86 for '87. **Jerry Smith**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Seeds 1: Pop

Cherry Red Records BRED 74

P ...

This is the first album in a series of compilations aimed at showcasing some of the best independent singles released between 1977 and 1984, and the result is surprisingly good. From Fantastic Something's heavenly summer sweetener If She Doesn't Smile (originally on Cherry Red) to Protex's punky pop driver Don't Ring Me Up (on Rough Trade after a spell on Good Vibrations), which is every bit as good as anything their Irish contemporaries, including The Undertones ever produced, this album contains several symphonies of sheer magic. The Sinatras, Hurrah and The TV Personalities are also included and emerge with honours. It ends with The Distractions' Time Goes By So Slow (a long lost classic from Factory) leaves you wondering how only one of these groups, The Marine Girls, went on to spawn a major chart contender in the guide of Everything But The Girl. **Julian Henry**

Live Hypnobeat Live

Rough Trade RT117

RT C ...

Is there anyone in the world who doesn't like The Woodentops? I can't believe it possible. In addition to the talents of their singer Rolo McGinty, a man with a smile so disarming it could avert a nuclear war, they perform as a group with the kind of demented vigour you can only stand back and admire. Plus, they even have decent songs! It's almost too good to be true.

Anyhow, this live album was recorded last year in America, and collects together almost all the band's singles on one piece of vinyl. It works well, and will serve to satisfy past converts and the uninitiated, despite travelling over the speed limit at times. More importantly it captures the band at a crucial moment in their career — a hit single seems to be just inches away and Live Hypnobeat Live points the way forward for The Woodentops. Children's television never sounded this good. **Julian Henry**

UG! FASTER FASTER, KILL KILL

UNDERGROUND

IRON JOHNSON RECORDS

COMPILATION

THE EX

JACKDAW WITH CROWBAR

STUMP

SPLAT

THE SHRUBS

THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD

THE NOSEFLUTES

Mac KENZIES

BIG FLAME

TWANG

A WITNESS

THE FIRST AFTER EPIPHANY

Distributed by Nine Mile and The Cartel

ZRON 21

CHAPTER 22 RECORDS

BURN YOUR EARS

UPCOMING RELEASES

APRIL 20th

MIGHTY MIGHTY 'BUILT LIKE A CAR'

2 TRACK 7" + 4 TRACK 12"

MAY 11th

POP WILL EAT ITSELF 'LOVE MISSILE F1-11' (FEATURING ORGONE ACCUMULATOR)

2 TRACK 7" + 4 TRACK 12"

JUNE 11th

THE WILD FLOWERS 'DUST'

8 TRACK MINI ALBUM

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NED 14



THE REVOLUTION GOES ON + ON + ON

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Underground boldly

goes where no alien has

gone before. This

month's vital vinyl held

and massaged...

81

A HOUSE Kick Me Again
Jesus Rip Records **RR C**

After blazing a trail across the Irish music scene it looks as if A House are finally fit to set light to our own eardrums with this, their catchiest song yet. Kick Me Again Jesus is uncluttered and tuneful. Combining just the right amount of jingle-jangle with a clarity of melodic vision, A House produce something which is far superior to their many contemporary influences. **AK**

ALWAYS Metroland **e P**

The title song and Arcade are a rain of atmospheric colours accompanying an alienated hitch under the harsh yellow glare of the streetlamps lining the road from London to Brighton. Or something. Always' second single has that tugging pop feel that sounds like *Absolute Beginners* true soundtrack — adventure and disillusionment. Wonderful. **MA**

AUTOMATIC DLAMINI |

Don't Know You But... D
for Drum **Re C**

Follow up to their Crazy Super EP of last summer, and the Auto's take time to produce a compulsive strumalong that bounces close to pop cred and a place on the radio. There's something very catchy and enjoyable about this disc and its directness. Search it out. **DH**

THE BATFISH BOYS The
Bomb Song Batfish Inc
RR C

Loud snotty guitar music that braces its shoulders, scratches its whiskers and kicks Zed Mindwreck up the bum. Loud and obnoxious, and produced by Vic Malle. **TT**

BEST WAY TO WALK

Unbelievable Two Bad Reds
C R

Remember pop music? Well, it's back — with a sprained

vengeance! Best Way To Walk encapsulate elegiac vocals within the folds of a pert, bubbly sound. Subliminal chord play undercuts an endearing vocal and implores you to give this a go. **AK**

BIG BLACK Headache
E.P. Blast First **RR C**

Unsurpassed noise from America's hardest. For those of us who grew out of hair and denim at 13, then grew into high impact explosives by 14: Kill for it. **MB**

BOGSLED Tried And
Tested Public Speaker
Shelfish Records **RR C**

Six tracks of gritty northern beat, originally recorded for the Peel show, adorn this 12 inch. A mixture of throbbing, jogging rhythm and a bleating voice which rolls those words around and spits them out with plenty of spleen and bile. All this plus a bonus pin-up pic of the boys. A bargain buy. **LE**

THE BUGS Leavin' Here Hit
P

This ten eyed, ten legged entymological monster delivers a venomous bite in the form of sizzling, psychedelic rockabilly that positively leaps from the beetle green grooves of this offering. Somehow I don't think Holland/Dozier will recognise this garageland thrash as one of their own, distinctly mauled tunes. **JS**

CAMBERWELL NOW
Greenfingers EP **INK**
NM C

Considering the Camberwell Now were born from the decomposing flesh of This Heat in 1983, you wouldn't expect them to be using such an aggravating beat box throughout this conceptually perfect gardener's ritual. **MB**

C CAT TRANCE Ishta Bil
Habulink **NM C**

Ah, yes, the C-Cat's. This is very good, probably their best to date. As the contagious all-enveloping rhythm ingests your humble brain tissue, the off beat guitar spirals off and the weirdo snake charmer bit does all the magic. A boom boom plus with dancefloor potential and big marks for listenability. **DH**

EPISODE FOUR Strike Up
Matches Lenin & McCarthy
Records **C**

Four nice old-fashioned pop songs about adolescent angst from four nice boys called Episode — er — Four. Straying

well into Smiths territory, but then who doesn't these days, it's harmless, jangly pop for Morris Minor drivers everywhere. **AK**

THE FIELDS OF NEPHILIM

Preacher Man **Beggars**
Banquet

Heads down deep throat sex rock from chaps and ale toting cowpokes. Slide guitars slither, heads turn askew. Neat and nasty with added venom. **DH**

THE FLATMATES Happy

All The Time **Subway** **Re C**

A fast and furious perky pop song lashed along by Debbie's belting vocals and endowed with enough catchy hooks to tug on the heart-strings. The 12 inch has the added bonus of The Flatmates getting their teeth into The Ramones' I Don't Care, and munching it up with gusto. **LE**

THE FLORENTINES Man

Of Mine **el P**

ei turn to luxuriously melodic supperclub cabaret that crosses the great divide between MOR and sophisticated *chanteuse* song — not torch, but hip and kitsch. The Florentines tackle a wide range of vocal textures as that elusive, minty female voice waits for the inevitable invite for the Saturday night entertainment slot. **MA**

THE FLOWERPOT MEN

Alligator Bait EP **Compost**
P

Ben Watkins and Adam Peters might only manage one single a year on average but they are always real gems. For Alligator Bait they have transformed the brittle brilliance that marked Walk On Gilded Splinters into a blisteringly intense blend of beat and stylishly dramatic warble that could only have been resurrected from the soul of Marc Bolan. Prudent use of feedback scream sees them walk atop a dynamic wall of sound that's guaranteed to bring the walls tumbling down. **JS**

14 ICED BEARS Like A

Dolphin **Backs Records** **B C**
As you might expect, 14 Iced

Bears are a strange bunch, and spend most of this four-track in frenzied early Jam impersonations. But, just when you decide to break their snivelling, shockingly-produced record into tiny pieces, they casually throw in a hook which, in all fairness, can't be ignored. **NS**

DR FRESH Is This The American Dream? **Rhythm King** **RT C**

Poignant anthem thrown between neat girl chorus line and rapping lead, over an infective dancebeat. Specialised street stuff that's got more clout than most of today's bundle of second hand punk stuff. **DH**

JESSE GARON & THE DESPERADOES The Rain Fell Down **Narodnik** **EE C**

The sound of young Scotland exuberantly bursts forth from these two in effervescent tales of Glasgow under the stars and lovers in the rain, bringing to mind the thought that North of the border, they have a monopoly on bands with delicious rinky dink guitars and heart wrenchingly moving vocals. A double A-sided pop gem that's not to be missed. **JS**

THE GROOVE FARM Sore Heads and Happy Hearts EP **Raving Pop Blast** **Re C**

Cheerful little beast this, loud, clean guitars and that authentic 'recorded in the garage' sound. Just dripping with enthusiasm. Play loud. **FA**

HALO OF FLIES M.D. 20/20 **Amphetamine Reptile Records** **RTS**

Squidgily interesting mewling infant-punk types being rather demented as they wobble about their rockin' ways. Putting the riff back into scarred midriffs. **PN**

THE HEART THROBS Toy In Tape **RR C**

Debut single from the Throbers who tell tales of northern soapiness with the aid of a tacky Pete Shelley guitar. Subsequent tracks rather enhance proceedings with some very annoying feedback. **DH**

HOME AND GARDEN

Melville After Hours (14821) **Lakeshore Blvd, Cleveland, Ohio 44110, USA**

Classy release for one LP and two maxi single old group who grew from the ashes of Pere Ubu to develop a neat rock based guitar sound that's, wait for it, *different* from the REM children. Neat line in melody and maximum on the humm-o-meter. **DH**

HULA Poison **Red Rhino** **RR C**

Another quarterly message from Sheffield. Hula are alive and well, their new single was directed by Daniel Miller and features a pop mix that's likely to stimulate interest and a club mix that's as hard as you'll get. Stalwarts will be obsessed, new converts won't be disappointed. **DH**

IN THE NURSERY Elegy **Sweatbox** **RT C**

Sheffield brothers opt for a Rad Three soundtrack of orchestral magnitude. Overdone French patter and patois make for a tactile ear massage not dissimilar from one of those red triangle films that everyone talks about. Neotericism says our arts correspondent. **DH**



THE KING OF LUXEMBOURG Picture Of Dorian Grey **el P**

The royal maverick continues to colour his blank canvasses of pop with inventiveness and

daring. Two covers, The TV Personalities' Dorian Grey and the Go-Betweens' Lee Remick — pure arch-pop, hit parade stuff — and two Mediterranean instrumentals alternate, kissing off with the wild card of Where Are The Prawns? Majestic, esoteric pop. **MA**

LAIBACH One Vision **Mute** **RT C Sp**

Brilliant. The slothful twee-ness of Eastern Bloc-ers Laibach does the biz on Queen's One Vision and it all comes up smelling humorously sweet and direct. Imagine a string quartet playing psychedelic nonsense mixed with the *News At Ten* theme. Magnif. **DH**

MIAOW When It All Comes Down **Factory** **P C**

So, what the hell, it's been out for ages (couple of weeks mibs), the press adulation has maybe subsided a bit, but it's still a great 45. Don't miss it. **DH**

THE MOFFS Flowers **Citadel** **RTS**

Gormless looking bunch of bleeders, with hair long enough to tie traffic wardens up in, make foppily beautiful tune which has me gasping at my own gullibility. It must be crap, surely? They look like Neil Young on a bad day, but sound dead smart. **PN**

MOMUS Murders The Hope Of Women **Creation** **RT C**

Sounds a bit like Andy White. Dreamy acoustic guitars and a potent vocal delivery from Nick Currie, who happens to be an ex-member of Happy Family and a scottish presbyterian obsessed with religion and sex, to boot. This is his first single on Creation after a spell on el. Interesting footnote: The guitar on this record is played by one Paul Inder, the son of Lemmy. **JH**

KENNY MORRIS La Main Mort Temple **RT C**

The original deserting drummer from the Banshees appears from his hiding place in Paris with this very arty and

NON U?

WIN OUT! THE FALL LYRICS BOOK(S) ● Haven't you ever marvelled over the wit and wisdom of Mark E Smith? Or maybe you've been a little unsure of what he's been going on about under the chainsaw guitar of The Fall. ● Well, in Germany they weren't sure at all and to solve the prob they got Mark's lyrics, translated them, then reproduced them in a book imaginatively called The Fall Lyrics. Only available in Germany it also features songs and notettes in English from the early Live At The Witch Trials album to last year's CREEP single. And we've got three autographed copies of this tome to give away. All you've got to do is answer this question (and get it right) and send it to Mark E Comp, Underground, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ. Then we'll draw out three winners and three people will be happy! So, here's the question . . .

Which is the odd label out for The Fall, is it a Step Forward b Rough Trade c Kamera d Situation 2 e Mute f Beggars Banquet?

well ambient film soundtrack. A charming French accent intones a haunting tale over free form percussion and a meandering piano — all very nice and sensitive and ultimately very dull. Music to wallpaper your bedroom to! **JS**

THE PASTELS Crawl
Babies Glass **NM G**

Not as immediately immediate as their lusciously multifaceted *Up For A Bit* album, but *The Pastels* strumalong sound will create all the right early evening airplay without really gaining them big league status. Now, where is that album? **DH**

PERENNIAL DIVIDE Bee
Head Sweatbox SOX 020
RT G

New 12 incher from Swindon train enthusiasts with a little prod cred for XTC guiding Andy Partridge. And, there it

was, the secret of pumping, pulsating pop brought out in an unshaven frenzy. The Peren's play frantic music, shakey, hesitant, and uncontrollably alluring. Hot. **DH**

LOUIS PHILIPPE You
Mary You **el G**

More garden party melodies lovingly dreamt up in the bed-sitter: food by Bacharach and David, drink by Love, dreamt by Louis, weather by The Everly Brothers. All four songs are gift-wrapped in strings, choruses and moments in love. Get seduced by a Campari-and-song. **MA**

PSYCHE Unveiling The
Secret New Rose Records
RT G

Taken from the LP of the same title, Canada's *Psyche* are described as 'electro-dirty' in their press release. But this record sounds like it was made in a fridge, and their primitive synth work-outs are at best robotically frozen. Somebody plug them in. **JH**

THE RAJ QUARTET
Whoops! What A Palaver
el G

Bid's Monochrome Set shuts up shop and *The Raj Quartet* opens a new takeaway in its place. Apart from *Whoops!*... which invites *Charlie Drake* and *Noel Coward* for dinner, the other three songs usurp *Bid's* Indian heritage and shove it into bed with the man's pukker-English eccentricity. East meets West in a plainly daft, charming, irreverent, clever pop format. **MA**

THE REACTION Make Up
Your Mind Waterloo Sunset
B

Have *Byrds* guitar will travel! Endearing debut with a mid '60s feel. Charming in its simplicity. **FA**

RENEGADE SOUND WAVE
Kray Twins Rhythm King
RT G

Debut sounds from South London's computerised dance zone as perpetrated by an ex-*Jackal* (single on *Criminal Damage* last year). This is one step beyond, throwing hip hop back to the States with an edge all Brit through and through. Superb. **DH**

THE ROSEHIPS Room In
Your Heart Subway **Re G**

A jolly, skipping little ditty from this *Stoke-On-Trend* band, with breathless, girly

singing and tingling tambourines. The *Rosehips* add a bit of thrash, albeit well-scrubbed, to their other numbers, yet the overall effect lacks bite. One for all those who have to be back home before 10pm. **LE**

ROSE OF AVALANCHE
Always There Blaze **NM G**

Easily their best moment since the blissful *LA Rain* debut, and what a turnaround: a lilting melody, busy but breezy guitars, a nod and a wink to Merseybeat (someone over my shoulder whispers *Flamin' Groovies*...) such restraint! Life after grimy grebo rockism shock! **MA**

RUMBLEFISH Tug Boat
Line Pink **RT G**

Tastefully packaged and presented pop that makes you wonder (yet again) why these superb tunes aren't busting from the radio at any God-given moment. *Rumblefish* write extremely good pop songs and this is no exception. **DH**

SCREAM Walking By
Myself Jungle Hop **RT G**

Nasty Americans take punk and twist it around their extended index finger. Loud raucous stuff with a solo that'll interest many a dandruff sufferer. **DH**

SCREAMING DIZBUSTERS
This Ain't The Summer
Of Love Amigo Music (Box
6058, 10231 Stockholm,
Sweden)

Bjorn... *bjorn* to be wild! (I've been saving that up for some time, no?) A scurvy rustling rawk tune that slips unexpectedly into a captivatingly fluffy chorus out of darkly juicy menace. **PN**

SHREW KINGS Green
Eyed Kid Thin Sliced TSR 12
RR G

Mean and meaningful nouveau balladeering that plucks a heartstring and unleashes an unsightly truth or two as it spirals to completion. Already with an LP to their cred, *The Shrew Kings* deserve attention and a warm comfy sock drawer. **DH**

SIGLO XX Till The End Of
The Night Play It Again Sam
RR G

Dutch dilettantes *Siglo XX* have certainly stepped up a gear on this maxi assault which goes beyond the doomy *Joy Division* roots and introduces a sparked metallic sound to a percussive explosion similar in make up to

best period *Die Kruups* (early). Look out for these dudes. **DH**

SIRENS OF 7TH AVE
Shine On New Rose **RT G**

Despite its penetrating bassline this could almost be classified as easy-going, but far superior is the caustic accompanying track *Set Yourself Free*. With its unconditional certainty and secluded melodies it shimmies across the surface of reticent rock and never really stops. **AK**

SKIN SIDE OUT To Hell
With The Carnival Lost
Moment **RT G**

Just to show that anthemic rock, when intelligently and inventively performed, can be used creatively, *Skin Side Out* break out with this dark, tempestuous tale, proudly displaying the mark of *Shriekback* as they wrap their garrulous mutant blues in sparkling guitars and a rivetting big beat **JS**

SON OF SAM 1 K BPM
Rouska **RR G**

Scatched-out disco beats with terror inducing lyricism let free at moments. While *Age Of Chance* and *Front 242* show just how *angry* they are, *Son Of Sam* just pops off the listener with some haunting, pulsating music. **DH**

THE SPIKES A Bloody
Mess Greasy Pop Records
RTS

A 'real' band, with a fan club! Whatever are these review pages coming to? Slow, acceptably intense emotional rock, even if it does slide towards boredom city. They'll fail to dent, like they should, so long as they sound like *Mick Jagger's* testicles being dusted with pepper. **PN**

SURF DRUMS Walkaway
Kaleidoscope **RR G**

With a gush of soaraway guitars and an urgent drum thrash this hits you between the ears and travels voraciously downwards. "Tell the world I'm coming through, tell your friends I'm here" they sing. Irresistibly instant, this second single from Birmingham based *Surf Drums* is loud, proud and alive. The strength of solidity of *Surf Drums* is here to make its impact. Now! **AK**

SWIMMING IN SAND
Happy Sad Strand **RT**

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20 UNDERGROUND

and love every minute of it! Don't stop to think or you'll miss it. This single would sell better in your local confectioners than it would in Our Price. Fast, furious and sporadic, Happy Sad will never make the charts but it has to be a classic in any serious record collection! **AK**

THE JAMES TAYLOR

QUARTET Blow Up Re-Elect

The President **B C**

No relation to the You've Got A Friend JT, but rather a smash-and-grab '60s beat outfit consisting of ex-Prisoners and ex-Daggersmen. Blow Up is a Herbie Hancock song torn apart by a quite ruthless Hammond organ work out, and is just the sort of thing you slap on the turntable when morale starts to flag and people start complaining about the current state of music. The Jimmy Smith revival starts here. **JH**

THINK TANK Home Sweet

Zoo Chapter 1 (through Simon Bennie, 171 Farringdon Rd, London EC1R)

Polite pop that makes no excuses as it meanders through a verse chorus run in of charming proportions. Zoo suggests that there's a lot more to this crew but this slack production fails to bring it out. **TT**

1,000 VIOLINS

Ungrateful Bastard

Constrictor (import from AM Heedbrink 13, 46000 Dortmund 30, West Germany)

The swearing starts here. Check the Violins sound and soulful delivery which has previously been bracketed with The Smiths and early Orange Juice. On this limited ed 45, they're far more precise... still pop, and just as satisfying. **DH**

TOY PLANETS Zama Is A

Footstool Nebular Trevor **C**

Title of the month, hands down. Toy Planets play splurgy-riffy-sax-wave 'n' stuff, kinda like X-Ray Spex, that'll give you a hernia if you try and dance to it. Wrap ear-trumpets around the weird-out 2000AD words; yes, Toy Planets do it in space. All together now... "we are all footstools". **MA**

TREEBOUND STORY My

Life's Example FON **RT C**

Wayward guitar, a chorus, a verse, a drum machine,

another week and another FON record. Keeping the customer satisfied too, this newbie from the Tree people has a well intriguing guitar line holding it all together. These boys are going to be big. **DH**

VAZZ Feverpitch CRV

Records **FF C**

Vazz are a Glaswegian duo who have made a rather nice 12 inch of gentle guitar noises accompanied by a young lady singing. Ummm. What else can I say about it? Er, nothing really. **JH**

VOICE OF AMERICA I Will

Tell Ammunition

Communication **P**

Well balanced and well structured tunes from an outfit who, with the right hair gel, are bound to adorn the teen weeklies before long. A radio-primed tune with a chorus in tow. **DH**

VON MAGNET Untitled

Sculptured Record **RTS**

The good old days of hand numbered limited editions are back, and you're advised to grab this one before everyone else does. Obscure for sure, but a beaty dance track that owes as much to SPK as Ultravox. Nice and doomy with a back stabbing delivery. **DH**

THE WEATHER

PROPHETS She Comes

From The Rain Elevation

The third single from Pet Astor's mob and it's a goodie. One of these guitar-toting groups are going to come bursting through into mainstream chartland sooner or later, and with Astor's naggingly commercial pen behind them, I'd say the Prophets stand a better chance than most. **JH**

WEBCORE The Captain's

Table Jungle **RT C**

Webcore are a warped band, who sound so frantic that you fear that they are about to explode any second, and a sense of relief comes over you when they get through to the end without any major accidents. A mystical, mysterious and ingenious single. Make contact with it. **BR**

WE THREE KINGS Oceans

DDT **FF C**

It's a different celtic kettle of whiskey from The Pogues but this is high-octane folk, ripe

for hootenanny time, dragged along by its shirt-tails by a rousing violin and stomp-beat. Scotland's We Three Kings sound real to me, which is the right place to start sprouting from. **MA**

KEVIN WHITE Commuters

Dance Primitive Records

JM C

"This is the sound of the bedroom", proclaims the gushy press release of young Kevin's vinyl debut. Kevin's bedroom must be fairly large, judging from the banks of synthesisers and drum machines he keeps up there. This song was presumably inspired by his days busking in the Tube, and, while accomplished in a Numan-esque way, is as anonymous and pedestrian as the luckless lemmings of the title. **NS**

WHIRLPOOL GUEST

HOUSE The Changing

Face Summerhouse Records

RR C

Twee boy/girl duets can be tiresome. Ditto for bands with funny names like Whirlpool Guest House. Surprise, surprise, therefore, to spot feet tapping along to this appealing little number; it sort of sounds like a weedy Orange Juice, but the B-side proves to be a lot more manly. **JH**

THE WISEACRES David

Cherry Red **B**

They sound American, but are in fact Scottish. David promises to burst into something spectacular, but doesn't quite deliver, despite a rather nice vocal from 18 year old Sharon Bain. A bit too 1979 in a way, but shows strong potential nevertheless. **JH**

WORLD DOMINATION

ENTERPRISES A Hotsy

Product Inc **RT C**

Third single from WDE, conspirators of Asbestos Lead Asbestos early last year. Almost rock, perhaps slam, but far from their throbbing live solidity. Yeah, yeah, yeah. **MB**

THE YOUNG GODS Did

You Miss Me? Product Inc

RT C

Insane Gal Glit cover by the Swedish group who gave us 3 minutes of sadistic ecstasy named Envoye last year. Produced by Rolo of Swans, on new label 'in association with Mute', surefire hit. Gazza Glitter gets fatter, again. **MB**



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SINGLES THIS MONTH REVIEWED BY **FA** (Felix Adler), **MA** (Martin Aston), **LE** (Liz Evans),

DH (Dave Henderson), **JH** (Julian Henry), **AK** (Alex Kadis), **PN** (Pratninja), **TT** (Triv Tel), **MB** (Martin Baimer),

NS (Nick Sur) and **JS** (Jerry Smith).

REV

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THE PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND

East West
EDEL ED 212

Variations on a blues theme. East West is their second album, released on Elektra in '66 and on it the Band combine elements of rock, soul, jazz and blues in the way the late lamented Graham Bond did so well. Traditional numbers, like Adderley's jazz classic The Work Song, are dusted down and given the Butterfield once over. A great harp sound with some wicked guitar licks. Check the 13 minute title track for some authentic mid-'60s self indulgence and it's none the worse for it. A real diamond! **Felix Adler**

COUNTRY JOE MACDONALD

Collector's Items: The First Three Eps

Decal/Rag Baby Records LIK 8

The demo song bites back. With the apparent popularity last year of ex-Shockabilly Eugene Chadbourne and his covers of Country Joe, and other thorns in the side of Americana, it's good to hear these three original CJ EPs revitalised and set out on one album. Spanning '65 to '71, the material never loses its impertinent potency and still rings true (pose-wise) in these days of similar strife. Next up Barry McGuire's Eve Of Destruction, for sure. **Dave Henderson**

BOBBY DAY

Rockin' Robin

Ace CH 200

Must admit, I've never been keen on the title track, I find it too commercial for my tastes in rock 'n' roll. But there's no getting away from the fact that he had a great voice and was also a Jim Dandy songwriter. Born in Texas, he moved to LA in his mid teens where he and his group The Hollywood Flames played the night club circuit with fake moustaches from burnt matchsticks to make themselves look old enough. Sadly Day's composition Buzz Buzz Buzz isn't included here as he didn't sing lead vocal on it, but his other classics are from Over And Over to Little Bitty Pretty One, demonstrating his power to belt out up-tempo pop-rock 'n' roll. Still, he was equally at home with a ballad, as his version of When The Swallows Come Back To Capistrano goes to show. **Snakey G.**

EARTH OPERA

The Great American Eagle

Tragedy

EDEL ED215

P

I'm afraid this Earth Opera album has not worn too well. Beneath the psychedelic facade and whimsy, Earth Opera aren't much more than sub Byrds folk rock but without the melody or same assurance. Superficially pretty, mostly their music is of a dreary sameness and lacks any vital distinguishing spark or depth. **Evelyn Court**

THE FUGS

Golden Filth

EDEL ED 217

P

For the uninitiated, The Fugs' eccentric wordplay and left-field protest material was pretty hep way back, but today it sounds like hippie dross. Golden Filth *hasn't* aged well, it's a live album that never gives the feeling of the show in its true sweaty and socially precise meaning. Still, that's r'n'r, and although the The Fabby Fug Bros' hearts were probably in the right places at the right time, in '87 this is as caustic as a Fairports album at the wrong speed. **Dave Henderson**

THE GRATEFUL DEAD

The Grateful Dead

EDEL ED 221

P

The Grateful Dead, before they turned on to excess, money, drugs, guns, Indian-influenced day-long raga-excursions and hair, were another racy '60s R&B pop sike-adelic band, as fresh as the morning dew, pioneers in a musical explosion. Yippies, not Hippies. Perhaps if people got to hear this, their debut album, then their peer-group pressured opinions might change. Mine did. Fascinating. **Martin "Dead Head" Aston**

KALEIDOSCOPE

Faintly Blowing

Five Hours Back

Re C

This is the second album from Harrow's psychedelic heroes. Their gentle, blurred music conjours up images of Hammer Horror rural rides in a land of continual autumn mists, the girls are blonde and beautiful, the men strong dreamers with torn white shirts and excessive facial hair. Don't be surprised to find poets riding on dragons as minstrels strum their lyres... It's fabulous English music, completely unnecessary and achingly lovely, seek it out. **Hoxton Leonid**

KALEIDOSCOPE

Tangerine Dream

Five Hours Back

Re C

Originally released in November 1967, this is their debut album and generally reckoned to be the equal of



early Floyd or Soft Machine. A first listen isn't convincing but by the third time you know all the melodies and harmonies and you're hooked. Sure it's dreamy, hazy stuff. Listen to The Sky Children or Dive Into Yesterday and you know it's something special. If you like your guitars phased backwards and your lyrics full of childish wonder and fear then this record should be yours. **Hoxton Leonid**

JERRY LEE LEWIS

Kickin' Up A Storm

Sun LP 1045

Ch

The last couple of years have seen Little Richard become hip all over again after ten years or so on the scrapheap. Sadly, Jerry Lee has been there with him, but here's hoping that 1987 will see him in vogue again. New York upmarket fanzine *Kicks* and London's Charly Records are leading the way to this end, and *Underground's* rockin' department is right behind 'em.

The latest Sun/Charly offering comprises a batch of usually overlooked recordings from the tail end of the 1950s, the era of the pretty boys of pop, when the old school of rockers were ignored by the music industry. Presley was in the army, Little Richard a preacher, Chuck Berry in jail, and Jerry Lee's records banned because he married a 13 year old girl (quite legal in his part of the country). The best known cuts on this 15 track platter are Big Blon' Baby, Lovin' Up A Storm, Bonny B and the instrumental he cut for Phillips Int. under the name of The Hawk, In The Mood. **Snakey G**

LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS

Move On Out

Charly CRB 1147

Ch

The collection of tracks on this album come from a very odd chapter in the life of one of the true blues greats. Lightnin' recorded records for jukeboxes in black bars at a time when he was being hailed as one of the great contemporary folk artists by the honky's up in the North. He'd be touring Europe or playing a folk set at Carnegie Hall to "the smart white supper club set of middle class America" (to quote Alan Balfour's sleeve note) one minute, then, he'd be on a plane back to Houston to record the likes of the included tracks for the down home folks of the South who knew what he was talkin' 'bout.

The time is 1965 to '69 when he was with Jewel Records, having spent a good part of the early '60s owing back rent in slum apartments and moving from one bar to the next

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in Houston's Dowling Street section. The recordings are very clear, with occasional piano, drums and harmonica accompaniment. A bit heavy going if you're not into the blues, but you could do a *lot* worse than this if you were looking for somewhere to start. **Snakey G**

LOVE

Love

Edsel ED218



Reissue of the debut Love album from 1966, and it's a set of material which has managed to retain its freshness over the years. Although this garage surf punk is still some distance removed from the baroque completeness of Forever Changes, those same fragile uncertainties that were characterised with the liaison of Arthur Lee and Bryan McLean on the second Love set *Da Capo*, are already present here. **Evelyn Court**

QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE

Shady Groves

Edsel XED 208



Quicksilver's third and last album still stands as a state-of-the-art acid-rock record but the silver-lined guitar alchemy that rubbed off their classic *Happy Trails* album (a *Marquee Moon* for the '60s) had given way to a more florid, frayed mood, smelling of psychedelic tendencies. By this time, QMS were on the way out. But *Shady Groves* has enough vivid moments when John Cippolina's guitar and the psychedelic flashes grab hold by both labels and jerk out electricity. Worth hearing. **Martin Aston**

Re-releases, re-issues, remixed, revitalised . . .

JONATHAN RICHMAN AND THE MODERN LOVERS

Mega 20 Track Album

Beserkley BZCD007

With the re-release of Richman's most sought after material on album, this CD set of his mid to later period stuff makes for fine time gear for nouveau populists who's noo racking system has CD. Clarity too and songs to match as Richo goes through his *Rockin' Rockin' Leprechauns* and pals phase. A great collection that makes New Jersey a holiday attraction once again. Fine stuff. **Dave Henderson**

ANN SEXTON

Love Trails

Charly CRB 1143



I must admit I'm a bit out of my depth here. We're talking Southern deep soul from the early to mid '70s from the labels *Sound Stage 7* and *Seventy Seven*. All I know about the lady concerned is that she has a beautiful voice, slightly reminiscent of Gladys Knight, and has been touted as "sounding like a cross between Bettye Swann and Margie Joseph". How she never achieved any commercial success is beyond me. The way she tackles a ballad is enough to melt butter while it's still in the fridge.

Just one listen to *You're Letting Me Down*, *Keep On Holding On* or the more uptempo sound of *I Had A Fight With Love*, and you'll understand what I'm getting at. **Snakey G**

THE SHIRELLES

Lost And Found

Impact



The Shirelles were the first girl group to make the top in the States, and influenced the early Beatles to such an extent that they (and several lesser Mersey combos) covered a selection of their material. An awesome pedigree, but I can't help feeling that *Lost And Found* is missing that special something. It's not a dancer, more a collection of unreleased tracks and studio out-takes, so expect no hits. Nevertheless both smoochers and the odd swinger are delivered with the panache and (dare I say it?) soul that one would expect from the pioneers of the girl vocal-group. **Felix Adler**

SOFT MACHINE

The Soft Machine

Big Beat WIK 57



Released in the UK for the first time, it shows the early origins of ultra hip

Robert Wyatt (vocalist/drummer) and currently not so hip Kevin Ayers (guitar) — the third and final member being Michael Ratledge (organ). Art Rock is the name of the game, owing much to free-form jazz and, in places, The Doors. Occasionally Hendrix comes to mind but that's probably down to ex-Animals-come-Hendrix-manager Chas Chandler co-producing this. **Snakey G**

STRAWBERRY ALARM CLOCK

Strawberries Mean Love

Big Beat WIK 56



It's very rare that a modern cover version manages to better a '50s or '60s original. In this case, The Adult Net's 1985 treatment of *Incense And Peppermints* (the song *Strawberry Alarm Clock* are most well known for) is the better.

The best track here is their earliest recording, the raw edged *The Birdman Of Alkatrash* — originally the 'A', then the 'B' side to their US No 1 *Incense And Peppermints*. *Rainy Day Mushroom Pillow* and *Black Butter Present* are very pleasant in a dreamy sort of way, the latter being the most psychedelic track included. On the whole though, most of the tracks are a bit of a let down.

The band split up in the early '70s, and original guitarist Ed King went on to join Lynyrd Skynyrd, whose two claims to fame were the hippy anthem *Freebird* and being wiped out in a plane crash. **Deke Wanger**

TINA TURNER

The Ike and Tina Turner

Sessions

Kent



Ike and Tina plough on at the same monotonous level, becoming vaguely annoying half way through side one . . . All the respect I had for Tina Turner disappeared the moment I saw that painful Pepsi cinema advert, although faith is temporarily restored here with the magnificent *I Can't Believe What You Say*. A real footstomper and the high point of the album. **Felix Adler**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Get Primitive! Vol 1, The

Originals! The Best Of

Pebbles

Hit UBIK



Some of the best of the mid '60s US garage punk — the cream of the Pebbles series on one album.

The material bands such as The Cramps, The Fuzztones and The Sting-rays have been taking inspiration from here. There's *Green Fuzz* by Randy Alvey & Green Fuzz, *Primitive* by The Groupies, *You're Gonna*

Miss Me by The Spades, and *Action Woman* by The Electras — the song which was a high point of The Tall Boys set. Other gems are *Five Years Ahead Of My Time* by The Third Bar-do and the stinging *I'm A Living Sickness* by The Calico Wall.

I haven't offered any historic titbits on any of the bands, you and the sleeve notes can get acquainted after you've obtained a copy. Which is what I suggest you do, pronto. **Deke Wanger**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Kent Stop Dancing — The

Sequel

Kent KENT 066



Starting in the mid '60s garage arena with *Ski Storm* by The Snowmen (Kim Fowley) and the brilliant *Every Night A New Surprise* by The Moving Sidewalks (featuring a Z.Z. Top person), before lapsing into the expected '60s soul dance party music, just pop that pill, chew that gum, you're at an *allnighter* and nothing else matters. Apart from the classic unknowns, ole Horace (the compiler) has slipped in vintage stuff from household names, to boot. There's the marvy *Shake A Tail Feather* by the pre-gross Ike & Tina Turner and the big band sound of Jackie Wilson on *Baby Workout*. The *Platters* and *Major Lance* are also included here. But while on the subject of Jackie Wilson, there's an interesting version of his *Higher And Higher* by Erma Franklin who has a sensational voice. **Snakey G**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

20 Cruising Favourites

Volume One and Volume Two

Cascade Drop 1015



Picture it. You've spent an hour Brill-creaming your da, slipped on your television-advertised Levi jeans and donned your American high school jacket. The Saturday nite ritual completed, it's time to get in the mini-metro and go bird-doggin' chicks — or hunks if you're a man-eating mama. For this hugely popular pastime, the only accessories needed are a six pack, some gum and these two platters blaring out of the little speakers either side of your nodding dog.

Late '50s and early '60s pop rock 'n' roll at its best. Excellent value at full price, but when you consider these are budget albums you know you're onto a good thing. For an example of material; Volume One contains the likes of the Everly Brothers, Dion, Sam Cooke, Little Richard, Johnny Tillotson and two classic instrumentals in *Nut Rocker* by B. Bumble & The Stingers and *In The Mood* by The Ernie Fields Orchestra. Volume Two, which kicks off with Dion's *The Wanderer*, also contains numbers by Larry Williams, Bobby Day, The Chiffons and The Big Bopper. Excellent value, need I say more? **Snakey G**

SUB

culture

THE STYLE OF MEANING



amateur sketch: sespit

Forget the mucho cheap new Yamaha sampler for under a hundred notes. Don't bother getting the cheapo credit card Casio version either. For a mere £2.99 (or less with a touch of bartering), the Mini Piano II (HC-05) can be snapped up. A keyboard that sounds like a bad watch replete with a song book including We Are The World, a rhythm unit that sounds like Trio and a nice pic of Santa on it. Don't miss out, the pocket size orchestra starts here. **Dave Henderson**

INPUT OUTPUT

For all you groovy f***ers who are into trendy 1920s Soviet imagery and slogans, here's a line in designer wear especially for you

INPUT OUTPUT have been in operation for almost a year, manufacturing quality clothing for all seasons — strikingly designed T-shirts and vests containing your favourite Constructivist image or logo, hats, leggings and zip-up polo neck jumpers in a variety of colours, complete with tasteful sewn on patch. Personal endorsements on stage and TV have trickled in from the good, the bad, and the ugly — **Frankie Goes To Hollywood**, **Big Audio Dynamite** and **Billy Bragg** — so there should be something in the INPUT OUTPUT collection for everyone (well, almost). If you have problems locating any of Input Output's products, write to them at 100A Clapham Park Road, London SW4 for a catalogue. **ALEX BASTEDO**

When the 12-inch single was introduced — and eventually developed with remixes, special remixes, ten inch cuts and yet more remixes — it was the perfect marketing tool to push successful 45s even further up the chart. Now, for around the price of a 12 inch, Mute have just launched the first independent CD to further enhance the popularity of **Erasure** and their *It Doesn't Have To Be* single. What's more, you get an extra six tracks including the last single, *Sometimes*, and their cover of **Abba's** Gimme Gimme Gimme. Neat. **Dave Henderson**

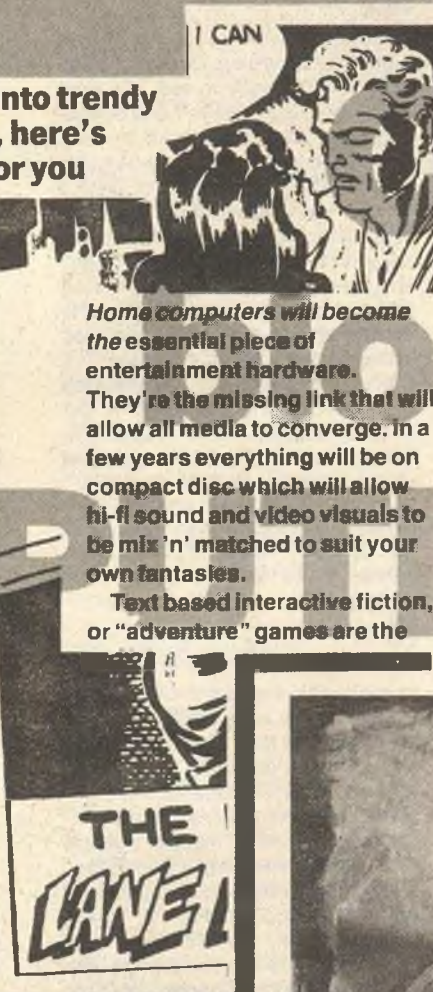


Ronnie Randall rabbits on about the pros and cons of 'putting '80s style

Home computers will become the essential piece of entertainment hardware. They're the missing link that will allow all media to converge. In a few years everything will be on compact disc which will allow hi-fi sound and video visuals to be mix 'n' matched to suit your own fantasies.

Text based interactive fiction, or "adventure" games are the

kind of thing where you type in responses to a given situation or problem. Your progress depends on your mental inventiveness rather than the deftness of your wrist action. Such ideas have been around for years but the recent boost in possibilities is allowing ever denser and detailed creations to emerge. One of the best and funniest is Intocom's *Leather Goddesses Of Phobos*, a hilarious '30s pulp sci-fi sex comedy spoof which can be played in any of three modes — tame, suggestive or lewd. You play **Lane Mastodon**, lone warrior in the fight to prevent the Goddesses from turning all earthlings into sex slaves.



OK, so you're bored with the 50 features that people have inked about the **Band Of Holy Joy**. Well, we haven't bothered to write one. Instead, we thought we'd let the group express themselves properly on some photographs of their good selves as shot by **Ronnie Randall**. So, what do you think? Comment enough. **Holy? Joy?**



174 UNDERGROUND

SUB Underworld
breakdancing
spikey-topped
Ninja slam dancers
from Venus

Animal, mineral, vegetarian! Pratinja selects some late night scanning and recommends we fully support the wonderful work of The Fish Police. Glug!

■ Ever since *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* came to enliven, direct and infuriate the black and white market, there have been many imitators, some good, some positively diabolical, many even worse. A whole bundle of them are chafing my knees even as I type. ■ But first, as you were probably hoping, to those Turtles. Every now and again there appears on Mirage Tales an issue of TMNT, by the crafty Eastman and Laird pairing. These dolts even release one issue mini-series of the four Turtles (Michaelangelo, Raphael,



Donatello and Leonardo). They fight for right.

■ Their adventures ooze style and humour with the strangely clumsy characters cunningly manipulated to appear energised in this bleakly drawn series.

■ Limping precociously along in the background is another Eclipse title, the self-declared parody of the Turtles, *Adolescent Radioactive Blackbelt Hamsters*. A stringier effort this, it nevertheless, features Hamster Clint, who has also made two appearances so far in *Dark Knight* (the classic future Batman series by Frank Miller and Klaus Jansen) parodies. Spikily, often poorly drawn, these creatures do at least exude some charm among their spotty stories. Generally, though, you'd have to be genuinely psychotic to fall for this.

■ Lee Marr's *Pre-Teen Dirty-Gene Kung-Fu Kangaroos*, on



Blackthorne Publishing, is only half-successful. The action is bad, the jokes are somewhat addled but the kangaroos are pretty cute. The main problem with any of these irredeemably short-lived ideas is... that the joke soon wears as thin as thin can be.

■ Bypassing Eclipse's much dink-

ier *Adventures of Guerrilla Groundhog*, lest you get too anxious, and setting fire to my appalling copy of the ugly *Cyborg Gerbils*, an ineffectual UK effort from Trigon comics, we begin to actually find some *REAL* quality! Mouth-wateringly so.

■ *Fish Police*, on Fishwarp, is one of the finest things around. Steve Moncuse's characters just bleep with life in this alternative cop series; the heroes are heroic,



FRED ASTAIRE tribute part two

the humour fiercely sublime, the artwork *IMMACULATE!*

■ *Neil The Horse* (Renegade Press) has part two of its Fred Astaire tribute on parade, even if it is nine months late. A thoroughly bizarre comic, this ink-blot-come-horsey wanders through extraordinary hep-cat sequences out on da street, and there literally are cats, dancing girls, sheet music and verse. Plus old Fred of course, but who gives a toss about him? Renegade are a perverse company at the best of time, usually providing the best of times. Quite what we're to make of *this*, however, I've no idea!

■ Best to just scoot onto *Samurai Penguin* and forget about it. This artful sentinel who battles against

the predatory oafs that would threaten his breed, is a real delight. Deviously simplistic it has you gawping in suspicion at one moment, cracked down the middle the next.

■ *Dinosaur Rex*, from the Upshot publishers, is hardly an animal comic, even if there is an upright talking dinosaur accompanying Hempsted Wallop and Cousin Flavia. Duubadah, an elegant dinosaur if ever there was one, is all set to help them recover their family fortune. One of the more glorious experiences in the current comic crop, the coyly trim figures and the sumptuous colours rage upon the eye for some time after the initial reading. Quick reminding peeks are the order of the day.

■ So far, I'm being gentle with you. Virtually all of these comics will provide more lasting refreshment than a brace of poorly baked indie singles. Perhaps I shouldn't be saying that (*not if you value your reading spec - ed*)... but we're talking about *evotic* quality here, with a four dimensional pull on the mind (wow!). We're talking...

● All comics are available from Forbidden Planet, 23 Denmark Street, London WC2. Send a large sae for their lists.



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DOWN ON
THE KITCHEN TABLE

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IN THAT STUFF

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THROW

IT
ON
OVER
HERE
SUGAR
POP

92 UNDERGROUND



The Muse is the message

Martin Aston goes ga ga over Throwing Muses

→ After the eruption, does the volcano still look spectacular? When the party's over, do you still want to be friends with your guests? Or put another way; when the furore over what was voted best debut album of '86 died down, did the record still sound as startling?

→ Of course it does, if not even better; Throwing Muses' eponymous album is still throwing up sparks six months later. This three girl, one guy group — step forward *Kristen Hersh*, *Tanya Donnelly*, *Leslie Langston* and *David Narclzo* — from America's North-East coastline (Boston and Newport actually) are sincerely humble but know what we know now.

→ "We always trusted the music," says a demure Kristen, singer, writer, guitarist as well as graduate of philosophy, psychology and motherhood (she's 20), "but we weren't sure if other people would. We thought it might have been just our stories or our band."

→ It was Throwing Muses' American-only, self-produced cassette (unavailable, natch, with five extra tracks than the album) that instigated 4AD mentor Ivo to take the group as his first American signing. David: "He said he liked the fact that he never knew which direction we were going to turn. That always kept him excited." Maybe it was just the extraordinary mesh of folk-rock, post-punk feminism and uncanny tempo changes that did it.

→ Were Throwing Muses excited enough with the album itself?

→ David: "I felt that it was going to be rawer than it turned out but then I realised it was perfect as it was because I think we could have alienated some of the audience that we have now who wouldn't have been able to relate to it."

→ The most integral facet to the album was Kristen's personal, cathartic expressions of guilt, claustrophobia and struggle for independence and sensitivity in a society that ordered role-playing and administered exploitative pressures. It was an emotionally committed 40 minutes. A lot of people related to Kristen in the same manner others did to Morrissey. Such exorcisms can be fascinating; Throwing Muses was brilliantly fascinating.

→ Kristen: "I think I look for honesty in music which entails a lot of mystery too because if you're completely honest then there are bound to be a lot of things which you don't quite understand." Does she find it hard talking about such personal songs? "It depends. I think the songs are not me, they're very much beyond me, so sometimes I forget about them, so the songs talk about themselves a lot better than I do."

→ Has the baby helped (Dylan is nine months old)?

→ "Yes, it was very life-affirming. If I hadn't done the album, I couldn't have let the baby into all the garbage that was going on, but since we did release it, it was a complete catharsis. I think it's a very joyous album because of that."

→ The new EP *Chains Changed* — a big clue — has two pre-Dylan songs — *Snailhead* and *Cry Baby Cry* — and two post-Dylan — *Reel and Finished*. Have the songs changed since the baby? "Yes, they seem to be more 'rites of passage' things. I don't have too much dirgeness to leak out any more. It's less personal . . . It's like looking at things now, which in a sense makes it a lot easier to look at what is in right now. Dylan's one of the very best things that ever happened to me. Everyone should have a little squish!"

→ What records have given the feeling that your album has given to others?

→ "I like The Violent Femmes' first album, X's *Under The Big Black Sun*, The Beatles' *White Album* . . . I don't like much music."

→ But you'll love Throwing Muses. MARTIN ASTON



Ronnie Randall

Stump in 'trousers off' celebration as their Peel Session platter begins to surface in the Singles chart and Quirk Out still hovers in the Albums zone

The UGTAL chart as used by the people who know!

Pre-The The success pic of Matt Johnson showing that chart placings and mucho travel haven't aged the lad. Did you know he did a solo LP on 4AD called Burning Blue Soul and potted about for ages before he got infected? Betcha didn't!



SINGLES

- 1 LOVE REMOVAL MACHINE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 2 IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE Erasure Mute
- 3 FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT (TO PARTY) The Beastie Boys Def Jam/CBS
- 4 WHO IS IT? Mantronix 10
- 5 I LOVE MY RADIO Taffy Trans Global
- 6 V THIRTEEN BAD CBS
- 7 FUTURE'S SO BRIGHT Timbuk 3 IRS/MCA
- 8 TOWN TO TOWN Microdisney Virgin
- 9 STOP KILLING ME The Primitives Lazy
- 10 EVANGELINE The Icicle Works Beggars Banquet
- 11 POISON STREET New Model Army EMI
- 12 RIGHT THERE The Go-Betweens Beggars Banquet
- 13 STRANGERS IN OUR TOWN Spear Of Destiny 10
- 14 GRACELAND The Bible Chrysalis
- 15 KISS Age Of Chance FON
- 16 SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE The Smiths Rough Trade
- 17 WASTELAND The Mission Mercury
- 18 YOU BE ILLIN' Run DMC London
- 19 SWEET SWEET PIE Pop Will Eat Itself Chapter 22
- 20 BRIGHTER The Railway Children Factory

THE NEXT TEN BIG THINGS

- ROPE It's Immaterial Siren
- MY FAVOURITE DRESS The Wedding Present Reception
- LOVE IS DEAD The Godfathers Corporate Image
- PEEL SESSION Siouxsie And The Banshees Strange Fruit
- HEAD GONE ASTRAY The Soup Dragons Raw TV
- ZULU BEAT King Kurt Thin Sliced
- WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK Steinski & Mass Media 4th & Broadway
- PEEL SESSION The Birthday Party Strange Fruit
- POPPIE COCK Pop Will Eat Itself Chapter 22
- PEEL SESSION Stump Strange Fruit

Charts compiled from record sales from the last four weeks at selected specialist independent and high street outlets

ALBUMS

- 1 THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN The Smiths Rough Trade
- 2 LICENSE TO ILL The Beastie Boys Def Jam/CBS
- 3 INFECTED The The Some Bizzare/Epic
- 4 BACK IN THE DHSS AGAIN Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 5 LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go Discs
- 6 GODS OWN MEDICINE The Mission Mercury
- 7 GREETINGS FROM TIMBUK 3 Timbuk 3 IRS/MCA
- 8 NO 10 UPPING STREET BAD CBS
- 9 HATFUL OF HOLLOW The Smiths Rough Trade
- 10 VIVA X Mal Deutschland Xile/Polygram
- 11 WONDERLAND Erasure Mute
- 12 SOUL MINING The The Some Bizzare/Epic
- 13 THIS IS BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE BAD CBS
- 14 WAREHOUSE: SONGS AND STORIES Husker Du WEA
- 15 LOVE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 16 ROCK THE HOUSE DJ Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince Champion
- 17 TELL GOD I'M HERE Hurrah! Kitchenware/Arista
- 18 RAISING HELL Run DMC London
- 19 THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths Rough Trade
- 20 THE SINGLES ALBUM Soft Cell Some Bizzare/Polygram

THE NEXT TEN BIG THINGS

- MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- THE CROOKED MILE Microdisney Virgin
- UP FOR A BIT WITH THE PASTELS The Pastels Glass
- SHABINI The Bhundu Boys Discafrique
- UNSTOPPABLE FORCE Agent Steel Music For Nations
- VARIOUS Crucial Electro 3 Streetsounds
- TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES Michelle-Shocked Cooking Vinyl
- DIRTDISH Wiseblood Some Bizzare
- HORSE ROTOVATOR Coil Some Bizzare
- QUIRK OUT Stump Stuff

B Backs | C Cartel | CA Charly | FF Fast Forward | J Jetstar | J Jungle | NM Nine Mile | P Pinnacle | PR Probe

Re Revolver | PR Probe | Re Revolver | RR Red Rhino | RT Rough Trade | S Shigaku | S2 Spartan

STRICTLY INDEPENDENT SINGLES COLLECTION

1	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE	Erasure	Mute CRT SP
2	STOP KILLING ME	The Primitives	Lazy CRT
3	MY FAVOURITE DRESS	Wedding Present	Reception C RR
4	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE	The Smiths	Rough Trade CRT
5	SWEET SWEET PIE	Pop Will Eat Itself	Chapter 22 C NM
6	BRIGHTER	The Railway Children	Factory CRT P
7	LOVE IS DEAD	The Godfathers	Corporate Image C RR
8	PEEL SESSION	Siouxsie And The Banshees	Strange Fruit P
9	KISS	Age Of Chance	FON CRT
10	HEAD GONE ASTRAY	The Soup Dragons	Subway CRT
11	BAMP-BAMP	Bambi Slam	Product Inc CRT
12	EVERYTHANG'S GROOVY	Gaye Bykers On Acid	In Tape C RR
13	PEEL SESSION	Stump	Strange Fruit P
14	PEEL SESSION	The Slits	Strange Fruit P
15	BLUE MONDAY	New Order	Factory CRT P
16	INTO THE GROOVY	Ciccione Youth	Blast First CRT
17	REALLY STUPID	The Primitives	Lazy CRT
18	POPIE COCK	Pop Will Eat Itself	Chapter 22 C NM
19	TRIED AND TESTED PUBLIC SPEAKER	Bogshed	Shellfish CB
20	MAHALIA	The Bible!	Backs CB
21	SIXTEEN DREAMS	Loop	Head CRE
22	IN A LONELY PLACE	The Smithereens	Enigma CRT
23	HURRICANE FIGHTER PLANE	Alien Sex Fiend	Anagram/Cherry Red P
24	PEEL SESSION	Birthday Party	Strange Fruit P
25	BLUE CHAIR	Elvis Costello	Imp/Demon P
26	SERPENTS KISS	The Mission	Chapter 22 C NM
27	GREY SKIES BLUE	The Submarines	Head CRE
28	YOU OFTEN FORGET	Revolting Cocks	Wax Trax CRT
29	THE WHOLE WORLD'S TURNING BROUCHARD	Biff Bang Pow	Creation C RT
30	PEEL SESSION	Joy Division	Strange Fruit P
FIVE NEXT BIG THINGS			
31	PAIN IN THE NECK	The Larks	Exaltation P
32	PARALLAX AVENUE	Slab	Ink C NM
33	WAITING FOR A CHANGE	RNI Wilson	Creation CRT
34	STEAMING TRAIN	Talulah Gosh	53rd & 3rd C FF
35	PEEL SESSION	The Specials	Strange Fruit P

Compiled by Spotlight Research

STRICTLY INDEPENDENT ALBUMS COLLECTION

1	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN	The Smiths	Rough Trade RT C
2	BACK AGAIN IN THE DNSS	Half Man Half Biscuit	Probe Plus C PR
3	UP FOR A BIT WITH THE PASTELS	The Pastels	Glass C NM
4	SHABINI	Bhundu Boys	Discafrique C RE STERNS
5	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES	Michelle-Shocked	Cooking Vinyl C NM
6	DIRTDISH	Wiseblood	Some Bizzare CRT
7	NORSE ROTOVATOR	Coil	Some Bizzare CRT
8	QUIRK OUT	Stump	Stuff CRT
9	ESPECIALLY FOR YOU	The Smithereens	Enigma CRT
10	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY	The Dead Kennedys	Alternative Tentacles CRT
11	NME C85	Various	Rough Trade CRT
12	WONDERLAND	Erasure	Mute CRT SP
13	PICTURES OF STARVING CHILDREN	Chumbawamba	Agit Prop C RR
14	WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME	The Bible!	Backs CB
15	THE QUEEN IS DEAD	The Smiths	Rough Trade CRT
16	HIT BY HIT	The Godfathers	Corporate Image C RR
17	YOUR FUNERAL, MY TRIAL	Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds	Mute CRT SP
18	IN THE PINES	The Triffids	Hot CRT
19	BROTHERHOOD	New Order	Factory CRT P
20	BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE	Elvis Costello & The Attractions	Imp/Demon P
21	ATOMIZER	Big Black	Blast First CRT
22	ON THE BOARDWALK	Ted Hawkins	American Activities C RR
23	WATCH YOUR STEP	Ted Hawkins	Gull P
24	THE MOON AND THE MELODIES	Budd/Fraser/Guthrie/Raymond	4AD CRT P
25	WHAT'S IN A WORD	The Brilliant Corners	SS20 CRE
26	THE GIRL WHO RUNS THE BEAT HOTEL	Biff Bang Pow	Creation CRT
27	IDEAL GUEST HOUSE	Various	Shelter CB
28	LIVE IN AMERICA	A Certain Ratio	Dojo C NM
29	VICTORIALAND	Cocteau Twins	4AD CRT P
30	TAKE THE SUBWAY TO YOUR SUBURB	Various	Subway CRE
FIVE NEXT BIG THINGS			
31	SKAG HEAVEN	Squirrel Bait	Homestead CRT
32	LIVE IN PARIS	Psychic TV	Temple CRT P
33	PHOENIX	Instigators	Blurg C
34	BESERKER	Scratch Acid	Fundamental C RR
35	FILIGREE AND SHADOW	This Mortal Coil	4AD CRT P

Compiled by Spotlight Research

THE UNDERGROUND

82 UNDERGROUND

82 UNDERGROUND



NINE MILE EXPORT 5

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| 1 THE MISSION <i>Serpents Kiss</i> | Chapter 22 (12) CHAP 6 |
| 2 THE MISSION <i>Garden Of Delight</i> | Chapter 22 (12) CHAP 7 |
| 3 THE PASTELS <i>Up For A BR</i> | Glass GLALP 021 |
| 4 ANNE CLARKE <i>Our Darkness</i> | Ink INK 129 LP |
| 5 JANSEN & BARBIERI <i>World In A Small Room</i> | Pan East NEWLP 105 |

MIDLANDS REGIONAL CHART

- | | |
|--|--------------|
| 1 POP WILL EAT ITSELF <i>Sweet Sweet Pie</i> | (12) CHAP 11 |
| 2 POP WILL EAT ITSELF <i>Popplecock</i> | (12) CHAP 9 |
| 3 MIGHTY MIGHTY <i>Thrawaway</i> | (12) CHAP 10 |
| 4 THE VERY THINGS <i>Motortown</i> | (12) DOL 1 |
| 5 SPACEMEN 3 <i>Walking With Jesus</i> | GLAFP 105 LP |

ROUGH TRADE EXPORT 5

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 1 COIL <i>Horse Rotoator</i> | Form & Form ROTA 1 |
| 2 PSYCHIC TV <i>Live In Paris</i> | Temple TOPY 14 |
| 3 CIGGONE YOUTH <i>Into The Groovy</i> | Blast Fist BFFP 8T |
| 4 NEW ORDER <i>Temptation</i> | Factory FAC 83T |
| 5 AGE OF CHANCE <i>Kiss (Remix)</i> | FONAGE L5 |

ROUGH TRADE SOUTH REGIONAL CHART (SINGLES)

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| 1 TRASURE <i>It Doesn't Have To Be</i> | Mute MUTE 56 |
| 2 PRIMITIVES <i>Stop Killing Me</i> | Lazy LAZY 3 |
| 3 MOMUS <i>Murderers</i> | Creation CRE 37T |
| 4 CHAKK <i>Timebomb/Time After Time</i> | FON FON 6 |
| 5 SMITHEREENS <i>In A Lovely Place</i> | Enigma ENIG 1 |

BACKS RECORDS EXPORT 5

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1 NITZER EBB <i>Let Your Body Learn</i> | Power Of Voice NITZ 3 |
| 2 SEX PISTOLS <i>Mini Album</i> | Chaos APOCA 3 |
| 3 VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>Get Primitive: The Best Of Pebbles</i> | Ubik TAKE 1 |
| 4 VENUS IN FURS <i>Real Moral Fibre</i> | Backs NCHLP 12 |
| 5 NITZER EBB <i>Warsaw Ghetto</i> | Power Of Voice NEP 2 |

TOP EAST ANGLIAN INDEPENDENT RELEASES

- | | |
|-----------------|--|
| 1 THE BIBLE! | |
| 2 GEE MR TRACY | |
| 3 NITZER EBB | |
| 4 THE AVONS | |
| 5 TENDER LUGERS | |

RED RHINO EXPORT 5

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| 1 THE GODFATHERS <i>Love Is Dead</i> | Corporate Image GFTR 040(T) |
| 2 THE WEDDING PRESENT <i>My Favourite Dress</i> | Reception REC 5(12) |
| 3 THE YAYNES <i>Mr Fixit</i> | Vanity VAN 1(T) |
| 4 4,000,000 TELEPHONES <i>French Girls</i> | Summerhouse SUMS 2(T) |
| 5 VARIOUS <i>Music From The Dead Zone</i> | DMC DMC DZ 01 |

NORTH & NORTH EAST REGIONAL CHART

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1 THE WEDDING PRESENT <i>My Favourite Dress</i> | Reception REC 5(12) |
| 2 CRUMBAWAMBA <i>Pictures Of Starving Children</i> | Agit Prop PROP 1 |
| 3 THE YAYNES <i>Mr Fixit</i> | Vanity VAN 1(T) |
| 4 BRENDAN CROKER <i>Thats The Way All My Money Goes</i> | Unamerican Activities |
| | SIoux 1 |
| 5 THE HOLLOW MEN <i>Tales From The Riverbank</i> | DMC DMC 015 |

REVOLVER EXPORT 5

- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| 1 THE BRILLIANT CORNERS <i>What's In A Word</i> | SS20 SS26 LP |
| 2 VARIOUS <i>Take The Subway To Your Suburb</i> | Bam Caruso KIRI 065 LP |
| 3 VARIOUS <i>The House Of Lords</i> | Bam Caruso KIRI 065 |
| 4 THE BHUNDU BOYS <i>Shabina</i> | Discafrique AFRILP 02 LP |
| 5 CRASH <i>I Feel Fine</i> | The Remorse Label REMLP 2 LP |

SOUTH WEST & WALES REGIONAL CHART

- | | |
|---|---------------|
| 1 THE BRILLIANT CORNERS <i>What's In A Word</i> | SS20 LP |
| 2 THE CHESTERFIELDS <i>Completely & Utterly</i> | Subway |
| 3 VARIOUS <i>Take The Subway To Your Suburb</i> | Subway LP |
| 4 THE FLATMATES <i>I Could Be In Heaven</i> | Subway |
| 5 CHAOS UK & EXTREME NOISE TERROR <i>Earslaughter</i> | Manic Ears LP |

LISTED IN THE YELLOW PAGES AS LOUD

ETHEREAL CHART

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| 1 VALUABLE PASSAGES (cassette) Durati Column | Factory |
| 2 IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO (12) SPK | Side Effects |
| 3 PINK ORANGE RED (12) Cateau Twins | 4AD |
| 4 SPLEEN AND IDEAL (LP) Doud Can Dance | 4AD |
| 5 FROM GARDENS WHERE WE FEEL SECURE (LP)
Virginia Astley | 4AD |
| 6 ULTRAMARINE (LP) A Primary Industry | Sweatbox |
| 7 JUST TALK (12) AC Marias | Mute |
| 8 FILIGREE AND SHADOW (LP) This Mottal Eoll | 4AD |
| 9 GLASSWORKS (LP) Philip Glass | CBS |
| 10 LE MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES (LP) Various | 4AD |

Compiled by Dave at Listen Records in Reading, from sales over February

REAL GROOVY RE-ISSUES

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| 1 LEGENDARY 1956 DEMOS Charlie Feathers | Zu Zazz |
| 2 FRENZY Screaming Jay Hawkins | Demon |
| 3 THE CADETS MEET THE JACKS The Cadets/The Jacks | Ace |
| 4 SIN ALLEY Various Artists | Big Daddy |
| 5 ROCKABILLY SHAKEOUT Various Artists | Ace |
| 6 BACK FROM THE GRAVE VOL ONE Various Artists | Crypt |
| 7 20 CLASSIC CUTS Little Richard | Ace |
| 8 HIS GREATEST SIDES VOL ONE Bo Diddley | Chess |
| 9 GARAGE PUNK UNKNOWN Various Artists | Stone Age |
| 10 STRUMMIN' MENTAL Various Artists | Link |

Compiled by Rock On Record Shop, Camden Town, London

FRANCE IN THE YEARS 1980-1985

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| 1 MEKANIK DESTRUKTIV KOMMANDOH Magma | Celluloid |
| 2 SOME DEATHS TAKE FOREVER Bernard Szajner | Initial |
| 3 CROSSING THE LINE Asia Minor | WAM |
| 4 BETWEEN FLESH AND DIVINE Asia Minor | WAM |
| 5 RHIZOSPHERE Richard Pinhas | Cobra |
| 6 STAND BY Heldon | Egg |
| 7 BEBE GODZILLA Patrick Gauthier | CY |
| 8 DRONES Jean Phillippe Goude | Polydor |



- | | |
|---------------------|-----------|
| 9 2 Urban Sax | Celluloid |
| 10 PHASE 4 Art Zoyd | Madrigal |

Most popular mostly deleted items compiled by Lotus Records

FOLKY FEELING/NEO-FOLK/INDIE-FOLK

- | | |
|--|---------------------|
| 1 THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES Michelle-Shocked | Cooking Vinyl |
| 2 ON THE BOARDWALK Ted Hawkins | American Activities |
| 3 KING OF AMERICA The Costello Show | Imp/Demon |
| 4 WATCH YOUR STEP Ted Hawkins | Gull |
| 5 HOME AND AWAY
Clive Gregson & Christine Collister | Cooking Vinyl |
| 6 STEP OUTSIDE The Oyster Band | Cooking Vinyl |
| 7 TALKING TO THE TAXMAN ABOUT POETRY
Billy Bragg | Go! Discs |
| 8 UNITED KINGDOM OF AMERICA Attaco Decente | All Or Nothing |
| 9 MORE LOVE SONGS Loudon Wainwright III | Demon |
| 10 FOLK IN HELL Gone To Earth | Probe Plus |

Compiled by Spotlight Research from sales throughout February

FIVE UNHEARD BANDS WORTH SAYING YOU'VE LIKED FOR YEARS 1 BABY AMPHETAMINE, connections with Creation 2 POCKET ROCKETS, BAD supporters 3 HOUSE OF LOVE, yet more from the house of Creation 4 PLANET WILSON, half of the Red Guitars 5 CULTURE CLASH DANCE PARTY, got up and do it mixmasters

ENGLISH WEATHER PSYCHEDELIC STORE CHART

- | | | |
|----|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 | FAINTLY BLOWING Kaleidoscope | Citador Australian Import |
| 2 | TANGERINE DREAM Kaleidoscope | Five Hours Back |
| 3 | MOONHEAD Thin White Rope | Zippo |
| 4 | THE MOFFS The Moff's | Citador Australian Import |
| 5 | EVER AFTER Three O'Clock | IRS |
| 6 | ADVENTURES IN THE MIST Various | Bam Caruso |
| 7 | MONTAGE Montage | Bam Caruso |
| 8 | LONG DAYS FLIGHT Electric Prunes | Edsel |
| 9 | CLOUDS HAVE GROOVY FACES Various | Bam Caruso |
| 10 | SIX DAYS OF SOUND Lord John | Bomp US Import |

Compiled by Steve at English Weather Records, 12 Park Road, London N8

TOP TEN FANZINES/MAGS

- | | | |
|----|--|-----------|
| 1 | PULSEBEAT (inc free hard copy Celibate Rifles track) | US |
| 2 | BUCKETFULL OF BRAINS 19 (flexi from Roky Erikson) | UK |
| 3 | SPLENDID (flexi from Stems) | Germany |
| 4 | FORCED EXPOSURE 11 | US |
| 5 | BOB (flexi from Mojo Nixon) | US |
| 6 | NEXT BIG THING 22 | UK |
| 7 | SNIFFIN' ROCK 3 (flexi from Birhouse) | UK |
| 8 | OPTION | US |
| 9 | B-SIDE 19 | Australia |
| 10 | KICKS 5 | US |

Compiled by Shigaku Trading

THE WEDDING PRESENT'S FIVE FAVE ALL-TIME LEEDS BANDS 1 Girls! At Our Best 2 Gang Of Four 3 Three Johns 4 (early) Mekons 5 Delta 5

FIVE INGREDIENTS TO SWIZZELS' SOCCER SHIELDS 1 Sugar 2 Tartaric Acid E334 3 Sodium Bicarbonate 4 Slearic Acid 5 Anti Caking Agent

FIVE HIT PARADE SINGLES JSH 1 Forever JSH 2 My Favourite Girl JSH 3 The Sun Shines In Gerrards Cross JSH 4 You Didn't Love Me Then JSH 5 See You In Havana

RHYTHM RECORDS STORE CHART: ALBUMS

- | | | |
|----|---|-----------------------|
| 1 | THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES Michelle-Shocked | Cooking Vinyl |
| 2 | DIRTDISH Wiseblood | Some Bizzare |
| 3 | WATCH YOUR STEP Ted Hawkins | Window On The World |
| 4 | I THINK OF DEMONS Roky Erikson | Edsel |
| 5 | SHABINI The Bhundu Boys | Discafrique |
| 6 | BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY The Dead Kennedys | Alternative Tentacles |
| 7 | QUIRK OUT Stump | Stuff |
| 8 | LOAN SHARKS The Guana Batz | ID |
| 9 | SOBERPHOBIA Peter & The Test Tube Babies | Dojo |
| 10 | THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths | Rough Trade |

SELECTADISC RECORDS STORE CHART 33s

- | | | |
|----|--|-----------------|
| 1 | THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN The Smiths | Rough Trade |
| 2 | THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES Michelle-Shocked | Cooking Vinyl |
| 3 | BACK AGAIN IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit | Probe Plus |
| 4 | UP FOR A BIT WITH THE PASTELS The Pastels | Glass |
| 5 | QUIRK OUT Stump | Stuff |
| 6 | HUMUNGOUSFUNGUSAMONGUS Adrenalin OD | Rough Justice |
| 7 | REIGN IN BLOOD Slayer | Def Jam Import |
| 8 | IMMACULATE DECEPTION Ludichrist | Combat Import |
| 9 | SHABINI The Bhundu Boys | Discafrique |
| 10 | HIT BY HIT The Godfathers | Corporate Image |

RHYTHM RECORDS STORE CHART: SINGLES

- | | | |
|----|---|---------------|
| 1 | BAMP BAMP Bambi Slam | Product Inc |
| 2 | INTO THE GROOVY Ciccone Youth | Blast First |
| 3 | SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE The Smiths | Rough Trade |
| 4 | PEEL SESSIONS Stump | Strange Fruit |
| 5 | SWEET SWEET PIE Pop Will Eat Itself | Chapter 22 |
| 6 | BRIGHTER The Railway Children | Factory |
| 7 | PEEL SESSION Siouxsie & The Banshees | Strange Fruit |
| 8 | HEAD GONE ASTRAY The Soup Dragons | Raw TV |
| 9 | EVERYTHANG'S GROOVY Gaye Bykers On Acid | In Tape |
| 10 | BEYOND THE BEHIND The Stingrays | Kaleidoscope |

Compiled by Ali, Rhythm, Camden Town, London from sales for February

SELECTADISC RECORDS STORE CHART 45s

- | | | |
|----|---|--------------------|
| 1 | SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE The Smiths | Rough Trade |
| 2 | EVERYTHANG'S GROOVY Gaye Bykers On Acid | In Tape |
| 3 | STOP KILLING ME The Primitives | Lazy |
| 4 | SWEET SWEET PIE Pop Will Eat Itself | Chapter 22 |
| 5 | KISS Age Of Chance | FON |
| 6 | BLUE CHAIR Elvis Costello | Imp/Demon |
| 7 | SATURDAY NIGHT Schoolly D | Flame |
| 8 | ME AND YOU Egg Hunt | Dischord |
| 9 | VIOLENT PACIFICATION DRI | Really Radical |
| 10 | HURRICANE FIGHTER PILOT Alien Sex Fiend | Anagram/Cherry Red |

Compiled by Jim, Dickie & Legs, at Selectadisc in Nottingham, from sales over February.

EDWYN COLLINS, last five LPs bought: 1 David Bowie, Aladdin Sane (Japan Import) 2 Johnny Cash, Live At San Quentin 3 Rolling Stones, Let It Bleed 4 Billy Idol, Whiplash Smile 5 The Temptations, Greatest Hits

FIVE dB'S SINGLES ON ALBION RECORDS 1 Judy 2 Big Brown Eyes 3 Black & White 4 Neverland 5 Dynamite

FIVE KIRKS 1 Kirk Brandon 2 Kirk Stevens 3 Captain Kirk 4 Rudi van de Kirkof (I'll come back to you on this one, Dave) 5 Kierkegaard (Nice try - Ed.)

**RE-TUNE YOUR EARS!
SPRING COLLECTION FROM RED FLAME AND INK**

PHILLIP BOA AND THE VOODOO CLUB LP 'ARISTOCRACIE'

TACTICS LP 'MY HOUDINI'

SLAB 12" Single 'PARALLAX AVENUE'

CAMBERWELL NOW 12" Single 'GREENFINGERS'

C CAT TRANCE 12" Single 'ISHTA BIL HABUL! CREAM GALORE!'

(FOR RELEASE IN EARLY APRIL)

RED FLAME AND INK ARE DISTRIBUTED IN THE UK BY NINE MILE AND THE CARTEL Tel: 0926-881292/3

03 UNDERGROUND



Formed in Northampton in mid-86 from the remains of several minor cult bands, **Venus Fly Trap** consist of **Alex Novak** (vocals), **Tony Booker** (guitar), **Chris Evans** (bass) and **Dave Freak** (percussion, keyboards) • They have gigged frequently around the Midlands and in London over the past six months, supporting the likes of Dave Howard Singers, Guana Batz and The Jazz Butcher • For those who like their music dressed in fashionable black with winklepickers, there is a live tape available on Evermore Music to bear out inevitable comparisons with the Velvet, the Sisters, The Stooges and Joy Division. Groove to The Catalyst, swing to Morphine...
ALEX BASTEDO



Ronnie Randall

Duck! Quick! Jigsaw is back. Last year's sharp toothed *Winebars And Werewolves* album is finally accompanied by the debut 12 inch and, true to form, **Jigsaw Dodd And The Sons Of Harry Cross** display their sharp Scouse humour, ripping into many a helpless victim on five grub-stained tracks • The Birkenhead bard goes back to poetic basics on *Psycho Nazi Police Cadet* in 'Where's Your Muzzy' Shock, and *Twist In The Tale Of The Grab-A-Granny* Night before letting it all hang out on the full frontal assault of *They're A Funny F***in' Crowd* Them Student Types, *Nightmare At Norman's*, and the Liverpool anthem *Always The Bridesmaid, Never The Bride*. Few are destined for Radio One airplay, and there can be no finer recommendation than that • If the ultimate destiny of their Probe Plus label-mates *Half Man, Half Biscuit* was to die young, Jigsaw and the boy's more serious concerns point to a real future as the thorn in the side of today's squeaky clean, government-approved pop business • Asked about the follow up album our boy-genius explains that he just needs a few more nights in with the telly switched off to sort out the *Last Of The Summer Winos*.
RONNIE RANDALL

- The hand that rocks **The Cradle** is pulling pints behind the bar of The Trafalgar pub in Manchester. Tucked away in a dimly lit alcove, far from the maddening crowd of lunchtime revellers, are five noisy conspirators seated around a large rickety wooden table.
- For nigh on two years this has been the regular watering hole of politico popsters Easterhouse — a place where scores have been settled, tosses have been argued and the world boisterously set to rights. Lead pontificator Andy Perry often engaged in turbulent conversations, nay *debates*, denouncing political parties right, left and centre and spitting contempt for so-called "political" bands who were never, in his opinion, true to their cause.
- When Easterhouse records failed to translate their hard-earned indie success into chart placings, Andy P tried to moderate the music. The reality is there was never anything wrong with the music.

Ivor Perry could see it coming. Being the musical mastermind behind Easterhouse he knew he didn't need his brother to survive. So now **The Cradle** rocks and Andy Perry falls on deaf ears.

- Along with Ivor is Gary Rostock (the original drummer in Easterhouse), Lee Bennett (bass player from Soil), Andy Rousley (singer) and Craig Gannon (late of Aztec Camera, The Colourfield, The Bluebells and more recently, the scurrilous Smiths). A unit, I'm assured, that is destined to inflict "tuneful violence" on an unsuspecting public.

● Strewn across the table are three of this week's music press, all of which include a statement from Andy Perry pointing the finger. "A number of members have left Easterhouse after being informed that their personal performance and objectives were no longer compatible with the aims of the band."

- And so, **The Cradle** is born. The name has no particularly mindboggling connotations and although the band expressed their doubts after seeing it in print for the first time, they defend it by saying it's only a matter of time before the music takes over and the name pales into insignificance.

● The group intend to do their fair share of rocking out (*what? — ed*), and Gary describes them as the ultimate "classic rock band". Hope that doesn't mean long curly perm wigs and spray-on purple lycra pants. But what will they actually be like?

"The Cradle are going to be a great musical band, not some kind of socialist mega-pop. We're talking tuneful violence here," blurts Ivor. And, of course, *It's Too High*, their debut 45 for Rough Trade, is the classic rock single. Expect no easy Easterhouse comparisons here, this thunders along ferociously making even Motorhead sound demure. Still, find out for yourselves. The single is due out at the beginning of April.

CARLA MARX

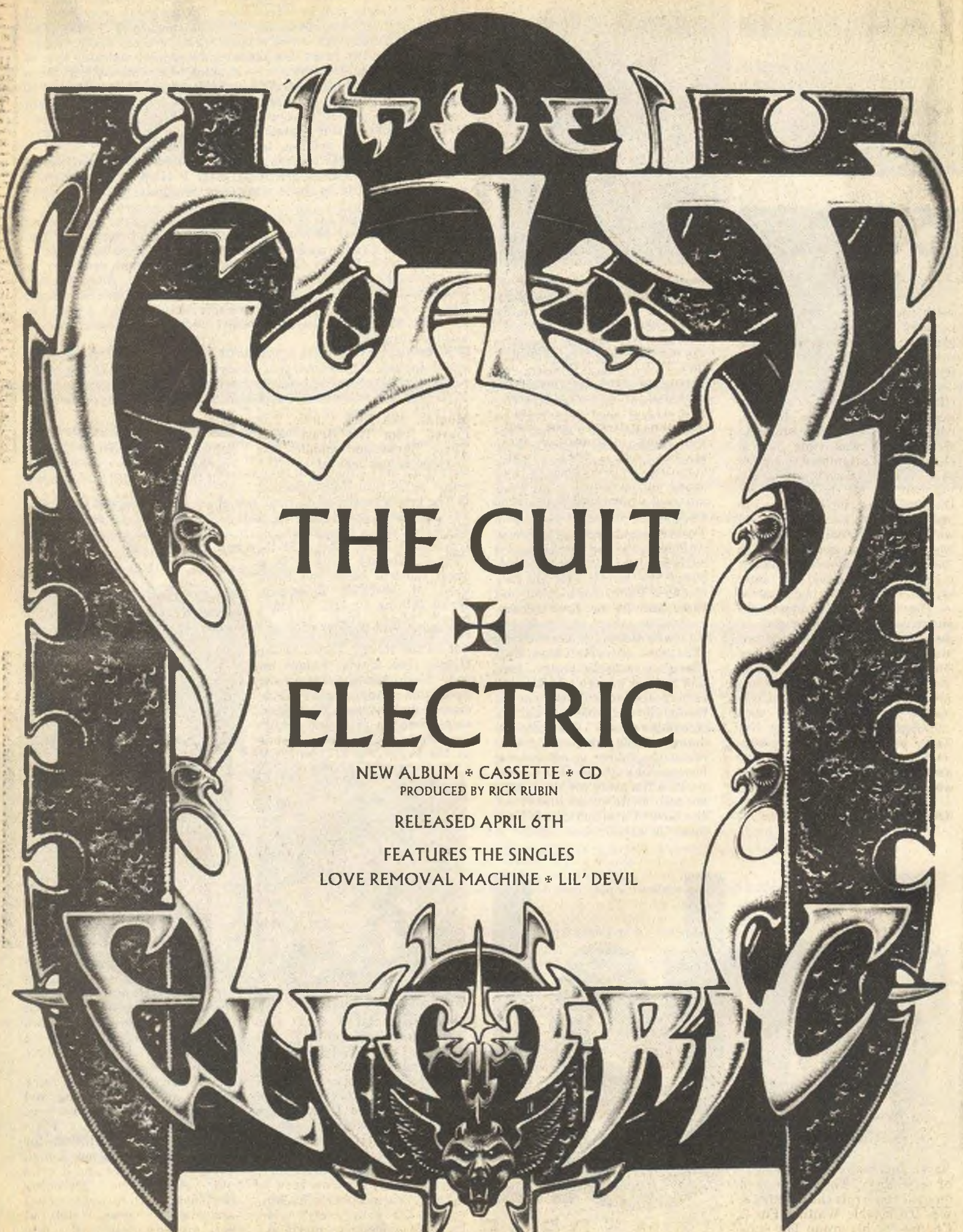


THE CRADLE

total

NAME DROP

SLEEP BY DAY * BOOGIE BY NIGHT * ROCKERS BY CHOICE * CULT CHILDREN



THE CULT



ELECTRIC

NEW ALBUM * CASSETTE * CD
PRODUCED BY RICK RUBIN

RELEASED APRIL 6TH

FEATURES THE SINGLES
LOVE REMOVAL MACHINE * LIL' DEVIL



With the threat of yet another country rock revival looming over us, we at *Underground* were rather interested when the splendid STARS OF HEAVEN 12 inch dropped through the letterbox (they're so good, they've already headed off from the limited country in the '80s stance). Deciding it was time for a showdown, I attempted to phone Stephen in his hometown of Dublin. Only one problem; no one appears to be at home! Oh well, let's give their new single *Never Saw You* another spin. Melancholy tunes and softly yearning vocals blend to create real feel and an aching passion — truly a song to make you sigh and so, sighing, I tried Stephen's number again. Ah, that familiar bleep at the end of the line. Unfortunately it wasn't Stephen but his mother was available for comment: "Stephen's gone to the station to collect his girlfriend!". Never mind. Another time eh? (Our intrepid team will try again next month, buy the single while we wait). Alex Kadis



BEAT POETS

The **BEAT POETS** are a young five piece band from Edinburgh who have made one of the best demo tapes I've heard for years. It consists of four instrumental songs that send my heart racing while my shirt develops strange Hawaiian patterns. The Beat Poets play instrumental surf melodies of their own composition, drenched in an ocean of feedback guitars, galloping drums and a wailing nearly-out-of-control saxophone. If you ever loved the Raybeats, the FleshTones or thought the Ventures a bit safe, try and catch these boys. My tip for 1987. Hoxton Leonid

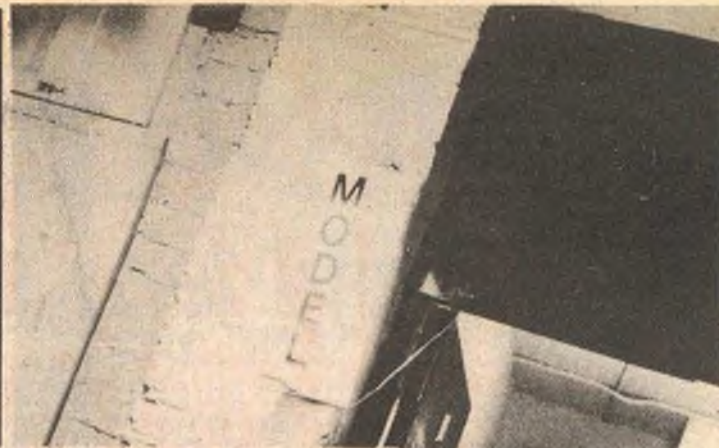
la June Bride spikey pop-style — you know, the post-Buzzcocks school of thought that's been exaggerated and ruined by the likes of The Soup Dragons and Talulah Gosh. Two yers later, Phil makes the decision to change his future and divorce The June Brides, a move he'd been waiting for as he felt that his ramshackle days were now behind him. As a conscious move away from the group sound, Phil chose the excellent, melancholy *Waiting For A Change* as his debut solo single for *Creation*, back in its original form. Didn't you realise the pertinence of that lyric, Phil? The change you'd been waiting for? "No, I hadn't thought of it actually." It's a good thing I told him then. Martin Aston

a

NAMEDROP



Never underestimate the charm of serendipity. Three years ago PHIL WILSON wrote the country & western ramble *Waiting For A Change* for his group The June Brides. Too boring, they said; and so the song was rewritten a



"In my pipe and slippers, do I look like Jack The Ripper?" . . . MOMUS lets loose the final part of his sex-and-socialisation trilogy with *Murderers*, *The Hope Of Women on Creation* during March.

From The Happy Family with Dave Weddell of Josef K in Edinburgh to solitary confinement in London, Momus, aka Nick Currie, has moved from The Beast With Three Backs and middle-class anxiety, to Biblical tales on the *Circus Maximus* album, ending with marriage and masks in *Murderers* . . . pausing only for an EP of three Jacques Brel covers. On his journey, Momus has married acoustic bliss with lyrical brilliance in a series of wickedly brooding, emotional masterpieces that are "willing to go to any lengths to penetrate the heart and to deal with any



subject." *Murderers* . . . together with its B-sides *What Will Death Be Like?* and *Eleven Executioners* considers death at face value, following his choice of Brel covers which were written in the Belgian's final, aching moments in the throes of cancer. Passionate and intellectual, the very best combination, Momus is presently without peers. Martin Aston



O YUKI CONJUGATE

Now you certainly won't find this bunch of unlikely lads courting Pepsi & Shirly down at the Limestone club . . . O YUKI CONJUGATE, a loose collective from darkest Leeds (whose second LP, *Into Dark Water*, was recently released on Final Image Records through Red Rhino and the Cartel) would rather sit at home with a mug of tea creating their own brew of hypnotic, atmospheric backing tracks for your every mood. From *Morricone* to moribund, it's well worth sampling (sic) Alex Bastedo



A HOUSE

A HOUSE are a vibrant Dublin combo who are about to make a big noise. Ireland recently saw them appearing on the much acclaimed *Debris* compilation with *That's Not The Truth* — a scathing tale about journalists and the porkies that we tell.

A House have produced some of the most exhilarating and intelligent music to have emerged from this mess. Their new single *Call Me Blue* due for release this month on *Rough Trade* is no exception. It cries out above the prevailing mediocrity with its uplifting riff and plaintive vocal. Watch out for A House here in April — well worth a butchers and that IS the truth! Alex Kadis

TORMENT

The Mystery Men

EP

12 Nep 004



Four NEW songs



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34 UNDERGROUND



MASSIVE EDUCATION PROGRAM IN ONE CHAMP SIZED BOX So, you wanna find out about the Sun label? You want to be able to hold your head up in the rock 'n' roll pubs of the world and tell people who Sonny Burgess was? Well, you need this simple survival kit, Sun, The Rocking Years, a box set containing a mere 12 albums. But first, let Snakey G explain what's in it for you . . .

Being handed this 12 LP bumper issue box set to review was a pretty daunting task, made harder by the fact I didn't get to keep it at the end of the day! Going through it track by track, and artist by artist, would make it kinda dull reading for anyone but die-hard rockabilly collectors who'd probably know everything here already. So, let's talk about me.

I discovered Sam Phillips' Sun label in 1975, when I was a 14 year old teddy boy, and heard Billy Riley's Flying Saucers Rock 'n' Roll for the first time (a version of this is included here). It blew me away, and I've been collecting the label ever since.

Everything recorded at the Sun Studios at 107 Union Avenue, Memphis, has such a clear, beautiful sound impossible to describe. One time Sun living legend, Charlie Feathers described Sun studio thus, "Moving from Sun to other labels was going from a Cadillac to a Ford," but sadly main man Feathers isn't represented here. Most of the rockabilly material he recorded at Sun was either taped over or was done at private sessions with Feathers keeping the masters.

Although Charly have made the majority of the Sun catalogue available over the last umpteen years, with this set there is a staggering 82 unissued tracks. There are 51 alternate versions and the remainder previously unissued in any form. As well as the big boys, Carl Perkins, Roy Orbison, Jerry Lee Lewis, Warren Smith, and Charlie Rich, there's a whole host of lesser known hep cats such as Jack EARL, Rudy Grayzell, Malcolm Yelvington and the magnificent Johnny Carroll. To just skim the surface, my personal fave tracks, on the rock 'n' roll side, are After The Hop by Bill Pinkey (originally a Phillips Int. disc), That's The Way I Love by Johnny Carrol (again Phillips Int.),

Flatfoot Sam by Tommy Blake, and Rosco Gordon's Sally Jo and Cheese And Crackers.

As for the out and out rockabilly; Dixie Fried by Carl Perkins, We Wanna Boogie by Sonny Burgess, Red Hot by Billy Riley and the equally frantic Come On Little Mama by Ray Harris (included here in two versions). As for what's missing, I found it strange that Johnny Cash's Get Rhythm and Luther Played The Boogie were left off, also Be Mine, All Mine by Johnny Powers, Tootsie by Carl McVoy and Whirlwind by Charlie Rich, all being rather brilliant, but still, there is so much material to compile from.

Side seven is devoted to an, unknown to me, Kenny Parchman. I just don't know how his music has avoided me all these years. His Love Crazy Baby nearly shot my socks off! None of his seven tracks were issued in the '50s, a big mistake to say the least. Another pleasant surprise was Hey Bo Diddly, an instrumental tribute to the squidly one by in-house drummer Jimmy Van Eaton and friends.

I'd be giving you if I was to say every track was a rock boppin' scorcher. This set has its share of turkeys, but in general it's a fine collection and well worth owning. Oh yes, the 52 page booklet is excellent, many newly unearthed photographs and sacks full of information. Compilers Martin Hawkins and Colin Escott spent a long time over this one.

Hold out. The reason Snakey can't prop up his other Sun specials with this tasteful box, is that we're offering it up for a lucky person who can answer three convoluted questions. Just slap it all on a postcard and send it off to Underground/Rockabilly, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.

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? 1. Which member of Roy Orbison's backing band, The Teen Kings, released the single Cast Iron Arm on Brunswick?
2. Name one of the three artists who had EPs released on Sun.
3. What was the name of Billy Riley's backing band?

Snakey G checks the mirror, shakes the grease and lets the cats into the bag . . .

Naughty old **King Kurt** (ahem) were back in the tabloids at the end of last month after a groupie allegedly bonked a 15 year old virgin and then went for singer **Sweeney** (ooo-er). The band and the girlie denied it, the kid and students present at the college gig said "Yes, it happened". The journo we sent out to check into this interviewed a number of reliable eye-witnesses, he even tracked down a tea-total type. All said "Yes, it happened, they did it". Another said "It was terrible, one minute she was drunk at the bar going on about VD, the next she was up on stage on top of this little fella humping away!" Another big fuss about nothin'.

Last year was a good one for ABC and ID Records, with releases from the likes of **The Guana Batz**, **Demented Are Go** and **The Fuzztones** all scoring indie chart hits. 1987 kicks off with an album by **The Deltas** called *Mad For It* on ID. ABC spring into action with the compilation LP *The Magnificent Seven* featuring seven of their bands, past and present, namely **The Guana Batz**, **The Meteors**, **Demented Are Go**, **The Deltas**, **The Sting-rays** and **Frenzy**. This will be followed by an album of new recordings by '70s rock heroes **The Flamin' Groovies**.

Due to circumstances beyond the label's control, the past five Media Burn releases were so late they got lost in the Christmas wasteland. So to quickly re-cap, you may have missed albums by **Nigel Lewis**, **Bad Karma Beckons**, **The Surfadelics**, **The Locomotives** and ex-Creation signings **The X-Men**. Media Burn's first release of the year will be a mini album by the very mysterious **Ug And The Cavemen**, a group the label is going very tight-lipped about.

Big Beat, once the leading label for current garage/psycho/rockabilly bands, were very quiet last year devoting all their energies to **The Cramps** and re-issue projects. But 1987, we're informed, will see the label creeping back onto the scene. First new act looks like being **Living In Texas**, who've previously worked with Chainsaw through Red Rhino.

Quiphola

Middlesex's Nervous Records has had a quiet start to the year so far but all that's changing with the release of a 12 inch EP from **Torment** entitled *Mystery Man*, to be closely followed by an album from Southampton's finest rockabilly combo **Get Smart**. We here have just found out that Nervous act **The Sidewinders** feature among their number the son of **Tony Sheridan** who used **The Beatles** as a backing band on record and at The Star Club, Hamburg in 1961. So now you know.

Scottish duo **Nyah Fearties**, a band **The Pogues** took under their wing last year, have their first record out this month on LYT Records. It's entitled *A Tasty Heidfu* and it was recorded in a barn in their home town of Lugton (that's in Scotland).

There's a new 12 inch just out from Bam Caruso's resident genius, **Nick Haeffner**, entitled *Back In Time For Tea*. Equally as interesting is *From The House Of Lords*, a compilation of new psych groups. We here are glad to see the label, known more for its re-issue projects, are putting money into current artists inspired by the heady daze of the late '60s.

Milkshakes Records' latest offering is the incredible *Acropolis Now* LP by those Chatham terrors **Thee Mighty Caesars**. Thee Caesars feature ex-members of the now defunct **Milkshakes** and **Prisoners** with some backing vocals from **The Delmonas** for good measure. Thee Caesars follow this up with another album, *Wiseblood*, on newly formed **Ambassador Records** (through Pinnacle).

Hit Records are now coming up to their tenth anniversary. With all the experience they've gained over the years, they are one of the few small time labels who know how to package their product in full colour sleeves and still make big profits. The first release in 1987 is *Run Chicken Run Vol. 1* — **The Cannibals Vs The Surfadelics**, a side each from two of the biggest noises on the garage scene. Also just out is a three track seven inch from newcomers **The Bigs** entitled *Leavin' Here*.

35 UNDERGROUND



GANGO FEVER OVER LUGTON

Nyah Fearties indoctrinate Hoxton Leonid into the genteel art of garbage disposal

Nyah Fearties are not a folk band, they are not caricature drunken Scots, they are not punks, and they are not part of any roots revival. On the other hand, they are all of the above. Live they use an acoustic five string guitar (this will be explained later), an acoustic bass and a dustbin. Stephen shouts and hits the bass harder than anyone, while David shouts at his guitar as if trying to prevent it from climbing up him . . .

The sound they create is extraordinary, it's chaotic, it's loud and it seems to be deliberate. To support this theory they've just released their debut album, and it captures the passionate mania of their live performances. The LP was recorded in a cowshed to be precise, on a small farm in Lugton. It took two days to complete and they are rightly quite proud of it.

♦ And, it all has quite a rural feel to it. Did they intend this as a homage or acknowledgement of their Celtic origins?

♦ "No, no. We were planning to put some chicken noises on, but a fox broke into the hen house and killed them all. What was that about Celtic?"

♦ No, not the football team. I meant as part of a traditional Scottish heritage . . .

♦ "Oh, I see. No, not really. I suppose we heard all that sort of stuff as kids, but we're more into reggae, Hank Williams, The Clash, Gid Tanner And His Skillet Lickers . . ."

♦ Who?

♦ "You don't know him? He was brilliant, it was a sort of 1920s country medicine show . . ."

♦ I had to ask David about his guitar or 'ganjo' as he insists on calling it. Why does it only have five strings, and isn't it in danger of falling totally to pieces?

♦ "Oh yes, it's practically in bits now. I don't know what'll happen then."

♦ Buy a new one?

♦ "No, I don't think I'd go that far. One of the machine heads fell off when I got it, so I tuned the strings to a banjo tuning . . . I really think it sounds better like that. Especially when I play slide."

♦ Of course, the dreaded slide playing. Nyah Fearties don't sound like any other band I've ever heard. They're raucous, passionate and quite unsullied.

♦ We should treasure bands like this.



RED SEEDS IN THE SPRING-TIME

GET SMART



KILLER JOE
TOMMY CHASE

Felix Adler checks his reflection and punches out...

So, what have **The June Brides, Fantastic Something, The Pastels, The Suede Crocodiles, Vital Disorders, Protex, Hurrah!, Girls At Our Best, Television Personalities, The Sinatras, St John's Alliance, Marine Girls, The Wild Flowers, Big Table** and **The Distractions** all got in common? Apart from having been part and parcel of a pop lineage which brought together diverse labels from the primal independent boom time, they're all featured on the new Cherry Red compilation series **Seeds** (and that's Volume One, Pop). Pop concentrates on these pouting pop prima-donnas or pretties, and you can win one of ten copies of the album if you get these two questions right and are one of the first ten to be drawn out of an upturned waste paper basket on April 13 (unlucky for some). If proof of the gargantuan greatness of this platter were needed, just check out the *raving* rave review elsewhere in this ish, then let your mind boggle on...

1 Which label did Protex later sign for (it begins with P)? + **2** The *Marine Girls* split in two with Tracey Thorn becoming an *Everything But The Girl*. What happened to the rest of the group (clue — think of fish)?
So, they're pretty easy. Send your answers on a postcard to Underground/Seeds, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ. PS: Those wonderful Cherry Red persons are still searching for copyright owners of tracks for future parts of this wondrous series, so, if you are in contact with **AED, Ana Hausen, Bet Lynch's Legs, Boo Hooray, Future Toys, Gods Toys, Grow Up, Greenfield Leisure, Johnny Curious, Steve Miro, Out On Blue Six, Pete Best Beatles, Smack, Suburban Studs, Tarzan 5, Tours, Viletones, Wild Giraffes** or **Zeitgeist**... then get in touch with Cherry Red (sharpish). Bit like *Surprise, Surprise*, isn't it?

Veteran hard-bop drummer **Tommy Chase** and his **Quartet** follow up their noo Stiff 45, **Killer Joe**, with a compact disc long player. Called **The Groovemaster**, it sees the unlikely collaboration of Tom with **Trevor Horn** at the production helm — with no adverse effects, surprisingly — let's hope it opens the floodgates...

Former **Prisoner** **Jamie Taylor** re-enters the fray with a rather enterprising new single. **Blow Up** is a **Jimmy Smith**-type jazz-tinged blaster taken from the '60s cult film of the same name starring **David Hemmings** (written by **Herbie Hancock** and performed in the film by **The Yardbirds!**). An album from the amusingly named **James Taylor Quartet**, titled **Mission Impossible** is due next month... That other former **Prisoner**, **Graham Day** has been equally industrious building a new empire with **The Mighty Caesars** who've scheduled a rather ambitious five LP's in the next six months, the first of which, **Wiseblood**, is out on **Ambassador** this month... **The Kick**, East London's exalted **Garage/Modsters**, have had the audacity to split this month, in spite of finally securing an Indie album deal. It seems that vocalist **Richard Brimcombe** and guitarist **Rob Adams** prefer the life of the street busker, while drummer **Chris White** has joined **The Palaminos**...

...Just in case you haven't heard (and you bloody well ought to have!) the new frequency to set that FM dial in London is 94.9... Shock horror! cries of "leave it out, I'm under 30!". Yes, I know, it's **Radio London**, home of **Tony Blackburn**, but on Tuesdays (ten to midnight) the enigmatic **Giles Peterson** spins the hottest jazz waxes you ever

did hear on his *Mad On Jazz* show. Check it out... The **Blues Brothers Rhythm And Blues** review, or is it **The Boogie Brothers Blues Band** (or even **The Good Ole Boys?**) well, whoever it is, their **Time** single is at last being released through the **Cartel** for national distribution (on **Unicorn**). They've already got through 3,000 copies at gigs in the last three months alone... Sad to hear about **Topper Headon's** arrest recently, that's the first thing we've heard from him since the brilliant **Leave It To Luck** last year. Meanwhile, his ex-vocalist, **Jimmy Helms** has been searching through various old soul collections for a new project, as well as recording some demos with songwriter **Steve Lironi**... Ironic that it may be the recent spate of old **Atlantic**, and **Jackie Wilson** singles, that have found themselves in the UK top ten after 20 odd years in the wilderness is a sad reflection on the state of the British 'Music Industry'. I mean, as '60s soul goes they're pretty boring examples. Save the expensive hyped videos and pointless remixes for the plebs. For some real wicked soul check out the latest **Harboro'** **Horace** production **Kent Stop Dancing: The Sequel** which at last throws some light on the legendary **Ski Storm Part 1** by **The Snowmen**.

Guaranteed to enliven the most boring of parties... **The Key**, that LA christian mod band whose 'religion is reflected in our music' release their debut LP this month, titled (appropriately enough) **The Golden Age** (on **Unicorn**)... Issue 23 of the country's top selling, and certainly most professional modzine, **In The Crowd** is now available with a limited edition flexi featuring **The Offbeats** and **The Pictures**, as well as countless features, articles and interviews for the mod minded punter (£1.20 inc p & p from 4, Rue Du Pre, St. Peter Port, Guernsey)... **Makin' Time**, the hippest thing to come out of the Midlands since **The Wanderers** (*wot? — ed*) a hundred odd years ago, are rumoured to be releasing a live 'epitaph' following their split last December... It seems they've turned up an early live performance at London's **100 Club**, which will be released as a mini-LP costing a meagre £3.99 under the possible title **Time, Trouble And Money**... More on that *next* month... That just about wraps it up from me chaps, so I'll love ya and leave ya with this one: Just who was **Maxwell Smart** and what car did he drive...? Answers on a postcard, and the first one'll receive the album of his choice from i'll ole **Felix**...

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1 The three members of Hurrah!, Paul, Taffy and Dave, have known each other since they were at school! "When we were 19 or 20 we formed the band, and played in pubs and colleges. Then, four years ago, we released four independent singles on Kitch-eware."

2 Hurrah! signed to Arista on the strength of the tracks which have been recently released as their album, *Tell God I'm Here!* "Originally, the album was recorded on a low budget, and some of the songs are two or three years old," says Paul.

3 Hurrah! are no strangers to the rigours of life on the road! "We've done numerous support tours," they sigh, "and we're shortly going to be on tour as support with The Stranglers."

4 Their previous single, *Sweet Sanity*, was not originally recorded as a single! "So we were over the moon when it got to number 75 in the charts," they say. "It's about getting old, and the paranoia you go through, which we all seem to be going through right now. After all, we're 25 now..."

5 Hurrah!, for those who don't know, are a gee-tar band in the finest tradition! "My guitar hero has always been Jimi Hendrix," says Paul, "ever since I was a little kid, though I don't know whether that shows in the music."

6 Hurrah!'s music is rock 'n' roll 'n' melody! "Musically, I couldn't say what our influences are. We never try and analyse what we do, because we don't want to spoil the intrigue for ourselves. We just want to let it develop by itself."

7 Their latest single is the excellent *If Love Could Kill*, and it's about infidelity! "We write our songs from personal experience," says Paul, but adds that he's "not at liberty to divulge exactly what that was all about, because certain girlfriends are still in the dark about it all".

8 Their songs have a common theme! "Most of the songs are about honesty and dishonesty, and the contradictions between good and bad."

9 Hurrah! are Newcastle bonnie lads, and proud of it! "Because we don't live in London, we've developed without any sense of what's hip. We actually live in a small pit village north of Newcastle, so we're kept very down to earth — nobody there would stand for any of that big headed rock 'n' roll shit. We'd never move away from the village, not if we could help it. It's a cliched thing, but the people are more friendly, and they have more fun, even if they are all on the dole. But it is bleak, because there is nothing there, and musically it's a dump."

10 Hurrah! loved *Auf Wiedersehen, Pet!* "It hit home, and it showed the Geordie sense of humour brilliantly," they say.

11 But Paul says he no longer gets time to watch the soaps, his favourite being *Brookside!* "Though I never got to grips with *Coronation Street*, I'm afraid."

12 Hurrah! aren't big on the ambition front! "Our ambition's al-

ways been just to be in a position to record what we want. Obviously, the record company want some commercial success, but that's not our goal. It's only an aim insofar as we need some success in order to keep them happy."

13 Outside Hurrah!, Paul's personal ambitions are "absolutely nil"! He's a pretty singular minded chap — he also says he has no other outside interests. How does he spend his spare time? "Writing songs."

14 Hurrah!'s mams and dads aren't too sure what their lads are up to! "They've been a little bit confused as to what we're doing with our lives. I think they're just beginning to understand what it's all about."

15 Hurrah! say Red Wedge, no thanks! "I find the left wing groups very unsatisfactory. In theory I agree with Red Wedge, but in practice it lacks appeal. It's so depressing, it should be called Grey Wedge. It needs a few more superficial bands in it to liven it up."

16 No, they're not anti-religion, despite the album's title! They called the album *Tell God I'm Here* because "It's taken so

long to get this far that it feels as if we must have died and gone to heaven, and we've been doing purgatory for the past five years."

17 Hurrah! say they don't read their press cuttings! "We don't pay any attention to bad reviews, so we feel if we have a good review we should treat it the same way." And yet they could be the biggest thing since, um, Dire Straits... "We don't think about it. We'd hate that if it spoils the group."

18 They don't think they're the most accomplished of groups, which is part of their charm. "Hopefully our music's got a human element to it — four people f***ing up a lot, trying to avoid being professional without being contrived. The records are always flawed, and we always f*** up a lot live."

19 Hurrah! do have their doubts about supporting The Stranglers! After all, Cornwell's mob have been around a bit. "So we've been putting '1977 meets 1987' on our press releases. But they were the first live band I saw. And I like the way they've stayed outside of it all and continued their own way despite trends. I have no idea what the Stranglers' audience will be like, though."

20 Hurrah! want to go Stateside! "We've always thought we'd be better appreciated in the States. About 18 months ago when we were at our lowest ebb, we thought about selling up and going out there to see what happened. Luckily we made a last ditch effort here, but we should be going over there soon to play. Yeah, I know stadium rock is a worrying term, but I think American audiences are more open minded. I think everywhere outside Britain is — we supported Prefab Sprout in Italy and the audiences were much more natural. Over here it's too dependent on things other than the music."



MASTERMIX

Wildman DJ Paul Howard surveys the latest dance beats from both sides of the Atlantic and, with the demise of Streetwave, tries to explain where all those def sounds are going to come from

This month, I'm pleased to say, what's really moving is entirely British. The best groove so far this year is from Scotland and it shows London and New York exactly how it should be done, a one sided, one track 12 inch (it doesn't need any dub or instrumentals), All You Need Is Love by The JAMS is more than rife with a bit of The Beatles (with a dash of MC5 and Samantha Fox). It seems to be anti AIDS, but as I know nothing about the band it could easily be a piss take.

Either way this is a superb jam, if you can find it, buy it (it's so dodgily constructed in legal terms that no distributor info is given).

Moving on, look out for the Wild Bunch's The Avenue and The Look Of Love on Fourth And Broadway. And another crew set to take some red hot coals back to NY are Renegade Sound Waves (formerly The Jackal). Their track due out on Rhythm King in late April is called The Kray Twins and is about everybody's favourite, Fasteners. This track is destined to be very large.

Three demos doing the rounds that look promising. First one is from the Cookie Crew And Beatmaster and it's called Rock The House. It's a raw house track that reminds you just how good all the early TRAX things really were.

Adrian Sherwood's World records are currently hawking around a tape with both Tackhead and Fats Comet on it. Tackhead with vocals by Ronnie and Maggie over crashing guitar and Walk On sung by the Kop. The Fats Comet track is their strongest yet called My One And Only One and it drags Wolfman Jack screaming into the '80s over a backing of Chiffons' type harmonies and power drums.

The last tape is from Newtrament who did London Bridge Is Falling Down, Britain's first real hip hop record way back on Jive. Newtrament himself was so pleased with the way that Jive handled the rumoured 400,000 sales worldwide that they gave up in disgust, but, three years later he's back with some new and very strong material, that surprisingly may not be handled by Jive. Meanwhile, in New York it's war again. As the Zulu nation falls apart, New Jersey and the Bronx are as busy as can be shooting each other in record stores and clubs. Why? Well apparently the New Jersey boys have taken offence to The Bridge Is Over by Scott La Rock (on South Bronx), the track being the latest in the Bridge South Bronx saga.

On import at the moment and well worth shelling out for are Scott La Rocks' The Bridge Is Over on South Bronx Records and The Storm by Double Image on Aleem's NIA label (which manages to make the Monkees' theme sound threatening — I love this record but no one seems to be playing it, so you'll have to search it out for yourself).

Also worth checking is The Fly Boys, on Beastie Records, with The New Style (Fly Style). Unbelievably grubby and not for the sensitive.

Over here Flame Records have recently released Schooly D's Saturday Night, so if you didn't get the import get this now. The same goes for Toney Rome's immensely underrated Rock This Way on the ever vigilant Rhythm King label.



There are *five* 3 Wise Men.

Can you count? "Sarf Landen" they cry at the outset of their Refresh single. Can't they spell? Ask about the music and Fil Chill admits to programming it *all* on a home computer. They don't play instruments? Well, apparently no, no and no, but who cares when the resultant sound is meaty, beaty, big and bouncy? Hard hip-hop from an inner city hell. The message is serious, not for them the fashionable macho man image so dominant on the rap scene. The Wise Men have a conscience and with it create the hardest hitting home grown hit-hop yet. The sound and subject may be gruff and gritty, but the method is distinctly hi-tech. The computer is the future, they claim. A new musical revolution is breaking, one with byte, threatening to chew up all existing forms of melody making. *This* is the sound of the suburbs — '87 style. A vicious blending of new technology and old tyme vocal chords. Fil is the Atari ST buff, while Jemski forms the rhythmic foundation. "We're into technology, it's the new frontier. A Synclavier costs £50,000 yet you can do all the tricks and much more on an Atari with all the extras for a couple of grand. Anyone with a home micro can have a 24 track." The 3 Wise Men are self taught, and limited to existing software, but computer literates will be able to create their *own* programs, not to mention recording, producing, marketing, distributing, designing, artwork, typesetting, video animation and all the other tricks you can get up to. The bedroom record company will never be the same. "We lay all the sounds into the ST then chop 'em up, slow 'em down, turn 'em upside down, back to front, whatever... We don't manually edit anything, everything is digital — sampled sound apart from the vocals. Drum sounds might be slam-

ming doors, broken glass — the sounds of urban life. You can change any individual note at will. It's user friendly, a computer *tells* you when you make a mistake. Non musicians will become musically creative, the possibilities are staggering, total musical freedom." People love the animation, the graphics, the games. Now they want a music to suit and they're starting to create it themselves. London will cease to be so dominant in this brave new world of technology and simplicity. The punk slate will be wiped clean. 24 track studios will become obsolete, buggered, mere editing suites. Really cheap personal systems are arriving by the day, opening up the possibilities to *everyone*. Firebird produce a passable drum synthesizer for £1.99! And the 3 Wise Men? Peckham? South London? — "We're not angry young men, we're just making a statement about our lives, echoing the opinions of those around us. Computer music isn't cold Kraftwerk anymore, we're programming in *real* feel and dynamics. Refresh is a combination of everything we stand for. We are a *real* band, a *human* sound. We just employ the best and cheapest method of proving it." RONNIE RANDALL



COMPUTER

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- 3 AKAI S900. (Hard). Sampler.
- 4 SONY PCM VIDEO. (Hard). Used for music.
- 5 YAMAHA MIXING CONSOLE. (Hard).

Totally digital sound mixing.



Who remembers the hard rap 'n' rhythmic attack of Basement 5's classic Silicone Chip or Last White Christmas? A band ahead of their time I hear you cry, and you'd be right. Well, welcome back into the fray their founder and mentor Dennis Morris, a man also known for his skill as a lensman, with more fresh, urban rhythms, four sharp haircuts and a penchant for cycling gear (the pedalling kind) collectively known as **BOSS**. The Boss beat is well wicked, the Boss vibes hard, and the Boss groove a sure fire cure for static feet! Watch out for the Boss party appearing on a dance-floor near you very soon. Jerry Smith

Big Black assume the position, rip up their guest list and tell Martin Aston about the secret art of audience taunting

Steve Albini, bad wolf journo for Chicago's *Forced Exposure*, never went out of his way to win friends. Big Black, punk-brutal guitar-metal trio from the same windy city, starring Albini and cohorts Dave Riley and Santiago Durango, aren't the types to invite all the A&R men in for free. On a return visit to London to record their follow-up to 1986's white-hot *Atomizer*, a quick gig saw their record company Blast First compile a guest list of 227. Albini whips out a fan letter that's just turned up: inside, a girl who announces she's already tongue-lashed Albini in print starts accusing Steve the journo of being a "dancer-on-other-people's-graves" before ordering a place as No 228. Hmmmm . . .

Steve: "When you're a secret, then the only people that come to see you are those who honestly have got some idea of what's going on, and now there's this *hip* element that's really repulsive."

So what's your ideal audience?

Steve: "Just guys, just *people*. Imagine the calibre of the people who come to see us now! A lot of haircuts, a lot of beards, even *worse!* I also hate those people who show up in their dyed black cheesecloth from head to toe

BIG AND LOUD



San Francisco must have been good then.

Steve: "We decided to make the show as much of a bummer as possible for the love children."

Dave: "It was the first time we had tomatoes thrown at us. Broken bottles and glasses too."

Headache is BB's new 4 track EP on Blast First. It's still fast-ball metal noise 'n' stuff, and Steve and Sant still wield their guitars like filed-down baseball bats, but it doesn't hang out on the precipice like Big Black can.

Steve: "It's mostly pretty good but I don't think it rages enough. It's not as melodic but it's really noisy and aggressive. *Atomizer* was more songs."

Dave: "We went to a different studio to write and put *Headache* together under different circumstances, so that might have contributed to the end thing."

Steve: "When we were working on *Atomizer* there were different ways to build a density in sound. One of them is everybody playing the same thing all the time at maximum velocity. This time each song has got a different approach to volume. Some we tried to make intricate and some we kept simple. All of our records are basically shots in the dark. The record we're working on now kicks the shit out of *Atomizer* and *Headache*.

What do you want people to feel when exposed to Big Black?

Steve: "In a perfect world, it would make the same impression as it makes on us. When I put the needle down on one of our records, I just want to be enveloped by it. Whatever the mood or the sensibility. I want it to be all-encompassing, to knock people over."

Atomizer flattens you; Big Black's first two EPs, *Lungs* (Albini solo plus a drumbox-with-a-filthy-temper from Dec '82) and *Bulldozer* (Dec '83) have been released together as *The Hammer Party* on Homesstead. *Lungs* pushes in comparison, *Bulldozer*, er, bludgeons.

Big Black's records are fine guitar noise, coiled up in all the right places. They are records you can dance to till you drop.



NEW BIG BLACK PRODUCTS IN A THREATENING POSITION NEAR YOU SOON. This month Blast First spread rumours of a CD release. April should see the band's new album out and, if you say your prayers right, Albini and the boys might come over to your house and gig out in your garage.

with some satanic tattoo on their foreheads who think they're really in tune with you."

After *Atomizer*'s exhilarating protest-and-survive onslaught — with child-molesting, wife-beating, pyromania, abattoirs, and kerosene as a solution — are Big Black getting distracted?

Steve: "Lately we're just protesting about the kind of audience we're getting. We cultivate it into our set."

Sant: "We get up there pretty disgusted which infuses us with a sort of *disgusted* energy."

BIG BLACK'S IN THINGS 1 Funhouse album, by The Stooges 2 Will Durant, historian and bookworm 3 Barbecues 4 Michael J Pollard, an actor 5 The Land O' Lakes Butter Lady's Tits 6 The Lotus that Patrick McGoonan drives in *The Prisoner*

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say "When we do cover versions, there's a lot more energy behind them. It may not look like it on stage but it's there in our souls and in our hearts."

Alex Kadis takes their blood pressure. The Rose Of Avalanche have suffered a series of indignities where press representation has been concerned. Charged with harking back to an age where 'hippy' wasn't a dirty word there have been pointed allegations of plagiarism. Nevertheless, they have soldiered on disregarding the relentless onslaught of those who like to categorise. They've notched up three covers to date, the latest of which being The Doors' Waiting For The Sun. Deciding it was time to sort out the Roses from The Doors I met vocalist Phil and guitarist Glen and endeavoured to reveal the true identity of The Rose Of Avalanche.

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07 UNDERGROUND

The band are steeped in musical history. Phil, a dead cert for John Lennon, explains: "I don't mind that people say that I look like John Lennon 'cause he's OK. The Beatles were the reason I wanted to be in a band. They touched me somehow. I always felt that I was different to other kids. I know why now — it was because I was shy. The Beatles tied in with that. I wanted to get famous and rich and overcome that feeling."

Glen further clarifies where their hearts lie: "We do go on about '60s music a lot because we all happen to think that even the pop songs in those days were good songs. They were arranged and presented in a way that made them accessible to a lot of people but they were good. Whereas nowadays the top ten singles are just naff songs with great production. It is production and videos is important and last on the list is music."

Not a visual band, their interest lies within the music although they aren't totally opposed to making videos as long as it remains 'a bit of a giggle'. Phil doesn't mind that journalists have picked up on the band's influences. What he does object to is the fact that they have failed to recognise how those influences are working for the band.

"Of course we have influences, The Doors, The Stones, Jimi Hendrix — he's a good guitar 'ero. But they influence nearly every rock 'n' roll band. You know, these bands that say they are totally original are talking rubbish. You can't listen to them 'cause they're so bad. And they're liars if they say they don't have influences."

Glen, agrees, adding, "It's not that they're bad, it's that it isn't music anymore."

ROA were genuinely shocked when I suggested that their own music is so much better than the

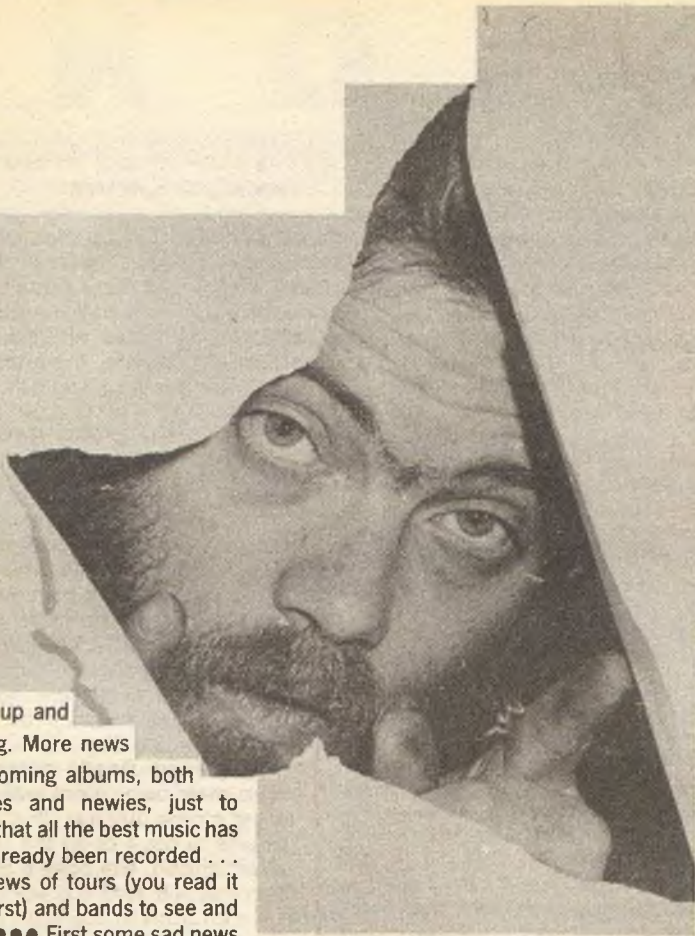
songs they cover. Still, these covers haven't worked to the detriment of the band and neither have their influences. The Rose Of Avalanche have proved their versatility. They range from the deep melody of LA Rain, with its lilting sadness and its portrayal of a futile existence to the powerful rockiness of Too Many Castles In The Sky.

They have finally surpassed even their own talent with their latest single, Always There. Originally to have been the B-side of Velvetten, the brains at Fire Records felt that the song was good enough to claim its status as a future single. Always There is a realisation of the talents of The Rose Of Avalanche, pulling their collective soul out of its latent form to manifest a fine masterpiece... and possibly a future classic.

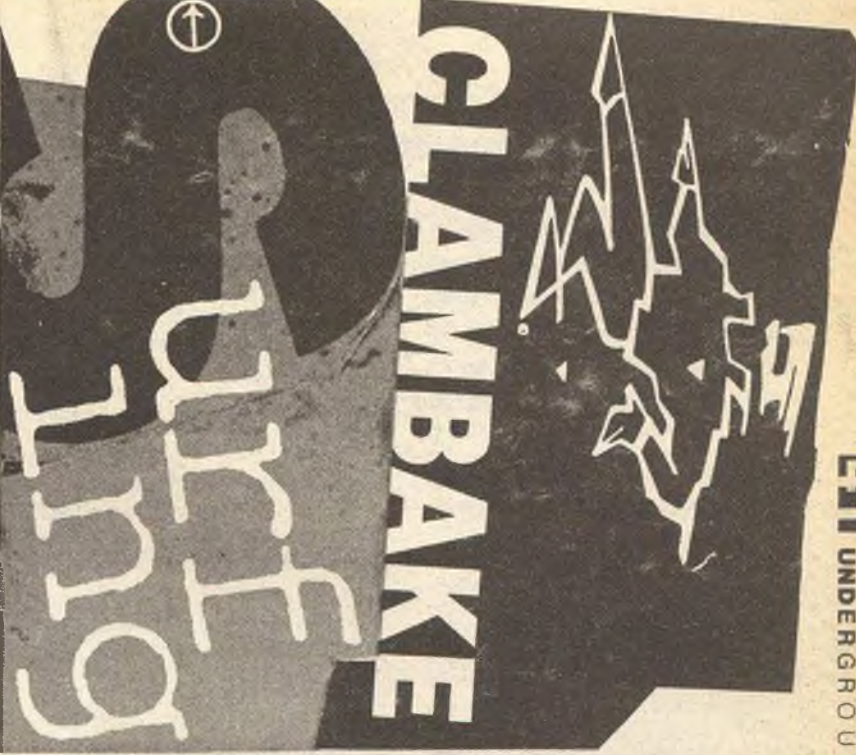
Rose of Avalanche



Get yer shades and highly patterned shirt out of the tumble dryer... Hoxton Leonid is going to take you down the cobbled back rooms of your mind...



ERIKSON: A WILD AND CRAZY GUY



subsidiary label Edsel. They are Gremlins Have Pictures and I Think Of Demons, and it's all wild stuff I can assure you... Leading British oddball **Robyn Hitchcock** doing extremely well in the States at the moment, usual stuff like the cover of *Cream* magazine, top of all the college radio charts, when will it happen here we wonder... Rumours abound that Hannibal's **Joe Boyd** will be issuing never before available Witchseason tapes including **Floyd**, **Soft Machine** and **Incredible String Band** material among others... Watch out for releases by new acts **Nick Haeffner**, described as Bam Caruso's resident genius and **Palace Of Light**, another new Bam recording bunch... It may have been a trick of the light but I could have sworn that last time I saw the **Bhundu Boys** they played a version of Wipe Out, could they really have? Why not, most other people do... It seems that plans are being laid for LA speed-surf experts **Agent Orange** to visit these shores, check out their track on Anagram's Hang Ten compilation... More news next issue but do read the piece about the Beat Poets, they are phenomenal... and send me your news and stuff, too.

We're up and running. More news of upcoming albums, both reissues and newies, just to prove that all the best music has *NOT* already been recorded... also news of tours (you read it here first) and bands to see and avoid ●●● First some sad news for surf fans. LA's finest surf revival band **Jon And The Nightriders** have called it a day. Those not familiar with them should try and obtain any of their three albums on the Rockhouse label, also the semi-legendary Splashback 12 inch which is an outrageous medley of almost every surf-classic and **John Barry** theme in existence... talking of John Barry I hear rumours that those archivist pranksters at Bam Caruso have tapes of a JB style soundtrack from an epic spy B-movie banned by the CIA for drug references, we await with interest... Good to see that arch nutter **Roky Erikson** has two albums just out on Demon and

Ex-Barracuda Jeremy Gluck meets up with hip slinging Hoxton Leonid for a jaw about his tie up with Nikki Sudden and the rest of the gang



Shoot Out At Gluck Creek

GLUCK: A MAN WITH A VISION

Question: When is a country album not a country album? **Answer:** When it's made by ex-Barracuda Jeremy Gluck and ex-Swell Map Nikki Sudden. The album in question is *I Knew Buffalo Bill*, out this very minute on Flickknife. I was impressed, not only by the personnel on the record. We arranged to meet and all was revealed ● It turns out that Jeremy and Nikki had been in touch since the late '70s and by 1983 had decided to make an album of some sort. The next stage was getting someone to put up the money and then, with both being hideously busy with other projects, finding the time. Finally it all came together and the pair found themselves in Fairport Convention's Woodworm studios in Banbury ● The line up for the sessions featured guitar-player extraordinaire Rowland Howard and fellow Crime And The City Solution person Epic Soundtracks on drums, and that was only the half of it. While the tracks were

being mixed ex-Gun Clubber Jeffrey Lee Pierce was in town and was roped in to add some of his spine-chilling slide guitar work. ● So, Jeremy, what was it like working with these people? ● "I'd always admired Rowland's playing, he's a very emotional performer and I knew he would be just right. We purposefully didn't agonise over the songs, and I think that's why it sounds so fresh. And, of course, getting Jeffrey was a real bonus, his playing was the icing on the cake" ● With Jeremy on a year's sabbatical from writing and playing prior to the LP, did he think this was a factor in what is a drastic change from his Barracudas' days? ● "Yes, definitely, I think I'd achieved all I set out to do with The Barracudas. In retrospect, they were important, they influenced a lot of bands, but things like that only stay interesting for so long. For me, there has to be something original going on, and my musical tastes at that time were chang-

ing, I was listening to more ethnic things, especially country music" ● Ah, country music. There are definite elements of that in *Buffalo Bill*. Was that deliberate? ● "Up to a point. It's more influenced by the *ideas* and *methods* of country. I mean, things like the telling of stories, they don't have to be true — in fact most of them aren't, are they? Take the Bible, for example, it has to be the best book ever written. People base their whole lives on it, but is it true?" So, who actually wrote the songs for *Buffalo Bill*, was it a joint effort? ● "Mostly. I wrote the lyrics, Nikki wrote the basic music and Rowland, Epic and Jeffrey added what they wanted to add. I think it worked out really well, I'd love to do it again." ● The album isn't quite what you'd expect from any of the individuals involved. It's acoustically based, and harks back to a time of gunfights, dust and wide-open spaces. Jeremy Gluck has made a classic album, it's been a long time coming, but it's well worth the wait.

STATION

Following the Boops banter of last year a new set of question and answer chatter surrounds a set of top sides. Evelyn Court traces the story

★ There is a standing tradition of thematic bias in much reggae music and never more so than at present. Only last year saw the long running One Dance saga set to the classic Pressure And Slide rhythm and this was followed by the Boops controversy with a score or more artists passing comment, the majority of them over a reworking of the rock steady Whip rhythm. More recently has seen a good deal of dissertation of Echo Minott's exposition of marital strife What The Hell... and now the latest subject to occasion remark centres around the apparently unwanted pregnancy of a sister named Sharon, who looks set to be mythologised in reggae in much the same way as was Hank Ballard's Annie according to R&B lore. The original theme was voiced by one **Screwdriver** on a tune entitled Don't Hide It (Sunset pre) and this has been answered in recent weeks by such as **Little John** with Yes Mama (Live & Love LLDIS 0030), toaster **Peter Metro** with Yes Daddy (Powerhouse pre), as well as a follow up from Screwdriver again called No Mama (Volcano pre). A tune out this week from **Lovindeer** — who incidentally provided the definitive What The Hell... rejoinder with Babylon Boops — now claims Me Do That (The Sound of Jamaica disco). In addition to the latest Little John title mentioned above, there is a slew of new discomix issued on the recently revived Live & Love label, all Jammy productions put out by Count Shelley via his newly

Considering just how long it has been established in this country, reggae has continued to remain ill served by the media here, with information regarding the music scant and sketchy at best. On the other side of the Atlantic, however, where reggae is still a relatively new phenomenon, the situation is quite different and there are already a number of periodicals wholly devoted to the subject.

The best of these is the Canadian 24-page glossy **Reggae Quarterly**, which provides probably the most in-depth read on the contemporary dancehall scene. The latest edition #7 is touted as a "special raggamuffin issue" and features a cover story on the 'Greetings' man Half Pint, interviews with singer Michael Prophet, producer Winston "Techniques" Riley and veterans Clancy Eccles and Larry Marshall. In addition there is a piece on the King Sturmar sound system stars Nicodemus, Super Cat and Danny Dread, plus profiles on Youthman Posse acolytes Chris Wayne, Casseyman and Lloyd Hemmings and

upcoming artists such as Don Angelo, Ken Bob... and more. Also new is Vol No 1 of the more eclectic **The Reggae & African Beat** out of Los Angeles, a 52-page glossy with articles on Sugar Minott, Frankie Paul and The Twinkle Brothers, as well as African artists Youssou N'Dour and Fela Kuti and the usual sprinkling of esoterica such as 'The Magic Music Of The French Antilles', 'Nyabingi Drums Against Apartheid' and excerpts from a Haile Selassie I speech. Also still available is the special 76-page double issue of the same publication featuring pieces on Leroy Sibbles, Joe Higgs, Half Pint and much else.



Both **Reggae Quarterly** and **The Reggae & African Beat** are £2 each and £3 for the double issue of the latter and are available, along with back issues and other reggae literature from **Muzik Tree, PO Box 11, London E16 3UA**. Enclose SAE for full catalogue. EVELYN COURT

opened one stop in Harlesden: **Coco Tea**, Come Again (LLDIS 0028); **Pad Anthony**, Dangerous System (LLDIS 0027); **Admiral Baily**, Punanny (LLDIS 0031) and **Cornell Campbell**, Nothing Don't Come Easy c/w **Super Black**, Bad Boys (LLDIS 0022). And there is also a Super Black LP circulating on the same label, We Ready Fe

Them (LALP 008). Other new reggae discomix include two titles on the C&E label: **Michael Prophet** with Loving You (CED 110), produced by Denzil Bowford; and **Horace Ferguson**, Touch The General (CED 111), a Prince Jazzbo production. While on Jah Shaka label, **Vivian Jones** inveighs with Red Eyes c/w Got A Light (859).

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Doctor's Children: herd it through the grapevine

After the success of last year's *Rose Cottage* EP, **The Doctor's Children** re-emerge with yet more in the way of popular popisms. Julian Henry ponders over King Buffalo while searching for what makes rock into pop

For those who declare that rock music is a lifeless beast, The Doctor's Children are the perfect anecdote. After the fleeting affection loosely thrown towards their debut *Tomorrow I'll Die*, the glorious exultations heaped on last year's exquisite *Rose Cottage* EP, it's hardly surprising that their new mini album, *King Buffalo*, has been greeted with such enthusiastic shouts of glee. A journo was heard to shout: "The Children are the greatest band in England... only death by drowning can stop them" Only a strait-jacket ended his outburst. So, will this new release enhance the Doc's reputation enough to boom them into the artistically/intellectually acceptable market? A beefy John Leckle production has given the songs the perfect platform from where the band can bear down on the listener. It could be an album to put the group on the map too (but, which map might that be?). A map of difficult to explain rock structures, perhaps. But is it rock? I mean, how seriously do The Doctor's Children take rock? "Not at all seriously," claims Paul singer/songwriter/Doc's Chillun person Smith. "The titles on the record, like *Rock 'n' Roll Jesus* and *Born To Wander*, are just piss-takes. How can anyone take rock music seriously?" "I've always hated Pete Townshend," he continues in an off-the-cuff quip, "But I've always wanted to play rock 'n' roll. I haven't stooped to

the level of writing a song that says "Oooooooh baby", but there's still time." Next stage for The Doctor's Children is to do a short support tour with *Green On Red*, while their company, Upright, put the final touches to international deals in West Germany and France. As ever, it seems that the UK is going to be one of the last places for people to turn on to one of our homegrown talents. But, still, we can always say we told you so. . .

CHILD STAR FOCUS
SPECIAL SIMON TURNER:
Yes, the former *The The* and *Jeremy's Secret* person, and latter day composer of *Derek Jarman's Caravaggio* soundtrack, began life in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, eventually playing opposite *Robert Mitchum* in *The Big Sleep*. One of the early victims of cheque book journalism due to an "affair" with *Britt Ekland*, Turner also had several near hits in the '70s as part of *Jonathon King's* UK stable. Most notable was a cover of *David Bowie's* *Prettiest Star*. Salute the prince of pop!



The Railway Children: next stop *Blue Jeans*

"We'd like to reach a lot of people without becoming a *Blue Jeans* pin-up," states Gary Newby of the Railway Children flatly. We're sat in a rare cultural corner of Manchester surrounded by hordes of flattopped studenty types wearing black anoraks and polo necks, sipping cappuccinos with their heads buried in this month's copy of *The Face*. Gary Newby doesn't really fit in. Then again he doesn't look that much out of place either. Having never seen a picture of The Railway Children (a deceptive Factory marketing ploy) I was curious. And surprised. This railway child sitting before me shows no evidence of being a fashion victim. He looks like the proverbial boy next door, in a mischievous sort of way, and funnily enough, would probably make a rather attractive *Blue Jeans* pin-up.

The Railway Children aren't interested in selling out to the masses, although I'm sure they wouldn't object to mass appeal but inevitably, on their own terms. Signing to Factory and avoiding the majors like the plague seems to have suited them well.

"We were on the verge of signing to Ten Records at one time," explains Gary, "but we just didn't have any control. We were 19 and they wanted to mould us into a pop band. They had no idea what we could do. Eventually we signed a publishing deal with them. When Factory started taking an interest I couldn't have been more surprised. Our music didn't exactly fit in with their corporate image but they seem to be breaking away from that. The good thing about Factory is they're easy to communicate with and they don't push you into things like having your picture splashed across the cover of your record."

Which is all very fine and dandy but what happens if you want to start reaching more people than simply the student fraternity of inner Manchester? Factory's policy of not over-promoting bands but leaving them to "evolve" often results in the band going nowhere very slowly. But than again, it depends on where you want to go.

"We plan to get noticed but through the right channels. New Order are an example we'd like to follow if we had the chance. I think sometimes if the music's good, people are interested in that alone and not in the *Smash Hits* media side. If you're not immediately in the limelight you can make mistakes, experiment and do your own thing to a certain extent. *Swing Out Sister* are a classic example of what might've happened to us and what still might. Trouble is once you've had a *Breakout* you need to keep following it up or people just ignore you."

At the moment the Railway Children are going through their teething stages. They've had two singles out on Factory. The first, *A Gentle Sound*, was precisely that and seemed far too delicate to grab the ears of the discerning public. Their second offering *Brighter* is a decidedly more jaunty affair with some feverish bursts of percussion and a sturdy tune.

"Our music may not be that wild," muses Gary, "but we've made big jumps between our singles. After a while you start to lose your inhibitions and become more adventurous. The music in the charts at the moment just leaves me cold. It's just watered down rubbish."

"Tony Wilson was saying the other day how some bands absorb influences and just regurgitate them. Others, though, are able to digest them and make them their own. I think this applies to us. Maybe the sounds of traditional guitar, bass and drums doesn't differ much, just the feel. I'm interested in rhythm and being more experimental although still sticking with a good tune."

Top Of The Pops doesn't yet beckon The Railway Children but Gary's unperturbed. He's got plenty on his plate at the moment. Besides being the singer and driving force of The Railways, he's also doing a degree course in graphics at Stoke Poly and has to juggle his time accordingly.

"I'm constantly up and down the motorway but I really enjoy it. Other people have tried to persuade me to jack the course in but I won't. I don't like starting something I can't finish. I suppose I am holding us back though, by doing it."

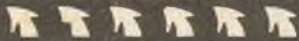
The Railway Children are a band who want to offer music lovers of their own age something to fall in love with. They chose their name because it was "cute and meaningless" and they (supposedly) weren't. They hate the fact that everyone and his dog are making records — "Nick Berry just makes life miserable". They detest the ageold "rock and roll lifestyle" adopted by many bands including fellow Mancunians *The Bodines* ("to the point of parody") although will admit to delving in and out of it themselves. They hate having their pictures taken and prefer to look at artwork rather than smiling popstars on the bedroom wall. In fact, *Blue Jeans* would probably love them.

JEREMY GLUCK
with Nikki Sudden,
Rowland S. Howard
Jeffrey Lee Pierce
Epic Soundtracks

PRESENT

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Buffalo Bill



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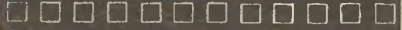
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(SHARP 039)

A great record from
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Forthcoming:
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On record, cassette
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FLICKNIFE



VERY

44 UNDERGROUND

Are your ears bleeding? Are there spots in front of your eyes? Can you dance when the music is so loud that it makes the speakers fall off the table? If your answer to any of these questions is yes, read on, and let Whiplash tell you the why's and wherefore's of whatever.



If we're talking very loud, then what about this month's top 40? With Anthrax and The Beastie Boys both charting, does this mean the nation has opened its ears to noise? ■ While we Brits are slowly getting things together, it's from the US of A that the real racket is being made, such as the new album from Agent Steel, Unstoppable Force (Music For Nations), and the capital is still reeling from recent visits from Anthrax and Megadeth. ■ Watch out for hardest-of-the-hard Slayer, due over here in the next two months — their Rick Rubln produced album Reign In Blood (on Def Jam in the US) still has no release over here, but rumour has it that London Records are taking the risk... ■ The Cult's Electric album (Beggars Banquet) is due out in April, while Leicester loonies Crazyhead have their first single released now and are undertaking a nationwide tour — including three support slots at London's Town And Country Club in eight days (Pink Fairies, Tom Verlaine, X Mai Deutschland). Cow-punks The Straw Dogs mix harmonica with prime metal riffing to make their LP We Are Not Amused (Rough Trade) an essential loud purchase (thrash country and western, anyone?) while Swedish biker-vikings The Leather Nun have a new 45, I Can Smell Your Thoughts out soon on Wire. ■ New York hardcore outfit Crumbsuckers had to turn down the offer of a support slot to Megadeth's London show be-

You lot are bloody weird!



Alex Kadis shares a pint of chips with Crazyhead Crazyhead? Errr... I'm not sure, actually. Crazy mouth? Yes. Crazy attitude? Yes.

One of the few bands to go through with the ICA Dotted Line affair recently, Crazyhead are far too shrewd to lose their minds. An interview was going down, and amused and excited they congregated with friends, roadies and manager to make as much noise as is humanly possible.

Crazyhead are Anderson, Pork Beast, Vom, Super Fast Blind Dick and, somewhat incongruously, Kev. After ten months of suffering each others company they have just released their first record — an irregular sort of ditty entitled, What Gives You The Idea You're So Amazing Baby?

Vom: "It's good and sexist."
Dick: "It's not sexist. It's the type of record you could listen to and really get down to things — you know — THINGS."
Kev: "I wrote the lyrics and it's completely unsexist."
So, are you addressing anyone in particular?

Kev: "Yeah, me mother."
I'll refrain from going into this any further but needless to say there was a well timed plea from Vom to do this properly. He is the most communicative member of the band.

Vom: "It's not sexist. It's sexy. Our sex appeal isn't contrived. Sex is ail to do with excitement and I don't think there's a lot of that around. There's very few bands that actually get up on stage and sweat nowadays."

There may just be substance to this feeling.

During their live act Crazyhead show off an incredible machismo. As they swear and gesticulate, Anderson's cute little bottom peeks seductively out of a strategic hole in his well worn leather togs. If they're not demanding that you buy them a drink they are spraying you with beer and showering you with abuse. Is this all there is to these maladjusted acid-rockers?

Vom: "We're not harking back to the heavy rock attitudes of the old days but I think it's necessary to have a bit of venom. We're breaking away from the tried and trusted formula."

Sure, there's a lot to that but, while trying to flog me a knocked off sweat shirt, Pork talks about philosophy and religion. On stage he is a wild animal. Anderson, shy and serious in conversation, becomes antagonistic and magnificent.

Essentially, Crazyhead are an intelligent group who have standards both morally and musically. So where do they really stand?

And: "We're into getting on stage, working hard and giving a good show!"

Vom: "At the same time we want people to think. We want to put shivers up your spine — that never happens to me at a gig anymore. OK, our music is saying something but why can't people just enjoy it? Why can't something be serious and yet still be entertaining?"

No reason. That's all.

cause they couldn't get time off school. Have they never heard of *skiving*? ■ There are dark mutterings about a new Zodiac Mind-warp release, but who knows what's going through the great man's mind? ■ Back to Music For Nations, and British thrash hopes Onslaught have a double album due in a few months, and in the meantime, the Bristol based band are supporting Motorhead on their European tour, the latter having regained their former insane

drummer Philthy Animal Taylor. Last mention goes to the Yanks again, and an album called Skate For The Devil by The Boneless Ones (on Boner, of course). Their motto is apparently 'It is said that when one crosses heavy metal with skateboarding, the resulting unholy union is something only the Devil could love'. Very Loud agrees wholeheartedly, and until next time, as Metallica would put it, Bang That Head That Doesn't Bang...

With their self-produced second album *Horse Rotovator* now out, and possible live action beckoning, ex-PTV boys Peter Christopherson and John Balance look set for another spell in the upper echelons of the independent chart.

So how does John Balance see the new LP in comparison with their Scatology debut of 1985?

"We prefer to think of it as the second in a series of continuous steps. We like working with recurring themes that can be linked together from record to record."

With *Horse Rotovator* they have chosen to home in on mankind's death trip and lead us on a morbid metaphysical journey down history's cruel staircase of despair, in a search for whatever it is that lurks in the cellar.

There isn't a lot of fun to be had in listening to Coil's music. But then the films of Ingmar Bergman weren't much fun either (*uh? — ed*). Like Bergman, Coil at least manage to supply creative values to balance the dark fears their powerful images set loose.

In these days of the third (or is it the fourth?) coming of austere industrialism, only The Anti-Group (featuring ex-Clock DVA front man Adi Newtin) among the current crop of pretenders have their attitude and aims as well thought out as Coil's. It comes as no surprise therefore to learn that the two plan to work together at some point in the future.

"It's really surprised me how much our ideas have meshed, especially just recently. It seems to me that we are both moving towards the same ends, the nihilistic truth at the centre of the cosmic ball, or whatever."

Coil as dark angels searching out their own heart of darkness? Listen and decide for yourself.

Klang
time
music

Coil's progression from murky waters to orchestrated melodic sounds still seems to be shrouded in depressive veils. Whether they intend to elevate their status to the press hungry industrialists of old is in doubt, but their recent album has increased the possibility of imminent success. John Balance from Coil called our very own Alex

Bastedo



Latest Coil incarnation with Peter Christopherson (front), John Balance (right) and Steven Thrower

45 UNDERGROUND

AUSGANG the story so far...

- THE TEACHINGS OF WEB Criminal Damage 12 inch CR112109, 1984
- SOLID GLASS SPIRE/STRIP ME DOWN Criminal Damage 7 inch CR1112, 1984
- HEAD ON Criminal Damage 12 inch CR112124, 1984
- WRIGHT track on Criminal Damage compilation Backlash, 1985
- HUNT YA DOWN Heavy Metal FM 12 inch, 12VHR 1985
- MANIP Metal FM album WKFMLP52, 1985
- HURRY COMES/LET ME SAY tracks on Iguana label compilation Motor City Nine VYKLP11, 1985
- KING HELL Shallown 12 inch AUS12001, 1986
- LOS DESCALP 12 inch AUSMLP01, 1986
- BAD HAND Fourth Dimension flexi given away with Grim Humour fanzine. LYN17784, 1986

DEATH DISCO

Briefly, the current story of Ausgang A-Go-Go is told by three survivors, Max (vocals), Matthew (guitar/flower arranging) and Stu (bass). Iba (drums) has sloped off.

Clearly the most obvious question revolves shakily around the name change.

"There's a song called Itchy Fingers-A-Go-Go," Matthew informs, "and a friend of ours puts Ausgang-A-Go-Go on the back of his jacket for some reason and that was the first thing. We thought we'd use this because we've got this feeling that a lot of people in the media get hold of records by us, see the name and refuse to listen to them because someone told them three years ago that Ausgang were a Gothic band."

The audaciously bright challenge to such foggy notions comes with a new record, following on from the slick vigour of their baking King Hell single. Six songs at 33 1/3 and one at 45 tell a new tale of disco-band.

In truth, you can almost feel yourself rebelling over the chintzily obvious Tumbleweed, feel your neighbour's pulse during the static rampant attack of Wasted Land, with its haemorrhaging guitar, and feel like a Tube presenter on a 10 test as Iron And Clay rams a hot iron down your throat.

But are record companies interested? I mean, they can sell ANYTHING. That's their job. Ausgang have been nine years in this biz, three actually as Ausgang (now Go-Go-ing, but not gone) and not a penny to show for it! Not in it for the money, but man or woman cannot live by dole alone. "Oh sure, we're in complete control at the moment," he shrieks in torment, "but all that means is that we have 100% of NOTHING. Maybe 10% of SOMETHING wouldn't go admiss." So, can the Go-Boys be big, Big, BIG in '87 or... well, who can say? Should be, though.

Ausgang go go go for it ● Pratininja gets all arty and theoretical about it all

FIVE BASTARDISED BEATLES 1 TICKET TO RIDE Husker Du, Hendring live video 2 I'M DOWN The Beastie Boys, banned LP track 3 MICHELLE Doug E Fresh, The Show brief encounter 4 I AM THE WALRUS Joe Pop-O-Pies, Subterranean deep cut 5 ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE JAMS, a vitriolic white label

ILLYA KURYAKIN LOOKED AT ME

THE CLEANERS FROM VENUS

VOICE OF AMERICA
New Single
'I WILL TELL'
c/w STORY OF LOVE
OUT NOW on 7" + 12"
12" includes extra track
VOA

The Cleaners From Venus
7" And 12"

VOICE OF AMERICA

Ammunition Communications distributed by Pinnacle

Heartstr

Pope Alex Batsedo raises his dismal brow and tries to answer some of the confusing questions on his O level paper in new pop. Like, how come Cardiacs wear such crazy clothes, what is Sir Henry At Rawlinson End, who the hell knows the secret of the little black book? All this and more . . .

Something weird, wonderful and smelly has emerged over the past few months from downtown Kingston-upon-Thames, something that I'm still having trouble in understanding • After years in gleeful obscurity, a series of packed, sweaty Marquee gigs has served to increase Cardiacs' small but committed following. Now, with a new mini longplayer, Big Ship, and a full British tour to back it up, they are ready to burst into the national consciousness •



Cardiacs have just released their long awaited, very plastic mini album Big Ship on Alphabet

ings go pop

REWIND

Back from the dead, risen from the grave, and here to haunt you. Snakey G rips the lid off the latest re-releases and explains just why these cobweb covered masters have been dusted off . . .

The Ace group of companies have an extremely varied batch of albums for us this month. Starting with the Ace label itself, there's The Memphis Label Story, '50s r 'n' r and rockabilly; plus a white-boy doo wop compilation from the Laurie catalogue titled Street Corner Memories, Now on Ace CD is The Ike & Tina Turner Sessions and Three Hours Past Midnight from Johnny Guitar Watson. The budget label Cascade, which has given us some great blues, rockabilly and country compilations over the past few years, zaps us with two volumes of 20 Great Cruisin' Favourites — for people with Cadillacs (it says here), a good selection of '50s pop r 'n' r. It will be available in cassette form as well as disc, so you can play it in the motor.

Big Beat steam in with Soft Machine Vol. 1, the record's first UK release featuring Robert Wyatt and Kevin Ayers. There's a best of Strawberry Alarm Clock entitled Strawberries Mean Love to add to the already issued Big Star LPs No. 1 Album and Radio City. On the Northern Soul front, Kent Records offer the compilation Kent Stop Dancing — The Sequel and finally, Contemporary issue the bluesy jazz Ain't Nobody's Business by Helen Humes.

Over at Charly Records, a busy January saw fine r&b releases from the Jewel/Paula/Ronn labels with material from Little Joe Blue, Jerry McCain, Lightnin' Hopkins and a compilation titled Rough Dried Blues. In contrast they have also released LPs by Milton Brown & The Brownies (Western Swing 1935-36), Wayne Raney (Country Boogie 1947-53), Jimmy Donley (Swamp Pop '57-'60), Ann Sexton and Roscoe Shelton (both early '70s Deep South Soul). Plans for March continue in Deep Soul with an Ella Washington LP and a compilation Testifying, featuring great unknowns Charles Smith, Charles Armstrong and Ted Ford. Plus, girl group fans will be over the moon to hear, there's a double LP set, The Red Bird Story, on the horizon which will feature The Shangri-Las, Dixie Cups, et al.

Those charming people at Edsel Records are releasing the soundtrack which The Electric Flag did for the Roger Corman film *The Trip*, so let's get the medicine cabinet open! In addition there's waxings from Commander Cody, Cody Returns From Outer Space, John Fahey Rivers And Religion, Otis Rush Right Place, Wrong Time and The Flying Burrito Brothers Dim Lights, Thick Smoke and Loud Loud Music.

Detour release two new authentic tri-centre singles this month in extremely tacky printed wrapping paper bags. Representing r&b there's Crawfishin'/Route 90 by Clarence Garlow, two hot Flair recordings from 1956. T'other is Be-boppin' Daddy by Les Cole & The Echoes/You Gotta Pay by Benny Barnes & The Echoes, both being great rockabilly from the Starday/'D' stable. The label's motto is Detour don't have time for 'B' sides — each one a winner!. Get the picture? (Distribution by Backs/Cartel).

Undoubtedly the best release of '50s recorded material last year was The Legendary 1956 Demo Session by Charlie Feathers, a wondrous disc that we played day and night, and still keep close to the record player in case of an emergency. The label was Zu Zazz Records (distributed through Charly), and they inform us that their second release is Don't Put No Headstone On My Grave by Charlie Rich. As well as the un-issued title track, the rest of the LP is made up of publishing demos and re-mixes of original Phillips Int. master tapes. No additives, but all the overdubbed clutter of girl choruses and string arrangements have been removed so it's as Rich originally intended it to sound.

'The World's leading psychedelic label', Bam Caruso have another batch of hallucinogenic inspired '60s paisley platter compilations. Staircase To Nowhere (1967-9), The Electric Crayon Set (more stupidly rare 45s), Adventures In The Mist (yet more rare 45s), The Clouds Have Groovy Faces (soft sike at its best). Then there's ex-Left Banker Mick Brown's '69 band Montage, titled rather strangely Montage, plus '68/'69 Detroit acid guitar group SRC have a self-titled album issued.

If your reading glasses are back from the opticians you're in luck. There are some good publications about just now, too. From the USA, the fifth issue of *Kicks* has arrived, one hundred pages thick, mixing the best of the '50s and '60s sounds with black humour and plenty of photos and period ads. Main features include Hasil Adkins, The Rivieras, Jerry Lee Lewis, Dale Hawkins, The Pyramids and Joe Clay.

On the horizon, believe it or not, is a new edition of *New Kommo-tion* in new A5 size, more on that next month. And let's not forget *Now Dig This*, the most regular rock 'n' roll fanzine of all time. February's issue featured articles on Carl Perkins, Jerry Byrne, and Ricky Nelson to name but three.

The Compendium Bookshop in Camden High Street, London, stock all three, and most good specialist record shops around the country should do so also.



FAST FORWARD

21a Alva Street, Edinburgh

NEW RELEASES: APRIL

BEN VAUGHN COMBO 7" MY FIRST BAND
53rd and 3rd AGARR 7

WE FREE KINGS 12" EP OCEANS, WIPE OUT GANG,
DEATH OF THE WILD COLONIAL BOY/LOVE IS IN THE AIR
DDT DISP 7T

LIP MACHINE 12" OUR WORLD
DDT DISP 3

LOCOMOTOVE LATE NIGHT 12" OUT OF RANGE
KDY RECORDS KDY 2T

BABY LEMONADE 7" THE SECRET GOLDFISH
NARODNIK NRK 004

JOSEF K LP ENDLESS SOUL (THE COLLECTION)
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Don't miss it!

The May issue of *Underground* is out Friday April 24 with all

your fave bits plus chat and chatter with Kirk Brandon, Wire recount-

ing their misspent childhood, the great journo debate... Miaow Vs The Hit Parade, Pulp, Laibach, tuna, cheese, two slices of apple pie and a tea no sugar. Yep, yep, it's all here, plus mega reviews, news, gossip, scandal, 'n' everything new... and some other things. **Don't miss it!**

HDH PRESENTS THE HITS OF HOT WAX AND INVICTUS RECORDS

(HDH CD 502)

Indie CD soul? You bet! This is a rundown of the Hot Wax and Invictus labels who set out to compete with Motown, and all comes complete with an informative booklet. Set up by legendary writing team Lamont Dozier and Eddie and Brian Holland after their acrimonious exit from Berry Gordy's stable, these sister labels illustrate another dimension of the Detroit story; of motor city soul sensations now often confined to the rarity rack • Best known track, in the UK, is Freda Payne's tale of wedding night impotency, Band Of Gold, but it's more than matched by the less obvious entries. Glass House's Crumbs Off The Table is a tale of sexual infrequency, too, while Honey Cone pre-empt much of the Three Degrees' tack. Other lesser knowns include the intriguingly named 100 Proof (full moniker, 100 Proof Aged In Soul), whose Somebody's Been Sleeping In My Bed is a vigorous, brass laden stomper • But the icing on the cake must be the inclusion of six Chairmen Of The Board tracks, all of which seem to ooze sweet '70s nostalgia. Give Me Just A Little More Time deserves Levi's inspired immortality, even though it would mean a return to 20 inch flares, denim waistcoats and three foot high Afro haircuts (owners of which, way back when, inevitably chose to sit in front of me at the Harrow ABC).

But who could imagine the sweet memories of their gospel inspired I'm On My Way To A Better Place, which at the time severely flunked in the charts?

Well, you can relive it all, thanks to laser technology. And before you can reach the first compulsive chorus the waft of musk oil will be with you again.

The Holland, Dozier, Holland axis of songwriters who fuelled and fired the Motown stable in their earlier years went on to unleash an even more colourful, glitter-studded, bare-chested-medallion-toting sound with Invictus and The Chairmen Of The Board. The story was further enhanced with Freda Payne and associate label Hot Wax's emergence onto the scene with an even wilder selection of flares and brightly coloured crimplene. Some years later, HDH Presents, an Edsel/Demon associate, have come up with a catchall CD package covering both labels' greatest cuts. Carole Linfield sinks down on the sofa and recalls the past . . .



47 UNDERGROUND

SWEATBOX

SPRING COLLECTION 1987

SEX010

THE ANTIGROUP

• SHIT minip

SAXCCD012

• DIGITARIA tp.cass.cd

SOX011

• BIG SEX·THE OCEAN 7&12single

SOX019

IN THE NURSERY • TRINITY 12single

SAX016

PERENNIAL DIVIDE • PURGE lp(re-issue)

SOX020

• BEE HEAD 12single

B-SHARP



GLOBESTYLE RECORDS → WORLDWIDE YOUR

GUIDE

Paul Simon's exploits reap mucho press, expose new forms of music to a wider audience and gain attention for styles and sounds previously unheard. Ben Mandelshon and Roger Armstrong of Globestyle release a compilation album, *Worldwide Your Guide*, which showcases the wide ranging music that the label has so far unearthed. John Lewis tries to find out more, gets enthusiastic and generally enthuses...

This introduction to the Columbian compilation album *Fiesta Vallanata* is an appropriate manifesto for Globestyle Records, an Ace subsidiary, run by Ben Mandelshon, a man acclaimed as "a very good friend of 3 Mustaphas 3". Partner in tune Roger Armstrong explained some of the Globestyle activities which have led up to this exquisite compilation, activities which have centred around the release of a steady series of pop records from the world direct to the discerning living room. It's been a slow but brave project given what Roger describes as "the xenophobia of the Brits," which enlarged reveals that "if they hear a foreign language they just don't want to listen."

Globestyle are happier with their progress in Europe outside of the UK, and are on the West Coast and attribute that to the fact that 'worldbeat' or 'ethnobeat' is an established concept in other countries.

"In this country, people are too used to assuming that the best music comes from this country," reckons Roger, and as rock, swing, blues, latin, jazz, ragtime, reggae and soul all have African elements, this is a fair criticism. But this suburbia of the inner ear which afflicts the British is a classic complaint.

Things improve though. Roger says he received more mail (interest and encouragement) about Globestyle records than anything else released under Ace auspices and over its first two years it has proved itself viable with the current catalogue of about 20 including *Ofra Haza*, whose 12 inch Galbi also gained wider commercial appeal. Galbi has turned more than a few ears (as well it should), and a few more may be turned by this new Globestyle compilation, *Worldwide Your Guide*, their modest slogan.

The album starts with state-of-the-art New York rumba from Cuban *Virgilio Marti* and dances swiftly across the Atlantic to the Yemen. *Ofra*

First of all, this is *not* difficult music. It is not just for ethno-musicologists, or for those who take pride in the obscurity of their musical tastes... this is pop. That means songs of love, partying and social comment; of local heroes and histories. Most of all this music is about *dancing*.

Haza's voice is one of those that make you shiver. *Puseletso Seema* and *Tau Ea Linare* from Lesotho follow with that elastic bass and stomping accordion (a little weakness of Ben) which really makes *Paul Simon's Boy In The Bubble*. This is the real thing and the vocals are just a bit harder.

Dissidenten, from Berlin and *Lem Chareb* from Morocco share a track. *Inshalla-Kif Kif*, from their *Sahara Elektrik* LP. Little of the dust and bells of a herber festival is lost in the translation. From Mali, *The Super Rail Band Of The Buffet Hotel De La Gare De Bamako* present tumbling guitar and rumbling vocals and are a near relation of Manding Koré music, one of the most elegant musical forms on one of the most bulbous instruments. For the last track from the African mainland, from Zaire, there's the glittering, irresistible, hypnotic *mbukous* from *Kanda Bongo Man*. Back across the Atlantic *Come Back from the Lesser Antilles*, have the most uptempo track on the compilation with a musical diversion which is one of the many multi-influenced musics with audible Spanish, Latin and West African elements.

Two more tracks represent the two albums of Madagas-

can music which have graced Globestyle, and these hold a special place in Roger's affection as he and Ben went over and recorded the sessions themselves. They are hoping to return and record more, including the wealth of politically repressed music in Madagascar.

The Globestyle train picks up speed again and future releases which are mooted include *Francisco Alloo* "very hip in certain parts of Columbia", then the G boys are hoping to head East.

"Eventually we would like a catalogue with a reasonable representation of world music," utters Armstrong the adventurer. An impossible task, he acknowledges, but they'll try.

The criterion for selection is "taste based, a mixture of grass taste, mine, and knowledgeable taste, which is Ben's."

But most important, the music in each case is vibrant. They don't mind putting a bit of information on sleeves, even a map, but they refuse to have a "museum attitude". No dry academicism here. Now that's a good attitude.

Hamdoul'lah. May he speed the camels of their distributors.

If you want to sample some of this tasty music, Underground has nabbed ten copies of the *Worldwide Your Guide* album from the vaults at Globestyle. All you've got to do to win one of these is answer this 'Q' level Geogers question and send it on a postcard to Underground/Globestyle, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ. And here's the question... In which continent is Lesotho (home of Puseletso Seema & Tau Ea Linare)?

Go to it adventurers!!

GLOBESTYLE RECORDS DISCOGRAPHY (SO FAR)

- ORB 001 THE SUPER RAIL BAND OF THE BUFFET HOTEL DE LA GARE DE BAMAKO (MALI) *New Dimensions In Rail Culture*
- ORB 002 VARIOUS ARTISTS *Dance Cadence*
- ORB 003 PUSELETSO SEEMA & TAU EA LINARE *He O Oe Oe*
- ORB 004 DISSIDENTEN & LEM CHAREB *Sahara Elektrik*
- ORB 005 KANDA BONGO MAN *Non Stop Non Stop*
- ORB 006 OFRA HAZA *Yemenite Songs*
- ORB 007 TCHICO ET LES OFFICIERS *AFRICAN MUSIC Full Steam Ahead*
- ORB 008 PABLO LUBAHIKA RORTHON *Pablo! Pablo! Pablo!*
- ORB 009 CHOC STARS *Choc = Shoi = Choc*
- ORB 010 CHOC STARS *Ava Et Ben*
- ORB 011 VARIOUS ARTISTS *Fiesta Vallanata*
- ORB 012 MADAGASIKARA 1) *Traditional Music Of Madagascar*
- ORB 013 MADAGASIKARA 2) *Pop Music Of Madagascar*
- ORB 014 VARIOUS ARTISTS *Que Listen*
- ORB 015 SONORA DE BARU *Ilmo Tropical*
- ORB 016 VIRGILO MARTI *Solilandando A Los Rumberos*
- ORB 017 VARIOUS ARTISTS *Imper All Stars*
- ORB 018 VARIOUS ARTISTS *Worldwide Your Guide*

If you would like to hear more about Globestyle but can't find their records in your store (and you've vehemently told the man with his hand on the tin that they're distributed by Pinnacle), you can reach the label direct at 48-50 Steele Rd, London NW10 7AS.

THE SOUND OF A DISTANT ACCORDION

48 UNDERGROUND

Michael Gira and **Jarboe** of Swans are in Cornwall. They are about to enter a thousand living rooms and personal hi-fis in the guise of Skin. *Marc Issue* donned his sports shirt and roller skates and headed down there too. His notebook and dog eared Filofax at the ready, he heads deep down into the lowlife



It may surprise you to

learn that it is more economically feasible to ship the entire Swans organisation over here and out into the wilds of Cornwall to a splendidly isolated residential studio for a month than it is for them to stay home and record their new (double) album in New York. This probably speaks volumes for the economic significance of the Thatcher-Reagan "special relationship", but for the moment the Swans are not complaining, and neither, for the moment, is your reporter as he trudges, one chill March afternoon, down a railway track on the banks of a Cornish fjord.

Last November and

December Mike and Jarboe, two fifths of Swans, recorded a prodigious quantity of music which will be released over a fairly short space of time, starting now. *Blood Women And Roses* is an album featuring Jarboe as singer, and *Shame Humility And Revenge* features Michael. The first release, a vast and unfolding 12 inch titled *One Thousand Years* is from Jarboe's album. This more intimate musical association goes under the title *Skin*.

We find our American

in high spirits, full of the fresh beauty of the place, well-versed in local history and mythology, and working hard.

We get down to it.

WHERE DOES SKIN MUSIC COME FROM?

Michael: "I don't know what to say to that! My heart? Whatever I say would be a cliché. From the guitar, from the cliché, from the keyboard, where does it come from, Jarboe?"

Jarboe: "Musically? Is that what you mean?"

PARTLY, IN A SENSE, BUT PRINCIPALLY: WHY DOES IT HAPPEN?

Michael: "Basically, you know we set out to write simple songs, albeit not pedestrian, but simple songs. That was the impetus, and the approach was to do songs that you could remember a melody to, that you could remember a line from, after you'd shut it off, so that it wasn't based just on sound but with certain melodic ideas and a certain insistence on us as singers."

ABOUT THE COVER VERSIONS. WHY CRY ME A RIVER? PLEASE DON'T JUST SAY IT'S A BEAUTIFUL SONG.

Michael: "But it is, it's a beautiful song! Such an incredibly sad song!"

Jarboe: "I know it sounds like a cliché, but I see my album as the different emotions of a woman, of what a woman feels. And for me, every song is touching on a particular character that I've thought about or read about or felt myself, they're all sides of that, and that particular song represents a very pure and deep emotion, and I tried to interpret that song rather than do a copy version of it. Which is to say that I was *gripped* by her crying rather than the coy kind of attitudes with which it's been interpreted before."

Listeners may care

to note the sobbing musical arrangements on this recording. *Skin* makes the gentle music peep out from Swans' armour. But more to the point, Mike and Jarboe are making a different kind of poetry, and tension here. There is controversy over the next cover version, though.

THE MAN I LOVE ...

Jarboe: "That was written by George Gershwin."

LYRICS BY IRA?

Jarboe: "That's right."
WAS IT AN INTENTIONALLY IRONIC DELIVERY?

Jarboe: "No, not for me."

I sang every song with total sincerity. It's perfect for me, because that's one fantasy which comes on the record after another fantasy, among the top three to five sexual fantasies of all women, which is to have sex with another female, so the two songs sort of go together for me. One is the ivory tower woman, with the man taking care of her and building a home for her, and the other is a savage kind of song about lust. The two seemed to go together. Musically I've always liked the song. The piano playing is over the top, but that was great, very Rachmaninov at the end ..."

Michael, standing at

the window, watching the water outside, adds that one of the reasons they wanted to do the song was because of the strong melody. Irony retreats to the depths.

Skin are a significant

departure, operating within a narrative melodic structure — a structure with a lot of time invested in it, in all sorts of senses. Accordingly, *Skin* need time invested in them, to appreciate the intricacy and subtlety of what is put in.

So far as accessibility

is concerned, *Skin* signifies a step sideways into a music which is superficially 'easier', but which requires some application before it yields its undoubted rewards. In this respect *One Thousand Years*, the first of the many *Skin* releases that will rain down on us over the next few months, is an intriguing, but not ideal, taster. It is one of the sparser specimens of the crop, with recognisable Swans' atmospherics churning fitfully in the background when things start to liven up a bit.

Strong though it is, One

Thousand Years tells only a fraction of the *Skin* story.



tales from the skin

FIVE NASTY DISEASES THAT CAN AFFLICT YOUR SKIN

1 Psoriasis — *The Singing Detective* got all crusty about this one. Sufferers get varying degrees of scaling skin and it can be disfiguring. On the other hand (or rather scalp) it can disguise itself as dandruff.

2 Ichthyosis — You get born with this, and basically it's a malfunction of the oil and sweat producing glands. Sufferers' skin is all dry and scaly, like that of a fish (hence the name). The only remedy is

to scrape the scales off every so often and lather up in Vaseline Intensive Care lotion.

3 Scabies — Rat's inspiration; in fact, it's caused by mites which burrow under the skin, particularly on the hands and wrists, and itch like hell. You have to paint yourself with a lotion and disinfect everything. Similarly with lice, who particularly like hiding out in the seams of clothes and passing on typhus fever. All that scratching making you itch? Well, the jumble sale will never have the same attraction ...

4 Rosacea — Also known as boozers' nose, although the red blotches can be brought on by too much tea as well as alcohol, much to the horror of maiden aunts everywhere.

5 Penphigus — Debbie Harry's boyfriend Chris Stein got this rare complaint, which makes your skin dissolve. It can be fatal, but treatment with steroids led to his slow recovery.

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USE UNDERGROUND
 Classifieds, the obvious way to reach subterraneans. **THOUSANDS OF NAMES** and addresses in the independent and major music business are contained in the 1987 edition of the Music Week Directory, including record companies, music publishers, recording studios, record producers and concert promoters. Price £12.50 from: Jeanne Henderson (Dept U), Music Week Directory, 40 Beresford Street, London SE18 6BO.

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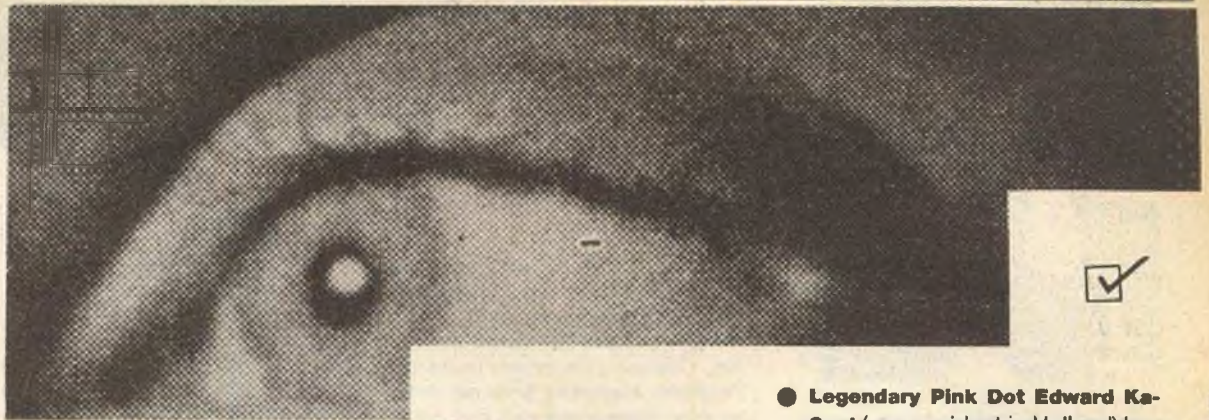
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available releases from diverse bods like **Chrome**, **Minimal Man**, **The Art Barbeque**, **Controlled Bleeding**, **Elliott Sharp**, **La Loora**, **My Bloody Valentine**, **Psychic TV**, **The Anti Group** and some other chaps ... American label Fun Music (171 South Park, San Francisco, CA 94107, USA), have in the past wandered through the avant-garde ozones with releases from **David Ocker**, **'Blue' Gene Tyranny** and **Scott Fraser**. Their latest two cassette-only things come from **Phillip Perkins** who gets explorative with a megaphone and some reverb effects on *The Rosetta*

● **Legendary Pink Dot Edward Kaspel** (now resident in Holland) has his two *China Doll* albums jumbled together on CD through Torso (with extra added tracks too) ... And, in the States, at After Hours, **Ceilings Below** release their debut self-titled album which is acclaimed as a real spine-tingler. You can get hold of it through After Hours at 14821 Lakeshore Blvd, Cleveland, OH 44110, USA. They'll also be handling **The Sharkbites'** album *Nowhere Fast* on *Minor Details* which is lauded for "never sacrificing raw energy for a high gloss finish." Wah! ... And, then we went to Germany. **Matador**, featuring ex-members of **Malaria** have a mini-LP scheduled on *What's So Funny About?* (that'll be available here through Red Rhino), and on the same label you'll also be able to get a new album from **Kastrierte Philosophen** entitled *Between Shootings* ... On Red Rhino's own *Ediesta* label, Belgians **Eton Crop** offer the comment *A Bundle Of Bucks For A Dead Dog Is A Bargain* and West Germans **FSK** opt for *Continental Breakfast* ... Also coming soon from *Ediesta* is the new LP from New York popularists **The Silos**, following last year's classy import-only gem *About Her Steps*. The new album is called *Cuba* ... And, from *Fundamental*, **JFA** (which stands for **The Jodie Foster Army**) have an album called *Valley Of The Yakes* and **Black Flag** front person and lead tattoo exponent **Henry Rollins** has an album called *House Animal Machine* ... Spaghetti. Bolognese. And, Italia! **The Birdman Of Alcatraz** have a mini album called *Gliding Off on Electric Eye due*, while **Sick Rose** have an album called *Faces* scheduled. Still on the land of learning towers, *Materiali Sonori* have an LP called *Africa* from **Embryo** (who feature band members of **Dissidenten** who caused a flurry last year with their eastern-ethnic meets western-techno music).

Stone and *The Flame Of Ambition* ... Great names spotted in the Radio WJUL chart list from Lowell, Mass, USA. Who are **Screaming Broccoli**, **Lemonheads** and **Gas Babies**? Good to see **The Hafler Trio** up at number one in the experimental chart there too ... Much talk and phrases like, "a cross between **Human Sexual Response**, **Throbbing Gristle** and **Metal Box PIL**" about US combo **Children In Adult Jails**, an all-girl outfit whose debut album can be found on *Buy Our Records*, PO Box 363, Vauxhall, NJ 07088, USA. Meanwhile, did Swedish band **All That Jazz** (from the *Wire* stable) impress enough *Virgin* staffers to get a deal from their two London shows recently?

● **Play It Again Sam**, from Belgium, will have a **Skinny Puppy** CD (they're from Canada and have recently toured Europe to good response), and there's a new **Trisomie 21** 12 inch on *PIAS* plus a 12 from fellow Belgian label *Antler* by **Poesi Noir** ... And then there was **The Chadbourne's**, featuring ex-**Shockabilly Eugene Chadbourne** plus his wife and kids. They'll have a double called *LSD CNW* on *Fundamental* soon and around the same time *Euge* teams up for a vinyl clam bake with **Evan Johns** called *Vermin Of The Blues* ... Yet more news from *Fundamental* says that **Savage Republic** (those original independent pioneers) will have their *Savage Republic* and *Ceremonial* albums released, while there's a mini album from **Shock Therapy** called, remarkably enough, *Shock Therapy* ... Last up, Norwegian maestro's **Holy Toy** release a new album (we thought they'd disappeared, but obviously not!)

die **Todliche Doris** threaten the world with a set of 44 pictures thinly disguised as a book *object* (more details from Verlag der Georg Buchner, Buchhandlung, Lauteschlagstr 18, D-6100 Darmstadt) ... **Red Rhino** plan to distribute the *Dossier* and *Atonal* catalogues in the UK, making



Descendents get pensive about Monkees and Beatles references

March sees the release of what promises to be a mighty album from the *SST* roster. After dishing out the **Meat Puppets**, **Hüsker Dü**, the late lamented **Minutemen** and much more, the pop rock and post-punk fraternity will thrill to the sound of **Descendents** on their debut album, *All*, which will be out by the time you scan this paragraph. ● Neat assaults on the nerve ends that count, melody lines that really move and songs that're close to **The Beatles/Monkees** axis while retaining the aggression that's necessary to last out today's debacles. ● Similar in assault, but more rocky (perhaps), **Crazy Backwards Alphabet** also have plans with *SST*, including a version of **ZZ Top's** *La Grange* sung in Russian which has been touted as the absolute antedote to the dodgy US TV spectacular *Amerika*, which us *Euros* have heard so much about recently. Anyway, plans for the album are being finalised and band members include **Henry Kaiser** (who's collaborated with everyone from **The Golden Palominos** to **Herbie Hancock** in the past) and part time drummer **John French**, who has seen time, as it were, with **Cap'n Beefheart**. ● *SST* can be found at PO Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260, USA.

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WHITELINE

MUSIC VIDEO PRODUCTION

THE WHITELINE vid company from Leeds have garnered mucho support and praise for their ideas about bands sharing costs and facilities in putting together quality videos for broadcast. In the past they've worked under a variety of problematic situations with **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry** (the band weren't actually there so they had to edit stock live footage to use on a song that the group weren't actually singing), **Age Of Chance** (they had about ten minutes to actually get a TV quality promo together) and **The Mission** (it was cold).

Further enhancing their reputation, they now plan to compile a series of clips from various bands and put them together as a series of 30 minute spectacles. The first of these little treasures features **Brendan Crocker** and **The Five O'Clock Shadows**, **The Mekons**, **The Moodists**, the **Lorries**, **Sally Timms**, **The Batfish Boys** and **O Yuki Conjugate**. Interested parties can get further details of the product and services available from Whiteline at The Colosseum Production Centre, Portland Gate, Leeds LS2 3AW. (vid price is £12.50 incl p&p.)

But for five lucky *Underground* readers, there's a chance here and now to win a copy of Whiteline's first 30 minute compilation, and all you've got to do is answer the following question correctly, and mail your answer to Whiteline/*Underground*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 to arrive no later than April 13.

So, here's the question ...

Red Lorry, Yellow Lorry released an album entitled **Paint Your Wagon** on **Red Rhino** last year. They took the title from a film starring **Lee Marvin** and ol' **Lee** had a bit of a hit with a tune from the film, that your ma and pa may recall (it went to number one). *What was it called?*



VISION (Flat 8, 386-388 Park View Mansions, Green Lanes, London W4) A sultry blend of down tempo reggae from a new outfit based in South London. Changes is somewhere between a full-blown aggressive work out and a sweeter, more lovers rock feel, but it stands as an impressive debut nevertheless; apparently it will be available as a single in the not too distant future, place your orders at Daddy Kool ASAP.

7 8 7 8

THE UNEVEN PLANET (Tel: (0602) 830798) They look a bit, er, odd on the cassette sleeve. Who are these long haired people and what do they want? One vexed member of the reviewing team was heard to mumble "a psychedelic U2" as the tape progressed. Then it all started to get more and more '60s, so we got spaced out just to get in the mood (man!). Unfortunately life goes forwards rather than backwards so we can only wonder at what fate has in store for The Uneven Planet.

6 5 7 7

SAM SAM SAM (Tel: 01-881 4864) Popsox, this group's first song, runs along at a "jolly" pace. They seem to be trying to lift the mood. They don't really succeed but it's interesting enough to keep your attention. Then, suddenly, completely without warning, something strange happened — we started arguing among ourselves as to the magnitude or failings of this combo. We couldn't reach an agreed corporate opinion, which must mean *something*. Competent, clean pop with a little more (or less) than is needed to succeed, depending on your viewpoint.

6 8 7 8

THE MIRACLE MILE (clo Trevor Jones, North London Squash Club, Muswell Hill, London N10) Ah! A tune! A melody! These people must have been busy practising because they actually sound like they know what they're doing. Who remembers Al Stewart? The Miracle Mile do, although they may not want to admit it in public, but they don't seem too embarrassed to pull out their guitars and strum away in a most impressive fashion. Have they got a record deal yet? This wins the coveted 'Tape Of The Week' award (have we got one? — ed).

8 7 9 8

Edited by Julian Henry • each month in *Underground* we'll be wading through the box of demos and threatening letters in an attempt to see who is coming up, who the A&R men are being subjected to, and who are going to be worth watching. Each month a panel of guest reviewers, featuring journalists, DJs, producers, A&R men and the like, will be assembled around an unsuspecting tape deck and their reactions will be systematically taken down and rated. The numbered system after each review refers to marks out of ten for content, delivery, presentation and potential.

d e m o s

WONDERS OF THE DEEP (clo Notion Pictures, 38 Park Road, Coventry CV1 2LD) Only a four track demo, but there are some expensive ideas rumbling around here. Have these people been off to the Canary Islands for their holidays, or have they just been listening to Club Tropicana for the past few weeks? Whatever, she sings nicely, and the band motor in a relaxed fashion. Give them an enormous record deal someone.

6 8 8 7

THE DUBIOUS BROTHERS (clo FFY Music, tel: (07373) 55990) Why did they have to call themselves The Dubious Brothers? I mean, we've already got the Reverb, Everly, Faith, Warner, Pontiac and hundreds of other brothers. Unfortunately the music demonstrates a similar lack of imagination. It's what some people would call 'pop', but it's hard to imagine this getting much further than the starting post.

4 5 3 3

THE ONAN BROTHERS (clo The Blue Room, tel: 01-724 7435) Didn't these people hear what we said in the last review? Change your name boys. Do something radical. The music was good, yes we like it fast, the way it runs about like The Woodentops. Gets a bit close to the headless chicken at times, but what the hell? Best song is Mice & Men.

6 7 5 7

ROBERT POSS (clo True Elements Records, 72 East 4th Street, Suite 11D, New York, NY 10009) Warning: This tape arrived in a rather nicely presented cassette case; it looks professional. We are suspicious. Rather pleasing therefore to discover some primitive guitars and drums grinding away in a fashion that is neither boring nor unapproachable. In fact this cassette opened its arms and welcomed us to such a degree that one *Underground* person was immediately despatched to NY to find out more about Robert Poss and what exactly he's up to (well, he was allowed to call Robert on the 'phone).

8 8 7 8

VIRTUE (clo The Lodge Studio, Claret Hall Farm, Near Clare, Suffolk) Thank God! Some bloody good, non-nonsense hard-rockin' metal! Blimey! Alright, so they worship the devil. OK, so some of them beat themselves up. And there's no telling what they get up to with all those chains ... but let's face it, at least you know where you are with good old fashion cock 'n' roll. This cassette ended up in the dustbin.

4 2 4 3

So, if you want your demo tapes given the attention that they no doubt deserve, send them along to *Underground*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1.

SHEET



WHAT'S HAPPENING to the live circuit these days? Our scribes went in their best togs to see **Miaow**, **Age Of Chance**, **The Wallflowers** and **The Stupids**, and also recommended a whole lot more that they thought were worth seeing. Have you got any better ideas? Write us at *Underground* . . .

The Astoria in London suddenly becomes a rather good place to be on a Friday night. First it was **Voice Of The Beehive**, **The Wishing Stones** and **Microdisney**, and then another trio of new(ish) talent parading their wares. Unfortunately not many people were present to witness **The Wallflowers** jangling and posing moodily around the stage, though their cover of **The dB's** Big Brown Eyes was enough to raise a few eyebrows. **Miaow** were, well, Miaow. They've sprouted another guitar player since the last sighting, and also have an ex-**Higson** blowing what looked to be a clarinet or oboe or something; are they becoming a bit Latin, or is it my imagination? **Age Of Chance** appeared in an enormous explosion of colour (decked out in customary biking gear) and noise. They're aggressive, confident, and definitely 1987's answer to **The Glitter Band**. People will buy their records.

At the IGlo in West London the mood is different. So what's the IGlo about?

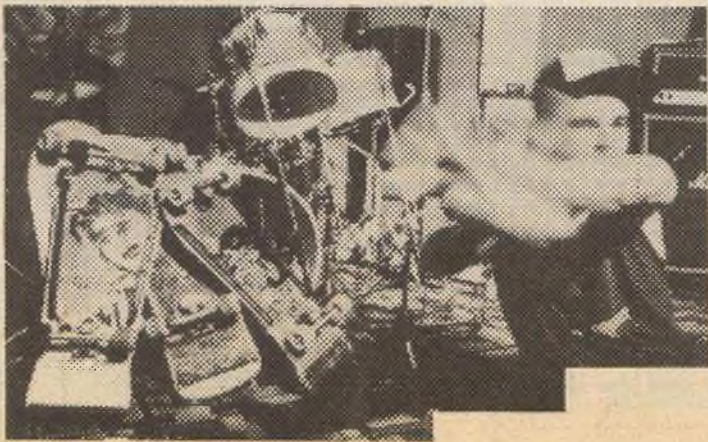
"A kindred spirit. It's the music and attitude we care about, not individual bands."

Indeed, individuality seems at a premium inside the club. Apart from the uniformed punk punters, all three groups on this (or any) night are expected to provide two, 15 minute sets in strict rotation and using the same basic equipment. Fast and furious is the aim, hardcore punk is the game.

There's a decaying scruffiness about the atmosphere, and yes, that is **Peel** and **Walters** quietly sipping lagers in the corner. A French girl catches my ear.

Tommy, **The Stupids**, drummer ambles over clad in a **Beastie Boys** T-shirt, skateboard firmly clamped under a sweaty armpit. A hip-hop look, yet a hardcore sound?

"It's a New York aggressiveness, we're not ashamed to be called punk rock. I'm against labels and fashion."



Around and about on the old live circuit there're tips and touts pointing fingers at all sorts of dishevelled music ● For instance, **Toxic Kangaroo Babies** have been impressing all and sundry with their poppy quasi-psychedelic sound riddled with great tunes. What's more, they're very young ● More loud and threatening are Scots outfit **The Hook 'n' Pull Gang** who centre around a hollering girl drummer-come-vocalist who puts **Phil Collins** to shame. It's an aggressive shock-rock sound that's fearsome and really *not* the kind of stuff you want looming behind you down a dark alley ● Meanwhile, up in Birmingham something stirs; they're called **Wonderstuff** and apparently they're a 'band of long-hairs who play short-haired music' with someone who sounds like **Pete Shelley** on vocals. Several major labels are reportedly sniffing around ● New York hot-shooters **The Smithereens** are back in the UK for an appearance on Saturday Live and a solitary gig at the Mean Fiddler on 23.3.87, though they make the trip without **Suzanne Vega** who sang on their last single ● Rough Traders **The Apartment** scored an impressive showing supporting **The Weather Prophets** at London's Kings College recently — on the same night, mob warfare was breaking out at The Astoria as thousands clamoured for admittance to **BAD**'s second London show. **Rusty Egan** was one of the unlucky ones who unsuccessfully tried to blag a free entrance. And, the entire staff of Virgin Records are rumoured to have turned out to see their new signing, **All That Jazz**, at their date supporting **Berlin** at The Town & Country Club ● What are the odds on Scandinavia being this year's Sheffield/Liverpool/Glasgow? Apart from the Jazz, there's **The Leather Nun**, **Gangway**, **The Water Melon Men** ● When will it end? And what's this we hear about **The Primitives** going 'round record companies asking for a £200,000 advance and 19 per cent of their record sales? ● **We've Got A Fuzzbox** look to be trying to do something different — their repertoire at The Camden Palace included accapella versions of How Much Is That Doggie In The Window and Tutti Frutti ● One time **High Bees** person **Ollie** seen resurfacing at the Albany Empire with a new seven piece combo **O-Oh Chongo** — they're reported as being 'sort of Postcardy' and feature two young ladies blowing clarinets ● London's most determined live act, **The Larks** are finally beginning to encounter the taste of fame and fortune — their latest acquisition is a huge Mercedes van in which they travel the length and breadth of the country carrying fans, roadies, band members and other assorted well-wishers. Other hot tips include **Boss** (whose recent Delirium show featured go-go dancers, *Apocalypse Now*) and **Breathless**, featuring **This Mortal Coil**'s **Dominic Appleby**, who certainly wowed them with a cram packed soiree above a pizza house. Several A&R men were seen to collapse from the heat and the collected weight of their wallets. Till next month, *salut*, and happy slam dancing.

GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK 'N' ROLL HISTORY NUMERO UNO



Oh yes, oh yes, oh no. Grrrrrrreat momentos in *la histoire* rock 'n' roll . . .

Witness here, the, yes *the* **The Person** **Matt Johnson** beating hell out of an unsuspecting tin sink with the aid of **Clint Ruin** (also of **Foetus Uber Frisco**, **Wiseblood**, **You've Got Foetus On Your Breath**, **FAT**, **Foetus Foetus Madrid** etc etc). This epic metal meets drumstick barrage took place a couple of years back when Matt presented the "history of rock 'n' roll" at the Marquee. Other guests included a **King Of Luxembourg**, a **Marc Almond**, a **Weatherman**, a **Colin Lloyd Tucker** and other strange people.

MOTOMOUTH

A MESSAGE FROM OUR PATRONS 1 **CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN**

54 UNDERGROUND



David Van Beethoven was forcefully cajoled into writing this missive as the Campers entered the UK for their first ever visit. You want to get the original, framed? Then for all you fact fans, noting that the group have just had their classic Take The Skinheads Bowling single re-released, which band, who originally dressed as skinheads, later went on to get really old and boring before having a hit with Merry Xmas Everybody? Answers on a postcard to Beethoven/Underground, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 7QZ, to arrive no later than April 13.

The scribble on the pic sez: Hello, greetings to readers of Underground from top wrestling championship & Roller Derby band "Camper Van Beethoven". We are very excited about being here in the UK and look forward to playing for the cheering masses here as we do from time to time in the USA. Victor and Jonathan are particularly excited about being here as they want to watch the pagan ritual you call cricket and have spent many afternoons wearing fezzes in the hope of getting true and pure feelings and because it helps to keep the plague of flying saucers in check — David.

The place where all roads end, the place where everyone gets a chance to have their say. • This month *Sudden Sway* give us their first paragraph of, er,

Story of the Theory of 622 Worlds (In 622 Words)

Papkids! Here comes a pap-kid, only 622 words in his mouth & is that a theory about worlds tangled up in his nuts & bowels? It is.

"Worlds" it goes — well that's one word for them (Belief-space is another two) "Everyone's got ONE small private one while the world's got ONE big public one". All very well pap-kid but as with any theory, either people can't see its 'applications' yet — like that bloke who invented the computer 150 yrs too early — or else they get phased & retreat back into that private world.

"Your world is always the easiest" you see "its demands are the same as your expectations" you dig?

• Meanwhile, back in the libel courts, *Slaughter Joe* attempts to expose the world and its shortcomings with mentions of *Dan Treacy*, creative accounting, men in suits, scabby moustaches, business

lawyers and suchlike. We might have been able to print it if we could have afforded a million dollar defence budget for ourselves. Still, that's journo roll and this column is for you to tell us why you think. . . oh, you know.

Overend Watts, the semi-mythical figure who laid down the bass-lines for Mott The Hoople during the '70s, has been out of the spotlight for some years now. Until the *Underground* research team unearthed him in West London, that is. We leave no Stone (sorry, Mott) uncovered ••• Now known as Peter Watts, Overend spends his time running a second hand shop — The Duke Of Bedford Park — in Southfields Road, Chiswick. Customers can rifle through scores of second hand and/or rare records, Star Wars toys, old wireless sets and other such collectables. And, there's more • Hidden in the back room lie objets d'art. One such is the huge hand-made 'silver bird' bass guitar that he would manhandle throughout All The Way To Memphis, not to mention a pair of six-inch platform boots that rise to the hip (sorry, I *didn't mean* to mention them) • Nouveau celeb Billy Bragg, who lives nearby, is a regular caller to Overend's emporium where ambitious schemes to build a studio on the premises, and numerous fishing expeditions around the UK, are discussed in demanding detail. JULIAN HENRY

UNDERGROUND: loud and nasty
ISSUE ONE: Bang zoom special!
Published by Spotlight Publications Ltd
Greater London House
Hampstead Road
London NW1 7QZ
Telephone 01-387 6611
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Fax 01-388 5010
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PUBLISHER Eric Fuller
GROUP PUBLISHING
DIRECTOR Mike Sharman
MANAGING DIRECTOR Jack Hutton
Distribution
Spotlight Magazine Distribution,
1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX
Telephone 01-700 4600
Typeset by Offshoot Graphics Co,
17-18 Great Sutton Street,
London EC1
Printed by
Chesham Press, 16-18 Germaine St,
Chesham, Bucks
ISSN 0951-502X
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W H A T
E V E R
happened TO
Overend Watts

Now you
can afford
to turn up the
volume and
reduce the noise.



At last, something you thought you couldn't get for the price. An all-purpose tape cassette that doesn't kick up a fuss when you crank up the volume.

Thanks to a generous helping of

pure crystal gamma ferric oxide, output is boosted, while noise is kept to an absolute minimum.

maxell UR

Break the sound barrier.

So next time, make sure it's a Maxell UR. Because you won't hear of a better tape for the money.

Some *Bizzare*

YOU ALWAYS BECOME THE THING YOU FIGHT THE MOST

V A R I E T Y



COIL:
HORSE ROTORVATOR
SCATOLOGY



TEST DEPT. ALBUMS:
THE UNACCEPTABLE FACE OF FREEDOM
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER
BEATING THE RETREAT
VIDEO: PROGRAM FOR PROGRESS



RENALDO & THE LOAF:
THE ELBOW IS TABOO



PSYCHICTV:
DREAMS LESS SWEET
FORCE THE HAND OF CHANCE



EINSTÜRZENDE NEUBAUTEN, ALBUMS:
MENSCH
DRAWINGS OF PATIENT O.T.
VIDEO: MENSCH



SWANS, ALBUMS:
GREED
HOLY MONEY
VIDEO: A LONG SLOW SCREW



WISEBLOOD:
DIRT DISH



THE THE:
INFECTED
SOUL MINDING
VIDEO: THE THE INFECTED



SCRAPING FOETUS OFF THE WHEEL:
NAIL
HOLE



SOFT CELL:
THE ART OF FALLING APART
THIS NIGHT IN SODOM
NON STOP EROTIC CABARET
NON STOP ECSTATIC DANCING
VIDEO: NON STOP EXOTIC VIDEO SHOW



MARC ALMOND:
MOTHER FIST
STORIES OF JOHNNY
VERMIN IN ERMINE
MARC AND THE MAMBAS:
UNTITLED
TORMENT AND TOREROS



CABARET VOLTAIRE, ALBUMS:
THE COVENANT, THE SWORD
AND THE ARM OF THE LORD
MICROPHONIES
CRACK DOWN
VIDEO: GASOLINE IN YOUR EYE



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UG 01

TALES FROM THE

UNDERGROUND

(CLARK/HENDERSON)

THE HISTORY OF THE INDEPENDENT

© UNDERGROUND MAGAZINE 1987
© SPOTLIGHT PUBLICATIONS 1987

OR TEST STRIP

MAGENTA CYAN

5

BLACK

7-colour

MAGENTA

207

GREAT "NEW WAVE" SINGLES THAT HAVE DISAPPEARED BUT ARE REALLY BRILL

1	Don't Split It	Subway Sect	Braik
2	Four Hours	Clock DVA	Fetish
3	Hungry So Angry	Medium Medium	Cherry Red
4	Edward Fox	Smack	Pinnacle Records
5	Clothes Of Pride	Stars Of Heaven	Hotwire
6	Parry Thomas	The Tea Set	Waldo's
7	Do The Chud/Big In Japan	The Chuddy Nuddies/Big in Japan	Eric's
8	Private Plane	Thomas Leer	Company/Oblique
9	Iggy Pop's Jacket	Those Naughty Lumps	Zoo
10	Dance This House Down	The Passmore Sisters	Sharp
11	The EP	Number Four Joy Street	Golden Pathway
12	Diversion	The Twilight Zonerz	Zip
13	Time Goes By So Slow	The Distractions	Factory
14	Southern Fields	Rosemary's Children	EI
15	Strawberries Are Growing In My Garden	The Dentists	Spruck
16	World At My Shoes	The Great Outdoors	Upright
17	Meat Or Sheep May Safely Braise	The Rotovators	Rotovator
18	Read About Seymour	Swell Maps	Rather
19	Somebody's Gonna Get Hurt	His Latest Flame	Go Discs
20	6,000 Crazy	Spizz Oil	Rough Trade
21	Who Is Innocent?	The Out	Rabid
22	Cyclotron Fauvist Music	Die Electric Eels	Rough Trade
23	Someone Different	Glass Torpedoes	Teen Beat
24	Europeans	Europeans	Heartbeat
25	What I Want	The Donkeys	Rhesus
26	We Love Malcolm	The O Level	King's Road
27	In The Army	Blah Blah Blah	Absurd
28	The Men From Banana Islands Whose Stupid Ideas Never Caught On In The Western World As We Know It	The Freshies	Razz
29	Escalator	The Stingrays	Big Beat
30	King Midas In Reverse	DCL Electronic	Reflex

○In the hogwash and confusion of '77 when safety pins became jewellery, gossip became news and the rock press was given a kind of spasm-inducing mouth to mouth, the independent label syndrome was born in a bedroom just south of the north. There were no particular reasons, plenty of specialist patrons were suggesting the idea, bootlegs were *hip* and both reggae and soul were undergoing a pressing boom that was lining the pockets of the few who'd secured the addresses of studios, cutting rooms, sleeve printers, and record pressing plants.



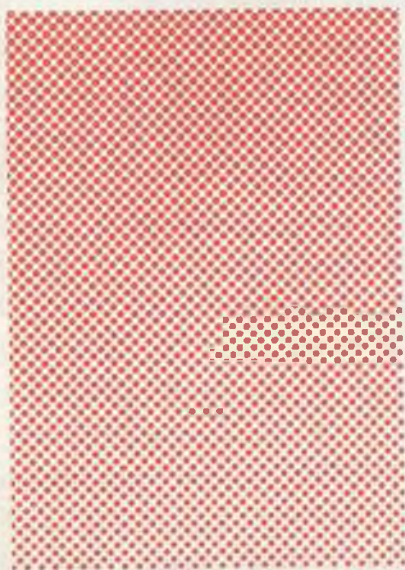
Pose: Spizz & Pete Petrol pump it up



Pose: Vic Godard in early sect daze

○With the birth of punk, the fanzine, the get up and go regime entered the garage, turned the exhaust on full and didn't come out till they were blasted. Though purists might reckon that the reggae obscurists, Island and eventually Virgin were the first "independent" labels it wasn't till the birth of Stiff, Chiswick and eventually Rough Trade and its many bastard sons that the independent network that we know and love today was panting its first howling breaths.


The revolution would not be televised, but the "scene" soon produced its heroes and the bigger companies snapped them up, cleaned them up where necessary and taught them that all important business sense.



Dave Henderson clears away the cobwebs and attempts to draw some kind of parallel between the independent label explosion of '76-'78 and the current resurgence and general profile raising that is wending its way through the independent network.

As it is now, as it was then, the A&R departments are hounding the smaller labels, but this time the independent businessman has a bit more brainpower, a tatty Filofax substitute and a huge 'phone bill. Let battle commence.

'SNIFFIN' GLUE... (30P)
AND OTHER ROCK 'N' ROLL HABITS
FOR PINHEADS AND SURFERS! (7) FEB '77



ADVERTS - DON LETTS - GORILLAS

Pose: The Bible of the Beat, then...

In the autumn of 1978, the independent label boom was making glorious headway. Into the valley of the overdraft, and VAT added later, a plethora of strangely named companies were registering as business partnerships, opening bank accounts and generally living on credit of 30 days for everything from artwork and pressing, to sleeve manufacture

The smaller operations, like sleeve and label printers Delga, and the pressing plants at places like Island, were soon to get into some sticky financial problems through many of the labels' inability to juggle a calculator, but the spirit of adventure was rife and some of those earlier 45s made enough money for even more strange sounding outfits to emerge

Skimming through Zig Zag's Small Label Catalogue for '78, which came in at a measly 28 pages and covered everything that lived and breathed at that juncture, there are some long forgotten luminaries from that great no fixed abode in the sky (as well as some heady overtures that later would develop into cash certs for the larger companies)

I mean, who can forget **High Society's** Three Hippies In A Gas Chamber on AFC, **The Art Attacks'** I'm A Dalek on Albatross (a rousing gruff outburst with lead crooning from **Savage Pencil**, which changes hands for a fiver these days), **The Angelic Upstarts'** controversial The Murder Of Liddle Towers on their own Angelic Upstarts label, **Joy Division's** very valuable first 12 inch, The Ideal For Living EP on Anonymous or Enigma, **The Lurkers'** early outbursts and a thinly bleached **Gary Numan as Tubeway Army** on Beggars Banquet. There was **Jonathan Richman** and other bezerk Bezerkley tykes from the States, the manic violin-driven punk of **Bethnal . . .** and we're still only up to page four. It seemed every town had its fave band and every would-be entrepreneur was calling collect to find out if he could press 1,000 records and charge it to Access

It was Stiff who really captured the initial independent spirit and somehow an endless string of post punk songsmiths emerged from the death throes of pub rock to give the label a reputation that looked ever profitable. Their first 10 records might have been a little hit and miss — with contributions from **Nick Lowe** (later to be cred fare in coffee table position), **The Pink Fairies** (cult rockers with interesting hairstyles for the period) **Roogalator** (a four piece revolving around simple pop and interesting keyboards who signed to Virgin and disappeared after Love And The Single Girl), **The Tyla Gang** (Sean Tyla's rockin' boogie bozos), **Lew Lewis** (a harmonica-totin' Canvey blues person), **The Damned** (pub rockers on speed and dandruff), **Richard Hell** (ex **Heartbreaker, Television**), **Plummet Airlines** (the country rock revival that came too soon) and **Motorhead** (hmm).



Number 11, however, was the start of the label's big boom with **Elvis Costello's** *Less Than Zero*. Who would have thought that this spotty, bespectacled non-image would have captured the hearts of a confused punk generation who were discovering puberty through **Johnny Rotten's Pistols** departure (and scraping the egg off their collective faces as **McLaren** revealed it was all a scam)? Well, they had *me* fooled

Hot on Costello's heels came **Wreckless Eric** and **Ian Dury** in a return to raucous vaudeville good time music. The Stiff nationwide tour coupled Costello, Dury, Eric and Nick Lowe with ex-**Pink Fairy Larry Wallis** in a beery show of bravado. No sooner had it returned than the focus of attention switched to Akron, Ohio, of all places, and the Stiff team unleashed the impressive **Devo** (later to sign to Virgin), **Rachel Sweet**, **Jane Aire** And **The Belvederes** (also later to sign to Virgin) while Mercury picked up on Cleveland, Ohio's **Pere Ubu**, who Stiff had passed upon

During the past eight years the fall and rise, rise and fall of Stiff has seen them rubbing shoulders with **The Members** (they released their first single *Solitary Confinement* before signing to Virgin), **Madness** (scooped from 2-Tone in their prime and motivators of some of the best things in video), **The Yachts** (whose **Henry Priestman** later became an **It's Immaterial** and more recently resurfaced on keyboards with **The Christians**), **The Belle Stars**

(gak), **Tenpole Tudor** (hooray) and **Any Trouble** (wah). You see, it's not easy picking a winner

Around the same time as Stiff were slipping into gear, **Ted Carroll's** Rock On record stall became a lucrative empire fuelled on discarded **Dylan** EPs, obscure oddities and the kind of collectables that most vinyl junkies would give their Dansette for. Rock On relocated to a shop in Kentish Town Road beside Camden Town tube and at the drop of a stylus shop regulars turned out to be would-be pop personalities in a time when the legendary "get up and do it" attitude still ruled the roost. Initial releases on Chiswick varied from obscure rockabilly classics that were changing hands for vast sums plus anything from the bastard sons of rock 'n' roll to the tempered also-ran commerciality of acts that could almost make it to the radio but were being dubbed "new wave" by pundits who didn't want to soil their hands with punk

The catalogue was erratic in those days. **Vince Taylor And The Playboys** kept the quiphola crew happy, while **The Gorillas** played latter day r 'n' b, never really catching their manic on-stage neo-**Hendrix-meets-Slade** antics. More palatable, perhaps, were the restrained tones of **The Radio Stars**, the Irish punk of **The Radiators From Space**, **Johnny And The Self Abusers** (who would go on to become **Jim Kerr And The Simple Mind Abusers**), the silky sweet rockabilly authentication of **Whirlwind**, the extrovert **Johnny Moped**, **Strummer**-powered **101'ers** and the omnipresent **Motorhead**

Since those early days, the Chiswick catalogue has expanded to cover a vast array of styles and genres with a collection of well stocked rosters including Ace (everything from the **Elvis Presley** Interview Tapes LP through to **Frankie Ford's** Sea Cruise album, **BB King** on CD and more), Kent (soul compilations spanning the late '50s through to the mid '70s, with special collections of **Ike And Tina Turner**, **The Impressions**, **Maxine Brown**, **Bobby Bland** and **Tyrone Davis**), Big Beat (mixing current sounds as diverse as **The Cramps**, **The Stingrays**, **The Del-Monas**, **The Damned** and **Shark Taboo**), Globestyle (featuring **3 Mustaphas 3**, accordion music from the far flung corners of the world and general ethnic madness), Boplicity (jazz of all types), Del Rio (catering for a resurgence of interest in roots country music), Off Beat, Impact, Crown, Contemporary and Cascade

Over recent years the Ace axis and their obvious success, through coupling re-issues with new product, new mixes, previously unobtainable and very rare material, has been taken up by others too. From Demon, mixed among current issues by US outfits like **The Connells** and UK funsters **That Pet-**

rol Emotion, they have a US label, Zippo, working on acts like **Green On Red, Dream Syndicate** and **The Rain Parade**, plus a massive re-issues programme on Edsel which touches all corners from **Grateful Dead, The Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Love, Earth Opera** and **Van Dyke Parks**. There is also currently healthy activity with soul repackages from Charly (who also cover r 'n' b and rock 'n' roll), See For Miles (whose catalogue covers diverse people from **Andrew Loog Oldham** to **The Troggs**) and Bam Caruso (who mix the current wave of psychedelic music with classic '60s material from the vaults of Decca, EMI or wherever)

So, how can these small labels manage to access big labels' catalogues? Well, with such small runs of product and sales building over a long period rather than in one initial rush it makes it impractical for the larger labels to concentrate their efforts on such schedules and, with the exception of Stateside, most have opted to let specialists like Ace, Bam Caruso, See For Miles etc work their material and pick up a royalty on the tracks

SMALL LABELS CATALOGUE '78

COMPILED BY DAVID MARLOW.

new improved

YOUNG MAN SEEKS AN INTERESTING JOB

● With the Stiffs and suchlike taking the initiative, it wasn't long before every nook and cranny was fostering their pet project. Record shops were a prime point of activity (especially those who couldn't fake admittance or a backstage pass to the clubs — save **Eater** whose Roxy exploits smacked of Dickensian irony). In the Midlands, Graduate picked out the local punky reggae combo — a multi-racial conglomerate called **UB40** — whose stance and politics were sound (and whose music wasn't far behind) ● Just prior to that outburst, the major labels were revolving in ever-decreasing circles as eastenders Small Wonder and Notting Hillbillies Rough Trade began to grab some of the scruffy elements of the *new wave*. **The Beatles'** clean cut mop top image was a thing of the past (until about a year later that is, when power pop and **The Pleasers** raised their pimply brow) ● Rough Trade had started distributing the smaller labels through the back of their shop (as had Small Wonder), both were operating mail order services and both were inundated with potential Pistols, left field weirdos and commercial comrades all bursting to introduce their talents to plastic ● Rough Trade had kicked off with the Iggy influenced guitar barrage of the drum machine powered French outfit **Metal Urbain** on Paris Maquis, but, in truly international style, they followed it with discs from **Mister Bassie, Cabaret Voltaire, Stiff Little Fingers, Subway Sect, Spizz Oil** and **The Angelic Upstarts**. Small Wonder's dive into the market was a little more heads down and straight forward and they introduced the world to **Puncture, Zeros, The Carpettes, Leyton Buzzards** and **The Cravats** in quick succession. They were soon to diversify, however, with releases from **Bauhaus, The Cure, Crass** and **Patrik Fitzgerald**, while Rough Trade kept everyone guessing about policy with a wide range of delights varying from **The Monochrome Set** to **The Raincoats, The Blue Orchids** to **Delta Five** and **Red Crayola** to **Robert Wyatt**. (And the variation in their product is still present.)



The Monochrome Set:

still distorted



The fab Cabs' second 45



Raincoats' Fairytale sleeve



Crass say Small is beautiful

NEXT

Almost immediately the first signs of confusion about independent availability began. It was hard enough to track down some of the labels, difficult to read about releases and sometimes it was impossible to obtain some of the more limited pressings. (At this point we were a long way from the Cartel distribution network and major league success for *any* band on a small label.)

Deptford Fun City's debut fuelled by *Sniffin' Glue* enthusiasm brought the scene into perspective and also introduced 12,000 readers to some new sounds through the DFC pressing of **Squeeze** and SG editor **Mark P's** band **Alternative TV**. Sister labels Illegal (**The Police**) and Step Forward (**The Cortinas**, **Chelsea** and **The Fall**) further coloured the picture, but it was the real obscurity, that one record only label, that often made the tackiest, tinniest or most desirable discs.

Scotland's Sensible label introduced the world to **Fay Fife** and **The Rezillos** on their *Can't Stand My Baby*; New Hormones offered the world **The Buzzcocks**; Braik (managed by **Bernie Rhodes**) came up with **Subway Sect**; Rabid from Manchester had **Ed Banger And The Nosebleeds**, **Slaughter And The Dogs** and **John Cooper Clarke**, while Raw Records had a riot of confusing styles including **The Killjoys** (later to become **Dexy's**), **The Users**, **The Soft Boys**, **Some Chicken**, **Acme Sewage Co** and more.

In Ireland, the Good Vibrations label was already in the market for producing quality pop and they displayed this with cuts from **The Undertones**, **Protex** and **X-Dreamysts**. To press the point home even further, the label also compiled a limited edition double 7 inch set called *Battle Of The Bands* with a side apiece from **Rudi**, **Spider**, **Outcasts** and **Idiots**.

The formula continued with Zoo (**The Teardrop Explodes**, **Bunnymen**); Industrial, (**Throbbing Gristle**); Safari (**Wayne County**, **Toyah**); and The Label (**Eater**, **Bombers**). The music was, obviously, varied, it was always dynamic and hugely saleable.



The Undertones (with Feargie on the left)

THREE STEPS FORWARD



and more
to come....

Step-Forward
Records

Three from Step Forward

BATTLE
OF THE
BANDS

RUD i
OUTCASTS
IDIOTS
SPIDER

Good Vibrations: groovy sounds

GO FOR YOUR LAYOUT SHEET

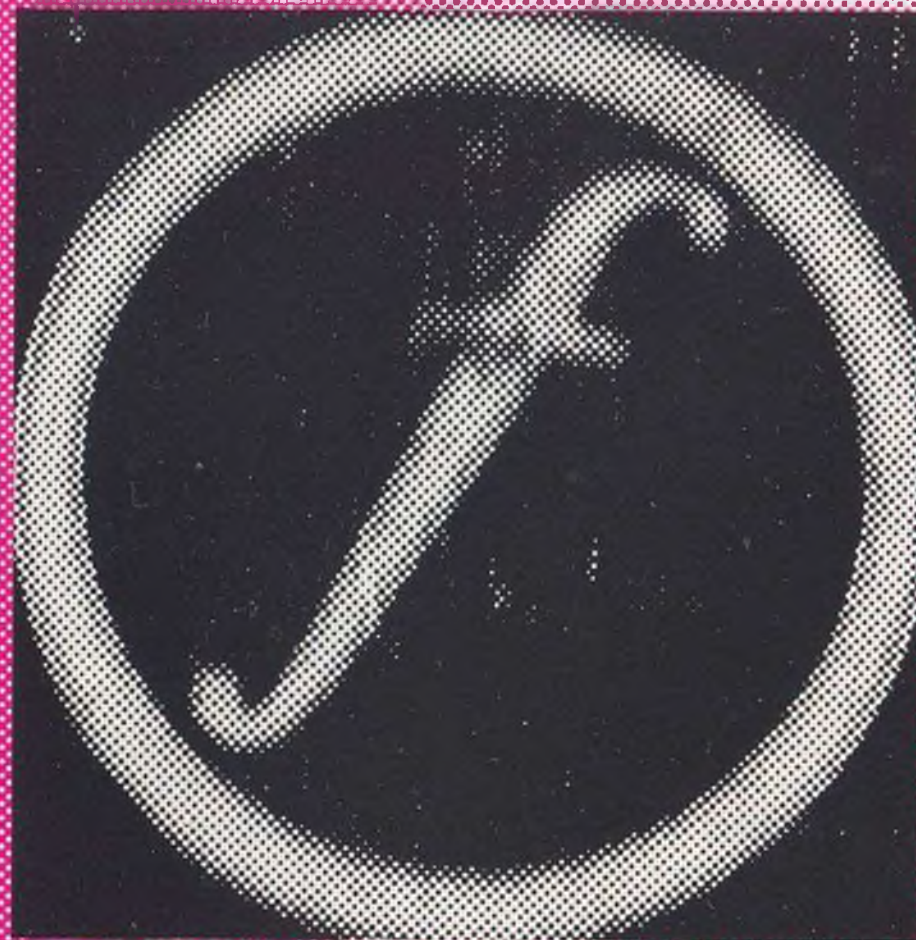
With more and more labels arriving on the over-populated counter something had to give. There were just too many singles and inevitably labels, printers, pressing plants and record stores ended up going under. Image had always been an individualistic point within the independent world and, around the turn of the '80s, it became even more plain that it was the labels who'd developed their own distinct look and cult following who were going to survive (as well as prompting new labels that the look of their discs was just as important as the sound).

MUTE

Set up by **Daniel Miller**, the label's first release presented the world in an electronic box. Miller, thinly disguised as **The Normal**, did the ultimate in noise generation disco on TVOD/Warm Leatherette (later covered by **Grace Jones**). Messy and perfectly aggressive, the Mute stock Lebasel graphics, follow ups by uncomfortable bed partners **Non**, **Fad Gadget**, **Depeche Mode** and **Smegma**, couldn't have even hinted at the mega-Mode wave which was to follow. Electronic disco took off, and the label's future was secure when Depeche Mode hit the charts.

Since that deserved success, Mute have been able to take more risks with **Liaisons Dangereuses**, **Einsturzende Neubauten**, develop talent (**Nick Cave**), provide a service (re-releases of the old **Throbbing Gristle** material) and managed to break several new **Vince Clark** projects from **The Assembly** (with **Feargal Sharkey**) and **Yazoo** to **Erasure**. All this with an electronic/secondhand computer image... not bad, huh?

"the normal"



FACTORY

With **noisy designs**, **Peter Saville** in tow from the early days at Factory, the label's cult following was rapidly increased through a series of ingenious graphic techniques, the odd Futurist copy and a style of clinical — almost architectural — design that devotees devoured with rampant delight. Through a great industrial mine of angled lines, subtle colours and traced overlays introduced a kind of coffee-table meets library-bookshelf collectability. Each individual act was presented with its own unique image and there've been many copyists. A look at any Factory artifact — from **A Certain Ratio**, **Section 25**, **New Order**, **The Names**, **Joy Division**, **Durutti Column** — will soon bring that home.

FAST

With a huge wide variation in musical style on the initial Fast roster it's quite surprising how the label's post-kitsch, scratch graphics managed to pull all the elements together. In its heyday of '78, it soon disappeared with the major players now moving to the big league. Later exploits seemed to go under the Punk banner, but it included releases from **The Fire Engines**, **Fish**, **Siobhán**, **The Human League**, **Gang Of Four**, **U2**, **The Scars** and **The Mekans**, all gloriously breaking new ground in their adventure into music. The label even offered the first disc as a magazine with the Earoom series which featured musical contributions, over time, with artists from forces as diverse as **Joy Division**, **Thursdays**, **The Prati**, **DAF**, **Stupid Babies**, **Non-Mercy** and more.

POSTCARD

As a kind of muted reaction to the techno design ice age around them, the Postcard label — with its close knit family of acts — **Orange Juice**, **Josef K**, **The Go Betweens** and **Aztec Camera** — totally discarded the *over*-designed threat by introducing sketchily penned cats, badly drawn Scots people and general smoky beermat type imagery to their sleeves and labels.

Whether it had been a positive move to alter the flow of slicko Brit art isn't too clear, but a host of third generation Josef K and Orange Juice grandchildren in sound have a distinct regard for the bizarre in their sleeve artwork and general presentation.



4AD

A late starter, compared to Fast and Mute, 4AD is the brainchild of **Ivo** and shares space in South London with Beggars Banquet. Masterfully designed sleeves, postcards and general paraphernalia (courtesy of **23 Envelope**) have given the label a moody, broody image that's perfect for the likes of label faves **The Cocteau Twins** and **This Mortal Coil**. Others wrapped and distinctive in 4AD finery include **Colourbox**, **Dead Can Dance** and **Dif Juz** for whom 23 Envelope have created personal, quite different images while still keeping within the label guidelines.

In something of a show of design strength, 4AD released a set of postcards featuring the work of 23 Envelope. It was such a huge success that the label's first release for '87 is a set of 12 postcards featuring their work.

★One of the first noted 45s to emerge from the home-made department came from **The Desperate Bicycles**. Not musically aligned to the punk/new wave movement (in fact not musically in sympathy with very much at all), the group's Smokescreen is something of a **Van Gogh** among vinyl valiants.

★For the record, they had four releases all on their own *Refill Records* from East London. They were Smokescreen (RR 1), The Medium Was Tedium (RR 2), New Cross New Cross (RR 3) and Occupied Territory (RR 4).

**ABSOLUTELY TOTALLY
PRETENTIOUS RARE
& OBSCURE RECORDS
FROM ALL OVER
THE WORLD**

- 1 IT'S A MAN'S MAN'S
MAN'S WORLD
Jerri Ross
Local Anaesthetic **307028** (1983)
- 2 AIRSHIP TO BALI
Ohm
OHM 1 (1979)
- 3 WE DID IT AGAIN
The Modernaires
Illuminated
ILL 4 (1981)
- 4 AFTER DINNER EP
After Dinner
Recommended
MB 001 (1982)
- 5 CAN'T LOOK STRAIGHT
Smegma
Mute
MUTE 007 (1980)
- 6 PARTS OF MY BODY
General Strike
Canal
CANAL 01 (1979)
- 7 MOTOR CITY
Age Of Chance
Riot Bible
RIOT 1 (1985)
- 8 DON'T WANT LOVE
Ten Foot Faces
Independent Projects
IP 017 (1985)

- 9 MY LADY OWNS A
FALLE OUT ZONE
Les Zarjazz
Creation
CRE 014 (1985)
- 10 GO COMMERCIAL
The Space Negros
Arf Art
AA 001 (1980)
- 11 SONGS IN PRAISE
OF THE REVOLUTION
Camp Sophisto
Pure Freude
PF 16 CK 8 (1982)
- 12 MARY BELL
Monte Cazazza
Industrial
IR 0010 (1980)
- 13 CUBIST POP MANIFESTO
Big Flame
Ron Johnson
ZRON 13 (1987)
- 14 LOVE LIES LIMP
Alternative TV
Deptford Fun City
DFC 05 (1978)
- 15 THESE FLOORS ARE
SMOOTH
The Deep Freeze Mice
Cordelia
ERICAT 002 (1985)
- 16 THE SOUNDTRACK
RECORDING OF "BRIDGE"
Independent Projects
IP 010 (1980)
- 17 STORY OF BOGSLED
Bogshed
Shellfish
SHELLFISH 1 (1986) B side
- 18 LOS NINOS
DEL PARQUE
Liaisons Dangereuses
Mute
MUTE 023 (1982)
- 19 REINE AFRICAINE
DDAA
Illusion Production
IP 005 (1980)
- 20 KIDNAPPING
Bene Gesserit
Grafika Discs
F13 (1982)

Actually, these 20 delicacies are a standard test for people with amnesia. Do you recognise any of these titles? Have you been in the vicinity when one of these underground overtures has been performed? What were you doing during the years mentioned? All this, and, more...

●Yes, there actually was a label called **Underground Records** back in '78. Their first, and only traceable 45, came from **The Jerks** and was called *Get Your Woolfin' Dog Off Me*.

● Edwyn Collins's journey into immortality started in the wee small hours with Alan Horne's Postcard label. Eventually his brainchild and whipping post, Orange Juice, were snapped up by Polydor. Horne went onto some rather unimpressive outings on a new label, Swamplands, and the Scottish scene seems only recently to be returning to some semblance of normality.

Julian Henry's love of pure pop was born with Orange Juice and their many latterday cousins and it was with some trepidation that he took his four prized Postcard 45s to the house of Collins to gain Edwyn's wit and wisdom on the sides in retrospect.

● That was just part of the story. Collins claimed to have a hangover and his stereo was broken, but he warmed to the task and revealed a few other secrets about the Postcard label and some of the records that nearly got released . . .



S. Daly E. Collins D. McClymont J.Kirk

Felicity, live version "The first Orange Juice record was actually a flexi-disc that Malcolm Ross recorded on a tape recorder, and was of a gig we were doing in Cheviots Row in Edinburgh. We had this idea to start a fanzine called *Strawberry Switchblade* (named after one of James Kirk's songs) and intended to give the flexi away with it. The fanzine never appeared because it was shit."

Falling And Laughing "We recorded this in eight hours in a small 8-track in Paisley, and when we finished it, we felt, well, that it was rather good. The reason it sounds a bit out of tune is because we couldn't afford a guitar tuner; anyway, James was convinced that he had perfect pitch, so it's understandable that the tuning was sometimes a bit out." ● "We all came down to London to see Rough Trade and John Peel. Alan marched into the foyer in Broadcasting House and just demanded to see him. Alan is a bit arrogant, and when Peel appeared he just said to him, 'All these Liverpool groups you're playing are shit, Glasgow is the next place where it's going to happen!' Then we heard Peel on the air saying how he'd just been confronted by a 'truculent youth'! who said that the Liverpool thing was over, and then he proceeded to play Echo And The Bunnymen. Peel didn't like our record, he only played it once."

Blue Boy "Once we'd recorded everything, Alan and I went down to London to try and arrange a deal for Postcard through Rough Trade, but when we got in to see Geoff Travis he told us that the songs fell in between punk and professional pop and that he didn't think Rough Trade could become involved. We left the offices very downhearted and Alan seemed to go into a crazed depression and started wandering about in the middle of the road saying, 'Let them run me over, let them kill me'. I said, 'Look Alan, give me the masters, I'll phone around some of the major record companies and see if I can get us a deal that way'. So Alan said, 'Take the masters. Betray me. But that'll cost you £25,000". He was insane ● "Anyway, in the meantime Dave McCulloch from *Sounds* had written a big double page spread on Postcard, and when Geoff Travis saw it he miraculously changed his mind! So we got our deal with Rough Trade."

Simply Thrilled Honey "I remember that we were getting phenomenally good press at this time, and when we went on tour supporting The Undertones things were starting to go well. There were major record labels hovering about, but we didn't really see any point in signing then" ● "The Postcard office up at 185 Princes Street was getting hundreds of tapes sent in by all the would-be hopefuls at that stage, and there were always the same characters hanging around — Hodgy from The Bluebells, the guys from Love And Money, and Lloyd Cole who, incidentally, was in a mod group at the time. Hodgy was always trying to impress Alan in the hope that they'd get signed up, but Alan would just play him along. Also I think that The Bluebells never joined Postcard due to pressure from Josef K and ourselves, we thought they were shit."

Pour Old Soul "We thought this was a bit like a Chic song, you can imagine how moronic we were. I really saw it as a contender, and there were arguments with Rough Trade over whether or not we should use a strike force to help promote it; they had this hippy mentality and said no, but Alan was very ruthless and had no scruples about bribery or corruption. It ended up selling about 20,000 copies I think" ● "Alan was still behaving very eccentrically. He would go around with huge cat's whiskers painted on his face saying, 'I'm catman and I make purrrfect records'."

Wan Light "This was set to become our sixth single but it never actually came out since we decided to make the move to a major company. It was a mistake in retrospect, as we had these huge expectations from Polydor and nothing actually seemed to happen. Postcard now seems to be like a hobby that we became obsessive about — you would have to be either very foolish or very generous to call it a business. My own motivation has never been money though, and I feel that if we'd stayed in the independent sector of the market we would have become much more important. We were naive then, and were stupidly tempted by a major label."

With the current cost of Orange Juice Postcard 45s well into double figures, Underground has managed to put together a meagre £6.29 to buy a copy of Orange Juice's, sort of, Greatest Hits, In A Nutshell. Plus, we got Edwyn to scribble some message or other on it. So, the album, now defaced, which features a few of the tracks that Edwyn's been talking about (and some later Polydor things) can be yours for a mere postcard with the correct answer to the following OJ related questions

● **1 Name the three other bands that were on the original Postcard label** ● **2 Label boss Alan Horne went on to set up a second label in conjunction with London, what was it called?** ● Answers to O McJuice/Underground Keyboard Mail Room Ltd, Unit 5, Seager Bldgs, Brookmill Rd, London SE8 before April 3.

- Alan Horne would go around with huge cat's whiskers painted on his face saying, 'I'm catman and I make purrrfect records' -



- 1 **CHANCE MEETING** Josef K Postcard 81 5
- 2 **SECONDS TOO LATE** Cabaret Voltaire Rough Trade RT 060
- 3 **PILLAR TO POST** Aztec Camera Rough Trade RT 112
- 4 **GO OUT AND GET 'EM BOY** The Wedding Present City Slang CSL 001
- 5 **ALMOST PRAYED** The Weather Prophets Creation CRE 029
- 6 **MANIC DEPRESSION** The Linkmen Kitchenware SK17 B side
- 7 **SHE IS BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL** The Pop Group Radar ADA 29
- 8 **CRAFTY FAG** The Nightingales Ink INK 71
- 9 **BLUEBOY** Orange Juice Postcard 80 2
- 16 **AMBITION** Subway Sect Rough Trade RT 07
- 11 **SOUTHERN CROSS** The Snakes Of Shake TBC GOBS 1
- 12 **FAITH** Manicured Noise Pre PRE 006
- 13 **FAIRYTALE IN THE SUPERMARKET** The Raincoats Rough Trade RT013
- 14 **TEMPLE OF CONVENIENCE** Yeah Yeah Noh InTape ITT 023
- 16 **MY FACE IS ON FIRE** Felt Cherry Red CHERRY 45
- 16 **(HOW TO KEEP YOUR) HUSBAND HAPPY** The Cosmopolitans Albion ION 1021
- 17 **WHISTLING IN THE DARK** Easterhouse Rough Trade RT 164
- 18 **IDA-HO** Andi Sex-Gang Illuminated ILL 53
- 19 **OSTRICH** Phillip Boa And The Voodoo Club Constrictor JA 00008
- 20 **THIS IS MOTORTOWN** The Very Things DCL Electric DCL 1
- 21 **NEVER SAY THANKYOU** Mystere Five Flickknife FLS 202
- 22 **UPRIVER** Recipe Inertial ERT 7
- 23 **IT WILL COME** The Woodentops Rough Trade RT 169
- 24 **PLENTY** The Woodentops Food SNAK 2
- 25 **ASBESTOS LEAD ASBESTOS** World Domination Enterprises Karbon KAR 008
- 28 **KEYS TO YOUR HEART** The 101'ers Chiswick NS3
- 27 **GIRL IN THE RED LEATHER COAT** Living In Texas Chainsaw XTEXT 9
- 28 **TIME TUNNEL** The English Subtitles Small Wonder SMALL 22
- 29 **HYMN FROM A VILLAGE** James Factory FAC 119
- 30 **UP THE HILL AND DOWN THE SLOPE** The Loft Creation CRE 015

RAW 5

FAMOUS FIVES

RAW 1
RAW 2
RAW 3
RAW 4
RAW 5

SICK OF YOU The Users
YOU REALLY GOT ME The Hammersmith Gorillas
JOHNNY WON'T GO TO HEAVEN The Killjoys
MAKING TIME/PAINTER MAN The Creation
WADING THROUGH A VENTILATOR The Soft Boys

RABID
TOSH 101
TOSH 102
TOSH 103
TOSH 104
TOSH 105

CRANKED UP REALLY HIGH Slaughter And The Dogs
AIN'T BEEN TO NO MUSIC SCHOOL The Nosebleeds
INNOCENTS EP John Cooper Clarke
CENTRAL DETENTION CENTRE Gyro
JILTED JOHN Jilted John

FAST
FAST 1 NEVER BEEN IN A RIOT The Mad
FAST 2 WHERE TO NOW? 2,3
FAST 3 THE QUALITY OF LIFE NO 1 (a cheap visual package)
FAST 4 ELECTRONICALLY YOURS The Human League
FAST 5 DAMAGED GOODS Gang Of Four

SMALL WONDER
SMALL 1 MUCKY PUP Puncture
SMALL 2 HUNGRY Zeros
SMALL 3 CARPETTES EP The Carpettes
SMALL 4 SAFETY PIN EP Patrik Fitzgerald
SMALL 5 GLC Menace

DEPTFORD FUN CITY
DFC 01 PACKET OF THREE Squeeze
DFC 02 HOW MUCH LONGER? Alternative TV
DFC 03 BOOGIE WOOGIE '78 Jools Holland
DFC 04 LIFE AFTER LIFE Alternative TV
DFC 05 LOVE LIES LIMP Alternative TV

FAST

FAST 1 NEVER BEEN IN A RIOT The Mobsters

SMALL WONDER

SMALL 1 MUCKY PUP Puncture

DEPTFORD FUN CITY

DFC 01 PACKET OF THREE Squeeze



JOHN COOPER CLARK WHOCCNT'S EP CAT No. TOSH103

1. **MUCKY PUP — Puncture (Small Wonder 1977)**
On last year's anniversary of punk, the *NME* put out their Punk-A-Go-Go tape, and, in the opinion of many, leaving this gem off was an act of extreme stupidity. It was the first and best release for the Small Wonder label and, as far as independent releases go, was arguably the best of its year. In 1981 the song was covered by **The Exploited** on their first album, *Punk's Not Dead*.
2. **BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN — Brent Ford & The Nylons (Brum Beat 1978)**
Those not from West London probably won't find this as amusing as those that *do*. Brentford Nylons is a factory come superstore for people to buy nylon sheets and so forth, a prospect as horrendous as the TV ads the company perpetrated in the mid '70s to promote it. Big Rock Candy Mountain was in fact the flip side, but is much better than their cover of 19th Nervous Breakdown which was given A-side status. Good wacky pop music.
3. **WHAT A SUCKER — Le Ritz (Breaker 1977)**
Like the above, the record company hailed from sunny Birmingham. The tune itself is God awful, but deserves a mention for its classic intro. Instead of the standard punk 1-2-3-4, vocalist Steve Midnight shouted 'Hugh, Pew, Barny, McGrew, Cuthbert, Dibble, Grub' — the firemen from good old Trumpton, the toy town later immortalised by **Half Man Half Biscuit's** Trumpton Riots EP.
4. **BOSS MAN — The Mutants (Rox 1977)**
DON'T TAX ME — The Exile (Boring 1977)
Again, God awful records with just as dire picture sleeves, but the bands look brilliant. Both from 1977, punk rockers with early '70s hair styles, moustaches and flares — marvellous. I haven't a clue where The Mutants (who featured Roddy Rodent on guitar and Al Sation on bass) were from but The Exile were Glasgow lads.
5. **BEING BOILED — Human League (Fast 1978)**
WARM LEATHERETTE — The Normal (Mute 1978)
IN THE ARMY — Blah Blah Blah (Absurd 1979)
All similar in style — **Gary Numan** type musak without the unpleasantness. I was interviewing **The Cramps** for a fanzine when this style of sound was hip, and the DJ at the club we were in was blasting us with it. I asked **Ivy Rorschach** what she thought of it. "It's Nazi musak," she replied. I wouldn't put it so strongly, but they do kinda conjure up images of final solutions.

• 2-Tone was the first label to dramatically bust out of the post punk/new wave/power pop glut. In '79 the air of inventiveness had grown rather dank and it took The Automatics from Coventry to break the mould.

• Touted in the Midlands, their early shows mixed reggae and punk in an uncompromising and most times uncomfortable concoction that remained slightly less than volatile.

• With another combo of same name inking a deal with Island, The Coventry Automatics eventually begat The Special AKA The Automatics, The Specials and The Special AKA. The music, through all this time, developed. Ska was a name bandied about, but there was more to this multi-faceted crew than that



and, after a debut 45 produced independently through Spartan, Chrysalis took up the label. The rest is good listening.

• For the fact hungry, here is the 2-Tone singles collection
 2-Tone TT 1/TT 2 *The Specials Gangsters/Selector The Selector*

- CHS TT 3 *Madness The Prince*
- CHS TT 4 *The Selector On My Radio*
- CHS TT 5 *The Specials A Message To You Rudl*
- CHS TT 6 *The Beat Ranking Full Stop/Tears Of A Clown*
- CHS TT 7 *The Special AKA Live EP*
- CHS TT 8 *The Selector Three Minute Hero*
- CHS TT 9 *Bodysnatchers Let's Do Rock Steady*
- CHS TT 10 *The Selector Missing Words*
- CHS TT 11 *The Specials Rat Race*
- CHS TT 12 *Bodysnatchers Easy Life*
- CHS TT 13 *The Specials Stereotype*
- CHS TT 14 *Swinging Cats Mantovani*
- CHS TT 15 *Rico Sea Cruise*
- CHS TT 16 *The Specials Do Nothing*
- CHS TT 17 *The Specials Ghost Town.*

• This was the label's first and only number one which heralded a change of direction, a broadening of musical scope and less positive commercial reaction to the label's releases. But label supremo and Specials mainman Jerry Dammers still had a few aces at hand.

- CHS TT 18 *Rhoda And The Special AKA The Boller*
- CHS TT 19 *Rico A The Special AKA Jungle Music*
- CHS TT 20 *The Apollinaires The Feeling's Gone*
- CHS TT 21 *The Higsons Tear The Whole Thing Down*
- CHS TT 22 *The Apollinaires Envy The Love*
- CHS TT 23 *The Specials War Crimes*
- CHS TT 24 *The Higsons Run Me Down*
- CHS TT 25 *The Specials Racist Friend*
- CHS TT 26 *The Specials Nelson Mandela*
- CHS TT 27 *The Specials What I Like Most About You Is Your Girlfriend*

2-TONE



Specials in porno pose

The Selector

• Points of interest are mainly that **Elvis Costello** originally allocated the number *CHS TT7* for his *I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down* but contracts got a little too hot to juggle. Advance copies only were pressed and they're, er, a little expensive. • The label is still in theory a *go* situation, but the Jerry Dammers quality control unit gives little away in the region of availability or regular releases. Still, pretty nifty collection all round, huh?

As a special bonus, the 2-Tone label have found half a dozen brightly coloured copies of the This Are 2-Tone retrospective album and they've given them to *Underground* to offer as bait to anyone who can answer the following very simple question. • Three members of The

***Specials* went off, after *Ghost Town*, to form their own combo *The Fun Boy Three*. What was the title of their first single? •**

Answers to *Underground/2-Tone*, c/o Keyboard Mail Room Ltd, Unit 5, Seager Bldgs, Brookmill Rd, London SE8 before April 3.

The Bodysnatchers compare threads



The Apollinaires get hazy

YELLOW PAGES

A gloriously incomplete list of names to drop. These are the acts who've wrestled with their conscience and straddled that difficult fence between major and independent status. Credibility still intact?

ADAM AND THE ANTS got leather and whips a retrial, played live to extend their clique, surfaced in *Jubilee* and did it on *Do It* before signing to CBS and attempting to re-design the pantomime

JANE AIRE delivered *Yankee Wheels* to Stiff as part of their *Rubber City* package. Signed to Virgin, a pic disc and another disappearance.

AGE OF CHANCE did two singles on their own label, *Riot Bible*, through Red Rhino. Anrik Rai put them in the studio, bought them some cycling shirts, got them to cover **Prince's** *Kiss* and release it on FON. They had a run in with the charts and then signed to Virgin.

AZTEC CAMERA first trod the boards, barefoot, as a *Postcard* set of renegades. Soon to be manhandled to *Rough Trade* they released two critically acclaimed ashtrays in the guise of *Pillar To Post* and *Oblivious*. Warners awoke, signed, and their eventual confusion and demise was set in motion.

THE BANNED got more than a few rave reviews around mid '78 for their *Hey Little Girl* single on South London's *Can't Eat Records*. They signed to *Harvest*, released another single and mysteriously disappeared.

BAUHAUS, Northampton's chief exporters of eye liner, had their classic *Bela Lugosi's Dead* released on *Small Wonder* before signing to *Beggars Banquet* and poking at the chart with a cover of **Bowie's** *Ziggy Stardust*. The group have since split in two. **Peter Murphy** released a solo LP at the end of last year and the other three B boys became **Love And Rockets**.

THE BEAT turned up in a box of demos for **Jerry Dammers** to listen to. Initial success through the 2-Tone explosion and their cover of *Tears Of A Clown* led to a deal with *Arista* and their own *Go-Feet* label. Eventually the group split leaving **Dave Wakelin** and **Ranking Roger** to get famous in the States as **General Public** and their skanking rhythm section to become the **Fine Young Cannibals**.

THE BIBLE did *Mahalia on Backs* last year and ex-**Mojo**-come-A&R person in charge at *Chrysalis* was impressed. The record was picked up, promoted and nearly made a bigger impact.

BIG IN JAPAN were a co-op of sorts (man) from fortress *Eric's* in Liverpool. Through the *Zoo* label they almost released some decent records and shared a 45 on *Eric's* with **The Chuddy Nuddies** (who were really the **Yachts**). *BIJ* boasted **Holly** of **Frankie** on bass, **Dave Balfe** (**Zodiac** and **S Switchblade** manager and former **Teardrop Explodes** person), **Jayne Casey** who's now in **Pink Industry** (formerly **Pink Military**) and **Bill Drummond** who released a *McScottish* LP of ballads on *Creation* last year. Confusing, eh?

BLANCMANGE used everything and the kitchen sink in their coupling of melody and madness. A limited edition debut disc soon became an embarrassment as the duo flirted with the charts following a deal with *London*. They split last year.

All you're gonna need is... business sense

Just as independent labels are beginning to wise up and investigate the possibilities of a ready reckoner or even a new calculator, there were labels who bridged the gap and have subsequently proved that there can be life, and possible cash rewards, through an independent company if handled properly. ■■■■

Cherry Red's example of working on a publishing company (Complete Music) has worked well for them in the past. Early publishing conquests included **Blancmange** and **The The** and along the way other notable outfits have had their publishing administered by the people from Cherry Red. ■■■■

And they ran quite a burgeoning label at one time — with acts as diverse as **Felt**, **Attila The Stockbroker**, **Thomas Leer**, **Piero Milesi**, **Everything But The Girl**, **The Nightingales** and **Quentin Crisp**. More recently the label has concentrated on **The Wiseacres** and **Mood Six**, while former label manager **Mike Alway** has set up a subsidiary for the company called EI (after a brief time at WEA and Blanco Y Negro). The EI label has been concentrating on diverse talents like pop stylists **Klaxon Five**, **The King Of Luxembourg** and **Louis Phillipe**. ■■■■

As with Cherry Red, the Red Flame label started in similar fashion with publishing later developing the Red Flame and Ink labels. This has brought wider exposure for **The Moodists**, **C-Cat Trance**, **Anne Clark**, **Severed Heads**, **Scattered Order** and more recently **Phillip Boa And The Voodoo Club**, while another stalwart label from the late '70s, Glass, seems to constantly turn up class material — continually working with **The Jazz Butcher** and more recently **The Pastels** (but having seen action previously with **Elliot Sharp**, **Religious Overdose**, **In Embrace** and more). ■■■■



THE BODINES, from somewhere near Manchester, snorted their first through Creation and have latterly been welcomed to the bosom of the Magnet label. Watch the press for pips.

THE BODYSNATCHERS were always awful. The girlfriends of the 2-Tone degeneration they graced the label with a shaky 45, changed their name to **The Belle Stars**, signed to Stiff and got lots written about them. Danger of actually having to write songs was relieved when they started covering tepid soul hits.

BRILLIANT are the bastard son(s) of Food, **Youth** (ex of **Killing Joke**) dusted off his ego, hit Saturday morning TV with a slur and got some accountants to produce the group's most recent record. Food show business sense, WEA never learn.

BUZZCOCKS were in the right place at the right time with the perfect sound. **Howard Devoto** and **Pete Shelley** did it all perfectly well on their seminal *Spiral Scratch* EP on New Hormones. Not too loud and with a hint of melody, by the time United Artists snapped them up Devoto had left but Shelley's songwriting prowess was beginning to glow. A series of pop gems followed and Devoto returned himself some time later on Virgin in **Magazine**.

CABARET VOLTAIRE first brought their odd disharmonies to the public through their *Headkick* EP on Rough Trade. Subsequent manoeuvres saw them on a number of labels eventually reaching Virgin in the early '80s (through **Stevo** and *Some Bizzare*). The romance didn't last and they were dropped after two LPs. Having temporarily reverted to their own Doubtvision label they've now been signed to Parlophone.

CHAKK got the deal of the decade at MCA with manager **Amrik Rai** doing a **McLaren**. Now they've been dropped, have their own studio, and are on their manager's own FON label. Business sense.

CHINA CRISIS turned up on *Whistle Test* with *African And White*. Its release on Inevitable was followed by interest from Virgin, a tour with Simple Minds and eventual chart action following a mellowing of sounds and a night in the studio with a **Steely Dan**.

We Need Eleven Dollar Bills. You Only Got Ten

Throughout the independent rise, fall and circumnavigation, the larger labels have tried to either emulate or assist in their antics. On the bottom line, the chief idea for any large label involvement is to *use* cash and, hopefully, have it returned in a bigger suitcase. ■■■■■

Radar's primal '78 life was as a major label version of Stiff. Early movers for the label saw the catalogue running with **Nick Lowe, Iggy Pop, La Dusseldorf, Red Crayola, Elvis Costello** and **The 13th Floor Elevators** all vying for position. Others came and went, WEA held the purse strings and eventually pulled them tight shut. ■■■■■

Different levels of approach cropped up all over the place — **Spandau Ballet** signed to Chrysalis but could call their label Reformation, Beggars Banquet came in as an independent registered operation with distribution through WEA and a series of **Gary Numan** and **Tubeway Army** releases. This gave them the initial capital to develop into a healthy and successful label which has its own subsidiaries and works with **The Fall** and **The Go-Betweens** among others. ■■■■■

As Korova picked up **Echo And The Bunnymen** they attempted to flesh out the label with a few **Residents** LPs. But, they flopped. Similarly, Charisma's Pre label tried The Residents again but that didn't work (they did however manage to unearth two mighty immortal sides from **Manicured Noise** in the process). ■■■■■

The Chrysalis success with the 2-Tone label rode in on the crest of the last real *live* movement in the UK and diehard label supremo **Jerry Dammers** actually got a number one with *Ghost Town*, before the original line-up of the group split. More recently, Chrysalis' relationship with **Andy McDonald's** Go Discs has proved more than a smidgen fruitful with **Billy Bragg** and **The Housemartins** (and **His Latest Flame**, soon?), and their setting up of Blue Guitar with Rough Trade's **Geoff Travis** has allowed **The Shop Assistants** and **The Mighty Lemon Drops** to reach a much wider audience. ■■■■■

But, once again, it's WEA who've delved deepest into the independent market in recent years. The success of Blanco Y Negro — the Geoff Travis coalition with releases from **The Jesus And Mary Chain, James, Everything But The Girl** and **The Dream Academy** — has encouraged further similar experiments like last year's tie up with Vindaloo (primarily for **Fuzzbox**) and with Creation on the newly formed Elevation label which will feature **Primal Scream** and **The Weather Prophets**. They even signed **Husker Du** from SST. ■■■■■

Whether the small labels need the big labels is something for debate. The independent brown rice ethic clashes with small time business conduct, and the independent music for independent people aspect has its fans and its enemies. It all goes to make an interesting mismatch of ideas and unanswered questions. But, probably the best part of it all of this, is the differences inherent in the whole scene and the possibilities which are continually being expanded. ■■■■■

CLOCK DVA came in the wake of **Cabaret Voltaire's** cult appeal and lack of commercial success. Fetish singles and albums elevated them to the state of pop gurus. Polydor lapped it up when Fetish went broke, but after one album (their third in total) and general awegasms, it was all over. Some returned as **The Box**, some later as **TAGC**, some died.

JOHN COOPER CLARKE was bottled off on his first evening in the punk melee of London's Vortex. The totally unmarketable rant became the *thing* with some slick backing tracks and Clarke's humour winning through. After an EP for Rabid he signed to CBS, released the state of the art *Disguise In Love* then watered down the formula and his blood/sugar ratio.

THE CORTINAS suffered a sad end. Their first Defiant Pose single on Step Forward led to them being signed to CBS. They never released a record and rumours were rife that some of the majors were taking out smaller bands so there wouldn't be as much competition to their prime acts.

ELVIS COSTELLO started with Stiff, went to Radar, then F Beat and now finds himself back on his own label Imp/Demon. From preppy punk to country and back through blues and more. And mostly success at his own beckoning.

THE CURE began life with *Killing An Arab* and *10.15 Saturday Night*, a primal independent mover on Walthamstow's Small Wonder label, eventually being picked for superstardom by Phonogram.

THE DAMNED did it their way. Changing their name, shedding characters like **Captain Sensible, Bryan James** who went to **The Lords Of The New Church**, and then reforming, re-aligning, and the like. Chart success eluded them through their days at Stiff and Big Beat/Ace/Chiswick but when they signed to MCA a couple of years back that changed.

DEVO were eccentric. Stiff licensed their early records from the States before Virgin picked them up. The first LP was a classic but they got madder and less controllable as they went on.

EASTERHOUSE started life at London but thinly disguised their debut with a hand sprayed Rough Trade EP. The label dropped them and, following a UK tour with **The Smiths**, the group joined RT. Two singles and the groovy *Contenders* LP gave them national attention but a split has halved their ranks.

OUT ON A LIMB

Some say the beauty of the independent music scene in the UK is that virtually anyone can get out there and do it. Understandably streams of left-field outfits have therefore found their way onto vinyl through one method or another allowing themselves the room to develop their style.

Even as Stiff and Chiswick were in the first throes of tuning their cash registers, oddball outfits were heading for the independent racks.

Next to Elvis Costello and The 101'ers were Nurse With Wound and later on The Fire Engines (from Scotland) would share space with Foetus (and his many variations) from North London.

Those early Nurse releases were hailed as totally self indulgent by their perpetrators, but a hungry band of regular punters followed their every move. The catalogue (initial releases were all on the group's own United Dairies label) featured albums from The Lemon Kittens (a duo comprised of Karl Blake, later of The Shock Headed Peters, and Danielle Dax), Musique Concrète and more.

Creative freedom was developed with Throbbing Gristle's Industrial label. Their four albums and numerous singles are now collector's items. Through their catalogue, which also released every TG live show on cassette, there were singles from Dorothy (an amalgamation of former Rema Rema drummer Max and latter day Psychic TV guitarist Alex Ferguson), Elisabeth Welch (a strangled version of Stormy Weather from Derek Jarman's *The Tempest*),

From Derek Jarman's THE TEMPEST



Elisabeth Welch sings Stormy Weather

seminal SPK, eccentric Monte Cazazza and eventually William Burroughs.

Running at the same time, Fetish gave the world everything from 8 Eyed Spy to 23 Skidoo, Clock DVA to The Bongos, but eventually the packaging got a little too extravagant and the label folded.

Later, attempts to continue the formula fell on rather less positive ground. In the wake of metal beat (circa early '80s) Test Dept and SPK signed to majors while contemporary (weirder) outfits such as Konstruktivits, Bushido and Attrition were left to struggle and scrape with the ideologically sound and well presented Third Mind label.

Some years on, little has changed. There are still Nurse With Wound albums and tapes, Current 93 continue re-releasing obscure gems, The Residents have moved to their umpteenth lable and Some Bizarre survive with The The and Soft Cell providing the cash and dash to allow the label and its subsidiaries to release material and develop the likes of Renaldo And The Loaf, Einstürzende Neubauten and more.

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

started on the Zoo label but after one single. The excellent Pictures On My Wall, they were grabbed by Korova — a newly created WEA subsidiary who have nurtured their appeal through a string of chart (or close) singles.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI were Norway's odd couple whose doomy ballads hit the scere through Uniton. Five years on Virgin clutched their privates and released two singles before a critically ignored album. The UK yawned, but France took them to the top of their charts.

GANG OF FOUR mustered a healthy EP for Fast before taking their bolshie guitar mangled sound to EMI. After the excellent EMI debut LP Entertainment the bass player left for **Shriekback** and things went downhill.

JOOLS HOLLAND played with **Squeeze**, did a few solo things on Deptford Fun City, backed **The Police** and then was arrested for impersonating **Bobby Davro**.

HOLY TOY were Norwegian radicals with a Polish leader. Early Uniton activity saw them revered and raided. Signed to Sonet for the UK they recorded a coal sack on heat and were dropped.

THE HUMAN LEAGUE began humbly with Electronically Yours, a two tracker on Fast which coupled Being Boiled and Circus Of Death. Sheffield's sharpest played punk niteries with the likes of **The Rezillos** and **Phil Oakey** developed a dynamic line in heading beer glasses before being snapped up by Virgin. His compadres later became **BEF** and in turn **Heaven 17**.

HÜSKER DÜ were the other thing to come out of Minneapolis apart from **Prince**. Early releases through the **Dead Kennedys** Alternative Tentacles label were followed by a stint of some note at SST (LPs included the double Zen Arcade and the groovy Flip Your Wig). Since then they've upped roots and joined Warners. Their first LP, Candy Apply Grey, turned heads, their new double, Warehouse, is even better.

IT'S IMMATERIAL began life on Liverpool's Inevitable label. People took notice when they got themselves in a Sunday supplement's A Day In The Life section (about their love of beans on toast). They signed to WEA but were dropped. Eventually they were picked up by Virgin subsidiary Siren and after a few so-so single responses

The UK isn't the only place, obviously, where the independent label network has seen a new wave of hurried activity. In the States, the country and soul networks have been active for years, and now they've been joined by a host of left fielders whose activities provide music and visuals as varied as their imagination can stand.

For example, check out Independent Projects (PO Box 60357, Los Angeles, California 90060). Their roster of acts includes the exceptionally excellent **Savage Republic**, **Ten Foot Faces**, **For Against** and other such luminaries. They also gave the world **Camper Van Beethoven's** classic Telephone Free Landslide Victory album. And all releases come in magnificent limited editions with letterpress sleeves.

In France, Illusion Production (15 rue Pierre Curie, 14120 Mondeville, France) whose beautifully packaged singles, cassettes and albums have featured material from **DDAA**, **La Societe Des Timides A La Parade Des Oiseaux**, **Un Department**, **The Twins** and **Craig Burk**.

In Germany, Constrictor (AM Heedbrink 13, 4600 Dortmund 30, West Germany) mirror the UK enthusiasm for the independent single, with label owner **Uli** often enthusing over the quality product of those seminal UK independent singles. As a means of continuing that spirit, Constrictor have released 45s from **Phillip Boa And The Voodoo Club** (whose recent releases have been licensed in the UK by Ink), **Christianhound**, **The Palookas** (featuring ex-**Swell Map Jowe Head**) and **The Membranes**.



Everyone decided they'd liked them for years and rocketed *Driving Away From Home* into the charts.

JAMES were much talked about ages before they released their first couple of singles on Factory. Having gone through a beards-but-no-interviews phase they signed to Blanco Y Negro and did it with **Lenny Kaye**.

JILTED JOHN and his Mancunian humour, was first revealed on Rabid. Signed to EMI, the resultant album of similar pre-pubescent in-talk bombed and John later turned up as a speaking extra on *Coronation Street*.

LANDSCAPE kicked off their robotic jazz gyrations with two obscure offerings on the Event Horizon label before going major with the quirky (ahem) *Einstein A-Go-Go*. After several albums they split with drummer-come-computer person **Richard Burgess** opting for the production stool.

THOMAS LEER straddled the experimental fence with tie ups, through **Throbbing Gristle** with **Robert Rental** and Mute supremo **Daniel Miller**. After a long silence he turned up two years ago on Arista with a selection of techno Euro pop that's probably best forgotten.

MADNESS took the north London nutty sound from the terraces through 2-Tone to Stiff. Vid success led them to the charts and eventually to their own Zarjaz label through Virgin.

THE MEMBERS did a one-off for Stiff with *Solitary Confinement*. Live action saw them signed to Virgin, the first LP was great but then they ran out of songs and split up.

THE MISSION were half of **The Sisters Of Mercy** who grew their hair even longer and rocked out on Chapter 22. An impressed Mercury label snapped them up and they hit the national charts at the end of last year.

THE MONOCHROME SET took their early wares to Rough Trade and ended up signing to Virgin subsidiary Cindisc. After two great albums and numerous singles they left the label for Cherry Red, eventually splitting up a couple of years back.

SO. WHERE TO NOW?

Just like way back when, you know, when the independent label scene first gulped for air, there is confusion and mass uncertainty within the larger record companies.

• Now that the new breed of businessmen have established themselves, spent out on a dinky calculator and waded through the complexities of VAT, the MCPS and the PRS (what?), then they might *just* be able to keep hold of some of the newer talent that's bursting to escape to a wider audience. If you hear some bozo constantly putting down what's happening on the independent scene, or in the independent marketplace, don't worry... they don't know what they're talking about. If they carry on, just roll up your copy of *Underground* and thwack them on the back of the head*. That should slow them down a bit. • If positive proof were needed of the current state of play, just search out some of these recent releases and see just how good the music of today really is. All of these have arrived at *Underground* this week.

MY BLOODY VALENTINE *Sunny Sundae Smile* Lazy Records RT C
Another piece of twangy fuzzed-out pop from the would-be Monkees of the '90s.

URBAN COWBOYS *Broken Promises* Denbeat RR C An almost ballad-esque affair with a pop veneer and a '60s tinge which transcends the trashy inadequacies of their contemporaries.


DATBLYGU *Hwgrgrawthog Anhrefn Re* C Brilliantly structured piece of aggressive pop with an evil streak through the heart. Sung in Welsh too.

MY BABY'S ARM *Hung In The Playground* Kasper RT C. This one's absolutely... A deep driving voice, funky bass and a brittle guitar glueing it all together. The end result is much more than a choral collage and a catchy chorus, too.

JIH *Big Blue Ocean Jungle* J C A David Ball (Soft Cell) production job that's brimming with style, a string quartet sound and a neat melody line. Moody.

THE REVOLTING COCKS *You Often Forget* Wax Trax RT C Loud and pulsating psycho dancefloor stuff from a name worth quoting.

BIFF BANG POW! *The Whole World's Turning Brouchard!* Creation RT C The return of the spy thriller with squidgy organ and a noisy guitar. Surreal.



OMD did their earliest bad dances as Factory technos. Electricity was a tasteful debut and after developing nicely through Dindisc they hit a rich vein of popism and increased their bank accounts (more recently with Virgin).

THE ONLY ONES' drugged-out confusion first came to light on Vengeance with their classy Lovers Of Today single. Signing to CBS they became a *real* rock band.

ORANGE JUICE twanged with the best of them on Postcard. Salty singles and mass exposure for a new guitar generation attracted Polydor. The group signed, the relationship soured. The OJ's phase one through Postcard had four fine 45s. Through Polydor they had even more, but in a different, er, stylee (courtesy of **Dennis Bovell**).

THE POLICE were mainstays of Illegal (a brother company to Step Forward and Deptford Fun City). Their first single, Fall Out, didn't feature **Sting** — and even with the educated one they did little until **Miles Copeland** came up with the magic business combination. The rest of the story is...

PRIMAL SCREAM centre around **Bobbie Gillespie**, who saw time as stand up drummer for the Mary Chain. With shades in place and after a brief selection of tracks on Creation, the Screemers are one of the first signings to new WEA label Elevation.

PSYCHIC TV came in with silly haircuts after **Throbbing Gristle** split in two. First two albums, both for Some Bizzare, through RCA then CBS, didn't get the sales they warranted and the duo of **Genesis P Orridge** and **Sleazy Christopherson** headed back to the independent marketplace. Gen's hyperdelic **Brian Jones** fetish finally hit the charts on the group's own Temple label, but meanwhile Sleazy had left to join **Coil**.

THE RED GUITARS had four or so singles, cut a neat album called Slow To Fade and always looked set to do something. Eventually Virgin took the plunge, there was a slight line up change, a sound redirection and a close one with the charts. The latest scam is that the Hull renegades have returned to the Humber and have split into at least two.

ROOGALATOR wore matching boiler suits, did singles for Stiff and Do It before signing to Virgin. There they did the classic pop of Love And The Single Girl before splitting up.

THE BABYMEN For King Willy One Little Indian NM C Treacherous treason about kings and things given a gruff horror flick treatment with a pop overtone and a story to behold.

WE FREE KINGS Oceans DDT FF C Weird Celtic rock sound that makes Dexy's sound like a naff pop band. Oh, they *are*. Folk meets soul and a fiddle gets strung out.

LAST PARTY Mr Hurst Harvey's Re C Brooding melodies over a downbeat echoey guitar/piano mix. Bustingly beautiful and bristling.

MIAOW When It All Comes Down Factory P C Destined for mass exposure, Miaow's messy discordant twang are a neat foil for Cath Carroll's exquisite vocals.

FELINE JIVE Kiss 'n' Tell Massive Re C Mellow new pop sounds that could easily be cleaned up and ruined on such and such a big label. This is massive enough.


THE HOOK 'N' PULL GANG Pour It Down Yer Throat Bitch Hog FF C Loud, nasty, dirty guitars and a chant-a-long death threat that's really something good. Out of, er, control, I think.

PHIL WILSON Waiting For A Change Creation RT C A June Bride heads into the Burritos country-esque-I-knew-Gram-Parsons revival and comes out smelling of Texan roses.

VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE It's Just A City Food RT C They're gonna be bigger than The Bangles *and* there's only two of them. Americana pop with heart *and* soul.

So there we are, just 14 reasons why the independent market is on the *up* (and that's just this week's fodder). What with all this activity and upturned mouths a cert, expect some rallying from the majors and a healthy report on it all from *Underground* each month as it all neatly unfolds.

* Ah yes, a warning, hitting loudmouths over the head with *Underground* can be dangerous... so don't let them know who did it.



THE REZILLOS rampant **Peel**-provoked guitar music coupled kitsch *Thunderbirds* dress sense with raucous punky muzak. First releases on Sensible led to national tours and an eventual contract with Dindisc. After disappearing, they came back as **The Rezillos** and **The Revillos**. Some of them went onto join the **Human League** too.

SHAM 69 made a skinhead-infested debut in '78 and never really shook off their dodgy image. After releasing a three track EP on Step Forward they signed to Polydor, pre-empted **Chas And Dave** with *Hurry Up Harry* and then lead Sham **Jimmy Pursey** embarked on a faltering solo career.

THE SKIDS' Scots bravado led **Richard Jobson** and **Stuart Adamson** to London after just one single, their best probably, called *Charles*, on *No-Bad*. Signed to Virgin, the sound developed but they never got the big hit (although *Charade* and *Masquerade* came close). Neither did they get the ultimate Skids sound to flow on an album. Adamson later became a **Big Country** while Jobson split his time between deep poetry and **The Armoury Show**.

THE SMITHS flaunted with flowers and a groovy twang coupling **Morrissey's** sexless(?) / sexy(?) vocals and **Johnny Marr's** pop guitar ballads. Through *Rough Trade* they released a string of excellent singles, resurrected the career of **Sandie Shaw** and have most recently signed to EMI. Shoplifters of the world rejoice.

SOFT CELL had Leeds at their mercy with their debut tacky EP on their own label. Through **Stevo's** enthusiasm they hit the electronic boom at the right time, got into leather straplettes and nearly top tenned with *Memorabilia*. Their on-off scandal romance with the press served them well and pop music and tales of bedsits resulted. Originally a duo, **Dave Ball** was finally ousted — or left — after **Marc Almond's** solo *Marc And The Mamba's* tour. The show goes on...

THE SPECIALS were always wavering on the edge. With so many in tow it was only a matter of time before personnel changes or arguments happened. On 2-Tone they made some great records (and occasionally still do). In the meantime, they've spawned **JB's All Stars**, **The Fun Boy Three**, **Colourfield** and more recently **After Tonight**.

£ With independent singles being pressed in such small quantities, it's hardly surprising that some of the rarer items from acts who've gone on to develop their careers with larger labels can see their earlier exploits changing hands for pretty ridiculous sums. Even cult outfits like **The Cramps** and **New Order**, who haven't succumbed to the clank of the chequebook, can't avoid the overpricing, rarity and collectability of some of their material.

£ Taken from *Record Collector* magazine (a monthly guide to disc prices as varied as r'n'b and hardcore punk at 43/45 St Mary's Rd, Ealing, London, W5 5RQ) and from a straw poll at record fairs, here are some of the more usual prices you could expect to be asked for some of the acts who've emerged from the independent quagmire.



Of course, this collector's chart doesn't include the rarer than rare gem (?) by **The Moors Murderers** (who featured **Chrissie Hynde** and **Steve Strange**, pictured above), more obscure sides from the Postcard school or the **Snivelling Shits**, whose vinyl outings have been rumoured to change hands from anything ranging from the price of a Chicken Tikka (main course) to in excess of £100.

As the mid-'70s boom for obscure rock 'n' roll and hard to track soul music brought a new generation of enthusiast to record fairs, the punk boom and subsequent independent label explosion saw a million other unlocatable oddities racked in all the wrong places. Maybe would-be label owners couldn't shift initial quantities of their tried and tested product but little did they know that the left-field catalogue number propping up their wonky settee was fast to become a collector's item in name, number, size, colour and quality/quantity. Camden Town's burgeoning weekend trade centre for period vinyl was seeing vast sums changing hands for **Zappa** originals, **Orange Juice** 45s, **Vince Taylor** white labels, **Stones'** bootlegs and the like and in the latter '80s it's not surprising to see punters with a pocket full of **Bogshed** and **Loft** live tapes parting with more than a fiver for **Kevin Rowlands** in his earliest incarnation as a **Killjoy** on the Raw label. Rhythm Records trades in all areas of music, but their top five most sought out names are **Joy Division**, **Elvis Costello**, **Foetus**, **The Fall** and **The Teardrop Explodes...**

- | | | |
|----|---|-----|
| 1 | THE CRAMPS Human Fly (US, Vengeance NR 9927-1) | £30 |
| 2 | THE SMITHS Still Ill (<i>Brazilian flexi disc</i>) | £25 |
| 3 | JOY DIVISION A Factory Sample (Factory FAC 2) | £20 |
| 4 | ORANGE JUICE Simply Thrilled Honey (Postcard 806) | £17 |
| 5 | THE CURE Killing An Arab (Small Wonder SMALL 11, <i>autographed</i>) | £15 |
| 6 | THE DAMNED New Rose (New Rose AE 140, <i>French gatefold sleeve</i>) | £15 |
| 7 | JOSEF K Radio Drill Time (<i>French blue label and poster pic</i>) | £15 |
| 8 | BAUHAUS Bela Lugosi's Dead (Small Wonder Teeny 2, <i>12 inch white vinyl</i>) | £10 |
| 9 | THE DAMNED New Rose (Stiff BUY 6, <i>original pic sleeve</i>) | £10 |
| 10 | THE TEARDROP EXPLODES Sleeping Gas (ZOO CAGE 003) | £10 |
| 11 | THE DAMNED Neat Neat Neat (Stiff BUY 10, <i>original pic sleeve</i>) | £8 |
| 12 | THE FALL Marquis Cha Cha (Kamera ERA 14) | £8 |
| 13 | NEW ORDER Five track Canadian promo (REP 313) | £8 |
| 14 | THE FIRE ENGINES Get Up And Use Me (Codex CODEX 1, <i>original pic sleeve</i>) | £6 |
| 15 | NEW ORDER Confusion (<i>one sided German promo on coloured vinyl</i> , LC 5661) | £6 |
| 16 | THE CULT Sanctuary (<i>Canadian poster sleeve</i> , SOU 2361) | £5 |
| 17 | THE JUNE BRIDES Every Conversation (Pink PINKY 3, <i>original sleeve</i>) | £5 |
| 18 | THE LURKERS Free Admission (Beggars Banquet BEGA 1, <i>blue vinyl, pic</i>) | £5 |
| 19 | THE BIRTHDAY PARTY Friend Catcher (4AD AD12, <i>original pic</i>) | £4 |
| 20 | THE TELEVISION PERSONALITIES Where's Bill Grundy Now? (Rough Trade RT33) | £4 |

SPK got primal way back in '79 through **Throbbing Gristle's** Industrial label, but it wasn't until the metal-bashing incarnation of a couple of years ago that they got the big cheque. Signed to Elektra in the States, Warners serviced their LP in the UK and after minimum glitterati attention the group were dropped.

THAT PETROL EMOTION are drawn out godsons of The Undertones. A couple of independent 45s, one on Pink, led to a critically acclaimed debut LP, *Manic Pop Thrill*, on Demon. Since then they've signed to Polydor.

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES were Liverpool refugees who got serious. Two 45s on Zoo led to a deal with Phonogram and a sporadically inventive career for **Julian Cope**. Recently returned as The Julian Cope Explodes.

THE THE tried and tried again. **Matt Johnson** changed line up and sound and earliest traces can be heard on *Cold Spell Ahead* on SBL (the Some Bizzare label). A disjointed version of *Uncertain Smile*, it bombed as did the first release of his debut solo album *Burning Blue Soul* on 4AD. Eventually **Steve** sold him to Epic and after a couple of years of US interest the deal was clinched with cross channel excitement, leading up to his second The The album, *Infected*.

TEST DEPT came from a garage in New Cross. Bashing metal they were likened to Stockhausen and the dustbinmen. Through Some Bizzare they signed to Phonogram, did an excellent dance 45, a box set, and were dropped. The sound of the car spring can again be heard on independent corners everywhere.

THE TRIFFIDS' Australian backwoods sound has been cult and classic for some time in the UK and, following their most recently raved about *In The Pines* LP, they've signed to Island to bring you more of the same. (Or better.)

THE UNDERTONES strolled into the hearts of millions through **John Peel's** undying love of their debut *Good Vibrations* EP *Teenage Kicks*. They inked it with EMI and released a string of would-be hits but it wasn't until **Feargal Sharkey** shook off his cohorts and went to Virgin that mega success, mentions in *Rolling Stone* and a divorce was on the cards for the wee Irish man. Other Undertones became **Eleven** then **That Petrol Emotion** (see supplementary entry elsewhere).

FAMOUS FIVE: most desirable acts

JOY DIVISION. Most requested cuts from the Divvies vary from their Sordid Sentimentale limited pressing of Atmosphere/Dead Souls, Earcom 2 — the group's contribution to Fast Records' Earcom series (with other tracks from **Basczax** and **Thursdays**) — plus their side of the Factory double 7 inch package, a Factory Sample (for which they contributed two tracks, Glass and Digital, sharing the package with tunes from **Cabaret Voltaire** and **John Dowie**).

ELVIS COSTELLO. Early Stiff 45s, Less Than Zero (BUY 11), Alison (BUY 14), Red Shoes (BUY 15), Watching The Detectives (BUY 20) and the Radar sides Chelsea (ADA 3), Pump It Up (ADA 10) and Radio Radio (ADA 24) are all pieces of precious plastic.

FOETUS. Early singles under an array of *nom de plumes* through **Clint Ruin's** seminal Self Immolation label include OKFM by **Foetus Under Glass**, Wash It All Off by **You've Got Foetus On Your Breath**, Tell Me What Is The Bane Of Your Life by **Philip And His Foetus Vibrations** and the 12 inch Custom Built For Capitalism from **Foetus Over Frisco**.

Other much mentioned combos murmured in hurried slurred sentences by quaking tourists visiting Rhythm in Camden Lock, include **The Soft Boys**, **The Boys**, **Killing Joke** (their primal 10 incher) and all manner of even more obscure material from the Zoo catalogue ... especially the catch-all LP

THE FALL. Extra special mind-numbing collectability surrounds the Mancunians' earliest singles. Their many line up changes and label swaps make the story even cloudier. Due for special attention are Step Forward sides Bingo Masters Breakout (SF 7) and It's The New Thing (SF 9) plus their latter day Rough Trade offerings Rowche Rumble and Fiery Jack. All the tracks from these 7 inch delights can be found lurking on Early Fall 77-79 on the Step Forward label. After that the story switches to the soon-to-go-walkies Kamera label before the group found their current abode down Beggars way.

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES. With the 13th generation's discovery of **Julian Cope's** eccentricities and pop potential, The Teardrop Explodes' first two singles have hit paydirt. Both on Liverpool's Zoo label, they were the group's first waxing, a three track EP featuring Sleeping Gas, Camera Camera and Kirkby Workers Dream Fades, which first appeared in a red and black sleeve (later to change to blue and black). Both colourings will set you back around a tenner, while their second single Bouncing Babies goes for around a fiver (flipside of that one was All I Am Is Loving You).

documenting the period, From The Shores Of Lake Placid, with its contributions from **The Teardrop Explodes, Echo And The Bunnymen, Big In Japan** (featuring **Holly**), **Those Naughty Lumps, Lori And The Chameleons, The Turquoise Swimming Pools** and more.

WAH featured **Pete Wyllie** and had many versions of their name. Early Inevitable sides suggested they'd blown it before they found the gear lever but Story Of The Blues and major label support cemented the eccentric's career.

THE WEATHER PROPHETS came from the ashes of **The Loft** and are powered by songwriter **Pete Astor**. After two singles on Creation they've just signed to WEA's new Elevation label.

WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND WE'RE GONNA USE IT did it. Total averageness in the extreme made teeth braces and **X-Ray Spex** revivalism a strong possibility. The Fuzzies' Brummieness was cute and their Vindaloo EP impressed WEA. Inept performances proved that many journalists had grooved but few had listened. Longevity is in the lap of the gods.

YACHTS' brief encounter with Stiff on Suffice To Say led them to Radar and eventually Polydor. The big punch with exotic packaging and cover versions didn't work though.

ZODIAC MINDWARP AND THE LOVE REACTION are crap. But, Zod is brill. The group that couldn't entertain a hamster in a rabid fever have a trump card in Zod, a punky unshaven wretch who could cover for **Wogan** at the drop of a Durex. The group, however, suck. Start at Food, wobble, go to Phonogram. Don't release another record.

So, who'll be next to make that drastic move to megastardom? Even as we speak (sorry, even as you peruse), cash is being talked about in a dozen or so boardrooms. The Voice Of The Beehive is a name to juggle with, there's general enthusiasm about SST's The Meat Puppets (which will be further increased, no doubt, if former labelmates Hüsker Dü get good sales figures for their Warehouse double). Talk too, and mucho press for The Band Of Holy Joy. Early interest about Slab. The Wedding Present (of course, or again) and Crazyhead and Portion Control (now managed by Tom Pet Shop Boys Watkins). Hey... it's just like a rock 'n' roll supermarket. Know where I'm coming from?

FOR THE INDEPENDENT MEGALOMANIAC

UNDERGROUND

May 1987 Issue Two

HARDCORE

DEATH DISCO

METAL BEAT

QUIP HOBILLY

PSYCHE-SURF

PUNK ELECTRO



★ **LAIBACH**

the state and the art

★ **SHELLEYAN ORPHAN**

smirk of the new renaissance

★ **KING OF LUXEMBOURG**

goes back to school

★ **MIAOW V THE HIT PARADE** journo showdown

★ **BAMBI SLAM**

all cellos and crowbars

★ **THE BATFISH BOYS**

get greasy

★ **SPEAR OF DESTINY**

Kirk gets in a bad mood

and, we ask the question, just who are

CHORCHAZADE

KALAHARI SURFERS

THE JAMES TAYLOR

QUARTET

and

TACKHEAD?



RENEGADE SOUND-WAVE

Eastenders on the rise

The tinkle of hearts breaking

PULP

We'll keep the pink flag flying high

WIRE



COOKING VINYL SPRING MENU



2 UNDERGROUND

THE CUTTING EDGE

THE OYSTER BAND
THE MEKONS
CLIVE GREGSON & CHRISTINE COLLISTER
GONE TO EARTH
WE FREE KINGS
RORY MCLEOD
ANDREW CRONSHAW
EDWARD II & THE RED HOT POLKAS
MALCOLM'S INTERVIEW
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TOTAL MULTIPLE SHAG PILE UP

Stump spit cereal



Stump bin their day jobs



"A lot of people wanted a cassette because they don't have record players," is Kev's answer. But I thought Stump really disliked Mud On A Colon's production. Why re-release it to new buyers?

"It was a chance to re-cut the record as it was really distorted when it was first pressed".

When I spoke to a cereal-free Rob McKahey (drums), he added, "The four songs on the EP were all good but the production was a joke. We thought of re-recording them but then decided not to, although we have re-recorded Ice The Levant as a B-side for the worldwide release of Buffalo (everywhere except Britain). We thought we'd use the EP as a passing shot, a bonus for the cassette, and that would leave the songs once and for all".

That closes Stump's strictly indepen-

dent chapter, but what about their major days so far? Any disappointments? Kev: "Yes, they don't like you to talk about decisions and advances in public. We've got into trouble already. It's stupid really. The most annoying thing about the music business is that you can be treated as naughty schoolboys. You know, the decisions are made by real men".

Any artistic suggestions?

"Well, we had our first meeting three weeks after signing, with the manager, Hugh Jones, everybody. I got there late and the first thing I heard them discussing was changing the bass line to Buffalo! They were asking me to funk it up! I thought it was a really bad omen. I was terrified, but it was never changed. I was really hurt at first but I was more worried about the band because they were saying, go ahead and change it!"

"Don't worry about Kev," says Rob. "He's a purist. He's the conscience of the band!"

A fear of majors then, Kev?

"There is more . . . none of us like the music business. But we aren't going to compromise at all. The stuff we're doing for the new record is stranger,

more inaccessible, less palatable than stuff like Orgasm Way or Grab Hands. I don't know what Ensign have let themselves in for!"

By now, most everybody's learnt to Quirk Out but those who haven't might still get the opportunity. 1988 sees Stump shifting into a higher gear with one of those Year-Planner chart stuck on those big bottoms of their while that debut mini-album gets re-released on cassette with their first EP, Mud On A Colon, tucked on the end. The cassette is still distributed by the group's own Stuff label (through The Cartel) but their new organised schedule comes courtesy of Chrysalis-affiliated Ensign. The major deal means Stump can give up those day-jobs. "It's very different from indie-land," bassist Kev Hopper chortles down the phone through his cereal, too early on a Monday morning. "We used to get up and go to our part-time jobs and practise when we could." And now? "Well, it's more time-consuming and we have to plan everything, but we're earning a living from it".

Plans, plans, plans . . . Stump have lots of them. They'll have begun a 17 date tour of Britain by the time you read this, before supporting Hüsker Dü in Germany and Holland in June. On their return, they'll hopefully start recording a new album. Hugh Jones, who produced Quirk Out, is shortlisted, but no name has been confirmed.

Talking of Quirk Out, why the new little package? A little touch of the marketing ploys?

SCAM PATROL



3 UNDERGROUND

JAMS get busted



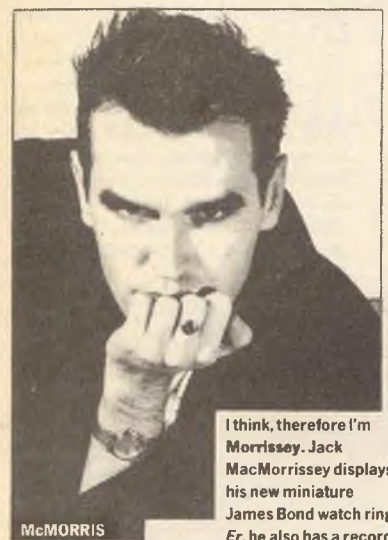
JAMS go for further marketing and advertising awards

Now that JAMS have been given a splendid injunction to halt their All You Need Is Love cut and thrust anti-AIDS scratch up, the combo with the mostest (headed by King Boy D) have had to hand over copies of the record to be destroyed. In their bid to fight the ban, JAMS will be selling SHAG SHAG SHAG T shirts which you can get for £5 including post by sending a cheque made out to KLF Communications at Box 283, HP22 5BW. So, it's a case of, er send me all yer money. Now.

ITS **RIZSHORT** details ON of the rope of eurapa
 STONIGHT 1934 of a dimension

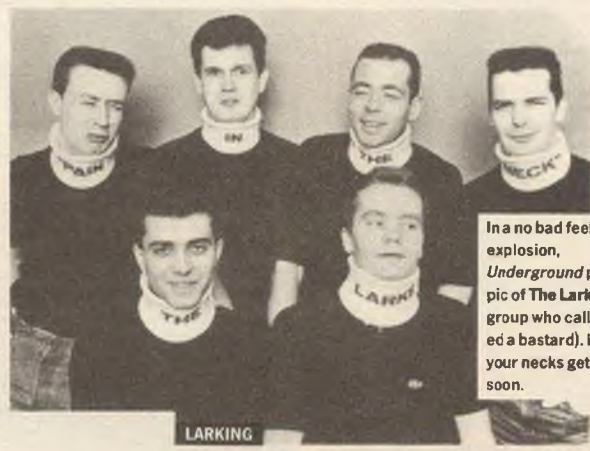
fiction

fact



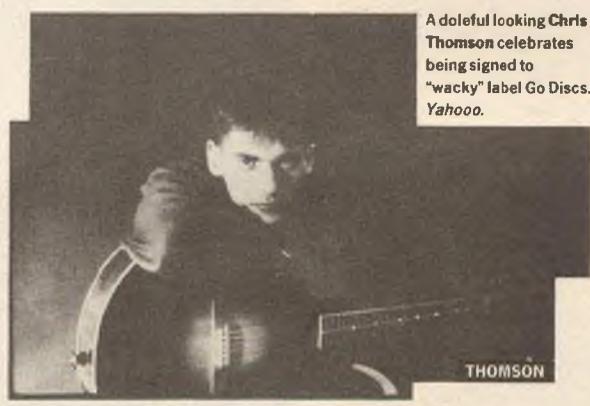
I think, therefore I'm **Morrissey**. Jack MacMorrissey displays his new miniature James Bond watch ring. Er, he also has a record out, too.

McMORRIS



In a no bad feelings explosion, *Underground* print a pic of **The Larks** (the group who called our ed a bastard). Hope your necks get better soon.

LARKING



A doleful looking **Chris Thomson** celebrates being signed to "wacky" label Go Discs. *Yahooo.*

THOMSON



FEELING A LITTLE OVERWEIGHT? Getting a bit top heavy? **Butthole Surfer Gibby** displays the brand new tobacco-only diet which he's attempting to promote.

GIBBY



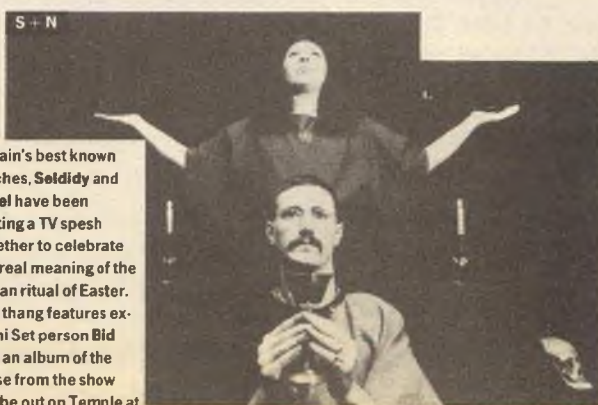
SEX SEX SEX SEX. Yes, **The Wolfgang Press** have released a new EP called **BIGSEX**. *Pretty sordid stuff, eh?*

WOLFGANG PRESS



Aagh, **The Flamin' Groovies** are back with a noo album. But, where's the bald one?

GROOVY



Britain's best known witches, **Seldidy and Nigel** have been putting a TV spesh together to celebrate the real meaning of the pagan ritual of Easter. The thang features ex-Moni Set person **Bid** and an album of the noise from the show will be out on Temple at the time you read this. *Cue eerie music.*

S + N

The noo **Beastie Boys'** single looks set to be the other metal cut from **Licensed To Ill**, their No **Sleep Till Brooklyn**, while other **Def Jam** muzak of style soon to make it across the Atlantic include discs by **LL Cool J** and **Davy DMX** (he of **One For The Treble** fame) . . . And following our recent exposé in ish zero that **Blyth Power** did many a mile last year on their tour-a-thon, **The Chills**, from New Zealand, claimed in excess of 7,000 miles to do a handful of shows, while **Ian Goat** from **Goats Don't Shave** put pen to paper to inform us that they'd plugged in (a technical term) around 250 times over the past year . . . Gasp . . . **Johnny Thunders And Patti Packadin** have their **Crawfish 45** reissued as a picco disco on **Jungle** (still sounds the same, though) . . .

And **Kas Product**, those genial snail eaters who had a couple of really hot platters on **RCA** a couple of years back, have a new album scheduled. **The Shamen** are in the studio and recording, too (an LP we believe). Back to the murderously popular **murder** chart though and **James Hollands** would like the record set straight on **Joe Orton** (although facts seem to differ from every angle), he reckons **Joe's** lover-come-murderer was **Kenneth Halliwell** and he pegged himself (after giving **Joe** a bad time) by downing 22 **Nembutals** washed away with a can of grapefruit juice. Any comments? **Aaaaagh.** Before we can say . . . whatever happened to **Wreckless Eric** . . . the news is that **999** are back. Get out the **Grecian 2,000**. And more revivals as the orig members of **Pere Ubu** are getting back together to do it in the States with a threat of **UK** dates to follow . . . and **2-Tone** contest that their **Specials** catalogue was more successful than we mused in our bona supplement of ish one infame. "Not only," did they screech down the 'phone, "did **The Specials** reach number one with **Ghost Town**, but the **Specials EP** (featuring **Too Much Too Young**) also nabbed the top spot." (Gak! Still there's anarchy in **France**. **Radio Libtaire** broadcast to a lot of people and as such should be encouraged, supported, sent records or listened to when in the area. Their address is care of a **UK** contact, **D Chalaud**, 7 **Topiary Square**, **Richmond**, **Surrey TW9 2DB**. Tune in on **89.4 FM**.



Rappin' and scratchin' Welsh people **Llwybr Laethog** in search of a route to the new stylus shop

→ GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK 'N' ROLL

The **Buzzcocks**, the band that everyone wants to be, have an LP and cassette called Total Pop set for release on German label Weird System (through Revolver and the Cartel). It's a 14 tracker with some rare things on it including two live ones. And name of the month must go to Weird System's gloriously dubbed **Neurotic Arseholes** who have an album called Live/All Die Jahre hot off the presses. Get this, **Thomas The Voice** . . . Welsh people with folky hip hop variations, a connection with **Steve Beresford** and **David Toop** and Rhythm Recs in Camden. Don't worry readers, it's weirdness and we've sent a bedraggled scribbler off to get the scam. OK, let's recommend some things to read. Yeah, well there's the intrepid and intriguingly well researched *Tongue In Cheek* number seven (10 Manse Crescent, Burley-in-Wharfedale, Ilkley, West Yorks, LS29 7LA) which has things on **The Psycho Surgeons**, **Fire Recs**, **Live Skull** from America, **Nick Cave** and a whole lot more. A good one to wrestle with after an Indian curry and during **Throbbing Gristle's** five album box set. Similarly *Blah Blah Blah* is a neatie with humour thrown in for good measure as ish three looks at Millwall's ground (been there, mate), **Wedding Present**, the **Bunnymen**, betting on the dogs and the soaps. Hey . . . a real lifestyle read from 33 Green Lane, Penge, London SE20 7JX. It also comes with a rather splendo flexi from the fabby **I, Ludicrous**. And garage/thrash rears its spotty forelock again with the news that pirate station Laser will have a garage goodies show broadcast every Friday from midnight to one. The show will be put together by Hit Records of London and will reach the whole country as well as the west coast of Europa. There's some confusion here though as air time can actually be bought (**Tel Wogo** would never have a word for this). But, let's phone up Hit and find out what the score is. Click, dial 01 . . . 670-2642. Hmmm. No answer. Well, it is three in the morning. Still. *Groin*

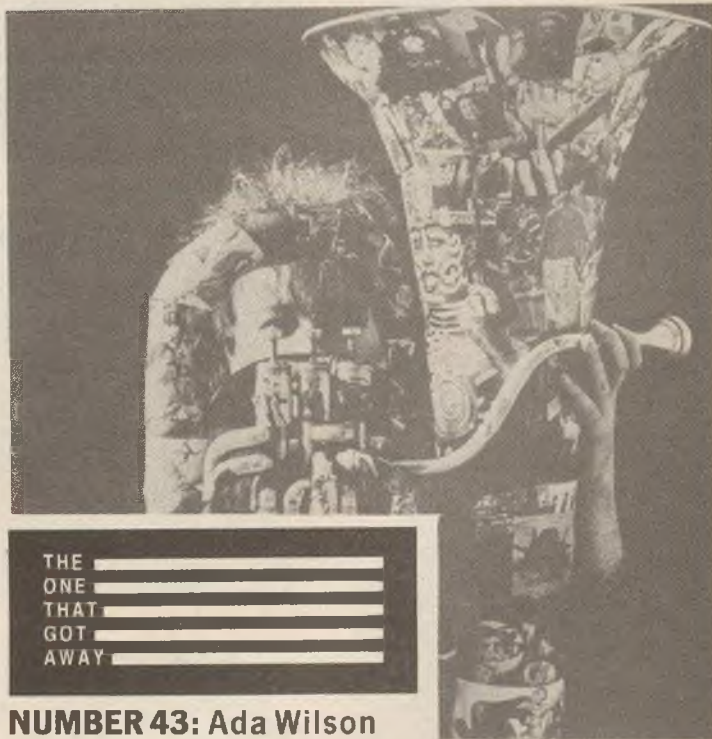
mag from Leeds is pretty unreadable isn't it? And you thought *Underground* was bad! Hum. Ha. But *Perturbed* is funny, fanny and rather enjoyable. The last ish has something on ol' **J Cope** Esq and some other things that are good. Humour is at a premium here, so get to grips with this essential visual at 14 Overlea Avenue, Acocks Green, Brum, B27 7UN. (Why, it's only 25p including post and packing). Aspiring stars ready to shake it in Europe should contact **Geert Stadeus** (who has a show called *Demo Revue* on Radio Stadeus) and the address there is Zandakkerlaan 8, 9210 Heusden, Belgium. And more, there's good news from abroad as SST plan to strike a deal with Pinnacle thus bringing down the price of their releases within the boundaries of UK prices. Also on the cards are UK and Euro dates quite soon from **Bad Brains**, **Firehose** and **The Meat Puppets** (finally), who also have a brill LP, *Mirage*, reviewed here in this ish. Don't be square. **Colonso Parade**, those Irish eyes who did it on *Fire* before, look set to sign a major deal. Suspected people who will party include EG and WEA. Oh yes, **Voice Of The Beehive** are now on London (but you know that already). **The Smiths'** new LP, provisionally titled *Strangeways, Here We Come* is being recorded at **Tears For Fears'** studio in Bath. And **Can** are back. Yes, the seminal crew from W Germo are back together in their original form for a Euro tour this year plus an LP. To co-incide, the group's own label, Spoon Records, make their back catalogue available again through Recommended, while fellow eccentrics **Faust** will also be another groan from the grave set to resurface (in vinyl form that is) through the Rec axis. **Zodiac Mindwarp** rolls over Europe . . . well, the man with a tattoo for every occasion partly shot his new vid in a Panzer tank and the director of the show fell somewhat awkwardly beneath the machinery. Hmmm. That's pretty mean, Zod old man!



Folk Roots reaches ish 46 with a cool-out collection of material that spans **Globestyle**, **Material Chickens**, **Swan Arcade** and a whole

READ ME

brace of live and record reviews. With the current trend veering hap-hazardly towards roots, ethnic and traditional sounds (plus their natural and sometimes unnatural descendents), then **FR** is a good place to pick up on all the things that **Ug!** merely waves a large stick at. So, if that's yer bag, and you can't pick it up at the news stand, then write to the paper at PO Box 73, Farnham, Surrey, GU9 7UN + if all that weren't enough, **Folk Roots** now branch out into the record and tape biz with a selection culled from the pages of the mag, sleevenotes by **Andy Kershaw** and audio contribs from **The Oyster Band**, **Billy Bragg**, **June Tabor**, **Ted Hawkins**, **The 3 Mustaphas 3** and a **lorryload of others**. Invest. TC Wall



THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

NUMBER 43: Ada Wilson

OK, Ada, stand up, your time has come. The world's first exponent of neo-classical oompah-punk, as he has been touted, this Northern person with his finger on the pulse of, well, something or other, was trailed to release an album, under the title *What The World Wants*, for about a year, and finally a battered copy has been flung onto the *Underground* desk. + With external postmarks cover-

ing the length and breadth of the country this re-directed gem (still distributed by **Red Rhino** and the **Cartel**) is on **Native** and features **Ada**, the man, in strange pose and prose. Fairground doodling and the kind of off the wall outburst that's closer to **Nilsson** than the **New York Dolls**, this platter is no let down. From tacky sleeve to tuba toting encore, a gem in the extreme. **Triv Tel**

antiques roadshow

Now, this is an interesting piece.

All the tell tale signs are here; the mention of censorship, the in-joke, the Virgin name, the face of a bedraggled **Johnny Lydon** (nee **Rotten**)

peeking from the sheet. Of course, this is the wraparound newspaper that came with **PIL's** first 7 inch for **Virgin**, the excitedly thrashy **Public Image** which was backed with the audibly distasteful **Cowboy Song**. Alas, without the record this is pretty much valueless — even if it is a good insight into '78 period humour and in good condition. With the vinyl artefact, with run out groove inscription and green and red **Virgin** labels we could have been talking **big mazuma**. **TRIV TEL**



If you don't own, can't steal or haven't heard these records, you're a schmuck!

NON U?

- 1 **KRAY TWINS** *Renegade Soundwave* Rhythm King 12 inch
- 2 **WORLD OF ECHO** *Arthur Russell* Rough Trade LP
- 3 **MALU CACHU** *Llwyber Llaethog* Anhrefn seven inch
- 4 **GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE** *The Dancing Bears* Big Noise seven inch
- 5 **THE IDEAL COPY** *Wire* Mute LP

Compiled by Ug! honchos with fur sinks and gasoline-powered turtle neck sweaters

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7 UNDERGROUND

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ALWAYS

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CHAINSAW WARRIOR

(a new game for Rambo-crazed crazies)

Just received at *Und* mansions, from Games Workshop, a new solo board game called **Chainsaw Warrior**. First impressions are of something gorily good with the game superbly designed with loads of cards detailing the ultra-violet, high-teeq equipment and devices necessary to play the game. Full review next month. Dr Whybrew



8
UNDERGROUND

Rummaging through the mountains of demo tapes submitted for our *Tip Sheet* section can be a pretty humdrum affair. This

month though, one package in the pile leapt to our attention as it fell to the floor. It was from a group called **The Trudy** from Worcester Park, Surrey.

Not only was their first single, **Captain Scarlet**, enclosed, but a strange and wonderful selection of goodies: one set of **Trudy** live-beads, one cardboard stand-up **Captain Scarlet**, one packet of **Trudy** funny tweets, lots of stickers, some **Trudy** 'bubble blow', badges and "bits of paper which tell you how to build your own **Thunderbird One** model" — in other words a pile of totally useless junk that would only be of interest to a half-wit or a three year old. We loved it all. **But who are The Trudy and what do they want?** "We intend to mass produce this stuff in an attempt to get famous," says **Trudy** drummer **Richard Targett**. "Then we'll build a space rocket and return to the planet **Miron** where we normally live". Future plans for the group include the **Interstellar Hypnotic Space-Ray** game, and the production of more **Trudy** toys to promote their record. Further details from **The Trudy**, c/o ALPHABET, PO BOX 202, KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES, SURREY KT1 2QG. Julian Henry

IT'S A CRIME UPDATE

Yeah, the 'puter game that lets you get tough continues. Dr Whybrew plots the **Electro Youth Corps** rise to infamy...

The New York of computer game **It's A Crime** is represented by a massive grid comprising of 20 x 20 squares. Up to 500 gangs, including our very own **Electro Youth Corps**, are dumped in various starting positions/blocks.

Each block you gain yields 'cruits and pays protection money, so, the more the merrier. Expansion by violence.

Soon, the **Underground** turf was increasing as gang members fought for block domination. Any vigilante residents were swept aside. Street dope deals gained money that was

immediately channeled into arms deals.

Our notoriety increased as a couple of the gang lobbed bricks from the observation platform of the **Empire State Building** and shoved stolen cars onto rail tracks. Just like real life, huh?

Morale was soon as high as my **Electro Youth Corps** squaddies, who continued to add blocks to my pitch until the inevitable happened. Another gang, **The Deaths Head Deviants**, made a successful control attempt in one of my blocks!

When your turf reaches an enemy gang's turf you receive their address on your turn sheet. Realising an all out war would spell disaster for both gangs, we promptly mailed a letter to the **Deviants**. I hope peace can be reached.

The **Electro Youth Corps**, and **Deaths Head Deviants**, would make a formidable alliance!

R.E.M. . . .

SUPERMAN



SUPERMAN IS THE NEW R.E.M. SINGLE, BACKED WITH 'WHITE TORNADO'. TAKEN FROM THEIR ALBUM 'LIFE'S RICH PAGEANT'. TWELVE INCH FEATURES LIVE VERSION OF 'FEMME FATALE'.



Hands up Shogun showdown

Pratinja meets The Fat Ninja

... BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT.



So the door pushed open reveals a little girl about six years old, one hand playfully resting on teddy's ears. The picture of infantile perfection. The bullet rips a hole in her skull, and the two heroes move past. The little girl wasn't the only zombie in their way, the whole town was crawling with them. And **Deadworld**, on Arrow comics, is much more than the Living Dead gore-splatter-spine-shattering tale you might expect from glancing and wincing at the rather feeble provocative cover. It's a hybrid of Stephen King and Hitchcock (with his trousers down). Conceived in frothy black and white, smelling strongly of whimsy, action and containment.

● Thus, in the mood to be a trifle terrified I opted for Eclipse's **Tales of Terror**, drawn solely by the cover again, as these collections of short stories usually bore. Instead of getting the jitters I giggle a bit and then drift off. The sting in the tales operates on a tiny dose of humour – like the mad axeman who cooks his victim, then finds a letter from her doctor amongst her clothing regretting to inform her of her leprosy test proving positive. Or the shipping magnate who made his money out of a scientific breakthrough which shrinks his parcels. Also shrinks his employees and he eats them in the restaurant he owns. Two good stories out of four? *Bad deal.*

● Continuing with the funnier side of the comics available you'd be a complete fart to miss **Ninja Highschool**, flapping about madly on Antarctic Press. Jeremy Feeple, just your average weakling highschool twat, suddenly finds two

attractive new arrivals literally *desperate* to take his hand in marriage. Little does he realise this is because they come from strange backgrounds that, even more *strangely* still, decree this must be so. Jeremy seems quite contented, but the mad professor at his high school has suggested the girls battle it out for dear Jeremy's charms. "I've got nothing to hide!" Jeremy snarls when interrupted in the shower. "Are you sure?" asks Itchy Koo, as his towel falls to the ground.

● Pretty disgusting stuff really.

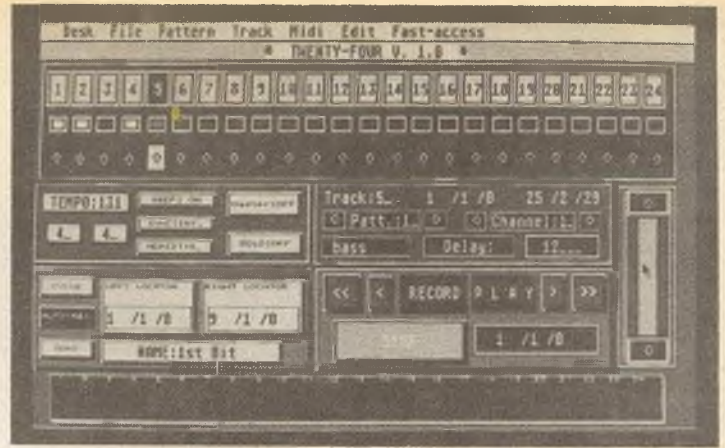
● **Fat Ninja** is a true giant among lesser titles, it's *the* finest comic currently in existence. You'll find it on Silverwolf Comics and you'll need to look pretty hard to get copies. A bulbous and phlegmatic creature, he takes the beatings and fights he has with his evil adversaries in the finest stoic tradition. Besides which he's too busy thinking about where the next meal's coming from to worry about anything else.

● The series is beautifully drawn and brilliantly written. In fact, if Alan Moore had his name among the credits you wouldn't be at all surprised. Instead it's three bastards by the names of Kris Silver, Gary Amaro and Emilio Soltero who have me scared stiff that I might be unable to find the earlier issues. Everything is so calmly understated, so smoothly insidious. **SO BLATANTLY UNFORGETTABLE.**

● If you don't buy it, I'm going to have to put something nasty in your pillow case.



With heartfelt **hatred** of the CD medium, the independent network have been less than quick in rushing their musical delicacies into the format. Factory are talking about transferring all of their catalogue to the unproved Japanese DAT medium already and Mute have packaged their wares into the CD medium right away. With plans to release the five initial Throbbing Gristle albums on CD, Mute precede that outburst with TG's CD1, almost an hour long piece of previously unavailable dirgeness that'll retail for less than a tenner.



Isn't this a nice photo? But what's it all about? Dr Whybrew checks the function junction and questions an unassuming Steinberg Pro 24, in between pressing his joystick gingerly for the It's A Crime tournament (latest blood boiling episode next ish) ● *Ern*, (scratches head), well, the Pro 24 allows you to record midi info in 24 track more in the style of a tape recorder than a sequencer. So, once you've plugged it into an Atari ST micro-computer, away you go. With midi compatible keyboards and drum machine you can record up to 24 tracks then trigger and play back as you please providing a mega brill sequencer and a halfway house to a 24 track studio that you can actually fit on the old sideboard. *Ahem...* it's a versatile tool, and with the recent Atari price cuts you can grab an Atari ST 520 'puter and a Pro 24 for as little as £680. But bear in mind, future technos and label under the stairs compadres, technical improvements should provide a 24 track system the size of a matchbox before the year is out (well, hope so anyway) ● **Pro 24 information from** Steinberg Research, The Spendlove Centre, Charlbury, Oxford OX7 3PQ **Atari information from** Silica Shop, 1-4 The Mews, Hatherley Road, Sidcup, Kent DA14 4DX





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SUB culture



Hold on tight to your beverage, climb up onto the back of the settee and . . . dive! As the shagpile rushes to meet you, two brand new, fighting-fit videos are slam-dancing their way towards the intake of your recorder; slipping and sliding, it's a close thing but we have a winner. Click, whirr, here it comes . . .

Idle Gossip is a fab collection of Toy Dolls' greatest moments. Filmed on exotic location (the local park and some back streets after sundown), and intercut with live footage from the Klub Foot, the three lovable spikey tops mime their way through the songs and into your heart.

The "gorgeous" Olga (he of the supersonic guitar and strangely-pitched vocals) dribbles on the microphone at Hammersmith, throws his emaciated frame around the park and, with his two punk partners, goes spazzy in the alley during the brilliant PC Stoker. Fourteen visual lumps that are much nicer to swallow than the abundant phlegm at a Toy Dolls gig. Choreographed epilepsy - for you!

Secondly, in this month's video choice for the psychotic, we have Still Sweatin' After All These Years from the Guana Batz. A completely live onstage collection, we first find the demented psychobillies at the Klub Foot in 1986 and it's a shambles, but that's what it's all about, right? Yeehaw! Go! Yeehaw! Go Again! The sole complaint is that the double bass player is giving it plenty, but can he be heard? Can he f***.

The Nottingham Palais, circa 1984, is the featured venue in part two, and this time the sound is beautifully balanced (which means that every band member in tthis earlier, different line-up is making an equally foul noise).

Both videos cost £17.95 each and are released by Jettisoundz Ltd, who can be contacted at: PO Box 30, Lytham St. Annes, Lancashire. For Batz fanz the choice is clear. As far as value and entertainment are concerned though, Toy Dolls take first prize. Daz Igymeth



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JE 135

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REVOLUTIONS

Distribution initials are as follows:

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

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

[] available by mail from Lotus Records, 14-20 Brunswick St, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs

[RTS] available by mail from Rough Trade Shop, 130 Talbot Rd, London W11

- **Desert island necessity** only trade it for an ice cold Bud
- **Almost but not quite** filch this one if you can
- **Getting doomy** opt to trade it in the classifieds
- No bullets!** deny its existence

ROLANDO ALPHONSO

Roll On

Wackies W2451 **Je** ●●●

There is almost something of a sombre tone about these recordings of tenor saxophonist Rolando Alphonso. Certainly there's not much here of the *bon jivre* associated with his work with the Skatalites, while the sessions share little with the minimalist brushwork of his Studio One solo sides either. If he's left these behind, though, then a deeper, more brooding spirit now guides his playing which is equally impressive. And whereas in The Skatalites he competed for solo space and was bolstered by equally gifted musicians such as Don Drummond, Tommy McCook, Baba Brooks, here he carries the whole burden of each piece alone and in his own wistful way. It does not make for the same exuberance but provides amply where reflection is required. **Evelyn Court**

AUSGANG A-GO-GO

Los Descamisados

Shakedown AUS MLP 002 **NM C** ●●

A mini album with a difference from Brummie guitar-wielding outfit whose latest musical tangent sees them crouching and gesticulating in a bizarre middle ground that merges New Order dance styles with rockabilly strumming and latter day punk aggression. But, far from being diverse and drab, this musical concoction makes for a tasty burrito — fully displaying the band's power on the six tracks running at 33 which make up one side, and their potential, on the seven min plus burn out called Turn On Tonic. Not to be missed. **Dave Henderson**

BLACK ROOTS

All Day All Night

Nubian NRLP 01 **C Je** ●●

Reissue of the Bristol band's Mad Professor produced album from last year to

coincide with their current national tour and new distribution deal. The fare is very much what might be anticipated from a UK roots reggae outfit: slightly dated but pleasantly executed chants set to sturdy rhythms and with stately horns and protest lyrics, the latter even poignant on a song like Poor Children. Somewhat fuller of sound than many but missing that vital spark of their Jamaican counterparts which makes reggae so exciting. I imagine it's records like this one which prompts John Peel's famous quote about being unable to listen to a reggae album all the way through without becoming bored, though in fact it's a record that improves with playing. **Evelyn Court**

TOMMY CHASE QUARTET

Groove Merchant

Stiff Records SEEZ 66 ●●

Dragging the beards and duffle-coats of the trad jazz set into 1987 chart land might seem like a hard task, but Tommy C, kit-clobberer of some repute, is well up for the job. Armed with a Stiff record deal, Frankie-producer Steve Lipson at the controls, and fronted by a band of sharp-looking kids, the TC Quartet look set to break into the chart just as easily as they breeze into the Wag Club on a night when everyone else is queuing in the rain. This is music with the correct trousers in every sense of the word. **Julian Henry**


CHRIS AND COSEY

Action

Licensed LD 875 **RR C** ●

Post Throbbing Gristle live out-takes from the two who didn't go psychic. The story here, as always, is electronic, European, and riddled with sweat-soaked sleaziness. C And C wander hap-hazardly through pop, avant-garde, anthemic soundtracks, and filmic tonal sketches leaving a lot to the listener. In most parts, it works, but at times the live electricity and flickering visual stimuli is lacking. **Dave Henderson**


UNDERGROUND stranger than fiction →



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THE COOLIES

Dig . . . ?

DB DB 83 **RTS** ●●●

Does Paul Simon deserve this? Easily. Will he dig it? Why, sure. Can the joke last long enough? No problem. Dig . . . ? is a clutch of fine Simon And Garfunkel songs — you think of it, it's here — turned upside down so that the contents of Simon's trousers are tipped out on the pavement and then a little Coolie taxidermy applied.

The Coolie touch is slouchy, groovy, snotty, casual, smirking, reverent, irreverent, glorious. They play Paul Simon like a garage-trapped Rick Rubin — black beats appropriated by white trash and shunted into rock, metal, funk, rap, doo-wop, surf, punk and pop, often three styles at a time. There's also a bonus of Having My Baby played as solemn as only The Coolies know how. Like current hip-hop kidnaps the rock guitar beat, so The Coolies mug Greenwich Village bohemia for its curvaceous chords. **Martin Aston**

CRASH

I Feel Fine

Remorse REMLP2 **Re C** ●●●

Their single, Almost, was almost a classic and this album is either facile pop or pure genius. I've a feeling it's the latter. Often reminiscent of the ever potent Doors-y feel, Crash are apt to surprise you sometimes by taking a nosedive off their platitude into a pool of rare melodies, beautiful because they are so simple. I Feel Fine is a frantic collage of T Rex, Mary Chain and The Monkees. Standard rock, neo pulp and an indefinable quantity which lends itself to the unique post of becoming a living anachronism, serving its forefathers and seeking out its own future. Worth cherishing for the duration of the record and perhaps beyond . . . **Alex Kadis**

THE CREEPS

Enjoy The Creeps

Re-Elect The President. NIXON 2 **B C** ●●

In they flood, day after day after day. The good, the bad and the ugly, '60s imitations all. Covers, pastiches, regurgitations. The whole wide world wants to be in Wardour Street circa '65-7. It's back to the future and The Creeps are no exception. They freely admit, boast even, to borrowing "from the mid-'60 school of rock". The strange thing is, they're Swedish, yet in they steam with the most raucous R&B this side of Georgie Fame And The Blue Flames. Vocalist Jelinek's command of the English lingo is rather bloody hot, Charlie, and the back up is stompin', blood boiling, sweat stained mayhem. The squealing mouth harp, Hammond organ and all that jazz are pretty ummm! . . . dynamic. **Ronnie Randall**

DAN

Where Have All The Children Gone?

Meantime Wrecords COX 002B **RR C** ●●

Drop those plectrums and reach for your pan scourers 'cos ThrashPop has well and truly arrived. Scrub that guitar and race the bass against the fastest boom boom ka-chik stickman in town, boys. Two girls share the singing duties and tell us of discontent, attitudes and other heavy, but hip, stuff.

Things slow and sweeten for I Think I Should but for the remainder of this, it's large amounts of ass-kicking, riffing and scuz-metal licking. Those meaningful lyrics ride in the cab of a runaway, turbo-charged racing tractor that's headed in your general direction. Pay no more than £3.50 and get splattered all over the tarmac (or remain uncool forever!). **Daz Igmeth**

DC3

You're Only As Blind . . .

SST SST 083 (import from SST at PO Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260, USA)

Something rather strange is occurring at SST HQ. The diversification of their acts, a horde of new signings, and DC3, at first dead ringers for Steppenwolf, then briskly poppy, rocky, gravelly and generally uncontrollable. DC3 seem lost and found at the strumming of a chord. Hardly a classic with more left unanswered than completed, it does make for compulsive re-listening. **Dave Henderson**

DOA

True North Strong And Free

Profile/Rock Hotel Records PRO 1228 (Profile Records, 740 Broadway, NY, NY 10003) ●●●

Ten tracks of power, aggression, and passion from Canada's leading expo-

nents of no-nonsense hardcore. The fact that they are slower in delivery than some of their contemporaries works in DOA's favour, as the quality of the songs is made that much more listenable, and should therefore appeal to a wider audience than the sometimes limiting hardcore sect. **Mark Brennan**

DUB U5

World Beat

CEC WRC1-4939 (CEC Productions, 5404 Park Avenue, Suite 2, Montreal, Quebec, H2V 4G7, Canada) ●●

Palatable club sound with soft rock harmonies pinned to some approximation of a reggae backbeat. Dub U5 are a Montreal outfit seemingly centring around the person of one Charles Biddle Jr who wrote the music, co-wrote the lyrics, co-produced the album and provides lead vocals, guitars, keyboards and the programming of drum patterns. The vocal mix on one side of the album is pleasant enough but in true dub style it is the instrumental versions of the same on the other where all falls into place. **Evelyn Court**



DUSTDEVILS

Renyard's Grin

Rouska Concord 9 **RR C** ●●

'Tis a little known fact that a dustdevil is a kind of tornado/volcano, apparently spunky enough to rip a house to shreds. Obviously Renyard's Grin isn't a Dustdevil at its most powerful as my bookshelves didn't even quiver. Vocalist Jaqi is wordly wise by all accounts, being lyricist, guitarist and cover artist. She hails from down under, used to work with Madonna (collecting glasses in New York) and looks the spitting image of Debbie Harry. So, what's she doing in Leeds? Well, creating some heavily Banshee influenced soft-goth-rock-pomp with occasional Pretender overtones. Perpetual thundering percussion and echoing jangly guitar punctuate Jaqi's faintly folkie, eye of newt, toil and tarot vocals and sweetly sketched melodies. Intense and interesting if not fully inspiring. **Ronnie Randall**

ERASURE

Circus

Mute STUMM 35 **RT C Sp** ●●●

Now that everyone's stopped giggling about Vince Clarke's hair and the fact that Andy Bell sounds just like Alison Moyet (only he's got more emotion, if you ask me) it seems Erasure have been able to get down to the serious (and rare) business of being worthwhile chart toppers.

To add to that, this LP produces a useful collection of tracks, all performed with vigour and a certain gentle insistence. The feeling I get is that Vince is now more wholeheartedly involved; that the liaison with Andy has produced a less schizophrenic and more humorous pairing.

Not that it's lightweight. Despite the uptempo beat, lyrically it touches on confessing homosexuality to the family (Hideaway), the disillusionment and personal tragedy of unemployment (Circus) and there's some obvious connotations to add to the unrequited love song Leave Me To Bleed ("Leave me to bleed, love can be fatal").

Vince adds the musical depth and deliberation, and Andy adds vivaciousness. Truly, top ten stuff that deserves to be so. **Carole Linfield**

FIREHOSE

Ragin' Full-on

SST SST 079 **RTS** ●●●

Firehose is the way Minutemen George Hurley and Mike Watt have recovered after last year's tragic death of singer/guitarist D Boon. Boon is replaced by one Ed from Ohio, and Firehose are a hardened beauty of a new group. They're fringed by a winking jazz sensibility — pushy bass, sneaky percussion, tweaking guitar, underplayed tension — and come on at times like a Sugar Ray Leonard/Gang Of Four clash — rhythmically spright and lean, springing around a ring where The Meat Puppets, Minutemen (obviously but not obvious) and even REM and The Miracle Legion have sparred. Ragin' Full-On is just a fantastic record which will get a UK release quite soon through Pinnacle. Maybe this will shut down all this talk about the impotence of white guitar music, leastways it should. **Martin Aston**

READERS, READERS, READERS It's time to express yourselves, it's time to shake those pens and rattle those postcards. ● In our never ending hunt for five-alive copy we want you to send us your five most importantly fave records of all time on a postcard, with a suggestion as to which band you'd most like to see covered in *Underground*, and we'll print the most offbeat charts and send the perpetrators a copy each of the recently re-released *Rose Of Avalanche* classic *First Avalanche*, which is now on the winnerfully friendly Fire label. So get composing and send your entries to Underground Five, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1.

Next issue of *Underground* scorches the news stands on May 22! Don't miss it!

FRONT 242

Official Version

RRE Rrelp 5 **RR C** ...

This is *some* album. From a direct line straddling Cabaret Voltaire, Hula, DAF, Yello and a host of others, Front 242's Official Version is a prime time hot bed of noise that's destined for electronic war parties the world over. After the post-industrial muzak debacle, the interest in Front 242's live shows, which mix TV imagery, taped and sampled sounds and a punk bravado that has impressed all comers, they almost signed to ZTT. Saviour and saving grace, they plumped for RRE and Official Version is their first release of powerful *new* material following the re-releasing of their back catalogue by the label.

Sequenced and stimulating, it's enough to make your ears bleed. Get it. **TC Wall**

HOLY TOY

Pakt Of Fact

Tatra TAT 001 **RR C** ...

Back to independence after major misery, Norway's Holy Toy still reverberate with the horror of the machine and the dignity of human resistance. If Laibach are the sound of military rallies and Neubaten the echo of collapsing new buildings, then Holy Toy are a spinning fairground wheel — welded pieces of electronic metal, buckled and flared, spinning 'round in a blur of rhythmic colours. Some are songs for disco-dance, others just writhe and despair and mock your hips. Imagine Depeche Mode after three months solitary confinement.

What elevates Holy Toy is first, their beautiful Eastern/Arabic tinges of melody, and second, that the throb of their machinery is still their own heart-beat. The human sensations make all the difference, and causes Pakt Of Fact to resonate long after the record has ended. **Martin Aston**

DEMBO KONTE & KAUSU KUYATEH

Tanante

Rogue Records **C** ..

The Kora is a picturesque harp or lute-type instrument with a large gourd sound-box. It is plucked, strummed and occasionally percussed. Konte and Kuyateh are musicians by *birth*; they are village people who had never actually played together before this recording session (Kausu Kuyateh is from Senegal, and takes the part of visiting celebrity in this Gambian location). Tanante (meaning, no problem) is a kind of traditional folk jam. You wouldn't guess it to hear the music, but the lyrical preoccupations of this exquisite album are the military prowess of great Mandinka kings and their extraordinary goodness in patronising the *Jalis*, or caste of hereditary musicians. Played, however, on the sort of dusky summer night they don't actually have in those equatorial parts, this record should provide an unimpeachable soundtrack to getting a little drunk and falling in love again. **Marc Issue**

LE RUE

Le Rue

Unamerican Activities BRAVE 4 **RR C** ...

In the land beyond goth's black acre, this first offering from American band Le Rue was born. Taking Cajun music for their own, the brothers Le Rue cook a crazy mixed up Jambalaya Cajun. Come on you swamp freaks, get PSYDECO!

Forget magnolia blossom. Side two of this album really stirs things up. Irish/folk rock reaches New Mexico via a Leeds recording studio. Poteen swilling cowboys ride into your psyche.

At times it's hard to remember that this is a live recording, so crisp is the playing. Le Rue sure are one crazy bunch of musical demons. *Sauvez mon ame*. **Mike Hirst**

LOWLIFE

Diminuendo

Nightshift Lolif 4 **FF C** ...

Simple and sad, Lowlife bring to mind an exemplification of Richard Butler's finest moments of melancholy. A paced and brooding album, its pensive guitars and hollow vocal concoct an intense emotive quality. Diminuendo isn't completely devoid of an upbeat feel, but it soon curves downwards as it swells and swoops once again to achieve a soulful refrain. Dreamy and bittersweet, this LP is mellow and even more than complete. **Alex Kadis**

LYDIA LUNCH

Hysterie

Widowspeak WSP 8 **RT C** ...

A double retro from Ms Lunch for Lydia-o-philes everywhere. Mean sample of the lady's talent and taunting, through her earlier exploits with Teenage Jesus And The Jerks, Beirut Slump and the near legendary Eight Eyed Spy, to her collaborations with Birthday Party person Rowland S Howard, Sort Sol and Die Haut, on the rambling sub-Duane Eddy gem *Der Karibische Western*.

A buy or die collection riddled with the usual sex, violence, love and blood. Don't miss. **Dave Henderson**

MAD DADDYS

Apes Go Wild

New Rose ROSE 110 **RT C** ..

Raw, filthy and reeking rockers, the Mad Daddys have an appeal similar to that of The Cramps; maximum distortion levels and some of the dumbest, most *wonderful* lyrics straight from the Bible Of The Church of Rockin' Excess. *I wanna be Stoned For The Rest Of My Life* but, hey, That's The Bag I'm In, says stinky singer Sono Buoni and that's telling you straight, baby!

Things start to get a little claggy by the middle of side two; we're getting stuck in a quicksand of primordial sludge rock but just as the scummy surface reaches neck level there's a fade out and the next fuzz bassline whips out and yanks you by the throat into the next number. Gurglingly good. **Daz Igmeth**

RORY McLEOD

Kicking The Sawdust

Forward Sounds International **NM C** ..

There was a time when folk music could *almost* be defined in terms of its locality. Folk form was (in an earlier but not necessarily more "natural" state) the stuff of which ethnomusicologists made their peculiar contribution to human knowledge. The new folk, being folk of the global information brokerage, extends and interweaves folk sounds *as ideas in themselves*, while it continues to carry its various ("progressive" or "reactionary", sentimental, right-on or redneck) meanings.

This here is a double album of recordings made over a ten year period, some of them on a domestic cassette machine. Folk isn't supposed to sound dated (is it?) but some of the (presumably) earlier effort are a bit forward in betraying their age. There are enough interesting bits scattered over the four sides to suggest that McLeod will make better records in future. Promising. **Marc Issue**



THE MEAT PUPPETS

Mirage

SST SST 100 **RTS** ...

The all singing, all laidback desert boys present 12 tunes of great style and power that spit out sand and gravel, tip a nod to countryfied Byrds, and eventually throw themselves naked into the rock 'n' roll arena. The Meat Puppets have never been predictable (successfully changing from LP to LP), and they'll never be boring.

So, the Pup's Mirage trades on all previous excesses, neatly moulds itself into a prime hunk of vinyl and stands proudly alongside other SST newies, like Firehose, as proof positive that the label and band are well worth your cash. Get your company shares now. **TC Wall**

THE NOMADS

Hardware

Wire IL WILP 003 **NM C** ...

Swede psyche-popsters further develop their loud and vitriolic guitar barrage with the help of more than a few neater than neat tunes. Usual shock-horror prose punctuates a flailing collection of tennis racket rock 'n' roll histrionics that should let a new legion of would-be rockettes practise posing. And why not? This is real meaty fare that still has its ventricles pumping.

The Nomads play with all the verve and charisma that Thunders and his downbeat compadres still fail to emulate. This is leatherette power noise with a commercial twist that'll have the dandruff kids lapping it up out of rusty hub-caps. "Too melodic for The New York Dolls," shouts a voice from the back of your brain, "and too on the beam to be off the bone Cramps." The Nomads have a niche of their own, carved delicately with a seven inch switchblade replete with ivory handle. Stick with it. **Dave Henderson**

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN

Reunion Wilderness

Factory Records FACT 185 **P C** ..

Everyone's hot tip for 1987 seems to be The Railway Children. Two singles and a string of justifiably encouraging reviews have set them going, and now the debut LP arrives in the usual stylish Factory sleeve: it's an important moment for the group, and they rise to the challenge admirably.

God knows the four piece guitar group format has been well exploited over

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COMPACT DISC - DOJO CD 45



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the years, and it must be to The Railway Children's credit that they find an (almost) new way of doing it. Their melodies are restrained but powerful, and there is a certain low-key intensity in Gary Newby's voice.

The further The Railway Children explore away from traditional guitar pop, the better they will become. This is a great start, and for the moment though, this'll do nicely. **Julian Henry**

RENALDO & THE LOAF

The Elbow Is Taboo

Some Bizzare RDS **RT C** ●●

Think of an idea, distort it, double it, take some of it away and chew up the rest, and you're getting somewhere towards Renaldo & Co. Never ones to be fainthearted, this is a whole sandwich of their work which stuffs in a whole counterful of fillings.

If I said recorders, Andes pipes, Malaysian sauces, rhythmic jigs and the occasional rabid vocal, would you get the drift? Even the recent single, Hambu Hobo, exumes the corpse of T Rex and desecrates it, dancing with the bones of a melody.

Are they serious? Are they laughing at us? Why is there a track called Extraxted The Re-Re? (Which, incidentally, includes a garbled vocal not unlike that of a song called The Auctioneer, or something, much loved on Junior Choice).

Well, I neither know nor care; take with a pinch of salt if you like, but either way, this is full of stuff to chew on. **Carole Linfield**

THE RUTS

Live

Dojo Records DOJO LP 52 **NM C** ●●●

Dojo Records have flirted with all things punk for quite some time now, but this LP sees them breaking new ground. It's not a re-hashed compilation, but a quality live album. Apart from The Crack LP, The Ruts were more about live mistakes than studio wizardry, and this album captures that spirit intact and untampered. It Was Cold and Jah War are particularly venomous, and only leave one to imagine just what The Ruts might have gone on to achieve if Malcolm Owen had not died. **Mark Brennan**

SHELLEYAN ORPHAN

Helleborine

Rough Trade Records R97 **RT C** ●●

This is an important record for Rough Trade. The Bournemouth duo were "discovered" by Geoff Travis while they were supporting The Mary Chain, and have since worked with Anne Dudley from The Art Of Noise. Their first single, Cavalry Of Cloud, alerted various critical ears — as well as a few deaf ones, apparently Simon Bates liked it — and now here comes the debut album.

If I tell you that they work almost exclusively with a string trio and oboe, and take inspiration from Shelley and Mervyn Peake, you should get the drift.

Musically, they occupy an area close to The Cocteau Twins, or maybe even Everything But The Girl. These are nice songs, carefully performed, but without ever becoming too heavy handed, only closely averting becoming a trifle dull at times. Catch them in a lighter mood — Southern Bess or Anatomy Of Love for example — and Shelleyan Orphan are an extremely attractive proposition. **Julian Henry**

SKIN

Blood, Women And Roses

Product Inc 33 PROD 4 **RT C** ●●●

Not merely a strange collaboration, nor a sordid love affair; the coupling of Swans' Jarboe and Gira for the onslaught of encroaching Skin releases is more a predictable diversion. Accounting for Gira's observations on morality and his fetishistic style of writing, a parallel opposition to Swans must surely be seen as attractive, and equally, extremely bare and approachable.

Proof lies here in the stark nakedness of Jarboe's interpretation of Julie London's Cry Me A River, or the sparse beauty of their single 1000 Years.

A penetrating scalpel, opposing Swans' blunt machete, Blood, Women And Roses could seduce an unsuspecting audience into the sublime, the pleasures of S&M, the ecstasy of submersion in depravity, possession by insanity. Through such revelations, Blood, Women And Roses can be seen as a rare and timeless beauty, or more attractively, as pornography, in its most alluring and purest form. **Mark Balmer**

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Join The Army

Virgin V2424 ●●●

A skateboarding thrash band? Whatever happened to the chopper bike as the trusty steed of yer average bad assed MUTHA? Perhaps it's his death defying bravado that inspires the skater's predilection for lad's music. The early skater existed on a diet of Stairway To Heaven and Silver Machine, and Suicidal Tendencies do bear all the hallmarks of this heritage. But this lot seem to have skated through the pain barrier and emerged with a bag of goodies, rich in energy, life, and a large dose of humour. With Virgin expressing rather more than passing support, it might be wise to catch this band in its full garage glory before a certain flexible friend entices Suicidal Tendencies off the streets and onto the marketing table for the imminent skateboard revival. **Ian Dickson**

THIS MONTH'S WALKMAN WONDER: She's A Nurse by The Raw Herbs overdubbed with the new We Free Kings' 12 inch

14 UNDERGROUND

SWELL MAPS

Train Out Of It

Antar ANTAR 4 **Re C** ●●

Nikki Sudden, arch Jacobite and one time renaissance man of the West Midlands, has gone sadly off the boil since he packed his spotted handkerchief, bade the Swell Maps a fond farewell and set off to become the new Rod Stewart. Train Out Of It, Revolver's bold attempt at inspring some posthumous success for Swell Maps, is notable because of its Englishness. It serves as a vivid memory that the mid-seventies' revolution sired some notorious wits and eccentrics. The young Nikki Sudden, AKA Sir Adrian Godfrey, displays all the vitality and unashamed expression that appear to have disintegrated over the years as reality has been nudged out of the saddle by lame fantasy. Let's hope Nikki Sudden rediscovers the true worth of his earlier material. Perhaps then we will have reclaimed a great British eccentric for posterity. We need them, if only to lure back the tourists. **Ian Dickson**

THATCHER ON ACID

Curdled

All the Madmen Mad LP 007 **C** ●●●

This is the only record I have ever heard that has been stuck in about three different time warps at the same time. While clearly displaying late '70s punk, '80s peace loving attitudes and post '79 anti-Thatcher rants — the whole album is more or less a 40 minute rant — it's a rock based assault that's pretty damn angry.

The lyrics, bled from the pen of Ben Corrigan and spat out by himself and the rest of the band, make for powerful stuff. Raucous guitars, bubbly bass and pounding drums give this album the sound of soft late '70s punk rock and an early '80s Jam a la Setting Sons. This is a damn good album. **Andrew Bass**

THEE MIGHTY CAESARS

Wiseblood

Ambassador **P** ●●●

Imagine, if you dare, the fusion of two of the loudest, most raucous and inspirational rock 'n' roll bands of the '80s. What possible bastard could be spawned from such awesome stock...? Weaned on punk rock in the true Thames Delta tradition, Thee Mighty Caesars spent their adolescence playing in The Milkshakes and The Prisoners, finally maturing into the manic trash Empire builders that assault your ears with the desecration of all things Radio One.

Wiseblood is their fifth album, and with five more planned. All the material is home grown (written by Billy Childish) with the exception of a version of Mark Perry's Action Time Vision. This record is raw and irreverent, positively exuding excitement and vitality. **Felix Adler**

UNDIVIDED ROOTS

Ultimate Experience

Entente ENLP 1001 **Re C** ●●●

As recently evinced by their disciplined performances backing Culture during the Jamaican trio's Christmas tour, Undivided Roots have made enormous strides since their inception a couple of years back. And it is since coming together under their present aegis that this quintet of seasoned musicians have found their musical feet. Their Party Nite occupied a place in the reggae chart for the greater part of last year and the rest of this accomplished debut LP is in similar tuneful vein. **Evelyn Court**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Four From The Madding Crowd

Third Mind Records TMLP16 **Re C** ●●

As the apt title suggests, four groups are allowed two or three tracks apiece to strut their funky stuff. A taster and an after dinner mint that leaves you hungry for much more.

The Royal Family And The Poor just nudge ahead in this startling collection of goodies. Their gliding and mesmerising dreamscape reminds at times of the Cocteau's own We Love The Moon though they move aggressively away for the doomy Dog Star.

There are three mysterious, though eminently danceable sci-fi instrumentals from Intimate Obsessions, while Bushido and Chama Meets Dania provide their own jazz-perversed hotspots. It's unjust to elevate any track from the rest of the pack, such is the immaculate blending of folk-tainted mystery. Many peaks and absolutely no troughs, this is original and occasionally inspired melancholy dance music. **Ronnie Randall**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Indie Top 20 Vol 1

Band of Joy/Strange Fruit TT1 **Re C** ●●●

For better or worse the Indies finally get hip to marketing techniques. Hot on the heels of Now That's What I Call Depressing Muzak Vol 9,013, Band Of

WIRE



THE IDEAL COPY

THE ALBUM THE CASSETTE THE COMPACT DISC

OTHER WIRE ON MUTE

WIRE • SNAKEDRILL	MUTE 53
WIRE • AHEAD	MUTE 57
DUET EMMO • OR SO IT SEEMS	MUTE 25
DUET EMMO • OR SO IT SEEMS	STUMM 11
HE SAID • ONLY ONE I	MUTE 41
HE SAID • PUMP	MUTE 43
HE SAID • PULLING 3 g's/PALE FEET	MUTE 48
HE SAID • HAIL	STUMM 29
BRUCE GILBERT • THIS WAY	STUMM 18
BRUCE GILBERT • THE SHIVERING MAN	STUMM 39
ON CRAMMED DISCS	
COLIN NEWMAN • COMMERCIAL SUICIDE	CRAM 045

m u t e

STUMM 42

CARDBOARD BOX: **02** Which group did Chris Watson of The Hafler Trio used to be in?

UNDERGROUND SPARK AND TWIST →

THE REVOLUTION GOES ON +

Joy/Strange Fruit have compiled 20 "full length" *hot* hits from the independent charts to tickle the lobes. The choice is catholic enough to satisfy the indie scholar, from Joy Division from their Peel sessions to BMX Bandits' *The Day Before Tomorrow*.

The biggest plus of this collection is that it should encourage more pop casualties to sample the delights of an alternative vinyl lifestyle, discovering the likes of Pop Will Eat Itself, Mighty Mighty and the gone but not forgotten Half Man Half Biscuit. Golly, there's even a genuine *TOTP's* chartbuster, in Erasure's *It Doesn't Have To Be*, to please all comers. **Pot Pocton**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The James Dean Of The Dole Queue

ID NOSE 21 **NM C** ●●●

A tasteful compilation of not so tasteful current rockin' combos from all over the United Kingdom. Twelve acts covering swing, hillbilly, rockabilly and R&B styles quite admirably under the supervision of producer Boz Boorer, who also contributes the track *Demolition Man*. Other high points are the tracks from *The Lonestars* (who grew into *Howlin' Wilf & The Vee Jays*), *The Wigsville Spliffs*, *The Jumpin' Jacks* . . . well, to be honest there isn't a duff act here. But the ones I've mentioned have more imagination when it comes to song arranging, plus, living in the years of the cover version, it's nice to see that all the songs here are newly penned. **Snakey G**

VARIOUS

Seeds II: Art

Cherry Red BRED 75 **P** ●

The second instalment in Cherry Red's *Seeds* series, designed to make those long-lost post-punk classics available again. However, despite a genuine desire on my part to wallow in the nostalgia of it all, my tastes have obviously changed over the years as I found a lot of the 14 selections virtually unlistenable and somewhat tedious. Obviously played and under-produced in the traditional punk style, a lot of that freshness and naivete has been captured in the recordings.

A list of contributors here include *Punilux*, *Blurt*, the *Dragees* and *Bone Orchard*, but only the *Go-Betweens'* charming *World Weary*, *Patrik Fitzgerald's* *Trendy*, *The Nightingales'* *Urban Ospreys* and the fabulous *Higsons'* *Conspiracy* (whatever happened to them?) stand out as acts with any real talent. Unless you're an inveterate collector of punk memorabilia, this collec-

tion, released I'm sure with the most admirable of motives, is not really a value-for money one. **Karen Kent**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Message Part Two: Hits From The House Of Shaka

Jah Shaka LP 857 **NM C** ●●

Jah Shaka's own brief sleeve note says it all really. "This record is a small compilation of hits from the Shaka stable, featuring a few of the most popular of 'warrior' vocals. So for lovers of roots and culture music I and I sincerely hope that the selections here will add, both to your musical pleasure and spiritual inspiration in this time." The honours on the six extended tracks featured include two from Shaka himself and one apiece courtesy of *Bim Sherman*, *Junior Brown*, *African Princess* and *Still Cool* and is message music in the Shaka tradition with dense, busy rhythms and inventive use of horns, especially effective when the vocals give way to the dub. Outstanding tracks are *Still Cool's* fluting *To Be Poor Is A Crime* and Shaka's own *Revelation 18* adaptation with its naggingly familiar horn phrase. **Evelyn Court**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Turn It Up . . . Or Turn It Off

Fever FEV 007 **RR C** ●

A weird cacophony of tuneless guitars, brass sections, and vocals that are nothing more than shouting, emanating from people who seem to have been fed on a diet of raw razor blades, is what makes listening to this album a very painful experience.

This five band compilation from *Fever* marks the end of their first phase, from which only *My Bloody Valentine* emerge with any credit, with sparkling geetar-based tunes that shine like a diamond through the musical black hole that is the rest of the record.

Best of the rest are *Kill Ugly Pop*, *Gasrattle*, *Cat Wax Axe Co* and *Barton And Harry* will have the invitation to turn off accepted. For owners of warped minds and finely tuned ears only. **Andrew Bass**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Unicorn One . . . Beyond Tomorrow

Unicorn PHZA 3 **NM C** ●●

The sleeve notes proudly proclaim the collective modernist ideals of the bands appearing within, a loose link that binds several different musical styles. Surprisingly it's not only *Secret Affair* and *The Who* that spring immediately to mind, but *UB40*, *U2* and *Billy Bragg* as well. The *Times* set the pace with an intense and dynamic mini-rock opera about the demise of the Western World.

SLEEVE OF THE MONTH: Front 242's Official Version bin bag >

16 UNDERGROUND

SWEATBOX

SEX010

SAX.CDD012

SOX011

SOX019

SAX016

SOX020

B-SHARP

SPRING COLLECTION 1987

- THE ANTI GROUP • **ShT** mini lp
- DIGITARIA lp, casset
- BIG SEX • THE OCEAN 7&12 single

- IN THE NURSERY • TRINITY 12 single
- PERENNIAL DIVIDE • PURGE lp (re-issue) includes free 12" slab burn down
- BEE HEAD 12 single produced by andy partridge



Powerful stuff. The Pictures are refreshing and cast not just a passing glance at Billy Bragg. Sharp prove that there's no need for Bruce and Rick to sign on at the DHSS after all, ex-Polydor solo star Jimmy Edwards fills the shoes vacated by Weller admirably. The low point arrives however when The Gents embarrass themselves with a Bill Oddy blues number. The New Breed play mellow lovers rock, while The Toasters skank away at the other end of the reggae spectrum. An extremely diverse and interesting compilation that deserves to transcend any labels. If this is mod, then let's have some more, quick. **Felix Adler**

WIRE

The Ideal Copy

Mute STUMM 42 **RT C Sp** ●●●

Hobnailed artfrenzy! A longcome LP from the four *pop wags* whose output may be deliberate and mannered (often a plus point) but it's music without beastly rock conceits. Their acute melodic awareness has not waned — previously shown in their brazen tapping of the power of songs written on one note (Outdoor Minor) or, more flamboyantly, two notes (Dot Dash). This awareness, however, is manifesting itself more complexly.

There are two major vocal moods on Ideal Copy. There's the Bagpuss-Sings-Scott Walker anguish typified by the delightful Feed Me, a strange mutant thing that grimly hauls itself into a *Little Shop Of Horrors* scenario. Over Kieirs is a tough, unbridled celebration of sampling technology and metal doors slamming. Caught in the middle of this sub-group is Ambitious. It's laps ahead of most competition but less winsome than its groove-mates, more an exercise in butch binky-bonk.

The other half of the collection is given over to upsome bouts of harmonised overdrone in tones variously pastel and mungent, all born aloft by pulsing and fluttering banks of sequencers. Our heroes' keen ears have kept these highly commercial outpourings free of vile pomp and circumstance. The new single, Ahead, works primarily as a determined reference to the Euro-bop side of New Order. **Myrna Minkoff**

THE WOLFHOUNDS

Unseen Ripples From A Pebble

Pink Pinky 19 **RT C** ●

They may be Wolfhounds, but they sure are faithful hounds, bringing us here the pipe and slippers of the atrociously self-satisfied "shambling" generation: the tautly jangled guitar and the voice of an unsinging (as opposed to unsung) hero.

Only when they get tetchy, on Anti-Midas Touch and (far and away the best

track) Me, do they do anything that it's possible to feel more than flatly blank about. Maybe this'll up their hatred of cloth-eared journoes, and they'll write another good song. Till then as they say, in probably their finest insight, "in your mind you fly but you can't flap your arms no matter how hard you try".

John Best

YO LA TENGO

Ride The Tiger

Shigaku Presents SHIG LP 2 **Sh** ●●●

The name has been rebounding back and forth between rock clairvoyants much as REM did before them. Finally, Ride The Tiger is released here, and guess what, it's American College Radio Rock in excelsis — definitely post-Feelies (in America, both bands share the same label, Coyote) who in their time were post-Television (post-Velvets etc) and definitely on a wide tangent to the REM tangle.

Parts of Yo La Tengo's guitar trail is simply trustworthy, but other parts reach dizzy heights, widening the fine form of twin-guitar introversion to different musical tensions, stretching the lines to allow for gorgeous, fragile figures (Screaming Dead Balloons and Alrock's Bells especially). Too much of their personality plays muted servant to the physical efforts, producing a curiously flat feeling, but still it works. In the wake of the Tom Verlaine renaissance, Ride The Tiger is an essential purchase. **Martin Aston**

THE WEATHER PROPHETS

Mayflower

Elevation ELV 1 ●●

The best word applicable to The Weather Prophets is *fundamental*. There's no idle pose or towering sub-text or image to Mayflower unless you call writing songs some kind of faddy stance. No, this debut simply follows a golden tradition of guitar-band-framed rock — very square, 4/4, strong melodies, little decorative frippery — whose attitude is centred deep in the music and Astor's personal world.

He manages to avoid paying homage to his tradition; there's an obvious crafted reverence at hand but no jangle or copyright blot. Ex-Patti Smith guitarist Lenny Kaye's production capitalises on the group's subtle, probing style, but beware, nothing rocks out or provokes like post-punk ideals demand. From the opening Why Does The Rain (The Loft's first single, revised) through the two singles, Almost Prayed and Naked, to the closing Sleep (God, how traditional, Pete!), The Weather Prophets are rock romantics, spilling out Astor's stories of love, faith and the elements. Now you can't get more fundamental than that. **Martin Aston**



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RE-REV

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ARTHUR ALEXANDER


Soldier Of Love

Ace CH 207 

Your Jacks Wilsons, Sam Cooke and Ben E. Kings are OK, but none hold a torch to the greatest soul daddy of them all, Arthur Alexander. I can't begin to describe how excited I got when I heard this platter was on the way! Taking up the story from where the merry A Shot Of Rhythm And Soul (CH 66) left off, the man who gave the Stones and the Beatles Soldier Of Love, Anna and You Better Move On has a go at some songs that were hits for other folks. He's taken on Hey Baby and Love Letters which were on his Dot LP, and soul pervs will also be over the moon to hear there's an alternative take of the title track. Sneaky G

**COMMANDER CODY AND HIS LOST PLANET
AIRMEN**

Cody Returns From Outer Space

Edsel ED 202 

Having always believed Commander Cody and his cohorts were some laid back, hippy drivel from yonks back it was some surprise to find this compilation

from their first, self titled, and second, Tales From The Ozone, studio albums contains a wide selection of reckless, country fuelled, rhythm and blues! But then that is what this legendary Edsel series is all about.

The good Commander manages to touch on boogie woogie piano, rockabilly and even Hawaiian blues as they deliver everything from Cab Calloway's classic Minnie The Moocher to Lieber And Stoller's The Shadow Knows via some real down home country blues, with its characteristic pedal steel guitar licks and frenzied fiddle play. **Jerry Smith**

THE FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS

Dim Lights, Thick Smoke And Loud, Loud Music

Edsel ED 197  ●●●


This is material gathered from the vaults of A&M, and basically consists of all the Brothers' wealth of melody featuring the influential Gram Parsons, which didn't make it to the group's first two LPs, The Gilded Palace Of Sin and Burrito Deluxe (both recently re-released by Edsel and a good job too, judging from the prices the originals were fetching).

Musically, the latter half of the title is misleading, since this is mainly slide guitar, head on the table in a puddle of tequila music; country rock without the roll, but with plenty of lilt and emotion. Even their rendition of Honky Tonk Women has never been near a Stones' record, and Green, Green Grass Of Home practically grinds to a halt midway.

Not just for collectors, but one to sit out on the verandah, dust off the spiltoon and enjoy. **Carole Linfield**

HEARTS AND FLOWERS

Now Is The Time For

Bam Caruso KIRI 040 

The cosmic cowboy era in the mid to late 1960s produced a lot of bad folk-rock records. This lot made the grade, though. Not an album you can have playing away in the background while you colour in your latest issue of *Underground*, this one demands your full attention. Great musicianship with banjos as well as guitars, and even mandolins creeping in. The tracks that really cut the mustard are Try For The Sun, Rock 'n' Roll Gypsies and 10,000 Sunsets, the latter having some great fuzz guitar buried in the mix. **Deke Wanger**

CARDBOARD BOX: 03 Where are The Toy Dolls from?

18 UNDERGROUND

IRON JONESON RECORDS

COMPILATION

THE EX

JACKDAW WITH CROWBAR

THE NOSEFLUTES

Mac KENZIES

STUMP

TWANG

SPLAT

THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD

BIG FLAME

THE SHRUBS

A WITNESS

THE FIRST AFTER EPIPHANY

Distributed by Nine Mile and The Cartel

ZRON 21

PRINCE BUSTER

The Fabulous Hits of . . .

Spartan Records SPLP 007 **Sp**...

A straightforward re-issue (in a terribly cliched sleeve) of this 1967 compilation annoys because it could and should have been much better. Few of the Prince's well known songs are included (where is Madness, Big Five or One Step Beyond?) And, the sleeve notes should be better too. They're fine if you want to know what The (Real!!!) Prince was doing 20 years ago, but not too informative on his activities of today. However the 12 tracks on this album do serve as a reminder of the immense talent of Prince Buster, and one can only hope any future releases will show it off with a bit more character and style. **Mark Brennan**

CHARLIE RICH

Don't Put No Headstone On My Grave

Zu Zazz Z 2002 **Zn**

The previously un-issued title track was described by Sun boss Sam Phillips as 'the greatest blues ever written', and his opinions mean a hell of a lot to die-hard rock 'n' roll fans and are rarely questioned. As well as cuts from the same session on side one, side two is made up of re-mixed versions of some of his early '60s Phillips Int minor hits. By re-mixed I don't mean with added disco beats, perish the thought, but that Zu Zazz engineers have taken the tapes back to their original formats, as they were before Mr Phillips (in a lapse of weakness) overdubbed strings and over the top girl backing vocals - which swamped the whole soul of the songs. Here the likes of Lonely Weekends and Finally Found Out are as they were intended to be. **Snakey G**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Deram Dayze

Decal LK9 **Ln**

What's new pussycat? Whoah, whoah, whoah. This might now be a retrospective of mid-'60s experimental pop that sounds like a lick of Hush Puppies, but back then Decca subsidiary Deram was harnessing the Shock Of The New. Ranging from Cat Stevens' ode to Portobello Road to Neil 'Colin Blunstone' McCarthur's breathless She's Not There, and from The Warm Sounds to Bulldog Breed, The Pyramid to 23rd Turnoff, Deram Dayze is document and eyewitness, precious pop that was so innocent and clean that it sounds more promiscuous and hungry than a horde of dirty Zodiacs. Lick the edge of this record and get a good hit. **Martin Aston**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Muleskinner - A Potpourri Of Bluegrass Jam

Edsel ED219 **E**...

Hell, yeah! And any other moonshine sodden cliché you care to think of will apply to this great album. It's a mighty fine collection of finger pickin' and toe tappin' tunes that would grace any riotous square dance.

Side one kicks off with the frantic Mule Skinner Blues and one's country ass is left well and truly sore after this one. The more traditional Blue And Lonesome lowers the pace for a while, and more breath is caught during Footprints In The Snow.

Side two features the kind of country style that followers of Neil Young's straw hat days won't find unfamiliar, as these Stars 'n' Bars-style tunes are split up by the fast 'n' furious Roanoke and Soldier's Joy, which leave necks and fretboards burnt to a frazzle. Scorchin' stuff indeed. **Andrew Bass**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Trojan Explosion

Trojan Records TRLS 246 **Tr**...

Twenty tracks of pure grape-pressing class make this album a "must of the month". Concentrating mainly on material from the long deleted EP series of the same name, Trojan have combined well known favourites such as Liquidator, Young Gifted And Black, and Double Barrel with much sought after rarities, like the Soulmates' Them A Laugh And A Kiki, and The Pioneers' Mama Look. **Mark Brennan**

GENE VINCENT

Lonesome Fugitive

Magnum Force MFM 027

The black leather rebel from his 1966 period at Hollywood's Challenge Records. Mixing his 'n' r roots with the go-go beat sounds of the day, he came up with some marvellous material appealing to both '50s nuts and garage band enthusiasts alike. Bird Doggin and Ain't That Too Much are the cream of the crop (would you believe Glen Campbell on guitar?), with Lonely Street not far behind with some orgasmic fuzz twang guitar. Vincent's voice is one of the most haunting and disturbing of his generation, whether on ballad or rocker, a true legend.

With this, most of his '50s and '60s recordings are readily available, so when's someone going to re-release the album he made for John Peel's hippy Dandelion label in 1969? **Deke Wanger**

QUOTE OF THE MONTH: "I like The Cult" - Ian Asbury >

19 UNDERGROUND



NEW SINGLES

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DIRTY work WORK

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the NUMADS

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'16 FOREVER'

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A RIOT OF COLOUR Four

Track EP Dreamworld

RT C

Three piece poppers get smoochy while avoiding the twee *cul-de-sac*. Neat melodies lack a little in delivery but this super flyweight does have some handy hooks. **DH**

BABY AMPHETAMINE I'm

A Chernobyl Baby, Pow,
Pow, Pow Creation

RT C

The legend reads that the song was created by Creation boss, and part time Biff Bang Pow (er), Alan McGee, then he got three gals from Virgin Megastore to sing it and, I suppose, the idea is to create a latter day Bananarama to flog off to the majors. Fact is, it's really a rather good record. It knocks spots off Sigue Sputnik (and they've got spots) and is better than Westworld. So, let's just buy it and make them rich so they don't have to work in a record shop anymore. **TC W**

THE BATHERS Fancy

Dress Go Discs Records GOD
17

Unusual record from this most fashionable of record labels. It takes a few plays to sink in, but sink in it does and now I can't stop singing the bloody thing. A fantastic song, somewhere between Bowie and Paddy MacAloon. **JH**

B-MOVIE Remembrance

Day Wax Records C

And the post-nouveau-glam-posi- electronica show goes on. The Movies suck in their cheeks on some trivial pop that'll make pleasant tinkly soundtracks but little else. **TC W**

THE BO-WEEVILS That

Girl Kavern Records Sh

The Bo-Weevils (great name) record for Kavern 7 in Geelong, Australia (great place) and play a low-hung, gritty psychedelic R&B (great!) just

like Them (great group) on not one but both sides of single. Great! **MA**

THE BRILLIANT CORNERS

Brian Rix Revolver Records

SS20 Re C

By far The Brilliant Corners' most commercial moment to date; a jangly plodder (in the nicest possible sense of the word), it's re-recorded from the version on the LP. The Corners are already *Big In Bristol*; this will make them big elsewhere. **JH**

THE CHESTERFIELDS Ask

Johnny Dee Subway Records

SUBWAY 11 Re C

Having actually met Johnny Dee, I can understand why people are driven to write songs about him. His fanzine (*Especially Yellow*) is little short of revolutionary, and this tribute by The Chesterfields is so touching that I started crying when I heard it. Fantastic pop music. **JH**

THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Another Special Day/

Mouth Pain Egg Plant

(through EPR, 8 Denis Close,
Leicester LE3 6DQ)

So, here we have the first anti-establishment supergroup. The electronic backlash slaps the face of Beatles' song construction, with a slight wave to both Deep Freeze Mice and Yukio Yung. Two prime cuts that're destined to languish in a few hundred forward looking record collections. These men deserve better. **DH**

THE CROWS Redman

Ravin' Records EE C

An absolutely huge sound, even without the booster on. You can even picture the video; it's a \$100,000 set, plenty of dry ice, lots of camp leather-clad posturing and the optimum amount of clichés needed for breaking the band. Redman is a sound, a stomping rock anthem which could so easily catapult these boys to the top. The song however is strangely elusive. **ID**

THE DANCING BEARS Got

To Get Out Of Here Big

Noise EE C

From beyond the gasworks, north of the border in West Lothian in fact, The Dancing Bears bear their soul with a spirited onslaught that sounds more than good enough to greet the ears of the

gentry. Come on radio stations, come on A&R men, make these boys stars. **DH**

D&V Snare One Little Indian

RT C

Fine four track EP which took rough shape as a Peel session and has now developed into a mighty brill enormo sound. Beaty street stuff with Sheffield slang turning out in a NY rhythm explosion. Reet sweet and the third spot on performance in a row from D&V. Buy. **TC W**

DIRTY WORK WORK Love

You Feel Me Wire Records

WRS 012 Rm C

Hi-tech industrial dance music that's already scoring big points in trendy New York nightclub circles where it was mixed by various Arthur Baker sidekicks. A bit too abstract for mainstream chart honours, but a driving solid debut nevertheless. **JH**

EXPLODING WHITE MICE

Blaze Of Glory Greasy Pop

Sh

Australia's EWM run out of the garage and through the red lights with a throbbing, lanky-haired, greasy, grebo rock 'n' roll two-wheeler. The song won't cause any accidents on its way, but not every power chord can exit in a blaze of glory. **MA**

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM

Preacher Man Situation Two

RT C

The Sisters Of Mercy by any other name, in both sound and Andrew Eldritch's hat 'n' shades on the sleeve. And those *gloves!* Those metal-fingertips! If only this Gothic throb of a song was as hard and pointed. **MA**

THE FISHERMEN Can't

You Stop Waterfront Sh

A dream of a West Coast melody over hurtin' harmonies and textbook chords that reminds of Blue Oyster Cult's best commercial shots. Out of this month's Australian imports, this shows the most promise. **MA**

GAYE BYKERS ON ACID

Something Obscene In

Tape Rm C

Second rousing 45, available in seven, 10 and 12 inch form, from Leicester greasers Gaye Byko's, coming on like The Glitter Band before proceed-

REVIEWED BY MA (Martin Aston), AB (Andrew Beer), ID (Ian Dickson), SG (Snakey G), DH (Dave Henderson),



^ TITLE OF THE MONTH: Mad Men From The Planet Sex, new single by The Gargoyles ^

STOP, UG AND LISTEN

Sing Sing & The Crime: rootin' tootin' Scands

ing to the bank with a frank swank and a neat tune. This'll be lodged in the independent chart for months, get your copy now. **DH**

GOATS DON'T SHAVE

Omar Sharif's Moustache Go Go Goat **NM C**

The secret life of bridge, the game, revealed by Goats Don't Shave, who back up last year's initial press interest by releasing a record to enhance their name, reputation and bank balance. Fun pop with melody, charm, and a five o'clock shadow for sure. **DH**

PAUL GROOVY AND THE POP ART EXPERIENCE

Andy Watch Out! Bite Back Records **BB012 B C**

Modern guitar stuff from Portsmouth in a smartie-orange sleeve that looked so tasty I almost ate it. The music was equally appealing, and refers to the shooting of Andy Warhol, in the '60s, by a woman from SCUM (Society For Cutting Up Men). **JH**

HAPPY MONDAYS Tart

Tart Factory **C F**

Scruffy dog-eared funk from Mancunian growlers. Their third epic, this time produced by John Cale, acts as a tasty prawn cocktail to a giant burger with relish, album just coming over the horizon. Vegetarians please insert nut outlet. **DH**

HOLGER HILLER Whippets

Mute **C S**

German overture specialist, Mr Hiller teams up briefly with former Associates main bod Billy McKenzie for a touch of mindless hollering backed by orchestral explosions and terse harmonics. This is a love or hate situation. Not pop radio but great with it. **DH**

THE HIT PARADE I Get So

Sentimental **JSH Records RR C**

More painfully poignant pop from the bard of West London. Lovesick and writhing, the collision of Cath Carroll and Julian Henry's vocals make for intriguing listening, but the real meat is scraped clean on the sorrowfully sad Sue, on the flip. Eh-huh-huh-huh-huh. **DH**



THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

April Skies Blanco Y Negro

Here comes the Mary Chain again - the second coming, same as the first. The A-side is a Ramones-at-33, under a sweet Spector sky - no feedback, just fat guitars, and stupifyingly predictable MC at that. It's a great pop hook, and if that's all they want to be, then fine. Flip it and Bo Diddley's Who Do You Love has none of the original's sexual thrill, while their own Kill Surf City is EXACTLY AS BEFORE - Beach Boys '63 fuzzed and scuffed. The Mary Chain used to dismember pop iconography; now they just tag onto its coat-tails. Watch a threat turn into a pet. **MA**

JOSEF K Heaven Sent

Supreme International Editions EDITION 87-7 **FF C**

An absolutely essential post-script to the Postcard era with the spikey brilliance of this '81 John Peel session track conjuring up all that was special about the whole Scottish pop thing with the help of a demo version of the classic Radio Drill Time and two tracks from Josef K's legendary unreleased LP. What more could you want, eh? **JS**

ED KUEPPER Not A Soul

Around Hot **RT C**

This twists andbrakes like current Kuepper, but proving that Soul is as commercial and as poppy as Ed'll ever get. It's certainly no sacrifice by any means, just instant, being a stamping, horn-driven thing, as bright as brass. Blare it out your window for Spring. **MA**

THE MAN FROM DELMONTE

Drive Drive Drive **EC Ugly Man RR C**

Neat name for neat pop which goes folky and frolics in a Peter And Gordon neverland before Jake Thackery-ing to a halt. Early evening rad fare, close but no cucumber. **DH**

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS

Out Of Hand Blue

Guitar Records **AZURX 4**
The third single from the Drops sees a further excursion into '60s psychedelia territory. There's a Searchers' riff buried in there somewhere, too, so revivalists and modern "shambling" types should find this record a rewarding purchase. **JH**

PERFECT DAZE

Bubblegum Vinyl Solution **F**

Rock 'n' roll high school daze from Ipswich (the next hot city?!), Messrs Scruff Petty, ex-Stupid Wolfe Retard, Dazle, Col and Lorenzo slash mod, pop and rock with East Coast guitars and teen-age ramp-age melodies. All five tracks wipe away obvious stains of influence with an exhilarating, loose breeze of adrenalin Dull-Town Delirium. **MA**

POESIE NOIRE Radio

Active Flood Antler **RR C**

Belgian oddity that starts quite amicably and then builds into a torrid semi-pornographic dancer. Overdubbed with politicians and extras from *Debbie Does Dallas*. Neat street, with a melodic guitar line too. **DH**

THE RAW HERBS She's A Nurse

Medium Cool **RR C**

Excellent hard vinyl debut from these country-esque teamsters, who surfaced with a flexi last year. Harder and more to the point than most, it does a neat shoulder charge on the Green Syndicate Paraders of this world. Neat and desirable. **TCW**

REPTILES AT DAWN

After The Plague New Rose **RT C**

Typical Australian grungy-garage grunts and groans that bend from a Stooges Detroit bastard beat to a steamy Black Sabbath grind. But like a reptile, this four-tracker crawls

along the ground when perhaps it should be prowling the rooftops. Something smoulders, but in the wake of Crazyhead, this stands a danger of disappearing. **MA**

SING SING & THE CRIME

Little Man Wire Records **WRMS 015 NM C**

Here is more evidence that Scandinavia is becoming the centre of the universe. Sing

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152 Goldthorn Hill, Penn, Wolverhampton, England, WV2 3JA. Tel: (0902) 345345 Telex: 335419 ROKSON G

Sing come from Malmo in south Sweden, and this single is an impressive debut, sounding vaguely like a modern, commercial version of The Velvet Underground. **JH**

BOBBY SUTLIFF Another Jangly Mess EP
Tambourine Records **URINE 2**

Bobby Sutliff used to be half of The Windbreakers, and this five track EP was recorded partly in Jackson, Mississippi (where he lives) and partly in Winston, Salem, where REM knob twiddler Mitch Easter took over production duties. The result is as the title implies, though not as much a mess, more of a promising appetiser. **JH**

TELL TALE HEARTS The Eight 'Till Late Edens
Doorbell **EDD 1**

Plenty of whimsical doodling here as Tell Tale Hearts conjure up a spine tingling tale with its icy cold delivery offset by layer upon layer of warm atmospherics. An insidious little number that will sneak upon you just when you're not looking and then mug you with its beguiling innocence. **JS**

TENDER LUGERS Enjoy Yourself EP Ugly Boy **KIK 2**

Ipswich's finest deliver a fab 'n' groovy four tracks of sharp frenetic thrashing topped by the most beguiling, disturbed vocal since Peter Perrett hung up his larynx for a needle and spoon. Swinging along with a belief in their own narcissistic grace and beauty, even the clumsy couplets of Teenage Cream can't fail to bring admiration for the wonderful audacity of it all. **JS**

THAT PETROL EMOTION
Big Decision Polydor

A harsh, hacking guitar sweetened by saccharine vocals. Melody? You bet! Crisp? Not 'alf. Yet, most notable for a wimpy lyric break, totally devoid of conviction or emotion that pronounces, "You got to agitate, educate and organise..." **RR**

TORMENT The Mystery Men EP Nervous

Psychobilly music is basically a live experience and very rarely works on vinyl. The Mystery Man track, despite some splendid guitar work, is no exception to that rule. Rock Strong is though, and it has the feel of the early Stray Cats (don't cringe!) at their peak. The main thing wrong with this mob is that the songwriting isn't up to scratch. **SG**

TREEBOUND STORY My Life's Example Fon Records
Elm 8

This is rather grand. A new record from Sheffield by a group some people haven't heard of, and it's pleasantly backward, poetic and accessible. Do they play live? I hope so. The world should hear more of this type of music. Now! **JH**

VARIOUS The First Cuts Are The Deepest World Of Warning **WOW 2**

At last Wales has redeemed itself for ramming Max Boyce down our throats. With this six track, six band EP all is forgiven.

Kicking off - and I mean jackboot to the groin kicking - is Classified Protest with I Remember, featuring some of the most furious drumming I've heard since the last Slayer LP. An instrumental cut from I Mobster and the down 'n' dirty Bugs close the opening side (as it were) with an almighty crash!

The "hard rockin'" Yr Anhrefn and Elfyn Presli transcend the language barrier with their Welsh tongue and universally heavy chords and it's left to The Heretics to rant and rave, in English for a change, to bring a highly recommended record to an end. **AB**

THE WALLFLOWERS

Thank You Mantre Records
MANT 98/4

More '60s drenched guitar music along with tamourines and summer harmonies a go-go. Produced by Andy Partridge, this is a pleasing record, despite looking backwards into the gloomy past. **JH**

THE WOLFHOUNDS

Cruelty Pink Records **PINKY 18**

Hopping around somewhere between the Wedding Present and Stump, the new Wolfhounds single is impressively assertive and collars the listener without any polite introductions. This group are potent, exciting and quite obviously eat their can of Pedigree Chum each day. **JH**

YARGO Carrying Mine Racket **RTL 2**

Superb moody jazz number that has been lifted straight from the dark, smoke filled confines of twilight club land with its achingly melancholic vocal resting on a sinuous double bass line and accompanied by the obligatory smouldering sax. Just the sort of thing to accompany a bottle of Scotch as you while away the wee small hours. **JS**

P U L P

pix by Meir Gal

< NOISE OF THE MONTH: Laibach live >



“Most of the music I listen to is a true reflection of the world because it’s crap . . .”

Jarvis Cocker, diplomat, playwright, crooner and NH spex wearer, this is yer page. Martin Aston . . . come on down

➡ Pulp is a soft mush of nerves in the interior of your tooth – probe it and you’ll wince, feel a slither of fear, or possibly the worst pain imaginable.

➡ I’d say that Pulp from Sheffield sing about love in much the same way. Then again, when they’re in contact with the outside world, Pulp are as close to the humorous – the funny bone to you – at that moment when you don’t know whether to laugh or cry at your depressing, painful tangle of affairs.

➡ “So just lie back and enjoy it and save your tears for when the kissing stops, oh you know it’s got to stop” (Don’t You Know)

➡ It goes like this. A human climbing frame stuffed inside a third-hand suit behind NH glasses and perplexed eyes. Jarvis Cocker is the voice and core of Pulp. Through eight years and three difficult incarnations, Pulp have had just the one Peel session (scored while still at school in 1981) and the mini-album, *It*, to show for it. Pulp’s fondness for theatrical gestures on stage, songs that veer from Radio Two to Radio Five, past the point of Peel programming, and a disposition that can hardly be contained in the expression *strange*, has meant Pulp are still marooned.

➡ Not that their songs ever scream ‘rescue me’. Instead they rub shoulders with the emotionally crippled while trying to touch and bleed the MOR pop classicism of a Jimmy Webb or maybe even a Burt Bacharach.

➡ Later on, the story got even more confused. There will never be a more perfect example of a band’s clash of desire and realisation than Pulp’s *Little Girl (With Blue Eyes)* which signalled their return from the wilderness after *It* in 1985. This was a new Pulp, with Candida, Russell, Manners and Magnus, and the year’s most unloved, unrecognised single – an epic, sparse ballad, haunted by piccato violin, swelled by that chorus: “There’s a hole in your heart and one between your legs. you’ll never have to wonder which one he’s going to fill despite what he says . . .”

➡ *Little Girl* is a sign of the way Pulp take notions of love, vulnerability and dependency and then expose it. Beautiful ballads are equally ripped and torn by drones, crescendos and thrashes.

➡ “I like aggressive music, say *The Birthday Party*, but in any type of music, I don’t like to stick in into different categories of how I feel.” Fair enough, Jarvis, but Pulp sound more at home on a stage

than in a rock gig. “Probably, but we’re in the rock ‘n’ roll market so we have to play those places. Do you think we’re more refined than that?”

➡ Pulp have strands of Sheffield factories and London bedsits, but mostly Parisienne folk clubs, Frankfurt nightclubs; Jacques Brel, Berthold Brecht . . .

➡ “I can see that, but I don’t like this idea of this ‘singer-songwriter’ idea. I don’t mind having been compared to Webb and Bacharach, but the more wimpy types like Donovan . . .”

➡ Jarvis looks hurt.

➡ “We can do it the other way, which is like to sledgehammer it into people.”

➡ Those people probably have enough problems of their own. All those doomed relationships, all that self-torturing. Pulp can’t help but satirise the fatalism, but are they entertainers, spectators or commentators as they interfere with our daydreams?

➡ “I’ve wondered about this sometimes because I don’t want to appear as if I’m looking at the world and moralising and pontificating. I would just hope that we don’t contribute to the problem. Most of the music that I listen to is a true reflection of the world because it’s *crap*. Hopefully Pulp can make music as a sound-

track to the world as I’d like it to be, as perhaps it could be.”

➡ Both the last two singles, *Dogs Are Everywhere* and *They Suffocate At Night*, two bulging ballads, failed to sell. It’s going to be hard for Pulp. The new album, *Freaks*, walks by a fairground, gets followed home, jumps in and out of bed and tries to repair the irreparable. People hate each other. People love each other. People are their own worst enemies. Guitars are strummed for sadness and violated for desperation. Imagine a Roman Polanski soundtrack to a Phil Spector movie. Collapsing new feelings.

➡ “Sometimes truth is very ugly but if it is true, then it can’t help but be beautiful. It’s certain realisation. You either get depressed about then or you see a funny side to it. Just to realise what things are.”

➡ “As the signs outside proclaimed, nature sometimes makes mistakes”

➡ One last question: Jarvis, you said *It* was “very innocent and naïve, trusting love and romance. I suppose I’m a bit more realistic now.” But have you been in love since?

➡ “I don’t really like to use that word anymore. I don’t know what it’s supposed to mean.”



CHILDREN OF A LESSER TUNE?

► Shelleyan Orphan ruffle their ruffles and tell Alex Kadis about songs and romance.

Jemaur Tayle and Carolyn Crawley were discovered in true romantic style at the end of last year when they played a baffling support to The Jesus And Mary Chain. Their classical ensemble shocked the assembled crowd and won them a contract with Rough Trade. A single followed, the sweet and



Shelleyan Orphan shock!: not featured in Ken Russell's bio-pic of Shelley entitled *Gothic!*



Yes, yes, yes... catch this. The Dead Kennedys *live* and in their prime at DMPO's on Broadway, San Fran. Mean-time mime, slam dancing drongos, stereo sound and a rowdy crowd. Check yer eyeballs as the Ken's close the West Coast niterie that became legend between '75 and '84 with shows featuring diverse acts as Snotty as Black Flag, as arty as Devo, as operatic as Diamanda Galas and as nutty as Madness. *Phew!* • And you can win it! Yep, the *Underground* undercover terror squad donned brown bags and camouflage in a bid to secure ten of these smelly VHS delights. All you've got to do is send us the answer to one simple question (along with the finger print of your left hand index digit) on an inky postcard, or the back of an envelope, before May 7. • The question is, what instrument does Klaus Flouride play in the DK's? • Send your despatches to DK/Underground, Spotlight Publications, Greater London Hse, Hampstead Rd, London NW1. Go for it, pinko!

mellow *A Cavalry Of Cloud*, and an album in similar vein is coming out this month.

Live, they prefer art galleries as their venues while Millree the painter creates his medium as they sing. Initial impressions can be misleading; looking like a pair of pre-Raphaelite beauties lost in their cloud of creativity this cheerful couple aren't as precious as their critics would have them be.

Carolyn: "We like what we do to have a rawness. People think about what we do too much. Our music is being put on a pedestal and I don't think it should be there."

Jem: "I think there's room for what we do because it's never been done before. It's a very delicate thing though. Journalists mention the Shelley thing frequently but our music would be poetic even with his influence. We like him simply because he mixes romanticism with politics."

Will Shelleyan Orphan bring about a renewed interest in the forbidden classics?

Jem: "We could, as long as we aren't categorised as high-brow intellectuals. We haven't been to college or studied music, we can't read or write music — our songs are conceived in our heads. People tend only to touch the classics at school and that's usually a very stuffy approach. At least this way you can discover things for yourself without being told what to think." While far from dogmatic, Carolyn and Jemaur have an impenetrable depth. They share an implicit understanding which serves not only as a personal bond but strengthens their music.

Jem: "We feel the same about most things so we easily agree on the subjects for our songs. What we do happens very naturally, we never know what's coming next, sometimes we surprise ourselves!"

Altogether now, *aaah*...! But seriously, I was convinced. Shelleyan Orphan aren't lost within the realms of an irrelevant past. Historical grandeur has found its home within their soft hearts but they are children of today and very much alive. **These Orphans are invigorating and complete.**

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THE UNDERGROUND GUIDE TO ALTERNATIVE LISTENING

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BEASTIE TRIV AND LIES

Yes, after a million dodgy comix have featured The

Beastie Boys, let's expose some real facts about them.

1 One of them has **SCOTTISH** grandparents 2 Their

first ever record had them doing a scratch mix with a

STEVE MARTIN record 3 They once did a **COVER VER-**

SION of I Knew An Old Man Called Michael Finnegan in a

North London pub 4 Their favourite UK pop star is

PATO BANTON 5 They "like" **LED ZEPPELIN**

The Beastie Boys audition Billy Idol for the position of band scapegoat. Idol falls to correct curled lip and master Zulu salute and loses job



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Spears Of Destiny
10
 - 4 **SUPER POPOID GROVE**
Win
London
 - 5 **BOOPS (HERE TO GO)**
Sly & Robbie
4th & Broadway
 - 6 **LOVE REMOVAL MACHINE**
The Cult
Beggars Banquet
 - 7 **MOTHER FIST**
Marc Almond
Some Bizzare/Virgin
 - 8 **LOOKIN' FOR A LOVER**
Taurus Boyz
Cooltempo
 - 9 **CHAINS CHANGED**
Throwing Muses
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 - 10 **WHOLE LOTTA LOVE**
Vicious Rumour Club
Music Of Life
 - 11 **BEHIND THE WALL OF SLEEP**
The Smithereens
Enigma
 - 12 **WHO IS IT?**
Mantronix
10
 - 13 **FUTURE'S SO BRIGHT**
I GOTTA WEAR SHADES
Timbuk 3
IRS/MCA
 - 14 **V THIRTEEN**
BAD
CBS
 - 15 **THERESE**
The Bodines
Pop/Magnet
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REM
IRS/MCA
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Public Enemy
Def Jam/CBS
 - 18 **THE TERMINATOR**
Junior Gee
4th & Broadway
 - 19 **PREACHER MAN**
Fields Of The Nephilim
Beggars Banquet
 - 20 **GRACELAND**
The Bible
Chrysalis
- THE NEXT FIVE BIG THINGS**
- STOP KILLING ME
The Primitives
Lazy
 - AHEAD
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Mute
 - CREEPING DEATH
Metallica
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 - EVANGELINE
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 - WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEA
Crazyhead
Food

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The Smiths
Rough Trade
 - 2 **LICENSED TO ILL**
The Beastie Boys
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 - CRUCIAL ELECTRO 3
Various
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B Backs | **C** Cartel | **Ch** Charly | **FF** Fast Forward | **J** Jetstar | **J** Jungle | **NM** Nine Mile | **P** Pinnacle | **PR** Probe | **Re** Revolver | **RR** Red Rhino | **RT** Rough Trade | **Sh** Shigaku | **SP** Spartan

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	16	BAMP-BAMP	Bambi Slam	Product Inc RT C
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	18	WHEN IT ALL COMES DOWN	Miaow	Factory RT P C
	19	KISS	Age Of Chance	FDN RT C
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	21	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE	The Smiths	Rough Trade RT C
	22	POISON	Hula	Red Rhino RR C
	23	FRANSHALS	McCarthy	Pink RT C
	24	HAPPY NOW	The Beloved	Flem Flam P
	25	JUST A CITY	Voice Of The Beehive	Food RT C
	26	HOLYHEAD	Stars Of Heaven	Rough Trade RT C
	27	THE PEEL SESSION	Siouxsie And The Banshees	Strange Fruit P
	28	SWEET SWEET PIE	Pop Will Eat Itself	Chapter 22 NMC
	29	INTO THE GROOVY	Ciccione Youth	Black First RT C
	30	SIXTEEN DREAMS	Loop	Head Re C

STRICTLY INDEPENDENT ALBUMS COLLECTION

THE UNDERGROUND	1	REUNION WILDERNESS	The Railway Children	Factory P
	2	SHABINI	Bhundu Boys	Discotheque REC STERNS
	3	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN	The Smiths	Rough Trade RT C
	4	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES	Michelle-Shocked	Cooking Vinyl NMC
	5	LOCUST ABORTION TECHNICIAN	Butthole Surfers	Black First RT C
	6	OPUS DEI	Lalbach	Mute RT SPC
	7	BACK AGAIN IN THE DHSS	Half Man Half Biscuit	Probe Plus PRC
	8	UP FOR A BIT WITH THE PASTELS	The Pastels	Glass NMC
	9	CRUSH COLLISION	Age Of Chance	For RT C
	10	WONDERLAND	Erasure	Mute RT SPC
	11	CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN	Camper Van Beethoven	Rough Trade RT C
	12	HORSE ROTORVATOR	Coil	Some Bizzare RT C
	13	OFFICIAL VERSION	Front 242	Red Rhino RR C
	14	DIRTDISH	Wiseblood	Some Bizzare RT C
	15	ESPECIALLY FOR YOU	The Smithereens	Enigma Europe RT C
	16	WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME	The Bible!	Backs B C
	17	BESERKER	Scratch Acid	Fundamental RR C
	18	ON THE BOARDWALK	Ted Hawkins	American Activities RR C
	19	HONKY TONKIN'	The Mekons	Sev Cooking Vinyl RR C
	20	PICTURES OF STARVING CHILDREN	Chumbawamba	Agit Prop RR C
	21	HIT BY HIT	The Godfathers	Corporate Image RR C
	22	NME C86	Various	Rough Trade RT C
	23	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY	The Dead Kennedys	Alternative Tentacles RT C
	24	HERESY/CONCRETE SOX	Heresy/Concrete Sox	Earache Re C
	25	BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE	Elvis Costello & The Attractions	Imp/Demon P
	26	THE QUEEN IS DEAD	The Smiths	Rough Trade RT C
	27	QUIRK OUT	Stump	Slut CRT
	28	BACK IN THE DHSS	Half Man Half Biscuit	Probe Plus PRC
	29	HYSTERIE	Lydia Lunch	Wickedpeak RT C
	30	YOUR FUNERAL MY TRIAL	Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds	Mute RT SPC

THE NEXT FIVE BIG THINGS

31	WHOLE LOTTA LOVE	Vicious Rumour Club	Musie Of Life P
32	BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP	The Smithereens	Enigma RT C
33	THE BOMB SONG	The Batfish Boys	Batfish Incorporated RR C
34	FOR KING WILLY	The Babymen	One Billio India NMC
35	LIKE A DOLPHIN	14 Iced Bears	Frank B C

Compiled by Spotlight Research from shop sales of independently distributed records

THE NEXT FIVE BIG THINGS

31	BEAUTY	Various	Pink RT C
32	IN THE PINES	The Triffids	Hot RT C
33	PUBLIC FLIPPER LIMITED	Flipper	Fundamental RR C
34	FIRST AVALANCHE	Rose of Avalanche	Fire RR C
35	LIVE IN HEAVEN	Psychic TV	Temple RT C

Compiled by Spotlight Research from shop sales of independently distributed records

UG! FASTER FASTER, KILL KILL

FIVE RATHER STUPID PHOBIAS

- 1 **LINONOPHOBIA** A fear of string
- 2 **GENUPHOBIA** A fear of knees
- 3 **TRISKAIDEKAPHOBIA** A fear of having 13 people at the table
- 4 **IGPHOBIA** A fear of rust
- 5 **GALLOPHOBIA** A fear of France, and all things French

SPACEMATIC TOP FIVE FLOOR CLEARERS

- 1 **RHYTHM KILLERS** *Sly And Robbie* 4th & Broadway
- 2 **THE STORM** *Double Image* NIRA US 12 inch
- 3 **KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME** *Herb Alpert* Breakout 12 inch
- 4 **ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE** *JAMS* White Label
- 5 **HEY KIDS WHAT TIME IS IT** *Cold Cutz* US (allegedly) 12 inch boot

Compiled by Howie D., D.J. Szeps and Lard Ass

TREASURE ISLE (UK) FIVE JIVES

- 1 **CARRY GO BRING GOME** *Justin Minds And The Dominos* T17005
- 2 **LOVING PAUPER** *Dobby Dobson* T17021
- 3 **YOU DON'T CARE** *The Techniques* T17001
- 4 **PIRATE** *The Ethiopians* T17067
- 5 **THINGS YOU SAY YOU LOVE** *The Jamaicans* T17007

Compiled by Observer Station

SHIGAKU DISTRIBUTION TOP FIVE IMPORT 45S

- 1 **AT FIRST SIGHT** *The Stems* Australia
- 2 **TANGLED UP** *Macrae* US
- 3 **BLAZE OF GLORY** *Exploding White Mice* Australia
- 4 **JUST 14** *Original Sins* US
- 5 **FOLLOW THAT CAR** *The Pasadenas* France

Compiled by Alan at Shigaku Trading

LEONARD NIMOY FIVE CLASS CUTS

- 1 **Twinkle Twinkle** *Little Earth*
- 2 **Music To Watch Space Girls By**
- 3 **Theme from Star Trek**
- 4 **Where No Man Has Gone Before**
- 5 **A Visit To A Sad Planet**

Compiled by Scotty and Bones from Aussie Raven Records Import Mr Spock's Music From Outer Space

SKATEBOARD DESIGN FIVE

- 1 **SCS** Slam City Skates/Savage Pencil
- 2 **MARK GONZALES** Vision
- 3 **NEIL BLENDER** G&S
- 4 **JEFF GROSSO** Santa Crus
- 5 **JOHN LUCERO** Schmitt

Compiled by Nigel at Rough Trade Shop, 130 Talbot Rd, London W11

SKATE-ROCK LP FIVE

- 1 **RETARD PICNIC** *Stupids* Children Of The Revolution
- 2 **CROSSOVER DRI** Death Core
- 3 **AMONG THE LIVING** *Anthrax* Island
- 4 **SKATE-ROCK VOLUME 5 (Cassette only)** *Various Artists* Thrasher
- 5 **ARE YOU SURE AYS** Mortarhate

Compiled by Nigel at Rough Trade Shop, 130 Talbot Rd, London W11

FOOTBALL FANZINE FIVE

- 1 **THE PIE** (*Notts County mag and general good beer guide etc*)
- 2 **OFF THE BALL** (*Sound sense and satire*)
- 3 **WHEN SATURDAY COMES** (*As above*)
- 4 **THE ABSOLUTE GAME** (*Scottish outlook*)
- 5 **CITY GENT** (*Bradford City mag and scourge of Leeds Utd*)

The current bestsellers in Selectadisc, Nottingham as reported by dashing Dickie

FACTORY RECORDS' TOP FIVE BEST SELLING LPS

- 1 **CLOSER** *Joy Division* FACT 25
- 2 **STILL** *Joy Division* FACT 40
- 3 **POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES** *New Order* FACT 75
- 4 **UNKNOWN PLEASURES** *Joy Division* FACT 10
- 5 **LOW-LIFE** *New Order* FACT 100

Thanks to Tina at Factory for the info. Wonder how many readers have got all five in their collections?

CHART FRENZY



Bhundu Boys Jit Everywhere

The Bhundu Boys are Shona, (bhundu is Shona for bush) with a guitar, bass, keyboards and drums line-up. No mbiras – a Yamaha DX7 does the job. It is a fine thing that The Bhundu Boys use such a hi-tech piece of the latest technology to simulate the ancient instrument 'to make you thoughtful'. It is the most alive I have heard a DX7 sound. Like other bands from Zimbabwe, the guitars reflect mbira playing which is why people always write things like 'cascading guitars'. It is exhilarating music though, played in rhythmic fast, threes, 1-2-3-1-2-3, all across Africa from Morocco south, and a change for people here to dance to after our teutonic 1-2-1-2.

The political comment has become more strident since they have been here. It is received with enthusiasm and sometimes it must have a more personal impact than Sandy Gall. They get to like Biggie and the rest of the Bhundus. They shout ururururu! when he does. They clap and dance in fast threes to the Bhundus playing jit at beer places, and so they cheer when he talks about freedom. And that is one of the few things a musician can do, try and draw people's attention to things that they think are important. And Bhundu Boys do it by playing 'jit' they call it, their style.

Having grown up in the struggle to change Rhodesia to Zimbabwe, they try and draw attention to that struggle in South Africa. They do it in person, not being much on TV, and have jitted around the country since last summer. Bhundu Boys have played and played, everywhere they could, and it seems to have worked. They have established late night radio patronage and have jitted Shabini up the independent charts. In their case it seems to be down to the quantity of gigs, persistently moving people with their exuberant fast threes jit and mbiring guitars (I won't say cascading). Now they are back in Zimbabwe but will soon be back. *Ururururu!* John Lewis

STERNS/TRIPLE EARTH BEST SELLING 33s

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 1 SHABINI | Bhundu Boys | Discafrique |
| 2 SIWO | Jocelyne Beroard | GD Productions |
| 3 SPECIAL 30 YEARS | Franco & Simaro | Choc Choc |
| 4 APARTHEID IS NAZISM | Alpha Blondy | Sterns |
| 5 DOULEUR | Alexandre Douala | Sonordisc |
| 6 SACRAMENTO | Tabu Ley & Nyboma | Genidia |
| 7 AIE AIE | Rigo & Koffi | MA |
| 8 BEYANGA | Mbilial Bel | Genidia |
| 9 AFRICAN MOVES | Various Artists | Sterns |
| 10 HADA RAYKOUN | Cheb Khaied | Triple Earth |

Recent bestseller through the Sterns & Triple Earth distribution network, with thanks to Liam Scott

RADIO TEES BIG RAD SOUNDS

- 1 WAREHOUSE: SONGS AND STORIES Husker Du **WEA**
- 2 LEE PERRY Lee Perry **On U Sound**
- 3 THE GAME Tackhead **On U Sound/Island**



- 4 TRIED AND TESTED PUBLIC SPEAKER Bogshed **Shellfish**
- 5 DIG The Coolies **DB (US import)**
- 6 PUBLIC ENEMY NO. ONE Public Enemy **Def Jam/CBS**
- 7 LAND OF THE LOST The Freeze **Modern Method (US Import)**
- 8 LERUE Pierre Lerue **Unamerican Activities**
- 9 AFRICAN MOVES Various **Sterns**
- 10 IMMINENT FIVE Various **Food Ltd**
- RETARD PICNIC The Stupids **COR**

Compiled by Alan Rhodes, DJ on Radio Tees.

CKLN FM RADIO CHART

- 1 WAREHOUSE: SONGS AND STORIES Husker Du **WEA**
- 2 VIVA ZIMBABWE Various **Earthworks**
- 3 BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON Los Lobos **Slash**
- 4 ROME REMAINS ROME Holger Czukay **Virgin**
- 5 MUSCLE IN Three O'Clock Train **Pipeline**
- 6 MAP OF DREAMS Bill Nelson **Cocteau**
- 7 THE DARK AGES Gut Bank **Coyote/Twin Tone**
- 8 ECHELONS For Against **Independent Projects**
- 9 ATHENS GA, INSIDE OUT Various **IRS**
- 10 UNFOLDING THE GROWING Varoshi Fame **Independent cassette**

Compiled by CKLN radio from their playlist. CKLN are at 380 Victoria St, Toronto, Ontario M5B 1W7.

EDSEL RECORDS McGROOVY REISSUE CHART

- 1 FRENZY Screaming Jay Hawkins
- 2 ROGER THE ENGINEER Yardbirds
- 3 THE ULTIMATE ACTION The Action
- 4 HOW DOES IT FEEL TO FEEL The Creation
- 5 THERE'S A RIOT GOING ON Sly And The Family Stone
- 6 MOBY GRAPE Moby Grape
- 7 PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND Paul Butterfield Blues Band
- 8 LONG DAYS FLIGHT Electric Prunes
- 9 IT CRAWLED INTO MY HAND, HONEST Fugs
- 10 KICKS Paul Revere & The Raiders

All time best selling re-issues as told to Underground by Pete Macklin of Demon Records.

CRASH MUSIC STORE CHART 33

- 1 THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN The Smiths **Rough Trade**
- 2 OFFICIAL VERSION Front 242 **Red Rhino**
- 3 SHABINI Bhundu Boys **Discafrique**
- 4 UP FOR A BIT WITH THE PASTELS The Pastels **Glass**
- 5 DIRT DISH Wiseblood **Some Bizzare**
- 6 THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES Michelle-Shocked **Cooking Vinyl**
- 7 THE GIRL WHO RUNS THE BEAT HOTEL Biff Bang Pow **Creation**
- 8 BACK AGAIN IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit **Probe Plus**
- 9 HONKY TONKIN' The Mekons **Sin/Cooking Vinyl**
- 10 LIVING OUTSIDE THE LAW The Prowlers **Unamerican Activities**

CRASH MUSIC STORE CHART 45

- 1 STOP KILLING ME The Primitives **Lazy**
- 2 ALWAYS THERE Rose Of Avalanche **Fire**
- 3 SOUND OF THE MEANWOOD VALLEY Pink Peg Slax **Half Cut**
- 4 BRIGHTER Railway Children **Factory**



- 5 POISON Hula **Red Rhino**
- 6 ASK JOHNNY DEE The Chesterfields **Subway**
- 7 MISTER FIX IT The Vaynes **Vanity**
- 8 TRIED AND TESTED PUBLIC SPEAKER Bogshed **Shellfish**
- 9 LOVE IS DEAD The Godfathers **Corporate Image**
- 10 THE BOMB SONG Batfish Boys **Batfish Incorporated**

Charts compiled by Jez at Crash Music, 192 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds.

RED FLAME AND INK:

NEW RELEASES

RED FLAME AND INK ARE DISTRIBUTED IN THE UK BY NINE MILE AND THE CARTEL

PHILLIP BOA AND THE VOODOO CLUB
 DOUBLE A-SIDE 12" 'FOR WHAT BASTARDS/BOY SCOUT'
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KABBALA

12" SINGLE 'ASHEWO ARA - MIX 88'
 A special remix of this classic African Dance track originally released in 1982 INK 1228

SLAB!

MINI LP 'MUSIC FROM THE IRON LUNG'
 Specially packaged Mini-LP featuring all tracks from first two 12" singles plus extra track 'BIG MAC!' MINK 25

On a mission from Yugotours, Laibach adjust Marc Issue to One Vision. Click.

god's work?



The most famous sons of Trbovlje, Northern Yugoslavia, are with us once again. Laibach have gone and made another record, perversely titled *Opus Dei*. They have also broken with their policy of not giving interviews, and this is how we come to be sitting in Freud's coffee bar in Shaftesbury Avenue one icy sub-Yugo afternoon, going through the motions of a conversation. We have been supplied with just one Laibacher, whose name we didn't catch. For the sake of argument, let's call him Rudolf • Rudolf, as it turns out, has been dispatched from Yugoslavia to make a few appearances before persons of the music press, prior to the release of the record, and the appearance of Laibach on the South Bank on April 1 (both events which will have long since gone by the time you read this). Whether the date has any significance to the Yugoslavs is unfortunately not recorded. Indeed, very few of Laibach's thoughts on any subject but Laibach are known to us. Laibach appears to doubt the reliability of individual expression, and so Laibach makes this or that pronouncement, and Rudolf, bless him, doesn't say very much at all • Rudolf doesn't like tape recording, which is a pretty strange way for a recording artiste to feel. He asks not to be quoted directly, and that we use quotes from the famous Laibach texts wherever possible. The famous Laibach texts are the stolid politico-cultural riddles which Laibach are apt to offer in reply to written questions from interested parties. Here is an example:

Q How do you justify the violence you inflict upon the public – aggressive sound, tiresome repetition, blinding reflectors directed at spectators' eyes, big black placards and posters that strike one's eyes . . . ?

A. When in political and economical crises the antagonism of society comes to a head, there remains only force as the sole 'ultima ratio' of the social integration. The force must adopt the form of systematic (physical and psychic) terror, organised in compliance with the social relations: terror obtains the function of production power which extorts discipline and the adaptation of the masses to the existing productional relations and apparatus. Systematic terror becomes a constitutional instrument of authority. ■ To us violence is neither a system nor aesthetics, and least of all fun; violence is a cruel need to which we submit ourselves.

So there you are. Apart from noting that their violence occurs in grammar and syntax as much as on stage, screen and radio, there is quite enough in here to keep the happy smiling structuralists beaverfing away for a few chapters at least. Careful inspection, however, shows that this text tells us nothing about Laibach and violence. Their totalitarianism remains unspecific: they stress "adaptation to the existing productional relations and apparatus" as though relations were global and immutable, making no account of the diversity of conditions and contexts into which they project their almighty vision. They are a party without an apparent programme. What they do have, however is a dramatic texture to their inscrutable meta-political posturing which throws the conventional ideas

about culture as *entertainment* into stark relief. Their recent experimentation with Queen pomp-pop anthem *One Nation* (Laibach title *Geburt Einer Nation*) makes their gimmick (not in the perjorative sense, we hasten to add) more obvious than usual: they are playing at mad people in a mad world. This is a routine pre-occupation of pale and spotty western youths in doomy pop groups, but it works so well here because Laibach connive a total spectacle (or they are totally sincere: the spectacle, remember, is in the eye of the beholder: the question is – how did it get there?) •

The interview was finished. It was like spending an hour with 20 per cent of the Pope and hoping that it would produce some infallible edict on matters of faith or morals. Rudolf is tired of interviews, but Laibach must obtain press space so that people will buy their records (which are mostly very good records): it is part of the scheme of things. We say our goodbyes, and Rudolf trudges off to Moscow. The drinking club, not the nerve centre of the *Evil Empire*. •

You wanna know something funny about Laibach? Laibach ties (like George Darling's tie in *Peter Pan*, only different) do not tie; they are elastic, and they fasten with a hook and eye at the back of the neck. They are therefore uniformly knotted and identical in every way, until you spill coffee down them. •

Well, we thought it was funny. •



There was once a band called Skeletal Family. Whenever someone would wave their records in the air, dozens of others would immediately doze off. They were *bad news*, and *incredibly unhip*. Well, the bass player of that crew was Trotwood. He, with drummer Kevin Hunter, buried the Skeletals midway through last year and formed a new band that takes much of its inspiration from Jon Bhowmick's guitar, if not his peculiar surname. They then reap much attention for their singer's voice. Tony, although he prefers to puff out his pectorals, ruining his best bra, and be called 'Derk', is a rare find. A chap who might reliably be described as Aled Jones after they've dropped, with a wealth of seamy experiences behind him. As yet unsigned, **SAY YOU** possess quite a few strong songs which wobble across subterranean ethics and lyrics which ping-pong around inside your mind. A classy little outfit. And mad as hell, especially if you mention the Housemartins.

Trotwood: "We hate the Housemartins!" Pratininja



SON OF INA



SON OF INA are bloody weird. They are also Scottish and are comprised of a rather blurred David Ness. Previous bands for Aberdonian Ness have included No Human Eye (who had a single out some time back), Burnt Remains and Electric Soup. Those names should have been warning enough, but as Son Of Ina the noise of distorted bedlam has made vinyl in the shape of an album called *Delirious on Reactor* (through Fast Forward and the Cartel). What's more, it's great!

A punishing overpowering poptone shrouded in feedback and tinged with distortion, it grinds with the best of them. New projects include writing material for "alternative" comedian Syd Ozalid (can't wait for *that*), a track on an upcoming compilation and general mayhem and musical madness throughout Europe. Support this man, he deserves it. TC Wall

a

CHORCHAZADE



So, pronounce this name and live. Get your tonsils around that one daddy-o. **CHORCHAZADE** are a testing bunch. Their album, *Made To Be Devoured*, is a giant acidic flashback through musical styles old and new. Moulded into a forward looking noise it reminds one of heavy metal folk punk with country roots (in a strictly balladeering mod/psychedelia goes ska mood, you know). • Still the album came out at the tail end of last year on Get Ahead through Revolver. *Check it*. And look out for a track by the group on the new *Hits And Corruption* album plus UK dates, followed closely by a Euro jaunt. TC Wall

THE PUBLIC HEIRS



DEBUT 7in SINGLE

Escapes Apr. 27th Nine Mile/Cartel
First 1000 copies include

FREE FLEXI

by 'THE CROWN PRINCES OF SCUM'
Quiet Records Cat No QS014

Now here's something. Just like the record sleeve of their (untitled) debut single, black duo **A R KANE** present a recognisable image and then obscure it with chaotic disturbances while still leaving a sense of beauty behind (you'll just have to buy the record, won't you?).

As Slab! do to modernist funk, so A R Kane do to hip-hop - hijack it, harden it, add to it, blur it, anything but keep it clean. The first track is pure "Psychocandy" talking, in terms of a Mary Chain hybrid of worrying guitar noise hum and sweet, sweet melody, with lyrics that dangle in between ("the hair on your neck forms a noose around mine...").

It's probably too close to the Mary Chain pattern, but actually way better. A R Kane sound more affected, more sensational and involved.

Not just that, but the flip is the formulae improved beyond belief. If *Upside Down* was a huge independent hit, then A R Kane can be *New Gods*. But will they turn out to be a pose like The Mary Chain did? Already press promises of "Miles Davis-meets-Jimi-Hendrix" have been made, so there's no turning back. But what a debut. MARTIN ASTON

ARKANE



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ALLOW AT LEAST 10 DAYS FOR CHEQUE CLEARANCE

O-OH CHONGO's main laughing man, Ollie Howard, prefers to channel his creativity through music, claiming that lack of communication forces him to fully explore his imagination. But why does a talented illustrator choose instead to hack out a musical career? "Well, it's the girls, innit. There's a lot in the band, harr-harr-harrgh!"

Ollie's croaking wail does little to disguise a masterful pop sensibility, a sound as distinctive as it is different from the Prefabs. Having just completed a successful stint at Deptford's Albany Empire where they gave live accompaniment to an adapted Bertold Brecht play on racial tension, the Chongo's are out and about. But still, no pics.

Ronnie Randall

O-OH CHONGO



Since their genesis as a no-nonsense guitar based pop group in late 1985, **THE BIBLE** have sprung from obscurity to chart contendership remarkably quickly.

Following their classy, if flawed, *Bringing The Ghost Back Home* debut longplayer last summer on Backs, which yielded a brace of fine singles in Graceland and Mahalia, they signed to Chrysalis at the end of 1986.

How come it has all happened so quickly, I asked singer Boo Hewerdine.

"I don't really know. It's surprised all of us. I remember when I saw the first bad review of the album, I thought that's it. My career was over in one easy move. After that though we started picking up a few good reviews and that got the ball rolling . . ."

Were you embarrassed by how good some reviews have been?

"A bit. You think, 'steady on, we've only just started. We're going to get a lot better than this'."

Certainly, most great 'real' bands don't come in a jiffy but, like Stella Artois, they mature manfully over a period of years, albeit under Joe Public's watchful cynical glare. Having said that, *Bringing The Ghost Back Home* is a very good record, very English but tinged with many allusions to America.

"I'm still proud of it, with the exception of one track. The whole thing was completed in four days. We recorded and produced it ourselves and had to pay for it. It was very much a case of getting it done as quick as possible as I was running out of money!"

Pigeon-holing time I'm afraid, so what are The Bible about and what will they do? I for one can see them carving out a unique niche for their own work, combining the very best in technology with top notch ability to wrap up a sweet soulful confection. Perhaps not as giant sized as U2's Mars Bars maybe, but certainly more than two bites big. Alex Bastedo

THE BIBLE



▷ **RUN OUT GROOVE OF THE MONTH: GAVE BYKERS ON ACID . . .** "If you know what's good for you, stick a bag on your dickie do." ▷

Footsteps

NAMEDROP



Live at the Roxy circa '77

£35! There was a prospect of coming out with a couple of quid each. We weren't invited to play on the record though we were aware of it being recorded. Our main concern was that we had two dates."

Graham: "We'd been rehearsing 12 tracks in three weeks so we were pretty excited to see what people made of it and if we could get through it. Andy Czowaeski, who ran The Roxy, said we were dreadful last time we played, that we couldn't play, and we said, nobody else can either, what was the problem? Already things were getting really traditional — Generation X were playing all this R&B rocking stuff. We weren't very interested."

piece which came along in the early summer. There was a great feeling of being right at the point. We only knew that it wasn't going to be a punk record."

Graham: "We knew what the image for the cover was going to be, and then we found the place where it existed, which was Plymouth Ho. The night before, we'd all been out and Bruce and I stayed at the club and had a fight with three bikers because they said we were punks! 'Have you got a bike?' we said, because most of them we saw were on the bus . . ."



Wire are here, again, to haunt you for good. A new studio album of new material on Mute, a new further developed sound, and new directions mooted. First, though, Martin Aston takes Colin Newman, Graham Lewis and Bruce Gilbert back to a time of spit and sawdust, back to the Roxy dive in Neal Street. Let the spittle hit the fan, let the story unfold. *Kachung . . .*

The story so far; the last we heard of Wire was Document And Eyewitness, a catalogue of the group's last live foray at London's Electric Ballroom in 1980 as they tunneled their way out of EMI's headquarters. At the same point, all four members burst out of the restrictive band cocoon and into a greater freedom of choice. Robert Gotobed carried his drums to accompany singer Colin Newman's solo explorations while drumming for Fad Gadget and then temporarily exiting music-biz-ness, while guitarist Bruce Gilbert and bassist Graham Lewis grabbed their collective need to take their situation into more uncharted, experimental fields, together and alone.

Essentially, Wire were four men ravaged by ideas. Their emergence on the crest of punk, vintage '76, lent the group's anarchic nature and initial speedball delivery — their debut Pink Flag held its breath over 23 ricocheting songs — a comfortable 'cult' tag, but Wire's scouring of stereotypical approaches soon dissolved the media-ocriety of labels. Yes, there were art-school ideals in Wire, as well as the purest pop chemistry, new wave signposting and rhythmic collations that recalled the mid-'70s German wave (Faust, Can), all suggesting that Wire were originators in a climate of their own reasoning.

Now four lives have swung back into line again, and Wire are back with us. Following sporadic live appearances since 1984 and the recent EP Snakedrill, the new album The Ideal Copy is as startling as before — electronic undertones, slashes of guitar quartz, the usual horizon of unsettling moods, the usual melodic loops and smears and the usual provoking urge to articulate sensibilities out of incredible hulks of experimental possibilities. A positive reformation then!

Graham Lewis: "I don't think reformed is the right word. We've been on hold since February 1980 because we all did other projects."

Colin: "We had to find new ways of working within the limitations of a four piece — we'd run up against conceptual problems and people wanting to do things in different ways, which is healthy because you get more than one input, but we all had to go and learn how to record in a different way, which is what we've been doing for the last few years. I think those experiences have been brought to bear on the new record."



Wibbly wobbly Wire for 154

Individual projects and demands were straining for release — "everyone started to feel we were being fungeiled into one album a year and at the time of 154 we had 60 pieces," says Graham — so it wasn't until 1983 that the thought of Wire reoccurred.

Graham: "We thought we'd do something but then Colin got a grant to record in India, so it didn't happen. When he returned, he contacted me. Bruce and I had been offered an evening at Oxford's Museum of Modern Art in June '84, so we had a date to aim for. We gave ourselves three days to see if anything would happen, if there was a group sound. The first two days were dreadful . . .!"

But on the third day, God created two pieces, A Serious Of Snakes and Drill from the recent EP, and a Wire for the present age.

Graham: "There was a sound that everybody felt they could be involved in, with rhythmic possibilities that were different to the way we had previously worked."

Colin: "One thing we were talking about was Year Zero, which is the idea that at the starting point again, everything from the past in Wire's history becomes null and void. We wanted a clean start. How everyone could be in it given the diversity of the group seemed impossible, but it's probably the key to the way Wire works. That's what we liked about it before, that something could be achieved."

But now, before the Wire takes us all by the scruff of the neck, let's look back at Wire's vinyl collection.

● Live At The Roxy (two tracks — 12XU and Lowdown, on Harvest, re-released this month).

Colin: "We were offered two shows for



Chairs Missing art pose

we'll keep the pink flag flying high

Do Wire realise they're the only band still in existence from this gallery of punks? Wherefore art thou, Johnny Moped? . . . Slaughter And The Dogs, remember, remember? . . . Eater? Bring on The Unwanted.

Graham: "No, we weren't punks . . ."

Colin: "That was the year before, in '76. It was all over by '77. We were very new. It wasn't punk, and it went down like a lead balloon."

Graham: "The audience were pretty silent. They were very wary of us because we didn't play for ages and ages so that they could pogo all the time. They felt what we were doing was too short."

Colin: "When we did long songs, they were too slow. They couldn't get a good pogo going."

● Pink Flag on Harvest, recent re-issued in CD format. Colin: "From The Roxy in April to Pink Flag in September, we'd gone from relative obscurity to signing to a major (EMI). New directions were starting to emerge which were hitherto undreamt of by us. The approach was to make it as direct as possible. A lot of the vocals are live with backing tracks."

Graham: "I remember Mike Thorne (Wire's producer) being very nervous because he thought we were going to drop pieces because we were getting bored with them. It was a case of getting it down as quickly as possible."

Colin: "Reuters was a real marker



Pink Flag perpetrators

● Chairs Missing, on Harvest, and again recently re-issued on CD. Graham: "A lot of songs about sea and water . . ."

— Colin: "In between Pink Flag and Chairs Missing we went through an interesting, radical upheaval. We had all this material that was looking towards Pink Flag and then along came Practise Makes Perfect, and we thought, 'Wow . . .'"

— Graham: "It was nothing to do with us at all. Everyone went 'that's one, that's one . . .', let's build on that."

— Colin: "It's very close to the Wire spirit that any direction comes from the material itself. I think there was a feeling of 'oh, they've decided to go in a new direction', a

bit like having a new haircut or image. We started playing with new tools. There's early sequencer on Another The Letter, and it was the first time we started to use synths and different kinds of textures. New guit FX were happening . . . new sounds! The rhythm guitar that had been so dominant on Pink Flag was increasingly dropped."

— Were you angry that EMI ordered a middle-eight piano section for the single at that time, Outside Miner?

— Colin: "In days of yore, they used to say to groups, it's too long for a single (1 min.45 secs actually). For the first time ever, a record company said it's too short!

Something had to be constructed in the bridge to make it long enough. It's dead corny. Then they released it on white vinyl which was horribly tasteless."

— "In hindsight over these three studio albums, this is the one we all like the most. So much happened. It was very moving — not to tears, just new ideas all the time."

● 154. Colin: "A logical progression from the last, stripping out all the rhythm elements and replacing them with other things. In a 24 track studio, we could arrange more than before."

— "This was touted as the album to break Wire — you know, third album syndrome, with talk of respectable money from America, but on a 25 date tour with Roxy Music, we saw what it was like to be a famous rock group who were once very, very good, and we knew we didn't want this."

— Graham: "We learnt how to play in front of people who weren't very happy about it. We compressed the material so that it just ramped severely. It started at a million miles an hour and went uphill, and then we put in Heartbeat which was the slowest, quietest number. Every night 8000 people whistled in the same place. They thought it was the middle of our set."

— Bruce: "154 was a very symptomatic album, when we were very fidgety about Wire as the outlet for activities that were expected to be supported on a small EMI budget."

— Colin: "154 was a bit like water dripping out of a tap. We hoped, naively in hindsight, that because EMI had been overtaken by new independent labels and Wire had independent credibility, EMI would be into small budget projects and EMI could buy a bit of credibility with it. They just couldn't see it at all."

● Document And Eyewitness. Graham: "This was a symptomatic album as well. In January of 1980, we'd had enough of EMI and had found a get-out clause in the contract so we said goodbye. What was expected of us was that we'd play the Electric Ballroom and present our greatest hits that we'd never had; the most popular numbers, and some record companies would come along and give us another deal and we'd go back to the same thing. We'd had three years of that, and didn't want more."

— "We made everything up in five days specifically for the show. It was a much more anarchic version of the Jeanetta Cochran show from November '79 (when all four presented a solo piece before regrouping for the second half; Wire's only 12-inch release Crazy About Love, released from a Peel session, was an excerpt from the show.) I remember one eyewitness present saying he thought it was an incredibly violent event, as if we were pulling it out. There was that intense edge."

— Colin: "It was very much of its time to do something like that, to reject certain formats. People were talking about it, anyway, but not really doing it. We've always taken the time as it were."

— Graham: "At the time, it was a lot of people spouting a lot of alternative politics and building healthy careers out of it."

— Colin: "In hindsight, it was a farewell concert of a kind."

— Bruce: "But certainly around the time of Document we hadn't had it in mind not to make any more Wire records. It was a time for people to get things off their chests and fulfill projects, and we were very supportive of each other in that happening."

— I could ask you about your solo records (Colin, four albums; Graham/Bruce, eight albums as Dome, Mzui, Duet Emmo and P'o; Graham alone as He Said, one album; Bruce alone, one album . . .!) if you'd like. You might need your sleeping bags.

— Graham: "That's what I was thinking this morning — I thought, 'no, no, perhaps not!'"



Wire in the year 2000 (well 1987, anyway)

Quiphola

Snakey G lends you his ears and maybe even his Brylcreem . . .

One of the best gigging bands on London's pub circuit is **Thee Mighty Caesars**. Big Beat has their new album *Live In Rome*, and it's pretty damn good. Punk fans may be impressed to know that there are cover versions of '77 classics *Neat Neat Neat* and *Submission*, and they're brilliant - order yourself a copy now!

Thee Caesars, as you probably know, features ex-**Prisoner** **Graham Day**, but what of those other lags? **Jamie Taylor** and **Alan Crockford** have shown up in the **James Taylor Quartet** which also features **Jamie's** brother **David** on loan from the constantly improving **Daggermen**. Their debut *45* was reviewed last ish and there's an interview with them in *Get Smart*. The record has got **DJ John Peel** worked up to a frenzy, listen out for a soon to be recorded session.

The Long Ryders, now signed to **Island**, have their much celebrated debut EP from 1983 re-released on **Zippo**. Titled *10.5.60*, it includes an extra track *The Trip* which wasn't on the original U.S. release.

Nervous Records, who've just stuck out *The Mystery Men* EP by **Torment**, have another batch of rockin' recordings about to be un-leashed. The *Get Smart* LP mentioned last month has been held up, but should be out soon. There are also albums by **The Pharaohs** and **Skitzo** to follow and **The Pharaohs'** LP is preceded by a 12 inch. There is also talk of a compilation of current US rockabilly acts (including **The Jackals**) for later in the year.

Media Burn seem to have fallen out with their distributors. Although their back catalogue will remain available through **Rough Trade**, all new releases will be with **Red Rhino**. First release under their new deal is the mini album by **Ug & The Cavemen**. That will be closely followed by a 12 inch single and the debut album from **The Purple Things** - which has been described as awesome by those who've heard the tapes. The much-prized, lost **The Milkshakes Vs The Prisoners** LP, recorded live in 1984 (in the studio) with each combo taking a side, receives an official release. Test pressings, of which only 25 were made before the album was withdrawn in its first incarnation, have been selling for £30 each but now **Media Burn** make it available at a price that everyone can afford.

Finally from **Media Burn**, I hear that cave-teen band **Ug & The Cavemen** may be teaming up with long time fan **Screaming Lord Sutch** to do some recording. Should be interesting to say the least!

Apologies to **The Bugs** whose name was spelt as **The Bigs** in last month's *Quipola*. If you haven't yet got hold of their debut single, *Leavin' Here* on **Hit Records**, I suggest you do so, sharpish.

Hottest new band I've seen this year is the three girls and three guys set up of **The Grizzelders**, who played on a bill with the thaumaturgic **Nigel Lewis** and **The Purple Things** recently. Expect a feature next month.

The old **Sting-rays** have been a bit quiet of late, I thought, so I rang **Bal** and asked for the *lowdown* - but he had a bad back, so I settled for a chat instead. He tells me their new LP *Coffee Time In Cryptic* should be out on **Kaleidoscope** by the time you get around to reading this. Also, they've been having talks with **Big Beat Records** about a *Best Of* album for the autumn.

ID Records slipped out a crafty compilation album at the beginning of the month when nobody was looking. It's titled *The James Deans Of The Dole Queue* (A Rockabilly Revolution). There's 20 tracks by, among others, **The Caravans**, **The Lonestars**, **The Wigsville Spliffs** and **Boz Boorer** (incidentally, **Boz** produced the whole thing as well as having a track on it, what a trooper).

Stop press: **Big Beat** are releasing the new *Living In Texas* album in June.

I have a small pile of t-shirts here that have been sent in as promotion items, and I want to give them away. They include **Torment**, **The Meteors**, **The Milkshakes** (etc). So let's have a **Competition!** The best drawing of a **Quipola** type band or band member wins the artist the parcel of goodies. Send your etchings to **Snakey G's Quipola Competition**, **Underground Magazine**, **Spotlight Publications Ltd**, **Greater London House**, **Hampstead Road**, **London NW1 7QZ**. Competition ends **June 1**, winner announced in the **July** issue.



UG & THE CAVEMEN: mum's old curtains recycled



STING-RAY BAL: a hot rockin' mutha



W I N O U T !

AAAAAGH! CHAKK. CHAKK. CHAKK. CHAKK

So profoundly cosmic and ultra-trendy is the **FON** label that they've released **Chakk's** latest thang, *Time-bomb*, in about 50 different formats. Actually, there's a seven inch (for people with small record players), a 12 inch (called *Jack The Bomb*, because **Jack** rhymes with **Chakk**), a 12 inch remix (because they got it wrong first time around) and a spesh multi-track which has all the usual cuttin' bits so that you can "get loose" to it (it also comes with *Mozzarella* and extra mushrooms, I think).

Anyway, so well off are **FON** that they have five sets of **Chakk Time-**

bomb to give away absolutely free if you can answer one simple question on one simple postcard (or on the back of one simple envelope). Having wisely called the label **FON**, managing director and style "guru" **Amrik Rai** forgot what those three little letters stood for. Does anyone out there know? We here at **Ug!** believe that one of the words is a swear word. Still, that's rockin' roll. Innit? Send the solution to this funky teaser or suggest what **FON** should stand for to **Underground/FON**, **Spotlight Publications**, **Greater London House**, **Hampstead Rd**, **London NW1** to arrive no later than **four o'clock** in the morning on **May 7**.



MIAOW

those perfect popsters with groovy vocals

MEET

THE HIT PARADE

those imperfect strummers with skeletons in their closet



After months of speculation over journalists being in groups, like Ralph Traitor being a Barracuda, like David Swift being a Razorcut, *Underground* teams up with Frank Worrell Boxing Promotions and brings Cath Carroll of Miaow/NME fame into the arena to interview The Hit Parade's Julian Henry, while Henry, a writer for this fabbo mago, replies by interviewing Cath in her guise as Miaow. *Confused?* Then read on . . .

Tell the readers who you are Cath – free-loading pop hack or millionaire recording star? “Ummm, neither actually, but Miaow are about two thousand times more important to me than rock journalism is, if that’s what you mean. Writing for the *NME* is something that I do for a living, and it’s quite natural if you think about it. If you love music it seems an obvious thing to do, to write about the groups you come across.” **Has it been helpful to you as Miaow?** “Definitely not. People might think that there’s an advantage and that doors mysteriously start opening if you work for a music paper, but that’s not the case. People come to our concerts because they’ve heard the single, and DJ’s like John Peel support us because he likes the record, not because I work at the *NME*.”

“I sometimes get comments at gigs like ‘*NME* hack – tosser’.” **How many fans do you have? Are there such things as Miaow groupies?** “We get people coming to talk to us, but there aren’t many who do things like fling their knickers on stage which is a bit unfortunate as I’m a bit short of underwear at the moment – I’m medium by the way readers.” **But, really, Cath, do you think you have a right to foist your opinions on to punters in print?** “Most certainly. If you have a space that people are going to read it’s important to fill it with your world view. I do regret giving some people bad reviews though, I’m sometimes ashamed of being so flippant. I look at some of my old reviews from when I first started writing and I feel quite embarrassed at how childish and pathetic they were, like I used to really slag off Factory when I was writing for a fanzine in Manchester, and now Miaow have signed to them. In hindsight, it feels so stupid to have written those things without being completely aware of the people I was criticising.”



Sentimental: it’s not a flattering way to describe a romantic flipster. It invites visions of decrepits trundling amok in bathchairs, their needles stuck in the groove of rheumy-eyed ramblings about a past gilded and rosy. Meet Julian Henry . . . ha, ha, ha. Hey, come on, oh life and soul of The Hit Parade, give me some *attitude*. “Hello.” The release of Hit Parade records seems to be locked into the same cosmic programme that relentlessly releases the seasons (pre-Chernobyl, that is . . .). One’s past always catches up with one. I Get So Sentimental was recorded a year ago, the sixth self-financed single on Julian’s own JSH label, with, thankfully, Master Henry doing most of the warbling. It had seemed a contender for a place in some dusty vault but then Red Rhino came to the aid of JSH records and catapulted the darn thang into the lap of your local indie dealer. ● *Sentimental* is an uptempo toe-tapper – jaunty even – belying the nature of the song . . . the abandoning of the self to a mindlife of bygones. And that past has been coloured by a particular obsession. Joanna, yes, six seven inch outbursts fawning over a young lady, Julian, are you still whinging on about this Medusa of the soul?

“Ah, all things come to an end. The new songs are about different things. The easiest thing in the world is to write songs about such an obsession, it’s much harder to write about less personal matters.” **Hit Parade compositions strike a sort of semi-detached Scott Walker mood, coloured by the pathos beloved of singer-songwriters who compose on an upright piano. Julian has endured years of pining away in a lonesome bedsit but has decided it’s time for a change. I was pulled in off the street and made to talk to him. The penalty for non-co-operation? A weekend in a cramped cell with all his ruddy Jam LP’s. ● But Julian, I hear you’re writing songs with an ex-member of Serious Drinking; albeit the one who wrote Carmel’s More, More, More.** “Indeed, and it’s a great honour. I met him at a club in Frith St. The first words I wrote for him were rejected because they were too Gilbert O’Sullivan-ish. It was going to be a song for Wendy May to sing, something more aggressive, along the lines of Get Your Feet Out Of My Shoes.” **And why did you decide to have a female singing on your own records?** “On certain songs, the feel was better. If it hadn’t been a female, maybe a man with a foreign accent.” **It’s obvious the JSH backbone is Julian’s songwriting, and various musicians and vocalists have been brought in to work on releases. But which is more fun, The Hit Parade or journo-dom?** “There’s no contest! It’s down to what comes naturally. Songs come much easier than reviews. When you’re writing you have to be tactful and constructive plus you have some bastard breathing down your neck!” **Don’t expect to be in a job when some bastard reads this, then.** (Henry . . . you’re fired – ed)

FACT FUN: The Hit Parade’s sixth single, I Get So Sentimental, is out now on JSH (it features Cath Carroll on vocals), Miaow’s second 45 When It All Comes Down is scraping the bottom end of the big boy charts and it’s on Factory (it doesn’t feature Julian Henry on anything). This has been a public health warning. H Carpenter

Felix Adler
checks his
reflection

GET SMART

Spring may well be here, but that, nor reputed mass major interest, is enough to stop **Keith Shepherd** of mega blues wailin' **HOWLIN' WILF AND THE VEEJAYS** from swanning off to sunny Antigua for a month's break from the band's hectic live schedule. They'll be back with a bang next month...

It seems like Sixties Soul is definitely going to be the sound of the summer. What with countless reissues clawing their way up the national charts and some rather embarrassing covers by the likes of **Boy George** and **Nick Kamen**, it seems rather appropriate that there is a soulful slant to this month's column... **Peter Young's** popular *Soul Cellar* programme is back on the airwaves every Sunday night from 9 till 10. On London Capital Radio's medium wavelength, it features a selection of rare and enjoyable vintage Soul sounds.

Guernsey highly acclaimed modernists **THE RISK**, whose album *Loud Shirts And Stripes* was released on Unicorn in March, have split because frontman **Mark Le Gallez** is going to live over on the West Coast. The band toured California last summer and he was so taken by it he's decided to quit blighty for good!... **THE JAZZ RENEGADES**, the highly acclaimed combo based around former Style Councillor **Steve White** and ex-Tommy Chase tenor man **Alan Barnes**, have split recently to enable Whit to re-join **Weller and Co** on the Council's tour of Japan. The Renegades, whose *Tokio High* album was recorded on their own Japanese tour earlier in the year, are fretting over the fact that it's not to be released in the UK. Nevertheless, import

copies should hopefully become available...

The strangely named **Re Elect The President** label are following up their recent *Smashing Time* compilation with another collection of mod/garage faves. This one, titled *For Your Ears Only*, features **THE DAGGERMEN**, **MAKIN' TIME**, **THE CRAWDADDYS** and **THE CREEPS** (who had their own album *Enjoy The Creeps* released this month) among others, and is set for release on the 5th of May.

The 6T's **Rhythm and Soul Club**, London's premier patron of the Northern Soul allnighter, has announced massive queues and record attendances of late, the biggest in fact since the Club was formed some eight years ago, and has had to revert to a 'members only' policy. For membership details and future swingin' allnighter dates send an SAE to Flat 5, 52, Langham St, London, W1... **THE JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET** are back in town for some gigs and a Peel session to promote their forthcoming 12" mini-album of TV and film themes. Among those rumoured to get the Taylor treatment are *Alfie*, the *Parkinson* show, the *Money Programme*, *Sale of the Century*(?) and the title track *Mission Impossible*. Catch them live if you get the chance! Those charismatic **Jones** brothers, **Mike** and **Nick**, who have been out of the public eye since the split of **THE PLAYN JAYN** over a year ago, have at last got a new band together. Called, surprisingly enough, **THE JAYN**, they are a five piece with the same kind of sound as their predecessors and will be gigging soonest...



Feelin' groovy

The **James Taylor Quartet** play liquid organ, Julian Henry breaks into spontaneous jiving...

The current headquarters for The James Taylor Quartet is Stockholm, where JT himself is hunkered down at his Hammond organ, slogging his way through a jazz music course at the Swedish University. Why so?

"Well, they seem to have really good jazz clubs here, and it gives me a chance to play and work at music that I really enjoy."

JT used to be in **The Prisoners**. "That was good fun, but after a few years you start to wonder where you're heading."

The debut **James Taylor Quartet 45** is *Blow Out*, a paint-peeling instrumental that has "hit" written all over it in big letters. "We recorded it using five microphones, it took just one take, so it's got a good feel," recalls James. "We had all these engineers around saying we should have digital delays on this, and extra tracks to overdub that, it didn't need any of that."

UK dates for the Quartet are currently being arranged by their record label and a recently recorded **John Peel** session is soon to be broadcast on **Radio One**. What's more, the combo will have a mini-LP out on **Re-Elect The President** later this month, further details from **Re-Elect The President Records**, PO Box 35, Woodford Green, Essex. IG8 9BA.



Well done to **Jimmy Cannon** from *Maida Vale*, who entered the first correct answer to last month's little poser. Yep, **Maxwell Smart** (whom this column was named after, incidentally) was an American secret agent in the '60s cult TV show *Get Smart*...

Jimmy chose **Acropolis Now** by **THEE MIGHTY CAESARS** for his free LP. This month's question has been set by **Harboro' Horace** and is appropriately soul orientated: Who was **Maxine Brown's** male duet partner? Answers on a

postcard to Felix c/o *Underground*, and the first one gets the Kent LP of their choice.

Signing off on a lighter note this month, **Eleanor Rigby**, the 'Queen Of The Mods', was recently offered a cool million pounds by a seedy Japanese paper to remove even more of her clothing. An embarrassed **Miss Rigby** (that is her real name actually!) turned down the offer point blank and released a new single instead... A jolly good thing too!... Bye for now, and don't forget to keep those letters pouring in...



THE
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TAYLOR
QUARTET

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93 UNDERGROUND

The King Of Luxembourg, that royal rock person, releases his debut LP Royal Bastard on El Records this month. We sent his holier-than-thouness back to school to answer a simple exam paper on pop (and other associated diseases).

Examiner: Carol Linfield

PAPER: THE ROLE OF THE LUXEMBOURG MONARCH WITHIN POPULAR MUSIC Part 2.



Answer all questions clearly and precisely. You have one hour and a half after turning over the paper. Begin.

1 "The role of the cover version in pop music is of limited value and restricts new development." Discuss.

I suppose the only really good reason for doing cover versions is that it saves me from writing songs myself. I just can't be bothered. Clovis (my chauffeur) and I spend a lot of time travelling abroad and, to be frank, I haven't the time. I mean, that George pop person has got time on his hands, he doesn't need to sing old stuff. Lazy sod. ● I suppose as well it's an excuse to meet the writers. I haven't met Brian Jones yet, but then I haven't recorded any of his songs. I have met that Rotten chap though. Met him in a Casablanca back street. We had a riot. Charming man. Interested in property, like myself. ● Also, of course, the cover version gives one a good excuse to bugger up someone else's song, which is nice. Rip it to shreds, I say. Turn it upside down. Ruin it.

2 Poptones by the King Of Luxembourg and by PiL are different treatments of one song. Compare and contrast these two versions.

PiL's rendition of Poptones was a perfect example of a good song changed dramatically by the musicians, who had obviously imbibed huge quantities of lager. My version was recorded under the delicate influence of the finest champagne, with a string quartet and large selections of cheeses from France. I've always admired Keith Levine, too. We once exchanged glances over a supermarket shelf in '77. ● I nearly did Carreering by PiL, but the lyrics for Poptones are, quite frankly, wonderful, and sum up a lot of feelings I couldn't even begin to describe. Also, there is a tune in Poptones. I know, I found it.

3 John enters a branch of W H Smith to purchase a single. He has 42/6d. A single costs 18/5d, unless it is an extended remix 12 inch, in which case it costs 21/11d. John would like to buy mostly 12 inchers, but wants maximum singles for his money. How many King Of Luxembourg singles can he buy, why should he buy these over and above other singles, and why is he using old money?

Who the hell is John? Clovis deals with all my day to day finances, so I'm afraid buying singles comes under petty cash. I never carry it. Plastic yes, or gold, or if pushed, I suppose diamonds. ● I can however always recommend that people buy 12-inchers, because they always contain extra goodies. My Dorian 45 had no less than four extra tracks, unavailable anywhere else, too. I tend to use up the space with brilliant instrumentals, and more cover things. I always give value for money. ● I have shared a 12 inch before. A rarity! That was Straits Of Malaca and it was on the innovative pop label El. Anthony Adverse was the other chap. I did a Bid song (whatever a bid song is) and a Betjamen poem, How To Get On In Society. Brilliant Man. I did meet him at the Chatsworth wedding yonks ago. ● Valleri, my last 45, was similarly brilliant, with a jolly decent b-side, too. But don't bother to get it. You can't. Sold out. Millions. Big in Brazil, I hear. ● The Prince 12-inchers are always a lot of fun. They're very similar to mine, always extra tracks. He's one of us, you know.

4 $7x + 53 - y = 72$ Find the value of x , y , and pop music.

Clovis tells me the first part of this is a red herring. Maths and algebra just aren't my forte I'm afraid. You'll be asking me how much is in my account next or whether I know any heiresses. (The answers to that are I don't know but there are a lot of noughts, and yes, of course I do.) ● What pop isn't is this. Mel And Kim, Bowie, all bands on thrash-thrash guitars with hopeless or no tunes, and none of this bonking, out of tune mess. Bad haircuts don't help, either. ● What pop is is this. Harmonies, production, first takes, decent tunes, lyrics. You need to have class, breeding, and stunning musicians on huge wages. Prince and I are pop. That's the rub. We're both handsome (essential), talented (vastly) and rich (fact). A Tall One from Australia are good as are all my colleagues on El. Pop is playing a record over and over again, never getting bored, always being thrilled and excited. ● Clovis, the door.

FAST FIRM IX

Def? You will be. Wildman DJ Paul Howard guides you through the latest irritating Mahesh compilations and other new releases from both sides of the pond.

The question of the month, who are the **JAMS**? The current favourite in the rumour stakes is a certain manager of **Echo And The Bunnymen**, whoever they might have been. **King Boy D**, time to stand up. As a DJ I tend to find compilations irritating, and the more up to date they are the more irritating they are. You hack around the record stores, spend fifty quid on ten imports and then a week later you can get them all in Woolies for £6.50. The desperate drive to be hip gets more expensive every week.

Morgan Khan's efforts never really used to bother me as **Streetwave** was never really up to date. Then came Mahesh, who was irritatingly up to date with his Up Front series. **Serious Hip Hop 2** was pretty good, though you could safely be smug about it. **Saturday Night** by **Schooly D** has been out since late November and **Scott La Rock's** **The Bridge Is Over**, **DJ Polo's** **It's A Demo** and **Sugar Sugar's** **New Girl In Town** have all been around for at least *two months*. It's very nice to see something English on that album, too. **Junior Gee's** **Terminator** is a prime track, and it's especially enjoyable to hear **The Hard Rock Soul Movement** back with an as yet unreleased track, **Elaweaser Just A Skeezer**.

As I say, all very irritating, but not half as irritating as the new compilation **Def Beats 1** from **Music Of Life**. I hate it when I'm forced to buy a record, but as five of the ten tracks haven't even been released in the States at this

time, this is a fairly essential waxing. Even the old stuff is hot, like **The Vicious Rumours Club's** **Zep** cover **Whole Lotta Love**, which gets a lateish release in the UK as a single in its own right at the same time. I even heard it on **Mike Smith's** normally ultra-bland, sorry groovy **Breakfast Show**, so there's hope for us all. The **Microphone Prince's** **Who's The Captain?** is the other essential oldie. If you haven't yet heard it, it's the kind of thing you either love or hate. I love it.

Slyder D's **My Whole Life Flashed** is hot, out three weeks on import by the time you read this. And good to see **Derek B's** **Rock The Beat**, another English boy making good by making good records. Other favourite tracks at the moment have got to be **The Bluz Bros** (by **The Bluz Brs**) and the excellent **My Beat** by **James MC**, which slyly reworks the bassline from **Razze's** **Jack The Groove**. This isn't even available in the States yet, so if you want it, this album's the only place to be.

As this seems to be album month, here are a few more to be going on with. The new **Sly Ann Robbie** **Rhythm Killers LP** is a heavy contender for record of the year, with **Bill Laswell**, **Bootsy**, **Shinehead**, **DST**, **Half Pint** and **Rammellzee**. I'd need a whole page to do this justice, but suffice to say, there isn't a dull moment. My only criticism is there just isn't enough of it. Time for the first 20 inch.

Still shifting units in New York is the **Slatsalonic** album **On Fire**, it's been out three months, but it's still moving. Newer and hotter out from the US Def Jam label is the **MC Chuckie's** **Public Enemy Jam**. This should be due for a UK release soon, though I've no confirmation of this. Why do Def Jam have their stuff on import for so long before releasing it here? It can't do their sales over here any good.

I'm running out of space now, so take my word and check these — **Charlie Rock And Darnolds** **Rock 'n' Roll Dude**, on **Select** (also on **Serious Hip Hop 2**), the excellent **Chrical 2's** **New Generation** with romantically dubbed flip **She's A Freakdog**, and a three track EP with **Wanda's** **Chalice**. And finally, everybody's favourite boot of the moment, **Cold Cut's** **Hey Kids, What Time Is It?** is easier to get here than in the States. Why? Because it's by a London club DJ. Well done that man.



Renegade Soundwave: spotlight

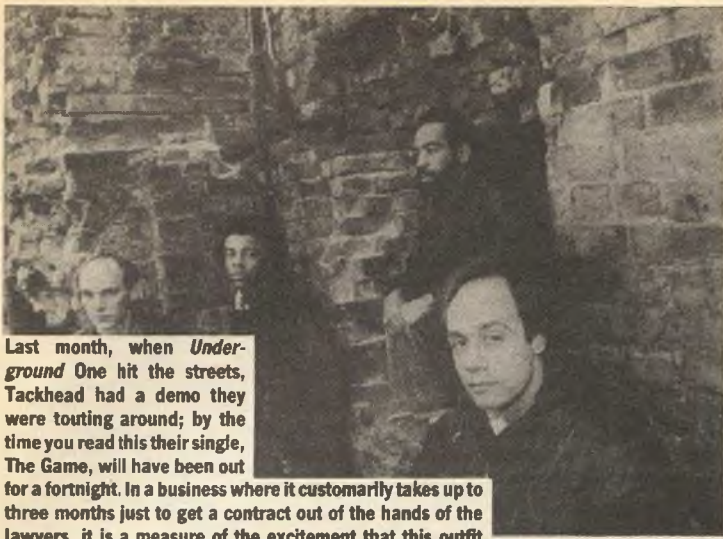
the sound of fists exploding

Renegade Soundwave came from the much touted Jackal of last year. Their first single for Rhythm King is nasty and reasonably controversial. Backbeat grinding noises and the story of the Kray Twins. Ronnie Randall finds out about the second East End rise.

The Kray Twins were Britain's first, if not only, designer criminals. Their cultured violence and powerful stylish image soon became promoted and packaged with pop star, celebrity glamour. So why not a song about them? • Renegade Soundwave's Kray Twins on Rhythm King is a fast action cut-up TV documentary thang with a throbbing beat.

It would be easy to class them slowed down Beastie Boys, but the sound is far harder and genuinely threatening. The trio are toweringly proud of their London upbringing and won't listen to insinuations that their sound is anything other

▽ **B SIDE OF THE MONTH: She's A Freak Dog** by **The Classical Two** ▽



Last month, when *Underground One* hit the streets, Tackhead had a demo they were touting around; by the time you read this their single, *The Game*, will have been out for a fortnight. In a business where it customarily takes up to three months just to get a contract out of the hands of the lawyers, it is a measure of the excitement that this outfit have created and the hunger for their product that *The Game* has reached vinyl so quickly. If they had the same kind of objectives as, say, *Curiosity Killed The Cat* they would probably rule the world. Unfortunately their background only involves producing superb dance records rather than poncing drinks and brown-nosing in the Soho Brasserie → Tackhead are a lot more than they seem from whichever way you look at them; who's doing the vocal on *The Game*? Brian Moore, he's hardly the king of hip-hop, but then again does an electro go-go beat with crashing heavy metal guitar and the whole of the Kop chanting "You'll never walk alone" sound like an average dance record? → Then there's the band itself. The name Keith Leblanc probably rings a bell – he did the epoch making Malcolm X, and with other Tackhead members Doug Wimbish and Skip Macdonald he was the kingpin of the Sugarhill house band, doing the difficult bits on records like *Rapper's Delight*, *The Message* and *White Lines*. → While Adrian Sherwood's On-U Label has been responsible for releasing a host of minor classics – Oh yes, he's Tackhead – the Tackhead tentacles spread far and deep. → So, what does the future hold for Tackhead? Their first album is on the way, it's called *Friendly As A Handgrenade*. They are playing live at the Astoria on April 30, that's their first ever live outing as a "band", where they'll be supported by the ultra weird Mark Stewart And The Maffia, and if the two bands look similar, don't be surprised, the Maffia are the radical manifestation of, yes, you guessed it, Tackhead. Small world innit?

Tackhead

than totally original. They have a point. • "We're a by-product of punk. It forged the way we think, though the sound is nothing to do with it. It's the attitude that's still relevant. You live your life by it. Punk was an attitude beyond the music. Those who later claimed the image didn't understand that. The uniformed haircuts of today are yesterday's hippies. New music is always about youth culture, and currently that's *all* relevant to computer technology and imagery. There's a new revolution on the horizon and hip-hop is its birth. • Hip-hop was happening in New York while punk was at its height here. What we're getting now is a clash, a blending of the two. In New York they're much more open to other forms of music. It isn't ghetto-ised. You'll hear metal at a rap club, Jim Morrison at the disco." • So are you a New York sound? But evolved in London? • "No, we don't close our ears to the world of music, we gather sounds from all over. It's a world of instant communication, how can you ignore it? If we just listened to what was happening in London we'd be turning out nothing at all. • But what we end up with is essentially the London ex-

perience." • And Kray Twins emphasises those roots. A fine London subject. "*Kray Twin terrorising, television's plugged in/Reggie's lost control/I wouldn't tell you lies/No-one questioned me since 1960.*" • "It's not just about the Krays, it's about us, which is more important. The music speaks for itself, we don't need a gimmick to get attention. The Krays are just subject matter, an important element in our make up. We're not attempting to condone violence, but at the same time we realise that it exists in all of us. We're London boys making hardcore London music, nothing to do with anything that's gone before. It's here and now, the sound is fresh, we use the tools of the trade to create the atmosphere of the subject." • Bullets, breaking bottles, explosions.

The whole is a collection, a collage of cross references and flash freezes. • "We're reflecting our identity and capturing it in the music. A violent sound for a violent situation." • Seductive too. • East End Rise – check their debut 45 on *Rhythm King*. *Kray Twins* terrorise, gets categorised and spread the word. Already the big boys are shrieking at the Soundwave potential. Don't miss this one.

FILLING FOR POP GOB?

HIVE IN A NORTHERN TIME SPIRAL

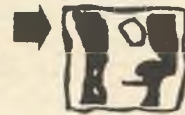
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UNDERGROUND

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LOVE missile
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I c/w Orgone
accUMULAtOR
Released MAY 11
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extra TRACKS
EVERYTHING THAT RISES
LIKE An ANGEL
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We're back and full of news and rumours, some good, some not so good, some just downright puzzling... For example, how come arch-bore **Huey Lewis** is up in the US singles charts with Jacob's Ladder? I thought that was a non-charting classic by the late and much (etc) **Monochrome Set**, odd... On the subject of the M Set, it should be noted that ex-Settie **Lester Square** is about to release an album with his band **The Invisible** on the Midnight Music label, one to

watch out for... Highly rated contemporaries of the world's finest psych/surf band **The RayBeats**, **The Fleshtones** have a new album **Fleshtones Vs Reality** out on Emergo Records, and that's well worth a listen... Already reviewed but now really and truly available is the album **Guitars Of The Ocean** by the **Honolulu Mountain Daffodils**, a very odd and very fine record indeed on Hybrid through Pinnacle. Definitely surf, but rather more angst-ridden than one might expect, and why not? There are a couple of interesting items from the Decal label (catalogue numbers begin with Lik, for all you **Beefheart** fans). They've collected the first three **Country Joe** EPs onto a single album with other collectors' items and put out a Nuggets/Pebbles style compilation of '60s Deram recordings. Not to be outdone, the boys at Bam Caruso have taken the odd step of issuing an LP with one side by **The Chicaynes** and the other by **The Patriots**. Good idea really... My faves, **The Beat Poets** looking likely to sign to a leading Scottish indie very soon... **Robyn Hitchcock** has completed a highly successful tour of Europe so now will play a proper British tour? We hope so, but don't hold out much hope. **The Droogs**, America's greatest garage band, look likely to come over this summer. They played one date last summer in London, it was a glorious occasion and should be repeated, preferably on a daily basis... In the meantime they have an album available on the German Music Maniac label (which is traceable through the Cartel in the UK). That's about it for this issue, more news and innuendo next time...

EXPLODING UNDERGROUND FURY



Robyn Hitchcock attempts to start his own TV show rather than suffer the outrageous UK gig circuit

DRINK OF THE MONTH: Someone else's >

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Friends Of The "Rotten To The Core" 7/12
Family CALC 17 (T)

Buy Off The "It's Up To Billy" LP
Bar CALCLP 18

Eton Crop "A Bundle Of Bucks" 12"
CALC 20

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CALCLP 22

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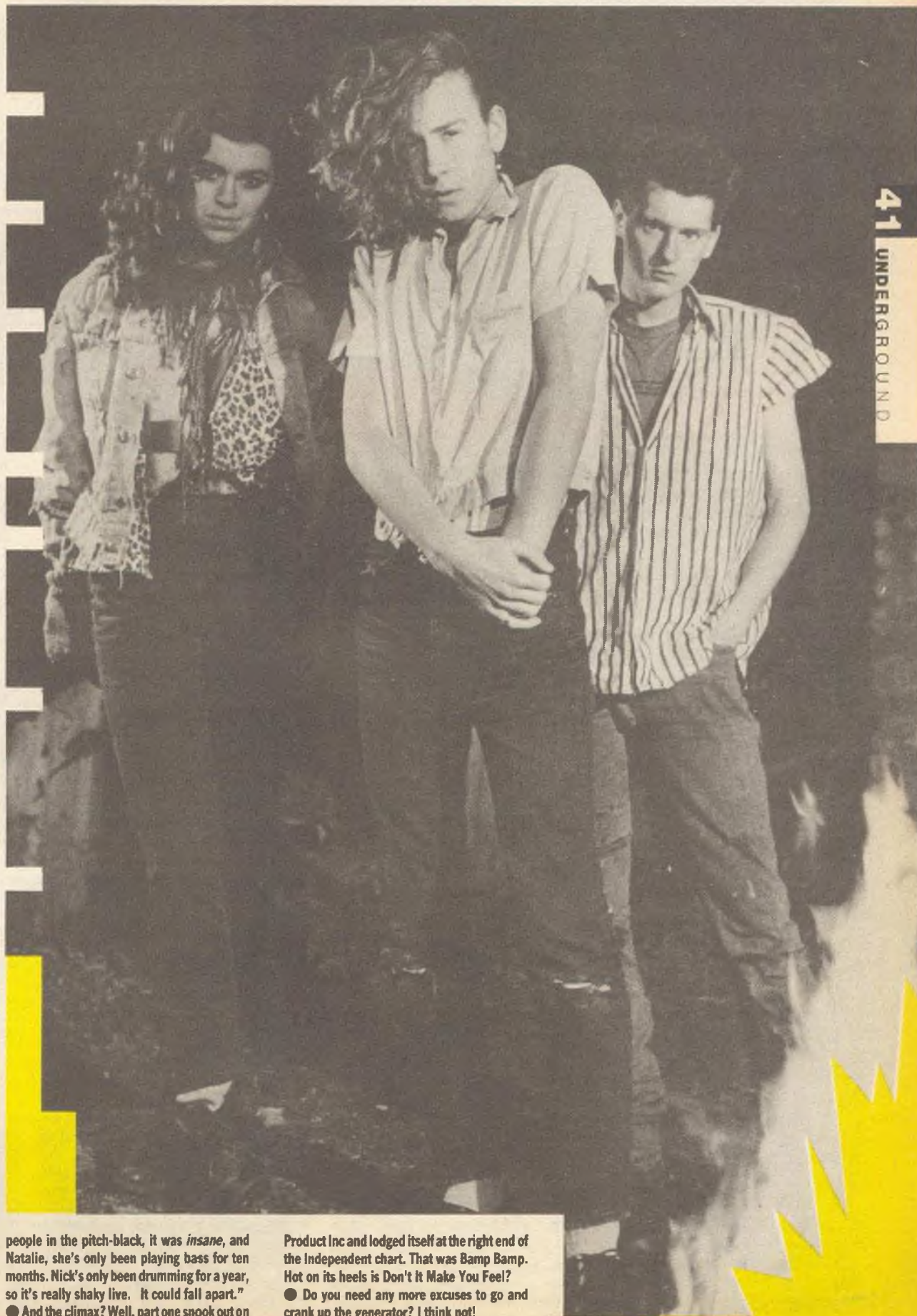
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Bambi Slam flaunt their trusty crowbar, Martin Aston holds the fuse wire



● There's a good story that climaxes and goes BAMP! BAMP!, so stick around. Then it asks, Don't It Make You Feel?

● It begins in Pickering, a suburb of Toronto, Canada, with Roy Feldon. "Pickering's a bedroom community, all the parents go out to work, so there's a mall, a Burger King, and a McDonalds and that's it, nowhere else to work."

● "All the way through high school, I tried to get a band going. There was one bass player but he played like Japan, and all the drummers were like 75-piece Van Halen roll guys, so I left home when I was 18 and went to California. It was skateboarding heaven there."

● "I had a bunch of songs all this time. I figured I'd go to England because I was born in Ashton-under-Lyme, near Manchester, so I could work there. When I got here, I didn't know anybody, I had two bags and two guitars, and it was hell."

● Cue violins. Get out your Kleenex.

● "I found a squat two days later, and Nick lived next door, he could play drums — well he had played when he was little, but we couldn't find a bass player so I just phoned Natalie who lived across the street from me in Pickering and said 'Do you want to come over to England and learn how to play bass?'"

● So it was as simple as that. A love of classical music led to an ad in The Royal Academy for a cellist, Linda answered: "She was obviously looking for something else in her life."

● This was April 1986, and Bambi Slam was born. Few gigs at first due to a lack of enthusiasm for the five bands on in two hours with a crappy PA syndrome, eventually led Roy to the old Dickie Dirts building which was derelict. "It used to be the old Camberwell Odeon, too. I don't know why I was there but I was blown away! It was bigger than the Hammersmith Odeon! The sound was so beautiful."

● "I needed a band who had a single out who could bring some people down because Bambi Slam had never played and nobody would have come, so I was given a number and I met World Domination Enterprises and they were into things like that. We had to get a generator, PA and lights and then we did 2000 handouts and we got about 300 people. We played there three times, they were just the most amazing shows." So, enterprise is *not* dead.

● "The police came down once at about one o'clock and the disco was on the PA, we said 'all the bands have finished, we're almost done' and they were pretty cool because everything else around there is so heavy, and this was nothing."

● Eventually, though, they boarded it up again.

● So is that what Bambi Slam exist for, Roy? Why are you doing this?

● "Why am I doing this? Because I didn't hear anything at all, up until the Mary Chain, that I wanted to hear. I wanted a big beat with guitars and melodies and there was *nothing* like that. There were melodies with synths, drippy-dross things, or heavy metal which hadn't progressed from Led Zep or Black Sabbath. Nobody was taking guitars further than The Clash and The Sex Pistols had done."

● "What we're doing is trying to take a lot of risks, that's why things have gone so well. I think risks are excitement and excitement is interesting. Our first gigs at Dickie Dirts, the generator would go out and there'd be 300

people in the pitch-black, it was *insane*, and Natalie, she's only been playing bass for ten months. Nick's only been drumming for a year, so it's really shaky live. It could fall apart."

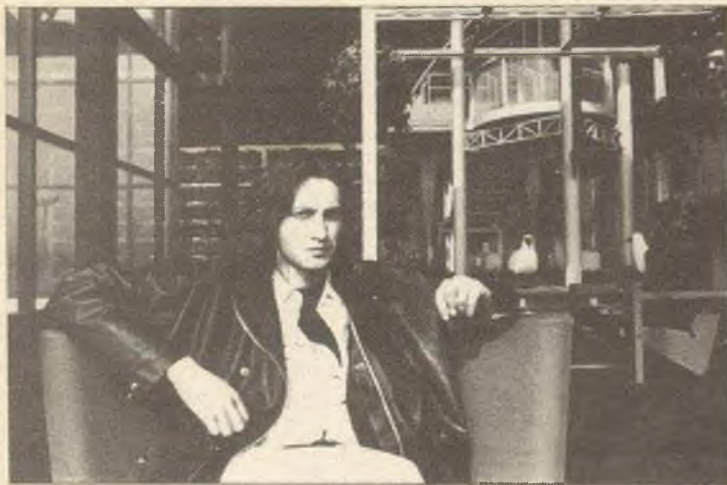
● And the climax? Well, part one snook out on

Product Inc and lodged itself at the right end of the Independent chart. That was Bamp Bamp. Hot on its heels is Don't It Make You Feel?

● Do you need any more excuses to go and crank up the generator? I think not!

Andrew Poppy

But is it art?



Andrew Poppy's guide to noise as dictated to Alex Bastedo.

TV, to his solo work since 1984 for those flash yet exquisitely tasteful buggers at ZTT Records.

He also reaches a million homes a week with his theme piece for *The Tube*.

March saw the release of an entertaining electro romp of a single in *The Amusement*, while April brings his second solo LP, *A Mystery Dance*. Both are fine examples of Poppy's considerable musical skills, suggesting a careful yet still truly experimental approach to his work.

In interview, his is the voice of Trevor Brooking-like methodical reasoning, in contrast to the Mike Chandonnesque madness of too many of our brash pop kids. But for a change, let's wander through the musical no-man's land of namedrop city and find out what these odd names mean to him in terms of fave LPS.

GUSTAV MAHLER: All symphonies and song cycles, but especially *Kindertotenlieder* (Song Of The Death Of Children).

PHILIP GLASS: *Music In Fifths* and everything up to and including *Einstein On The Beach*.

KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN: Particularly *Song Of Youth*, an electronic piece from the late 1950's which is based on one boy's voice, and also a piece for three orchestras entitled *Gruppen*.

STEVE REICH: The early pieces like *Piano Phase* and the later *Tahilim*.

CHARLES IVES: Apparently the most successful insurance businessman at the time of the Wall Street Crash who wrote music as a hobby. A lot of his music is crazy but brilliant.

THELONIOUS MONK: His individualistic piano style and technique is simply amazing.

CHARLIE MINGUS: I find him more interesting than someone like Ellington with his arrangement and relationship between composition and improvisation. One favourite is *Black Saint Sinner Lady*.

FELA KUTI: If we're talking 'jazz' then I have to give him a mention as well.

The 1980's have seen many examples of **ANDREW POPPY's** work on record, from being a founder member of Euro-avant gardists *Lost Jockey*, to arrangements for rock renegades such as *Psychic*

Someone who has been around the reggae scene since at least the beginning of the present decade but only came properly into his own last year is singer **Echo Minott** (Noel Phillips). During 1986 he enjoyed popular success with his recordings for the Black Scorpio label like *Lazy Body* and *Bubbling Style*, as well as the memorable *Uncle Sam Country* for Harry J, all culminating in his big hit towards the end of last year with *What The Hell . . .*, a song which provoked a spate of answer records on the same theme. Now he has rejoined his first producer Prince Jammy for a latest title *Emanuel Road* (Live & Love LLD36), a reworking of a ring tune popular among generations of Jamaican schoolchildren. When top North London sound Unity played a slate of this at a dance a couple of months back, it tore up the session like no other tune that night. From the same stable upcoming artist **Pinchers** follows up his recent reggae chart topper *Agony* (Live & Love LLDIS0029) with a further slack reflection *Sit Down Pon It* (Live & Love LLDIS0032). And issued on disco for the first time is that singer's *Me Love Me Like Me Enjoyment* (John Dread JDPD007), previously available only as an LP track. Another Jammy's production that has been garnering steady sound system interest, particularly among the Coxsones massive, is **Super Black's** melodic *Rambo* which is now issued coupled with **Don Angelo** reworking Delroy Wilson for *Can't Conquer Me* (Live & Love LD1T). Also from Jammy's busy studio comes two titles on the new Super Power label: **Little Twitch**, *Were You Size c/w Devil Send You Come* (SDP 01) and **Johnny Clarke**, *Rock This Yah One* (SDP 02). Further grist to the mill in the propaganda war currently being waged by the African National Congress is provided by **Carlene Davis** on a paean to Winnie Mandela (Greensleeves GRED 210) and **Hugh Griffiths** who insists *Free Mandela* (Coxsones pre). Also new from Brentford Road is **Dobby Dobson** with *All I Can*

Echo Minott in customary hoe-down pose



Say Is Goodbye (Studio One pre) and **Frankie Paul** riding the Full Up rhythm for *Rub A Dub With Feeling c/w Jennifer Lara*, *I Can't Take It Anymore* (Studio One disco pre). While on the Ottey's disco imprint Mr Paul is joined by **Joe Lick Shot** for *Dance Caan Nice Wid-Out Wi*. Other new discomix include: **Sugar Minott**, *Seven Times Rise And Fall c/w Flick Wilson*, *Water Shortage* (Legal Light LL007); **Conrod Crystal**, *True Love c/w Triston Palmer*, *Good Looking Baby* (Legal Light LLD008); the follow-up to her *Knight In Shining Armour* hit from **Deborah Glasgow** with a version of the Phyllis Dillon rock steady tune *Don't Stay Away* (UK Bubblers UKMC 23); and in response to Boy George's recent *Number One*, Trojan have issued a three track **Ken Boothe** disco in their Reggae Classics series featuring *Everything I Own*, *Crying Over You* and *(It's The Way) Nature Planned It* (CLASSY 3). EVELYN COURT

Out this month is the latest edition of the longest established reggaezine of them all, **Small Axe**. Issue 24 is billed as a *Seattle Special* and features a series of interviews conducted in the city with *The Gladiators*, *Ini Kamoze*, *Yabby You* and *Don Carlos* during their package tour of the States together last year. The *Yabby You* interview, in particular, is one of the most revealing he has ever given. Also included in the 44-page booklet is the usual comprehensive guide to the current crop of dancehall and roots albums with some 40 odd reviewed in all. Price is £1 inc p&p from *Muzik Tree*, PO Box 11, London E16 3UA. Evelyn Court



VINYL LUST WITH A DANCE BEAT



Evelyn Court fills the Factofile on behalf of seminal Brum reggae label Black Wax and traces its formative days.

THE REGGAE renaissance of the mid-70s wrought a significant change on the industry as a whole. It was during this time that the stranglehold of B&C/Trojan and Pama—who between them had up until then more or less controlled reggae music in this country and exerted much influence on its direction — was effectively challenged by the more vibrant roots sounds issuing from independent one man operations like Magnet, Count Shelley and Dip.

★ One such was Black Wax operating out of a record store in Lozells, Birmingham. During its brief existence between 1975-6 the outlet was responsible for releasing some 60 titles on its Black Wax and subsidiary Locks and Mango labels, a number of which are sought after still.

★ Of course anything by Junior Byles is worth at least a hearing and his two Black Wax titles Chant Down Babylon (WAX15) and Pitchy Patchy (WAX17) resulting from his brief intercourse with the Ja-Man people are no exception. The ineffable former topped the *Black Music* reggae chart in June 1976 and was a benign slant on his own earlier Beat Down Babylon, Byles' first hit in 1973. This was not a mood he could seemingly sustain for long however and the other effort sees a more readily identifiable Byles living close to the edge, a characteristic it shares with other contemporary titles from the singer like The Long Way, Bur O Boy and I Wish It Would Rain.

★ The two tunes on the Black Wax label from The Mighty Diamonds are similarly admirable. One of the earliest of their Channel One sides, Country Living (WAX5) remains a poignant utterance and it was the Diamonds' adaptation of this song that was used as a model by Sandra Cross when her lovers rendition topped the *Black Echoes* reggae chart a year or so back. This was indeed The Mighty Diamonds' most creative period to date and their I Need A Roof (WAX13) for the same studio further consolidated their growing reputation for heartfelt harmonies.

★ Also well into his stride by now was Gregory Isaacs. His Sunshine For Me (WAX9) — also sometimes titled The Salary Is Thin (Roots From The Yard) — was a world weary Channel One production later toasted by Dillinger. Equally moving was the singer's Alvin Ranglin produced The Philistines (WAX19) pursuing familiar Isaacs themes.

★ Other notable titles issued on Black Wax included the label's first release Sunshine (WAX1) by Pat Kelly; a stately rockers in-

strumental from The Rebels called Rhodesia (WAX16); Clive Hunt operating under the nom de guerre Lizard for his seminal Satta I (WAX14) and a stylish Delroy Wilson side Mother Nature (WAX20).

★ Perhaps the most popular Black Wax recording of them all though was Carl Malcolm's big novelty hit of summer 1975 Miss Wire Waist (WAX7), but which has not worn too well in the interim.

★ The Locks label engendered equally good if not even better material. The two Channel One titles which really brought The Mighty Diamonds to wider attention were both released on the imprint: their purposeful Right Time (LOX4), later the title of their first album released by Virgin, and the hard edged Back Weh (You A Mafia), also included on the same set.

★ There are in addition two interesting Levi Williams titles on Locks, Peaceful Rasta (LOX1) and the tuneful Come Mi Breda (LOX5); a pair too from dual voiced DJ Jah Woosh, who toasts Carl Malcolm's aforementioned Miss Wire Waist to hilarious effect on Shine Eye Girl (LOX7) and also turns in one of his most rabid performances ever for Natty Baldhead (LOX16).

★ Another powerful DJ tune on the label is Tapper Zukie's pious Judge I O Lord (LOX8), a cut of the Ronnie Davis chant Jah Jah Jehovah, itself a version of the Soul Vendors' celebrated Studio One rhythm Drum Song. There is also Jah Stitch toasting a typically gruff version of Errol Holt's Danger Zone for Danger Zone Chapter 3 (LOX13) and one from Errol Holt himself, Shark Out Deh (LOX17).

★ Also worthy on Locks are Leroy Smart's powerful message lyric Black Man (LOX2); Jacob Miller's adaptation of Bob Marley's Soul Rebel from I'm A Natty (LOX6); a brace of Upsetter sides, including the spirited Freedom Fighter (LOX11) from Bunny & Ricky (ie Bunny Maloney and Ricky Grant) and Devon Irons with When Jah Come (LOX14). Plus of course the record which remains perhaps my own personal favourite of any released via Black Wax, Silford Walker's blistering Burn Babylon (LOX9).



PAT KELLY: debut Black Wax 45



THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS: their most creative period to date

★ The most popular title on Black Wax's other subsidiary Mango and probably the company's biggest seller of them all was Madness (MAN1010) by The Mighty Maytones, the charm and rock steady overtones of which song belied its disturbing lyric from the country style vocal outfit long associated with producer Alvin GG Ranglin. The success of this enabled the group to release their first ever album also called Madness (Burning Sounds) and would likely still be a steady catalogue seller today were Black Wax still in existence.

★ Another vocal group effort on the Mango label which in my opinion surpasses that even of the Maytones recording is The Royals' memorable repatriation lyric Peace And Love (MAN1007), a superb song highlighting leader Roy Cousins' uncanny instinct for melody. Also of passing interest are Boston Brothers' Leave The Studio (MAN1001) and The Mello Lads with Chatty Chatty Mouth (MAN1003) from two vocal groups unheard of before or since.

★ The label was also responsible for introducing the debut recording of Yabby You protege Wayne Wade piping Black Is Our Colour (MAN1005) and resuming the career of Justin Hinds with Prophecy Must Fulfill (MAN1004). Another rock steady veteran with a title on Mango is Larry Marshall with Brand New Baby (MAN1006).

★ As with the Locks label, there was also a number of Upsetter recordings on Mango.

Two versions of Max Romeo's super-charged Sipple Out Deh were issued thus: James Brown's toast Stop The War In A Babylon (MAN1011) and Max Romeo's own reworking of the lyric, Fire Fe The Vatican (MAN1014). Also from the Black Art studio was issued Winston Heywood's Long Long Time (MAN1013).

★ Finally, there were two albums released on Black Wax: Prince Jazzbo's rare Upsetter set Natty Passing Thru (WAXLP1) and Jah Woosh's Psalms Of Wisdom (WAXLP2).



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The Day Before Tomorrow



"This is what we call music"

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Kirk Brandon has steered Spear of Destiny to Ten Records, has a new album *Outlands* out, and by the time you read this he'll have completed a rather large tour of the country. The new album shows a different side of Spear, some love it, some don't (check the reviews page). Is this the real Kirk Brandon emerging from behind the potted palm trees? He sips a glass of afternoon champagne and tells Alex Kadis a little bit about the world and its doomy future.



So, are you more together as a person?

"Yes, I think I probably am."

Paradoxically, Kirk's buoyancy is shrouded by the prophetic calling of *Outlands*. Vain hopes of Utopia are ruthlessly dashed, replaced by a harsh reality which offers small promise for the survival of humanity.

Why is the music so doomy?

"You know, sometimes, when you're writing, you step into the dark and as such it appears that you are writing from the dark. But it's strange because for some reason most of the music I like is such sad songs."

I spoke to an ex-Theatre Of Hate pal of yours recently. He says that you're too obsessed with thoughts apocalyptic. Is that true?

Kirk gets serious and pensive, a touch of melancholy replaces his usual grin.

"Well, I do genuinely feel that society is running away with itself. We're losing touch with our sense of humanity."

Do you feel that we're becoming too modernistic for our own good? "Definitely. Nothing is considered important if it exists beyond the city of London. London has become England."

Was that the impetus behind *Land Of Shame*?

"Yes, initially, but it moved on from being a comment on our society and government to something which I now believe is a far more worldwide issue."

Certain images on the album will surprise and shake people. For example, *Whole World's Waiting* depicts a woman squatting in a field giving birth.

"I know a lot of people will find that a horrible image. But it's natural. I wrote that to get that gut reaction out of people. We tend to be frightened of those things."

More now than ever before SOD's music is crammed with powerful and frightening concepts. Kirk's lyrics have taken the shape of a roving TV eye. Honest, if not a heap cynical, they scan the landscape of mankind and pay fleeting but effective visits on scenes, situations, relationships and experiences. A true change of direction or simply growing up? Whichever, the result is astounding. While arrogance has turned to a tender despair the old venom has re-emerged as the thoughts of an intelligent and studied character. Welcome to reality.

END IT ALL!

DROP THE BOMB!

Batfish Boys extol the virtues of Batfish Boys to Alex Kadis

"We're state of the art screaming metal."

So says Simon D, ex-March Violet, appropriate and present Batfish Boy. Drawing proudly and indiscriminately from a host of comparatively meagre influences, The Batfish Boys look set to rearrange the face of avant garde trash metal as we know it! Swallowing dust and coughing up razors they slice the nose off anarchy and pocket the switch-blade to boot. Vocalist Simon, bassist Bob, the guitar man Johnny and drum skelper Bomber undergo analysis.

You're not what I was expecting.

Simon: "You mean we're not all sleeping in the dressing room?"

Point taken. But let's not deny there is a contention between the pestilent screech of flayed guitars and lyrics that are... well... poetic.

Simon: "Our lyrics are intelligent and poetic but that's what we're about. We're not into singing about drugs, drink, women, bikes and more women."

On hearing this revelation drummer boy Bomber hands in his resignation. Do the BB's add another dimension to the concept of heavy rock?

Simon: "In a word, yes. People with brains like attractive lyrics and strong imagery. People with no brains like words that repeat themselves."

So do you attract the thinking element then?

Simon: "No, because basically there is no such thing. The record buying public aren't as dumb as the major record companies assume. There's a lot of discerning palates out there."

The BB's have a sense of humour as their latest single, The Bomb Song, a tongue in cheek representation of a serious issue, verifies. The group have been very productive in the past and for the gentle giants of ripped leather and dirty denim, the future's looking pretty good. They embark on a tour of Europe this month and return to raze the home turf thereafter.

Johnny: "And we may be involved in quite a legal dispute too..."

Simon: "Ah, yes, the next single. Can't say too much 'cause it's meant to be a secret except that it will amaze and astonish and kick certain people in the head - people who have been asking for it. It will make history!"

Whether they're making history or footprints in unsuspecting temples, The Batfish Boys are formidable adversaries. Prepare to splatter your brains whoever you are! Officer, pass the handcuffs.



Slayer prove just what nice boys they are. Can't really understand why they've had so much trouble getting a deal, really.

CARDBOARD BOX: [04] Terry And Gerry received an LP last year, complete the title From Clintwood To Lubbock...

It's reigning again. Slayer hit town and cannibalistic European barbarians release a record. Wanna know more? Then read on with weapons and get into some serious head removal.

► Bleuurgh! Let me introduce you (if you haven't already read the rest of this page) to The Batfish Boys, whose new single The Bomb Song (Batfish Inc) growls, spits, bumps and generally grinds out of the speakers in a completely dirty biker grunge sort of way. Yum yum!

► You want Verbal Abuse? They're back after a three year gap, the US hardcore quartet having just released the LP Rocks Your Liver (Boner), a wild 12 track party including a ridiculous version of Elton John's Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting. Can rent boys mosh?

► If you want to hear pure, filthy noise then you could do no better than shell out for the Heresy/Concrete Sox Split LP (Earache). Each band has a side of the LP, both hail from Nottingham, and both are absolutely and utterly crazed, certainly putting British thrash on the map. Where on the map is another question...

► Welcome to this month's Music For Nations paragraph. The subsidiary label Under One Flag has just released Onslaught's first LP Power From Hell, a classic gonzo slice of death metal. A dirgy production cannot, however, fail to hide these boys' brain-busting

appeal. How can they lose with tracks like Thermonuclear Devastation? MFN are also to release new LP's from GBH and Death Angel, the latter being a thrash outfit whose members hit an average age of 16... make way for toyboy mayhem, please...

Yes, it's happened - London Records have signed up the previously untouchable Slayer, and will give the controversial Reign In Blood album a proper UK release in time for the band's April tour. See you down the front.

► Volvod take their name from an ancient European horde of Barbarians who used to destroy villages, impale the inhabitants on sticks and drink their blood. If they were around today they'd listen to the band's latest album Killing Technology while they were guzzling. This German bunch, whose last LP was entitled Rrrroooaaarr, take this month's village-pillaging award. Brilliant, manic hi-fidelity techno-thrash. The band should be over to play in the summer, with another bunch of European nutters, Kreator, as support. Feeling thirsty already.

► Check out a band called The Freeze, whose LP's Rabid Reaction and Land Of The Lost (Modern Method Records) are highly underrated hardcore punk at its best, the band having been sorely neglected while Hüsker Dü, Black Flag and the like steal the glory. Go for it!

► Last but not least, a mention for the drummer of The Parasites who insisted on playing a demo to me down the telephone, and mighty fine it sounded too. Meanwhile, names, we got 'em... read on next time if you want to find out about Bathory, Bulldozer, Sodom, Possessed and Destruction, the first up consisting of one Swedish chap who breathes fire...

WIN OUT!

OH LYDIA, OH LYDIA... THAT EN-CY-CLO-PEDIA

Sex glam queen Lydia Lunch has unleashed more than a few skulls from the clos with her Hysterie double on Widowspeak. A mighty distasteful set, it features croonin' delights of poetic poison following the lady through her daze in Eight Eyed Spy, Beirut Slump, Teenage Jesus and Slow Choke, plus a handful of collaborations with ex-B Party Rowland S Howard, Sort Sol and Die Haut. And Underground have five copies, plus five awegasmic Lyd T-shirts (sub-titled "F+++ The World, Feed Lydia Lunch") for the lucky, lucky, lucky honchos who can come up with the answer to the following question.

It goes: Die Haut are from a country that is not the UK or the USA. Where is it?

Send your answers on a sexy postcard or on the back of a plain brown envelope to Lydia/Underground, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London, NW1 to arrive no later than 8.02 on May 7.



Back from the dead, risen from the grave and here to haunt you. Snakey G rips the lid off the latest re-releases and explains just why these cobweb covered masters have been dusted off...

Good old Ace Records made my month by releasing a second Arthur Alexander album, *Soldier Of Love*. It's made up mostly of un-issued cuts and alternative takes (including the title track). As coincidence would have it, I received it the same day I got my grubby mitts on a copy of his ultra rare London (Dot) LP. Also on Ace, *Alakazam* is an album of un-issued late '50s recordings by Larry Williams. Tracks include versions of *Beeby Jeebies* and *Rockin' Pneumonia And The Boogie Woogie Flu*.

In more of a pop vein, Ace have issued a collection of Terry Stafford recordings titled, surprise surprise, *Suspicion*, and that song, his biggest and best hit, is included. Zydeco pantsers will be interested to know that *Boozoo Chavis'* debut LP gets a UK release. Titled *Paper In My Shoe*, it includes his last single (same session) which wasn't included on the LPs US release. The *Elvis Tapes*, a pre-army Presley interview album gets a re-release and a new package. And *Harlem Hit Parade (Old Town Blues Vol.2)* featuring Hal Palge & His Wallers, James Wayne, Urmola Reed, Bob Gaddy, and Larry Dale, is the only compilation this month.

To celebrate the success of the hilarious TV series *Tutti Frutti*, Ace is sticking out the original Little Richard version (as used as the theme tune on telly) on a three track seven inch single in a tasteful pic sleeve. On the Big Beat front, the only release (not mentioned in last month's column) is a Big Star CD. It's made up from the two LPs *No. 1 Album* and *Radio City*, running a staggering 70 minutes. Label director and all round wine fiend Ted Carroll has informed me that

there's soon to be a mid-'60s Texas punk album, titled *The Fort Worth Teen Scene (The Major Bill Tapes Vol.2)*, featuring *Electric Love*, *The Elite*, *The Rondels*, *The Livin' End*, *The Jades*, *The Crystals* and *The Blue Notes*.

Soul/Pop flavour of the month Terence Trent D'Arby cited Johnny Cash's *I Walk The Line* (available on Charly LPs CR 30005 and CRM 2013) as one of his top ten favourite records while being interviewed on Radio 1. When DJ Paula 'soxy pants' Yates poo-pooed it, young Ter got right miffed and stood up for the man in black. Right on bro.

Other records he chose, in addition to the expected token Marvin Gaye and Stevie Wonder 45s, included *Crazy* by Patsy Cline and *Mannish Boy* by Muddy Waters. We're talkin' good taste here!

Thanks to Andy Kershaw's radio prog, and Hank Wangford's brilliant Channel 4 TV series *The A To Z of C 'n' W*, there's been a lot of record buying interest in the various forms of country music. Edsel Records, never one to miss a trick, release *Muleskinner (A Potpourri Of Bluegrass Jam)* from the collective musicians Rowan/Griaman/White/Keith/Greene/Guarin/Khan, dating back to 1974 (which is reviewed this ish).

One of my favourite Gene Vincent recordings *Bird Doggin* shows up on the Vincent album *Lonesome Fugitive* on Magnum Force. The recordings date back to 1966 when he was signed to Challenge Records in Hollywood.

Don't Put No Headstone On My Grave, the Charlie Rich album on the extremely credible Zu Zazz label is now well and truly out. If you're a Sun/Phillips Int. Records enthusiast get it quick. Then strut around

with it under your arm at the local record shop or coffee bar and be the hippest cat in town.

One the 'zine scene, Britain has a new work of brilliance in *Be A Real Teenager*. There's so much in it I'm not sure they'll be able to keep it coming out yearly let alone on a more regular basis. Similar in style to *Kicks* magazine, among the 70 odd pages there's articles on Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Larry & The Notes, San Francisco '66, Nervous Norvus, The Phantom, The Legendary Stardust Cow-

boy, Buford Pusser, Hasil Adkins and the Ausie and Kiwi garage scene of the '60s - and that just touches the music content. Plus there's fan-gore types articles including a piece on *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* and Roger Corman's '60s biker flicks. If you have trouble locating a copy (*Rock On in your manor, Camden, stock it*) send a SAE to (How Can I Get Your Mag, Bal?), c/o 48-50 Steele Rd, London NW10. Oh yeah, wait till you see the pin up of the genuine Crusher!

NEXT MONTH WE DO SOMETHING THAT'S REALLY WEIRD.



WE GO LIVE.

★ Yes, the mag that doesn't do live reviews goes "on the road". ★ TWICE. We do it with Pinky loves *The Wolfhounds* and *McCarthy* in Europe and we also follow *Erasure* around to see what they're up to and into. Plus loads and loads and lots of other things that we're not sure about yet. ★

★ We'll call you on that one.

W I N O U T !

Oh God. It's another bleeding compo. What's it for this time? Eh? "Well, er, Front 242 actually." "Who?" "Er, well, they're foreign." Yeah, yeah, yeah. Just what the world needs... another A-Ha. • "Actually they're rather different. Rather loud. Rather damn noisy, aggressive, electronic, punky, leather be-jacketed, snotty, screw-loose, oddball and, well, different." • Oh, that's alright then. • Yes. Friends, let me tell you, Front 242's new LP, *Official Version* on RRE, comes in a rather erotic bin liner and it's fab gear. Our leather clad shoe fetishist nabbed five copies which he kept pressed against his manly chest for two days (we have been trying to get rid of the smell in the office for a further 10 days.) • Anyway, you can help. Just answer one simple question and you could

win a copy (providing you get the answer to the question right of course). OK, here it is... where are Front 242 from? Hmmm. We'll have to check up on that one, too. Send your answer on a postcard, or on the back of an envelope, to Front 242/Underground, Spotlight Publications, Greater London Hse, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 to arrive no later than 2.42 on May 7.



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TAP

● Edited by Julian Henry. In time honoured (hey, we've done nearly two issues now) fashion, *Underground* goes way beyond trad and gets in an actual A&R person to sample the delights of the tape mountain. **Stephen Edney** is the first person to undertake the monumental task and I think you'll find that he comes out of it pretty well indeed.

(Stephen has worked at London for four years, and sometimes he makes it to see four or five bands a night. Fave group of the mo is Stars Of Heaven but he doesn't think they're quite right for London).

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

DEAD MAN'S JIVE (22 West Cairn Crescent, Penicuik, Midlothian, Scotland) made a terrible mistake in not actually writing anything on the cassette they sent us. It could have been lost. We could have accidentally taped over it. London Records get over a hundred cassettes through the post each week apparently, so Stephen says make sure and scribble things on your tape in future. Anyway, the music: Thumb's down I'm afraid, despite being Scottish. It sounds too gothic and gloomy you see and we both agree there's quite enough of that sort of thing around already.

3 7 1 3

WHITE SPEED (c/o Tim Lane, 110 Mount St, Reading, Berks) made Stephen laugh because they've drawn a funny picture of themselves on the cassette sleeve. But does that mean they get a recording deal with London Records? No, I'm afraid not as their music is a trifle on the loud and raucous side; their press cuttings liken them to Zodiac Mindwarp. Cor. Wasn't this sort of music once very popular in the 1970's?

4 6 4 4

TERRORPLAN (2 Seymour Road, Godalming, Surrey) is in fact one person who is so talented he plays all the instruments himself. He writes to tell us that he likes *Underground* so much he has taken out a subscription. Despite dearly wanting to return the compliment, Stephen could not be persuaded to sign Terrorplan, saying that

the music was not commercial. Ambient music for people that can't sleep was his exact description.

2 8 5 1

THE DILEMMAS (67 Farnham, Blandford, Dorset DT11 8DE) demonstrate how you don't have to be a terribly good guitar player to make an attractive noise. Despite some rather cryptic lyrics about "still drinking my wine", the Dilemmas impressed Stephen because of two reasons — they sound like a group and actually write songs. What's more he even has some words of advice for them: "Full marks for getting your group together boys! Keep it up!"

5 7 1 7

BLOOD BROTHERS (c/o 7 Narcissus Road, London NW6) are terribly organised. Why they've got glossy pictures, a real-live "manager," and have even turned down "Indie" record deals because their manager apparently decided they weren't ready for it. But are London Records interested in them?

"No." Andy, why's that? "They do everything right," says Stephen, "only nothing comes through and grabs you."

4 7 8 3



GAG (44 Lace Street, Off Beeston Road, Dunwirn, Nottingham) succeeded in making Stephen very uncomfortable. "I don't like this sort of nightmare music," he said. "I like songs that uplift, and this certainly doesn't do that."

Gag's biography describes theirs as being an "art which no-one could decry" which suggests confidence if nothing else.



6 9 6 5

BOYSDREAM (69 Crown Street, Peterborough, PE1 3HX) look like a rock group. They have long hair and sound a bit like The Cult, and Stephen was surprised that so many people still seem obsessed with flogging these old ideas. What about some constructive criticism though?

"They have the basis of a melody here but the singer's voice is monotone and a little flat." Any advice to give? "When they're recording they should pull all the levels down and listen to the voice by itself and see if it's flat . . . I suspect it is."



7 5 4 4

TIER GARDEN (c/o 115 Salthouse Road, Barrow In Furness, Cumbria) were the first group to arouse Stephen's interest. Indeed, within moments of the tape being on he was scribbling down their telephone number and tapping his feet excitedly.

"Good lyrics, catchy, modern, overall there's enough here to make me want to find out more about them," he said. So does this mean international fame and fortune for Tier Garden?

"Well, we'll go and see them live and take it from there." No Pasaran was the best song on the tape, and we listened to it twice just to make sure.

8 8 6 7

BASTARD KESTREL (50B Cricklewood Broadway, London NW2) managed to evoke two words of criticism from Stephen: "Meaningless trash." Then he went further: "This sort of music upsets me. I wouldn't want to waste the band's time, so I'll just say I don't like it." Happily for the group *Underground* takes a more sympathetic attitude concluding that fans of The Dead Kennedys would probably find Bastard Kestrel an appetising proposition.

1 4 1 1

A HAUNTED SAWMILL (6 Pathwhorlands, Alexandria Road, Sidmouth, Devon) are evidence of the cottage industry that's sprung up in this country since people started buying Portastudios and trying their hand at becoming pop stars. Everyone's doing it. Stephen was not terribly impressed by AHS's two cassettes though, quoting monotonous singing, lack of character and too much technology and too little talent as his reasons for not wanting to pull out his chequebook.

4 4 5 4

MASQUERADE (10 Elmshaw Road, Putney, London SW15) sent their tape in an envelope saying "Very Urgent." We could barely control our excitement. Was this tape going to be "The One"? In a nutshell . . . maybe. They play what Stephen describes as Formula Rock, and are led by a person with the intriguing name of Alex Puddlesfoot. "It's a bit," said Stephen sadly. "I don't like it particularly, but he has written a song, Harry O, which sticks to the old pop formula and he's got it 90% right. I shall phone them up."

Underground verdict: bland.

7 8 4 8

DON'T PANIC

The Panic Station in league with *Underground* magazine scandal. Yes, here's the scam on how these two less-than-shaven outfits will attempt to put on the bands that sound neat and have the best names.

At Dingwalls dance hall every Monday from May 4 onwards there'll be bands of the calibre of The Jack Rubies, The Blue Aeroplanes, The Stitched Back Foot Airman, The Shamen, Mighty

SHEET

FUEL TO THE FIRE (3 *Freshbury Avenue, Snelton Dale, Nottingham*) committed the cardinal sin of forgetting to rewind their cassette to the beginning. Oh dear me. Look boys, important music business execs don't have the time to start rewinding and fast forwarding tapes, (you pretentious bastard, Henry, get on with it — ed) so make sure you don't do it again or we'll be up there to smack your bottoms. Anyway, what did we think of your music? Professional, competent and predictable. Stephen says there's a lot of this sort of thing in Nottingham, and he puts it down to "The Rock City Effect". This cassette is available for sale via mail order from the above address for £1.50.

5 8 4 4

CATCH THE BOMB (2 *Romway Close, Sleaford, Leicestershire*) have sent us another cassette (theirs appeared in an earlier ish, too) with a rather apologetic letter telling us how rough it is. Stephen agrees. "Too rough," he says. Despite that you can detect something young and excitable about this group, and a smile was seen to appear on Stephen's face. Could you sign them up? "No, because they're too shambolic to go out and see them play live though and would probably really enjoy it."

5 3 3 6

A-10 (c/o *Saatchi & Saatchi, 80 Charlotte Street, London W1*) sent us a rather unusual package. Not only did it come from an "Advertising" agency, but the front of the tape featured a picture of a woman baring her bosoms. The music sounded like punk rock. Stephen and I were outraged.

A phone call to guitar player Jeremy revealed that, yes, he exists, works for Saatchi And Saatchi and is a reasonable person. The news that London Records were not incredibly impressed by his tape did not seem to worry Jeremy unduly. He laughed. A-10 are playing concerts in London during April.

0 0 9 0

TRIGGER TRIGGER (24 *Machise Road, London W14*) are made up of people from other groups like The Speedometers and The Invaders. Stephen nodded his head knowingly. "You can tell," he said. "It sounds polished and is recorded well, but there's no real character or personality that comes through."

So it seems like a deal with London is not in the offing for Trigger Trigger.

"Too much sax," added Stephen, though a perusal of the biography revealed that the blower was none other than David Winstrop, a horn-man of some note.

7 5 4 0

TUNES DE BOES (c/o 01 27.2792) took the tempo down a bit. Gentle. Moody. Blue. These are all words that apply when listening to My Intention, though a weak voice let the song down a trifle. Stephen was sympathetic. "He sounds like an artiste — his voice and guitar should be together because he's singing and playing from the heart. It's unfortunate that he hasn't got a slightly stronger voice."

6 6 4 5

MIRRORS OVER KIEV (c/o 02571 42857) were already known to Stephen but we played their cassette anyway. And rather interesting it was too. Lots of jangly guitars and a sound that is not a hundred miles away from The Smiths or Eastern House gives you the impression that Manchester must be responsible for more sales of Bickenbaker guitars than anywhere else in the country. If you want to know more about this group you can telephone them on their very own ansaphone.

6 7 3 6

TR 28-20 (c/o 091 246 2133) attracted us to their package by some very eye-catching yellow Sellotape. We felt sure that something exciting lay inside their boldly designed jiffy bag. A little disappointing, therefore, to discover some adequate but unspectacular Ruts-sounding music along with the usual mean moody band photo. Stephen wasn't knocked out by the sax playing. They should be much more sparing with it and realise that a sax is a flavour and not a main course," he said, revealing an impressive ability in journalistic rhetoric.



4 4 3 4

SECRET PEOPLE (c/o 091 514 5107) have a head start in the race for chart honours having appeared on *The Tube* with their own song China. Stephen knew of them and likes them, though he said that no-one else at London was particularly taken with their music (so a vast recording contract was not terribly likely). That said, the singer most definitely has "A Voice" in the current mould (Erasure) and Stephen pointed out that this was ideal CD music. Perhaps their manager should send us both CD players so we can discuss this point further.

8 7 4 7

THE BIBLE FOR DOGS (78 *Colney Hatch Lane, Muswell Hill, N10 1EA*) sent us a tape of funny background noises. Stephen and I could not reach an agreed opinion on it, as the absence of a recognisable song meant that it fell outside the usual parameters of criteria for record company acceptance (ie: Good song, lip image, ideas, character).

Stephen said: "Kraftwerk," but then got very upset by reading in the band's letter that they could only afford to record new material by taking medical research tests. We are impressed by such dedication, though not quite to the point of wanting to give them all our money.

3 4 6 4

THE WARHOLS (c/o 81a *Chesterfield Road, Woodseats, Sheffield S80 0SQ*) achieve maximum points for their package which included rants from all the group plus their manager. They look rather natty too, in a fetching line of leather and denim but sadly their music did not cause the earth to shake. What does one call it? Guitar pop? Rock? Their manager says that London "the city" pisses him off" because all the DJ's get bribed and real talent (I suppose he means The Warhols) get overlooked. Our bank account number is...



4 4 9 6

MARBLE ARCH (32 *Marcos Road, Canvey Island, Essex*) appear to have been caught in some dreadful timewarp which has left them with Kajagoogoo haircuts and a frighteningen clothes-ense that would put Ron Atkinson to shame. I'll be honest, we only listened to 30 seconds of this tape. Our vile prejudices will no doubt be punished in some shape or form, but it was simply not possible to endure any more. Perhaps EMI will offer them a recording contract.

2 3 1 3

G SWING (c/o 16 *Westbury Court, Nightingale Lane, London SW4*) sent us a cassette that arrived broken in the post. Still, we forced it into the tape player and were rewarded by some rather appealing swing music that had just the right amount of '60s beat. After a few songs we got a bit bored of it though, and so Stephen passed on the following words of wisdom: "Why not release Over And Over, (the best song by far we thought) as an indie single?"

7 8 4 4

BRADFORD (c/o 0254 61235) use manly images (a skinhead and sharp copy (phrases like "Smart And Sound") to good effect. They look like they mean business, and singer Ewan Butler bears this out with a strong vocal delivery. We both like the name, the look and the skinhead's haircut, though Stephen was mildly critical of the lyrics — "too Adrian Mole" — and the instrumentation — "too Toytown" — but apart from that it sounded jolly good.

8 6 8 7

LOVE'S ALL RIDICULE (44 *Milroy Street, Wavertree, Liverpool L7 1PT*) do not do themselves any favours by enclosing a set of mugshots that look like something out of the Chamber Of Horrors. A glossy picture of some glamorous '60s star like Chris Montez would have been more appropriate, because their music is really summer beach stuff. I closed my eyes and floated off, only to be brought back to earth by Stephen's business-like critique: "Only half a song. They go on too long. Not enough originality."

How hard and ruthless these Record Company people can be sometimes.

5 3 1 4

THE GO HOLE (c/o 79 *Erlanger Road, New Cross, London*) sent us a nice friendly letter and a cassette that Stephen felt would have been more warmly received in 1965. "Too revivalist for London I'm afraid, but it has undeniable spirit. A case of *Ready Steady Gone*, I think." One of their songs sounded suspiciously like Let's Spend The Night Together by The Rolling Stones, whoever they are.

4 6 2 6

Mighty, The Doctor's Children, The Chesterfields and The Close Lobsters rubbing shoulders with new bands who've been selected after sending demo tapes to **Simon Bennie**, at 171 Farringdon Road, London EC1 3AL (tel: 278 0450). And, all those names are just in the first four weeks. Names to juggle with who'll be doing their thing, alongside already established independent combos, include **Taming The Outback, Jonestown, Company Of Cowards, North Of Cornwallis and Papa Brittle**. All highly re-

commended, and from as far afield as the human eye can see. What's more, future recommended tapes from the *Underground* tip sheet will be forcefully waved at Mr Bennie and, hopefully, live shows for top acts will follow. Success? It's jes' around the bend.

AHOY MATEY!

So who are the pirates? The Hit label, who've been buying time on Laser radio to have garage and trash music played on an hour long show, starting at midnight on

Wednesdays, have organised a benefit gig to raise funds for the prog. Seems each punter that enters the Trashcan at Hammersmith Clarendon on April 30 (from 7.30 onwards) will be subsidising the show to the tune of 32 seconds worth of airtime. In typical celebration style, a host of ne'er-dowells will attend and perform in no particular order. They'll include **The Purple Things, The Cannibals, The X-Men, The Surfadelics, Bad Karma Beckons, The Grizelders** and more.

The Shamen look on in fear at the thought of playing at The "Panic" Station



MOTOMOUTH

COMPETITION WINNERS SCARE!

We were Goddam overwhelmed at the collected hi-brow intelligence of our comp entries, and the number of them, too. Beats *Blue Peter* any day. Here are the lucky *Underground* readers who've snabbed it.

John Holmes from Bury St Edmunds checked in revealing that **Jonathon Richman's** most recent UK label is Rough Trade and he wins a CD of the **Modern Lovers'** finest stuff from Beserkley.

G McAlea from London revealed that the boring skins from way back were **Slade** and G wins the disfigured **Camper Van Beethoven** for his crimes.

Kirk from St Leonard's-On-Sea scored high with **Snakey G's** *Charly Sun* box set comp with the correct answers that it was **Peanuts Wilson** who released the **Cast Iron Arm** on Brunswick, that **Johnny Cash** was one of three artists to have EPs released on Sun, and that **The Little Green Men** were **Billy Riley's** backing band.

There were ten winners for **Cherry Red's** *Seeds 1 LP*. The answers for that were, **Polydor** was the label that **Protex** later signed to, and the half of **The Marine Girls** that weren't **Tracey Thorn** went on to become **Grab Grab The Haddock**. And the winners are... **A Johnson** from Choppington, **Iain Mackintosh** from Edinburgh, **Duncan Fletcher** from Barton-on-Humber, **Paul Furniss** from Derby, **K Godfrey** from London, **Julian Rose** from Nether Poppleton, **Rory Manchere** from London, **Ian Middleton** from Manchester, **David Huitson** from Dumbria, **David Goose** from Hanwell and, er, that's it.

There are five winners of the first **Whiteline** compilation vid (with tracks including **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry** - who're now known as **The Lories** just to confuse everyone) and they revealed that **Lee Marvin** had a "hit" with **Wandrin' Star**. The winners are **Steven Boulby** from West Yorkshire, **RJ Batchelor** from Egham, **Linda Barrett** from Chichester, **Steve Drury** from London and **IR Jolley** from Lewes.

There were six winners of the remaining first ten **Blast First LPs**, and this one was a biggie in response terms, with around a billion postcards and drawings of **Madonna** in improbable poses. The answer to who **Ciccone Youth** were parodying was, of course, **Madonna** and the winners are **Gordon Hope** from Leeds, **Isaac Topple** from Staines, **Mark Tait** from Aberdeen, **S Hartnup** from Sheffield, **Peter Wright** from Halifax and **Ian Bryck** from Gourack which is in Scotland.

The **Mark E** autographed lyric book special comp reaped three winners who spotted that **Mute**, from the list of labels given, is the only one that **The Fall** haven't been on. The winners are **Morris de Cony** from Ealing, **Graham Hughes** from Loughborough and **Steve Makin** from Leighton Buzzard.

And, finally the ten lucky winners (yes, lucky, lucky winners) of the **Globestyle** comp - who spotted that **Lesotho** is in the African continent (atlas frenzy) - were **Neil Anderson** from Brighton, **Karen Pudner** from South Glamorgan, **Colin Harrison** from Bristol, **Andy Collier** from Manchester, **Kevin Grady** from Dundee, **Steve Hambleton** from Buxton, **Chris Davies** from Ilford, **Steve Rowling** from Nuneaton, **Mat Astrop** from London and **J Davies** of Fareham, Hants.

STOP PRESS ... nearly forgot the two camps in the supplement on ish one. Read on ... So, who won the **Orange Juice** autographed copy of *In A Nutshell*? It was, da doo da doo ... **Michael Alston** of Strathclyde, that's who. He fed us the correct answers, that the other groups on **Postcard** to release singles apart from the **OJS** were **Josef K**, **Aztec Camera** and **The Go-Betweens** and that label boss **Alan Horne** went on to run **Swamplands**.

And, finally yet again, the six winners of **This Are 2-Tone**, who correctly stated that **The Fun Boy Three's** first 45 was **The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum**, are **Steve Wurst** from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, **Colette McGee** from County Donegal, **Paul Hartshorne** from Mansfield, **Mr T Russell** from London, **P Edwards** from Merseyside and **Rob Payne** from Leeds. So there.



A group fail to write in and get themselves featured. Instead, they offer something about their life flashing before their eyes. What does it all mean?

WIN A CARDBOARD BOX

WIN IT OR DIE! Yes we have a cardboard box... and it's going cheap (er, and it's just about s... on its way to you if you can answer five questions hidden within this ish and the five that'll follow next month). But what's in the box? Only 20 independently groovy discs from recent times. Check this.

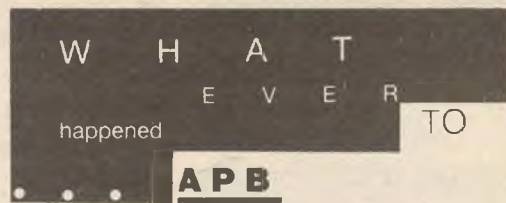
- CUT DOWN** Red Lorry Yellow Lorry *Red Rhino 12* ● **MARIMBA JIVE** The Red Guitars *Self Drive 12* ● **BANKING ON SIMON** Terry And Gerry *In Tape 12* ● **AGAIN AND AGAIN** Tools You Can Trust *Dynamo LP* ● **SONGS OF LOVE AND FURY** The Membranes *In Tape LP* ● **CRIMINAL REMIX 1,000** Mexicans *Play It Again Sam 12* ● **LUCILLE** Fatal Charm *Native 12* ● **VIOLENT BLUE** The Pasmore Sisters *Sharp 12* ● **YOU** Chakk *FON 12* ● **VIETNAM** Shockabilly *Fundamental LP* ● **THE TWILIGHT-WORLD OF SONIC DISCO** Age of Chance *Riot Bible 12* ● **BUDGERIGAR** Christianhound *Dead MC LP* ● **THREE WAYS OF SAYING TWO** The Hafler Trio *Charm LP* ● **WALK ON STALKS OF SHATTERED GLASS** Shattered *Hula Red Rhino 12* ● **THE PICASSO'S** The Picasso's *Technical LP* ● **THE HOLDING ON EP** The Pleasureheads *Ediesta 12* ● **SHE GOES TO FINO'S** The Toy Dolls *Volume 12* ● **MY FAVOURITE DRESS** The Wedding Present *Reception 7* ● **JESSICA IN THE ROOM OF LIGHTS** John Avery *Technical 12* ● **SEE YOU IN HAVANA** The Hit Parade *JSH Records 7*

So, if you're impressed, write down the answers and keep them handy until next month when a further five brain massagers could enable you to win something (or other). Just think, you could always melt down some of the records and make earrings or you could keep yourself in sounds for some time (so, come on down... the cardboard's hot).

05 UNDERGROUND

MOTOMOUTH

UG: GIFTED AND LOUD



Question: Which group lives in a small crofting village in Aberdeenshire, is barely known in the UK, but after several US trips (one to support James Brown) is one of the hippest bands in New York nightclub circles? **APB**, that's who.

A phone call to singer **Iain Slater's** home in Ellon, deep in the heart of Scotland, revealed their current whereabouts. **Iain's** mother, **Mrs Evelyn Slater**, was only too pleased to answer our questions. ● "Och, **Iain's** off away in America at the moment," she said. "He's flown off with his group for six weeks of concerts I believe". ● Any news on how the concerts are going **Mrs Slater**? "Well, by all accounts, extremely well. **Iain** telephoned from New York to say that 2,000 people came to see them there, and that their new record, **Missing You Already**, is being played on the radio so we're all delighted with that." ● Telephone line crackles then disintegrates. Er, well, thank you, **Mrs Slater!** **Julian Henry**

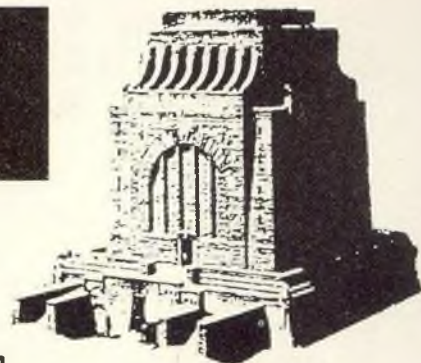
DISCOGRAPHY

- Chain Reaction**, Oily Records 7 _____
- Shoot You Down**, Oily Records 7 _____
- Palace Filled With Love**, Oily Records 7 _____
- Rainy Day**, Oily Records 7 _____
- One Day**, Oily Records 7 _____
- Danceability**, Albion Records 7 & 12 _____
- What Kind of Girl**, Albion Records 7 & 12 _____
- Summer Love**, Red River Records 7 & 12 _____
- Something To Believe In**, Red River Records 7 & 12 _____
- Open Your Eyes**, Red River Records 7 & 12 _____
- Missing You Already**, Link Records EP (available only on import from USA) _____
- Cure For The Blues**, Red River Records LP _____
- Something To Believe In**, Red River Records LP _____

The **Bevis Frond** received a thwackful review from **Ronnie Randall** last month. He now gets his chance to say what he thinks about "rock" and "rock reviewers" ... Reviewers! Where would we be without them? We'll never know, will we? ● Fair enough I guess, if somebody makes their work public, it's there to be criticised and they just have to accept what's written. But should they accept a criticism based on total inaccuracies? ● Ultimately it makes little difference whether the review was fair or unfair, because the damage has been done. And there you have the hideous power of the reviewer - we've lost sales, we've been branded as garbage, a distribution deal has collapsed and I'm reduced to writing a sour justification of what people are calling "the best UK psych album of the '80s" (**Crash Landing**). "wondrous garage psych" (**Funhouse**), "enthraling" (**Zippo**), "f***ing brilliant, massive future rarity" (**Plastic Passion**), etc. etc. ● Though, when all is said and done, the only way you'll really be able to form an opinion is to hear the album yourself. Happy drum solos.

UNDERGROUND: crazy haircuts in suits
ISSUE TWO: explosive and exhilarating
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 Published by Spotlight Publications Ltd
 Greater London House
 Hampstead Road
 London NW1 7JZ
 Telephone 01-388 6811
 Telex 299485 Music G
 Fax 01-388 6010
Distribution
 Spotlight Magazine Distribution Ltd
 1 Benwell Road, London NW10 7PA
 Telephone 01-706 7480
 Typeset by Central Graphics Ltd
 17-18 Grove, Sutton Stone,
 London EC1A 3JY
Printed by
 Chesham Press, 16-18 Germantown St,
 Chesham, Bucks
 ISSN 0953-500X
 © Spotlight Publications 1987





SURF'S UP Wreck is a white musician from South Africa, who performs in The Kalahari Surfers. In the UK for a short time to promote his third album, *Sleep Armed?* on Recommended Records, he spoke to Alex Bastedo about what lurks behind the press curtain.

- It must be difficult being a white musician, protesting on behalf of blacks.
- "Yes, but it's not an impossible situation. There are still bars you can play in, depending on which territory you are in. It also helps to be a bit subtle about these things, although there are some blatant punk bands. Great records like Free Nelson Mandela can also still filter through and are big favourites at the colleges and at student parties. Unfortunately, that record was banned immediately from the airwaves or else it would have been a certain number one."
- What do you think of the British protests being made, such as Artists Against Apartheid?
- "It's great that these efforts are being made although I can detect a certain amount of naivete in some people's words and actions. Also a few cases of bandwagon jumping . . ."
- How about Paul Simon?
- "I'm sure his motives were honourable, but again maybe just a little naive."
- "My perennial favourite groups, such as Faust, Can, Captain Beefheart, Residents, Henry Cow, Slapp Happy . . . they all had a very eclectic approach to what they did, and I think these influences probably reflect in my own work. I also think it makes for more interesting listening."
- It does, but going through the usual independent channels, and especially Recommended Records with their small, clearly defined network of friends and contacts, don't you feel that you are just preaching to the converted?
- "It can seem like that, but it's important to keep plugging away, to continue to try, to reflect the major issues that are going on all around you."
- The Kalahari Surfers know that you can't put a better bit of *Botha* on your knife. Their particular knife through necessity just needs to cut very subtly . . .

Where art meets muzak? Where life meets death? Oddball performance and multi-fun outfit **Club Moral** (from Belgium) have the latest issue of their *Force Mental* mag for your perusal with the usual mix of smart-ass prose in many languages. Excerpts from **Etant Donnes**, a feature on mass murder and rock 'n' roll, **Distraktor**, mail art, **Con-Dom** and the usual stuff that'll terrify your kin folk. ■ Sick bag at the ready, contact Club Moral at PO Box 60, 2200 BGHT, Antwerpen, Belgium for details.



years, arousing some interest with a debut album, *The Evening Visits*, which was released last year on Rough Trade. ■ More recently the band have recorded material for the soundtrack to a new John (*Pretty In Pink*) Hughes movie, called *Some Kind Of Wonderful*, and set for release later this year. Other acts included on the soundtrack include The Jesus And Mary Chain and Flesh For Lulu. The Apartments, meanwhile, are between recording contracts as several major companies hover on the horizon.

Julian Henry

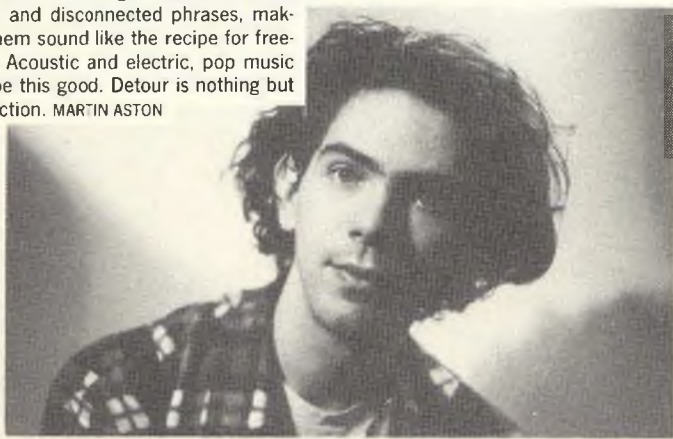
Three to go!

Children In Adult Jails' LP *Man Overcome* By Waffle Iron on Buy Our Records (PO Box 363, Vauxhall, NJ 07088) still hasn't got a UK deal but it's well worth tracking down. Mad in its construction and crazed in its funky/jazz/punk/sleaze delivery, it's a seminal work of some note. • From West Germany, some former members of *Lost Gringos* turn up as *Thirteen* on *Ata Tak* (the label who bring you *Der Plan* and *Die Todliche Doris*), with a quirky off the wall LP called *Can That Be True?* Again, well worth a listen and you can get details from *Ata Tak* at *Medien GmbH, Markischestrasse 16, D-4000 Dusseldorf, West Germany*. • Finally, US eccentric *Craig Burk* has an LP's worth of clinically diverse sound bits and bobs that make *The Flying Lizards* sound like *Queen*. The man's *The History Of Decency/Out To The Various Edges* is like caustic blues and soul over a broken computer rhythm. More details from *Illusion Productions, 15 Rue Pierre Curie, 14120 Mondeville, France*. • Dave Henderson



EYE BALL ON THE world

More sublime, unknown New Yorkers, all I really know about **NOTHING BUT HAPPINESS** is that the light pours out of their debut album *Detour* and that they'll be in England between March 11 and 25. A three-piece led by David Maready, you'd have to go back to the heady days of *The Velvet Underground's* third album or *The Smiths'* most wounded moments to hear such melodies of such lean, mesmeric fragility and yet invested with a brute strength of character that happily lives in and draws on it's own world. The singer intones the most banal and disconnected phrases, making them sound like the recipe for freedom. Acoustic and electric, pop music can be this good. *Detour* is nothing but perfection. MARTIN ASTON



Early comers to a recent Weather Prophets' London College date were impressed with support group **The Apartments**, a decidedly guitar-flavoured combo hailing from all manner of cosmopolitan origins as diverse as Germany, Australia and Wales. Singer Peter Walsh has led the group for a couple of



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52 UNDERGROUND



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FOR THE INDEPENDENT GUNSLINGER

UNDERGROUND

June 1987 Issue Three



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DEATH DISCO

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PUNK ELECTRO



Trigger
happy
Pinkies
in Europe

**Wolfhounds/
McCarthy**



★ **THE CRAMPS**
Exclusive hostage news

★ **D&V** The sound
of rimshot riegghets

★ **THE WEATHER PROPHETS**
Pete Astor's fave snapshots

★ **THE SCREAMING TREES**
Iron Gurus at high noon

★ **THAT PETROL EMOTION**
Dousing the spark of popism

★ **SON OF SAM** The
Golden Age of Death Disco

★ **THE NOMADS**
Hardware at showtime

★ **NITZER EBB** The bang
before the wimper

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pop
religion
and
the
killer
instinct

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Go-Betweens

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You Tell Me
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I just get Caught Out
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The House that Jack Kevouac Built
Bye Bye Pride
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The Clarke Sisters
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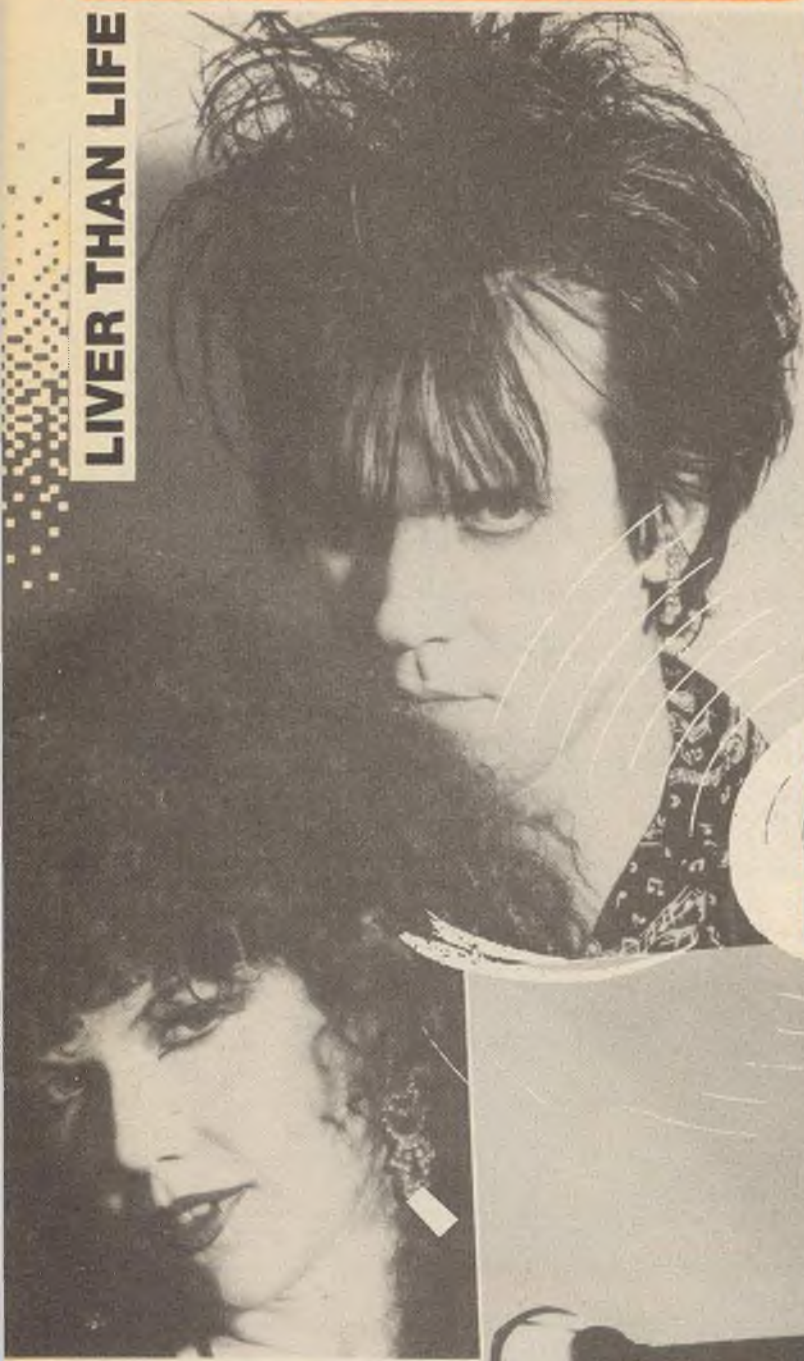
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29 EGHAM holloway college / 30 LONDON astoria
JUNE 5 MANCHESTER university / 10 NEWCASTLE polytechnic

CHESTERFIELD HIP-HOP SHOOT OUT IN CRAMPSVILLE

LIVER THAN LIFE



The Chesterfields, perhaps the greatest pop group ever to have graced the West Country, are about to move up into the big record racks with the release of their debut LP *Kettle*. Containing 12 tracks, including their latest hit single *Ask Johnny Dee*, the LP is released on the Subway label later this month. *Kettle* coincides with a generally more professional outlook from the band which has resulted in various publishing and agency deals and has also seen the first Chesterfields casualty, with the departure of guitarist Brendan. Bass player Simon is understandably reluctant to discuss Brendan's departure but he agrees that the band are certainly at a watershed in their career. "We've slowly realised that we have to take everything to do with the band more seriously," he tells *Underground*. "Davey gave up his job and Dom's decided not to go onto college after his O Levels, so from July onwards, we ARE the Chesterfields. I think people around us saw what was happening, how the band was beginning to do well and be successful, before it occurred to any of us in the band." It's an unusually early decision to record and release an LP given the band's infancy, but Simon, Dom and Davey were determined that these dozen songs should see the light of day now. Now, UG! knows what you're all asking out there. Why call an LP *Kettle*? It all makes sense when Simon explains, (well sort of) "Well, it's a word that pops up in *Two Girls And A Treehouse*, a track on the LP, and I thought it was a good word to have in a pop song. Not only that, but if you watch *Coronation Street*, Rita's always telling Mavis to 'Go put *Kettle* on' because she drops the 'the'." It seems inevitable that the Chesterfields will soon be moving onto bigger and more lucrative pastures possibly they'll even have *Kettle* in the racks in Rita's shop. Well, isn't life just wonderful? Andy Strickland

3 UNDERGROUND

FIELDS OF FIRE

A Cramps 'official' bootleg is being released and our very own Snakey G is the only journo with the upfront info — yo!

To promote their last album, *A Date With Elvis* (Big Beat), the group had set off on a lengthy World tour and, after many months on the road they were pretty tight music-wise. As luck would have it some bright spark at the mixing desk decided to tape the last date and present it to Lux as a gift. Mr Interior played it as the band were relaxing backstage after the show, and "Holy Shit! What quality!"

When they heard this ferric onslaught, containing 7 tracks from *Elvis*, they thought it complimented it perfectly and should be released to counteract the 1,001 dodgy bootlegs already being sold at high prices. This could be the real thang at a regular price.

Titled *ROCKINNREELININAUCKLANDNEWZEALANDXXX* (from that you should deduce where it was recorded) it'll be coming out on The Cramps' own label, *Vengeance*, with the original label design and the catalogue number sequence continued from where the *Human Fly 45* left off. It'll be C669.

The tracks run: *The Hot Pearl Snatch*, *People Ain't No Good*, *What's Inside A Girl?*, *Cornfed Dames*, *Sunglasses After Dark*, *Heartbreak Hotel*, *Chicken*, *Do The Clam*, *Aloha From Hell*, *Can Your Pussy Do The Dog?* (at its most sexually explicit) and that old chestnut *Surfin' Bird*.

Release date is set for late June/early July, so get yourself a copy while it's hot. We're talking a limited edition of 20,000 here. Snakey G

UNDERGROUND IN SENSUROUND



HIPPER THAN A DEF HOP

Much movement in soul's ever increasing circles with news of things. Y'know... things. Music Of Life were sent a natty letter from CBS asking them to stop using their *Def Beats* title for comps as it was very close to *Def Jam*. But the CB's were thwarted when Music Of Life mentioned *Def Leppard* among other things. * And *The Justified Acients Of Mumu*. JAMS to you Jack, have their *All You Need Is Love* in a clean cut version in the shops via the *Cartel* without being legally disembowled for their "criminal" assault on *Sam Fox* and *The Beatles*. Nice when things like that happen isn't it? * Finally *Morgan Khan*, the man who acts like a soggy sandwich (*South of Watford '86*) returns after going bankrupt with around 50 new labels that'll continue the *Streetsounds Hip Hop* series, and also work on a *Breakbeats* series of limited edition DJ style percussion breaks tacked on to "hot" tracks. * More news when it's hatched. TC WALL

A DEF HOP

UNDERGROUND: THE SOUND OF GUNS IN ACTION

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< HOLOGRAM OF THE MONTH: *There's a Ghost In My Shreddies* >

SOMETHING FOR NEXT MONTH!

Next month we'll be announcing a hugely enormous comp featuring three million **Peel** sessions! One lucky person could win something in the region of a year's supply of the things. What's more, for hi-technos' they're also going to be available in spesh cassette sets. So watch this space for the scam on that one.

→ BUT NOW, IT'S COMPO TIME! IN **WIN A CARDBOARD BOX**, part 2.

→ Last month's deliberate error asked, What was the last word in the **Terry And Gerry** LP title From Clintwood To Lubbock... Of course it should have said From Lubbock To Clintwood... But what the hell, let's *live*.

→ So the second five questions in which you can win 20 records featuring **Red Lorry Yellow Hula**, **12,000 Fatal Charm Sisters**, **Age Of Pleasurehead** and a mill of others, are littered throughout the ish, just add them to last month's five and send the whole ten to *Underground* Box, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1. We've got five of these boxes, so get scribbling. **Yowsa!**



ALL THE MAD MEN
RECORDS AND MAIL ORDER
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fact



WE WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW FAMOUS WE ARE.
 The **SOUPIES** flag out in front of their manager's door after hearing Ug is now beneath them. Good luck and don't mention QPR!



CIRCUS CIRCUS ... fall in bid to go hip-hop with just "two" baseball hats between them

The pop industry's never ending hunt for **LORD LUCAN** continues with a quick strip search of **RESTLESS**

Obscure photo filer Phil reveals that this is **HOBBIES OF TODAY** (who have their fourth single out now on Rune) when they were called **PAGAN BEAU**. Confused? Well, as either **PB** or **HOT**, these people have four molten seven inchers available and if you're into independent pop with a touch of raunch then these are your lads. Contact them at 27 Kelvin St, Mexborough, S. Yorks S64 9BH and they'll tell you all about themselves.



THE JACK RUBIES queue up for Wimbledon tickets after the rumour that McEnroe has finally got his black belt in karate

Erotic guitar case mystery unfolds as **THE TUMBLING HEARTS** release new single on Exile



DAVE HOWARD quits pop to go for geometry degree. First attempts are not encouraging, expect him back soon



and, yes, **Fuzz Townshend** humbly sends in the first three releases on Cake Records (bah, el stupo Mcname), and they're all bloody great. So, the world throws its palms together and simultaneously salutes **The Capitols** (yeehaw), **The Membranes'** head on collision with **Pig Bros** and **The Atom Spies**. There is more than life in Edgbaston... In Cardiff things are 'appenin' too. **Rock Head** Fanzine is nasty and natty and features the life and times of everyone from **Ipanema Katz** to some other people. It says things like F*** me, I'm Famous, and is presented with style (more tack from them at 10 Rolls St, Canton, Cardiff, CF1 8DU). Also to throw in front of your eyes this month, there's an underground film - no, not 24 hours of watching lights in the Empire State going on and off - called **Shore Leave**, which stars **Phil Daniels** and **Joanne Whalley** plus **Eddie Tudor Pole** at the Metro Cinema in Rupert St, W1 for a spell. We think you'll have to check your local rag for show-out times on this one, or better still, seek out **Never Remember**, ish five of which gives vent to spleen-curdling stuff on **The Vibe Tribe**, the Manic Ears label and some other stuff that's fun. Info from **Richard Higgs** at 27 Abbotsham Rd, Bideford, N Devon. The noo... and so the story of... oops, sorry. Let's go back to the records, and look at the first release from the Product Korp conglomerate which pulls together art and muzak into a compo entitled Project 1. The tack and continuation is neat and assembled artisans include **Kathy Acker**, **Non**, **Nocturnal Emissions**, **Esplendor Geometrica** (from Spain) **Coll** and a whole lot more. Good stuff... And news says that **Echo And The Bunnymen's** LP will make it out next month and it's a scorcher, while **Depeche Mode's** new set is having the finishing touches slapped in place at the **Kinks'** studio. Expected release will be around autumn time. And **The Smiths**? New LP soon, and a mag of some style and panache comes from **Mark Taylor** of 132 Sylvia Avenue, Knowle, Bristol BS3 5BZ. His **Smiths Indeed** number three is a fascinating total examination of everything Smiths-like. All this for 70p plus a large SAE from Mark. And what about **Bi-Joopiter** (2, Wentworth Rd, Hertford, Herts SG13 8JP), a set of music freaks who have a flexi from **The Maxells** and a huge catalogue of excellent tape and record releases. Write for a catalogue. Meanwhile, just nearly close to the charts and mass acceptance (we hope for God's sake kill **Curiosity Killed The Cat**), **The Pocket Rockets**, who've just toured with **BAD** have been touting a demo that's pretty neat, and have inked a deal. Watch out. Pop for sure that makes **Sputnik** even more laughable. The top side is Video Kid KO

AFTER the FACT

Men and children have died for less than not having full knowledge of these records. What's your excuse?

- 1 **DROP** The Shamen, alarmingly splendo debut LP _____ **UNDERGROUND**
 - 2 **RIOT-LONDON UNI MARCH '85** J&MC, noisy response to set _____ **JUNE**
 - 3 **TO BE WITH YOU** The Jack Rubies monster sound 45 _____ **HEP**
 - 4 **CASET** Igam Ogam, weird Welsh cassette-only melody _____ **CAT**
 - 5 **THE ALBUMS OF JACK** The Bachelor Pad, wildest burn out since Emily Play _____ **FIVE**
- Compiled by the Tabs and several brain diseased Ug'lers



REVIVAL OF THE MONTH: Do It Again by Wall of Voodoo ^

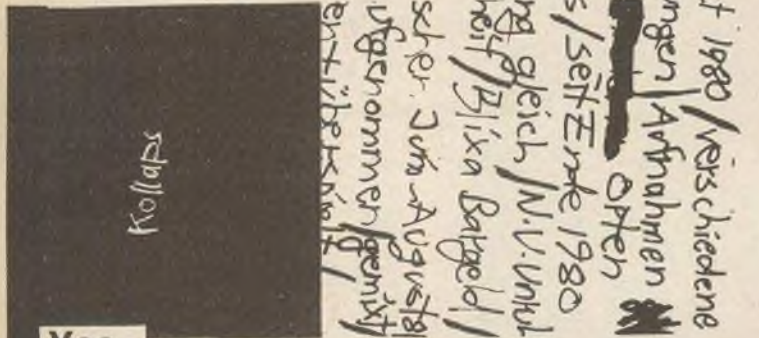
UNDERGROUND



READ ME



Wow, look at the crazy pattern on the front of *Can't Be Beat*. Wy . . . uld. And features in there too, written in English, it's great and has "bits" on *Died Pretty*, the ever lovin' hunky Shamen, Ed "I used to be in The Saints, Laughing Clowns and, er, well, lots of other groups" Kuepper, Giant Sand (great name), Dream Syndicate, lots of guitar reviews too. Of course, by the time you read this, it'll be a bloody collectors' item, or you could pester Ian Hearnden at 69 Springdon Rd, Lordswood, Southampton, Hants SO1 6HX, he might have a few copies holding up his sofa. Triv Tel



Yes, another fine specimen that brings the memories of a bygone age grimly pressing their way into unsuspecting brain tissue. It is quite clear from the scrawled hallmark on this piece that it was one of two "objects" that accompanied the first exported copies of that seminal art-classique, **EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN's** first long playing drill solo, **Kollaps**. Emanating from Germany, it's wracked with the kind of graffiti and poise that later went on to influence a bevy of UK contemporaries and, eventually, the advertising dept of Heineken lager. Hmhmhm. Triv Tel.

NUMBER 15.97: The Zarjaz



So, *thee* *classiques* are here again. Actually **The Zarjaz** began their brief existence as **Les Zarjaz** with a 45 of some style on a then fledgling Creation label. Titled *My Ladye Owns A Falle Out Shelter* it could very well have been an **Alan McGee** stab at novelty success (as closely followed, nearly, by **Babes Amphetamine**). But no . . . 'cause Zarjaz swapped labels and, in true **Moon-dog** (a blind classical composer from the '60s who was on CBS and had a long beard) style, he released a magnif album on Basilica entitled *La Legenda Del Block*. Probably gathering dust as we speak on the shelves of Rough Trade's warehouse 'tis but a gem, with harpsichord and all and no doubt would have appeared on el eventually (all things being equal that is). Gette it. Triv Tel

(novelty stuff that only really reveals their potential on the 12 inch version), best bit of all is the **Biog Rap Mix**, though, which is just geeetar and drums. Are there supposed to be some words here, guys? **Edwina Curry** (boo hiss) and her holey jiffy features heavily in the much-popular-in-Mexico fanzine *Turtle Breeder* which is full of yuks and bits on **Stockholm Monsters**, **Ted Hawkins** and **Bhundu Boys**. Gerrit from **Dez** at Flat 5, 58 Dafforne Rd, Tooting SW17 8TZ. I say, though, whatever happened to that rather nice **Andy Strickland** character who used to be in **Janice Long** faves **The Loft**? Now that other ex-Lofters have re-appeared as **Weather Prophets** and **Wishing Stones**, the man with the uncontrollable guitar style comes out of the woodwork as part of **Caretaker Race** and a hot three track demo of his stuff has impressed **Ug** persons. But who are **Wiggle-pig**? And with a name like that, shouldn't **Edwina Curry** cabin be into them? Well they're loud and industrious and they're from Ontario, more news as the bacon comes home. Nun but the brave, as they say. **Leather Nun's** new single, **I Can Smell Your Thoughts**, will be followed by a brand spanking new album in the autumn plus their **Jesus Came Driving Along** has been made filmic and celluloid-like as it'll appear in a new Hollywood brat pack flick entitled *Dudes*. The excellent *Vague* magazine is back with us again and this time it's in a kind of commemoration of the 23rd anniversary of **Kennedy's** death. *Classier* book stalls should be able to help on this one or try **Rough Trade** shop's mail order (address on *Revolution* page). And, who shot **Kennedy**? A moot point, but let's recall that **Jack Ruby** shot **Lee Harvey Oswald**, then we can tell everyone quickly that **The Jack Rubies** (neat lead in, huh?), are currently touring with **The Blow Monkeys** and they're damn fine. They have a single out too, called *Be With You*, on the label set up by publishers **Chappell**. Other releases for the new label, which is called *Idea* and is going through **Pinnacle**, include **Playing At Trains** (described as **Norman Wisdom** meets **Scritti Politti**) and **The Chain Gang**. Interesting A&R notes come from **Magic Moments At Twilight Time** whose demo was greeted with hails of very little until they sent a tape to **All The Madmen**. Those "wacky" Mad heads sent a note back saying 'Dear **Magic Moments At Twilight Time**, My name is not **James, Sean**'. Now that's what we call daDa. In the **Homestead** home camp, there's some activity. **Live Skull** are set to have a live album released, and there'll be a label compilation featuring **Big Black**, **Breaking Circus**, **Naked Raygun**,

CONT. PAGE EIGHT

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

UNDERGROUND: FRANK AND FEARSOME

K O N Z E R T

THE DENTISTS

OUT NOW
 URINE1 - 'Down and Out in Paris and Chatham' — The Dentists (12" EP)
 WRITING

URINAL1 - 'Completely Unglued' — Something Fierce (LP)
 ON

URINE2 - 'Another Jangley Mess' — Bobby Suttiff (12" EP)
 THE

OUT 15th JUNE
 URINE3 - 'Writhing on the Shagpile' — The Dentists (12" EP)
 SHAGPILE

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OUT NOW

THE CLEANERS FROM VENUS
 'GOING TO ENGLAND' (CLEAN LP1)

THROUGH PINNACLE
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'....a cult in the making'.... Music Week
 'Purest popsong of the week....highly recommended listening.... Record Mirror

THROUGH PINNACLE 0689 73144

OUT NOW
 CAST OF THOUSANDS — 'Nothing is Forever' (12 FAA 108)
 ON FUN · AFTER · ALL

OUT NOW
 DEREK B — ROCK THE BEAT (THE REMIX) (NOTE 3) ON MUSIC OF LIFE RECORDS

LIVING IN TEXAS

Cowboy Dream

OUT NOW

THE NEW ALBUM FROM

LIVING IN TEXAS

OUT ON BIG BEAT NED 15

THROUGH PINNACLE 0689 73144

SUB

MEANING
STYLE OF
THE

culture

FRENCH PEOPLE ARE



8 UNDERGROUND

Death Of Samantha and more. The label boasts two new signings too. **GG Allin** is, er, strange, and **Nice Strong Arm** feature ex-members of **Vertibeats** and **Neat Joy**. Talking of dada, as we were briefly, Liverpool's Ark label (through Probe and the Cartel) follow up last year's successful *Dada For Now* cassette of original Dada recordings with an album from **Popular Mechanic**, a Russian based conglomerate founded by **Sergei Kuriokhin** in 81. The LP, *Insect Culture*, features their strange hybrid sounds which fuse a group of physicists, an industrial section, a folk lore group and several other luminaries. Huh? And you thought the Ruskies were just into **Elton**...

Fact fun: **The Warhols** from Sheffield feature **Pete Morton** who once dated the Ladies World Screaming Champion. Phew! I SHOULD COCO. And more 'zines hit *UG* central, claiming they deserve max coverage (and mostly they're right). *Ten Years On* from **Graeme Price**, 26 Main Rd, Trimdon, Co Durham, TS 29 6QD, is soon to be 11 years on and ish eight features raucous stuff, presented and printed nicely enough, about **Blood And Thunder**, **DRI**, **Oi Polloi**, **Rhetoric** and more. Less loud but just as charming, *Sowing Seeds* issue two (from **Paul May**, 12 McLeod Close, Grays, Essex RM17 5RD for 40p plus a sae) has vital parts on **My Bloody Valentine** — did you know they'd shed a singer now? — **Primitives**, **Pop Will Rape Itself**, **Bambi Flatmates** and more (get the drift). **Wayne** from *Crud* claims to have a flexi from **Anhrefn** set for ish 4 and his Welsh 'zine covers local essentials and can be had from 1A Grove Park, Colwyn Bay, Clywd. Wayne also demands we "do" the **Butthole Surfers**. No prob, **M Issue** already despatched for the task. **Allen Sex Fiend** also have an info pack, 'zine and collection of prose and pix. Penpals and all that gear from *The Fiend*, c/o FO Records, 97 Calendonian Rd, N1 9BT. And yep, a Fiend feature in *Ug!* pretty damn soon too. Finally *Outlet* mag, a kind of *pot pourri* of excessive reviews reaches issue 35 (get it from **Trev Faulk**, 33 Aintree Crescent, Barkingside, Ilford) with scam on **Unovidual**, **Venus Fly Trap**, **Dave Howard Singers**, **Die Form**, **Zoogz Rift**, **Dogman And The Shepherds**, **Polkaholics**, **Ten Foot Faces**, **Black Flag**, **Dick Dale** and a million more.



MODE UP

Mute go further into the packaging and presentation history books as their French arm flexes its muscles with a handful of mini-compact CDs featuring **Depeche Mode**. The tracks which appeared on *Mode 12* inchers in the UK are here — usually the seven inch version and an elongated remix plus three or four live cuts — the French counterparts get mini sleeves, and blow the cobwebs away with new found clarity. ● The five packages which *Underground* managed to whisk from Mute were **Blasphemous Rumours**, **Get The Balance Right**, **Love In Itself**, **A Question Of Time** and the classic **Everything Counts** — with live cuts of **New Life**, **Boys Say Go!**, **Nothing To Fear** and **The Meaning Of Love** from **Hammersmith Odeon** circa '82. Classy stuff that you'll have to search out and save up for, as each set costs around a tenner on import. **Dave Henderson**

STRANGE. Yes they are! Those champions of garlic do the, er, *silliest* things. Especially when they're called **X Ray Pop**. You see, it all started when an X Ray Pop person sent us three copies of the group's two singles. They're brill, they're on coloured vinyl, they've got wack sleeves and we don't know what to do with them. ● So three bright sparks who can answer the following question, and submit it to postcard to arrive chez Ug! no later than *Friday June 12*, will each get a pair of brightly coloured Frog masterpieces ▶. The question is, which French band launched the **Rough Trade** label with the single **Paris Maquis**? Answers swiftly to **French Underground**, **Spotlight Publications**, **Greater London House**, **Hampstead Road**, **London NW1**.

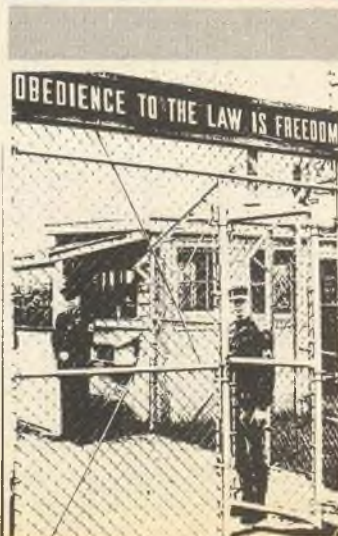
WAH! PHOTON INVASION OF EARTH



(well, London)

Photon phasers and a new form of "street" lingo, which sounds more akin to '30s Hollywood pirate dialogue, is being sold to the nation's youth as it trundles hotfoot from the States. From between 40 and 140 notes you can get a pair of guns (sorry, phasers), crash hats and ID cards (and probably look a right prat). Billed as "the game for kids that adults play", it'll no doubt change the channel on your TV too. It's a pretty expensive remote control though. Still, wouldn't you like to zap **Kim Wilde** and **Junior**. Yes, I thought so. **Triv Tel**

UNDERGROUND: AS HARD AS LARD



VAGUE has grown into a troublesome tome that's a riot of over printing and imbalanced rhetoric fit to topple governments. Issue 18/19 is another whacking big effort that's based around **Programming Phenomena And Conspiracy Theory**. All the by-words are there, **Techno Fear**, **Handshake Tendency**, **Weird Shit et al**, and it's all lovingly assembled by a bleary eyed **Tom Vague**. At £2 a throw it'll get you even more confused than *Underground* and may just supply you with a few answers too. Don't miss, check it through **Rough Trade Shop**, **Compendium** in **Camden** and some **Cartel** outlets. **TC Wall**

Power through paper

CARDBOARD BOX: [06] Which other group does **Hit Parader** **Cath Carroll** play for?



Cryptic? Childlike? Drug-induced? Weird? Strained? Or what? A Banana Fish On The Moon have a 17 track cassette of sing-along nursery rhymes that make Jonathon Richman sound alarmingly normal. All this and a hand coloured xerox thing packaged neatly in a tie up toiletry sack with silly illustration. What's the world coming to? Just write to Bi-Joopiter, 2 Wentworth Rd, Hertford, Herts for an explanation. Johnny Eager

Full On Aggro ... no less. The *BMX Action Bike* magaroon back in April had an intriguing scan at Rad Scoots, a kind of souped up wheelie attaining scooter that's as lethal as a 'board or BMX bike in full flow. What next? Sainsbury's trolleys? Who knows? Anyhow, a sparkingly bright and colourful publication that puts Rad back in the phrasebook. Surf's up. Triv Tel



After the initial furore surrounding the EMI-sponsored rock week at the ICA in January, every-one has probably forgotten that there's an album to commemorate it. In fact, there's two. On *The Dotted Line (Here)* is released on June 15 with *On The Dotted Line (There)* following a month later. The track listing for *There* is still being finalised but the first album is as follows...

Side One: Redbury Joy Town **The Wonder Stuff**; Round And Round **The Crows**; Motorcycle Rain **We Free Kings**; Sorrow Floats **Voice Of The Beehive**; In A Song **The Favourites**; The Murder Of Your Smile and Plastic Horse **The Dave Howard Singers**.

Side Two: Rub The Buddha **Crazyhead**; Parallax Avenue **Slab!**; Tolerance **The Blue Aeroplanes**; Everything I Ever Wanted **Brilliant Corners**; The Hunger **Asian** and Dallas Blues **The Jack Rubies**.

"You know we got a lot of flak for this rock week, don't you?" said an EMI spokesperson. "I think it was unfair. Did you go to the concerts? It was an open forum — wall to wall A&R guys every night. It was a chance for new bands to play on a well distributed and well backed-up rock record... I think it was quite altruistic — I don't think we're going to see any profit from this!"

Click, click, brrrrrrrrrrrr!

■ **Mazing Man** is BACK! One of DC's most adventurous little characters, the dumbest non (but definitely *super*) hero on the block, his life and times, along with those of his tolerant friends, lasted long enough for a short series which ended last year due to poor sales. But, a "Special" is currently enlivening comic racks, and it's the last chance to resuscitate him.

■ Jubilant scenes abound as the neighbourhood welcomes back its infernal pain in *le derriere* but he *still* doesn't get round to actually *doing* anything, which is the main reason for DC's problems with this title. A nicely toasted set of 'characters' are not what the American youth have been bred to believe in.

■ Bastards.

■ Reid Fleming (*World's Toughest Milkman*) is also BACK! Issue two of his adventures has just been blasted into our faces by Eclipse Comics and if you've read nothing else for weeks, read this. The man with the square head, who tells his lady customers to "wear a negligee, or else" is as mean as ever, and I suspect his underpants are in a notorious state. His employers have never heard of *Eraserhead*, let alone considered changing their hair-styles. It's a scary world they've created here and if *only* we actually lived there. My milkman never says a word.

■ The post-apocalyptic Bilko stance, the wirily devious drawing and the superb jokes make you look embarrassingly stupid reading the thing on the train. I'm only hedging my bets here but I'd say you are daft enough to enjoy it. Or, as the great man says, "Knuckle sandwiches kinda makes a guy hungry".

■ Completing this month's trio, there's *Codename NINJA*, a black and white comic with a taut little story, somewhat rushed in its composure, of an American Ninja caught up in troublesome matters. Fortunately all the 'early days' drivel is dispensed with fairly swiftly and it looks like being a promising series.

■ Full marks (he said in his finest patronisingly prominent way) and brief mentions also go to *The Question* (DC) for building up a character with style and verve in the way that *The Spectre* (also DC) hasn't quite managed, and to *Grimjack* (First) for salvaging some of its former pride. Any of these series are trusty steeds



which won't let you down and deliver the occasional cracking blow to the temporals (sic).

■ All comics are available from Forbidden Planet, 23 Denmark St, London WC2. Send large s.a.e. for details.

MARY CHAIN OBSCURE DISCETTE SHOCK!

Just when you thought you had all the records by **The Jesus And Mary Chain** so that you could say, 'oh yes, I've always liked them, even before everyone else did with their new single, er, April Skies', the legendary **Riot-London Uni March '85** package is on the streets again. A limited edition for a five spot at one time, it features a one-sided

record with the post match violence, plus a badge, a bit of tartan (purporting to be from **Bobbie Gillespie's** shirt), a syringe, a J&MC LSD bar and other such junk. And now, with the lads' "success", the whole shamuck is going for 15 quid plus. Still, some of the bits litter this page... see if you can spot them. Triv Tel

GROWLING MACQUANDRIES OVER EUROPE

The Wolfhounds and McCarthy take the "house" sound of Pink through Europe. Martin Aston samples some intriguing floorboards and asks the riever easy question, But what's it all about? Holiday snaps by Martin Aston and Richard Asters

The van breaks down ten miles outside Dover, it's business as usual. All the equipment is loaded into the back of the minibus, leaving one driver, one soundman and four spotty musicians from Romford sleeping overnight in the back, waiting for the AA, the next available ferry, and European mega-stardom.

No Sleep Till Antwerp . . . I can see the live album already. The van makes it over just hours before the concert begins. Then it's business as usual again.

Or maybe it's business unusual. First, because from under the smothering cloud of that convenient shambling tag, these might be two — very different — groups who actively disprove the generalisation; two groups who record for London's The Pink Label; two groups who are rejecting the familiar as well as the careless pop careerism of their peer group, hoping to refurbish the House Of Pop on a meagre housekeeping budget — to add a literacy and room for afterthought. This is what their music's for. McCarthy and The Wolfhounds then.

"Sunglasses off, everybody, we're at the border." (Paul of Pink)

Second, this busy trip is also both group's first foray abroad, which neatly marks something of a comma in the development of their careers. For The Wolfhounds, they have to decide whether or not — or really *when* — to plunge ahead full-time, meaning Dave, Andy G and Paul giving up their jobs. A Scottish tour is turned down because of those jobs while this European 'holiday' isn't even long enough to stretch to 12 dates in Germany where McCarthy will play alone.

elves going on after two local supports — "shit pub rock bands," according to Wolfhound Dave — at one am and The Wolfhounds at three.

The French don't dance, but they *enthuse*, and in Morlaix, the next night, Dave gets a chance to DJ. "They had our records in their collection along with the June Brides, even The Birthday Party's *Prayers On Fire*. But the French still like to dance to their Europap."

Meanwhile, the Paris gigs have been wrongly booked by the French promoters for May, not April, and of course The Wolfhounds will be back at work. Business as usual then?

"In the rain/to the offices/going down/town/again/everyday/dragged through the gates/the damned in the rain" (McCarthy's *From The Damned*)

Sitting in Brussels' Pizza Hut and sleeping in YMCA bunks may well make the folks feel fondly for Romford and Barking, but every Wolfhound and McCarthy unanimously rejects the work ethic as a waste of creative space.

"From what I knew of working, I really resented it, giving my time to someone in some pointless job," says Malcolm. "I don't think I could do that, whereas I really enjoy this. I think I'm using all my creative potential, such as it is."

Every night, Malcolm's allegorical, bitter-pill lyrics are swallowed by the PA, leaving behind Tim's intricate, tumbling melodies and delicately picked guitar figures. McCarthy play more vigorously when there is more of a responsive crowd, such as Eindhoven on their second night in Holland, but otherwise, with Tim, John and Gary's eyes on the floor, on their instruments or in the air, the effect is one step removed, almost frozen. Malcolm has to concentrate hard on singing and playing guitar. There's little presence.

"But I think that's good," drummer Gary tells me. "I don't believe in all this showbusiness ethic. I think it's pointless, and it's important that the audience know it's a *band* up there, and all we can do is hope they'll listen and think about our lyrics."

The emphasis McCarthy place on thought is probably expecting too much of pop and its audience. Then again, Morrissey's lyrics are revered in a wave of solidarity.

"I'm the exact opposite of the way Morrissey writes," Malcolm goes on, "where he's aiming to get people to identify with what he's saying. He wants people not to feel alone, or some such idea. What I'm trying to do is the exact opposite, which is to get people to think about things more, to be shocked by what I'm saying. I don't like the idea of people identifying with pop lyrics — I don't think it makes people think but leaves them exactly as when they started."

"I think the mistake a lot of political groups make is that they're very narrow. They just understand politics perhaps, and *not* that they're in a group and that there are artistic criteria as well. Groups like The Redskins or Easterhouse. I hope we'd combine art and politics a bit more successfully."

Art, politics and POP, to be more precise. Tim's present preference for pop as opposed to what he calls "rock's expressionistic leaning — the musician is expressing himself in his solos and that kind of thing and we don't want to do any more than is necessary in the *song*" means that McCarthy are furthering their use of irony.

"With a melody like Peregrine Worsthorne," (about the *Sunday Express* editor receiving an angelic vision, telling him how to put the world to rights), "which you can imagine people looking all dewy eyed and sad to, I'll put a pretty nasty lyric to. The lyric here is a criticism of that mood, destroying that illusion." There's little room for sentiment in this renegade's book.

When McCarthy visit the Frans Hals museum just outside Amsterdam in Haarlem, the local paper takes McCarthy's single of the same name. Obviously oblivious to the political sentiment of Malcolm's lyric (Hals was commissioned to paint the portraits of the governors of a charitable institution that he'd requested peat for as fuel because he was so poor, and ended up painting them sour-faced and drunk as a form of artistic revenge against their society. Malcolm has Hals as the struggling artist going down the DHSS) the museum governor eagerly requests two signed copies. Irony smiles again.

Talk about respectable!

01 UNDERGROUND

M

McCarthy themselves are also on a brink of sorts, except here they must decide how best to present what is arguably the most precariously balanced set of ideals in an independent music right now — the art of 'political pop'. All on the dole, poor but relatively free, McCarthy eschew the usual *be-seen-everywhere* route for a wilful independence which maintains their ideals.

"I've noticed on tour, I've completely stopped thinking," says McCarthy singer and lyricist Malcolm. "I've become completely stupid. I'm amazed I can muster a few sentences together now. You get up in the morning and you arrive at the gig and then you eat and then you play and then you come back to the hotel, and it's not conducive to *thinking*. For some people in groups, they must live their whole lives like that."

In France, at the bizarre, stately Chateau de Cange, the atmosphere is more congenial. Out front are 450. McCarthy find them-

Very large picture collection from the folio of Martin Aston, following his Euro-trek with The Wolfhounds and McCarthy.



The Wolfhounds' *Unseen Ripples From A Pebble*, was greeted by *Underground's* John Best "bringing us here the pipe and slippers of the atrociously self-satisfied 'shambling' generation: the tautly jangled guitar and the voice of an unsinging (as opposed to unsung) hero".

Self-satisfied, Dave?

"I just don't think he could have listened to it very well. We're far from self-satisfied! We're always trying to improve things.

"We have to say in every article we're not a shambling band, and that we don't sound like The Fall. To us, it's obvious."

Sorry, John, I'm on Dave's side, and the horse's head is in the post. Meanwhile, The Wolfhounds' trial is to outlive the criticism and to make sure the muse is always on tap.

"Swan around Greater London for just £2.50/duck and dive around Dartford for only £1.60/but you can chicken out at home for the small price of nothing." (The Wolfhounds — *In Transit*)

Friday night in Amsterdam at 'The Strip' will cost you 15 guilders (£5), just down the canal from the famous Milky Way where a '60s night rages on minus the headliners The Lyres who cancel at the last minute. After The Wolfhounds and McCarthy have finished playing in front of 75 people (the Dutch promoters simply didn't promote, so unknown English bands stay that way) we all shuffle on down to find 600 or so dancing to a truly '80s post-party disco, which includes... The Wolfhounds' *Anti-Midas Touch* and McCarthy's *Frans Hals*. Enough people mouth the words to make you realise that it could have been 675 or so watching these two groups instead. The singles crunch and glide respectively.

"One day soon, the poor will deal with you/make your will out, mate/they know your name and they know your faces" (*Frans Hals*)

"I do like playing live," McCarthy's Tim concludes, although he's too nervous to look at the audience, "but it's recording an album and what it might turn out like that is the exciting thing."

When McCarthy return from Germany, a 14 track album will be recorded.

Similar to McCarthy, The Wolfhounds spray equal amounts of anger, protest and dismay, except that Dave allows the latter emotion to stray onto more expressionistic ground, squeezing out more sentiment.

"If I hadn't been so fickle with my life, I would have probably pursued an ecology degree at college and been the new David Attenborough," Dave grins. "No wind-up." But he has found ambition at last.

"I turned 22 and thought, f***in' hell, when I get to 25, I still won't have any references at all, so I had to do something on my own back or settle down into a knuckle-down existence, working for someone else."

"I find I've got more energy and fire and I'm more willing and committed now than ever before. I can push myself much more if there's enough incentive and response from the others. We're getting better all the time at pushing out ideas... I'm amazed at Paul and how many ideas he can come up with."

"Mega-band status," as bassist Andy B puts it — well he is the

only one in blond rinse and customary black so he's allowed to talk like that.

As The Wolfhounds swop France for Belgium for Holland and the idea that there are new audiences outside their peripheral view from their Romford or East End windows — that there is a future in noise and creation — so the underachieving hangs heavier. Paul's position is the most vulnerable, he is with job but, after all, as drummer Frank grins, this is "the best band in Britain" (!)

"I'm being pressurised into leaving my job," Paul admits. "I'd love to but I've got a pushy girlfriend and a mortgage, so I'm a bit lumbered. She wants me to leave as long as we're secure." On the flip side though... "one of the big wigs called me into the offices recently — I thought he was going to praise me, but he says to me, 'I hear you're in a pop group. This-has-got-to-stop. You must concentrate all your attention in work', which was ludicrous! It's just a completely shallow imagination — I work with no ambition, and my happiness, apart from my girlfriend and my home, is The Wolfhounds. I've had to be careful — I had to lie to get away, saying I was going to Canada to visit my Dad."

Instead Paul is waiting around in a dressing room, surrounded by 96 beers and the sort of sci-fi porn cartoons that only *Zodiac Mindwarp* would legitimise (in fact, most of it was drawn by *Pop! Will Eat Itself* by all accounts). It's Paul's personal love for the likes of both *Captain Beefheart* and *Suzanne Vega* that's seen The Wolfhounds transform from a ratshit-garage band to one that boasts its own throttle and tourniquet.

There is tension in both the lyrics and music, and a brittle unpredictability as well. *Unseen Ripples From A Pebble* (*Become A Tidal Wave On Shore*) accurately describes the album; live, Andy G's more rhythm-and-boozed guitar and Paul's more zig-zag-wandering guitar might blur parts of the jazz, blues and folk filters that the album feeds on, but the group are leapers, not shamblers.

"I'd just like it to shock people by the mood changes," Dave says. "But we aren't capable of doing that at the moment. We're still a beat group basically. In two years time, if we're still going, I'd like to do something as outrageous as what some of the '60s groups were doing, or some of the post-punk groups. I'd like to be out there... but still get the attention."

Against the usual grain, Paul would like to turn down the volume.

"I get disheartened when I think the instruments are too loud because it sounds like a boring pub rock thud. People must think we're clumsy. Nothing original could come out of that kind of a live sound."

At least live, The Wolfhounds benefit from the experience, where they can be like an uncomfortably fitting straitjacket, no matter whether the group want to be more original and/or poppy.

"There are so many avenues we want to, and will, take," says Paul, sounding like he's on the edge of handing in his cards.

Back in London, both groups might well find out the answers to their quandaries. And, in a sense, it'll be business as usual.

THE ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE

The Perfect Crime

GWR Records GWLP 12 ●● This *angry* album covers everything from Hiroshima to Hades!. With its magnanimous verbal gestures and clichés. The Perfect Crime sets itself on a soap box and as such it's going to be prone to sporadic verbal abuse. It can't be denied that there's a chilling realism here which supersedes its pessimism. Cut after cut of prime melody is only hindered by the occasional yobbo chant, which is supposed to be a backing vocal! It doesn't really matter too much 'cause both This Is My England and Working For The Company are future classics, the best in modern poetry. Alex Kadis

A SPLIT SECOND

Ballistic Statues

Antler 054 RR C ●● Simple and strong, a dancebeat that's insistent and moving with more heavy leanings towards the Cabs. This lot are Belgian, and had an acclaimed 4 track EP, Burn Out, out last October. They sing insomniac lyrics in English, and hope that this LP will take "a place in your favourite-records department".

On first impressions this is a winner, with meaty beats, interesting voice-overs and a voracious appetite for steamy dancefloors. It has all the hallmarks of a dense, demonic talent which, on the strength of mighty tracks like Close Combat and Check It Out, not to mention the lengthy and ingenious Cybernetics And Pavlovian Warfare, could serve its initials in the great old oak of electronic dancefloor pop. Carole Linfield

BAD BEACH

Cornucopia

Manic Ears ACHE 4 C ●●● The harsh lyrics here sometimes completely dominate the punky guitar based music, and the brutality of the words often leaves you reeling. The vocals hit where it hurts, and the message gets through loud and clear.

When not giving medallion men a severe kick in the groin, Bad Beach are taking sideswipes at religion, the arms race and society in general. This is *not* done with boring tirades against Thatcherism and ther ilk, but with a mixture of melody, power and lyrics to spur the imagination. Cornucopia is a marriage of words and power chord punk that you should not be without. Andrew Bass

THE BAND OF HOLY JOY

More Tales From The City

Film Flam HARPLP 1 P ●●● Strolling or sometimes lurching down the little white lines, folk peering at them from behind net curtains, losers and paranoids falling in their path and drunks peeing up their legs. The Band Of Holy Joy have moved unperturbed through the streets of London's New Cross, armed with their trombone, accordion, banjo, big bass drum, Casio organ and Johnny's wailing voice. The tale of their trail has been set down by this debut full length album, an often beautiful, haunted, courageous madcap waltz.

So much has been made of Holy Joy's Salvation Army shanties and ballads that it was doubtful they could live up to all that 'all real life is here' media stuff, but More Tales, whether angry or sad, awkward or tender, really does. What's more, and this is the real beauty, I've never heard any other record like it, give or take a slap or dash of nursery rhyme memorabilia. Martin Aston.

SELDIDY BATE & NIGEL BOURNE

Pagan Easter

Temple TOPY 024 RT C ●● Ritual music for the Spring Equinox anyone? Well, Temple have an oddity here from Sel and Nige. The music treads briefly through new age, folk and generally strange and understated backings, topped by Seldidy's chantalong vocals. For purists and practitioners, sure, as a neat sidetrack it's just so-so though. Johnny Eager

BIG DIPPER

Boo Boo

Homestead HMS 077 RT C ●●● Six tunes, six popette orchestrations and a sepla-tone cover that confuses the plot even further. These Americans are on a lefty pop tack that's more akin to the Hüsker Dü/Meat Puppets breeding ground than anywhere else... but better still, they don't just emulate, they deliver with real style. Big Dipper have the old trailing geeetar line that makes all the difference, the spark that ignites the heartstrings and a batch of songs that're well worth gargling to. TC Wall

CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN

II & III

Rough Trade ROUGH 123 RT C ●●½ The long lost Camper's second album, which has only previously been available for mucho cash on import, finally reaches our shores. And, well, it's pretty much in the same vein as the other two Camper LPs. The neat line that separates genius from lunacy is in evidence again as the boys topple haphazardly between the two poles while "getting down" in a selection of styles akin to folk, country, post-punk-pop, nursery rhyme and more. Skiffle pogo muzak for hollerin' acid casualties, and pleasant with it. Dave Henderson

CASSIBER

Perfect Worlds

Re 0000 (Recommended Records, 387 Wandsworth Rd, London SW8)

●●● There has not been a band like it since German avantists Faust packed it in back in '74. Cassiber, now trimmed down to a trio and using compositional modes for the first time (they started out as a rock-improvising band) generate the kind of shock waves which are at once compelling and decidedly unsettling. Perfect Worlds is like hessian, rough to the touch, a tapestry stitched together from fragments of symphonies, tribal song, noise, lyrical dischord and angst. Chris Cutler's texts are finespun into a growing ball of pitted emotion — in a war between head and heart, conquest and conscience, power and paranoia. Musically and emotionally disarming, and their finest yet. David Ilic



THE CELIBATE RIFLES

Kiss Kiss Bang Bang

Hot/What Goes On GOES ON 8 Sh ●● Sydney's finest thrash city rockers whip up a storm as they pile full tilt through one blistering number after another on this live LP recorded at CBGB's in New York. A vast driving beat pummels away beneath waves of bristling guitars as they deliver prime cuts with their Mina, Mina, Mina LP, plus superb covers of the Only Ones' City Of Fun and that seminal Aussie band Radio Birdman's Burn My Eye. For full throttle, straight ahead, raucous thrash guitar rock, The Celibate Rifles rip it up Bondi Beach style. Dick Mescal

CHILDREN IN ADULT JAILS

Man Overcome By Waffle Iron

Buy Our Records BOR 12-004 (PO Box 363, Vauxhall, NJ 07088, USA)

●●½ These people are mean. The Children have taken time to throw down their wares in an environment of stranger than strange sub-funk with more than a wave to hardcore, a tousled glance at country jocularity and an edge that's all their own. This album sounds like out-takes from The B52s on bad acid.

Spiralling into an unending hangover, Children In Adult Jails play a game that's America gone mad, society behind bars and real music running riot. A classic with "songs" and a track called House O'Weenies. Zappa lives... three of the four are girls and there's a crossword on the insert. Love it. Dave Henderson

THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY

45 Minutes Out Of Three Years

FAB F202 RTS ●● More wonderful '60s plagiarism from another of those European bands that seem to be springing up all over the show. Like the truly wonderful Creeps from Sweden, The Chocolate Factory devote their attentions to the late '60s period — all hipster trousers, check button downs and long hair, with music to match. All vocals are in English with a slight German accent, which for some reason makes the whole thing more appealing. Their covers of Security, 60 Minutes Of Your Love and I Wanna Be Free sound more like a spaced out Stones than Otis Redding, Homer Banks or Joe Tex... The originals hit hard, with World Of Lonely People standing out a head and shoulders above the rest. Felix Adler

●●● Desert island necessity only trade it for an ice cold Bud

●●● Almost but not quite filch this on

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

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.)

available by mail from Lotus Records, 14-20 Brunswick

St, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs **RIS** available by mail from Rough Trade Shop, 130 Talbot Rd, London W11

THE CLEAN

Compilation

Flying Nun FNUK 3 **RT C** ●● Ah, yes another outfit from the NZ early independent boomtime. The Clean are now considered forefathers of things that are good from down under, but are sadly defunkt. This is tasteful music that some might foolishly label punky folk bedroom doomism, but they're a little more confusing than *that*. A 12 tracker, Comp goes someways to unlocking their secrets and in their melodic overtures more than a few bracing listening experiences can be had. Investigate. **Dave Henderson**

COCK SPARRER

True Grit

Razor Records RAZ 26 **P** ●● Cock Sparrer were one of the first wave of street punk bands, but they were totally ignored by the press and punks alike, for reasons even the band aren't too sure of. This collection of early demos and singles shows just how good they actually were. If some one had believed and backed this band back in 1976, I'm sure punk would never have become everything it set out destroy. **Mark Brennan**

BRENDAN CROKER AND THE FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOWS

Boat Trips In The Bay

Red Rhino REDLP 77 **RR C** ●●● Aye, West Yorkshire's most infamous Creole performers come up with a mean slice of Pecan pie that waves a hand or two at Ry Cooder and Van Dyke Parks, and offers a cajun-come-blues trip around the inner lobes of your consciousness. This is the kind of music that US 'burger bars in Blighty should be spinning. Forget the worn out copy of Los Lobos' LP, ditch the Steely Dan tape and slap this on the turntable, now let's adjust the aerial and get *Paris, Texas* tuned in, yep, it's jes' like home. **Dave Henderson**

CRO-MAGS

The Age Of Quarrel

GWR Records GWLP9 ● Nihilistic visionaries who play it extra hard and fast-as-fast can go. They also sound as though they mean it; unlike some thrashers, there is a major streak of something mean and nasty and tangible running through the noise.

Even though the vocalist sounds like an angry Bull Terrier at times, everything is just too powerful to ignore. These Cro-Mags are battering the door down and they using their heads. They demand that you use your too. **Daz Igmeth**

DANIELLE DAX

Inky Bloaters

Awesome Records **RT C** ●●● Danielle has a voice that can be as sweet and sticky as a toffee apple. Take a bite though, and there's a good chance that you'll find a maggot wriggling in time to the beat.

Big, funky, stompy rhythms, Easternisms, toe-tapping poppings and moody flights into fancy are the ingredients, garnished with luscious harmonies, killer guitars and all manner of strange and wonderful aural spices. It floats, dances, sneers, trips, smiles, purrs and bares yellow fangs; is irresistible.

In the garden, some of the flowers are blooming, while others are ravaged and corrupted by decay. A balance that is reflected in the lift and sway of this fine record. **Daz Igmeth**

DAS DAMEN

Jupiter Eye

SST SST 095 **RT S** ●● My God, what gives at SST? What's breaking in those wracked and ruined corridors? Das Damen paint yet another obscure thumbnail and crack the enamel from rock in a pompous outburst that fuses the Dead, Tull, Black Flag, The Byrds on a tape loop, and New Order the morning after. Weird systems on overload in a guitar battle that's fit to strip asbestos. **Dave Henderson**

DESCENDENTS

All

SSE SST 112 **RT S** ●½ Raging and a-ranting, the ten commandments with a guitar drop-out line. Thrashing victorious assaults on the senses, the noise of a dishevelled degeneration, it's all here as The Descendents go hell bent for leatherette. These cats are post-thrash speed merchants with heavy handed tendencies. Sometimes — in fact most times — it works real well, but there are occasions when the chord interplay goes below downbeat and gets totally depressing. Maybe it's supposed to be like that. Huh, just another r'n'r brain tester. **TC Wall**

DEAF HEIGHTS CAJUN ACES

Les Flammes d'Enfer

Temple Records TPO 25 **C** ●●½ Cajun is an admirably uplifting musical variation and should therefore be more widely-heard, but there's danger, this music makes you *dance!* The Deaf Heights Cajun Aces are prime exponents of the genre, singing in French, despite hailing from Scotland and being signed to Midlothian-based Temple Records. Les Flammes d'Enfer contains 12 rousing numbers with delightful titles such as *La Danse De La Limonade* and *Huckleberry Zydeco* — sounds good enough to eat — featuring all the classic cajun hallmarks: swirling accordion and fiddle and an irresistible beat. **Karen Kent**

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM

Dawnrazor

Situation Two SITUP 18 ●● With an intro and a sequel (no less!), Dawnrazor is a well constructed and thoughtful LP which focuses on the exploration of sound as much as it does on making music. The guitar — a resonance which is more akin to the clarity of tubular bells than amplified percussion — is undercut by a sulphuric rhythm, insistent and teasing. The Music — a strong and sleazy canker which grows and dies under a deep vibrato — plays off meteoric tracks like *Volcane* against the sensual and mentally unhinged *Vet For The Insane*, which is heightened by its nursery rhyme antics and simple significance. Marred only by its tendency to plummet to depths of unnecessary gothicism, this is probably well worth one fifth of your giro. **Alex Kadis**

FLESH FOR LULU

Long Live The New Flesh

Beggars Banquet BEC 82 ●● Our modern respect for originality makes us sceptical of anything less, but let's not lose sight of the good that can be drawn from the strength of others. FFL are proof positive as they skip through several styles not all their own. But what this lacks in originality and dimension it more than makes up for in variety and scope. The ultimate manifestation of flesh, *Dream One Cowboy*, is the most extravagant track, taking the group out on a limb so far that you'd scarcely know they were men in black at all. What's more, the single *Siamese Twist* isn't the pick of the bunch! There's much better to come, and that's very encouraging. **Alex Kadis**

13 UNDERGROUND

if you can

Getting doomy opt to trade it in the classifieds

No bullets! deny its existence

UNDERGROUND: THRASHING AND THRUSTING

< CHECK THIS SOON: *New Cabs* single is BRILLIANT >

GET SMART

Get Smart

Nervous NERD 027 **RC** ●● More your slick suited rockabilly than your ripped t-shirt and bleached jeaned psychobilly, and all played very competently in a vintage Blue Caps style. The first few tracks are pretty predictable, then you get to Ape Man. Among a backdrop of animal and bird calls-vocalist/drummer Roy Philips goes over the top as did the volume on my Dansette. Then there's a slap bass and guitar solos a-go-go on their rendition of Frankie And Johnny, as it gets close to making a great LP. Sadly, too many mediocre arrangements get in the way in the end. Shame. **Snakey G**

GLORY/THE MAGNIFICENT

Skins N Punks Vol. 3

Oi! Records OIR 009 **RC** ●● The latest in Oi! Records' attempt to showcase new talent on the street scene, and it's probably the best in the series so far because both the bands prove that they can play. Dutch band The magnificent have the edge on Glory with their Cockney Rejects influenced, riffs and humorous lyrics — "Come Join the lager lads". Glory have discovered an excellent guitarist in Mark Magee, and should have little trouble in competing with the best of today's new bands. **Mark Brennan**

THE GO-BETWEENS

Tallulah

Beggars Banquet ●● The Go-Betweens now make five, with the addition of Amanda Brown on violin, oboe and angelic backing vocals. The alterations are only cosmetic in that Tallulah spins the usual G-B web of tangled, tight-lipped sobriety and gorgeous melody lines, but the sound is sweetened, moistened and, perish the thought, more accessible.

It took me four spins of Tallulah to allay my fears that The Go-Betweens hadn't sold pieces of their valuable soul. Such proof of longevity on top of the group's increased 'pop' clarity is proof of Tallulah's subtle brilliance. **Martin Aston**

NANCI GRIFFITHS

Last Of The True Believers

Demon Records REU 1013 ●●● This is, quite simply, a collection of very beautiful songs. Forget any preconceptions of country music because this beats the hell out of Emmylou. Yes, Nanci Griffiths *IS* corny and sings most of her songs with an irritating southern lilt. Yes, them gee-tars ARE a-twanging away in th' background ther' but if you're not already a fan perhaps this light treatment of the C&W theme will sway you. Shadowed in the genre each song could quite easily survive without it. **Alex Kadis**

HAPPY MONDAYS

Squirrel & G-Man, Twenty-Four, Party People, Plastic Face, Carn't Smile (White Out) Factory FACT 170 **RC** ●●● As unpredictable and unfeasible as their name suggests, Happy Monday's debut is produced by John Cale and beautifully sidesteps all pigeonholes while thumping ten chewed-off, vitriolic diatribes into your solar plexus, dancing all the while. No textbooks exist for this acrid trip; Happy Mondays occasionally betray the fact they're on Factory. Next to New Order's bleached funk-beats, but otherwise this debut boats a tough, bulging, golden rock-soul that lurches and bobs about, frighteningly confident, like the drunk who gets more, instead of less. This is the most disorientating, madcap album I've heard in a month of Mondays. **Martin Aston**



HULA

Voice

Red Rhino RED LP75 **RR** **RC** ●● More from the house of Hula, and more confusing too. Latest news says that the Sheff crew have shed another disciple, but just which way are they going? Voice would suggest that reasonable commercial success could be theirs, while cult status will stay intact, but, as Cabaret Voltaire found it difficult to develop their sound once they'd reached that oblique dancefloor in the sky (er, Virgin to you), Hula sound a little hesitant too.

Voice is a classic album, tuneful, melodic, emotive and beautifully balanced. But can their bank managers take the tension? You can't help feeling sometimes that Hula are teetering on the edge of something. What it is, is quite unclear, but it's that feeling that makes their music so important. **TC Wall**

INCA BABIES

Opium Den

Black Lagoon INCMLP 12 **RR** **RC** ●●½ Back from just after the grave, the Inca's drop their Birthday Party shroud, have a brief line up change and sweat it out in a neater, twangier, more threadbare vein. Still stacked with same aggressive aplomb, Opium Den puffs out smoke through a collection of melodic repartees that'll finally rid them of their sackcloth and sad rags. A promising redirection that's a fine *debut* from a scrawl from the back of your clouded memory banks. **TC Wall**

JACK THE BEAR

Bearfootin'

Backs NCHLP 13 **RC** ● Back in the days when men were men and women knew their place — yes, we're talking about the Wild West — good ol' bar bands like Jack The Bear were probably ten a dime in those sleazy saloons. Which makes it even more improbable that this three-piece come from Cambridge and sound like the entire cast of *Annie Get Your Gun* at full throttle. But they do. Utterly unpretentious R&B boogie-woogie in the style of the Blues Brothers with a large dollop of hillbilly thrown in to make a lethal brew, 14 joyous tracks of tub-thumping drums, frantic acoustic guitar and all sorts of thigh-slapping and whoopee noises going on in the background.

The only other group that can carry this off as successfully as Jack The Bear are the awesome Beat Farmers — but being born in the US of A they had a head start! **Karen Kent**

THE JETSET

April, May, June And The Jetset

Hi-Lo Records LO-7 **RC** ●● Ten tunes from Britain's answer to the Banana Splits! The jetset package and sell themselves wholesale, indulging in conceptual masturbation and tongue in cheek self parody, but none of this can obscure the wealth of skilled pop talent. The Jetset are essentially English, sometimes outrageously American and always totally charming. Their third long player release, it's actually their hitherto unreleased first album (recorded mid '81). It might well be just that, but with The Jetset you can never be certain, just play the disc and anything could happen in the next half hour! **Chris Hunt**

CARDBOARD BOX: [Q7] Which label are The Membranes signed to in the US?

POCKET ROCKETS

NEW SINGLE



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THE KING OF LUXEMBOURG

Royal Bastard

EL ACME 9 **P** ●●● Does it matter who the King really is? Does it matter that my wife used to have a picture of him on her wall? Of course it doesn't. This album should come as no surprise really, but it does. It's hilarious, irreverent, irrelevant, brilliant, inspired, totally unoriginal and *completely* original...

All the songs are covers, from the Monkees' Valleri to John Lydon's Pop-tones, it's wall to wall pop-flamenco-tack classic. It's all done with flair, wit and rampant sexuality. Don't miss it. **Hoxton Leonid**

LA MUERTE

Every Soul By Sin Oppressed

Big Disk Records BIGNESS 1 **P** ●● The press release acclaims them as "hard Belgian bastards" and that's a description that's difficult to better. Despite the absence of a recognisable melody, the lack of any musical restraint whatsoever, and the sort of aggressive approach you'd expect from a homicidal maniac, there is something attractive about this record. Is it hardcore? Not sure. But it's loud and comes at you like a runaway steam train. Perhaps the answer lies in the title of the album; these people seem to be tortured by inner demons and it's thrilling to listen to the poisonous results. **Julian Henry**

PAUL LEMOS & JOE PAPA

Music For Stolen Icon

Sub Rosa SUB 12003-6 **RR** **C** The litting sounds of reverberated dreams minced and cajoled into a vibrating blanket, er, well, this collaboration goes somewhere close to that lacklustre dry cleaning commercial of a review. Lemos, of Controlled Bleeding, being weird and an occasional journo in the US, teams his synths and sounds to the squirmy vocal range of Joe Papa (a man with little in the region of history). The result is pulsating, rhythmic soundscapes, a step more immediate than your Eno's, a tad more encouraging than your New Age. Listen and dive deep. **TC Wall**

LES POULES

Les Contes De L'Amere Loi

Ambiances Magnetiques AM 009 (Recommended Records, 387 Wandsworth Rd, London SW8) ●● Debut albums are often pretty busy affairs, and the most exciting of a band's output on plastic. Les Poules' first bubbles over with so many ideas, you'd think they only had another half-hour to live. The French-Canadian threesome mix their synths and saxes into a range of spicy cocktails, many of which hearken to Britain's second experimental rock wave — Henry Cow in particular. Certainly there's more chancy orchestrations that I have heard this side of the '70s new wave, although most of the 11 tracks are still song-based. Shades of Brecht and latterday noise experimentalists provide other important reference points, although the trio's own stamp is indelibly personal. **David Ilic**

LIVING IN TEXAS

Cowboy Dream

Big Beat NED 15 **P** ●●● Gosh, the Tex get better with every explosive chord. Long gone are the trappings of inconsequential fadism as Living In Texas further develop their potential (first really displayed on the superb, but sadly ignored, *Girl In The Red Leather Coat*) with a six track mini album for Big Beat. Five originals, which see the mood sway from sleazy jazz-come-born-again pre-GI-Elvis to tempered rock/pop balladeering, are creamed tastefully by a wondrous cover of Bowie and Pop's *Lust For Life*, which shaves lbs off the flabby original. A classic album hollering to the big league. Miss it at your peril. **Dave Henderson**

MAN JUMPING

World Service

Editions EG/Virgin EGED49 ●●● For this their second opus, the secret seven have moved on from Cocteau to the somewhat grander confines of tastefully elegant EG, from where they present us with a bright collection of stylish new tunes.

Little remains now of these ex-Lost Jockeyers' initial Reich/Glass influences. Sure, the basic structure is simple and repetitive, but building on that, World Service is at once jazzy, sassy and brazen, keyboard driven but done with feeling. **Alex Bastedo**

MIA

After The Fact

Flipside Records Oil **Sh** ●●½ There's little or nothing produced by the American independent wave that's downright commercial, but MIA have stuck their fingers up all the right channels. You'll believe a disc can fly. On the back of duelling power-pop chords, choruses and harmonies, whacked right up to the frames of your speakers, one song chiselled in the skidmarks of the last, MIA crunch up stick-insects like The Knack as they ride the jetstream of your car stereo.

The music really doesn't have time for the recurring themes of fading dreams, mistakes made and the oncoming days of commitments. The only mistake MIA make is to skim over an emotional sincerity that might make things that much more crucial. As of now, though, here are guitars you can surf on and tunes that will help you wheeze more easily. If MIA's thrill has really gone, you'd never believe it from this. **Martin Aston**

NITZER EBB

That Total Age

Mute STUMM 45 **RT** **C** ●●½ The Nitzer's find another new home and develop their bolshevik chic, Kraftwerk DAF fetishism and dancebeat-meets-rap screech. An album of a flamboyant preaching which is thundered home with precision, a hammer-headed drill and a minimum of melody. The Nitzer's Total Age is a fist waving stomp that's likely to have a million sweaty armpits dribbling in acceptance before the leaves turn brown again. **TC Wall**

PARANOID VISIONS

Schizophrenia

All The Madmen FOAD 2 ●●● I'm in two minds about this one (groan, sorry). Just kidding, there's only one thing you can do with this album and that is, BUY IT! IT'S BRILLIANT!

Schizophrenia not 'arf, there are so many changes on this record it's impossible to keep up. On one hand there's the riotously funny *The Chicken Song*. Laugh? I nearly fell off my ultra-hip *Underground swivel chair!* On the other hand there is the death metal thrash of *Death To The Poor*, which is followed by the more melodic *Rhythm Of Injustice*. **Andrew Bass**

THE POTATO 5/LAUREL AITKEN

The Potato 5 Meet Laurel Aitken

Gaz's LP GAS 001 **P** ●● Ska revivalism which owes more to the enthusiasm of its proponents than any real flair but is still some distance ahead of the 2-Tone pastiche which dominated the pop charts at the beginning of this present decade. The Potato 5 — all nine of them — are a fine club band and lead vocalist Floyd Lloyd Seivright is a product of the same Alpha academy in Jamaica that nurtured many of the original Skatalites musicians. His tunes here are vibrant and catchy and performed with the kind of spirit long absent from contemporary reggae, though a sense of chasing shadows pervades this present set. Laurel Aitken is a veteran of the original ska sound of the early '60s, but his music here is more in the vein of the kind of material he was recording for Pama which is notable more for its novelty value than any marked accomplishment. **Evelyn Court**

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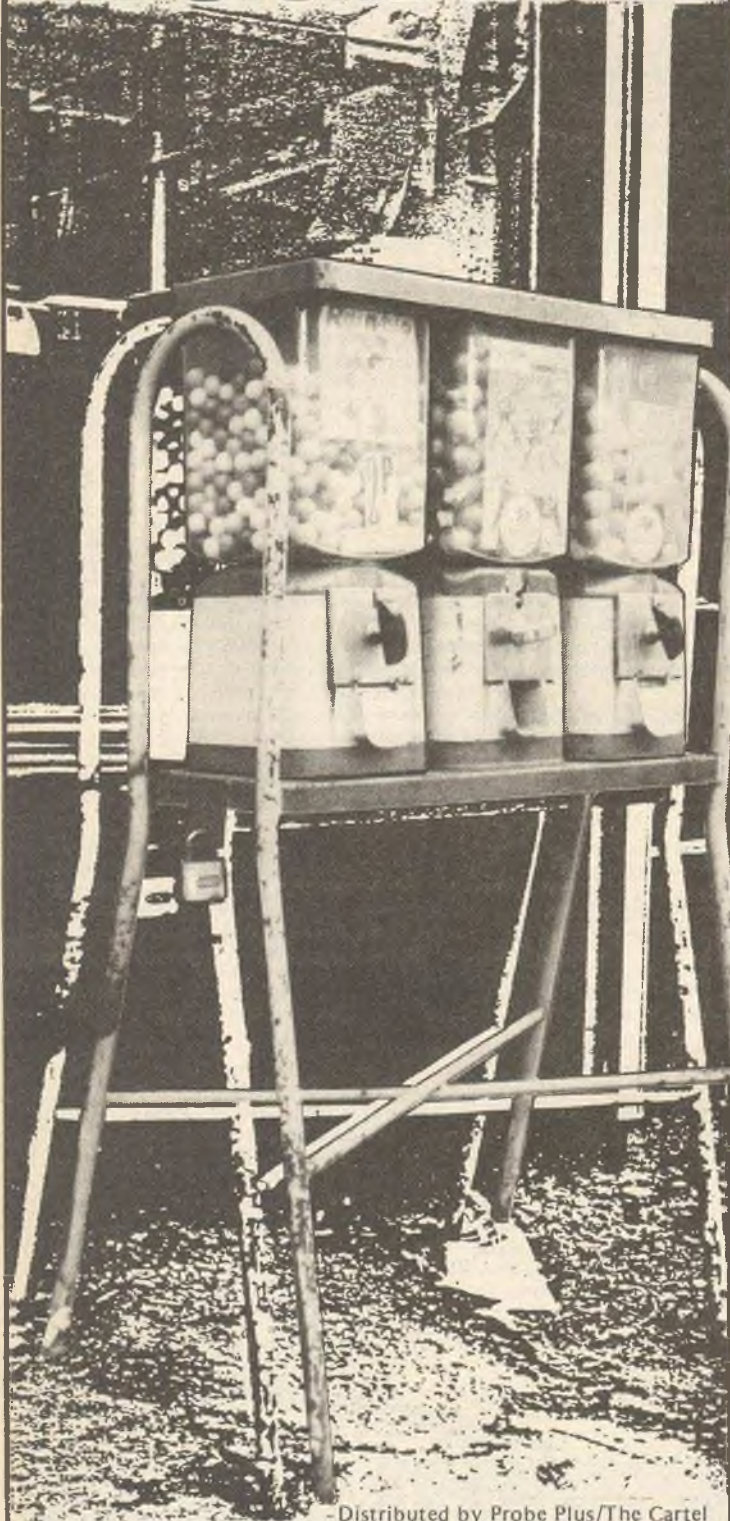
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15 UNDERGROUND

THE STONE ROSES



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PSYCLONES/SCHLAFENGARTEN

Imprompto

RRRecords RRR010 (151 Paige Street, Lowell, Massachusetts 01852, USA) ●●● The label that brought you Eugene Chadbourne and Smersh now offer the second hard vinyl from Psyclones (their first was on Subterranean, they've otherwise been known as tape barons of the Ladd-Frith West Coast syndicate). Great stuff, too, as Psyclones guitar/bass interplay is thrown against the more outlandish electronic stylings of Schlafengarten. The end product is two elongated workouts of style and power that could be hazily aligned to anything from Zen Arcade period Husker Dü (with a few electronic outbursts) or New Order playing in tune with Zappa (without the frills and flares) on acidic guitar breaks. Get it all the same. **TC Wall**

PULP

Freaks

Fire FIRELP 5 **NM C** ●●½ Sub-titled 'Ten stories about power, claustrophobia, suffocation and holding hands', Pulp's greatest moment filters through the air like a wispy feather directed coyly at the spine of the nation. Pulp's sometimes uncomfortable visions of life balance on the edge of reality and hit closer to home more than might immediately be obvious. First, the musical elements create a luscious pillow for ultimate relaxation, then Jarvis Cocker's unkempt, untidy — almost scruffy — intonations puncture the water bed leaving life to trickle all over your protection duvet. **Johnny Eager**

THE RADIATORS FROM SPACE

Buying Gold In Heaven

Hotwire HWL 8503 ●● Phil Chevron has made his name working with Elvis Costello and then fitting on to the end of The Pogues, but The Radiators were his original home and inspiration. Between 1977 and 1980, they were Ireland's most *relevant* punk band (let's leave The Boomtown Rats out of this, OK?), starting out as traditional punk speedballs then graduating to new wave guitar-band versatility. Whatever shape or year they found themselves in, the group always retained a sussed political and social awareness, and that's two reasons why this compilation sustains interest instead of just providing a historical artefact. **Martin Aston**

THE RISK

Loud Shirts and Stripes

Unicorn Records PHZA 2 **C NM** ●● Debut LP from this well-loved Guernsey mod group, recorded last summer in the deepest depths of sunny California. Reeking of Carnaby Street and scooter oil, Loud Shirts And Stripes will no doubt find a corner in the hearts of all those enthusiastic about this genre. As is to be expected, influences abound — The Who, The Jam and so on — but the tunes are strong and the whole package cruises along at a happy pace. Particularly notable are the moodily psychedelic offerings Man Insane and Last Train and the angst-ridden Oppression. Incidentally, The Risk have not split as *Underground* mistakenly misreported, headman Mark Le Gallez is merely holidaying in the sun. Lucky him. **Liz Evans**

PAUL ROLAND

Danse Macabre

Bam-Caruso KIRI 052 **Re C** ●● And you thought Syd Barrett was either building housing estates or suffering frazzled cabbage frenzy in Cambridge... But no, for after years in vegetation, he has decided to change his name to a major keyboard/electronics company to throw people off the scent and make a fresh bid for stardom in the guise of Paul Roland.

Sorry Paul, I did actually truly enjoy your new LP, and as for the comparison, perhaps it is obvious but you wear it so well. Well crafted songs, a few power chords to update the sound 20 years to 1987 on occasions, and an obviously genuine love affair with the sound he is (re)creating. I liked it. Lots. Honest. **Alex Bastedo**



SALEM 66

Frequency And Urgency

Homestead HMS 078 **RT C** ●●● The Salem's second album for Homestead sees them further along the poppy guitar-lined road to stardom.

> SLEEVE OF THE MONTH: Happy Monday's LP with the long title >

Four gals and a guy with some neat songs, some great arrangements and harmonies fit to bolster a Bangles' platter. But there's even more here. Salem 66 have taken a pop side road that makes them even more pertinent than most and delivered their fare with verve and panache. A classy set with gleaming headlights. **TC Wall**

THE SHAMEN

Drop

Moksha SOMALP 1 **NM** **G** ●●● At last the darling debut platter, in long drawn out terms that is, from The Shamen. Having shaken the psyche shroud, the boys from granite town have developed into a mighty fine outfit with more than a few semi-commercial strings to their bow. Hear it all, and guess what they'll do next as they only briefly smack their forehead on Syd Barrett, drive at full speed through Floyd County and end up *chez* Shamen, with one of the finest albums so far in this greater-than-great year. Depresso cynics listen to this and gnash. **Johnny Eager**

IAN SMITH IS THE VAGABOND KING

Golden Grates

Cold Harbour ColdLP4 **G** **Re** ●● Ian Smith's list of achievements and influences seem endless — Ivor Cutler, Danny Kaye, Mack Sennett... offbeat, original and funny entertainers all. Mr Smith coolly digests then spews forth his bizarre slo-motion interpretation of the fairground tradition.

Prophet or prat? Well, both really, as is anyone who shuns the temptation to follow fashions. Years of experience as cabaret club compere, talent scout, singer, sculptor and Wild Wiggler have prepared the now and future King for his solo project. A rasping tongue expertly licks around some fine self-penned prose, though never better than on a glorious interpretation of Lionel Bart's Pick A Pocket from *Oliver*, a choice that more than any other exposes Ian's roots. Viva vagabond. **Ronnie Randall**

SNFU

If You Swear, You'll Catch No Fish

Better Youth Records BYO 17 **Sn** ●●● From Edmonton, Canada, SNFU initially sound like they make a great meaty hardcore and cornball humour sandwich with a ragged pop exuberance that neatly counterpoints the claustrophobic catherine wheels of Bad Brains, Black Flag and that ilk. But repeated play reveals a nagging lyrical undertow that articulates a disillusionment with potential adult responsibility which turns *If You Swear*... into much more. SNFU's frenetic, mock-horror humour — since as *Where's My Legs and Electric Chair* — takes on a different perspective. As their spirit twists about, so their guitars run like trains. All this and a guitarist called Brent Bunthoven as well. Great record. **Martin Aston**

SONIC YOUTH

Sister

Blast First BFFP 14 ●●● Frightening but true, this is Sonic Youth's best and most immediate plastic splinter to date. From rock extremity to live reality, the Youth offer all the right buzz sounds in all the right places on a collision of sounds that perfectly balance the internal friction. A volatile, wordy epic which elevates Sonic Youth into the wax hall of rock infamy alongside the likes of Patti Smith, Ian Curtis and old Bill Burroughs. But at least the Sonics are still alive and turning heads though. **Dave Henderson**

STRAFE FUR REBELLION

Santa Maria

Touch TO 6 **RT** **G** ●●● West German's Strafe Fur Rebellion surfaced about five years ago with a forthright chunk of plastic on a reasonably obscure German label. At the same time Neubauten's drill style broke into view and Strafe were subjected to little attention for the crime of their subtlety. But now, courtesy of fashion changes, and the neatly packaged Touch co-op, the group gain UK release for their evocative soundscapes. At points here the sound of opera is an odd bed fellow to magnified crisp packet squidging, but then again, it's through such juxtapositioning of noise that *real* music is made. *Santa Maria* is a powerful, moving LP. Don't miss. **Dave Henderson**

STUPIDS

Van Stupid

Vinyl Solution SOL 2 **P** ●● Sipping chocolate milk from sneering mouths they zoomed in on skateboards, weaving between metal thrash and hip hop punk, ready to be cool, to be Stupid.

This here offering from the Stoopie Boys is a seven track mini-LP that, for six of the seven, thunders along at breakneck pace. Heavy, heavy, heavy licks and thrills with tongues nailed to each others cheeks. Yo dude, look out for Rootbeer Death and I Don't Like Nobody; two finely chiseled rocks. Okay, so things can get a little bit contrived at times, but don't you tell The Stupids that, they'd probably ask you what "contrived" means. **Daz Igy meth**

TAGC

Digitaria

Sweatbox SACD 012 ●● A CD offering the absolute best of Adi Newton's brand new anti group outbursts. Distorted, demented jazz gets played off against minimal soundscapes and the vibrations of a car exhaust in sexual frenzy. This is miles from Newton's Clock DVA dance vision but still as rewarding in a more wholesome, upper-echelon-of-muzak mode. Churning but charming. **Dave Henderson**

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THAT PETROL EMOTION

Babble

Polydor TPELP 1 ●●● Second album from the TP's, and already the preview tape is nothing more than a worn stringy ferric blur. Produced by Roli from Swans, Babble is a raucous, more adventurous platter than their debut Manic Pop Thrill. Still tinged with commercial crossover potential the emphasis here is on an emotional blood rush of sound littered with effects, grinding pulses, cross-plyed guitars, gunshots *et al.* An all-consuming sound that sucks you in, desperately whispering in your ear, in a taught Orson Welles-goes-breakdancing way, 'play me again before I shoot your ears off'. Phew! **Dave Henderson**

THREE COLORS

This Is Norwood

Soul Selects SELECT 3 **NM C** ●● New England's Three Colors spent three months at the end of '86 living in London's southern suburb of Norwood, where, invigorated by such English hallucinogens as pints and bhagees, they made this follow-up to last year's excellent debut. Whatever country they're in, Three Colors' acute, inbred melodicism and indigenous American roots feel — folk/country, Stax, Philly and pop back to back — still sets them apart from any other recent American import.

TC have the spontaneity of buskers and to ice the cake, a way with ridiculously memorable hooklines. And they're back in Britain right now, too. Don't miss. **Martin Aston**

TINY LIGHTS

Prayer For The Halcyon Fear

Temple Records TOPY 25 **RT C** ●●● Hoboken branch of PTV's friendly few come up with a scorchingly exceptional album. Acoustic guitars get strummed, violins and cellos swagger and Donna Croughn's voice breaks a few heartstrings. Prayer is a massively enormous sound that elevates the soul, shakes it about a bit and relaxes the temple regions like a good dose of Tiger balm. A classic that'll no doubt only be recognised in centuries to come. **Johnny Eager**

23 SKIDOO

Just Like Everybody

Bleeding Chin BC 1 **RC C** ●●½ Time to cash in the chips? Or just a little in the bank for next time? Skidoo repackage some of their finer funk (some of it remixed too) for a compilation of power, persistence and suggestion. The suggestion is, 23 Skidoo are so good, why aren't they a mega hit somewhere? Answer me that one.

Anyway, for the uninitiated, here we have the group's seminal Seven Songs set that first appeared on Fetish, plus the latest Assassin, earlier dance incarnations as Coup and Language and the excellent kitchen percussion of Urban Gamelan. This group promised so much, but the world still waits for that killer drop kick. Go to it. **TC Wall**

THE TWINS/RIG VEEDA

The Tale Of The Man With The Toothpaste Head

Illusion Production (15 Rue Pierre Curie, 14120 Mondeville, France)

●●½ Two UK outfits from Herts who turn up on this decidedly "quirky" collection of post-Barrett loon-outs. Cosmopolitan, confusing and romantically unaffected by the biz, both The Twins and Rig Veeda — who are afforded a side piece — make music of unmistakable personal value. This is an LP that'll scratch at your psyche and you'll only realise you love it to death when you wake up whistling it as the house burns down. A must. **Dave Henderson**

UG AND THE CAVEMEN

Ug And The Cavemen

Media Burn MB 16 **RR C** ● Out of the swirling mists of time comes this raw, reckless album of primitive rockabilly, from a time where dinosaurs and Racquel Welch in a leopard skin bikini still rule. Neanderthal numbers like Tarzan's Jungle Home give way to the ugly stupidity of Be A Caveman. This elaborate joke pales considerably within a couple of numbers despite flashes of psychotic flair. A bizarre spoof that's just not funny and with its lack of content it's hard to see even the most mindless, neanderthal rockabilly going apace for it. **Dick Mescal**

THE UNDERNEATH

Lunatic Dawn Of The Dismantler

EI Records ACME 9 **P** ●● Karl 'Shock-Headed Peter' Blake aka The Underneath's newest venture is not exactly built for consumerability. If Blake is extending a friendly handshake, it's one covered in musical scores and lyrical bilsters — turgid or twisted melodies, demonic guitar riffs, carthartic, bilesome lyrics, unsettling tape excerpts and a fearsome, literate command of the perverse and disturbed experience. Compelling as well as revolting — it's an ugly statement, but then since it's aim is to act as mirror to the society that spawned it, it's meant to be. Ugh. **Martin Aston**

UT

Early Live Life

Blast First BFFP 12 **RT C** ●● "I am evil, I am the Devil," she screamed in shattered vocals. This demonic triad rape guitars tuned to a wretched pitch.

With ruthless insistence they attack the senses and subvert the concept of music with their hideous agitation of our nomadic fears and dissonance. With discord comes the unearthly howl of warning, of unease, curtailing its power through its own abstraction (*what? — ed*). Without edges or form and wrought with tension this is a musical sculpture of sorts, or is it just pretence? **Alex Kadis**

VARIOUS

Bludgeoned! A Collection

Bludgeoned! BLUD 1 **RC** ●● A 14 band compilation comprised totally, it would appear, of fruitcakes. Top marks for eccentricity goes to Pop Parker with their Rubber Bone Boy — two voices, acoustic guitar and a sort of Simon And Garfunkel meets late '60s Bowie. "Don't you back down from your operation now," they chirp! Then there's The Shrubs' Dead Teachers (Eccentric CD Grey Mix) — a collage of noise resembling a psychopath loose in a china shop. Best title on the album belongs to Jenny And The Cat Club with No One Loves You At All, which is a sort of Monkees on downers.

With Brilliant Corners and Blyth Power, among others, also getting a look in this is a compilation of madness certain to edge up the corners of even the most downturned mouths. A real grin. **Pop Pocton**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Cutting Edge

Cooking Vinyl GRILL 001 **MM C** ●● As soon as any genre becomes established, it also becomes a cliché. So it goes. Folk music's had a rough, tough time since punk sneered, but not anymore, as anyone from The Pogues to The Proclaimers will tell you. The Cutting Edge is a selection of contemporary British folk, sorry, roots music and is rife with diverse, surprising riches, from trad to hybrid to country and full circle again.

The sleeve graphic of a razor-ear-ringed mohican playing the fiddle may be a crass image but it shows exactly Cooking Vinyl's attitude to roots music in 1987. The best known names here are The Oyster Band, The Mekons, We Free Kings and Gone to Earth, but Malcolm's Interview, Andrew Cronshaw and Mark T And The Brickbats all offer absorbing, fresh music. **Martin Aston**

VARIOUS

Meanwhile Back At The Ranch Big Dan Is Fighting For His Life

Bam Caruso MARX 075 **RC C** Well, with a title like that how can it fail? The excellent Bam Caruso organisation have come up with a low-priced collection of their contemporary roster, eleven acts and 12 tracks in all. And what they all have in common are musical influences firmly planted in the groovy '60s — in fact, some of the contributions are such uncannily accurate pastiches of the original models (especially The Patriots who sound more like the Beatles than the Beatles ever did, and The Palace Of Light who duet like a latter-day Walker Brothers) that they're almost parodies. So with tongue firmly in cheek, don those square-rimmed shades and get frugging to the sounds of The Bryan Marshall Orchestra's SPYDA's Web, a near-perfect John Barry TV theme, Paul Roland's psychedelic meanderings in Twilight Of The Gods, Nick and Tracey (from Voice of the Beehive's sparkling cover version of Somebody To Love... the list goes on. **Karen Kent**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Project One

The Produkt Korps PK1 **RR C** ●●● Here we have a compilation album from a worthy selection of artistes working in and around sounds and words. Loosely titled The Perversion Of Technology, it is a dark and disturbing view of life, shedding a murky light into obscure crevices. There's the peculiar noises and electro acoustic music of Barry Anderson, while Andrew Lewis and Non rub shoulders briskly with Robert Anton Wilson's spoken piece Calvi, The Pope And The Brotherhood and Kathy Acker's extract from Empire Of The Senseless. Coupled with the artwork, which comes from among others, Coil and Graf Haufen, the whole is a black gem to be treasured and used only sparingly. **Liz Evans**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Reggae Dance Party

Real Authentic Sound RAS3018 **RA** ●● A suitably titled compilation for there is a real party atmosphere captured on this set with contributions from the likes of Barrington Levy, Michigan & Smiley, Horace Andy, Sugar Minott and others. Perhaps the material selected is a little on the obvious side. RAS have decided to play it safe by including such well known cuts like Paul Blake And The Bloodfire Posse's Get Flat, Black Uhuru's rock flavoured Great Train Robbery and Horace Andy's digital elementary among other similarly generally acknowledged sides, but there is no denying the music's verve for all its easy option. **Evelyn Court**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Square Roots

Folk Roots FROOT 001 **NM C** ●● In the wake of Michelle Shockers and amid a general broadening of all things folky, Folk Roots magazine has put together this 15 track collection of the multi-faceted genre to illustrate the kind of thing that gets into their glorious publication. Plus factors range from a first introduction to Bulgarian Nadka Karadjova, Brendan Croker's drawl, Ted Hawkins twang slang and more, while Swan Arcade's track summons up vision of real ale, bad fitting Levi's and singers with a hand over one ear. Er, mine's a pint, Jack. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Minutes

Les Temps Modernes 11m v.xv **FF C** A strange collection gathered 'round a teetering coffee table to impress the intelligentsia. Deep and dour stuff face on against prose and poetry with more than a smidge of character. Hear for yourselves the words and wisdom of Billy Burroughs, Jean Cocteau, Jacques Derrida plus the extrovert ramblings of Dick Jobson and accapella forays from The Monochrome Set and Louis Phillipe. Success and failure is debatable, but ex Tux Moonie Winston Tong plays it for kicks and smells sweet on versions of Going Out Of My Head and For Your Love. A conversation piece. Indeed! **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Timebox

Timebox Records TIME 001 **P ●●** In which 16 Bull And Gate regulars play for little more than the price of two Timebox entrance tickets.

Like most compilations, the quality is mixed but enjoyably varied, with lesser stars such as the suave Black Cillas, the humble Saviours Of Pop Music and the quaint Brad Is Sex rubbing shoulders with the better known Stump, Blyth Power and Thatcher On Acid.

While one or two contenders still need to shake off their Morrissey fixations, the stars of the show are Resistance, who with a bit more experience could soon be taking their soulful rock music to more expensive places. They can play in my living room anytime. **Alex Bastedo**

JOE LOUIS WALKER

Cold Is The Night

Hightone Records CH208 **P ●●●** After 20 years of unrewarded effort this man almost gave up on his musical career. He was saved from enrolling at The San Francisco State University in the nick of time by Hightone who subsequently "discovered" him. So the story goes. But the story isn't as interesting as the music. This is a fine LP, and Joe Louis Walker has an impressive, gutsy old voice.

A real R&B mood blends with nonchalant soul, peaks in gospel and bathes in swaggering blues. With influences ranging from Earl Hooker to Womack, Joe Louis is inspirational, rich and full of promise. **Alex Kadis**



WALL OF VOODOO

Happy Planet

IRS 5997 ●●● The Voo's are back with their fourth LP and still that Texical noise haunts proceedings, even on the opening cover of The Beach Boys' Do It Again. More lyrical bending, acerbic guitar play-offs and biscuit tin rhythms are unwrapped as Happy Planet reveals it has a more than palatable atmosphere.

Still a touch left field for chart romance, the amalgam of the quintet's diverse talents makes for a timeless noise that's both warming and aloof. **TC Wall**

WILD BILLY CHILDISH AND BIG RUSS WILKINS

Laughing Gravy

Empire CPO 195 **B C ● 1/2** Yes, the North Kent Delta blues revival starts here and this tacky ten inch provides some reasons as to why it won't be going much further than cultdom. Bona-bad production, probably dubbed on a dodgy tape deck, reveal Bill from the 'shakes and Russ from The Len Bright Combo turning in below par readings of old style stuff that's rough and without reason. An OK laff after several bevs, but little in the way of full time enjoyment. **Johnny Eager**

X RAY POP

Welcome To My Guinea Pig's Box

X Ray Pop BO 0069 (Pilot, 10 rue de l'Elysee, 37000 Tours, France) ●● Excellent playful pop with continental accents, a grainy yet compulsive sound and some neat lines in melody. X Ray Pop appear to be a conglomerate of artistes who've seen action through a series of tapes and now have several vinyl 45s supplemented by this fine album. Erotic and evocative, Welcome To... is essential for an afternoon of caressing a long cool cocktail. Genius *plus*, no less. **Johnny Eager**



This month's singles re-

viewed by Martin Aston, Ian

Dickson, Johnny Eager, Liz Evans,

Dave Henderson, Daz Igmuth,

Alex Kadis, Karen Kent, Dick Mes-

cal, Triv Tel and TC Wall

NO ROOM AT THE UG

THE ATOM SPIES And Their Treacherous Pop On

Microdot Cake Records **NM C** Bleep bleep! Squeak squeak! They are the Allens In Your Wardrobe and, at this very moment, are plotting to emerge from between the polo necks to subvert your feet. Funtime frolics and dyslexic dancing. And beware the holographic 3-D adverts in human form, lest they shout slogans in your ear! Twelve inch silliness heaven. **DI**

THE BACHELOR PAD The Albums Of Jack Warholasound

RR C This is brilliant. Like the first time you ever heard See Emily Play, or Oh Greebo I Love You, or Sputnik (before the novelty wore off), or World Domination Enterprises' Asbestos Lead Asbestos. Even better, it doesn't sound like any of them, it's just a colossal adrenalin gush littered with guitars, echoed keyboards and "Yeah, yeah, yeah". Do not miss this. **DH**

BAMBI SLAM Don't It Make You Feel Product Inc **RT C**

This is what we want! Enough posturing here on this homage to rock 'n' roll excess to force the anorak brigade to retire at half time with shattered dreams and nosebleeds. Bambi Slam's cellist could never seem to cut it live but on Don't It Make You Feel she peaks at the right time with some stirring back-up to front man Roy's slip curling vocals. **ID**

THE BEATITUDES Home Alone Exile **P**

German five piece wander down a country-tinged cul-de-sac in search of fulfilment. Evil undercurrents and a wrought delivery make for a bracing listen that's fit to pop **DH**

BEATMANIACS 5432 Love Sign Us Up Records Rocking R&B from

be-quiffed South London growers. The A side is a bit insipid, in need of bite, but flip it over to Satisfied, a sneaking drawl with a snarl in its lips and some mean and nasty guitars. **LE**

BELL & THE OCEAN Living Underground Part One Live

Twist Music (105/107 Wandsworth Bridge Rd, London SW6)

Three live tracks taken from a live cable TV gig recorded at The Underground, Croydon. Rock with an enormous Rrrr. Big guitars, a bouncing beat and honking brass section aren't particularly stirring but if you like a bit of raunch, it's fine. **LE**

BFG Western Skies Attica **RR C**

So what if the drums sound like Doktor Avalanche's bastard offspring? So what if the guitars and bass swirl around in a mysterious but pleasant way? And who cares if the singer could be the nice, young brother of Andrew Eldritch? Who the hell are the Sisters Of Mercy anyway? The Mission? Pah. If you like moody psychegoth that's not too heavy then this is for you. Satisfaction guaranteed. **DI**

THE BLOODY MARYS Stain Mess Records JOSS 2 **Re C**

Well, the second single from Bristol based BM's is rather nice pop with that swaggering commercial edge that reveals that they've a Red Guitar in their ranks. Neat stuff that's well worth your spondoolics. **DH**

BLOOD UNCLES Crash Virgin Way-hey-hey-rock-and-roll goes

chunka chunka bang boom crash. Not exactly amazing but it sure ain't no limp lettuce leaf either. Buy it for the other side which boasts a beaty beauty called Beat-hag. Listen and feel the blood pump faster, faster. **DI**

BLUE TRAIN Land Of Gold Dreamworld **RT C**

A four track EP from a bedraggled four piece whose wispy vocal lines and almost Latin beats make for tea-time pop that's catchy but at times cumbersome. Almost but not quite. Matt Bianco goes indle, perchance? **DH**

PHILLIP BOA For What Bastards? Red Flame **NM C**

Remixed and thrown out at the tale end of Phil's UK visit, this is angry, angst-ridden noise with a club in its hand. **JE**

THE BOLSHOI Please Beggars Banquet The Bolsh edge yet closer to

chart action with another tuneful pop ode that's blessed with a scurrilous guitar break, hot enough to take the varnish off David Coleman's forehead. **DH**

THE CAPITOLS Who Can Tell? *Cake Slice 2* **NM** **C** Ah, the renaissance of jingle jangle pop. A great song, a groovy twang and some ill fitting anoraks for these cats who manhandle the crust from the mouth of The Shop Assistants. A gal who can sing and play guitar too. Brill. **TCW**

CCP A Solution *Transglobal* **RT** **C** A tastefully packaged inside out Russian-styled sleeve, a sleazy Ferry-esque vocal line, some neat count in vocals in "straight" English and a mean dance rhythm make for potential radio play, chart attention and a possible hit. **DEM**

CHATSHOW Kings of Confusion *Federation* **RR** **C** There's nothing confusing about this; a fairly nice commercial pop single. Sort of rock in a vein similar to Comsat Angels but worth a listen. **DI**

CHINESE GANGSTER ELEMENT *EP CGE* **RR** **C** Halifax calling... and sounding a little subdued. There are almost some songs here but the finish is woolly, the mix is indecisive and the tunes get lost in the battle to finish first. A good team talk and tactics meeting is called for. **DH**

CIRCUS CIRCUS CIRCUS *Inside The Inside Out* **Man BDI** **NM** **C** A must for all sun worshipping guitar lovers. This is neat pop with a great guitar break sprinkled daintily with a trif verse/chorus play off. Miss at your peril. Next stop the big boys. **DH**

CLOSE LOBSTERS *Never Seen Before* **Fire Records** **NM** **C** The Lobs snap their shiny claws at chart success with this sparkling Paisley pop song. *Never Seen Before* is a busy little number, bubbling over with tinkling guitars. Even a hint of the Van Morrisons in here with breezy girl harmonies augmenting the singer's Scottish burr. A thoughtful one for summer days. **LE**

CONCRETE GOD *Floor Phlox* **CGOD 1** **W** Weird. The Conc's plan to play *Guernica*, sound almost like Nico jamming with New Order and have a four track 45 that bodes well for life after Bowie. Great name, almost a song, and a sleeve that sets them right on the road to toytown. **DH**

CULTURE *Peel Session* **Strange Fruit** **SFPS024** **W** Classic reggae populists from the late '70s on a belated Peel four song set (first transmitted in '83). When The Clash shook hands with reggae, circa '77, Culture were in the afterthought with their *Two Sevens* Clash album and justifiably reached a wider audience. That track plus three suitably atmospheric overtures featuring the exquisite voice of Joseph Hill are included. **DH**

SUGAR RAY DINKE *Cabrini Green* **Rap Flame** **MELT 3** **C** Inner-city deprivation wracked over a vinyl background with force, angst and venom spiralling hap-hazardly from the grooves. A dance-floor grind with more than a wack of charisma. **TCW**

DION D *Yard Beat Is Fine* **Craze Frazz** **C** From the house of Ariwa sound sculptures and the flinger of The Mad Professor, Dion D mixes it with a fresh beat and a reggae rhythm. Neat for the most part hampered only by a sick nursery tune break. **DH**

DOG FACED HERMANS *Unbend* **Demon Radge** **RADGE** **FE** **C** Edinburgh's fave art collective slips out of the wardrobe with a gruesome triple A seven, featuring all the noises that are right and wrong, on a blurted sax meets Big Flame explosion. Play that dischord son, and dance to it too. **DH**



DUB SEX *Then Now* **Skysaw** **RR** **C** Kapow! Peel faves, mucho press and a grinding, gurgling noise that bubbles and bites all the way from Manchester. *Dub Sex* offer four tracks, get Swansy, sing like Hugh Cornwall with laryngitis and make exceedingly good records. **JF**

EIRIN PERYGLUS *Bronson Welsh, Celtic And Worldwide* **OFN 03** **RR** **C** Welsh electronica with a pop beat that files under DANGEROUS. Sung in native tongue and delivered with some force, Eirin Peryglus are young and ferocious and likely to improve massively. Encouragement and big funds needed. **DH**

FULL FATHOM FIVE *Four Song EP* **South East Records** (208 E Davenport St, Iowa City, Iowa 52240, USA) Speedily performed collection of tuneful guitar music that almost catches the record arm and sends it dancing across the room. High powered with potential, for arm thrashers everywhere. **DH**

FLYING COLOR *Dear Friend* **Shigaku Presents** **SN** Classic, bruised Merseybeat melody line and guitar reinforcements that should temporarily satiate unfussy Alex Chilton/Big Star fanatics. Anglophilia is still alive and kicking in New York. **MA**

FOUR CAME HOME/PASSION OF ICE *Split Single* **Wounded Knee Records** **RR** **C** A double first release by these two new bands. Side one sees *Four Came Home* getting their teeth into *Diamonds In the Sky* and *H* — with a hint of swirling Gothdom about them, all Banshee vocals and moody guitars. Turn to *Passion Of Ice* and we have the rumble of serious rock. The singing is a tiny bit off, but altogether alright if you seek things Cultish. **LE**

THE GARGOYLES *Mad Men From The Planet* **Sex Reasonable** **RR** **C** Wacko wacks, from Hull, do for *Humberside* what the sadly deceased *Half Man's* did for *Tranmere*. Raucous pop with laffs. **TT**

JESSIE GARON AND THE DESPERADOES *The Rain Fell Down* **Narodnik** **FE** **C** This 12 inch version updates the seven with three new songs that unfortunately add little more to the achetypal lilt of present-day Scottish indiepop. At least Douglas 'Mary Chain' Hart's production creates enough space for The Desperadoes' three guitars, and obviously the group are more abrasive, bolder types than *Talulah Gosh et al.* **MA**

GIZMO *Psychedelic Rock & Roll* **MCM** **C** *Born To Be Wild* has the riffs ripped out of it once again but, seeing that this record has a rumba break in the middle, Gizmo are not only forgiven; they are recommended for fans of freak music, wherever they vegetate. Freedom to burn brain cells in any quantity is our right! **DI**

THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD *Controlling The Edges Of Tone* **Ron Johnson Records** **ZRON20** **NM** **C** Strikingly aware lyrics, jangly guitars and furious melodies which seem vibrant and ignorant of the sad state of affairs of which this man sings. The real success of this amazing 12 inch is its ability to sound like music and yet still tackle its socio/anthropological/political theories with a harshness that swings out beyond the realms of the musical form. Strong and moving. **AK**

GUERNICA *Orange And Red* **Idol Records** **RT** **C** And then out of the blue, well, what's all this about? *Guernica* are tastefully packaged and they play tastefully strummed symphonies that suggest more than a little bit that they'll soon be signing their name to a totally extortionate deal. Pointed pop with melody that rips at your spine and catches you hook, line and sinker. Brill. **DH**

HANGMAN'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER *Love is Blue* **Dreamworld** **RT** **C** The name comes from The Incredible String Band, claims an old oak in the corner, but the sound is pure VU-meets-Byrds in a sparkling pop stand-off that reverberates across the room. Effervescent fun produced by Dan Treacy. **DH**

THE HEPBURNS *Made Up* **Cherry Red** **W** A real oddity this. Four tracks that give little away in terms of understanding, as the Heps ramble and scramble through their poppy poetry in a hand waving non-fashion. Subtle and charming with memorable hooks that linger in the psyche, somewhere. They could be big, or... **DH**

HOBBIES OF TODAY *Dream On* **Dream Kid** **Rune** **C** The vibes were good for this; the press blurb had a serpent swallowing its tail and details that this lot come from the Bygummer Triangle (up North), so strangeness aplenty was expected. Typically though, this is a fairly pleasant jaunt through pastures green and ordinary. Another alright pop tune. **DI**

THE HONEYMOONERS *Another Fit Of Laughter* **Mr Ridiculous** **FE** **C** And another slab of popism from north of the border, it must be all the Irn Bru they drink. Mellow jazz-tinged melodies that go for broke and succeed quite admirably. **JE**

THE HOUSEMARTINS *Five Get Over Excited* **Go Discs** **More** **W** pop for purists. Neat enough, but short on legendary status. The Housemartins make it to order, will chart but look hazy in direction. **JE**

THE HOUSE OF LOVE *Shine On* **Creation** **CRE 043** **RT** **C** Overheated humid pop sounds bustling forth for a long, hot and sweaty summer. *House Of Love* drift above your head in a flurry of inconsequential guitar and vocal lines that leave nothing more than a bristling tingle at the back of your neck. Soft and lush, plus the X ingredient? **TCW**

IGAM OGAM Caset OFN (Tyr Stesion, Llangwyllog, Mon, Wales)

A slice of fragmented Welsh pop which hurls itself unceremoniously from side to side. Should have been our Eurovision entry. Excellent. **DH**

THE INSANE PICNIC Magistrates and Saints Waterfall

Records **RR C** A purple haze lingers here. This threesome, originating from England's very own East Coast, have squashed The Doors and Mark E Smith together and from the resulting sticky much a song trickles forth. A poem about silver snakes and things is given a dubbish sound treatment — odd and groovy. **LE**

THE JUNE BRIDES Peel Session Strange Fruit **P** From latterday, bittersweet June Bride days (God, nostalgia!), there's not too much to choose between these versions of This Town, One Day and We Belong and their originals, while Waiting For A Change which, though peppered by trumpet over a shuffling beat, backs up Phil Wilson's decision to record the song in its original C & W format and his first solo single. **MA**

THE LORRIES Crawling Mantra Red Rhino **C** Previously Red and Yellow, the Lorries have lost words rather than music. A beautifully noisy guitar and a slowish beast beat pummel you where it has most effect. Right between the ears. Short in length but bold, by golly! **DH**

GAYNOR ROSE MADDER Are You In Pain Ugly Man **RR C** A poignant question from half of Shiny Two Shiny courtesy of A&R tickling Ugly Man roster. Contagious stuff that, with the right breaks and an early summer blast, might just impress the newly lovesick among us. **TCW**

MDMA Godsquad Ediesta CALC 024 **RR C** Aaaaargh! The sound of Motorhead on HI NRG, well, that's what it says here, and in truth this scorching three tracker is a violent hybrid of those opposed factions. With ex Cassandra Complex people rubbing things against ex Dead Vaynes and an Executive Slacks person, this not only has cred but style with it. Don't miss. **TCW**



MIGHTY MIGHTY Built Like A Car Chapter 22 CHAP 12 **NM C**

Classy gawk rock with tuneful melodies and a talented throat holding the whole thing together. The Mighties are like the boy next door with a guitar and Farfisa, nice songs that'll turn heads and vol controls up. **DH**

MY BLOODY VALENTINE Sunny Sundae Smile Lazy **RT C**

Being something of a sucker for American '60s pop, this clutch of songs from Dublin's My Bloody Valentine had me in seventh heaven. Why? Because their music has got all the fixtures and fittings of that original sound: nursery-rhyme tunes, wistful, dippy lyrics like "Let's fall in love ... it's exciting", glorious Mamas And Papas-style harmonies and so on — yet in My Bloody Valentine's case, something their predecessors didn't have — that garage-inspired white noise. **KK**

THE NEW CHRISTS Detritus What Goes On Records **SN C**

Despite that fab name this four track is pretty much yer standard rocking Australians at the beach. No Next Time is the belt of lager that hits the parched patch and brings maximum thirst relief but it stands alone among mediocrity. This redeeming factor means that here is one to watch and leave to mature, in oak vats, for a while longer. **DI**

NOSEFLUTES The Ravers Ron Johnson Records **NM C**

Five juicy chunks recorded last August for Johnny Peel. Noseflutes are critical analysts à la vinegar. Sax scuttles across limbo-ing bass; shredded guitar and diced synth are added to vocal puke and trampled into your carpet. A good record for a not so hot world; share the dross and smile a wry one. **DI**

THE OYSTERS Mine Caroline Taang **SN** (import) The Rolling Stones' Not Fade Away riff is tied to the back of a skateboard and dragged across gravelly hardcore territory. Flipped over, Tell Me is a Pebbles garage type given much the same treatment. In other words, Boston's Oysters are fast, snotty, fun, pretty cool and worthy of your miserable wages. **MA**

PLACE OF LIGHT City Of Gold Bam-Caruso **RT C** No, sincerely folks, they don't write them like this anymore — a slow, lush, poignant, stately ballad trip that falls between the Walker Bros and Peter Hammill. The Bam-Caruso connection will stain Palace Of Light with '60s colours but inevitably all three songs here are out of time. **MA**

THE PASADENAS In The Past Few Days MC2 Records **SN**

Three slight, moddish beat-pop songs from three French Marcs, better known as The Pasadenas. Out of the three, Teenage Breakdown is sparser and moodier which lessens the cute, teen-naivety of Follow That Car and Them! **MA**

THE PASSMORE SISTERS Every Child In Heaven **RR C** The Passmore siblings get all worked up with this beaty little number. "Let's franchise!" — cries the head Sister, rousing us to action, although to what purpose I'm not quite sure. Nevertheless, Every Child In Heaven is their best-ever single, with plenty of bouncing energy and pounding drum bits. **LE**

THE PERFECT DISASTER Hey Hey Hey Glass GLAEP 107

NM C Four track EP deep from the heart of Beds. Sound lyrical melody chunks riddled with catchy bits and the kind of thing that could well transcend the cult early evening programming. Er, phew, what a scorcher, s'pose. **DH**

PIGBROS with **THE MEMBRANES** Now Is The Time To

Remove Your Mask Cake Records **SLICE 1 NM C** Aaaaah! After Age Of Chance reach mega stardom (well, almost) by covering Prince's Kiss, Pig Bros and the Memb's team up to do an injustice to Cameo's Word Up. Neat too, even if it's a little understated. Three other explosive missiles and a hot new launching pad in Cake too. **DH**

PLAYING AT TRAINS A World Without Love Idea **P** Melancholy rainy Thursday afternoon pop, that reflects inwardly and avoids depression through some neat harmonies. Graham Nash, Norm Wisdom and a bleak street brass band are reminiscent. Er, yeah. **JE**

THE PREFECTS Peel Session Strange Fruit **P** From 1979, Robert Lloyd's first pre-Nightingales group were spirited, guitar-rough punkers in school trows who would have (wrongly) been called shamblers back then. Faults, Motions, Barbarellas and Total Luck are all perfect examples of The Prefects' terse, wayward affrontery. Essential. **MA**

PSYCHIC TV Magick Defends Itself Temple **RT C** A two-sided affair seeing PTV joined at the seams by ex-Soft Cell mate Dave Ball, featuring John F. Kennedy and Pope Johannes Paulus II. Two cuts of dancefloor rhythms and Gen the P humming and haling over the top. There is, as ever, wit and wisdom of the Temple sort here ... and a neat little melody line too. **TCW**

THE RED Those Who Try (Don't Listen To Fools) Lost

Moment LM12402 **RT C** The Red look like nice boys but beneath that smooth-jawed veneer lies a resolute, indefatigable sound. Lost in an indie precinct this is chart material and would fare better as a gross A-ha. Steve Carter's vocals reach plaintively over an instrumentation which is both uplifting and penetrating. Definitely an appetiser for their forthcoming LP. Duran Duran beware! **AK**

RESTLESS Ice Cold ABC ABCS013T **P** Ice Cold has been a high point of the lads' live set for a long while now and I'm glad they've taken time out to re-record it (it was previously available on their first album). Now they're a lot slicker and studio wise they've done the song justice and the flip side, Stranger, is equally as good, with producer Pete Gage pushing his (and the band's) talents to the limit. **SG**

ELEANOR RIGBY Over And Over Waterloo Sunset Russ 103 **P**

Model looks and so-so voices mean Eleanor Rigby could be doing a lot better for herself. Unfortunately, these qualities are rendered useless when limited in such an obtuse way. Cute only in its idiosyncracies, Over And Over offers nothing new or exciting. Tuneless and limp this off-key ditty is merely a bad rehash of a style we bade farewell to 25 years ago. **AK**

TRACY SANTA To Hell In a Handtruck Exile **P** Undernourished production of a Neil Young styled throaty tune that's bereft on a dusty road between country and the Flamin' Groovies. Nice, but woolly. **TCW**

< **BAD SPORT OF THE MONTH:** Rt Hon Jeffrey Dickin BB and bar >

21 UNDERGROUND

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

THE SCREAMING TREES Iron Guru Native **RR C** Mean and caustic guitar sound raked humbly over an upbeat rhythm that'll shake many a dancefloor. The Screaming Trees are nightclub kids who've progressed through the difficult world of sub-rock/post-punk holocaust soundscapes to a neo-rap cut-up that pairs Cabaret Voltaire with The Monochrome Set. I'd like to think that this is just another string to Sheffield's bow and that decentralisation is a possibility, and this is a sweet background noise for such whims. **Brill. DH**

THE SING MARKET Via TV Dark Network **B C** Dark Network is a spin-off from Sixties revival label The Dance Network, and its first signing is The Sing Market, an odd trio consisting of singers Carrie Booth and Morgan, plus veteran pub rocker Andrew Bodnar on bass. Via TV is a disquieting piece, very atmospheric and rambling, with electronic sub-doodlings where you don't expect them and vocals sung in a pure chorister's voice as if its innocence was on the very edge of corruption. **KK**

THE SOUP DRAGONS Can't Take No More Raw TV **RT C** Go go go it Soupies, with another slice of Buzzcocky pop that churns and spirals into the frontal lobes. More melody and a spruce-on-the-loose whimsical undercurrent make for a chart contender. Neat. **TC W**

STARVATION ARMY New Ways To Burn EP St Valentines

Records **SN** Recorded in a mine shaft somewhere near Cleveland, Ohio, Starvation Army are rock fragments refiled in a white hot kiln. From hardcore (Drinkin' Dog and City As A Ghost) to Stooges heartburn (Lose This Planet) to even Pere Ubu's restless spell (the title track), SA find new ways to burn rock's natural juice. **MA**



STEPH MEANS JUSTICE The Price You Pay Exile **P** Pale underplayed country pedal-steel harmony affair that lacks a killer vocal line. Nice song begging for a big arrangement and more power. **JE**

THE SUMMER SUNS Honeypearl/Rachel-Anne Easter

Records **SN** Named after the Chris Stamey song no doubt, this is pure sunshine playroom pop spangle from Perth, honeydripping with Rickenbackers and creamed harmonies. Next to Stamey though, The Summer Suns are too cute and coy to swoon over. **MA**

TANYA Waiting To Be Found Rhythm King LEFT 5 **RT C** Neat smoocher with gutsy claw rap pay off at the close. A chart chance for Tanya and a soulful gem worthy of investment. **DH**

THEM PHILISTINES Tales From The Stagnant Pond EP

Lowther Street LSR TP 01 **RR C** Yes, ten years on and punk reaches Carlisle. A mean bottle trashing gruffness exudes from the grooves of this reaperesque metal excursion and the charm and charisma of melody at times make for the right stuff. Kachung, to say the least. **DH**

THE THIEVES Talk Your Head Off Planetarium THEFT 1 **FF C**

A band in need of a producer with a chorus that should make this popette a tastier hors d'oeuvre than it actually is. Neat enough for early evening but lacking that big crunch. **TC W**

3 ACTION (Don't Lose) That Stealin' Feelin' Ediesta CALC

023 **RR C** More from Hull and this time 3 Action's poignant prose is massaged into life with a much harder commercial sound that doesn't lose their bustling bravado. More dynamism in the production should lift these reprobates into a healthier circulation bracket. For now, this is worth your time anyhow. **DH**

THREE WISE MEN Refresh Yourself Rhythm King LEFT 7 **C**

Shaken and agitated loudmouth raps from the excellent Three Wise Men. London's bolshie answer back service come up with an even harder headbutt than their rivetting Urban Hell 45. Get it. **TC W**

THE TIMES Boys About Town Artpop POP43Doz **RT C** A reissue of The Times' homage to several people. Witness tunes à la Bowie (née Jones), a verse or two for Dirk Bogarde and a side dedicated to Joe Orton. Folky rebel music set straight to the heart of your cult and a reasonably pleasant listen along the way. **DH**

TINY LIGHTS Flowers Through The Air Temple **RT C** The hippies are back, this time sponsored by Mr P Orridge and his Temple label. Air-borne shrubbery, April showers and a female voice innocently belting out a tune for Europe blend nicely to present an appealing song. Short lived joy however as the Byrds guitar, The Beatles string sound and Edwina Currie's mad laughter elbow their way in to create a rather cluttered psychedelic pastiche. **ID**

TUMBLING HEARTS You May Never Know Exile **P** Sante Fe Sisters relocated to Berlin with a cowgirl twang and check shirt chirp-along that'll do nicely. A cover of an antique obscurity, the whole full colour package is steeped with cred and harmonious romanticism. **JE**

TWANG Kick And Complain EP Ron Johnson **NM C** A reissue of the first Twang single with three new songs. Twang's efficient, typically Ron Johnson dislocation dance — more Gang Of 4 than Big Flame — suffers from a thin, uneventful production, only Cold Tongue Bulletin manages to build up the requisite kinetic energy. Disappointing. **MA**

VARIOUS The Phase Three Mod Bands Unicorn **NM C**

Four worldwide modernists of varying merit and style on a value for cash seven inch slab. City Motions from Holland sound uninviting, while London's XL show a lack in direction, but side two's opener, from Suffolk band The Pictures, has the pulsing sound that makes it transcend categories. Finally San Diego's Manual Scan have an intriguing if uncontrolled sound worth catching. Top marks for investigative journo, half for potential. **DH**

THE WALTONES Downhill Medium Cool MC 004 **RR C** More tempered country swing with guts from the finely tuned Medium Cool label. The Waltonones sound like down home boys with a tinge of humour and a sparkling line in arrangements. Downhill is a wow! **DH**

THE WARHOLAS Pop Art's Dead Piranha Records **C** A laid back jazzy lament(?) that would fit perfectly into the background as you and a friend trapse slowly around the Andy W exhibition admiring the work of the man. The two tracks on the B-side make this a worthy purchase though. **DI**

THE WARHOLS The Other Side Zoot (from 813 Chesterfield Rd, Woodseats, Sheffield) Enterprising pop with an over-riding guitar and vocal line that suggest more big league attention in the future. For now The Other Side is low budget fare that bodes well but doesn't really capitalise on the potential. **DH**

WE FREE KINGS The Wild Oceans EP DDT **FF C** Plenty of rollicking accordions and gritty vocals in this freewheeling cow-punk/folk rock style EP, which features two tracks from their recent seven inch Oceans and an extra two remixed numbers from their now deleted first single. A riotous sound from people who kick up the hay in the face of the establishment. **LE**

WILD ANGELS She's Black and White Supreme **FF C** From the badlands north of the border, the Wild Angels come riding into town, trailing their slide guitars behind them. A catchy pop single created by a whole herd of boys with credible pasts — ex-members of Altered Images and Bourgie Bourgie mingle with Jazzateers and Flesh to make a sound with more than a hint of the prairie about it. Put on your 501's and head West, my son. **LE**

THE WISHING STONES New Ways Head HEAD 6(12) **Re C** From the lofty heights of the, er, Loft to the wistful, carressing tones of The Wishing Stones, Bill Prince has certainly come out from under, as Pete Astor's sidekick, with flying colours. His second glorious, rainbow hued single shows that these new ways are certainly winning ways too. **DM**

THE WOLFGANG PRESS Big Sex 4AD **P C** There's a grumbling heavy-handed beat lightened by a blistering surge of guitar on track one of this four song set, initiating the listener into the powdered-blonde-with-a-rubber-mallet sound of the Press. Outrageously explosive and chant-heavy, this is disco muzak for plastered performance artists. A neat twist of rock melancholy with a tune to whistle all the way back to the asylum. **DH**

YEAH YEAH NOH Peel Session Strange Fruit SFPS026 **P** From January '86 the Noh's at their most potent and political with jazzier inflections from keyboard player Andy Nicholls. Bona version of the excellent Blood Soup and three similarly fine out-takes from black country bed sitter land. Yeah yeah yeah, **DH**

THE ZODIAC MOTEL Sunshine Miner Swordfish **NM C** "I was a living chemical, no intestines, my body became an ocean and I floated with it", say the notes on the back of the sleeve; faaaaar out! This 12 inch has four tracks full of bedlamic beats and gut-busting guitar with a voice a little reminiscent of early Johnny Rotten swooping over it (but that's not enough to keep this 'un from getting two thumbs moving in an upward direction). Necrophilia and feedback combine on Inside My Mine, the best tune here, to give you an aural seeing to. Enjoy. **DI**

RE-DEEV

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BONZO DOG BAND

The Doughnut In Granny's Greenhouse

Edsel XED 209 **P** From the canyons of your past, the Bonzo's mix and match jazz, folk and lunacy for a pre-Everett/Half Man fiasco that's probably a giant hoot after a few beers. Wacko laffs that seem even further out on a limb in today's sit-com tedium. A perfect back up after the Python re-runs have finished. **Dave Henderson**

THE ELECTRIC FLAG

The Trip — Original Motion Picture Soundtrack

Edsel ED211 **P** Anyone looking for freaky psychedelics from this soundtrack of the cult film from 1967 starring Peter Fonda will be disappointed. The Electric Flag was the vehicle of guitarist Mike Bloomfield and included luminaries like Buddy Miles and Nick Gravenites playing an experimental waltz, ragtime, jazz and blues synthesis; short sketches of which make up the bulk of the material here. Moods range from lugubrious to something approaching sentimental, though all we get mostly are tasters of styles and the sense of listening to a movie score is always there. The only occasions when the band really extend themselves are on the Chicago blues riff Gettin' Hard and the actual seven-minute acid guitar freakout Fine Jung Thing, one of the first consigned to record. **Evelyn Court**

THE GHOST

For One Second

Bam-Caruso KIRI 077 **R C** • This was The Ghost's one and only album from 1970 which probably sold 162 copies at the time and has had grown men and women weeping into their willowy beards to get a copy ever since. Bam-Caruso, who know about such things, say The Ghost were 'a psycho-collision between Family and Fairport Convention'. Well, there's certainly some fine, plagiarised flowering folk-rock a la Fairport between bouts of blissed-out West Coast acid-guitar and organ, but as for the rest... **Martin Aston**

THE MARINE GIRLS

Beach Party

Cherry Red BRED 75 **P** I would have thought Cherry Red might be better occupied looking for new bands to release records by — or will they miss the latest in a big burst of indie activity? Great records like these are reminders of Cherry Red's once illustrious past when they could pick up freshly supreme outfits like The Marine Girls, captured here in their frilly best (before Tracey grew up and formed "a serious band" instead) and catapult them to mini-stardom. This is a sweet record with more than its fair share of whimsically catchy ditties and some appallingly naff ones. A pointless release. **Pratinja**

TERRY STAFFORD

Suspicion

Ace CH 213 **P** Young Tel must have been the only Presley impersonator to actually have the king rip him off by covering his best known hit, Suspicion almost note for note. Who could blame him, it certainly is a wonderful song and the two singers sound so very similar you could easily mistake one for the

REwind

This month's CD and vinyl release schedule gets the once over from Snakey G

UG ON THE ROOF



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SPECIALISTS IN INDEPENDENT & ALTERNATIVE MUSIC

Small selection of this month's additions.
(All albums unless otherwise stated.)

Cutting Edge (Makons, Oyster Band, etc.)	£4.00
Cave Bykers On Acid (Nosedive Karma 10")	£2.95
Get Smart Get Smart	£5.75
Happy Mondays Squirrel & G-Man	£5.75
Imminent No. 5 (B/Power, BMX Bandits, Shamen)	£4.50
Indie Top 20	Cassette £4.99
Lorries Crawling Mantra Dbl 7"	£2.75
Mighty Mighty Built Like A Car 12"	£2.99
Monkey Run Falling Upstairs 7"	£1.55
Laibach Ein Schauspieler (imp cass)	£6.00
Poison Talk Dirty To Me 12"	£2.99
Pop Will Eat Itself F1 Missile 12"	£2.99
Psychic TV Live In Glasgow/Heaven/Paris/Tokyo	each 5.49
Restless Ice Cold 12"	£2.99
Shelleyan Orphan Helleborine	£5.95
Soviet France Misfits	£5.45
Stingrays Cryptic & Coffee Time	£5.75
Wire Ideal Copy LP £5.99	CD £10.75
Wolfhounds Unseen Ripples	£5.50
BAM CARUSO (psychedelic) New Additions	
Brain/RSC Nightmares In Red 7"	£1.83
Meanwhile Back At The Ranch comp	£3.95
Nightmares In Wonderland comp	£5.95
Palace Of Light Safer 7"	£1.89
Pop Side Dreams comp	£5.95
ON-U SOUND Back In Stock	
African Head Charge Drastic Season	£5.50
African Head Charge Env' mental Studies	£5.50
Creation Rebel Starship	£5.50
Missing Brazilians Warzone	£5.50
AFRICAN/ETHNIC/REGGAE	
Juluke Scatterings Of Africa	£6.49
Lady Smith B.M. Inalafnduku	£5.75
Le Mystere Des Voix Bulgares LP £5.75	CD £9.99
Muleskinner Comp Bluegrass	£5.99
Sly & Robbie Rhythm Killers	£5.99
Super Diamond De Dakar People	£6.25
Twinkle Brothers Dub Massacre	£5.75
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I've not got a CD player yet, so I don't know what the fuss is all about but the Ace group of companies must think it's a good thing. In among their June releases are a load of CD's including **The Best Of The Chi-Lites**, Chronicle Vol. 1 & 2 by **Creedence Clearwater Revival**, The Fifties — Rockabilly Fever (comp), The Fifties — R&B Vocal Groups (comp), The Fifties — Juke Joint Blues (comp), Don't Stop The Music by **George Jones** (from the Glad label) and R&B Dynamite by **Etta James**. The latter is also issued as a regular rooster plastic thing too. On vinyl Ace has Volume Seven in the series Rock 'n' Roll Party (plenty of unknown greats here and the tackiest sleeve in a long while), plus albums from **Jimmy McCracklin** and **Earl Forest & The Beale Streeters** (who featured **Bobby Bland** and **Johnny Ace**) — both licensed from the Duke/Peacock set up.

On the soul side, Kent are back in action with No No No No No... Not My Girl, a 16 track set of Northern shufflers from the Chicago area. With that out of the way, Ace Records are proud to announce that Stax is back. With the same packaging as the sixties releases, they'll be flooding the market with 45s and LPs alike. The way things are at the moment they could have some top 20 hits on their hands. The first six releases on 45 are Private Number **Judy Clay & William Bell**, Who's Makin' Love 2 by **Johnny Taylor**, Time Is Tight from **Booker T. & The MGs**, Mr. Big Stuff by **Jean Knight**, Respect Yourself by **The Staple Singers**, and **Shirley Brown's** Woman To Woman.

Charly have two more albums of Sound Stage 7 recordings available. Nobody But Me by **Ella Washington** and a compilation titled Testifyin' featuring the deep soul sounds of **Charles Smith**,

continues over →



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SLAB!

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INK 729/1229

KABBALA

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

THE REVOLUTION GOES ON + ON

Chuck Armstrong and Ted Ford. Also, they're finally getting round to releasing the live **Hank Ballard & The Midnighters** album Live At The Palais (Harmersmith, December 1986), it's available on record, cassette and CD.

At Demon, blues/R&B legend **Charles Brown** returns to the scene with **One More For The Road**, while on Edsel **The Bonzo Dog Band** offer the world The

Doughnut In Granny's Greenhouse. On Hi, **Ann Peebles** has the companion album to her exquisite **Tear Your Playhouse Down** set released, and that's called 99lbs. Ex-Velvet **Underground** token Brit **John Cale** gets Vintage Violence back on the racks through Edsel, and the label also offer the self-titled **United States Of America LP**, **The Byrds'** superb **Younger Than Yesterday** and a compilation of **Ian Dury** material titled, surprisingly, **Sex And Drugs And Rock 'N' Roll**. • **Sonny Burgess** and **Larry Down** team up for **Rock Rockabilly** on CFA, while **Charlie Feathers** has trucks culled from the late '70s to mid '80s on **New Rockabilly Fever** on **New Rose** through Pinnacle. **Creation**, of **Painter Man** fame, have reformed for a single called **A Spirit Of Love** on Jet, while on the soul front again, upcoming Hi releases, through the Demon axis, include **Trying To Live My Life** from **Otis Clay** and **The Wright Stuff** from **OV Wright**.

Edsel stuff in the pipeline includes **Sly And The Family Stone's** **Fresh**, **The Byrds'** **Sweetheart Of The Rodeo** and a collaboration between **Bloomfieldz**, **Hammond** and **Dr John** entitled **Triumvirate**. Demon will also be repackaging the primal **Damned** album **Damned**, **Damned** which first appeared on Stiff.



Sly Stone shows off his epic dress sense

other. Terry was recording at the time of Elvis' critically acclaimed movie career. In fact there's a cover of **Kiss Me Quick** present here, but what's most appealing about Terry Stafford's recordings is the horrible wanky organ that features quite prominently through most of his work. **Snakey G**

T REX

History Of T Rex 1968-1977 The Singles Collection Vol 1

Priority MARCL 510 OK, here's the gripe first (and it's a biggie) — this double LP set has no explanatory sleeve notes, tracks which jump about all unchronologically, and not even an explanation of which were b-sides — which for all but the dedicated will have become lost in the mists of memory.

No doubt there will be more volumes of this collection to come, since this set merely brushes past some of Bolan's classics, like **Metal Guru** and **Children Of The Revolution**, while, say, **Ride A White Swan** is omitted.

And the rest? A wholly enjoyable selection, even if it does mismatch early, esoteric, selections like **Child Star** with the more substantial **Groove A Little** recorded in 1977 in the last year of his life, all on the same side. **Carole Linfield**

SIMON FISHER TURNER

Caravaggio original soundtrack

EI ACME 6 P A re-release of Turner's rich orchestral muses that are a million miles from his late '60s pop outbursts. Finely honed background sounds that lilt disarmingly into the sub-conscious and make Derek Jarman's tale of monks and painters a more pleasurable experience. **TC Wall**

VARIOUS

The Fort Worth Teen Scene (The Major Bill Tapes Volume 2)

Big Beat WIK 45 P Major Bill Smith is one of the great American eccentrics. In **World War II** he reached the rank of Major, but once back in civies he took to record production, his biggest success being **Hey Paula** by Paul & Paula in '62. Here for your pleasure are his mid '60s dabblings with garage punk, Texas style. The finest band for my money is **The Jades**, who have four tracks including covers of **I'm Alright** (Stones) and **Don't Bring Me Down** (Animals). There's also contributions from **Electric Love**, **The Elite**, **The Rondels**, **The Livin' End**, **The Blue Notes**, and **Charles Christy**, who covers **For Your Love** (Yardbirds) and **I'm Down** (Beatles). And you can thank **Bal** and **Alec** from **The Sting-rays** for compiling this pretty stoked album. **Deke Wanger**

VARIOUS

Illusions From The Crackling Void

Bam-Caruso MARX 085 R A •• Sixteen cerebrally stimulating samples of '60s Psychedelia. Well, actually, man, like eight of them are groovy and kind of trippy you know? Sounds alright to me. Hey! **Mandrake Paddle Steamer** and **The Eyes**. Wow! **The Aquarian Age** are fab too, man. Like, some of these bands are a bit heavy, and some of them are a bit naff too. At £2.99 it's no bum deal. Look at the wallpaper — its sort of rippling! **Jazz Igy meth**

LARRY WILLIAMS

Alakazam!

Ace CH 203 P A collection of un-issued recordings with a few alternate takes for good measure. Although he had hits in the '50s with songs such as **Short Fat Fanny** (alternate take included here), Williams has never really been taken seriously as one of the true rock 'n' roll greats. Recording for **Specialty Records** he's been rather overshadowed by **Little Richard**.

The bulk of the tracks here were recorded between 1957 and 1959 and show Larry experimenting with different styles of R&B getting away from his **Boney Maronie** sound. The ballad **I Was A Fool To Let You Go** is swamp pop, **Hootchy-Koo** is a piano-dominated stroller, and you should hear the stinging guitar on **Make A Little Love**. As a special treat Ace have included the original demo tape he sent to **Specialty** in 1954 of **Jockomo** (Iko Iko). Also worthy of a mention is the inconceivably titled **Jelly Belly Nellie**, the **Fats Domino**-esque **Took A Trip**, and his versions of **Heeby-Jeebies** and **Rockin' Pneumonia And The Boogie Woogie Flu**. **Snakey G**

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UGTAL

THE UNDERGROUND GUIDE TO ALTERNATIVE LISTENING

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

SCOTS PIN UPS IN MOODY BALLADRY SHOCK!



Ah yes, *The Jesus And Mary Chain*, you're, er, top of the UGTAL pops (wow!), with your "record"

THEY CALL THEM MELON LEMON!



Well, they don't actually... but *The Mighty Lemon Drops'* black country rock wobbles just outside the ten with their *Out Of Hand* 45.

MUCH XEROXED ORIGINALS COME OUT OF WOODWORK!



The glut of UK Buzzcockery sparks off a mad dash to buy the original! ("and best") *Singles Going Steady* LP.

- 1 **APRIL SKIES**
The Jesus And Mary Chain
Blanco Y Negro
- 2 **STRANGELOVE**
Depeche Mode
Mute
- 3 **LIL' DEVIL**
The Cult
Beggars Banquet
- 4 **NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE**
Spear Of Destiny
10
- 5 **SHEILA TAKE A BOW**
The Smiths
Rough Trade
- 6 **BOOPS (HERE TO GO)**
Sly & Robbie
4th & Broadway
- 7 **THERE'S A GHOST IN MY HOUSE**
The Fall
Beggars Banquet
- 8 **PRIME MOVER**
Zodiac Mindwarp
Mercury
- 9 **BIG DECISION**
That Petrol Emotion
Polydor
- 10 **CROSS THE TRACK**
Maceo & The Macs
Urban
- 11 **OUT OF HAND**
The Mighty Lemon Drops
Blue Guitar
- 12 **FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT TO PARTY**
The Beastie Boys
Def Jam/CBS
- 13 **GHOSTS OF CABLE STREET**
The Men They Couldn't Hang
MCA
- 14 **EVERYTHANG'S COMING UP ROSES**
Black
A&M
- 15 **NOSEDIVE KARMA**
Gaye Bykers On Acid
In Tape
- 16 **SUPER POPOID GROOVE**
Win
London
- 17 **OUR SUMMER**
All About Eve
Eden
- 18 **SHE COMES FROM THE RAIN**
Weather Prophets
Elevation
- 19 **MY MIKE SOUNDS NICE**
Salt 'n' Pepa
Champion
- 20 **SIAMESE TWIST**
Flesh For Lulu
Beggars Banquet

THE NEXT FIVE BIG THINGS

- CRAWLING MANTRA**
The Lorries
Red Rhino
- JUST A CITY**
Voice Of The Beehive
Food/Polygram
- PREACHER MAN**
Fields Of The Nephilim
Situation 2
- THE GAME**
Tackhead
4th & Broadway
- ALWAYS THERE**
Rose Of Avalanche
Fire

- 1 **ELECTRIC**
The Cult
Beggars Banquet
- 2 **THIS IS THE STORY**
The Proclaimers
Chrysalis
- 3 **RHYTHM KILLERS**
Sly & Robbie
4th & Broadway
- 4 **THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN**
The Smiths
Rough Trade
- 5 **THE CIRCUS**
Erasure
Mute
- 6 **LICENSED TO ILL**
The Beastie Boys
Def Jam/CBS
- 7 **MAYFLOWER**
Weather Prophets
Elevation
- 8 **REIGN IN BLOOD**
Slayer
London
- 9 **JOIN THE ARMY**
Suicidal Tendencies
Virgin
- 10 **THE IDEAL COPY**
Wire
Mute
- 11 **UH! TEARS BABY**
Win
London
- 12 **SIGNS OF LIFE**
Penguin Cafe Orchestra
EG
- 13 **YO! BUM RUSH THE SHOW**
Public Enemy
Def Jam/CBS
- 14 **MOTHER FIST**
Marc Almond
Some Bizzare/Virgin
- 15 **LOVE**
The Cult
Beggars Banquet
- 16 **LONDON 0 HULL 4**
Housemartins
Go Discs
- 17 **HAPPY HOUR**
Ted Hawkins
Windows On The World
- 18 **PSYCHOCANDY**
The Jesus And Mary Chain
Blanco Y Negro
- 19 **REUNION WILDERNESS**
The Railway Children
Factory
- 20 **LIVE HYPNOBEAT LIVE**
The Woodentops
Rough Trade

THE NEXT FIVE BIG THINGS

- DEF BEATS ONE**
Various
Music Of Life
- SINGLES GOING STEADY**
The Buzzcocks
Liberty
- QUIRK OUT**
Stump
Stuff
- BLOOD WOMEN ROSES**
Skin
Product Inc
- THE AGE OF QUARREL**
Cro-Mags
GWR

ALBUMS

1	THE IDEAL COPY	Wire	Mute CRT SP
2	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN	The Smiths	Rough Trade CRT
3	SQUIRREL & G MAN, 24 HOUR PARTY PEOPLE PLASTIC FACE CARNT SMILE (WHITE OUT WHITE OUT)	Happy Mondays	Factory CRT P
4	BLOOD WOMEN AND ROSES	Skin	Product Inc. CRT
5	THE CIRCUS	Erasure	Mute CRT SP
6	HAPPY HOUR	Ted Hawkins	Windows Of The World P
7	REUNION WILDERNESS	The Railway Children	Factory CRT P
8	LOCUST ABORTION TECHNICIAN	Butthole Surfers	Blast First CRT
9	INDIE TOP 20	Various	Band Of Joy Music CRE
10	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES	Michelle-Shocked	Cooking Vinyl CNM
11	LIVE HYPNOBEAT LIVE	The Woodentops	Rough Trade CRT
12	SHABINI	The Bhundu Boys	Discafrique CRE STERNS
13	OFFICIAL VERSION	Front 242	Red Rhino CRR
14	OPUS DEI	Laibach	Mute CRT SP
15	II & III	Camper Van Beethoven	Rough Trade CRT
16	MANIC POP THRILL	That Petrol Emotion	Demon P
17	QUIRK OUT	Stump	Stuff CRT
18	ESPECIALLY FOR YOU	The Smithereens	Enigma CRT
19	CRUSH COLLISION	Age Of Chance	FON CRT
20	HONKY TONKIN'	The Mekons	Sin/Cooking Vinyl CNM
21	UP FOR A BIT WITH THE PASTELS	The Pastels	Glass CNM
22	DIMINUENDO	Lowlife	Nightshift CFF
23	TRAIN OUT OF IT	Swell Maps	Antar CRE
24	NME C86	Various	Rough Trade CRT
25	PICTURES OF STARVING CHILDREN	Chumbawamba	Agit Prop CRR
26	LIVE: DC BUMPIN' Y'ALL	Chuck Brown	Rhythm King/Mute CRT
27	FIRST AVALANCHE	Rose Of Avalanche	Fire CNM
28	THE QUEEN IS DEAD	The Smiths	Rough Trade CRT
29	BACK AGAIN IN THE DHSS	Half Man Half Biscuit	Probe Plus CPR
30	DIRTDISH	Wiseblood	Some Bizzare CRT

THE UNDERGROUND

STRICTLY INDEPENDENT

SINGLES

1	SHEILA TAKE A BOW	The Smiths	Rough Trade CRT
2	NOSEDIVE KARMA	Gaye Bykers On Acid	Intaps CRR
3	STRANGE LOVE	Depeche Mode	Mute CRT SP
4	OUR SUMMER	All About Eve	Eden CNM
5	CRAWLING MANTRA	The Lorries	Red Rhino CRR
6	PREACHER MAN	Fields Of The Nephilim	Red Rhino CRR
7	WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEA THAT YOU'RE SO AMAZING BABY?	Crazyhead	Food CRT
8	BUILT LIKE A CAR	Mighty Mighty	Chapter 22 CNM
9	TAKE THE SKINHEADS BOWLING	Camper Van Beethoven	Rough Trade CRT
10	BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP	The Smithereens	Enigma CRT
11	ASK JOHNNY DEE	The Chesterfields	Subway CRE
12	HAPPY ALL THE TIME	The Flatmates	Subway CRE
13	CHERNOBYL BABY (WHO NEEDS THE GOVERNMENT)	Baby Amphetamine	Creation CRT
14	ANATOMY OF LOVE	Shelleyan Orphan	Rough Trade CRT
15	NEVER SEEN BEFORE	Close Lobsters	Fire CNM
16	SUNNY SUNDAE SMILE	My Bloody Valentine	Lazy CRT
17	A HEAD	Wire	Mute CRT SP
18	THE BOMB SONG	Batfish Boys	Batfish Incorporated CRR
19	STOP KILLING ME	The Primitives	Lazy CRT
20	NEW WAYS	Wishing Stones	Head CRE
21	ROOM IN YOUR HEART	The Rosehips	Subway CRE
22	BLOW UP	James Taylor Quartet	Re-Elect The President CB
23	WHEN IT ALL COMES DOWN	Miaow	Factory CRT P
24	CHAINS CHANGE EP	Throwing Muses	4ADC RT P
25	LET YOUR BODY LEARN	Nitzer Ebb	Mute CRT SP
26	EVERYTHANG'S GROOVY	Gaye Bykers On Acid	In Tape CRR
27	CRUELTY/I SEE YOU	The Wolfhounds	The Pink Label CRT
28	HOLYHEAD	Stars Of Heaven	Rough Trade CRT
29	WEIRDO LIBIDO	The Lime Spiders	Zinger P
30	WORD UP	Pig Bros/Membranes	Cake CNM

UNDERGROUND

UNDERGROUND: LOUD AND DISTORTED

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I G O M ★ 9 U T U

S C R E A M I N G T R E S S

STEVE BARKER'S ON THE WIRE TEN HARDCORE BEATS

- | | | |
|---|---|----------------|
| 1 | THE GAME <i>Tackhead</i> | 4th & Broadway |
| 2 | EVOLUTION <i>Juice Crew All Stars</i> | Cold Chillin' |
| 3 | ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE <i>Jams</i> | white label |
| 4 | YOU'RE GONNA GET YOURS <i>Public Enemy</i> | Def Jam |
| 5 | TRAMP <i>Salt 'n' Pepe</i> | Next Plateau |
- Compiled by the molten turntable of Steve Barker, Radio Lancs

JETTISOUNDZ BIGGEST VID SELLERS

- | | | |
|---|---|-------|
| 1 | ROBYN HITCHCOCK <i>Gotta Let This Hen Out</i> | JE139 |
| 2 | GUANA BATZ <i>Still Sweatin' After All These Years</i> | JE155 |
| 3 | HAWKWIND <i>The Chronicle Of The Black Sword</i> | JE150 |
| 4 | TOY DOLLS <i>Idle Gossip</i> | JE156 |
| 5 | THE CHAMELEONS <i>Live At Camden Palace</i> | JE146 |

FIVE MUTE LPS FEATURING WIRE

- | | | |
|---|---|----------|
| 1 | THE IDEAL COPY <i>Wire</i> | STUMM 42 |
| 2 | OR SO IT SEEMS <i>Dust Emmo</i> | STUMM 11 |
| 3 | INCONTINENT <i>Fad Gadget</i> | STUMM 6 |
| 4 | HAIL <i>He Said</i> | STUMM 29 |
| 5 | THE SHIVERING MAN <i>Bruce Gilbert</i> | STUMM 39 |

Some of Mute's biggies as reported by John.

PRETTY BIG IN WASHINGTON RIGHT NOW!

- | | | |
|---|--|------------|
| 1 | INVISIBLE HITCHCOCK <i>Robyn Hitchcock</i> | Relativity |
| 2 | SCARRED BUT SMARTER <i>Drivin' 'n' Cryin'</i> | 688 |
| 3 | BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON <i>Los Lobos</i> | Slash |
| 4 | MOM'S HERE <i>El Grupo Sexo</i> | Dr Dream |
| 5 | HAIL <i>He Said</i> | Mute |

Compiled from radio plays on KWUR at Washington University

NAPOLEON CAMASSA WORN LP SELECTION

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | THE MADCAP LAUGHS <i>Syd Barrett</i> |
| 2 | TROUT MASK REPLICA <i>Captain Beefheart</i> |
| 3 | MAGNETIC FLIP <i>Birdsongs Of The Mesozoic</i> |
| 4 | LINGUISTIC LEPROSY <i>Lady June</i> |
| 5 | MISSA LUBA <i>Les Troubadours Du Roi Baudouin</i> |

BEST SELLING HARDCORE IMPORTS

- | | | |
|---|---|--------------------|
| 1 | CROSSOVER <i>DRI</i> | Death |
| 2 | ALL <i>Descendents</i> | SST |
| 3 | RAGIN' FULL ON <i>Firehose</i> | SST |
| 4 | TRUE (NORTH), STRONG AND FREE <i>DOA</i> | Rock Hotel/Profile |
| 5 | HOT ANIMAL MACHINE <i>Henry Rollins</i> | Texas Hotel |

Compiled by Alan at Alans, Wigan from March/April sales

NORTH OF THE BORDER 33s

- | | | |
|---|---|------------|
| 1 | LES FLAMMES D'ENFER <i>Deaf Heights Cajun Aces</i> | Temple |
| 2 | DIMINUENDO <i>Lowlife</i> | Nightshift |
| 3 | A TASTY HEIDFUL <i>Myah Fearties</i> | Lyt |
| 4 | UP FOR A BIT WITH THE PASTELS <i>The Pastels</i> | Glass |
| 5 | LITTLE CIRCLES <i>Cateran</i> | DDT |

NORTH OF THE BORDER 45s

- | | | |
|---|--|-------------|
| 1 | OCEANS <i>We Free Kings</i> | DDT |
| 2 | GASOLINE <i>Hook N' Pull Gang</i> | Bitch Hog |
| 3 | UNBEND <i>Dog Faced Hermans</i> | Demon Radge |
| 4 | THE RAIN FELL DOWN <i>Jesse Garon & The Desperadoes</i> | Narodnik |
| 5 | RED MAN <i>Crows</i> | Ravin' |

Charts compiled by Dave at Ripping Records, 91 South Bridge Street, Edinburgh. R'och on!

PETER FALLEN'S FIVEST BESTEST

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | REALLY STUPID <i>The Primitives</i> |
| 2 | SORRY TO EMBARRASS YOU <i>The Razorcuts</i> |
| 3 | FELICITY <i>The Wedding Present</i> |
| 4 | LISTEN TO YOUR HEART <i>The Morrissons</i> |
| 5 | GET AROUND TOWN <i>The Pastels</i> |

HARBORO' HORACE'S TOP FIVE RAVES

- | | | |
|---|--|----------------------|
| 1 | NOT MY GIRL <i>The Platters</i> | Unreleased Musicor |
| 2 | MY NAUGHTY BOY <i>Jackie Day</i> | Phelectron |
| 3 | THE MOOD OF CHANGES <i>Moody Scott</i> | An elusive cover up! |
| 4 | HE PUT THE HURT ON ME <i>The Shirelles</i> | Unreleased Sceptre |
| 5 | BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP <i>The Temptations</i> | Gordy |

As played at the 100 Club allnighters (Next one June 20, then every four weeks...)

BEST SELLING LEEDS BANDS 33s

- | | | |
|---|--|-----------------------|
| 1 | LIVING OUTSIDE THE LAW <i>The Prowlers</i> | UnAmerican Activities |
| 2 | HONKY TONKIN' <i>The Mekons</i> | Sin/Cooking Vinyl |
| 3 | BEST OF <i>Steve Phillips</i> | UnAmerican Activities |
| 4 | BOAT TRIPS IN THE BAY <i>Brendan Croker & The Five O' Clock Shadows</i> | Red Rhino |
| 5 | CRUSH COLLISION <i>Age Of Chance</i> | Fon |

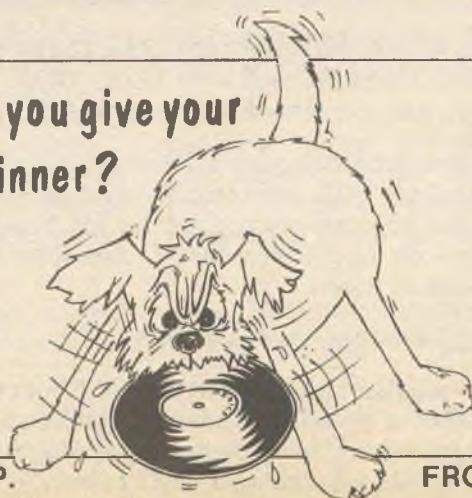
BEST SELLING LEEDS BANDS 45s

- | | | |
|---|---|----------------------|
| 1 | ALWAYS THERE <i>Rose Of Avalanche</i> | Fire |
| 2 | THE BOMB SONG <i>Batfish Boys</i> | Batfish Incorporated |
| 3 | MISTER FIX IT <i>The Vaynes</i> | Vanity |
| 4 | CRAWLING MANTRA <i>The Lorries</i> | Red Rhino |
| 5 | SCREECHING HELL ON VINYL <i>Ritzun, Ratzun, Rotzer</i> | Ambassador |

Recent best-sellers at Jumbo Records, Merriion Centre, Leeds. Compiled by Tania on behalf of the Billy Bremner fan club.

UG ME DADDY, EIGHT TO THE BAR < CD OF THE MONTH: Zarah Leander's Greatest Hits on Rouska >

What did you give your dog for dinner?



Then try... "Two Pieces of Cloth Carefully Stitched Together"

THE NEW E.P.

FROM DOCTOR & THE MEDICS. AVAILABLE ON MAY 5th.

Why did Vince Clark quit the Deps and Yazoo? How come he's still touring? What makes Andy Bell a rubber-clad mic-welding maniac? And if this is the Circus tour, where are the jugglers? Carole Linfield quizzes, Ronnie Randall clicks

OK VINCE, RUB 'EM OUT!

successful groups, Depeche Mode and then Yazoo, trading up each time like they were company cars.

And now? Now there's Erasure, a strange hybrid of a band who took a long time to rev up and drive into the charts. What makes Erasure different? What makes Vince, after all this time, still endure the tour circuit, with its cardboard existence? Was this all part of some masterplan? Is Vince Clark

the embodiment of the independent spirit, forsaking success to keep his art as he wants it?

Andy Bell and Vince Clark, just one week into a nationwide tour, sit chewing on plastic food in a faceless Nottingham hotel and ponder.

"I don't think any of it out, it just sort of happened," says Vince.

Did you ever regret leaving the Deps or Yazoo?

"I'd like to think I've got no regrets but that's not true — everybody has regrets of some sort. But I never had second thoughts about leaving.

"When I left Depeche I thought that would be it, that no one would be interested any more. When I took the demo tape of Yazoo to Daniel Miller he was programming synths and didn't seem very interested. But I was really excited about the song, which was Only You, so I just started helping him program the synths so I could talk him into letting us record it. The whole time, he didn't seem particularly bothered about the single, which just made me more determined."

But, unlike the immediate blast to the top of the charts which Vince enjoyed with Alison Moyet, his liaison with Andy Bell didn't strike such an instant chord.

"It was depressing when the first single flopped," remembers Andy. "But once that bombed, we just thought, forget it, and kept on gigging and so on. The next two singles didn't do well either, but by that time it didn't seem to matter so much."

And if Erasure had never taken off?

"We wouldn't have called it a day," insists Vince. "By that time we'd developed a really aggressive attitude towards the record company. But we were thinking of leaving Mute. We felt we were doing all we could."

Vince Clark is not the most, well, assertive of people.

Rumour has it that he and his girlfriend are even moving house because he can't bear to sack his formidable cleaning lady. He doesn't seem to be the sort to throw tantrums, or insist upon privileges. Yet he's something of a moody enigma, having already done a moonlight flit on two suc-

Was it the lure of a major label's clout that led to this?

"Oh no . . . there weren't even any outside offers."

I must admit, had I been Andy Bell I'd've been getting paranoid. After all, Vince's previous track record with bands is rather Casanovic — didn't he even wonder if Vince was getting itchy feet for pastures new?

"No, I was really cocky and confident. Although once we started working together in the studio it was a bit daunting. I really respected Alf, and being in the same set up was really nerve-wracking. I did feel as if I was under Vince's shadow. I was frightened to say things, I didn't feel it was my place to do so. It was Vince's thing and I was the singer. The partnership is something which has developed gradually."

Was Erasure a pre-conceived product?

Vince: "It was at first. I didn't want to get involved, because I didn't know Andy, and I wasn't going to say, yeah, let's do six albums. But gradually it became apparent that we got on together."

Has it affected your career in any way, being on Mute rather than some major giant?

"We wouldn't have had a deal any more if we'd been on a major," says Andy. "We were getting worried at certain points, but Daniel's always been supportive, and never let us get discouraged about the lack of success. But obviously they're on a tight budget, and money is important."

"They're an adventurous label, they've got a diversity of groups, but transversely that's why they need a couple of hit groups," adds Vince.

Strangely, that success has been awhile arriving. Odd, since Yazoo's split arrived on a high note, and Alison Moyet's dreary solo efforts have met with mindless banner waving. And strange, too, since there was a howl of derision that Andy's voice was merely an Alf clone . . .

"I think that was inevitable, no matter what my voice was like," says Andy, rather coyly. "A lot of them also said I hadn't got any emotion in my voice and couldn't sing for toffee. It just made me more determined."

Are your songs supposed to be personal or are they just evoking an attitude?

"You don't have to make songs personal to make them good — it's quite easy to pretend. We've got fickle lyrics . . . words for the sake of it."

Even on the new LP, Circus?

"Just rubbish. No, they're a little bit more thought out than usual. The title track? That was just meant to evoke that life in a Northern town thing. But we had the tune first, and the song evolved from there."

Live, Andy enjoys playing the *agent provocateur*, the rubber clad renegade. But why all this camping it up? Isn't there a danger you'll alienate people? As it was, handfuls of the audience were heard to be mumbling about 'poofter bands' and the like.

"Well, that's just me, acting it out. And to be honest, I think most people see it as an act, and find that easier to deal with."

"I think that it is possible some people will think it's stereotyping, and others will hate it altogether. But there has to be a visual thing . . . like Boy George and Bowie . . ."

Don't you think it rather jars with the music? (A long silence follows.)

Andy: "Dunno. What do you think?"

Well, I think the music is more vulnerable than that. It demeans it slightly.

"People might strike it off as gender-bending, I suppose, which it's not."

Did you ever think of glossing over the homosexuality and going all out for teeny mass adulation? After all, the music is pop orientated enough for that?

Andy: "Well, we're already building up to the Depeche level — and we'll even overtake."

Do you want to overtake? Is there that rivalry?

Vince: "I think it's important for yourself not to think like that for your own sanity. You still get a thrill out of that, though — you still bitch about it! But we're not concerned with it."

Are Erasure on the edge enough? Or are they too mainstream?

Vince: "I don't think the average punter distinguishes between pop acts in that way. It's just a question of the music."

So what do you want to achieve, Vince, since it patently doesn't seem to be success or money?

"Being in a band was all I ever wanted. It was just something I always wanted to do. I started off in a gospel duo, and then I started writing songs."

Did you know what you wanted to get out of it?

"No. I'm not sure I know now. I haven't decided. The more I go on the more I don't know what I think. Your eyes become opened, you see how incestuous and superficial the music business all is, and you start thinking well, there must be something else outside all this . . ."

Outside all this at the moment is a giggly posse of auto-graph hunters. The tour circuit, though, isn't what it once was. Your average popstar these days is more likely to spend his or her nights phoning home and going to bed early with a cup of cocoa than trashing rooms or leaving an unhealthy disarray of stained sheets. Vince agrees.

"We're on an anti rock 'n' roll trip at the moment. And I do think it's really stupid that that guy in Simply Red goes on about sleeping around. I mean it was stupid before, but especially now."

What, because of AIDS?

"No, not especially, I just think it's a frightening attitude; that you can go around disrespecting people like that."

So, what next? Is it, as has been rumoured, that Vince will quit and open a restaurant?

"Nah . . . I think we'll just get a lot more experimentation in; become more self-indulgent."

And Andy? "I'm really naive. I want to be the media darling, but credible."



D&V

D&V: Drums and vocals. Neat. Jef Anteliffe and Andy Leach make up D&V, so, J & A, lads? "F... off."

If you'd caught D&V playing with Crass over the past decade you may just wonder why, in the current pop climate, D&V aren't huge. If past form counts for anything, in 12 months the Beastie Boys will be stripping their sound bare and releasing a 12 inch like D&V's latest, Snare, merely drums, rappin' and FX.

Ahead of their time?

"The Beastie Boys get set up on a major and are imported over here as cream cheese. What's sick is that we're already here, we already had the hard rhythms and we're putting words to it that are relevant to people in this country. Don't get me wrong, I love The Beastie Boys, but they're gonna get to a stage where a party trick with 12 con-



doms isn't enough. If they wrote about something serious they'd be dropped fast. But we're here, not partying, just making hard music and fighting."

The sparse D&V 12 inch, another imminent, precedes an album for summer — a vast change from the fast 'n' furious days of old. "Five years ago I'd get on stage and shout till my voice croaked, trying to drum my views into the kids watching. But after a while I asked why, because all those kids wanted was something fast and anti-system. Now I think before I shout, and though my

views haven't changed, I want to make music. We've progressed beyond the thrash, we can still fight the injustice, but now the crowd can sweat dancing to it."

Snare is out on One Little Indian. Sweat and fight for your right, or you'll never get ahead.

Mark Balmer

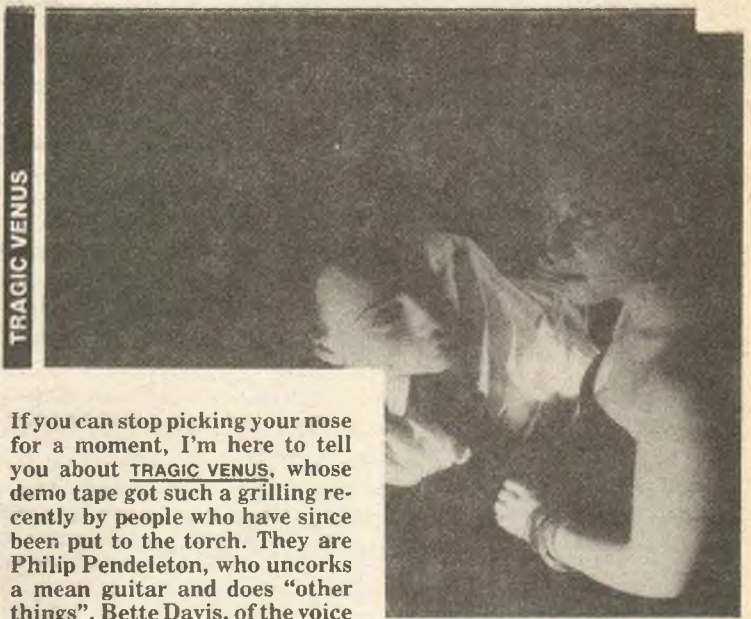
HONEY isn't a group, it's a team. It isn't anyone, it's anybody. At the moment it happens to be Michelle, Debbie, Chris and Mark.

Honey sing their raps. They exist where pop meets rap, "pap" is their name for it. They're about youth and lazing around on the beach, endless summer made flesh and the re-birth of bubble-gum. They use scratches from the Archies' Sugar Sugar without the least taint of irony; they don't know anything about The Archies, "it's just old pop."

Their favourite films include Hellzapoppin', Pretty In Pink, Star Trek III and Round Midnight, and their single, More Wild Than Honey (available through Red Rhino/Cartel) reflects their cultural orientation; verging on the edge of movie soundtrackdom. A pumping orchestral theme vaguely reminiscent of Kraftwerk's Trans-Europe Express swells over the drums while girly vocals fight with "papped" quotes (brought up to date, of course) from Fred and Ginger's Shall We Dance? (Gershwin's Let's Call The Whole Thing Off). A slightly slicker production job should pull them the necessary two inches in from the left field and boost them into the world of Tony Blackburn. I can just see them on roller skates falling about the set of TOTP. The best bubblegum band in years. Paul Howard



HONEY



TRAGIC VENUS

If you can stop picking your nose for a moment, I'm here to tell you about TRAGIC VENUS, whose demo tape got such a grilling recently by people who have since been put to the torch. They are Philip Pendleton, who uncorks a mean guitar and does "other things", Bette Davis, of the voice and insured legs and Paul Buck of the lyrics and filthy mind. The end result can only be described as breathtakingly unsettling.

With a track on the For Your Ears Only double on Third Mind Records and another to follow on Abstract Issue 7, they're there for the plucking.

BABY AMPHETAMINE

Once upon a time there were three little girls and they each had veery booring jobs. Sound familiar? Well, this is a regular Charlie's Angels tale of rags to riches. Or is it?

BABY AMPHETAMINE is the creation of self appointed alternative music guru Alan McGee. His supreme dream was to pluck three girls from the Virgin Megastore and turn them into Megabucks. With true McLarenesque flair he selected the girls, Jo, Jackie and Perule. He manufactured the song, the look and the publicity. The result is an excellent piece of plastic which makes Banarama sublime by comparison.

Dreaming, scheming, leaning towards the gentler side of imagery and tone, with a hidden supply of unreleased funk bombs, the stylish mixture of Bette's operatic fascination and Philip's eerier suggestions make a tantalising alternative to the roar of today. Pratinrja

Chernobyl Baby is irritatingly infectious and will probably make Mr McGee the Mr Moneybags he so obviously wishes to be. When asked, however, to provide us with the definitive comment to accompany the definitive pop song, Perule said, "Oh, God, I dunno. Just make it up. I honestly don't care. I can't give you a definitive comment 'cause none of us can agree on anything — except that Alan McGee is a wanker. Sorry, but this rags to riches thing is a joke 'cause we haven't seen any money yet and we're not likely to. We're still stapling bloody receipts to bags for 70 quid a week! But if there's any other wanker out there who wants to give us money to make a record he's welcome!" Any offers? Alex Kadis

SON OF SAM (Mk I): Psychopathic serial killer resident in USA, got his instructions direct from his neighbour's dog and specialised in cut-ups of courting lovers in cars — somewhat easier for the authorities to find than . . .

SON OF SAM (Mk II): "The name fairly accurately describes our cultural level"

A Leeds-based flavour of the month with crossover potential, specialising in cutting-up hot beats, getting their instruction directly from Sly & The Family Stone, George Clinton and black dance music in general.

After numerous false starts, and only by following an increasingly bizarre trail of 'phone numbers, I interrogated one of



SON OF SAM

the executors of l.k. bpm, their new single on Rouska.

Allegedly a 25 year old by the name of Chris Bishop met up with "Razor" Robbie 18 months earlier in a rehearsal studio, where he was mixing and producing various local bands including young hopefuls Age Of Chance, who doubtless fearing "Band Produced by NY Psychopath" headlines in the News Of The Scum neglected to include Chris' name in the credits on the 12 inch.

Avoiding the public gaze, "cos we weren't ready", they nonetheless slipped 12 inches called Golden Age Of Disco between the public's shoulder blades last year as well as trying to mingle inconspicuously on the Profane 9 Rouska sampler.

But now, people beware, Son Of Sam live work is in the offing; packing up their beat boxes, tapes and a guitarist they claim to have "found" in Holland. The new record is doing better than even their label boss hoped, it sold out of its first pressing in a fortnight, catching everybody on the hop. It's currently being repressed to meet heavy demand from Scandinavia, Central Europe and The States. But with all this interest are Son Of Sam due for the Duran treatment, feathered hair, make-up and 20 pounds of overweight? Chris denies it strenuously. Son Of Sam are happy being independent in Leed, and they've just been working on their new single Cain and an album, Rich And Famous.

Chris: "The title is a little preemptive though."

I hope not.

BLOODUNCLES

Wanna hear some noise? Wanna hear lyrics as sharp as pointed arrows? You do? Then you gotta hear **THE BLOODUNCLES**.

The Blooduncles blazed their trail from Edinburgh after the fires began to burn for this trio two years ago. A phoenix rising from the ashes of defunct local bands, parts of The Exploited were brought together through boredom.

They themselves aren't boring at all as you can discover for yourself with the release of their first single *Crash*, an out and out rocker for Virgin. Previously they surfaced with an EP of noxious stuff on their own label. Chasing it swiftly will be an album entitled *Libertine* which, according to the handy *Ug!* dictionary, means one who lives a wicked and immoral life — make of that what you will.

Despite claiming to be influenced by *Dangermouse*, *The Terminator* and Hellmans mayonnaise, The Blooduncles pull no punches.

"We're a bitter . . . very emotional band," explains Wee John, the singer. This is evident on *Beathag*, a track from the album.

"It's about someone I know who I'm not fond of. It's about anyone you don't particularly like." Andrew Bass

THE RAW HERBS

Hot on the heels of the American guitar revival and the likes of Green On Red and The Long Ryders, come London's finest, **THE RAW HERBS**. If you like your guitars to jangle, but not sound like loose change moving around your trouser pocket, then this band is for you.

The Raw Herbs are a fun loving foursome hailing from Leyton, Stratford and Walthamstow, with Stephen Archibald on bass, Derek Parker on geeetar and vocals, Brian Alexis on drums and Kevin Bache on geeetar and as band spokesperson. Formed just over a year ago the band have already gained a following in Manchester.

"We're really popular in Manchester for some reason. We get fan mail from there," claims Kev who has just got out of the bath to talk to *Ug*. This success came after appearances at the International and Broadwalk clubs in Manchester, no less, and if justice lives they'll soon extend their regional popularity.

But, as well as seeing them in the flesh, you can now catch The Raw Herbs on solid black vinyl with their new single *She's A Nurse*. But *She's Alright* out on Medium Cool through Red Rhino. The single is an excellent bouncy guitar workout displaying country rock influences but with a little more bite than the usual laidback fayre of their US cousins. Andrew Bass

Mike McCuster, singer of the **TIER GARDEN**, works as a plant draftsman at Vicars' Shipbuilding in Barrow-In-Furness. He was there, at his desk when I got through to him, after his tape had received the thumbs up from the Tip Sheet.

What are you doing working for a shipbuliding plant?

"There's nowhere else to work here in Barrow," the crackling line reveals. "All the band work here except for the keyboard player. It's not really through choice . . . we're building the new Trident submarine at the moment for the MOD . . ."

Isn't that a secret or something? Er, well, let's get onto the group and No Pasaran, which is Tier Garden's new single — a slogan lifted from The Nicaraguan Solidarity Campaign, translating as *They Shall Not Pass*, I'm informed.

"We're into South American rhythms and percussion and we try to make that come through on the song. As a band we're located somewhere left of centre, and the other two singles we've put out, *The Africaan* and *India*, we've already shown that."

So where are you heading?

"Well, we'd like to get into the Top 30, but at the moment we're just happy to put out another indie single. We're not interested in signing to a major who then want to try and change us into *Curiosity Killed The Cat*, we want to keep our character and develop it."

No Pasaran is impressive, fusing a thundering tom-tom beat with an annoyingly catchy vocal. Just the sort of thing to have every A&R man in the country dribbling and drooling I would have thought.

"Well, we've had about 15 of them out to see us so far, but no-one's come up with the right offer. We'll be doing dates in May, so there will be a chance for people around the UK to come and check us out, we're not content with just being *Big In Barrow-In-Furness*."

Further information from Michelle, 115 Salthouse Road, Barrow-In-Furness, Cumbria LA13 9TR. Julian Henry



4,000,000 TELEPHONES look like very serious fellows. Dressed in sombre-looking suits, with business-like expressions, they're in London for a series of meetings with record companies.

"The last single, *French Girls*, has sold well," says vocalist Richard. "For some reason it seems to be happening mostly in Europe where DJs and clubs have picked up on it."

So (obligatory young journ-type question) how did the band first get together?

"It started very loosely at first a couple of years ago with a main embryo of four of us in Lincoln. Since then we've become a six piece and it's become a full time job, though we still don't make a penny. In fact, this trip to London is a bit of a treat for us, we've been saving up to do it for a couple of weeks."

An LP of the Telephones' first recording sessions was released in 1985, though the band aren't too happy with it in retrospect.

"We'd rather no one bought it. We just rushed in and recorded it, so it sounds pretty tinny. It's a bit embarrassing listening to it now," blushes bassist Stewart. The new Telephones' idea is to re-record the album, though a new single entitled *Remember Me* is planned for the early summer. Then a trip to Europe has been pencilled in.

"They look after us there. You can get £600 a night and a decent hotel to stay in."

Now we're talking! Julian Henry

4,000,000 TELEPHONES



JASS



"A lot of groups are terrified of the technology in a 24 track studio. Not me, I can't bloody play anything," says Jason of tape wonders **JASS**. The Sheffield trio are all in fact drummers, who create a hypnotic beat flecked by choral backing harmony with a mesmerising mix of speech from radio and television interviews. The lyrical content is totally reprocessed from other media, a monstrously clever juxtapositioning of 'found' sounds. Jason: "The beauty of rhythm can only be explored up to a point by a guitar, bass, drum and key. There's a limited number of chord arrangements available. We bring in other musicians and instruments as needed, it's more flexible. Really, we're co-ordinators and arrangers."

And the vocals, or lack of them? "Lyrics are intrusive so we use tape dialogue. For example *Chest Compression* is a radio interview of two judges discussing media pornography. *Spirgyra* has Robert Maxwell ranting about Trade Unions cut with Tom Baker's documentary on psycho-active drugs.

"The idea isn't to borrow library speeches or sloganeer in the way of Malcolm X. Neither is it to opt for tokenism like BAD. Those examples are experimental technique diluted by commercial exploitation. We are creating something new from what is already familiar. People are fascinated by everyday *normal* experiences like TV and radio. When they're thrown back in a different context, it provokes thought."

The Jass 'live' performance consists of tape recorders, sequencers and drums. A live tape band! Ronnie Randall

NAMEDROP

sharp plastic



Blaenau Ffestiniog 3

Rheilffordd Ffestiniog
Llaethog



Rap 'n' scratching: Llwybr Llaethog

THE SOUND OF WALES IN

Anhrefn Records has "done" Welsh punk hip-hop scratch and Welsh rap and is moving further into the Celtic neverland. Pot Pocton (our very own Welsh speaking person) phones Rhys from Anhrefn to get the scam

THE ANHREFN CATALOGUE

Anhrefn 01	Yr Anhrefn Dim Heddwch	seven inch, thrashy green vinyl
Anhrefn 02	Cam o'r Tywyllwch	12 inch LP, Welsh punk/post punk compilation featuring Anhrefn, Cyrff, Datblygu, Eifyn Presli & Tynal Tywyll
Anhrefn 03	Y Cyrff Yr Haint	seven inch, Welsh Clash
Anhrefn 04	Gadael yr Ugeinfed Ganrif	12 inch LP, second Welsh compilation, same bands, better tunes and better production
Anhrefn 05	Tynal Tywyll EP	First EP from jangly popsters
Anhrefn 06	Anti Apartheid EP	Featuring three bands, four songs by Beirdd Coch (featuring Roy and Paul, brothers of Howard Jones) plus Plant Bach Ofnus (experimental) and Cathod Aur
Anhrefn 07	Tynal Tywyll 73 Heb Ffaires	seven inch, another jangly single from Tynal Tywyll
Anhrefn 08	Datblygu Hwgr Grawth Og	EP, legendary Welsh Fall types, massive Peel airplay, excellent reviews
Anhrefn 09	Llwybr Llaethog EP	Welsh Hip-Heavy/Dub-Hop, political hip hop, again massive airplay and good reviews

At this point **Anhrefn Records** becomes **Welsh Celtic And Worldwide**, a label and distribution service for a variety of cultures and languages not normally released or heard in the English dominated music scene.

Welsh Celtic & Worldwide releases

WC&W dist 01 **EIRIN PERYGLUS** seven inch single, Bronson (Ofn 03)
WC&W dist 02 **EV** mini LP Euro-rock, Breton and Finnish guitar band.

Forthcoming releases

Anhrefn LP, as yet untitled, probably through **Revolver** Label. A Cyrff seven inch, the next **Datblygu** release unless they sign to another indie, the **Hunt Saboteurs** LP with top indie bands, Chumbawamba, TV Smith, Three Johns, Anhrefn



Gilt-edged 'n' loud: Anhrefn

"I don't know what the f**k you were singing about, but you were angry!"

★ That's the sort of effect Anhrefn, four post punk bands from North Wales, have on people. How else can you react to stumbling across a band in a London club singing in Welsh?

★ But the band are just the tip of the iceberg. Together they've given the very insular Welsh music scene a kick up the arse by forming their own label, Anhrefn Records, and dragging their fellow musicians screaming into the big wide world.

★ "I see Anhrefn Records as a Welsh language label within the context of the whole world," explains Rhys Midyn, who with his brother Sion organises the label. "You see the Welsh rock scene considers itself to be on a totally different planet to everybody else, a completely separate entity. The Welsh media, BBC Wales, S4C and Welsh language newspapers cater only for Welsh music, never mentioning any English bands.

★ Everything else is considered an evil English influence."

★ Rhys and his mates didn't like that attitude. They felt Welsh rock had a place in the wider world. Back in '83/84 Rhys and Anhrefn found they were making enough money from gigs to put out a record or two. Through organising gigs and hiring PA's they knew most of the other Welsh bands doing the rounds and decided to put out a 12 inch four track sampler of like-minded bands. ("We all had a copy of the first Clash LP and Never Mind The Bollocks.") The 12 inch featured Anhrefn, Tynal Tywyll (jangly popsters), Datblygu (the Welsh Fall), Cyrff (Clash-ish) and the wonderfully named Eifyn Presli.

★ A distribution deal with **Revolver** and the **Cartel** followed and pretty soon John Peel and **The Tube** began giving the acts airtime.

★ "Our original intention was just to say to the world 'Welsh music exists'. We want to be part of the music scene in general and we're willing to go a long way to communicate. We print sleeve lyrics and gig posters in English, if we're playing outside Wales. We'll even introduce the songs in English. But one thing we won't compromise on is singing in Welsh."

★ A stance which has hindered the chances in the wider world?

★ "London Records and EMI have been up to see us play. But London bottled out when we said we wouldn't sing in English. 'You won't sell more than 10,000 records,' they said. We sell about 8,000 of every release on the label now so what's the point in signing?"

★ The fellow countrymen haven't exactly been encouraging either.

★ "The Welsh rock scene sees us as a threat," says Rhys. "We get more airplay on John Peel than we do on Welsh language radio. and when BBC Wales play one of the label's releases, they'll follow it with a silly,

mine us. It's so childish, especially when you consider that a lot of the English local radio stations, like **Radio Merseyside**, are quite happy to play our stuff and even take the time to 'phone us up and ask how to pronounce song titles."

★ I must admit I was stumped over the likes of **Hwgr Grawth Og** by **Datblygu**!

★ But, vinyl junkies, stand by for a shock. The ninth release on Anhrefn Records, a heavy dub hip hop EP from **Llwybr Llaethog**, featuring the cut up voice of Welsh language campaigner **Fred Francis**, is to be the last release on this historic label.

★ "Originally the label gave the bands the chance to appear on one record and then go off and set up their own labels. But that didn't happen, the bands stayed on to release more records. So we decided to kick everyone off the label for their own good. It's got to the stage where we've done all we can for them. Now, hopefully, we'll see lots more Welsh indie labels popping up. But more importantly I think a couple of the bands, like **Datblygu** and **Llwybr Llaethog** are ready to be signed up by one of the bigger independent labels and spread the Welsh rock culture further."

★ The end for Rhys and his brother Sion as svengalis of the record industry? No way **Dai**. Their next project is even more ambitious. They're now putting together a label called **Welsh, Celtic And Worldwide**. Already scheduled for lease are a single by **Eirin Peryglus** and a mini LP featuring a **Breton** Euro rock band and a **Finnish** guitar band. And the label's definitely planning to go where no A&R man has flashed an expense account before. A **Celtic** LP is planned featuring 12 bands singing in their native language, that'll include two **Cornish** acts — **Davyth Hicks**, who've already had a single out on **Factory** and hope to have future material produced by **Peter Hook** from **New Order**, and **Penelwendir** who are described as **JAMC** influenced. Sounds like a potent brew, especially with the promised **Basque** psychobilly band and a **Maori** choir waiting in the wings.

★ And Anhrefn the band, the catalyst that started all these shenanigans? Hopefully, they'll have a new album out soon as well as various other vinyl projects including a track on the **Hunt Saboteurs** compilation LP (along with the likes of **Chumbawamba**, **The Three Johns** and **TV Smith**), a split single with **Hoi Polloi** on the **Words of Warning** label, a track on **Time To Develop Records** in the USA and a contribution to the second **Artists For Animals** LP. It must be all that mountain air. ★ But all that activity *still* isn't enough for Rhys. He's still got one ace up his sleeve to help the passage of Welsh rock to a wider audience.

★ "I'm going to find some good English-speaking Welsh bands and put pressure on them to sing in their native language."

★ May the force be with you.

SLICKER THAN THE REST

After four independent singles and the excellent **Manic Pop Thrill LP** on Demon Records, **That Petrol Emotion** signed to Polydor Records in late 1986. The opening salvo from this new liaison was the insistent **Big Decision** single last month. The latest though is their new LP, **Babble**, which is set to create a new generation of raucous bustling pop fans, as it achieves a neat balancing act of catchy tunes and monster mixing. Of course, it helps a little if your band includes two ex-Undertones (the brothers O'Neill) and you are produced by **Roli Mosimann** (of Swans and Wiseblood fame). **Steve Mack** (vocals, Budweiser) and **Ciaran McLaughlin** (drums, Pils, Disprins and whisky) face the Alex Basteda barrage.

Roli Mosimann seems an odd choice for producer?

Ciaran "Well, we really like the work he has done with Swans and Wiseblood. He's opened up a lot of new, important areas in production techniques. We used to be a bit worried about big sounds, and sounding too mega, but since hearing bands such as Swans, and Foetus, we've realised it can work if you approach it in the right manner."

Steve "We've changed a lot since the first LP as well. The main influences on that were groups such as Buzzcocks, Velvets, Can, Beefheart, Television, Pere Ubu, Stooges, but this time around it's those groups again as well as Swans, Foetus, Young Gods, and dance music."

Ciaran "Especially dance music — that's why I hate this constant running battle between the indies and black music. Maybe it's just a press manufactured thing, but the fact is that some of the greatest music is made from the cross breeding of styles — Sly Stone, Hendrix, and now Prince . . . even Run DMC and Beastie Boys. Hybrids are the great thing, and rock music is a hybrid in itself."

That Petrol Emotion have always had a bite as strong as their bark. Their outspoken views riddle their songs, as they seem unafraid to speak out on the hypocrisy of religion, politics, sex, in fact all human life is here.

Steve "Music is such a powerful medium, and the way we've gone about things is to get people happy by writing positive, danceable songs. Having done that we can start talking to them through the lyrics and start changing their minds about certain opinions they may have. I think it's true to say in music that miserable people who think everything is terrible usually get ignored."

How about Morrissey?

Ciaran "I personally thank the Smiths have made some great records, but he has a lot to answer for. To base a whole career around being miserable, when there are so many positive things you can do, for me it's sick. And there are a lot of people still hung up on what he says . . ."

The shamblers?

Ciaran "John Peel called these groups 'the lemonade groups', and I think that's true because lemonade goes flat after five minutes."

Touché, and another great quote emerges from a pint of lager.

Steve "We've got nothing against those groups. If they can write a good song, fine. But there is so much hypocrisy involved with many of the indie groups. When you start a band, there's definitely an ego thing involved, you want some recognition for what you're doing, otherwise you'd just stay in your bedroom and practise. To anyone who says 'Oh I'm so shy, I don't really want to be up here on stage,' I say CRAP! They probably spend all day in front of their mirrors practising how to be so goddam coy, and pretending that they don't want to be signed to major labels. That's why I love Madonna so much. She just went out there and did it . . . and by writing her own songs, making her own videos . . . great!

What about other indies?

Ciaran "I really like Ron Johnson Records. I know it's trendy, but the groups on that label are aiming for a bit more than just recycling Smiths' records. Among others, they had Stump, who I think are one of the best groups in Britain. I have a lot of faith in them. Apart from that, I like Young Gods, Wiseblood, and I also really like a group called Yargo, who are from Manchester. They're really soulful, which puts them at an immediate disadvantage in the indie market. But really, there's so much recycled rubbish around."

Steve "I agree. Some of the biker bands are great for a night out, but the proof is in the vinyl. I can't see how they'll get away with just re-using Stooges' riffs on an album. Still, The Cult have done it . . ."

So there you have it. That Petrol Emotion — serious young men with a mission — and an alcohol prob? But, by taking a radical dance stance, now with major backing, theirs should not be a mission impossible (geddit?).



CATCH THEM IF YOU CAN

Here they come again, umm, um, ah, er, well . . . Welcome to the world of wracked roll! The Grizzelders, a unisex quintet emerging from a smokey garage with a cough, splutter and a kechangg. Snakey G gets the story, Ronnie Randall says, 'Cheese'



In *Quiphola* recently The Grizzelders were tagged as the best new band I'd seen this year so far. A month or two on and no one has topped them from that position. The music this three girl two guy combo play is based on mid '60s US

garage sounds, but I figure they must be playing all their own songs as I can't recognise any of them (though I stand to be corrected on that point). To run though the line up briefly: on vocals and maracas there's lovely Scottish lassie Leslie. Now, this raunchy raw voiced gal sounds slightly reminiscent of, but at the same time puts to shame, the likes of Maggie Bell and Janis Joplin — a mau-mau mama to be sure. Brummie bassist Ivor looks like an un-bleached Brian Jones circa '64, yet his bass sound is in the mould of ex-Mindwarper Cobalt Stargazer and Motorhead's Lemmy. Over on guitars we have Londoners Liam and the Amazonian Claudia Pinto. These two rarely move, unlike the foul mouthed Cockney sticks woman equivalent of Animal from the Muppets. Conversely young Angie, once known as Strawberry Tart, has the attraction of good looks in-

The *Guana Batz* suffered a small misfortune the day before they were due to record a live LP at Klub Foot, sticksman *Dibble* got a kicking from a flange of *Trevors*. The poor fella had to stop a smashed glass from hitting his face and copped a load of stitches in his hand, rendering it temporarily unusable. *Steve Meadham* was drafted in to save the day, but obviously, without any rehearsal, the recordings were commercially useless. Another date was organised, supporting veteran punk rockers *999* and the group played under the moniker of *Pip & The Pit Bulls*. Now you'd think their fans would suss who it was from that, wouldn't you? But just 12 punters turned up for them — there were 1,600 at the other show. The album is due out on I.D. at the end of May.

Restless have just issued their finest record to date on ABC. It's a 4 track 12 inch featur-

ing a re-recording of *Ice Cold* (title track), and a new landmark in their recording career is the eerie *Stranger* on the flip. They've spent May promoting it live around the country, following a French tour.

The launch party for the *Ug & The Cavemen* album was a huge success. The capacity crowd at the Sir George Robey, Finsbury Park, were treated to the leopard skin loin clothed combo (complete with caged go-go dancer) putting across a groovy set with a backdrop of acid light show and slides. Celebs in attendance included representatives from *The Cannibals*, *Sting-rays*, *Bugs*, *Purple Things*, *Grizzelders* and *X-Men*, *Nigel Lewis*, Northern Soul dj *Harboro Horace* and assorted record label A&R men.

When *Howlin' Wilf & The Vee Jays* played Belgium recently, occasional pianist *Slim*

instead of the matted beard. All in all, a good looking shower with a collectively varied mode of dress.

With nearly 20 gigs under their belt, and having been taken under the wing of *The Purple Things*, their future

looks reasonably rosy as their reputation grows. *Imaginary* and *Media Burn* have both approached them in relation to recording on a one off basis, and the group themselves are eager to get a mini album on the market.

CARDBOARD BOX: [O] Which band did Eugene Chadbourne used to be in?

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CHAPTER 22 RECORDS

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Ron Johnson, the Howard Hughes of pop, is an enigma. His records make strange noises. John Lewis attempts to single out the man.

STATION

WILL THE REAL

1 Ron Johnson has been invited to go to New York to address a "New Music Seminar" in the near future. It is unlikely that he will go. He will probably send Dave Parsons. Which is nice for Dave, to be sent to the Big Apple to represent Ron. Will he have to make the speech?

2 "No, it will probably be on tape. I just have to turn the tape machine on."

3 Sounds exciting.

4 He's going to address the multitude on the whys and wherefores of independent music and specifically Ron."

5 The reason that Dave thinks he will be sent on this mission is that Ron is "a very private man". I wasn't able to meet him and he has done no interviews. Dave says he has one long phone call a month from Ron who will spell out the strategy for the month and Dave will enact it, liaising with Nine Mile (the distributors) and the likes of Underground.

Theirs is a strange association which started when Dave was Splat!'s singer.

6 Splat! were Ron's first signing. He essentially made it possible for them to release their own records. They did the work, Ron provided the instructions, finance and of course, the name. The basis has not changed. Ron still gives the instructions and Dave still carries them out.

John Peel said of Ron Johnson that it was the most unpromising name for a record company that he had ever heard. But many John Peel shows have at least a little Johnsonalia, and it would appear that Ron is undoubtedly a visionary.

7 Some time later, after releases by Big Flame, The Ex, A Witness and more, Dave still speaks of his leader with a mixture of reverence and distaste, and issues press releases like; "This is another pile of crap from Ron."

8 Is this any way to run a record label? Obviously, it is.

Reggae music has always been a law unto itself and a popular act will rarely be content in releasing just one new record at a time where two or even several might equally serve. It would appear that Frankie Paul has usurped Sugar Minott as the music's most prolific recording artist. In addition to a clutch of new pre-releases up from Jamaica this month — including titles such as *We A Di Best* (Redman Int), *I'm Missing You* (Ujams), *Warning* (Vena) and his own comment on the pre-natal condition of Sharon with *No Tek It Weh for Black Scorpio* — he also has three new discomixes out on the streets here: a song produced by Trevor Davis called *I Am Your Lover* (Fingers TD007) and two for Jammys, *Cover Your Mouth* (Live & Love LLD39) and *Cool now King Jammy's* (Live & Love LLD40). Also busy this month are the *Wailing Souls* vocal group who have a brisk selling pre in *Diamond And Pearls* (Power House) and a couple of discos on UK release: for *Delroy Wright*, *Full Moon* (Live & Learn LLD102) and for the ubiquitous Jammys, *Dog Bit c/w Lonely Day* (Live & Love LLD42). While other new Jammys releases include *Chuck Turner* on the familiar theme of the *Run Around Girl* (Live & Love LLD43) and *Delroy Wilson*, *Stop Acting Strange c/w Don't Put The Blame On Me* (Live & Love LLD41). Over in London on a visit recently after a protracted absence was *Big Youth*, who now emerges with his own inimitable reworking of a *Bunny Wailer* exposition for *Trouble On The Road* (John Dread JDPD009), while *Bunny Wailer* himself also has a new title out in Jamaica on the Solomonic label in the dance-

hall manner entitled *'Haughty Tempo'* (BW025). One artist who is always consistently good is *Studio 1* stalwart and former *Clarendonians* singer *Freddie McGregor* and his first release for US based producer *Tad* crooning *Name And Number* (Tad's TRD26197) is no exception. Meanwhile, *Larry White*, the bassist with the *Studio 1* band which always accompanies *McGregor* on his tours, has his own debut vocal release out on the new *Lintanz* label with *Capture Me* (LT1). Other new releases include: *Dixie Peach*, *Get Up And Skank* (Y&D YDD0106); *Little Kirk*, *Screechy Across The Border* (Ruddy's RM001); *Ackie*, *Call Me Rambo* (Heavyweight HW003); *Dennis Brown*, *Fire c/w Son Of Jah*, *When She Love* (Natty Congo NCDM040); *Mickey Simpson*, *Don't Cry c/w Can't Conquer Ital* (Roots Operator ROR001); *Barry Biggs* adapting *If You Wanna Make Love c/w* a self-composed *Girl I Really Love You* (Revue REV044T); *Rula Brown* reworking *Billy Stewart's I Do Love You c/w Life Without You* (Revue REV043T); and from UK based roots acts *Black Roots* serenading a version of the *Suzy Wong* song made famous in reggae by the late *Jacob Miller c/w Pin In The Ocean* (Nubian NRT04); new *West London* sextet *Wisdom* with *Prisoner* (Wisdom WMB001); and a lament for the '60s from *Spartacus R* on *Woza Malcolm* (*Have They All Become Americans*) c/w *Jamahiriya* (*Africa Will Be Free*) (Zara ZMRD7). EVELYN COURT

Hail the new pretender: Frankie Paul, the usurper



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UG, GIFTED AND LOUD

93 UNDERGROUND

RON JOHNSON STAND UP, PLEASE!

"All the best songs are about coming to terms with death."

Cheerful Pete Astor of The Weather Prophets takes Martin Aston on a cultural journey through his record collection



simplicity. Someone like the passionate Tim Hardin (Tim Hardin 2, Verve 1967). A limited edition of the *She Comes From The Rain* 12 inch was backed by a Hardin cover, *You Upset The Grace Of Living When You Die*.

- "I really like the chord changes . . . it's a song I would have liked to have written. He's incredibly upfront, and not afraid to be embarrassing. I like that. . . There's a straightforwardness and honesty to Hardin that I think my songs have got. We try not to cloud the issue. He can get the feeling across in 20 words.
 - "It makes good copy having a manifesto, but music's all I feel qualified to talk about. What really changes your mind? It was something like The Velvet Underground that showed a different way in which life could be lived. I'm sure that liberates people much more than somebody saying 'hey, kids, don't do this!'"
 - Anyone who had a heart would probably go for Pete's next choice — The Band's *All La Glory*, from *Stage Fright* (Capitol, 1970).
 - "An incredibly sad song, one of my favourites ever. It just makes me want to weep. It's so schmaltzy but it's the real meaning of schmaltz, before it became a cliché. The organ here is a killer. So understated."
 - Nick Drake's *Black-Eyed Dog* and Van Morrison's *Slim Slow Slider* are equally enthused, and wept, over.
 - "That Van lyric (from Astral Weeks, Warner Bros, 1968) . . . "I know you're dying baby, and I know you know it too . . . "an absolute killer."
 - Self-expression and emotion are high on Pete's itinerary, but you sense he knows his voice wasn't meant for River Deep Mountain High. So The Weather Prophets stay low-key, even minimal.
 - Nick Cave's *Sad Waters* (from *Your Funeral, My Trial* on Mute, 1986) comes on. "I don't like the whole album but this is phenomenal. There's something very Australian about this which I like — he's being very honest here, singing in an Australian accent instead of that hammy Southern preacher accent. I don't like things with too much front, that's obvious."
 - Pete follows the sentiment with Tyrone Davis' *I Wish It Was Me* — "another beautiful, sad song. Very honest and straightforward
- Pete Astor's a bit reticent at first. There's been enough talk in print about The Weather Prophets alongside a continual guessing game of their influences he says with an audible bite, when I suggest he comes 'round and talks about the world, you know, and the records he fills the world up with. There are enough of these defensive interviews I tell him, so let's try and go beyond all that supercilious name-scraping and talk about the *real* key to Pete Astor's fundamental love of rock, his inspiration. Why shoot names when you can hear the music?
 - As for The Weather Prophets, their debut album *Mayflower* has just been released on Elevation. It's 12 songs deep in the underworld of Pete's isolation, they're careful, vivid and reflective, framed by the traditional sound of guitars. But it doesn't grab your hands and force you to jump in, rather, it asks you to stay awhile, begging the question, *can you still hear guitar-rock without having to jump into a boxing ring with it?* Those high-rise days with *The Loft* seem a long time ago.
 - The first record then; gosh, it's a bootleg!!
 - "One of the best functioning rock bands I've ever heard. Better than the Stones. Completely telepathic."
 - It's Bob Dylan with The Band from that groundbreaking British tour of 1966 when the acoustic troubadour dug up *Electric Gold*. "*Judas*!" cried the folk fan.
 - "It sounds like they're improvising all the time," this fan continues, "blowing all over the place, playing as much as they can without getting in each other's way. They're *organic*. The version of *Like A Rolling Stone* is so *proud*. It's what The Age Of Chance are trying to do when they clench their fists, but don't."
 - The beauty of many pre-punk expressionists was their very naked

soul with a brilliant hook. It's all there."

- But so many of Pete's choices are so sad, mournful, melancholic, *intense*. *Mayflower* is so much more restrained and reserved. On purpose, then?
- "There is a real intensity there but it's held back. That's just the way I am. It doesn't hit you between the eyes but *Naked As The Day . . .* and *Sleep* are intense songs. There's an Englishness to what we do, which is that some of the emotions are less obviously open."
- He puts on Syd Barrett's *The Madcap Laughs* (Harvest, 1969) and then *Surf's Up* from The Beach Boys.
- "There is another side to what I really like, which is the mundanity and obliqueness and almost the innate boredom in music like Syd Barrett, which is another side to the way I see the world. There's another level to the album which is on a middle-ground. When you express yourself, you've got to be true to life as it is, or perceive it, so you have to have all those bits in between. I've always been a bit dubious about all that death-and-destruction, chest-beating thing. You can't walk around all the time with a palm to your brow."
- *Can you, Morrissey?*
- "I love The Beach Boys. *Till I Die* is so withered and small — it's the difficulty in actually expressing the emotion. People who are very careful about what they dare to say are often incredibly powerful in what they actually do dare to say."
- Pausing for Neil Young's *Rust Never Sleeps* (Reprise, 1979) and Kate and Anna McGarrigle's *Heart Like A Wheel* (Warners, 1976), Pete moves on from what he calls "listening music" to "party music", choosing Otis Rush (*Groaning The Blues* on Blue Sky, 1981) and his "totally funky, happy music. The guitar playing is just so proud, makes you glad to be alive."
- Which can be said for Al Green (*Living For You* on Hi 1973) as well..
- "Al manages to be very funky and carthartic and danceable and yet totally introvert at the same time. The Hi label band here is again staggering."
- Proving that the white man can cut that groove, Pete points to the "funkiness and freewheelingness" of Lowell George and Little Feat's *Dixie Chicken* (Warners, 1973). But put back to back with Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew* (Columbia, 1968), well . . . "this used to be our intro tape, until we lost it! It's the evildest music, the devil's music, the heaviest, thickest



et music. There is so much there — it's so dense and layered. It's *power* music. Total musicianship."

■ Which naturally leads Pete on to Hendrix and Red House (from Hendrix in the West on Polydor, 1969).

■ "Just a brilliant musician, on a par with Coltrane and Miles Davis. Totally magical guitar-playing. The touch here is staggering. That's one thing I like about a guitar is that it's touch sensitive. Hendrix had that perfect touch. This music is completely visceral."

■ But The Weather Prophets know their heritage and their strengths. They can't impersonate Hendrix or Miles, but they can be a great pop/rock band.

■ "That's our culture. We grew up with 4/4, white rock music. It's what we're good at."

■ True to form, Pete's favourite guitar solo comes from this hunting ground — Iggy And The Stooges's *Shake Appeal* (from *Raw Power* on CBS, 1972).

■ "It's all *impact*. The album is just a formulative teenage influence — when you come home from school and you're frustrated, something like this is just what you want to hear. It's great punk rock, basically. Nothing has ever surpassed it, not even The Sex Pistols or The Clash."

■ Pete admits he's deliberately chosen to bring pre-punk records along — "I could have brought Television's *Marquee Moon* Elektra, 1977; or some of Tom Verlaine's solo stuff," he says, having praised the group's virtuoso qualities. It's an indication of Pete's reverential attitude. No, punk was an energy, but not a musical language Pete could use. Instead he thinks more of songs like Leonard Cohen's *Passing Through* (Live Songs, CBS, 1972) or Randy Newman's *Rolling* (Good Old Boys, on Warners, 1972).

■ "All the best songs are about coming to terms with death." It's music that Pete can almost pray to. The soul-searchers. I know what he means.

■ "Yes, those melancholic, *downbeat* songs, as you say, are my favourites. That's something I'd be interested in on our next album. I think it'll be a lot heavier. It wasn't by design that this record was light. The album has got a lot of depth to it but in terms of colour, it's green, not black. There's not a lot of death in it but there's definitely a death album we can make."



M

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Mastermix commiserations to the unluckiest man in hip-hop, Spin-off's **Rickie Rich** following his trashing and subsequent two week hospitalisation after a south London house party. **The Grandmaster** has been unable to complete his **Gwen McRobb/Feelin' Jah** cut-up because of chicken pox and his home label have just sold their House Hustlers track to Cool Tempo. Chrysalis in the meantime have got their hands on the next great white hope, the singer from **Stone Free**, whose Can't Say 'Bye is out on Ensign.

Champion have an interesting scratch mix of **Rob King's** Jungle Fever called Scratch Fever featuring Shem from **Hardrock Soul** **Movaball** who have Elaweaser Just a Skeezer out on Serious. Both Champion and Serious have compilations out this month. Ultimate Trax 3 features a battle of the DJs between **Streetsahead** and **CJ Markintosh** while over at the Virgin camp weird record of the month award goes to **Warren Zevon** and **George Clinton** for their collaborative track off Warren's new album. Ten Records have licensed The Jack That House Built by **Jack And Chill** and are releasing **Mantronix's** Scream.

On import at the moment **Emanon** the baby beat box, has Susie out. Produced by **Islam Bambara** it's on Pow Wow. Good to see **The Fezzless Four** back on form with the flip of their new 12 You Can't Rock Us, and the new **Stetsasonic** single is *numero uno* in the States with Go Stetsa from the LP On Fire.

Last month (or was it the month before) I neglected to mention **King Sun D. Moet's** Hey Love (based on Moments In Love) on Zakia, well now you can avoid paying a fiver for it as Rhythm King have licensed it. Also from RK there's a six track **Schoolly D** EP called Dedication To All B-Boys, and a new **J&B Traxx** tune which I haven't yet heard but which should be worth buying if it's anything like last summer's release on Dance Mania (unless it's the same track of course), have to wait and see. **The Cookie Crew** are the beneficiaries of Rhythm King's enlightened signing policy with Rock The House, see this column two months back.

Fourth And Broadway save you money as they release the new **Eric B** record here soon. They also have a *legal* mix of the **CJ** scratch Boops.

The bizarre state of the New York club scene is reflected in the current reviews and charts of *Rockpool*. Strange to see the likes of **Slab!** and **Son Of Sam** alongside **Shells E** as these English bands bludgeon their way into the U.S. dance scene. I wonder how long it will be before one of them crosses the great divide between anorak-clad student and Kangol hatted homeboy over here. Finally, **Lard Aa, The Slab MC** has his first UK release, The Slab MC b/w Lard out on a label dear to my heart, Spacematic, but you'll have to make up your own minds about this one.

FEELING NASTY!



Nasty Rox Inc transcend the realms of something or other and develop a high-grade ice fetish (are you sure about this? •••)

What do you say about a band whose first gig was in a church hall in Southwark and whose next was in The Royal Albert Hall? Hype? Lucky? Nasty Rox Inc say "neither."

■ "We're shit-hot," is the reason they give and a lot of people seem to agree with them.

■ The band are: Dan Fox - Vocals, John Woodall - Guitar, Ian Roberts - Drums and Mark Townsend on Bass. They also feature the ubiquitous Nelloe from The Wild Bunch on turntables.

■ So what is it like to play The Albert Hall as your second gig?

■ John: "We were OK but the event was terrible, it was for the Salmoff Fashion Awards, and there was too much for them to try and cram in."

■ Don: "It was all faintly ridiculous with the clouds of dry-ice and everything."

■ Not the most obvious setting for Nasty Rox Inc's noisy collision of

rock, go-go and hip-hop, but new boys can't be choosers.

■ Don: "Basically, it's what a lot of people seem to be talking about at the moment, but apart from Run DMC and the Beasties no-one seems to be doing much about it. Except with us it has a particularly English feel to it."

■ Ian: "The go-go thing is particularly important, we do use live drums and percussion and it gives us a more powerful sound, it really makes the thing groove."

■ "We also have Nelloe who adds a whole new dimension, the scratching isn't obvious because it is so well done, what he does is really hard, to drop break beats into a live set and to make it sound as good as a tape, I think he's as good as anyone from New York."

■ But what about a first release? There were some very guarded umms and arrs; instead of the usual "We've got ten majors who are fighting over us," spiel, I got a "We might be doing something soonish," with a shrug and a grin.

■ Judging from their confidence and their sound, I'd say "soonish" might well be sooner than Nasty Rox Inc are letting on.

PAUL HOWARD

Nitzer Ebb

make music to clench your fist at. It's a churning, all consuming sound that's breaking from the middle distance. Ronnie Randall takes it in and spits out a torrent of prose

Strong, hard, fast, furious, methodical, harsh, cold, calculated, violent, regimented, militaristic. In a word *Germanic*. Speedy Euro dance music for the delirious disco age.

Guns, fire, muscle and hate — manly, mechanised and murderous. If one word was needed to sum up Nitzer it would be *strength*.

The trio resemble renegades from the panzer corps, while the music, imagery and performance shout "Uber Alles". But why? What theory lies behind this muscular facade? "The image goes hand in hand with the sound — clinical, clean cut, some say militaristic."

Are you for militarism?

"Completely, no (?). Join In The Chant for instance is an anti-church message. Throughout history religion has been responsible for war and conflict. Look at Lebanon and Northern Ireland". Look at Hitler, Stalin, Franco...

"We employ slogans. Force Is Machine refers to cults using converts as a machine, a pow-

er, a force to boost their leader's ego and influence on society. Nitzer preach self belief, the right to control your own destiny. Arrogance and individuality is the thrust of our message. Don't inflate others' egos, jack up your own."

Dire Straits have more disciples than the Mormons, Curiosity Killed The Cat are a God-like plague to a certain sick section of society. Isn't striving for pop/rock stardom a religious calling? You create a hypnotic, methodical, machine-generated sound yet preach individuality, humanity even. Isn't that indoctrination too?

"Politics, be they party or religious, exploit us, we choose to exploit them in return. We bastardise to suit ourselves." You arrogant bastardisers. Why do you appeal more to Europeans? "Everyone is so goddam serious over here. The attitude is that you needed to be f**** up, sleazy and on a downer to like rock. You must deny enthusiasm, drive, ambition or any positive attitudes. London is constipated by trends. You have to find out if an event is 'hip' before you dare turn up. It's a pity that Europe looks to England for its youth, music and fashion culture. It has bred a stifling arrogance in our attitude to anything from outside. People with *life* see what we're about — in Spain it's never loud or fast enough. They



dance till they drop, they totally lose control, it's instinctive."

So are you unhappy here?

"It's not the healthiest of environments. A country bound by tradition, divided by class and money. Even in music, it's just not 'cred' to come from the Home Counties, so we're ignored. It's a form of media racism."

You taunt, tease and provoke a hostile reaction with your imagery. Surely you are victims of your own creation.

"Our method is sarcastic, it's easy to see. Almost all our early influences were German — Malaria, DAF, De Krupps. We saw them as a new dance direction in the early '80s. It had punk, it had funk, but it

petered out. Now the evolved sound is spread throughout the continent with the likes of Front 242, Neon Judgement and The New Gods. In Britain the dancefloor has slowed down to a canter with the advent of funk.

"The other day some Radio One dork said Donna Summer's I Feel Love was *too fast* to dance to. Which sums up the state of things and the mentality we're up against. The reaction to our Murderous single was 'Too mainstream for the so-called alternative clubs and too alternative for the mainstream ones. We were, er, very, er, impressed with that reaction, but it won't stop us, we aim to kick apathy off the dancefloor.'"

people in the charts particularly Spandau Ballet who you believe disguise nasty pop records as soul music to exploit and rot the brains of teenagers."

"Say that you find everything about the Top 40 makes you more violently sick than *Eastenders* (although you wouldn't mind your record being in there so don't be too controversial)."

"Say you really like Prince and Owen Paul although you think Simple Minds, Big Country and most other Scots bands are shite."

"Say that you can't play your instrument for toffee but you're a bit of a whizz with a tennis racket."

"Say that you want to be a potent anti-biotic and kill all the poison in the world (particularly Radio One DJs except Jimmy Saville)."

"Say that you once did the music for a McEwan's lager ad and weren't paid and you intend to do the same for the next Coca Cola ad."

"Say that your name is Davey Henderson, you love Cliff Barnes, *Neighbours* and your single Super Popoid Groove."

TEN WAYS TO WIN WITH WIN!



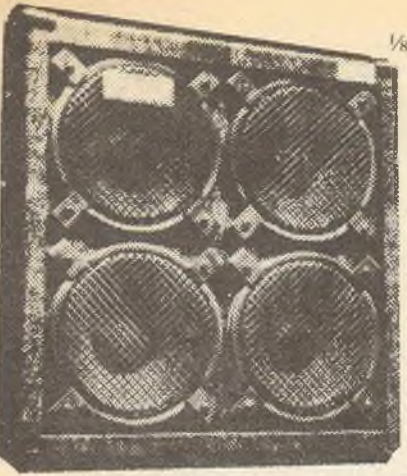
Ro Newton gets the full score on the other Dave Henderson

"Say that you were once in an utterly brilliant band called The Fire Engines and you write "groovy", "poppy" songs."

"Say you're into advertising jingles (crafty gimmick) in a big way and you go 'round the house singing I'd Like To Teach The World to Sing and I Could Do With A 'D'."

"Say that you've grown up having your botty powdered to the lilting melody of "hands that do dishes..."."

"Say horrible things about



V. loud

Death Angel is the name, mega-trash is the game. The Ultra-Violence is the debut LP from this LA based five-piece, and all I can say is it's totally awesome (not a word that passes these lips often). Death Angel, whose oldest member is 19 and youngest 14, can only tour during the school holidays so get this cranium-crunching record now and go mad. Out now on the MFN label, Under One Flag.

Out on Blast First now is a live recording of Head Of David's wrecking of the ICA rock week (party poopers) and a more uncomfortable noise you could not

hope to find... Stupids' album Van Stupid makes a valuable point for British hardcore, and will battle it out with Join The Army from LA's Suicidal Tendencies who visit the UK in June. The skate war starts here.

Rasta-rockers Bad Brains blew London's Clarendon apart last week with shit-hot Jah-orientated mayhem, while most horribly brilliant record of the month goes to Bathory, whose new album Under The Sign Of The Black Mark is basically 45 minutes of evil chaos all in the name of Satan (also on Under One Flag).

Much overlooked is the Phoenix album from Brit band Instigators, a Dead Kennedys type barrage that has been out for a few months. Germany's top speed-metal exponents Helloween have just released their LP Keeper Of The Seven Keys after storming the Hammersmith Odeon, and if you missed Slayer there recently Whiplash pities you.

Through the post comes an entertaining rehearsal tape from The Parasites, "a hot-shit, ass-kicking five piece". I await the vinyl with baited breath.

Some of Britain's favourite noise-makers, including some Gaye Bykers, some Janitors, and some Bomb Party types have got together to "re-work" the old Motown classic Psychedelic

SO WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT SLAYER?

They're the equivalent of a nasty motorway accident, claims cub reporter Andrew Bass as he extracts a few mouthfuls of venom from guitarist Kerry King. Brutal riffs played at death-defying speed, drums that resemble a thunderstorm and a ferocious vocal delivery that packs a punch strong enough to KO Tyson and co. But with such a violent reputation, Slayer can hardly be surprised at the reaction they've got from the moral minority and, subsequently, the problems they've had in securing a UK release for their Rick Rubin-produced Reign In Blood album. "People are always trying to blame us for creating hoodlums and thugs," opines Kerry, "but I think the live show is really healthy. We get a lot of really violent people at our shows but we give them a chance to take their violence out without hurting anyone." • And the satanic images? "That's just a topic to write about. Most people are scared to write about it but we're not. What we write are just stories, like horror movies." • So what about playing with The Beastie Boys? How did that come about? • "I just did one lead for them because their album was being produced by Rick Rubin too. That was on No Sleep Till Brooklyn, I wouldn't want anyone thinking I did the one on Fight For Your Right. That's pretty lame." • And the future for Slayer? What burnt offerings can we expect? • "If we can get away with something then we'll go ahead and do it." • Right. Er, that kinda says it all, I suppose.

Shack, while another German terrorist outfit, Kreator release the LP After The Attack on groovy picture disc.

Both Metallica and Anthrax are confirmed for the Donington festival in August, appearing before OAP act Dio... has he no sense?

Until next time I'll leave you with Death Angel. All together now... Thrashers! Thrashers! Thrashers!... love, Whiplash

The Scene (1)

Ladbroke Grove, West London. I meet The Stupids, England's freshest hardcore band, in Slam City Skates beneath the Rough Trade shop. Minor Threat is on the video and a colour-blind Mexican on acid has his board designs all over the walls. We head for a cafe. Tommy Stupid and Eddy Shred half-walk, half-skate. I use my legs. What a square!

We get turfed out for not ordering food with our drinks, and so we spill onto the pavement whereby Tommy and Ed dig out the Philadelphia Cheese and Mighty White Bread and proceed to eat lunch, using skates as plates. Fresh!

An admirable economy drive then, saving their money for the next opus?

"No, this is what we like to eat!" cracks Ed, sometime bassist and live vocalist.

"How many places can you go that serve Philly Cheese sandwiches and Chocolate Milk?" asks Tommy, drums/vinyl vocalist, vinyl rhythm guitarist and sometime bassist. A boy wonder in a backwards-flipped baseball cap, garnished with a McDonalds badge. A burger fetish too?

"McDonalds is a killer! It's the only place in England where they serve root beer!"

The Scene (2)

Ipswich. An ad is placed by Wolfie Retard, now in Perfect Daze, in Punk Lives magazine to form a band. He cites The Ramones, Millions Of Dead Cops and Blondie as inspirations. Tommy and guitarist Marty Tuff answer. They form The Stupids. Violent Nun is now a highly sought after debut? (give me a copy, Tommy!) while Peruvian Vacation and Retard Picnic are brutal, brilliant melodic hardcore albums that belie The Stupids' teenage years and reflect their infatuation with all things culturally American; the root beer, the Twinkies, Skateboarding — rad, shred, thrash, skate and destroy! — and the music.

"It was more exciting than the boring English drivel like Conflict or Icons Of Filth," Tommy reckons. And the difference? "Humour, energy, just really well played, and fast"

"And especially not depressive, which is the main thing," adds Eddy.

The Scene (3)

America in the mid-seventies. Skateboard fever bites into youth culture before rapidly going underground. Skate parks become the new concrete wastelands of the eighties. But the sport is back at roots level again, it's attitude and stance a mix of punk aggression and surfer/biker iconography; snakes, skulls, tattoos, earrings predominate. Not all skaters are hardcorists but it's the dominant shredding form. Bad Brains are currently tops but Tommy also rates Luder Christ, Squirrel Bait (now split up), Moving Targets and Social Unrest. Hardcore and skating; thrashing twins, tough and independent. Tommy: "Skating is something to aim for without getting competitive."

Ed: "You get some people, people like nobodies, really freako people, and though they're completely hopeless, they go skating and get into it. There are so many dangerous things you can do, you can really frighten yourself up. And they keep trying. It's really positive. You start rolling down the street and you feel great. It's pure adrenalin and energy." Something to aim for, Tommy?

"Yeah, to make a trick. It's like a personal ratification, to pull off a trick. It's not for anyone else, it's for yourself. You feel accomplished even though you're a bunch of spotty, talentless Adidas-wearing teenagers."

I sense a communal comradeship here. "Definitely. You can turn up to a skate palace and people who would otherwise be exceptionally boring, you can talk to. You're unified into one way of thinking."

The Scene (4)

America again. It's 1986 and the Stupids are so welcomed by the 'core skateboard fraternity that Skate-bible Thrasher puts them on Skateboard Rock Volume Five. The Stupids return this summer for six more weeks touring. Goodbye Ipswich, Hello Van Stupid, the new mini-album on new label Vinyl Solution. Apart from one (very boring) lampoon of The Beastie Boys (called Stoopie Boys), the other six are more snorting speedballs of hardcore pop: more teen angst, teen fantasy, cartoon savagery and real Dull-Town protest delirium. "We wear Clark's Commandos/You can buy our gear fresh from Doctor Barnardos!"

The Stupids think the new record is mixed badly, that it isn't powerful enough. "But people will think it is because they haven't had any Bleu+Xch music in their lives. They've been listening to Stump all the time." Instead, listen to Eddy's own hardcore band, Bad Dress Sense, or Frankfurter, with Eddy and Tommy on guitars, or Schnozza, with... I can't remember who with. English pop thrashed supreme in '87.

The Scene (5)

Are you there?

Martin Aston gets Stupid



CARDBOARD BOX: [OTB] What are Red Lorry Yellow Lorry called now?

Flesh For Lulu trample the graves of the last fab four. Jerry Smith gets their autographs

The Fab Four, Nick Marsh, Rocco, Kevin Mills and James Mitchell, collectively known as Flesh For Lulu, are currently putting the final touches to their latest, and by all accounts greatest, long player in the world renowned Abbey Road studios. Already on the lips of the youth of the nation is the burning question of their latest 45 and just why or how you do the Siamese Twist? It's just the sort of thing to spark a revolution or just as easily a dance craze to sweep the nation!

Back to reality, and the shabby edifice that is EMI's showcase London studio, Abbey Road is now a mere attraction for lost hordes of Japanese tourists, but for the moment the Beatles posters have been obliterated by the more enlightening Lulu graffiti. Working on their new LP, provisionally titled Long Live The New Flesh, with famed producer Mike 'George Martin' Hedges at the controls, they have captured that rare essence of swaggering, pure sex and rock 'n' roll in its most classic form. Their maverick noise has been harnessed with the driving power of rivetting new material.

As drumming philosopher James Mitchell points out; "it signals the rebirth of the new Flesh sound with a greater versatility and a wide range of material. There's even a slow soulful number! Mike has really captured our true spirit. He's not scared to try anything and has really brought out the ultimate Flesh For Lulu sound."

Thoughts of that other Fab Four at Shea Stadium flit through the mind as the news that their I Go Crazy track from the new John Hughes brat pack movie, *Some Kind Of Wonderful*, is out as a single and making its presence felt Stateside while the soundtrack album that it is featured on, along with The Jesus And Mary Chain, Pete Shelley and Furniture, is making a useful dent in the charts. Quote of the month from demon guitarist, Rocco: "God, Furniture are rank. They should be left out in the rain with their drawers open!"

5 Flesh 4 Lulu current London sayings:

- 1 Firm Handed _____
- 2 Right Old Grim _____
- 3 Humungous _____
- 4 Dodgements On The Firm _____
- 5 Brown Bottle aka Binky Baker _____

In fact the encouragement from the States is only rivalled by the level of apathy over here. They are certainly not press darlings and have much vitriol for "the bigoted press and their fashion victim bands as well as other parts of the business." In any other country you're treated like a human being but here it's like something out of Spinal Tap. Everywhere else they actually promote gigs but here they're too busy making sure they get the beer in!

Swop the Beatle suits and wigs for Harley Davidson T-shirts and leathers and Flesh For Lulu's first two videos could well be out-takes from *Help!*, bubbling over with effervescent style and pouting fun. But where the Beatles delivered plastic pop, Flesh For Lulu splutter with fizzing energy.

Dumb Beatle references aside it is time that the land of fad-ism, where speed metal and neo-hippies currently reign, discovered a band on its own doorstep that combines raw power and style with a panache that the Americans are already beginning to catch on to. As singing "Sex God" Nick Marsh remarks, "Forget the cerebral approach — just turn up them guitars!"

Rock 'n' Roll — Phew!



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A WITNESS

THE FIRST AFTER EPIPHANY

Distributed by Nine Mile and The Cartel

ZRON 21



annotated by Hoxton Leonid

First up, some very cheering news from Topic Records who are starting up a new label called Special Delivery. The first two releases are from cajun r'n'r experts **The Baiham Alligators** and the extraordinary acoustic duo **The Panic Brothers**. The Alligators are pleasant good-time pubbies but The Panics are really something else; perfect harmonies, perfect suits, haircuts you could cut diamonds with, and songs bursting with wit and life . . . more about them next issue . . .

Want some good news from America? Oregon-based garage band supremos **The Wipers** are definitely coming to this country in June, it'll be their first visit and you'd be a fool to miss them. Another American band who should be seen at all costs are **The Miracle Legion**. They've just signed to Rough Trade and an LP, tentatively called *Surprise, Surprise, Surprise*, will soon be out. Their debut, *The Backyard*, was one of last year's classics and no doubt you'll be hearing a lot more about them. New Jersey pop/beat outfit **The Smithereens** are definitely booked for Glastonbury this June and will also be playing a London date before that. Exciting? Oh yes indeedly!

That's enough about Americans for a while, let's have a look at a couple of Australian bands with new records . . . Guitar drillers **The Lime Spiders** have a single out called *Weirdo Libido* while The Wigs present their new single *Six O'clock Shuffle* on the Media Burn label. Is it so very odd that so many of the new bands have names that seem to come straight from the Pebbles and Nuggets albums? Certainly they are very influenced by the likes of **The Count Five** and **The Elastik Band!**

Bam Caruso time again, and once more they've got the best new releases and re-issues of the month. First on the Bam hit list has to be **Nick Haeffner's** *The Great Indoors*, a truly great album that could only be made by someone with real talent and a genuine understanding of music past, present and future. There's echoes of **Syd Barrett**, **The Byrds**, **Nick Drake**, **Wire** . . . the list is endless. In the end, though, it's all Nick Haeffner. Stand-out tracks are the single *Back In Time For Tea* and a heartbreaking evocation of childhood in *Don't Be Late* . . . Also new from Bam Caruso is the debut album from **Palace Of Light**, an intelligent mixture of REM-type rock and **Scott Walker**-ish ballads, and on the re-issue front, watch out for *Revenge Of The Quackenbush Brothers* by Michigan's very wonderful **SRC**, a terrifying blend of **Stooges** and **MC5** . . .

Regular readers may be wondering why I haven't mentioned **Robyn Hitchcock** so far, well this month I've decided not to, so don't bother even looking. By the way, anybody see him do his one man show at Ronnie Scott's? Oops . . . To make up for the lack of Robyn mentions, I'd just like to tell you a little about **Karl Blake**. I'm sure you're all familiar with **The Shock Headed Peter** but are you aware of **The Underneath**? Well, that's what Karl is up to at the moment. The Underneath have released their debut album on the ever enterprising EI label and if you thought the Peters were heavy . . .

Finally, I must point you in the direction of a rather wonderful compilation on Dionysus featuring some excellent '80s garage/psych, my favourite track being a version of *Heartbreak Hotel*, by **The Legendary Golden Vampires**, now there's a name to conjure with . . . talking of names to conjure with, how about **Bevis Frond**? There's been some flak flying 'round here over a less than praiseworthy review of his LP. Bevis says his LP is brill, **Ronnie Randall** says it's crap and never one to sit on the fence, could I just say, that I too think it's brill too. Controversy, don't you just love it?

Oh, Clam-aty! Hoxton Leonid doesn't know about psyche crazies Bachelor Pad yet, here's a pic of them, though



The Nomads are back

with fresh blood, a new album and a more developed sound. Mats Lundgren plugs in his maraccas and tambourine and asks Nick Vahlberg just how cool it is in Sweden



Hardware is the reborn door slam from The Nomads, the first sign of real life after their much praised *Outburst* debut. Now, almost three years later, their new album breaks out of the garage and presents a band matured and ready to fight for a broader audience.

"We've always objected to being labelled a garage band," explains singer/guitarist Nick Vahlberg, "because our influences are spread over three or four decades, not just the '60s. At the start we listened to American garage bands like Sonics and 13th Floor Elevators, but personally I'm more into the high quality rockabilly that was made in the '50s."

Nick is referring to songs like Del Shannon's *Move It On Over*, one-hit-wonder Tommy Bell's *Swamp Gal* and the Sun-artist Charlie Feathers who co-wrote *Jungle Fever*. The Nomads have covered all three on *Hardware*.

"There's a goldmine of music out there if you have the energy to dig away the pile of lousy country artists that conceals it."

One thing that really should wash away the '60s stench is the fact that *Hardware* has no over-riding Farfisa sound. The Nomads' story has always been told by loud trashy guitars, and Hans Östlund's lead is even more upfront now.

"I don't wanna depreciate Frank Minarik's organ on the new record, but his main input was the maraccas and tambourine — and those are really cool instruments. They're not characteristic of the '60s, they're more in the style of Jerome Green who played with Bo Diddley."

The Nomads have no comprehensive strategy. They were recently able to quit their daytime jobs and subsequently their main concern right now is to play enough to pay the rent. *Hardware* could well mean that they'll stay afloat until the fall and perhaps even get to realise their long planned American tour.

With their total sales just passing 30,000 copies, a huge response for a band on this level, The Nomads look set to generate a certain amount of mania.

"We are aware of our limitations. We can only reach a certain level the way we sound. And personally I'm quite happy to stay on the independent market. One and a half years ago we almost signed to a major company but I'm glad that it didn't happen. I'm convinced that The Nomads would have gone bust.

"Our real strength is the sound. if we ever tried to adjust our music just to get airplay we would probably lose our following. A major deal means you have to make compromises, and we're not interested in that."

When *Hardware* was released in Sweden in mid March it also became official that bass player Joakim Tärnström and drummer Ed Johnsson had left the band. Due to social commitments they weren't prepared to do the extensive European tour that was to follow. To fill in, the band recruited bassist Björn Fröberg (ex Warheads) and borrowed Jocke Eriksson from the local Red Checkers.

"I think it means that the live impact will be stronger. These two new guys are more technically skilled, which will make the sound even tighter. New blood is always a fuel injection, too."

At the time of this interview, the British music press hasn't reviewed the album. Any fears?

"Judging by the response to *Outburst* it's not that hard to guess what they'll write and it doesn't make me nervous. But of course it's important to us, especially since this time we wanna make it into the indie charts."

CLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

MALE, 17, into Smiths, Railway, Wedding etc, seeks friend (M/F) Romford area or a bit further. Box No 11 **U39**

BUCKS GUY wants mates who want to start skating, no hipsters, into various bands, Beasties, B.Flag, Slayer, Balaam etc. Must be fairly local. Box No 11 **U42**

MALE, 17, likes Indie pop. Seeks similar female. Simon, 25 Coach Road, Warton, Lancs, LA5 9PR **U26**

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introductions opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness. Write Jane Scott 3/UND North St Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex **U5**

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RECORDS FOR SALE

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HARD TO find shit: US hardcore & Hip-Hop imports, Punk, Psychobilly, TG/PTV, C93/NWW, Etc. New catalog SAE: Alans, 49 Market St, Wigan WN1 1JL (0942) 826598 **U38**

CULT CURE Sioux Dutch and German imports. Krystyna 47 Faraday Road, Rugby, Warks. **U43**

BASEMENT RECORDS for all independent label releases. Send SAE for our latest catalogue (**INDIE METAL** catalogue available upon request) to: 56 St Giles Street, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 1LW **U44**

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PORTSMOUTH, SATURDAY 30/5/87, Wesley Hall, Fratton Road, 12-4pm 50p (11am-£1) **U37**

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At long last the well overdue **Makin' Time** album, Time Trouble And Money, has finally surfaced. The third LP release from the Midlands rhythm 'n' soulsters, it's a live set recorded back in December '84 at their first headliner at London's 100 Club. The band split in December last year when drummer **Neil Clitheroe** joined **The Sandkings**. • Also back on the streets with a new live album are Rochester's **Thee Mighty Caesars**, who present their sixth album, titled **Live In Rome**, recorded at Claudius' Grotto in The Severn Hills Club, Rome while on their recent world tour. While on that subject, the busiest boy around at the moment must be Caesars' singer, **Billy Childish**, whose art exhibition is currently being shown at The Rochester Adult Education Centre, and who also has a ten inch blues wailing LP released on Empire next month, and watch this space for news of his forthcoming

book of poetry! • Probably the best LP from the mod revival is at last being made available again by Re-Elect The President. Originally released in the summer of '82, **The Beat Generation And The Angry Young Men** was a collection of unreleased singles, demos and studio out-takes from the likes of **The Merton Parkas** (who went on to supply **Mick Talbot** to **The Style Council**), **The Directions** (who graduated into **The Big Sound Authority**), **The Purple Hearts** (with **Paul Weller** guesting on piano and production), **Small Hours** and **Long Tail Shorty**. The sleeve is the original Well Suspect pop art effort, and only the catalogue number has been changed. • **Les Elite**, another of the vintage mod bands that appeared on that album, have some more of their archive material released through Unicorn this month. The East London four piece, (who included ex-**Reject**, **Upstart** and **Case** stixman **Derwent**) split way back in 1980, but apparently, the demand for their material is still so strong that they've put together a mini-LP called **Pathways**. • Walking through Soho last week I bumped into **Mick Pallum**, former vocalist with **The Hidden Charm**, who is now busking his way through life while he collects enough material

for a forthcoming acoustic LP. • **The Rapiers** have just finished a hard slog recording session with **Buddy Curtis' O.C. Smith**, the result of which will appear on an Ace long player next month. • A kick in the pants at the 'bearded, corduroy jacketed, red wine drinking' modern jazz devotees was unveiled this week in Radio London's **Mag On Jazz** fanzine, compiled by DJ **Giles Peterson** and his team from Tuesday's **Mad On Jazz** programme. The free, eight page first issue offers a hip light-hearted look at the current jazz scene. Just send an SAE to Giles at Radio London, 35a, Marylebone High St, London W1A 4LG. Well worth the price of a stamp. • Kent supremo **Harboro' Horace** stopped off at the office this week to drop off his latest top five faves and to pick the two winners out of the hat for last month's competition. The question he set was "Who was **Maxine Brown's** male duet partner?". Well that was simple, wasn't it?... **Chuck Jackson**, of course!... The first two correct answers were from **Jerry Allen** of Hewfield, Sussex, who chose Kent **Stop Dancing** as his Kent Album and from **Iona O'Rafferty** from Leamington Spa, who chose **Wack Wack** by **The Young Holt Trio**. Well done and thanks to everyone else who tried.

• **Horace** has been rather busy up at Kent mansions lately, there's three compilations scheduled for imminent release: **No, No, No, Not My Girl**, is a collection of northern stompers featuring half-a-dozen unreleased raves from the likes of **Tommy Hunt**, **The Platters** and **The Gentlemen Four**. • That's followed up by **Blues And Soul Power!** a sixteen track monster featuring gritty rhythm and blues and soul from The US Kent/Modern vaults (featuring the legendary **Johnny Otis Show**, and **Lowell Fullsom's Tramp**, from where the **Mohawks** ripped **The Champ**). Lastly, he's putting together an as yet untitled Chicago soul collection for release in the summer... No doubt of' Felix will offer the chance to win a few copies of them in future issues, but for this month's prize, we've got three copies of the new Blue Note compilation **Baptist Beat** to give away to the first three lucky winners. • As the LP (featuring some heavy Gospel/Soul/Jazz from the likes of **Jimmy Smith**, **Lou Donaldson** and **Hank Mobley**) was compiled by Giles Peterson, it's only fair that he should set the question: "Where did Jimmy Smith play when he last visited England?" Check it out and drop it in the mail to Underground/Jimmy Smith Comp.

BAD HEADS OF THE MONTH: The Bomb Party

45 UNDERGROUND

SO JUST WHO DID WIN LAST ISH'S COMPS?

THE DEAD KENNEDY'S live vid went to a mere ten happy souls who knew that Klaus Flouride plays bass, and had their fingertips to show us. They were **Guy Oddy** from Berkhamsted, **Myles Edwards** from Wrexham, **Julian** from Leeds, **K A Beer** from Ilkeston, **P Armstrong** from Manchester, **Glyn Evans** from Kidderminster, **John** from St Helens, **IR Jolley** from Lewes, **Conor McGorrvan** from Dublin and **Robert McKenzie** from Kettering.

LYDIA LUNCH'S comp asked where **Die Haut** are from, and the answer to that is West Germany. Sexy postcards flooded in and the winners of a Lyd t shirt and Hysterie comp are **Mark Woodley** from Thornton Heath, **Britt Hogan** from Stratford, **Jacqueline** from Port Talbot, **Steve Barber** from Bristol and **Robert Symes** from Glasgow.

WIN OUT WITH PULP

FREAKS, FREAKS, FREAKS. Winos, freaks and loony tunes... tune in. • Those messiahs of bedsitterland tragedy, **Pulp**, have a new album called **Freaks** on Fire Records and it's pretty damn splendid. What's more it's reviewed in this very ish. • So good is it, that ace scribe **Ronnie Randall** sold his soul to the devil to get five copies to give away. All you've got to do is answer one question on a postcard and send it to Underpulp, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 to arrive no later than June 10 and you can free Ronnie from eternal bondage.

But where are **FRONT 242** from? The answer is Belgium and the five winners of Front media packs and albums are **Robert Soderberg** from Sweden, **Beaka** from Borehamwood, **Tom Penton** from Brum, **Matthew Butler** from Bristol, and **MA Hughes** from Sheffield.

Then there was **CHAKK**. Many an answer and suggestion as to what FON stood for and the winners of the thangs are **Philippe Codugnet** who said the label is called **F*** Off Nazis**, but maybe it should stand for **Funk Overflow Nightmare**. Yes, well, Philippe is from Paris. Other winners were **Rudolph Hess** from, er, Manchester, **Chris Seddon** from Runcorn, **Mark Graham** from Hexham — who suggested it should be **F*** Off Noddy** — and finally **Jim Waddell** from Irvine.

Question is... Which fine northern city do Pulp come from?



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scream

How to stay in Doncaster and still be totally in tune

and

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scream

Paul Howard fishes for the key to northern life.

again



If the Screaming Trees' new single, Iron Guru, was food

it would be a pizza, such is the variety of quotes to be found within their work. Oh and, of course, it is round and flat. An

initial listen to the 12 inch reveals a Barbara Shack Up-style guitar line dropped into a New Orderish bass line over a very New York sounding drum program that they insist is a 707,

(although I am convinced that the classic pinging cowbell would only have come off an 808). In places, the digging bass drum achieves the classic gated Linn II sound favoured by the Rubins & Simmons of this world; mind you the vocals are like nothing I have ever heard in any warehouse. • Mark, the guitarist, talks it out from his apartment chez Doncaster. • "At the moment we're experimenting with drums a lot, tending to go very much towards the dance beat side of things, then building on top of the rhythm; almost hip-hop style. On the next single, after Iron Guru, we're getting in a 727, the percussion version of the machine we're using now, so rather than A Certain Ratio or Barbara we'll be heading more towards Mantronix or even Tackhead. Having said that, however, there's no one who we could call a direct influence, both Shaun and I have very different tastes and we pick up things across a very wide base." • The guy who put the deft prod touches to the single is Steven Singleton, formerly of ABC, and he seems to have a lot of similar ideas to the Trees who have started to working with him a lot.

"He'll be producing our next single and the album, that's due out in September, that will be on Native as well." • But will they have to move south for fame and fortune?

"We've got everything we need up here, the studio we use in Sheffield, Vibrasound, may be small and smelly but it's got everything we need, and it's getting a computer mix-down so there's no real need." • Well, let's just ink the Trees as more hard northerners who're blending dance music and northern culture into a totally convincing sound. And, check the monster dub of the 12 incher's title track while you're about it.

DEATH TO ARRAN SWEATERS

That dreaded four letter word that your mom told you about... **FOLK** is back in town and **Cooking Vinyl** are the guilty men. Mike Hirst traces their brief but bamboozling rise to infamy.

• There is a tremendous depth and wealth involved in folk and roots based music. After all what we are looking at is the collective cultural history of the world. Folkies and ethnomusicologists have always known this. The word is spreading. Folk music is no longer locked in dusty academic libraries and smokey back room pubs. Ian Anderson's Folk Roots magazine and Andy Kershaw's radio enthusiasm have all played their part. At the forefront of this roots revival, Cooking Vinyl repackages folk music for a wider audience.

• Pete Lawrence and Martin Goldsmith set up the idea for the label 12 months ago when Pete had left distribution company **Mulling House**. Martin just phoned him up and said 'let's go into business'. The label's first signing, arch folkies **The Oyster Band**, were already well known on the folk scene, but how would the cynical world of pop and politics take to their rural English country rock and roll?

• "At first we faced a lot of resistance, but once people had transcended those initial barriers they were very receptive. The fact that the band have crossed over to a younger audience shows that image and looks needn't be everything. I think that fashion consciousness thing is no longer so important. People are making up their own minds what is hip."

• Cooking Vinyl's biggest success to date is, of course, **The Texas Campfire Tapes** by **Michelle Shocked**. Despite being recorded for a budget of one pound on a personal hi-fi it still says a lot for the power and emotion of her songs. It says even more the 'keep recording out of the recording studio' attitude of Cooking Vinyl.

• "The whole philosophy behind that record is as subversive as anything punk ever did. It's that DIY ethic that's important and hopefully it'll open doors for people making similar recordings."

• There's certainly no shortage there. Looming big and large on Cooking Vinyl's horizon is the **Cutting Edge** compilation. Hopefully the first of many, this is a collection of all that is best in British roots music including **The Black Spot Champions**, **We Free Kings** and **The Mekons**.

• But is Pete the Morgan Khan of the folk world?

• "I wouldn't mind that — as long as I don't go bust! We've been sent a lot of good demos and there's some wonderful roots music around. The next couple of releases really will broaden the base of things. The compilation will consolidate that and then the LP from **Zimbabwe's Real Sounds**, which will be out late June, will push that a stage further. In July we'll be doing an album with **The Happy End**, a 21 piece jazz-based big band with **Sarah Jane Morris** from the **Communards** on vocals."

• It's not all beards and Arran sweaters any more.

WIN OUT!

Cooking Vinyl, in a generous mood after we threatened to reveal their secret leather chaps fetish ("oh, shit"), tried to buy some favours from the Ug! team by offering three sets of their product (yep, all the platters on their list from **The Oyster Band**, **Michelle Shocked**, **Gregson And Collister**, **Rory McLeod**, **The Mekons** plus the brand new compilation). To get this bag of goodies, all you've got to do is answer the following three questions on a postcard and send it off to **Underground Cooking Comp**, **Spotlight Publications**, **Greater London House**, **Hampstead Rd, London, NW1** to arrive no later than **Friday June 12**. And for 20 runners up, there'll also be a copy of the label's new comp. *Questions go like this...*

1 Ian Keirey of **The Oyster Band** did an LP recently with **Gerard Langley**. Which group is Gerard in?

2 Which band did **Clive Gregson** formerly front?

3 At which festival were **The Texas Campfire Tapes** recorded? Go for it!

"Here's to a band that deals in the facts of life in their ten short ugly years."



Rory McLeod

"That's what we think we've been doing for the last ten years," Kevin Lycett Mekon sighs. "Hopefully."

Jon Langford Mekon: "Ugly refers to the fact that we're very short and ugly... those ten years have gone very quickly because we've had a lot of good times but a lot of bad times also. It's been pretty ugly as well..." For the last three years at least, **The Mekons** have been taking to the long and whining road as renegade country rockers, documented by three albums — **Fear And Whiskey** (1985), **Edge Of The World** (1986) and now **Honky Tonkin'** (so named after

COOKING VINYL THE DISCOGRAPHY

COOK 001/COOKC 001 **THE OYSTER BAND** *Step Outside*

COOK 002/COOKC 002 **MICHELLE SHOCKED**

The Texas Campfire Tapes

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Gregson & Collister



Ms Shocked

could all play really well. They were just pretending to play badly."

Still, **Roots** music does deal in the facts of life as well.

Tom Greenhalgh Mekon: "Yes, the winter's evening, going down the pub. A bit of poetry there."

Jon: "Tom and I spent five years, every night, going to the pub at 9.40pm precisely, totally institutionalised."

As a band with as many as 12 members, **The Mekons** should know more than most. Actually, this particular incarnation of the group is about to end.

Tom: "We see the last three albums and the **Crime And Punishment** single as part of a series. We're not tying up the idea of **Folk and Country** forever, but **Honky Tonkin'** has really done properly what we've tried to do on the other two albums."

The next **Mekons** creation won't be a record as such, but a "multi-media" idea. They've been offered an exhibition in **New York** and somewhere in the conversation, one or more **Mekon** owns up to painting abilities. We'll have to wait and see. "I wish **The Mekons** good fortune, I sold them fame and riches and good health."



Meke 'n' Wild

the **Hank Williams** song), all on their own **SIN** Records label. But far from veering off their sincere punk roots, laid down by **Never Been In A Riot** and **Where Were You**, back in the days of **Jim Callaghan**, **The Mekons'** adoption of traditional roots music to relay their bleak but spirited tales of contemporary, urban life, fear, alienation and hope has found an equally sympathetic form.

"There's a wheel off my wagon and a tolling bell/Axle dragging on the road to hell".

How else should **The Mekons** drink down their stories of Britain's down-at-heel social and political decline than with country's stinging, melancholic mead?

Kevin: "Actually it wasn't the common sentiments at all but the functions and processes. English country music is an extremely functional music because there's a demand for music that people can dance to. So people who make it aren't really doing it because they're musicians but because they're there and it has to be made, which was very similar to what **The Mekons** were doing in punk at the time. So we had a lot of sympathy in that approach."

Jon: "We were a real shambles! In the first wave of Punk, no-one compared to us because they

● This month's selection of tapes sent to the *Tip Sheet* were taken by Julian Henry to the shadowy towers of *el Records* where label supremo Mike Alway held court. Mentions of antique personalities like **Edgar Winter** and **Caravan** were churned out as Mike's desire for luscious listening. It was a stern test. ● In the past Mike has worked with groups as diverse as **Everything But The Girl**, **Felt**, **The Monochrome Set**, **Eyeless In Gaza** and **Red Box** on *Cherry Red* and more recently with **The King Of Luxembourg**, **Louis Phillipe**, **Momus** and a whole host of others on *el*. So let's see what he reckons to this selection of young hopefuls . . .

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

BLAB HAPPY (135 Devana Road, Leicester LE2 1PN) steal riffs and melodies quite openly from The Monkees and The Beatles, but we can't possibly hold it against them because they play with such panache. Each song seems to last a matter of seconds and you can imagine these people struggling over BORING little details like tuning with admirable lack of concern. Mike agreed on the numerous '60s references and said that they sounded attractive despite an occasionally constipated vocal delivery.

5 6 4 6

ACTION DIRECT (01.508.2451) take their name from a Parisian terrorist organisation, and sent their tape in a large box that contained what looked to be a bomb. It turned out to be a fake bomb unfortunately, but both Mike and

I agreed that this sort of devilish presentation deserves some form of reward.

How disappointed we were to discover some rather feeble Kraftwerk meets New Order sounds on the tape. Mike shook his head: "Dear, dear, dear," he said. "How very suburban, how very Uxbridge. It's a great pity that the humour they have used in sending us this fine package is not apparent in the music."



2 2 9 3

PLUM PUDDING (2 Huntshaw Place, Earlsdon, Berwickshire, Scotland) have since changed their name, but due to a bureaucratic bungle (someone lost the bit of paper) we are unable to tell you their new mantle. Mike's eyes lit up at the promise of songs about things like potatoes and bits of chicken, and pointed out that titles such as **Crunchy Joseph** can only be to the group's benefit. But then two songs in, **Plum Pudding** came a terrible cropper by committing the cardinal sin - performing a song by **The Velvet Underground**. Mike was so disappointed.

"I would so like to be mystified by this group," he said, "but now I can picture them signing to someone like **Creation Records** and it all becomes so terribly predictable."

6 2 2 5

CANCEL (Postbus 1386, 8001 BJ Zoole, Holland) are Dutch and have supported groups like **Hula** in the past. Mike described their music as an attempt to recreate the polytechnic rock of 69-72, in the fashion of bands like **Caravan**, and so we were both pleased to discover that, yes, the band freely admit a healthy interest in the movements of **Pink Floyd** at that time.

3 5 5 4

THE MECHANICAL PREACHERS (57 Gee Street, London EC1) contain an ex-Gang Of Four person in **Jon King**, and how extraordinarily well played and recorded the tape sounded. But it made Mike see red!

"There is absolutely no quality on this tape," raged Alway. "It's as if he's done this recording just to get a deal with some yuppie label like **A&M**. There is no original language here whatsoever. Taking King's integrity and intelligence into account, I can only say that this is a tremendous disappointment - why it's just the sort of thing that might make it to the top of the charts!" The tape was removed from the cassette player, and eventually Mike calmed down.

1 4 1 4

ENDLESS PARTY ((01) 393 6994) sent us a fanzine with their tape which contained all the lyrics to their songs.

"Are **Bon Jovi** like this?" Mike asked after a few minutes. I nodded my head. "I thought so. This sort of thing can be so terribly popular, people seem to like it because it endorses their boorish male nature . . . I find it almost cryptonazi. Why don't they read a book and stop being so violent in their outlook." An interesting suggestion, but not one I imagine that **Endless Party** would agree with.

1 3 2 4

JASON SMART (120 Richmond Road, Brighton, Sussex) is one of those gifted fellows who does everything himself. He writes to tell us that this tape was recorded at a friend's house with the vocal mike tied to a floor mop. Jason, I must be cruel and tell you that it sounds like it. But nevertheless you can take heart from Mike's critique.

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WALKMAN WONDER: Seeds I & II compo cassette from Cherry Red

"I would hesitate to be cynical about this," Mike said. "You can see quite clearly that there is a person here and genuine human thought. However it does lack sensuality and is perhaps a touch too earnest. Jason sounds like a ditherer, and will no doubt be an exceptionally nice person."

7 3 6 5

THE FANTASTIC FLINTSTONES (0235.81.8518) are from Didcot, a place that Mike frequently passes on his train journeys down to Bath. Their first song is a frantic rockabilly version of Brand New Cadillac, only it's been re-titled Brand New BMX. Mike suggested that here was a group who would certainly know how to "rock out" and judging by their obvious command of their respective volume controls, I would not disagree.

"I imagine they get offered hundreds of concerts and perform live with no mean vim and application," said Mike.

3 6 3 4

WILD ROSE (021.354.9527) describe themselves "no frills, no gimmicks, just good ole rock" and for some reason we felt threatened that here, at last, was something of substance and value. It was heavy metal though. Mike sighed. "Oh, dear. That guitar sounds about as stringent as yoghurt. They would appear to be a group of rocking accountants."

On the positive side, though, it must be said that Wild Rose have a singer who can claim to have an authentic grit-

ty rock voice, despite his perpetual groaning on about "a woman who turns me on".

2 4 2 4

HEAD (39 Glengarriff Road, Bellshill, Strathclyde, Scotland) wrote absolutely nothing on their cassette which is really very naughty. A handout claimed 'Head have a need. A need to master themselves and others'... What's that all about then, matey? Mike didn't like their cassette and roughly pulled it from the tape machine after a few moments: "We don't have to go through this," he said. "Another bunch of chaps fat on mum's cooking; they sound like they read books but I'd bet they were mostly dictionaries. Here is a group who need poetry and verve and daring."

2 3 5 3

THE JEREMIAHS (0276 27939) drew gasps of pleasure from Mike, the first group in the pile to do so. And why?

"It's simple, they have the spirit and gumption to make their first song run in 5.4 time, and I feel that they have it in their grasp to do something great." The music sounds lush, understated and carries a folksy feel with a vocal that floats around on top like a paper boat on a pond. And quite obviously Mike is in love.

"I would do everything in my power to encourage a deal with Cherry Red Records subject to meeting them," he said. "The worst they could be is a successful, but essentially dull indie band,



but at best they could die for their art and attain massive commercial success in the process."

8 9 7 9

DELICIOUS (01.387.0202) Succeeded in drawing Mike and myself into animated conversation: He felt that there was something impressively mid-'70s - as in Alvin Stardust - about their song New Sun Rising, whereas I felt it to be much more Generation X or Westworld. Whatever, we both agreed this song and band were due to head in just one direction - the charts.

"This is so incredibly vacuous and lacking in artistry it has to be a major label signing," Mike reckoned. "It is a genuine contender and you can only admire the guile of it. Of course the visuals will be immensely important, but if I was working at EMI I'd sign them tomorrow." As a special bonus this group even have a vocalist who can sing which is quite unusual.

7 7 3 8

SOME NOW ARE (75 Canterbury Street, Blackburn, Lancs) sent us one of those confusing packages with all sorts of hi-tech symbols and diagrams. What sort of conclusion do we draw? That here is a band manned by robots? "Much too stiff," said Mike. "It's as if this song has been created in the studio and I must say that I find it unbearably cold."

As the tape progressed things became marginally more fluid, and a vague comparison with early A Certain Ratio was discussed. Then, quite unexpectedly, a voice came from the tape saying "that is the problem for men when machines take their place." Mike quickly took the cassette from the machine. We had both had enough.

2 4 5 4

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SUB-CONTINENT

Another blank Hive
from Hive



chilling out

New Zealand needs heroes! **Pratninja** tweaks a cappuccino and finds one in the secret of **The Chills**

50 UNDERGROUND

Young Martin Chill, an impossibly quiet and polite type, seats himself opposite me in a rabble-filled cafe all but drowned out on tape by the coffee machine, but even that cannot dim the peculiarity of his tale. This is the tale of **The Chills**! Formed nearly seven years ago, and currently in their *tenth* line up, they are New Zealand's *biggest* indie band, capable of top ten hits in their national chart and the first outfit to take up temporary residence in the UK in pursuit of a brighter future. They also have a guileful album in the works and the 12 inch **I Love My Leather Jacket** is already percolating busily inside many people's shattered heads. Their recent live appearances, both here and in Europe, have been scandalously well received.

And now, the big question! Were *you* a punk?

"In spirit, and appearance, I suppose. An awful lot of the NZ locals would drive 'round in cars 'rockhunting', looking for punks to beat up. No-one in the media was interested in doing anything for punk rock. It was a very exciting time, a good time for the music."

Then **The Chills** first appeared on these shores. It was about two years ago.

"We didn't know what the scene was like, whether there were 20 Chills-type bands in the London area or whether we were making complete fools of ourselves. We've since found out there isn't really another band like **The Chills** in the world."

And then they *split up*!

"I spent a year looking for the right people. This is **Chills Mk 10** and I don't wanna go through any more. I look for people who *really* want to be in **The Chills** for as long as it takes."

And that frisky single, **Leather Jacket**, is that *the jacket* (on the seat next to him)?

"That's *the leather jacket*. We had a drummer, Martin, and in '82 he got leukaemia and died a year later and left me his jacket in his will, and it's a song about that. He was an amazing musician and an amazing person. It's about the responsibility of carrying on with a band named **The Chills** after someone has died."

The Chills is a totally consuming operation. They flit from style to style, within their own delivery, at gigs. Most bands have a certain sound with tangents therein, but **The Chills** seem almost wilfully perverse. Suddenly, out of character, he tells me there are two points he'd like to make. First, about **The Chills** somehow developing a stage setting for their shows.

"Somewhere along the line I think there's a good compromise between putting on a show without detracting from the music. God knows where, but you can get it."

You said there were two things.

"Yeah, I've forgotten the other one."

The Chills under psychic Interference barrier



NOISE OF THE MONTH: Great Leap Forward >

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cred as part of this list? Then ring Sylvia Calver on 01-854 2200 or Eric Fuller on 01-387 6611 and we'll make it really easy for you. (And you'll make some money.)

Hey, baby what turns you on?

Gaye Bykers On Acid tell Alex Kadis about their innermost yearnings

"Oh, William Shatner, he's a fine man. He's growing old so ungracefully!" • This is Mary speaking. I've just made the mistake of asking Gaye Bykers On Acid to tell *Underground* what turns them on and they're still going on about Captain bloody Kirk! • Mary: "He's put on so much weight!" • He throws his head back and bleats his uncompromising and infectious laugh but then, he has every reason to laugh; Gaye Bykers look set to follow the success of Everything's Groovy with their latest vicious vinyl, *Nesedive Kama on In Tape*. This — and the whiff of a major signing — mean Gaye Byker are feeling fine. Vocalist Mary aka beautiful earthling movie star Montana Wildhack goes into overdrive... • "I'm telling the kids of Britain, 'don't buy 501's'. They're not user friendly. Get Texaco brand instead. CBDA thoroughly recommend them." • Tony: "Although we can't recommend their washing up liquid. You never make a saving on a cheaper brand." • Mary: "What else turns us on? I've just got some drugs!" • Rubber: "Food and drink." • Mary: "The Butthole Surfers." • Kay: "Sex. I've actually had sex. And the toys you used to get with *Topper*." • Rubber: "And the free toys you get in cornflakes." • Mary: "And the free cornflakes you got the first 2000AD comic!" • Yes, and being in Gaye Bykers On Acid and getting away with it. Is nothing sacred to these men? Enough groovy thangs thank you!



MONTANA WILDHACK

NEXT MONTH

DON'T MISS UNDERGROUND WITH A SPESH EXCLUSIVO ALBUM PREVIEW PHILLIP BOA AND THE VOODOO CLUB SCHOOLY D THE SHAMEN

PLUS ALL THE USUAL SHRAPNEL AND A MILLION REVIEWS OUT FRIDAY JUNE 26

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MANAGING DIRECTOR Jack Hutton
 Published by Spotlight Publications Ltd
 Greater London House
 Hampstead Road
 London NW1 7QZ
 Telephone 01-387 6611
 Telex 299485 Music G
 Fax 01-388 5010
Distribution
 Spotlight Magazine Distribution,
 1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX
 Telephone 01-700 4600
Typeset by Offshoot Graphics Co,
 17-18 Great Sutton Street,
 London EC1
Printed by
 Chesham Press, 16-18 Germaine St,
 Chesham, Bucks
 ISSN 0951-502X
 © Spotlight Publications 1987

51 UNDERGROUND

Steve Diggle nearly focuses for pic scare. Last sighted "playing" guitar while his bro did "performance" art, the former "Buzzcock" now reveals that his band, Steve Diggle And The FOC will release an LP soon. But first, they have a single called Last Train To Safety about to hit the streets. Ha.



Those Leicester chaps are such wags. The Bomb Party celebrate their latest album, a retro show called The Last Supper, by recreating the orig scene *avec* other Leicesteronia-ns including several Gaye Bykers, Janitors and Crazyheads.



KARL BLAKE of The Underneath—famous headbutting castanet players—avoids getting a double chin by some neat photoplay. The group also released their debut LP on el five seconds ago.



W H A T
E V E R
happened

Prefab Sprout



Songwriters don't come much more prolific than Paddy McAloon. Rumour has it that the lad churns out his tunes roughly as fast as the time it takes to be served a Big Mac, fries and chocolate shake to go, so why then the deadly hush from Sprout HQ since their Steve McQueen LP release? The Underground Research team can reveal all • Firstly, there is no truth in the rumour that the Sprouts are to leave CBS for Warner Bros in some multi-million pound transfer extravaganza. An LP, entitled *Protest Songs*, was recorded last year but was deemed too rough for release by the CBS big-wigs after the Thomas Dolby-produced Steve McQueen album. *Protest Songs* was knocked out in two weeks, and despite McAloon's initial enthusiasm for its release, it is now on hold and will remain in the cupboard until the band come up with an end product that sounds slick and commercial. Some protest Paddy • The group are now in London recording new material, both with and without Thomas Dolby; songs such as *The King Of Rock 'n' Roll*, *Venus In The Soup Kitchen* and *I Remember That* have been born, and will most likely see the light of

day in the early autumn of this year with a single — no title confirmed as yet — scribbled down on the CBS release schedule for July/August. Meanwhile the world holds its breath.

Julian Henry

THIS OFFER GOES STRAIGHT TO YOUR HEAD.

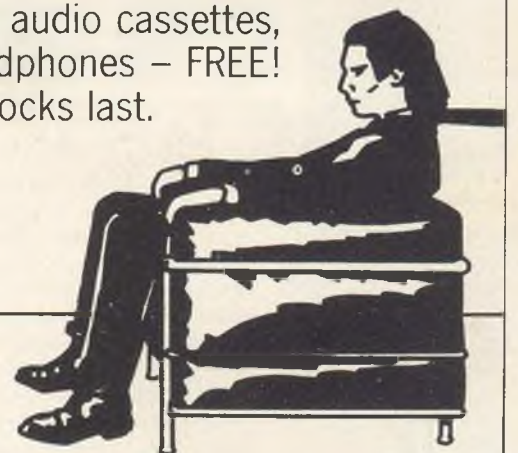


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bleeding to the beat

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LONELY IS A STATE OF MIND

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

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

The reason why most people will probably buy this, the Cocteau Twins, Crushed has all its edges corroded by heavenly light; Robin's twinkly guitar glittering like the firmament itself. And with Liz's cheeky man-gala at the helm, it is the quintessential Muse's goal—like the covers if they got up and embraced you.

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

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

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

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

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

Sorry, I just had to tell someone.

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

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

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

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

"I felt the need for approval."

But why?

"I used to see a psychologist each week. He told my mum that I had a sexual fixation about her. That I probably spied through the bedroom keyhole, and more than likely wore her underwear. I don't think I did, but she believed him. That sorted out that relationship once and for all. Mind you, I learnt a lot about psychology." And so The Janitors come up to date in a purely hysterical historic rock 'n' roll style.

"The '60s was about creating the myth that lyrics had deep psychological meaning. But however you read it Purple Haze or White Rabbit are just screaming I'm out of my tree." "The cynical '70s was about extending and exploiting it. Being a rock star is a kind of applied fascism, it's like Nuremberg rolled into every gig. Stir 'em up, stir 'em up."

So that's all psycho-analysed. Nice and neat? And back to the new single? "It puts the soot in subtle. It sticks out like a big sore penis on a garden gnome — from the horse manure around it; that is. It's a happening sound that this summer of love recreated."

Figlio di Una Puttana, as they say in Italia. RONNIE RANDALL



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

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

IF you want this black vinyl LP, don't try to wear it, sit the CHRYSANTHEMUMS next to a plate, which should have toppled from your copy of UG! In fact a selection from their fine debut LP on Egg Plant Records. If you didn't get a copy of this disc, you can write to the copies care of 8 Derrill Close, Leamster, LE5 5DD and they'll send you one.

THE UG! ONES



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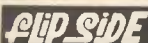
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READING GOOD HEALTH

Oh, no... no sooner has John Best been rushed to intensive care clutching his Lonely Is An Eyesore video-
back life-support-
system, than the
fake have
announced that
they're doing a
special limited
edition of 100 lavish
wood and metal box
sets containing LP,
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prints and etchings.
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these have been
grabbed by money
buff welding
enthusiasts, so any
serious goro-
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should get on down
to 4AD mansions
and enquire if there
are any left.

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

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rapathon in some say weird kind away
- 38 THE COOKIE CREW
new Rhythm Kings, ranking rapettes
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youth, youth, youth, "youth, youth..."
- 40 QUIPHOLA
a slicked-back 'n' sides scenario
- 40 LIVING IN TEXAS
roses by any other name with a noo LP
- 41 SHARP PLASTIC
a TC Wall guide to BBC's Sound Effects series
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goes long hair, has a trim and likes soul
- 42 BAND OF HOLY JOY
a regular love/hate/love/hate thing
- 43 ALIEN SEX FIEND
penpals at ten paces, the sound of it, plus
- 44 VERY LOUD
actually, it's very very very very very loud
- 44 THE UNDERNEATH
Karl Blake's schizophrenia examined by a doctor

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foisty macs and men who were missionaries
- 45 POP WILL EAT ITSELF
"we're not indie," er, yeah
- 46 EYEBALL ON THE WORLD
a quick scan across the globe
- 48 TIP SHEET
with Go! Disco champ Andy McDonald getting loopy
- 49 SHEND ON THE RUN
the true life confessions of an LP lush
- 50 TOTAL NAMEDROP
who be Miracle Mile? Give us Jack Rubies
- 55 MOTOMOUTH
exploding vitriol about The Rain, Jon Beast and

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

HORROR SHORT details

imensis

the rope
dir

1

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



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

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

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



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



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



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

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

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



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

5 UNDERGROUND

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



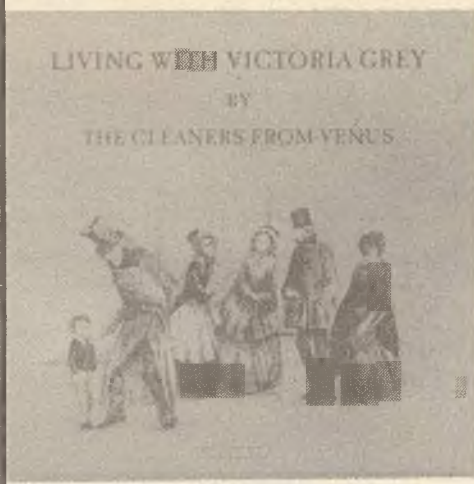


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MALE STRIPPER**



**I NEED A MAN/ENERGY IS EUROBEAT
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THROUGH PINNACLE 0689 73144**

COLOURBOX

THE WAY IT FALLS

culture

SEX SEX SEX SEX SEX

8 UNDERGROUND

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



Depraved, Vachel Booth catches Pee Dog II, a Gary Panter/Jay Cotton concoction, squarely in mid-forehead

"Boy, you'd have to be pretty immature to do some of the stuff I've just done..." • So says Dracula Danny halfway through PeeDog II

dangerous and downright dirty!

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

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

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



VIDEO FRENZY

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

1 Severed Heads (Antipodean tape babies with an electronic undercurrent) present **Kato Gets The Girl**, an hour's worth of colour explosions featuring five of their demented sub-pop songs. The Heads let **Stephen Jones** vid-mix and the result is a big public confuser that lasts 60 mins. Neat to say the least, especially the romanis **Kato Gets**... (Kato, m'lud is an industrial jigger, what else?)

2 Daniel Landis And Richard Hedop (Cats who've been associated with **23 Skidoo** and **Last Few Days** in the past) make a "film". It's weird, surrealist septa-toned and PG-rated, no less. Entitled **The Child And The Saw**, it's a treat of industrial austerity, animated circular saw blades and terrified stares. With amplified sounds of cats ealing and babies being stomped hung on the odd strange camera angle, a general tension lingers for some time afterwards. It's, er, weird. I guess.

3 Brian Nicholson (he who has worked on clips for **The Fall, James, V Brunes** and more) makes a strip-in series of clips into a frightening landscape of self-documentation, paranoid visions and reasonable unpleasantness. Does the world need to see **The Mad Carrot Eating Woman, The Joys Of Smoking, Food Adores The Love Of A Fat Man** and other such unassuming stuff? Actually, I think it does, it only to scare itself back into reality.

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

THE ROLE OF PERFORMANCE ART IN NEW MUSIC

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

DEADER THAN THE REST



Pratninja gets wrinkly with **Deadface and friends!** You're young, sweet and far from invincible. I'd say the last thing you need right now is me perverting your leech-free gullibility. Here goes . . .

I'm not inferring *rudeness* . . . oh no! I'm talking about *fresh attitudes*, a spontaneous appreciation of life in its less grumpy mode, and Fantagraphics' **LOVE AND ROCKETS**, in two recently released issues (20/21) is just the ticket to freedom. Stylistical brilliance unveils music, cigarettes, sex, alcohol, skateboards, the burn of love and . . . Jerusalem Crickets.

If you prefer to ignore that we can look at British efforts again. If you haven't yet got your copy of **Kiss Of Death** (Acme Press) you're duller than anyone believed. Horror, wispy shadows, a sense of evil and nothing laid out thick. A rotting spree, it is beautifully haphazard. **DEADFACE** (Harrier) has better ideas but looks far worse. Look further than the obvious however because this brings us Bacchus, an immortal actually worn down by too much wine, women and song. He's also on the warpath, out to get Theseus. You'll enjoy him telling an incredulous barman of his times spent incubated inside the thigh of Zeus, just as the fight scene in debauched circles will drive you wild with nostalgia. Marvellous stuff.

SENTINEL (Harrier) and **SECOND CITY** (Harrier, too!) are . . . well, spotty. Sentinel's space feel doesn't work *that* well, but is fairly diverting, while Second City is a skillfully plotted microcosm. Demented and dirty.



Vulcan shoot-out

Pete's pimple feels the Ronnie Randall

What's new in the home computer games world then? Well, not that much judging by the frantic rush to convert every cartoon and comic character into a game format over the past nine months.

Licensing of branded characters is usually a sign that originality is at a low. Too much money tends to be spent on the use of the name, and too little on justifying it with a game to match. Still, there *have* been lots of goodies.

The engine really got cranked up with the arrival of Virgin's **Dan Dare** late last year, perhaps the first computer program to successfully re-create a *feel* for the character and comic strip format in both graphics and game-

play. The sight of such success caused the games industry — that youthful parallel of the record business — to rush out conversions like the plague.

The **Flintstones**, **Popeye**, **Spy Vs Spy**, **Scoby Doo**, **Batman**, **Dangermouse**, **Yogi Bear**, **Asterix**, **The Road Runner**, **Mask**, and various **Transformers**, **Gobots** and **Centurians** are either here or on the way.

On the comic strip front **2000 AD** has proved a fertile source of material with **Judge Death** is imminent. **Pete's Pimple**, **Rubbishman** and **Tom Thug** are about to appear in a single game by CRL based on the *Oink!* comic spoof. But the one we're wetting ourselves in anticipation for at *Underground* is **Roy Of The Rovers**, due later this summer. Apparently the idea of the game will be to *prevent* Melchester winning all the cups, and I say that's a tall order what with their habit of scoring decisive last minute goals.

One licence that's heartily recommended is Firebird's **Star Trek**. Likely to be the game of the year, if not the decade, and finally beaming down next month after more than a year in development. It's a galaxy-blazing adventure where the seven main characters actually talk in authentic digitised voices. The game itself is a complex space strategy (what else?) requiring Vulcan style logical thought. Your eyes will sparkle at the lush graphic detail and depth of the challenge. Finger flickin' good.



< READ IT AND WEEP: Pee Dog >

PISTOLS PACKING

The Inside Story with extracts from McLaren's secretary's diaries, punctuated with the newspaper headlines of the time, the Sid 'n' Nance affair and all that stuff. The only thing this intricately researched wodge lacks is a **WHERE ARE THEY NOW?** section that reveals how Johnny and Malc married into cash, how Julien Temple went on to make vids for the **Stones** and then "do" *Absolute Beginners* and suchlike. Good story, though, if *only* it were true (uh!). **TC Wall**



The Inside Story and all that glam gear...

UG THE JUNCTION



Now freely available in the UK via distributors Muzik Tree is Big Al Pavlow's celebrated list of hot, black, American recorded music of the 20th Century: **The R & B Book — A Disc History Of Rhythm & Blues**. Published in 1983 the book lists what beginning with Mamie Smith's 1920 'Crazy Blues' recording purport to be "representative race and jazz records" of the period up until 1939. After the war the terminology transmutes and we have an annual "hot chart" culled from the *Billboard* listings up until 1959. With some 3000 titles compiled it is an exhaustive read and more. Enough to make an R&B enthusiast's mind boggle! Price £10 including P&P from Muzik Tree, PO Box 11, London E16 3UA. Evelyn Court

GG ALLIN

Hated In The Nation

ROIR A-148 **RR** **C** ● 1/2 Dodgy rock 'n' roll from GG that spirals around a "performance-art" style of dubious insult and threats. Rock taken to the ultimate extreme as GG's combo gives the audience a hard time in real barbed iggy mode. The audience get a bad deal, but you can tell that they just love it. Interesting to say the least (and pornographic in places too). **Johnny Eager**

BIRDHOUSE

Burnin' Up

Vinyl Solution SOL 3 **P** ● 1/2 Confusing. I had Birdhouse pinned down to be fine 1987 garage snots, looking back in respect to the Stooges and the Pebbles/Nuggets conglomerate, but then kept hearing diversifying snags. There's a reverence for The Rolling Stones' R&B grind, plus some hard rockisms and a touch of thrashing suburban punk, but nothing really constitutes the real thing itself. Either the boys, the songs or the production is too clean, because somehow Birdhouse just sound too polite to make the real motorgrade. **Martin Aston**

BLOODLOSS

Bloodloss

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

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

BILLY BRAGG

Back To Basics

Go! Discs AGODP 8 ●● 1/4 Billy gets his past brought back to life by Eamonn Andrew McDonald's Go!D label and it all runs together neatly for under six notes. Prime Bragg from the *Brewing Up* and *Life's A Riot* LPs plus verbal outbursts from the lad's *Between The Wars* EP show a keen succinct set of 21 bottlesome Braggerys.

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

BRAVE COMBO

Polkatharsis

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

CRAIG BUKP

The History Of Decency

Illusion Productions IP 027 (15 Rue Pierre Curie, 14120 Mondeville, France) ● 1/2 Craig Burk is a crazy Yank who teeters on the edge of self-indulgence in a rather stodgy art pose that's probably hip with his pals. Opera meets nursery rhymes while drum cases go bump in the night on a collection of tracks that just about keep you intrigued. Desperately playable and memorable in a kind of annoying way. **Dave Henderson**

BUZZCOCKS

Total Pop

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

CASSANDRA COMPLEX

Hello America

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

PETER CATHAM

Anan's Mouth

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

CCM

Into The Void

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

THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

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

Egg Plant TWOEGGS **NM.C** ●● 3/4 Crazy mixed up kids in a head on collision which throws it on down between *The Beach Boys*, *Beatles*, *Shads*, *Dep Mode*, *Zappa* and all related subject matter. The Chrysalises are a fusion of *Deep Freeze Mice* and *Yukio Yung* and as such transcend both groups low level acceptance by being really rather good.

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

GENE CLARK AND CARLA OLSON

So Rebellious A Lover

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

CRYSTAL BELLE SCROD

Belle De Jour

United Dairies UD 021 **C** ● 3/4 Strange and plot-thickening, this is an LP of two sides that'll appeal to totally different schools of thought. Tortured art time on side one, sees feedback, scraping screwdrivers and the odd "noise" doing it, while side two's sideswipe on disco, folk strum, and general avant-garde *pot pourri* makes for an all-consuming 20 minutes or so. *Crystal* is not the ideal dinner guest, but who wants to eat? **Dave Henderson**

EMIL

Stammer

Bi-Joopiter (2 Wentworth Rd, Hertford, Herts SG13 8JP) ●● 1/2 The *Hait* of Rig Veeda who went to Brighton for a suntan, have put together a fine tape. A collection of breezy pop tunes that bristle and break into the sub-conscious at the drop of your Raybans. Sandy and salty tales of requented love, underplayed, but ever so charming. **Dave Henderson**

FIXED UP

Fixed Up

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

FLAMIN' GROOVIES

One Night Stand

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

EARS SYRINGED . . . NO EXTRA CHARGE



Desert island necessity only trade it for an ice cold Bud



Almost but not quite filch this one

EVOLUTIONS

Distribution initials are as follows:

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

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

THE FLAMING LIPS

The Flaming Lips

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

THE FLESHEATERS

Greatest Hits

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

FLIPPER

Gone Fishin'

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

FOR AGAINST

Echelons

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

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

CARMAIG DE FOREST

I Shall Be Released

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

GENERAL TREE

Every Thing SoSo

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

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

PAUL GROOVY AND THE POP ART EXPERIENCE

Let's Crash The Blue Bus

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

GUANA BATZ

Live Over London

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

THE HAFLER TRIO/LUCIANO DARI

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

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

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

IN THE NURSERY

Stormhorse

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

BACK FROM: THE UG



if you can **Getting doomy** opt to trade it in the classifieds **No bullets!** deny its existence

PHILIP JOHNSON

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

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

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

CHRIS JORDAN

Twilight Of The Gods

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

JOSEF K

Endless Soul/Young And Stupid

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

CAROLINE K

Now Wait For Last Year

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

THE KANE GANG

Miracle

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

KASTRIERTE PHILOSOPHEN

Between Shootings

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



HISTORY OF UNHEARD MUSIC

Drop it

RRRecords RRR HUM AL 303 HR (151 Paige Street, Lowell, MA 01852, USA) ●●¼ Is it God? This is a great album, a hybrid of styles, an investigation into the paltry, seedy world of rock 'n' roll. The Residents meet Van Dyke Parks, the ideals of The Beach Boys get Throbbing Gristled, jazz tips its hat, the world drops a chin in excitement. A document to weirdness with a palatable and extremely listenable veneer. A superb album, miss it at your peril. Dave Henderson

DAVE KUSWORTH

The Bounty Hunters

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

LIBIDO BLUME

Brilliant Names And Dames

Dikeoma K105 (4A N Kazantzaki Str, 15234 Haladri, Athens, Greece) ●¾ Five track mini album from hotly sunburnt Greek combo who loiter with intent at pop's mucky door. Charming in its naivete, this will never be Steve Wright's fave, but there are moments creeping through, hauling away from the Westernised trappings. Potential unrealised, as yet. Dave Henderson

LORD JOHN

Six Days Of Sound

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

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

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12 UNDERGROUND

JOHN LURIE

Down By Law — Original Soundtrack

Crammed Discs MTM 14 **RR C** ●● 1/2 For a start, anyone who kicks off a soundtrack to a film in which he stars with a title like *What Do You Know About Music, You're Not A Lawyer*, has got to have a perspective on things. Lounge Lizard Lurie has polished off the 'fake jazz' tag of old but he still can breeze through all manner of scenarios. On *Down By Law* itself, Lurie allows himself to minimalise, infusing odd cool-blue laments into a more ambient framework, while a support feature, a strip joint jazz soundtrack to the film *Variety*, teases New Orleans sleaze next to swing and beyond. Led by Lurie's cruisy alto sax and trusted ensemble of Lizards and friends, these are superb soundtracks, equally acceptable as music without pictures. **Martin Aston**

MATADOR

A Touch Beyond Canned Love

What's So Funny About WSFA 40 **RR C** ●● 1/2 Alarming good album that I absolutely hated at first. But these ex-Malarians have their plus points which wobble quickly past industrial landscapes, shake a fist at Neubauten noise and introduce chin-in-chest voices of high character. *A Touch* is canned charm which distinguishes itself quickly from contemporary Euro stock. Maybe not a classic but a hollowed vessel that carries the most uplifting of big sound. **Dave Henderson**

MINIMAL COMPACT

Lowlands Flight

Crammed/Made To Measure MTM 10 **C** ● 1/2 Crammed special collection of *different* music gets to vol ten with this techy Minimal Compact construction which was sized to wrap around Blue Rn Dances ballet *Two By One*. An evocative flow which touches several ethnic homebases on its way to your inner ear, it's a delightful collection that succeeds where the structured pieces augment the unstructured flow (well, if you know what I mean). **Dave Henderson**

R STEVIE MOORE

(1952-19??)

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

MUSLIMGAUZE

Jazirat-UI-Arab

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



CONCRETE CHIC FOR THE UG! SET

PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH

One Way Conversation

Homestead HMS 081 **C** **St** ● 3/4 The Tollbooth expand their theory of guitar meets guitar down a dark alley, someone sings occasionally, strings break, voices are lost. This is a right old barrage of sound which shaves wood from the speakers as it tunnels into your migraine. Like Husker Du with sirens blaring, The Meat Puppets with *no* subtlety and a hammerheaded shark with a rumbling tum. **TC Wall**

THE RED

Crack

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

ANDREW POPPY

Alphabed (A Mystery Dance)

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

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

PRIMITONS

Happy All The Time

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

BILL PRITCHARD

Bill Pritchard

Third Mind TMLP 19 **RT C** ● 3/4 Bill meanders down dimly lit Gaelic streets, hap-hazardly humming and whistling as he goes. A dour man dressed only in minimal music, he has his moments — his memories — and a pretentious air. Sometimes Bill is a warm and endearing friend, a relaxing lushness that floats on *ambient* ambience, other times the melancholy takes over, and the sunken eyebrows are hard to shake. A brittle, understated album that's as down as you feel (and then some). **Dave Henderson**

ROSEMARY'S CHILDREN

Kings And Princes

Cherry Red MRED 77 ●● 7/8 This is more like it. C Red's brightest nugget for some time come from somewhere like Slough but sound like they're wafting in from paradise. A real band who strum and sing, play pop with passion and can write a fair tune. *Kings And Princes* is a royal treat spiced with exotic soundscapes, folkie follies and direct Englishness. A classic, I'll be bound (except for the awfully embarrassing *Merrydown Skank*, which sucks). Buy it, go on be boring. **Dave Henderson**

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INK 729/1229

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INK 728/1228

SCHWEFEL

Schizophrenic Party

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

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

SHIRATI JAZZ BAND

Benga Beat

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

SIGLO XX

Flowers For The Rebels

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

THE SLUMBERS

Scream And Shout

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

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

SORT SOL

Everything That Rises . . . Must Converge!

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

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

SPOT 1019

Spot 1019

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

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



SPRUNG AUS DEN WOLKEN

Story Of Electricity

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

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

GET UG FOR THE DOWNSTROKE

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



ST. VITUS DANCE

Love Me Love My Dogma

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

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

STARTLED INSECTS

Curse Of The Pheromones

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

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

THE STINGRAYS

Cryptic And Coffee Time

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

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

THE TOASTERS

Pool Shark

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

TRASH GROOVE GIRLS

Vol One: Urbeit, Sport & Spiel

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

JOHN TRUBEE AND THE UGLY JANITORS

Beyond Eternity/Lavender Flesh

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

COLIN LLOYD TUCKER

Head

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

TUXEDOMOON

You

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

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

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SST 060 BLACK FLAG: Who's Got the 10 1/2? (LP/CASS \$7.50 CD \$15.00)
 This release catches the Flag unharmed 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 Nuts and Louie, Louie.

COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO



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

COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO



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



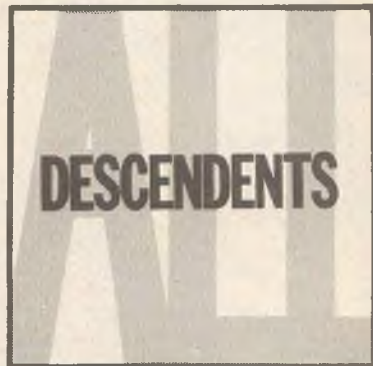
SST 079 FIREHOSE: Ragin' Full On Mike, George (FROM THE MINUTEMEN) and Ed (FROM OHIO) are FIREHOSE. Now, usually, a firehose stops things from burning. This FIREHOSE does the opposite, and will burn your stereo down if it's not closely watched. White hot levels of power and intensity pour through the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

COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO



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

COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO



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



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



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



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

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15 UNDERGROUND

HOTTER THAN JUNE!

WITH

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THE ONLY ONES
ALONE IN THE NIGHT DOJOLP 43



THE DAMNED - STRAWBERRIES
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VARIOUS ARTISTS

Lonely Is An Eyesore

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

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

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

COMPETITION WINNERS

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

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

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

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

ART OF THE MONTH: Lonely Is An Eyesore

16 UNDERGROUND

CUTTING WITH THE CABLE BREAK

TWELVE 88 CARTEL

We Encourage Resistance

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

FRANCISCO ULLOA

Merengue

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

UT

Conviction

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

VARIOUS

Alternate Cake

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

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Beyond The Wildwood

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

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

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Bugs On The Wire

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

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

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Dotted Line (Here)

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

THE PEEL SESSIONS

On Compact Chrome Cassette

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

First 12 releases:-

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



This month's new 12" releases

BILLY BRAGG

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

SFPS027

THE FALL

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

SFPS028

GIRLS AT OUR BEST

CHINA BLUE
THIS TRAIN
GETTING BEAUTIFUL WARM
GOLD FAST FROM NOWHERE

SFPS029

REDSKINS

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

SFPS030

17 UNDERGROUND

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Dr Death's Volume One

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

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Hip Hop 16

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

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Let The Pigeons In

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

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Red Wave

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

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Raw Cuts Volume 3: The German Underground

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

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Seeds III: Rock

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

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

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Smack My Crack

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

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s t o r m h o r s e

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



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Super Stars Hit Parade Vol. 3

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

VARIOUS ARTISTS

What Are You Doing About That Hole In Your Head?

Rot Records HOLE IN 1 **RR** **C** ●● 1/2 Here we go, here we go — slamin' all over the world. Seventeen extremely noisy and fast punky/metallic delights collected from various parts of Earth, including vicious music from Brazil, Finland, Sweden, Germany, the USA and Little USA (UK).

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

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Wide Open

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

VIRGIN PRUNES

The Hidden Lie

Baby BABY 008 **P** ● 1/2 The Prunes in tatters perform live and come out of it all sounding quite tame. The lads in loincloths who used to smother themselves in all sorts of stuff have been caught in the act in Paris (6/6/86), the style of rock with theatrical delivery, the end result, a well produced rock album that fails to transcend into absurd-land. A good version of Lou Reed's Lady Day further confuses the issue, but still it all sounds like they're treading water. **Johnny Eager**

THE VYLLIES

Sacred Games

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

AIDAN WALSH

The Life Story of My Life

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

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

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

THE WOODS

It's Like This

Demon Records Fiend 93 **P** ● 3/4 A perusal of the sleeve reveals that The Woods are an American three piece from somewhere in Carolina, and a member of the Georgia Satellites appears on the album. Despite these encouraging signs, it must be said that It's Like This falls slightly short of being unbelievably brilliant, perhaps because it's just a little too traditional in its outlook. I had hoped to be reminded of REM or The dB's. Instead I found myself thinking back to The Outfield, who's AOR rock has found great favour in the American charts. **Julian Henry**

YOUTH OF TODAY

Break Down The Walls

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

UG RECORD SHOP

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

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

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



BIG COMP THREAT!

(plus straw poll and prying eye questionnaire)

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



The 50th Peel Sesh will be by _____

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

Rented house/flat

Your own home/flat

With parents

College/school accom

Are you . . . (tick one)

In full-time employment

At school

At college/university

Unemployed

? ? ?

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

Sex _____

Age _____

19 UNDERGROUND

20 UNDERGROUND



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

BETTER MOUSETRAP The Road To Kingdom Come

Cuddly **111** **11** This particular brand of mousetrap succeeds in catching its prey with a bait too intriguing to completely ignore. The Road To Kingdom Come is five minutes of cartoon-style bravado, a mostly acoustic ramble that falls short of true glory due to its twoness. From Cleethorpes via their new home in Wembley, A Better Mousetrap may not be contenders but they should have no trouble raising a smile on their travels. **TF**

A HOUSE Snowball Down **111** **11** **11** Wow, even betterer than their mucho-applauded Kick Me Again Jesus. Snowball Down is the kind of infectious pop that'll rattle through 13,000 car stereos as they queue for a parking space at the drive in. Well, it's great pop anyway, a pulsing charmer and worthy of serious chart action. **JE**

ALIEN SEX FIEND The Impossible Mission Anagram **11** Insert your green plastic fangs and get down to the latest sexbeat; a rock 'n' roll stamp with cut-ups of dialogue from Mission Impossible stitched on. Razor guitar slices through and keyboard swirl; bleep and go squelch. My Brain Is In The Cupboard - Above The Kitchen Sink is the delightful offering on side two. Grungy music, grungy vocals; great gungoi **DI**

ARKA In Paradisum Skysaw **111** **11** **11** AKA Suns of Arqa, Arka opt to fuse opera with dub reggae and come out smelling sweetly weird. Odd, whimsical but ultimately cutting and perceptive. **DI**

BABY LEMONADE Secret Goldfish Narodnik **111** **11** **11** Sweet tooth pop from scrambled lunsters, north of the border. Paley and pastiche make way for a purist melody line and some warm-fire crooning. Why, they've even got a Warhol-esque t-shirt or two in their ranks. **TCW**

BALHAM ALLIGATORS Let's Dance Delivery/Topic **11** This single's got the lot. A classic covered in hot cajon sauce, a happy noise collection of soaring accordion, swinging beats, French singing, even some Frenchified Beastie-style twisted rapping. Edgy and raw, the single takes us to Scotland and Lafayette, with fiddly folkling, rolling drums and fine geeetar picking. Dance or die. **155**

THE BEATMASTERS FEATURING THE COOKIE CREW Rok Da House Rhythm King **111** **11** **11** Jumpy and sweaty uptempo beat fodder with the Cookie's chattering, and a relentless rhythm, holding it all together. Dancefloors may never be the same again. **TCW**

THE BEAT POETS Glasgow, Howard, Missouri 53rd & 3rd **111** **11** **11** Neater-than-life surf sounds from The Beat Poets. Instrumentally yours in a kind of ghetto version of the Shads or The Ventures with a caffeine overdose. **DH**

THE BELOVED Surprise Me Flim Flam **11** Final coming of age for The Beloved, whose style previously has never quite been realized. Here, the distinctive electronic and melodic pop edge works on an eight minute blow out, on 12 inch, with subtle Madonna sampling, Depeche Mode commercialism and New Order power rhythms. Surprise me is a classic. **DH**

THE BIG GUN Heard About Love HMFibre **111** **11** **11** Chirpy pop music for scooter riding soulsters who've escaped the Kamen trap for pastures more wholesome. The BG's have some tuned edges, a good delivery and a strong song in Heard. Next step? Stardom, or never ending obscurity with more than a few smiles along the way. **DH**

BIG ZAP! Psychedelic Shack TIM B **11** **11** **11** Classy reworking of the Temptations' standard featuring renegades from The Jesters, Bamb Party, Gaye Bykers and Cool Notes. Phlegmy and quite souled out (with more than a snatch of commercial potential). **DH**

THE BLOW UP Good For Me Creation **111** **11** **11** Sixties, schmickies. OK, what's good for me? Opening strains of altar-bashing and a candy-sweet undertow of Merseybeat pop aren't bad for anyone's health BUT The Blow Up sound routine, lackadaisical, more calculating than creating. So they have goodish taste. A letdown. **MA**

BILLY BRAGG Peel Session Strange Fruit **11** The Bard Of Barking used to be young, naive and green-gilled Billy Bragg in July 1983, more personal than polemical troubadour. The inimitable spontaneity and verve of these six tracks of prime, raw-livered Bragg, with a brazen cover of John Cale's Fear among them, makes No. 27 one of the most affecting and valuable of this series. **MA**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

NEW FROM PROBE PLUS

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SPARKING IN THE 6K ZONE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TINGLE IN THE LOVE TRIANGLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

STELLA'S BABY Port Of Amsterdam No One, That's Who

FE C Tasteful version of the Brel standard that gives little info on this sketchy duo. Flip it and Don't Switch Me Off offers a more vibrant view of their near commercial popism. **JE**

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

SALLY TIMMS This House Is A House Of Trouble **TIM**

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

THOMAS THE VOICE Stone Cutter Boy North-West **RR C**

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

UG BOY, FINGERPOPPIN'

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

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

VARIOUS ARTISTS Lunacy Is Legend Barracuda Blue Records

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

VARIOUS ARTISTS Miners Benefit EP Wake Up Records **B C**

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

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

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



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

LATE NEWS ITEM: Throwing Muses have signed to Sire in the States ^

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

THE BEARS

Insane. *Roots of Punk Volume One.*

Tigerbeat Records GROWL 001

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

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

BIM SHERMAN

Lovers Leap

RDL Records RDL 700

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

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS

Soul Rebels

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

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

THE BYRDS

Younger Than Yesterday

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

THE KOOBAS

Barricades

Bam-Caruso KIRI 047

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

LES ELITE

Pathways, 1978-'79

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To win them, answer these two questions set by label man Roger Armstrong correctly, and be the first pulled out of the leather trilby: 1. Which U.S. town was Stax based in? 2. What did Booker T's M.G.s stand for?

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

NIRVANA

Black Flower

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

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

SRC

The Revenge Of The Quack-enbush Brothers

Bam-Caruso KIRI 054

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

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

TAJ MAHAL

The Natch'l Blues

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

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The United States Of America

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

VARIOUS

Nightmares In Wonderland

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

VARIOUS

The Red Bird Story

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

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

VARIOUS

Pop-Sike Pipe-Dreams

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

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

VARIOUS

Street Corner Memories Vol. 1

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

THE WALKER BROTHERS

The Walker Brothers In Japan

Bam Caruso Records AIDA 076

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

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

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SINGLES

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

UGTAL

THE UNDERGROUND GUIDE TO ALTERNATIVE LISTENING

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



BYKER IN RASH HEADLINE FURY

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

BEASTIE PUSS SENSATION

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



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

ALBUMS

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

THE UNDERGROUND

TRICITY (WIDE DEMO)

SINGLES

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

10K MEGAWATTS OF U G POWER

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

ALBUMS

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S C R E A M I N G T R E E S

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7NTV 23 12NTV 23

DA CAPO RECORD CHART

- 1 **NDE The Comedown** Kelt, Holland
- 2 **STOP KILLING ME The Primitives** Lazy, UK
- 3 **WEIRDO LIBIDO Lime Spiders** Virgin, Australia
- 4 **BLOW UP James Taylor Quartet** Re-elect The President, UK
- 5 **SIXTEEN FOREVER Nomads** Amigo, Sweden

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

KLAIR'S PAPER TIGERRRRR FIVESOME

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

JUST LESS THAN SIX TRUFFEL GROOVERS

- 1 **THREE MILKSHAKES & THE PRISONERS** Media Burn
- 2 **BLOW UP Jamie Taylor** Re-Elect The President
- 3 **HIT BY HIT The Godfathers** Corporate Image
- 4 **TIME TROUBLE MONEY Makin' Time** Re-Elect The President
- 5 **WISEBLOOD The Mighty Casars** Ambassador

Compiled by the groovy attic staff at Omega Records, Cheshire

BEST READING POSITIONS

- 1 **CHEMICAL IMBALANCE US** Import with free four track hard vinyl
- 2 **OPTION** classy review-heavy; snafu of modern music
- 3 **SNIFFIN' ROCK UK** 'zins with three track flexi
- 4 **BUCKETFULL OF GROOVIES** special on the Flamin' G's with flexi
- 5 **RATBEAT** free Finnish paper with news etc from US and Australia

Compiled by Shigaku Trading magazine thumb prints

CAROLINE MUSIC 33s (WAH! GROOVROID)

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

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

- 1 **LOVE MISSILE F1-11 Pop Will Eat Itself** Chapter 22
- 2 **WESTERN SKY BFG** Attica
- 3 **BRIAN RIX Brilliant Corners** SS20
- 4 **KICK ME AGAIN JESUS A House** RIP
- 5 **THE IRISH ROVER The Pogues and The Dubliners** Stiff

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

GRY RECORDS, BELGIUM, DANCEFLOOR FIVE

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

12K PA sounds from Front 242 support slot sound system, compiled by DJ Ronnie Rocket

STEVE HAMBLETON'S FEMME FAVES

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

LOUD BRAIN SCRAPING SELECTION

- 1 **UNGOVERNABLE FORCE Conflict** Mortarhate LP
- 2 **PATH TO DESTRUCTION Annihilated** Annihilated EP
- 3 **HUNG DRAWN AND QUARTERED HDQ** Endangered Musik LP
- 4 **MAJISTRATES AND SAINTS Insane Picnic** Waterfall LP
- 5 **LAST PLAIN Various** Wounded Knee EP

Compiled by Steve Beaty at Endangered mail order

PYRAMID ROCKSTEADY POSI-PEAKS

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

Compiled by Observer Station

BEST SELLING PEEL SESSIONS TO DATE

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- 2 **JOY DIVISION SFPS 013**
- 3 **SIUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES SFPS012**
- 4 **THE DAMNED SFPS 002**
- 5 **STIFF LITTLE FINGERS SFPS 004**

As related by Clive of Strange Fruit Records.

ROADSHOW ROWDY FIVE

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

Compiled by Jon of Candance Roadshow, Camberley

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29 UNDERGROUND

EARLY RABBIT PATTY

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

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

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

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

Will "I've never heard that before!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Will "We were unusual for those times be-

03 UNDERGROUND



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

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

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

myself. Good title, I tell them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Simply, they let Echo And The

Bunnymen disappear.

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

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

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

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



the Bunnymen are back

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

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

What did you all do then?

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

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

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

What must you prove?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yes, I saw the Sugar Puffs.

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

Will (filling glasses): "Pour boiling water — first one, then put the milk on after."

Mac: "Good thing, 'cos it's what we prefer to talk about. Er, Puffa Puffa Puffa. It's good. And Sugar Stars."

Will: "My favourite cereal is *The Arches*."

Mac: "What about *Les Enters*?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

2,3 drop

Who calls The Shamen?

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

So what's with the name?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

Homestead Records

Live Skull
Don't Get Any On You
HMS083 LP/Cass
Recorded live in NYC, Fall 1986. '15 minutes was more than I could bear'—The Legend.

Various Artists
The Wailing Ultimate
HMS079 LP/Cass/CD
The Homestead Records story, 14 tracks from Big Black, Squirrel Bait, Live Skull, Naked Raygun, Breaking Circus, Salem 66, Phantom Toll-booth, Dinosaur, Volcano Suns, Antietam, Big Dipper, Death of Samantha, Great Plains & The Reactions. American rock they haven't made up a name for yet.

and coming soon:

NICE STRONG ARM
Reality Bath LP/Cass

Austin, Tx. tornado, twin drummer militia, incredibly powerful stuff, puts butthole youth on watch from here on in.

HAPPY FLOWERS

My Skin Covers My Body LP/Cass

The duo of Mr. Anus and Mr. Horribly Charred Infant have now turned seven years of age.

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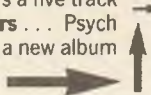
THE JAZZ BANDS

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

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



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

- The Panic Brothers. Name mean much to you? What images does it conjure up? What do you think they sound like? Well, here's a few first impressions: two young men who could well be brothers (they aren't), two voices whose harmonies could charm birds from the trees, two acoustic guitars of awesome resonance, the sharpest song structures and lyrics since John Cooper-Clarke joined up with Hank Williams. Hank Williams? How did he get in here . . .
- Richard and Reg are The Panic Brothers, and very relieved they are too. After a few years of attempting Straight Pop Careers, involving publishing deals, management deals and even electronic instruments, He struck. Richard heard the lonesome, bone-chilling moan of Hank and saw the light. Reg, miraculously sharing the same management, heard it too. They joined forces, ceremonially burnt their contracts and synths and became The Panic Brothers.
- All this was about 18 months ago. Since then they've got (at least) a 40-minute set of original material, toured the country with Lenny Henry and Hank Wangford, played over three hundred gigs in pubs, colleges, theatres and universities and made an album, *In The Red* (Special Delivery). I asked Reg and Richard how it had turned out.
- "We're very proud of it. I suppose everyone says that but it's true."
- Live, it's just the two of you but on the record you've got almost a full band on some tracks. Why?
- "We wanted to go beyond what we do on stage. It's still very acoustic-based, and we've added some pedal-steel, bass, cardboard box . . ."
- Cardboard box!?
- "Oh yes, it sounds great. We use it as a bass-drum."
- Some of the songs are quite humorous but do I detect a more serious side as well?
- "Actually I think nearly all the songs are serious really. We use humour as a way of getting the message across. Take a song like *Bivouac*, it's got some dead funny lines in it but I've lived in tiny one room bedsits. Or *In Debt*, it's got a really catchy chorus and harmonies but the subject matter isn't funny. There have never been more people in debt, it's a huge and literally deadly serious issue. I think it's got to be told but you can be totally serious and po-faced or you can look at it our way."



The Wild Flowers




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Strum along a panic . . .

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

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



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

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

HOXTON LEONID

35 UNDERGROUND

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- BIG FLAME
- THE SHRUBS
- A WITNESS

THE FIRST AFTER EPIPHANY

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ZRON 21

The prolific dominance of producer Prince Jammy in present day dance hall runnings continues apace with a batch of new releases this month through UK distribution company World Enterprise. Following earlier efforts from Little Twitch and John Clarke on the recently launched Super Power imprint exclusive to Jammys, a further sextet of styles are issued: the falsetto intonation of Michael Prophet declaiming No Run Left You Man c/w the more folksy Mouth A Mazy Liza (SPD3); King's reworking Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow for Tonight You're Mine c/w a detailed skirmish relative to the oft repeated phrase "if you want good your nose have fe run" on If You Want Good (SPD4); a relatively low-key toast duo Tippa Lee & Rappa Robert with Post Man At Your Gate c/w Star Appeal (SPD5); rising star Admiral Bailey hilariously extolling the virtues of the Big Belly Man and Horse Stepmach (SPD6) on respective sides; Youthman Promotion acolyte Chris Wayne riding the horse or obverse of the dancing floor (SPD7); and Pad Anthony coupling Moving Forward and Cooler Rinnings (SPD8). Also on the label is a various artists LP, Double Twin Spin Vol 1 (SPLP1), with contributions from Don Angelo, Pinchers, Risto Benjo, Collie Rozen and others, as well as the follow up Come Again (SPLP2) set from Coco Tea containing the title track hit. Other new Jammys products include Super Black, You Who Can Make The Game Ram c/w Give Me Love (Jammys AM08); Shaka-Demus, Two Foot Walk (Jammys PJADIS004); Horace And Must Have To Get It c/w Girl Of My Dream (Live & Love LLD38). While none may be quite as obsessively productive as Jammys, nevertheless others have also been busy. Germain music makes greater compromise and wears a more finished veneer as exemplified on the latest Freddie McGregor interpretation of Ronnie Dyson's Just Don't Wanna Be Lonely (DGT24), while his own hitmaking protégé Audrey Hall looks to improve her chart status with the pert Head Thick Skull Numb c/w Misery (DGT23), while in more roots vein from the same stable the aforementioned Admiral Bailey sings No Hypocrite c/w Chaka-Demus, Holy Book (Revolutionary Sounds RS008). Talk of Audrey leads naturally to sister Pam Hall whose latest album is Perfidia (World Enterprise WENLP3032) and now comes out with a plangent reading of Nancy Wilson's How Glad I Am (Blue Tracks BTR10) on disco. **EVELYN COURT**

FULLTIME LOWDOWN

Pake, Ha!
 is Trevor → Nearly
 and so recording of their debut
 Scottish mini-album, Rain, Craig
 are finding themselves defined in terms of
 what they do now, rather than in terms
 of what bands they used to be in.
 → Will: "I don't mind people mentioning the Cocteau Twins, it only pisses me off when people say we sound like them. I don't see that at all. Apart from the bass playing, but that's pretty obvious."
 → But, in a lot of ways, the clutching at easy labels wasn't always entirely the fault of the critics. Rain sounded pretty

much like what it was; an early striving after a coherent sound which never quite materialised. And while the parts never really came together it was easy to scratch at obvious surface comparisons.
 → But, as Low Life's music has progressed and matured through the album Permanent Sleep and the 12 inch EP Vain Delights, such comparisons have lost validity. Now, with their talents displayed in one rounded, magnificent whole, on their latest album Diminuendo, the ghosts of the past have been finally laid to rest as Low Life have surpassed the musical achievements of their previous bands in almost every way.
 → Their powerful sound, with its sweeping bass lines, deep, resonant vocals and meandering guitars has always managed to create an intense atmosphere, but now there is a better balance between light and shade and a clearer definition to their moods.
 → Craig: "I enjoy my lyrics better now. Before it was always, 'Quick, we've got a song, rush away and write a set of lyrics'. Now I'm actually enjoying writing, actualising sitting down and thinking about them... but not, 'I'm not going to say this song's about this or this song's about that'. I let people figure that out for themselves."

→ But their achievements so far, despite the massive critical acclaim already heaped on Diminuendo, are still only a beginning. Having only ever played a couple of live dates (in Edinburgh and Glasgow) prior to supporting the Go-Betweens in May, they see their next step as capturing something of their newly discovered live sound on record.
 → Will: "We've learnt a lot more about our limits and capabilities from playing that tour. I think we probably sound more like we really want to live than on record, because we tend to compromise a bit too much in the studio. We're guilty of using too many effects just because they're there. We used to just throw chords together, and whatever sounded best we kept. We know each other much better now as a band, and we're thinking more, deciding what will sound best on what song."
 → When I talked to the band in Grangemouth, or oil-city as Will calls it, they were concentrating on preparations for their show-case gig at the ICA towards the end of June, and a Janice Long session around the same time, with plans for the less-immediate future centering around writing more material for future live shows.
 → As for any future recording work, Will?
 → "I think we'd spend more time on writing and rehearsal now, rather than a lot of time farting around in the studio."
 → And if that means further improvements on the already excellent sound of Diminuendo, then they really can't go wrong.



STICK THIS!

Alex Kadis checks Camden's Heads On Sticks



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

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

WALKMAN WONDER: Sampled selection by Son Of Sam

The Passmores get lyrical about life and cardigans

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

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

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

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



Ian Dickson waves an EMI contract



RESSURECTED BY ELECTRICITY

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

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



YON YONSON

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

saturday nite



Schoolly pix by Ronnie R

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

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

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

Scorn is poured on **Def Jam** and **The Beastie Boys**.

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

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

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

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

Yeah?

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

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



Cookie clix by Ronnie R

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

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

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

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

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

"Whoooooaaa. Heyyyyye! . . . (pause). Mate?!"

The meaning of kitty?

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

Lee?

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

The meaning of . . . ?

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

Kitty screws you up (grafitti in Blast First toilets)

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

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

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

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

The power of Kitty.

More than words can say.

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

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

"Whooo. Hooeee. Heyyyyyyyyye!"

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

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

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



MOST DISAPPOINTING NAME: We Are Going To Eat You >

39 UNDERGROUND



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Big bang and smoke rings!

Living in Texas, yellow roses, John Lennon and Alex Karls

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But, why use the cowboy imagery?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

< CAN WE DO ANOTHER SINGLE, PLEASE: Age Of Chance >

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well, er, for home movies."

Great! But there again, they'll never find me out. Ha, ha. I suggest the chugging

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

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

DISCOGRAPHY

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

And tracks from around the world, too

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

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

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

STEAM IN STEREO (REC 220 STEREO) Puffing monsters and enthusiasts

VANISHING SOUNDS OF BRITAIN (REC 227 MONO) Church Bells, Electric Tram and all that stuff

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



new single
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their Forthcoming LP"

Alex Kadis - Underground

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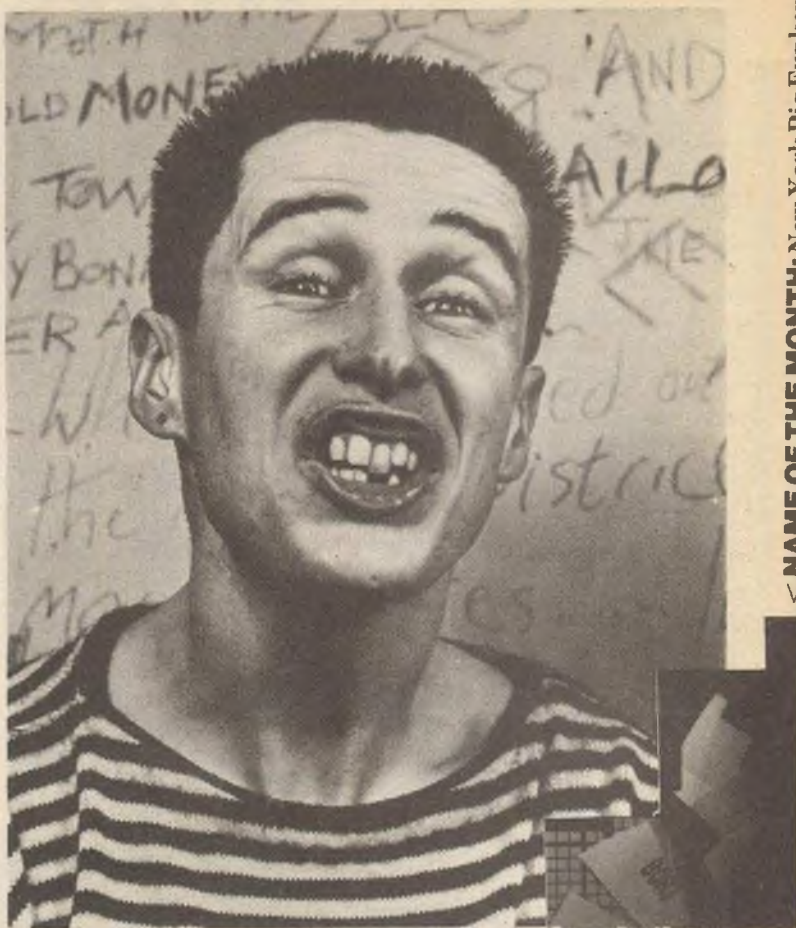
OUT ON LOST MOMENT RECORDS

DISTRIBUTED BY THE CARTEL

41 UNDERGROUND

Holier than thou!

NAME OF THE MONTH: New York Pig Funkers



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

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

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

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

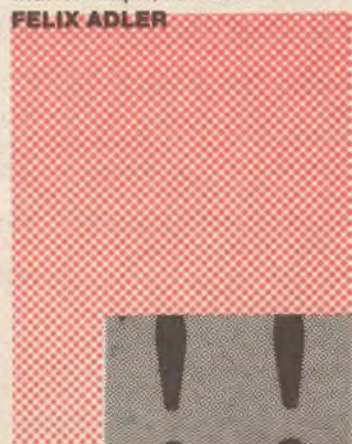
This month lil' ole Felix has three copies of **Mission Impossible** by **The James Taylor Quartet** and to get yours all you have to do is tell me what band James used to play with... Simple, nuff said...

FELIX ADLER



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

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



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SHIRLEY BROWN WOMAN TO WOMAN STAX 806
MARKETED BY ACE RECORDS

27 UNDERGROUND

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

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

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

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

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

Johnny is bruised, but not beaten.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fiend for yourself

Dr Why brew dissects the Alien

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



The Cult are naff gits

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



V. loud

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

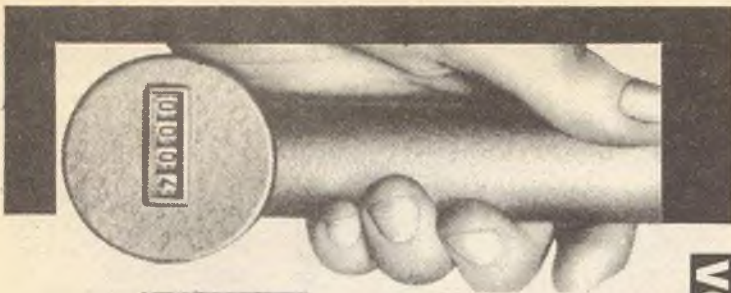
On **Karl Blake**: "I suppose I'm a romantic and an idealist, but I'm not one of these who says, 'let's put armour on', but I can't do it. I think you've got to throw yourself into situations and if you get hurt, so be it."

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

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

Pratninja gets preaching . . .





VOLTS ALL THIS THEN

"We've never had any principles from the word

go"

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

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

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

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

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

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

So you would sacrifice the Indie ethic?

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

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

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

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

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

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CROP SPREADS THROUGH EUROPE



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

46 UNDERGROUND

MIRACLE *miracle!* SHOCK!



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

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

Italy

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

MANTRA RECORDS, Via degli Etruschi 4/14, 00185 Roma, Italy.

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

By far the most active and prolific Italian label on the front of weird electronics and underground experiments is **ADN** from Milan (Via Segrino 6a, 20133 Milano, Italy). They have an impressive catalogue listing their own home brand of cassettes and records plus hundreds of unusual products from around the world. Recently they have become the Italian branch of the **RECOMMENDED RECORDS** organisation, so a few of their releases may eventually be available through Recommended Headquarters in London.

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

Vittore Baroni reporting



F.A.R.: Italy's Final Alternative Relation

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



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tm



FLAVOUR OF THE MONTH?

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

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



LEFTER THAN THE REST

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

long run it's got to be more indefinable. I've wondered whether it's because it takes a few listens to tune into what we're doing."

Whether supporting Thrashing Doves in New York, heading increasingly bigger shows back home in Boston (ah, their parent city has shown approval at last) or rumbling around this country, Three Colors want to crack it. So much so that, as their second mini-album This Is Norwood (on Soul Select) says, "if you are not pleased with this product, we will come over to your house and sing".

This band feels exactly right, but then what can you expect from a bunch of Bostonians who name their record after one of London's forgotten southern suburbs? Martin Aston

What's the color of pop?

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

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

So why the indifference, trend-conscious readers?

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



3 Colors

GREECE M D A D D Y

Anthony Fragos gets Greeky

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



Some Greeks getting down

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

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

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



3 3 3 3

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

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

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

6 5 4 6

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

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

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

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

7 6 6 8

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

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

3 3 3 3

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

3 3 3 3

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

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



3 3 3 3

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

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

and "kicking a broad in the head until she was dead", and all the other dull wet-dreams of morose with no ideas. It's pitiful to behold. I ask Andy if he can see anything redeeming in this cassette. "No, not really, it's a celebration of total stupidity. I sort of wish people like this would just f*** off and die actually!"

0 0 0 0

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

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

4 3 3 2

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

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

6 6 7 6

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

4 4 3 4

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

B B O Y S B - W A R E

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

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

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

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



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

4 4 5 4

THE SCREAMING ABDABS (78 *Sunderland Road, London E8 2LL*) scored big points on our charts. From a photograph that shows them all yelling and howling in a truly inspired fashion, and secondly a long charity letter that tells us of all the benefit concerts that they've played. They definitely had the good eggs. However, what about business? How do they shovel the beer vouchers in the promotion of The Screaming Abdabs? Andy pointed out that although they would certainly be a "top notch" live act, they would be a bit hard to take seriously as a band to sign up.



5 5 6 5

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

5 5 6 5

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

6 7 7 8

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

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



8 8 8 9

SHEND ON THE RUN



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

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

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



NEXT MONTH

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

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

Architects? Navvies? Landscape gardeners? Construct? How?

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

Hence all the references to violence, mutilation and suicide?

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

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

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

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



THE JACK RUBIES

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

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

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

Ronnie Randall



THE MIRACLE MILE

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

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

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

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

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

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

Julian Henry

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

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

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

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

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

Suburban Leeds after the crazyness of New York? After



DUSTDEVILS

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

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

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



FIRE NEXT TIME

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MY BABY'S ARM

My Baby's Arm?

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

Hmm.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE SHREW KINGS

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

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



THE BATHERS

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

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

continues over

ta

NAMEDROP

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

MEHEAD

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

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

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

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



SURF DRUMS

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

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

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

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

Dick Mescal



THE FLOWERPOT MEN

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

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

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

Why the wait?

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

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

Not so nervous with the laugh Ben. Ronnie Randall

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

TEXAS

JAMES RAY AND THE PERFORMANCE



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

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

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

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

Paranoia anyone? Craig Ferguson

WE FREE KINGS

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

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

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



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

TWANG

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

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

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

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



THE WALTONES

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

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

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

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



Genius or lunatic?

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

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

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

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

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



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



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ISSUE FOUR: hopping mad 'n' wicked
EDITOR David Henderson
DESIGNER Rod Clark

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PUBLISHED BY Spotlight Publications Ltd

Greater London House

Hampstead Road

London NW7 7DZ

Telephone 01-387 5611

Telex 29488 Music G

Fax 01-388 5010

DISTRIBUTION

Spotlight Magazines Distribution,

1, Samwell Road, London N7 7AX

Telephone 01-700 4600

Typeset by Offshoot Graphics Co,

1, 10 Great Sutton Street,

London EC1

Printed by

Chesham Press, 16-18 Germaine St,

Chesham, Bucks

ISSN 0951-802X

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

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August 1987 Issue Five

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★ **BIG ZAP**

return to the psychedelic shack

★ **DAVE HOWARD**

the secrets of Dr Ruth

★ **EINSTURZENDE**

NEUBAUTEN

making temple walls fall

★ **GREAT LEAP**

FORWARD *is there life after Big Flame?*

★ **FELT**

and the pop manifesto

★ **LA MUERTE**

Belgian swamp culture

★ **SKINNY PUPPY**

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Primal Scream threaten to unleash album

"I want to spend my life listening to great records and making great records. The first priority of this group is to make great music, the greatest within our capabilities. I think our LP is brilliant — there's so much in it, different moods and emotions. I'm proud of it."

INTERVIEW BY RICHARD LOWE

Primal Scream's Bobbie Gillespie is ranting and raving again.

★ Ask him about his beloved garage psychedelia and he'll write you an authoritative list of essential purchases. Confront him with accusations of being (a) a revivalist and (b) just another of those wimpy "anorak" bands and he snaps back, in the same gentle but firm tone that characterises his singing.

★ "I'm sick of being called a wimp. I'm not a wimp at all and I take that as an insult. I'm a strong person and our music is powerful music. It may be gentle and melodic but that doesn't mean it's wimpy. Everyone has their soft side. Anyway, how can anyone call Primal Scream wimps when Jim's in the band."

★ He's got a point there. Although young Bobbie may not look as if he could blow the skin off a rice pudding, guitarist Jim is built to roughly the same proportions as the proverbial side of a house.

★ "And as for being a revivalist band," continues the floppy-fringed one, "that's just ridiculous. None of our songs are ripped off for a start. Of course there are influences, but you can trace the influences behind every group. And we're not just influenced by stuff that was made 20 years ago — we're influenced by rock 'n' roll full stop. From the '50s up to present day groups like The Weather Prophets and the Mary Chain.

★ "The trouble is if you say you're into the Velvets, Love, Buffalo Springfield, Pink Floyd and groups like that you're labelled a revivalist, whereas if you say you're into Sam Cooke, Otis Redding, Bobby Womack, Aretha Franklin and Marvin Gaye — though they're all great artists — you're automatically hip.

★ "Now that's just ridiculous. I don't think you should categorise music by boxing it off into eras — how can you just box off human emotions and spiritual art like that and say it's out of date and irrelevant?

★ "A good record is a good record forever. A great record, whether it's just a fun record like California Girls by The Beach Boys or a violent record like Search And Destroy by The Stooges, will always be a great record. People should dig all kinds of music and not get petty and snob-

bish about what's hip and what isn't."

★ "And it's up to groups like us to make great records and get them played on the radio and into the charts. If groups like us and The Mary Chain, who are the type of groups in a small minority on major labels, get to sell a lot of records and change the record companies' way of thinking, great. We've got to try to have the same effect on the record industry as The Sex Pistols. They're the reason we're in a group now, because they cut through the crap and opened up the music business. But it's back the way it was now. As far as I'm concerned groups like Johnny Hates Jazz and Living in A Box are ridiculous because there's no warmth or soul or spirit or humanity in their records. They're just worthless."

★ And Primal Scream's new LP is "worthwhile" is it?

★ "It's a genuine record and that's what counts. We wrote those songs and they came naturally to us. Nothing about Primal Scream is contrived — when we write lyrics and melodies it's pure me and pure Jim. All great music has to be natural and our approach is like that. We don't analyse what we do, we just get on with it. We don't sit down and think 'let's write this one like Kris Kristofferson or Alex Chilton'.

★ "We're perfectionists about what we do, but we're impulsive — that's always been our approach and it always will be."



IN TAPE STILL MACGROOVING

In tape supreme Jim Khambatta 'phoned Ugphone to tell us that his label is out of hibernation. Concerning the initial press blurb about In Tape's "hibernation on June 26", he claims it was only for that day, when he allegedly went to the seaside. A new roster of acts will be announced when his towel is dry.

SNAKEFINGER DIES



Sad news that Snakefinger, The Residents' pal-come-guitarist, died of a heart attack last week in Vienna, during a European tour to promote his Vestal Virgins LP. He leaves a wounded public and a string of fine performances.

"Big Black are dumb, ugly and persistent. Just like a wart." — Steve Albini

Big Black bid farewell to the world as we know it after a caustic and creative flurry of activity. Current releases and those scheduled for the next ten seconds include a CD, The Rich Man's 8-Track Tape, a new album with the lovingly lovely and lovey-dovey title Songs About F***ing, and finally, the B-Boys cover Kraftwerk's The Model. So long guys, it's been, hic, well, er, LOUD!

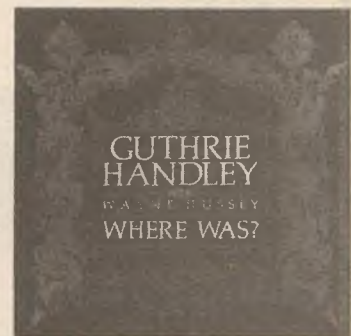
MORE MISSIONARY MEN

The strange tale of Guthrie Handley and Wayne Hussey of The Mission unfolds this month with the release of Guthrie's 12 inch Where Was?. It seems that the two met when Guthrie's band, Naked Voice, were about to record their LP and a baby-faced Mission were just free from The Sisters Of Mercy.

Wayne and Guthrie exchanged ideas in the studio, and discovered their age and birthsigns were the same, that they both had Protestant ministers for fathers, and they both weren't sure about what they were doing in the studio. Guthrie's band left him and after a try out as singer for The Mission, Hussey teamed up with the Scottish born Handley to complete the Naked Voice LP.

The Mission's Serpent Kiss turned rock into history and Guthrie's temporary disappearance scuppered plans of a more permanent tie up, but now, after

some legal wrangling with The Mission's new label, Guthrie Handley's Where Was? is out and selling on Lambs To The Slaughter through Pinnacle. What's more, the temporarily withheld LP, Forgotten Frontier by Naked Voice, will be back on the racks before you can speak. So go hear it!



UNDERGROUND

German People!

Der Plan release a new LP this week and to celebrate they've metamorphosed into strange squiggly lines and horned beasts. Must be the lager.

TAPE OF THE MONTH: *Big Skin* by Algebra Suicide



So, We Asked **Crazyhead**.

If Baby Turpentine Was A Cocktail What Would Be In It?

Bad Moonshine and Wicked Lady base, they blubbed (all drunk and stuff). How wimpy their mentor **Andy 'Mr Big' Food** grunted. It should have been...

- One bottle Thunderbird
 - Three measures Jim Beam
 - Two measures Benedictine
 - One measure blue Cacao
 - Half measure Sangria and Grenadine
- then just add a banana, cream and brown sugar and blend for 30 seconds. Add a dash of turpentine and garnish with half a limp salad sandwich, paper broly and plastic crocodile. Yum.



Taffy, caught in compromising position on larger than life chess set, revealed that her new fabbr single on Rhythm King, *Step By Step*, is not a cover version of the old *Step by Step* by someone else that always used to annoy everyone when it got played in scuzzy discos. So there.

Camera Frenzy

Spacemen Three avoid new *Mirror snapper!* **Dennis 'Wildman' Healey** was fired this week from a famous (?) newspaper after failing dismally to get a "scoop" semi-nude page five pic of **Glass** signings **Spacemen Three**. The **Spacies** new 45 (which plays at 33) has been making people go weird and Healey

had been dispensed to the group's north London flat, but failed to get the pic after being subjected to repeated playings of the disc in question.



THOSE DAMN bleeding annoying **Warhols** from Sheff keep ringing up. We told them they were dead, but they wouldn't have any of it. Anyway, they claim they're recording a "live" LP and that they desire semi-porno polaroids from *Ug* readers for the cover. Can it be done? Is it art? And, what's going on in Finland? They have a great mag called *Sisubeat* (with pictures of ice and ships on the cover) in Finland, and the latest edition has a free cassette of Fin fodder for general punter perusal. Intriguing *Oi, Oi, Oi* meets **999** stuff that **Arthur Negus** might be keen on ('cept he's dead).

No bombs this month, but a riot of superglue and a mini-ransom note from some bods who claim to be the "righters of injustices" or something. Hmmmm, we told **Ron 'The'** not to write that review.

Still, good to see that **SST** are re-educating the world by making the vastness of their catalogue available to us Brits through **Pinnacle**... it seems that there'll be more than a few little gems to save for now, that might otherwise have been well outside of the pocket of your usual *Underground* personage. For example, **Black Flag** manic guitarist's **Greg Ginn**'s other project, **Gone**, offer us the more tempered metallic onslaught of *Gone II* — But **Never Too Gone** and the late lamented **Minutemen** have a double album of live history in the shape of *Ballot Result*. It's a classic, a gem, and all that kind of thing. Other things looming on the **SST** horizon include... oh, I'll get back to all that in a minute, because our personal promo campaign of **Fuzz 'Half A Haircut' Townshend** continues this month with the news that his label, yes, **Cake Records** has a new record set to roll.

It's **The Davidsons'** version of **Gal Glitter's** *I Didn't Know I Loved You Till I Saw You Rock 'n' Roll*, and it's a scratching wow. Wow! News that **Shend On The Run** is to take up a directorship at **Aston Villa** have been denied, but rumours that his band's "cover" of **R Dean Taylor's** *Ghost In My House* had to be shelved after **The Fall** scored big with the tune, *do* seem to be true. Bastards, eh?

And so we get back to **SST**... they have threatened a glut of stuff from the remarkably paunchy **Zoogz Rift**, including the man's *Idiots On The Miniature Golf Course*, while other releases are from **Dinosaur**, **Blast**, **Slovenly**, **Angst**, **Tar Babies**, **Blood On The Saddle** and other such unsuitables. Houseband **SWA** have shed guitarists **Sylvia Juncosa** and **Lawndale** do *Sasquatch Rock* which looks like it comes with a whole string of Mexican cocktails or something like that... well, the titles are pretty weird... Last *Train To Nowhere*, *Ambush*, *Hot Pink Bongos*, all sounds like **The Eagles**, don't it?

cont. p6 col.1

from previous page

fiction

As **Bal Manilow** said, before grieving over the demise of the wunnerful **Sting-Rays**, er, read 'em and weep . . . in Blackburn things are bland when people are forced to go to jazz-funk do's and write about them in the otherwise rather splendid *Whatever Happened To?* ish four. More to the point, the mag (just 30p plus a large sae from Bernie at 19, Bay Street, Blackburn, Lancs, BB1 5NJ) is really neat when dealing with Portsmouth's **Red Letter Day**, to the button when it asks **The March Violets** what they think of **The Batfish Boys** and around and about some good sounds when it concentrates on **Meat Whiplash** and **The Scarecrows**.

So, let's move on . . . to, well have you heard the one about *The Lobster Telephone*, the radical small piece publication that's in excess of ish 14. It has bad cartoons, a grim sense of humour and dodgy interviews with chaps like **The Gaye Byke People On Acid**, which mention buckets of cocaine, £2000 and lorry loads of "Dutch" lager. Ha, aha! Get the latest ish for a mere 10p plus a sae from the Dredd Ed, 5A Gregory Street, Lenton, Nottingham NG7 2LR. And try to decipher that lot (have fun too).

Wow! Part of the **Happy End** press kit that Cooking Vinyl are sending out to precede the group's record release is a Happy End beer mat. Wahooo! What'll they think of next? **Michelle Shocked** campfire lighters?

And how the world has turned around. **The Smiths** cover **Cilla's** Work Is A Four Letter Word on the flip of their new Girlfriend In A Coma single. What next, **Morrissey** presenting *Blankety Blank*? Or maybe not.

Still, 4AD look set to tangle with **The Frazier Chorus** who our own **John Best** will no doubt be enthusiastic about real soon. **Besty** would also like to point out to his many fans that he is not a spelling error of **Jon 'Fat' Beast** and he was also on holiday when the **Jon 'Bionic' Beast** feature was done.

Ruby Blue look likely to be daytime radio played by the time you read this and their debut LP on Red Flame will be with the world in September. **The Cabs** have their back catalogue plundered for a CD of their greatest singles. Also **Rough Trade** are still keeping quiet about the silver disc they should have earned for Nag, Nag, Nag. I say, let's petition them.

Vindaloo have returned from WEA and the wilderness of whatever with their first record for a year through the Cartel. So, the first platter will be by **Port Vale** regular **Ted Chippington**. So, er, yes . . . it's The Wanderer, you know, the old **Dion** runaround number. So, there you go . . .

AFTER the fact

Driller Killer Pop Murder

Kill Ugly Pop get mean and moody after one of their number was left shades-less after a thief raided their "pad" recently. Even more, controversial, the first in their series of butchered "classics" features a maniacal uptempo workout of **Jimi Hendrix's Purple Haze** (including a suitably demonic guitar solo) on **Fever through Red Rhino**. Future butchered gems are said to include **Shirley Bassey's Goldfinger**, **Max Bygrave's Deck Of Cards** and that dreadful **Roger Whittaker** and **Des O'Connor** whistle-a-thon that charted last year. Although we're not really sure about that last one.



A Marriage Made In Limehouse

Temple signings ZOSKIA and **SUGARDOG** team up

John Gosling, formerly of **Psychic TV** but now of **Zoskia**, in a vain attempt to form a volleyball team ended up . . . sorry, OK, ex-**23 Skidoo** person **Fritz Haaman** and his **Sugardog** teamsters commit their first vinyl ritual as half of **Zoskia Meets Sugardog** on the Temple release **That's Heavy Baby**. And you know what, it bloody well is. Firm but fair, though.



AAAAA
AAAA
AAAAAARGHHHHH!

Wow, like hey, kings and queens of the souvenir cupboard, check this mother out? ● **SONIC YOUTH**, the group we all love to love, did a very **SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION INTERVIEW DISC**, that only a few mega gem Gods got their hands on. Better still, the **Sisters of all things GOOD** (or whatever), have **AUTOGRAPHED TEN COPIES** and wrapped them up (with their own hands) in spesh mega **SONIC YOUTH SISTER POSTERS** and left them pinned to **DAVE HENDERSON'S BACK** with a **17 INCH MACHETE**. ● So, OK! Who wants one of these prime, blood stained, packages. Get to grips with the Sonic speech patterns by answering just one question and sending the answer on a postcard to *Underground/Sonic Machete*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London, NW1. ● Go ahead . . . question . . . **OK, which obscur(ish) German label did Sonic Youth have their Kill Yr Idols released on way back in the mists of time?**

Voice over

Wales needs heroes!
Thomas The Voice oblige

Being from the valley's the **Voice** tend to wax lyrical in a particularly fluid way, so I wind up and . . .

"We're going against the grain of the current rough and ready rootsy folk revival. More hi-tech, more *honest* to folk tradition than the ad-mans vision of olde worlde countrified authenticity. Our position ranks alongside the organic development of people like **Prince**".

P-P-Prince?
"Folk music is about telling stories of the time in the ways of the time. By all means have an *awareness* of the culture you spring from, but the point is to *do* something with it other than trying to re-create pre-industrial Britain. That's a twee, idiotic ideal, like buying back the first bike you ever owned".

B-B-Bike? Pretty controversial!

Thomas The Voice's second single, **Stone Cutter Boy**, is on **North West** through **Red Rhino** and the **Cartel**. **Ronnie Randall**



Ex **Soft Cell** man **Dave Ball** (right) returns from the "mighty" producer's chair of many a past *thing* (plus sev guest appearances here and there) to introduce the world to his new band **English Boy On The Love Ranch**. Expect things soon on Temple.

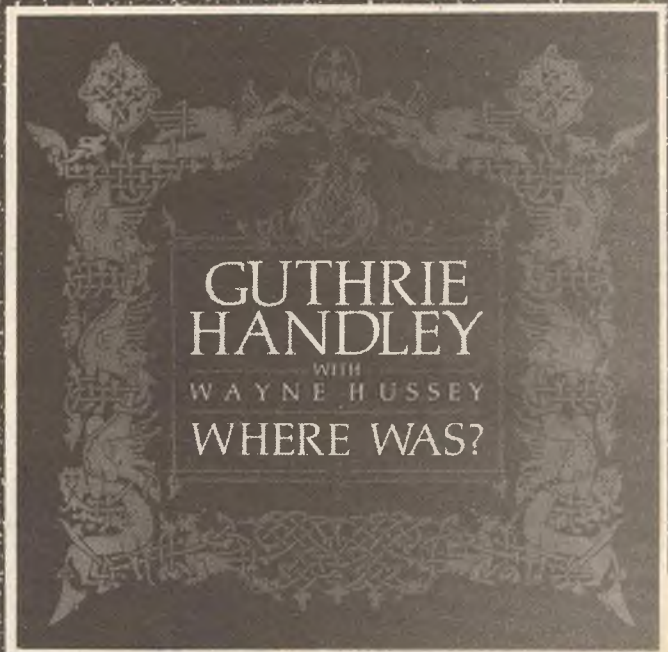
UGGED OUT AND TOTALLED

9 UNDERGROUND

"THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS" VIDEO
2 VIDEOS FOR THE PRICE OF 1



NO 1: FEATURES "THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS LIVE" (1 HOUR FILM)
NO 2: FEATURES THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF
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DEMON—BREAKOUT**

(CLAY LP23)



CLAY RECORDS

7
UNDERGROUND

fiction

Good mentions still abounding about **The Grizzelders**, but it does seem that they've split up, before the world could fully take in their, well, you know... Anyway, for dance bods (as we like to call them) the Castle Communications company is launching Blatant Records which will hit on the roots of def jam and all *that* stuff. First up is a double featuring primal Sugarhill material from **Grandmaster Flash, Melle Mel, Troublefunk** and more, so tune in.

Psychedelia is back! August 23 sees the recreation of the legendary Roundhouse Sunday afternoon psychedelic sessions with a supertent being erected in Finsbury Park for Acid Daze, a real experience, man! That's probably just as well seeing as they've pulled most of the old Roundhouse down. Anyway, headlining will be **Hawkwind** (yeeeeeheh), while the rest of the seven hour freak out will feature **The Pink Fairies, Dr And The Medics, Gaye Bykers On Acid, Voodoo Child** and **Pop Will Eat Itself**. Loon trousers are not necessary.

Dutch persons, **The Ex** are not content to release a new double on Ron Johnson this month, they also have a proper live cassette on Acid Rain Products for a paltry £1.50. Cheques for this should be made out to **Lee Oliver** and rushed to 50 Warndene Road, Brighton.

Meanwhile, the Let's Try Another Ideal Guest LP gets another added bit of promo with several gigs this week.

The Gimme Shelter tour calls in at Brighton Zap on July 27 with **Talulah Gosh** and **The Househunters**, and simultaneously (clever huh) it'll be at the Jangle club in Nottingham disguised as **McCarthy** and **1,000 Violins**. Tuesday July 28, Brum Burberries welcomes **James, Pigbros** and **Rumblefish** while Bay 63 in London has **Three Johns, Membranes** and more.

Wednesday 29 in Norwich at the Cocker Club, **Laugh** and **Cary Grant's Wedding** wrestle with bingo, and on Thursday July 30, Newcastle Riverside has **Chumbawamba** while **Laugh** and the **Talulahs** team up in Manchester at the Boardwalk.

Saturday August 1, **The Shop Assistants** hit The Venue in Edinburgh while Manchester's Boardwalk offers **Biting Tongues** and **The Passmore Sisters**, and finally on Monday August 3, there'll be five short sets for Shelter at Glasgow Raffles by **The Pastels, The Bandits, The Dragsters, The Vaselines** and **The Groovy Little Numbers**.

Further to that, a mere week or so later the footie season starts and mucho respected soccer 'zines **When Saturday Comes** and **Off The Ball** will be available through Red Rhino and the Cartel.

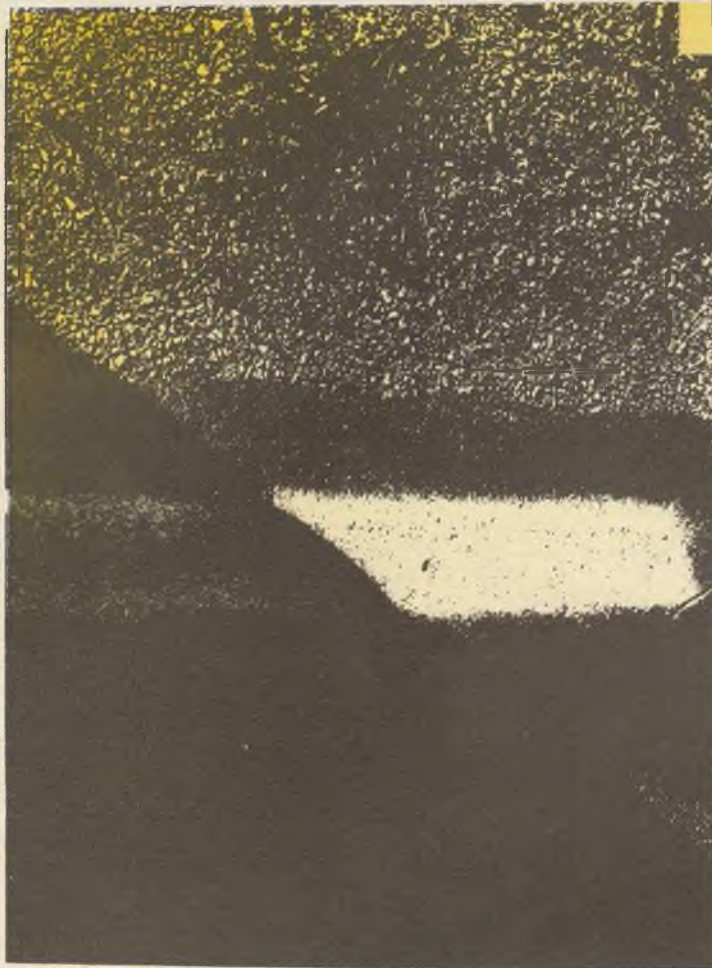
The combo who sent **Ug** the bomb, **Action Direct**, sent us a letter which they "claim" came to them after they sent a similar thing

cont. p9 col. 4

SUB culture

THE WAY IT FALLS

Next Big Thing 23 finds itself in a new seven inch square format with a cool record by **Thee Roman Gods** slung in for good measure. In what's just about Britain's longest running xerox and guts publication, **Lindsay Hutton** has developed the scribbled word into a little gem that acidic musicologists just shouldn't be seen without. ★ Punctuated with American corn ads and sexual cut-outs, there's humour plus wide ranging factual exposes on everyone from **Splacats, Scuba Scuba Scuba, Angst, Tell Tale Hearts, Vertical Smile**, loads of reviews, news, comment and, well, it's just a life's work every ish... so don't miss it, it's available through the Cartel and Fast Forward. **Johnny Eager**



Ah, the dreaded bring-back-dada collage. **Holy Toy's** throw-away literature which surfaced just after their brief flurry with the west, features a collection of sub-Soviet art bits to accompany their excellent Union LP Warszawa. Periodical size, it spawned a string of copyists, but the group, after signing to Sonet in the UK, disbanded and never reaped the rewards for their primal creativeness. Shame. Still they've recently returned with **Pakt Of Fact** (through Red Rhino). **Ripley**

SUICIDE BY NUMBERS

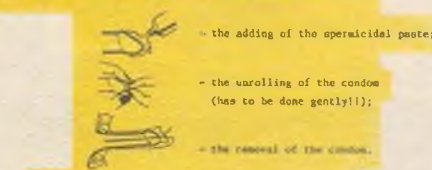
How many people sing about death and get away with it? Or should that be, how many people sing like death and get away with it? Anyhow, **Algebra Suicide** from the States are a little more than all this stuff and quite alarming and mind numbing at times too. • With numerous packages and compilation contributions already done, they can be found on a tape of their own, the well presented **Big Skin on Cause And Effect** (Box 30383, Indeanapolis, IN 46230, USA), which is well worth investigation. **Ripley**



Belgian label Antler think of everything. The first 1,000 copies of their recently biand 12 inch from **Save Sex** has a free OrthoShield with instructions on what to do with it. So, after melting down the record, please refer to diagram... **Ripley**

Directions for use:

- the condom has to be put on before the seminal discharge;
- the condom has to be removed after the sexual intercourse, it cannot be preserved for a second use;
- at each sexual intercourse a new condom has to be used.



SAVE SEX IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR INFANTIL ACTIVITIES!!!

LIVE DEPARTURE OF THE MONTH: Big Black double header in March >



WEIRD SHIT!

Yeah, no scam, man! **Vagina Dentata Organ**, who brought you the sound of **Jim Jones'** religious suicide plus some sexual wolf-barking in the past, is back. Their new pic disc (previous releases have sold for lots and featured things like human blood) is dubbed **Sex Stars One And Two** and revolves in a noisy blur all its own. Strange and a snip at ten quid from WSNS, Box 116, London, N19 SD2. **Ripley**

massive album collage and art threat

Psychic TV fans have been slavishly saving the tabs from their Live series of LPs to create the sleeve (or something like that) for the 23rd release in the set. Pretty weird, odd and strange anyway. Well, to confuse things, Sub-Culture fans, we're printing one of the most recent ones here. Pretty corrupt eh? **Triv Tel**

KEEP THIS VOUCHER
for it is a fragment of their tenth sleeve

The only way to obtain record N 10 in this series is to send in a complete set of nine tabs from these vouchers to: BM, TOPY, London WC1 3XX.

fiction

to the Chrysalis A&R dept. The letter intoned that the chaps there "refused to listen to the tape as it was sent with what looked like a bomb, and didn't the group know that things like that were illegal?"

John Rivers who produced everyone from **Love And Rockets** to **Mighty Mighty, Jimmy Jimmy, Felt Felt, Jazz Butcher, The Loft, The Pastels** and some other people, has written to tell us that he didn't produce the new Glass LP by **In Embrace** even though he did. Claims that the thing was cut from the wrong mix, from a cassette, from whatever about... we tried to contact the label, the would-be-producer, but, well, let's just say our noos dept isn't in the *Moonlighting* league yet.

Save Sex from Belgium have a free Ortho-Shield with a limited supply of their new **Don't Do A Thing** single, while back in the UK, Rain Tapes have **The Unknown 4**, a compilation for £1.75 with words, text, pix and music from the likes of **Playground, Venus Fly Trap, Red Harvest, Vicious Circle, Cheek To Cheek, Catapult, Every New Dead Ghost** and a whole lot more on a chrome C90 from Julian Smyth, Brynhyfyd School House, Ruthin, Clwyd LL 15 1AA, North Wales.

To coincide with the latest **Doors'** revival, including WEA's release of the Hollywood Bowl tapes, vid and how's your father, Bobcat Books have re-printed **John Tobler** and **Andrew Doe's** interesting, but rather uncatchingly titled, *The Doors*.

Mags about, er, newer groups come in all shapes and sizes, for example, *John Coltrane Stereo News* (£1.50 from Bent Sorenson, Nibevej 366, 9200 Aalborg SV, Denmark) concentrates, as you might imagine, on **The Dream Syndicate** and their offshoot projects. Interesting... but for dreamers only really. Similarly for **Coil** aficionados, there's a high quality mag with colour cover and everything you've every dreamt that you might need to know about Coil. It's a mere two quid including post etc from M Gaffney, 20 Everton Drive, Stanmore, Middx HA7 1ED.

9 UNDERGROUND

EYEBALL IN A FREAK OUT NATURE

The Residents have a new vid available. It's, er, weird...

The Residents' Video Voodoo should be on the racks and in the stores by the time you caress this page. A healthy set of films of eight tunes, it follows those blinking eyeballs through a whole new world of strange things, in graphic terms, as glove puppets, in dadaesque Klu Klux Klan garb for Third Reich And Roll, and as directors for a tale of sexual perversion (or something like that) on **Renaldo And The Loaf's** Songs For Swinging Larvae. This is a groove city tape, ideal for late night brain numbing. Inhale. **Ripley**



Homestead Records

Live Skull
Don't Get Any On You
HMS083 LP/Cass
Recorded live in NYC, Fall 1986. '15 minutes was more than I could bear'-The Legend.

Various Artists
The Wailing Ultimate
HMS079 LP/Cass/CD
The Homestead Records story, 14 tracks from Big Black, Squirrel Bait, Live Skull, Naked Raygun, Breaking Circus, Salem 66, Phantom Toll-booth, Dinosaur, Volcano Suns, Antietam, Big Dipper, Death of Samantha, Great Plains & The Reactions. American rock they haven't made up a name for yet.

and coming soon:

NICE STRONG ARM
Reality Bath LP/Cass
Austin, Tx. tornado, twin drummer militia, incredibly powerful stuff, puts butthole youth on watch from here on in.

HAPPY FLOWERS
My Skin Covers My Body LP/Cass
The duo of Mr. Anus and Mr. Horribly Charred Infant have now turned seven years of age.

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AC TEMPLE
Songs Of Praise

Further FU 1 **RTG** ●● 1/4 Five piece, currently based in Sheffield, with a mini album of action painting in noise and tune to launch this new hand-in-pocket partner of Blast First (in the **RTA** empire). It's a difficult earful at first too, the wavering wobble between mystery and suspense, bad pop nightmares and slothfulness, almost self-indulgence, making the AC's prime targets for confusion. But stick with it, and stick it on again.

AC Temple are far better than they might at first suggest. They throb some, they bang their hands till they bleed, they make damn fine songs and make adrenalin pump and hearts beat. It was an ordeal but I think I pretty much like them. **Dave Henderson**

THE APOSTLES
Equinox Screams

Andy Brant Inc. No. 1 (£4.50 from **Box** 4, 136 Kingsland High Street, Hackney, London E8) ●● Plenty of anarchic, free-form sounds, swear words and Yank preachers, plus some truly degenerate noisy bits. The Apostles respect men like Aleister Crowley, Genesis P. Orridge and Charlie Manson; as in There Is No God But Man, Subhuman and Eyes Of A Dreamer. Safe pop to dance to it is most certainly not. Closer to Psychic TV and insanity than some might feel comfortable about, it's worth checking out despite some naff bits splashed here and there. **Daz Igmeth**

BALHAM ALLIGATORS
Balham Alligators

Special Delivery SPD 1002 **P** ●● Aaah, Balham! Gateway to the South. Alternatively, have you heard the one about the Scotsman, the Irishman, the Welshman, and the two Englishmen? Well, they're a crack team of cajun, R&B and zydeco musicians whose name appears more regularly in London's gig listings than anyone else I can think of. Accordionist Geraint Watkins is perhaps their best-known member, having gigged with Dave Edmunds and other such luminaries. This is a cracking little record, especially Malheureuse, Tennessee Blues, which had me blubbing into my Tequila, and a hilarious Los Lobos parody, aptly named Tacos. **Karen Kent**

BEAUTIFUL PEA GREEN BOAT
Obsessions

Third Mind TMLP 20/MSR 1 **RTG** ●●● Just about my album of the year, but then what do I know? *Mirror Of Souls* is a screaming soundstorm of vibrating noise that somehow manages to retain its melodic beauty in the face of enemy fire. You can't totally dismiss the Cocteau Twins from the mind, and the English male/female duo do reside in Edinburgh, but their synth-rhythm-sound is intense and individual enough to be seen as a new force for the under 40s. New age music for transporter lounges. **Ronnie Randall**



BHUNDU BOYS
Tsvimbodzemoto

Discafrique AFRILP 03 **Re G** ●● The Bhundu's follow up to the independent chart regular, Shabini, with Tsvimbodzemoto which looks set to further enhance their reputation while introducing their distinctive "shed" sound to an African-music-hungry generation built of past Simonites and cultural renegades.

Upbeat and frantic with just a hint of technological sparkle, the Bhundu's sound is enhanced further when the vocals are allowed the kind of edge that Culture — circa '77 — attained. A totally different time and music here, but equally as moving and potently summer-happy. **Dave Henderson**

BIFF BANG POW!

Oblivion

Creation CRELP 020 **RTG** ●● Biff! Bang! Pow! Alan 'Creation' McGhee's with-a-little-help-from-my-friends project are certainly bashing out the big black discs these days. Can the nation take it, we ask? Oblivion is no watershed or huge diversion but just carries on McGhee's 60s-fixation — ba-baa's, chimes, zings, peals, studied innocence and lots and lots of blue-pilled love and romance — that mostly draws on psychedelia, mod and Merseybeat dreams. **Martin Aston**

BIG BLACK

Second Of Impact

Walls Have Ears WHE 002 **RTS** ●●● Fifty minutes of bitchin' rattlesnake brilliance. Produced in a limited edition of 2000, the "official bootleg" from Big Black captures the highlights of two of last years U.S. shows. New material rubs shoulders with old faves Kerosene and Passing Complexion. An awesome nauseous rendition of Jordan, Minnesota is not a comfortable experience. Steve Albini is as sharp a social commentator as has come from across the Atlantic, his 'Training programme for Social Retards' in the last issue of *Forced Exposure* was funny as hell. So are his between song rants and put downs. "You can't breathe? You should feel lucky there are some people that can't see! A asshole." **Vachel Booth**

BIM SKALA BIM

Bim Skala Bim

Fonograf Records BSB 001 (41 Boston St, Sommerville MA 02143, USA) ●● Yet more new ska from the US! First time I've heard of this lot, but I'm sure it won't be the last. Musically akin to early Beat and lyrically similar to *Bad Manners*, check out Jah Laundromat for proof. Bim Skala Bim are apparently packing them into the clubs in Massachusetts, and with a major deaf imminent, look set to repeat that feat nationwide. Now, where did I put that pork pie hat? **Mark Brennan**

BLURT

Smoke Time

Toeblock Records TBLP 4.00307 **JJJ** ●● Now, while I can't honestly claim to have ever found paradise in Ted Milton and Blurt, it has to be said that he can blow a wild sax on occasions, and while his work never consists of any of yer actual singalong terrace anthems, it's always interesting to listen to. Difficult shapes, crazy rhythms, hoarse vocals, it's often frenetic stuff. Noise annoys, but not this time. More power to your elbow, Ted. **Alex Bastedo**



THE BOMB PARTY

The Last Supper

Abstract Records ABT 016 **P** ●● 1/2 Dunka, Dunka! Let's get philosophical! Nope — we're the Bomb Party, boy, so cut loose and rock yer nuts off — or else!

If brainless, barnstormin' rockin' is to your taste, then look this one up: five new tracks and all the material from the Raygun, New Messiah and Life's A Bitch singles. Fourteen cuts of prime gravelly vocals nailed on to the cross of rock 'n' roll and filthy alcohol-enriched bass, drums and guitar. This is not one to be played quietly in the background; dials set at maximum will only do. **Daz Igmeth**

BRAD IS SEX

Gentlemen, Start Your Sheep

Bam Caruso MARI 074 **Re G** ●● It's amazing what they can do with science these days. This man used to be a Tortilla Flat, now he's an all rounder quarter pounder, with Tracey Voice Of The Beehive in tow on one take, on a half album/half megamix weird-out. The longer, more esoteric, eccentric piece on the flip is impressive, but it's the top cover of Black Magic Woman that's the hypnotic, trump. Neat LP. **TC Wall**

STEVEN BROWN

Searching For Contact

Play It Again Sam Records BIAS 55 **RP G** ●● An aural equivalent of Jean Genet or William Burroughs (that's aural), this album is a travelogue through the seedy European underworld that continues to fascinate Steven Brown. Sax, clarinet, synths, piano and spoken voice are just a few of the ingredients that go towards creating a sleazy atmosphere for this expatriate American to relay his narrative tales of drink, drugs and debauchery.

As his earlier solo records might suggest, it's a lot more minimal than his outings with Tuxedo Moon, but no less enjoyable for all that. **Alex Bastedo**

EVO LUTIONS

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

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.)



BREAK AND FINGER UG!

EUGENE CHADBOURNE

Vermin Of The Blues

Fundamental SAVE 18 **RR C** ●●¼ More madcap frivolity from ex-Shockabilly Euge. Backed by Evan Johns And The H-Bombs, Mr Chadbourne reveals that Buddy Holly Is A Communist and offers a burning version of the Johnny Cash hit Ring Of Fire. Plenty of laughs, as ever, on a fine album liberally sprinkled with wit and some eminently hummable tunes. **Dave Henderson**

THE CHADBOURNES IN AMERICA

LSDC&W

Fundamental SAVE 19/20 ●½ A double from Eugene with family in tow and some pretty well-wired versions of Beatles, Burl Ives and Roger Miller tunes among others. Taking it seriously, this album asks the age old question, just how many more braniac LPs can the former Shockabilly person get away with? Also, who buys this shit?

On a lighter note, it is funny, manic, maniacal, dodgy and totally out to lunch. Enjoyable for a few plays at least, is there more to life than this? And do we need a double album's worth? Heavy trippin' Euge . . . **Johnny Eager**

CHAIN GANG

Mondo Manhattan

Lost TTL 87109 **RTS** ●●¼ As they tell it, Chain Gang were formed during the massive manhunt for the Son Of Sam killer, using the 30 grand reward money to wax their vigilante bounty-hunter classic Son Of Sam. Chain Gang have apparently brought their "Taxidriver lifestyle" to the screen for Mondo Manhattan, to which this is the soundtrack. Scratchy, gutter-garage punk scrapings and hard-edged, electronic dance is fused to dissonant No Wave guitars and New York rap-dance, interjected with voice-over commentaries while politically, at a guess, Chain Gang hang out on the same left-wing patch as the Dead Kennedys. A blurred, exhausting, often challenging sound, Chain Gang are real ghetto blasters, documenting the mixed-race Bowery streets, physically and emotionally honed to feverish pitch. **Martin Aston**

BOOZOO CHAVIS

Paper In My Shoe

Ace CHD 214 **P** ●● I have cherished the name Boozoo Chavis ever since first hearing his 1954 zydeco recording Forty One Days on the Mike Leadbitter compilation double album Nothing But The Blues on CBS in the early '70s and until the release of this album it was also my sole acquaintance with the man as well. Which is hardly surprising really, considering Boozoo Chavis recorded a mere three singles in 30 years playing dances around the Lake Charles area in Louisiana and only recently realised the opportunity to record this present set. There is nothing new here quite as raw as Forty One Days, nor is the song included, though another of his regional hits from the '50s, Paper In My Shoe, is reworked. **Evelyn Court**

THE CHESTERFIELDS

Kettle

Subway Organisation SUBORG 3 **RC** ●●● The Chesterfields are an outfit who looked like they'd come dangerously close to extinction last year. Glimmering and shaking on a dodgy seabed of jangle-frenzied haircuts, it can't have been easy to aspire to the "grooviness" of A&R respectability, independent chart success and 'I told you so' firmness.

Kettle is merely a brilliant collection of songs — spiked with a million melodies, riddled with rhyme and reason — bustling through a supermarket queue of low excitement to a pinnacle of post-jangle hysteria. This is the "great pop LP", a mammoth listen and vital for any slim chance of a summer this year. **Johnny Eager**

THE CLAIM

Armstrong's Revenge

Trick Bag 0387 **RR C** ●7/8 The Claim's second stab at popular notoriety comes in this set of 12 plays-for-today set in jangle and squidgey keyboards by their own fair hands. There is light and dark here, story telling of magnificent proportions from a band who sound like what-The-Milkshakes-should-have-become-when-they-got-out-of-their-leathers. They also have the potential to succeed in the song writing swamp of their choice in the fullness of time. **Dave Henderson**



DEAD CAN DANCE

Within The Realm Of A Dying Sun

4.A.D. CAD 705 **RT C** ●●●● It's been a long 18 months since we last heard from Lisa Gerrard and Brendan Perry but, oh me, the wait was worthwhile; this will carry you away to places ethereal, moody, chilling, angelic, ghostly, sombre and most of all deliciously beautiful in its entirety. Have your spine tingled and caressed by the dark sparkle of Lis's soaring voice. Feel your brain immersed in the dulcet flow of Brendan's perceptive words. Let your body float in the enriching fluid sounds of sleep-like death, like the release of an un-selfconscious dance, and listen closely.

Dead Can Dance's musical style and wide eyed beauty (meaning that which delights eye, ear and mind) is one of those rare things actually attractive enough to fall in love with. Succumb to the fatal charm. **Daz Igy Meth**

DEAD KENNEDYS

Give Me Convenience Or Give Me Death

Alternative Tentacles VIRUS 57 **RT C** ●●½ A massive 17 track monstrosity to bid farewell to America's most bolshy sons. The Dead Kennedys' hits, tormented pleas and embittered prose are laid end to end on this career collection that revs and splutters with some real gasoline gargling aggression. And, in this context, the true width of the Kennedys' sound and their potential for explosive noise can be heard in all its glory.

For beyond the valley of pogo-ing thrash and happy slam-dancers, these men had tunes, melodies and the constant desire to cough up what really mattered. Mega-good . . . but we should all know this by now. **Dave Henderson**

DEATH

Scream Bloody Gore

Under One Flag Flag 12 **P** ●● This was thrash rock at its fastest and most furious, until I discovered I was playing it at 45 instead of 33. Still, it sounded just as frantic either way. Bloody hell, there's no slowing this stinking monstrosity down as black putrid smoke rises from the grooves.

From Florida via LA, Chuck Schuldiner looks such a sweet, fresh faced, orange juice-bred boy. He must have been cavorting with Linda Blair's best mate from *The Exorcist* to gain such a deep, puke-perverted voice. Regurgitated Guts, Baptized In Blood, Infernal Death, yes all those subtle tunes we've come to know and love. Very, er...intense. **Ronnie Randall**

continued over

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

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

THE SWEET UG OF SUCCESS from previous page

DUMPTRUCK

Positively Dumptruck

Big Time ZL 71272 ●● An alluring full colour photo-freak sleeve drags you in, the reverse check-shirt/guitar-band-live-shot gives you second thoughts, but the vinyl? Now, hey! Without sounding like Dream Syndicate, REM, The Silos *et al*, Dumptruck give off that initial odour of Americana, a bottle of booze (half empty), and a temporarily pickled heart. Pop, melodies and style all in attendance. Great. **Dave Henderson**

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN

Fuenf Auf Der Nach Oben Offenen Richterskala

Some Bizzare ●●½ 'Five On The Open-Ended Richter Scale' is the title which really does have something to do with Collapsing New Buildings. Funnily enough, there is less dissonant, shuddering earthquake-angst and noise to Neubauten's fourth album, and *more* of what can be called conventional melody. The opening Zerstorte Zelle is a grindingly slow chamber ballad, wracked by strings (a synth?) while Tim Rose's Morning Dew is a gripping, fated ballad with slide guitar, sung by Blixa Bargeld as if he was postively eaten away by the song.

Neubauten haven't lost their aim or intention — objects are still pushed into reproducing sound in manifest ways, rhythms hissing and steaming behind Blixa's gutted groan. Haunted, but not the demolition people might be expecting. **Martin Aston**

EL ULTIMO DE LA FILA

Quando La Pobreza Entra Por La Puerta, El Amore Salta Por La Ventura

PDI (Evaristo Arnus, 64.08014, Barcelona, Spain) ●●½ "When poverty comes to town, loves goes out the window" is what they (Last In The Queue, that is) mean. Barcelona's El Ultimo are Spain's first concrete sign of musical autonomy, away from Western influence of the Mediterranean MOR-ballad form. There's little precedent for this uncanny rhythmic urge: flamenco and Moorish (read: North African/Moroccan/Arabic) accents colour a booming pop ingenuity that can border from a Police-style dexterity to an REM mystique, but essentially doesn't conform to any stereotype. With gypsy blood, a social conscience and a sleeve quote from Dylan Thomas, El Ultimo sound armed, possessed and ready — one of 1987's more unqualified surprises. **Martin Aston**

RANDY ERWIN

'TIL The Cows Come Home

Heartland HLDLM 001 **Re C** ●● Mid-priced mini album from Heartland, Zippo's new country label, Randy Erwin's UK debut re-introduces the tender art of yodelling to the world as it steps into full gear with minimal accompaniment but more than a keen sense of song in its heart. Randy will be over touring later in the year and should kick up some press action with his cover of Frank Ifield's Lovesick Blues. Wah! Wogan here we come. **Johnny Eager**

THE EX

Too Many Cowboys

Ron Johnson ZRON 25 **NM C** ●¾ More from The Ex in the politico guitar fuzzed harranguing office, and some mean diatribes let free to the right the collective wrongs the world over. Resplendent with a mega-huge newspaper style periodical in which the tunes are given typographical cudors, Too Many Cowboys is a dream that you can pin on your wall and live up to, too. A mere 20 tracks on show and a grinding, spell-binding version of sound and its kindred spirit make for the *right* stuff and an extremely volatile album. Raunchy and a million miles from the caustic rock dream of our forebearers, long live The Ex. Now, listen in! **Dave Henderson**

FELT

Poem Of The River

Creation CRELP 018 **RT C** ●●½ You get the feeling Lawrence will never, ever, ever, ever be happy. "I will be the first in history to die of boredom" is one hell of a way to open a new mini-album but Felt manage to maintain the morose and glum tone throughout. But, Poem's musical glories remain undefeated; the keyboard and guitar pattern that elevate the extended She Lives By The Castle and Riding On The Equator respectively are rich, mature tapestries that hark back to earlier Felt watercolours off their first two albums. Lawrence really sounds like a melancholic, middle-aged singer-songwriter — Tim Hardin, Bob Dylan, take your pick — and it works. He's let got of the pop-at-all-costs ideal and simply reflected what he feels. But take heart, Lawrence, this is a wonderful record. **Martin Aston**

HORACE FERGUSON

Sensi Addict

Ujama UJLP-001 (Reggae Quarterly, 10 Walmer Road, #1501 Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5R 2W4) ●● It has taken some while for Horace Ferguson to follow up his sizeable reggae hit of a few years back with an album of the same title but the wait has not been without its reward. Nor does his acknowledged dependence appear to have impaired his voice in any way during the interim. Horace Ferguson is in the same vocal mould as namesake Horace Andy and like him employs an endearing quavering vocal and air of injured innocence to convey his message, while the minimal digital accom-

paniment here further enhances the singer's clarity of expression. In addition to the memorable title track there is his castigation of chemically induced states of being on Tranquilizer and a glimpse into the arcane art of voodoo for Gazuma. Most intriguing of all is the gospel departure of Great Stone where Horace outreaches himself in terms of intensity for a moving performance. **Evelyn Court**

FLUID WAFFLE

Fluid Waffle

Amok mLP509 (Box 7309, Vanier Terminal, Ottawa, Ontario K1L 8E4, Canada) ●●● These people are *real* good. Again the inner song is detached from the inner ear, chords are interplayed but all still keeps rolling along with a mutantly tuneful fascination. Fluid Waffle are from Ottawa and one of the brightest things this month. Six tunes, *just*, raring to break even further into the psyche. Don't miss this one if you can help it. **TC Wall**

THE FUGS

Star Peace

New Rose ROSE 115 **P** ●½ The stalwarts of anti-gov rhetoric return on this double LP, rock opera concept, written by head Fug Ed Sanders. A play on words set to music where a lot of the jokes are too highbrow, and the music remains mainly undeveloped — this is for converted reefer kids and of little bonus value to CND. Enjoyable for a few plays but it wears pretty thin after a while. Now, maybe if Laurie Anderson had been brought up 20 years ago . . . **Dave Henderson**

G.B.H.

No Need To Panic

Rough Justice JUST 7 **P** ●● Some say that the only difference between thrash metal and thrash punk is a haircut and the names on the back of scruffy leather jackets. Wrong! Lyrical content, when audible, is also a major factor.

G.B.H. don't sing about devils with unpronounceable names, or women with insatiable desires that only they can satisfy, it's the rough 'n' ready world of getting nicked on tour (Hit The Deck) or visions of future holocaust (Rumbllin' Underground) that this lot are concerned with.

They might not be as musically competent as Metallica or Megadeth, but their attitude is a lot healthier than the likes of Venom or Bathory. A sense of humour and a sense of honesty are the driving forces of this L.P. and for these reasons alone the rest of the thrash world should have plenty of cause to panic. **Mark Brennan**



GLORIOUS DIN

Closely Watched Trains

Insight (Box 5599, San Francisco, CA 94101, USA) ●●½ What a name! With a moniker like Glorious Din this group just had to be snatched and thrown record deck-wards, and some treat it turned out to be too. Not the innocuous blast of bitter atonal nonsense one might at first suspect, but a gently strummed collection of songs that's almost folksy in a Dylan-styled sub-drone of a score. What's more, there's even an embittered vocal edge and a neat tuneful bit of guitar riffing (purely picked, *not* powerchord) behind that faltering, hesitant, affected vocabulary. Glorious Din fall convincingly above the rest of America's paling sludge and make a fine LP. Don't miss. **Dave Henderson**

PETER GORDON

Otello-Falso Movimento

ROIR Tapes A-150 **RR C** ●● A colossal effort, a, a, a, well, you remember when Malcolm McLaren tried, superficially, to tie opera and dance together, well Peter Gordon has taken it all a step or two further. Here, on Otello, the first and last fiery moments of Verdi's explosive music is punctuated with Gordon's more courageous modern day interpretations. The stories are twisted, the sounds are transformed . . . the results are transfixing. Excellent stuff. **Dave Henderson**

HEAD

A Snog On The Rocks

Demon Records Fiend 95 **P** ●●● Like all Bristol strains of modern music there are the obligatory Rip, Rig and Pig connections. And thus, as surely as day leads to night, you can expect a bundle of brass-spiked rhythms to form the backbone to Head's harsh, funky meanderings. It's music to impress your friends with as phoney Americana jumps into bed with a Soho bohemia soaked in hip nightclub ethics.

Head have bitten into endless musical genres, toying with cut-ups and samples along the way, as they rip and plunder. Country pop, naff folk and rabid R&B are trashed as forced humour and empty emotion run riot.

Head *should* leave me cold, they are posey and pretentious. And yet... and yet the resultant whole is a pulsating masterpiece. **Ronnie Randall**

TOTALLY UGGED

21 UNDERGROUND

< SLEEVE OF THE MONTH: My Favourite Room by The Lime Spiders >

THE JAZZ BUTCHER

Big Questions (The Gift of Music Volume 2)

Glass GLALP 023 **RM** **C** ●●½ The Jazz Butcher's parting shot before leaving Glass for pastures new is this second, deluxe selection of past singles and their b-sides, the first having been issued a couple of years back. Containing full length versions of classics like *The Human Jungle* and *Hard*, alongside more eccentric fare like the fabulous *Groovin' In The Bus Lane* and the even more bizarre tribute to Peter Lorre, simply titled *Peter Lorre*, it fairly covers the wide range of subjects and styles that he manages to encompass from simply acoustic ditties to full blown epics. The big question is, dare you give the gift of music when it's as fab 'n' groovy as this? **Dick Mescal**

THE JOHNSON MOUNTAIN BOYS

Let The Whole World Talk

Rounder Europa/Demon REU 1017 **R** ●●● This is bluegrass so traditional that it's hard to know if it's serious or not, especially since the cover pic shows the five squeaky clean lads in mushroom coloured suits worthy of Kevin Keegan. But give them the benefit of the doubt; they know what they're doing.

There's a fair old fiddle in here, particularly on *Maury River Blues*, written by "rock steady mandolin player" (it says here) David McLaughlin. And though the subtle blend of country, cajun, Celt, gospel and folk can sometimes seem hard to swallow, the Mountain Boys help it down with a sweet (but not sickly) dollop of hometown harmonies and some banjo playing extraordinaire.

Peak enjoyment! **Carole Linfield**

THE KREWEN

Sweet Dreams

Lost Moments LMLP 020 **R** ●● Psychobilly with a bit more bottle than most of their rivals. Kicks off with a topical spaghetti westernesque *Warpath*, which sets the breakneck pace for the rest of the album, in the true Meteors tradition. The needle finds itself racing to get to the end of each track before the song finishes. I've nothing against their own songs, of which there are nine, but the track I enjoyed most was the closing one, a live rendition of *Shout/Knees Up Mother Brown* which had me whipped into a bit of a frenzy. **Snakey G**

THE LIME SPIDERS

The Cave Comes Alive

Zinger VOZ 2006 **R** ●● Cooled down acid rock that revolves around the crazily insane guitar explosions of Spider Gerard Corben and the cranked-up intensity of this liquid light Aussie combo. Dirty downhome garage music that's been refined and produced into an orchestrated nightmare, like a poop version of *The Cramps* or a *Love* meets *The Byrds* in a 48 track studio, with more than a hint of a chequebook showing. Some great tracks here, y'hear? **Johnny Eager**

THE LUCY SHOW

Mania

Big Time LC8278 ●● Presumably the title refers to *The Lucy Show's* obsessive desire and inclination towards replicating '60s nostalgia and not to the content of the album. Though dangerously close to mediocrity on some of the less inspired tracks, *Mania* is generally an uninterrupted sequence of soothing sounds, richly enhanced by the careful use of acoustic guitars, the sweetest voices and drums which compliment, and never shadow, its sensitive outlook.

Another in the series of seasonal beatings given to the Beatles' rug gives this unhealthy homage to reminiscence a somewhat secondary significance but this is more than compensated for by the honeyed beauty of such songs as *Sad September* and *A Million Things*, while *New Message* is certain to titillate even the most discerning pop palate. **Alex Kadis**

MAKIN' TIME

Time And Trouble Money

Re-Elect The President Reagan 1 **R** **C** ●● Along with *The Prisoners*, this mob knew how to excite an audience. With a mixture of original material and well chosen sing along '60s anthems, such as *Boom Boom* and *I've Got My Mojo Working*, they were first class. So it seems fitting then that as they've now disbanded, a recording of them live is made available as an epiphaph. Recorded at the 100 Club, an historic venue in the annals of mod, it has a surprisingly clear and full sound, unusual for records of its ilk. A live album to be proud of. **Snakey G**

THE MEMBRANES

The Virgin Mary Versus Peter Sellers

Vinyl Drip DRIP 001 **R** ●● A mixed up, screwed up, collection of out-takes, re-recordings, and all that jive from Blackpool's fave sons. Their hard to find and obscure back catalogue — before they trod the boards through *In Tape*, *Glass*, *Creation* and *Homestead* — gets an airing and displays that they've been confused and creative since birth. Included are early *Rondelet* sides, flexi cuts and the tracks from the *Blackpool Rox EP*. Like heritage, man! **Dave Henderson**

MILKSHAKES/PRISONERS

Thee Milkshakes vs The Prisoners

Media Bun MB17 **RR** **C** ●●● Recorded live in a studio back in '84, with an invited drunken rabble of an audience. This is the long lost gem which once made it to white label for the doomed *Shake-Up* label — copies of those now sell at £30 plus. A definite must for those who enjoyed these bands' chaotic and sweaty live shows, with your record player cranked up and a beer in your hand it's just like being back at the *Hope And Anchor* or *MIC Club*. **Deke Wanger**

THE MILKSHAKES

The Milkshakes Revenge

Hangman HANG 1 UP **RR** **C** ● The "missing" ninth Milkshakes LP sounds like all the others and forwards the question, if they were so keen on living out their cavern-like existence, were happy to atone to *that* sound and look, are they anything more than an underground *pub* band?

Spotty beer sodden pop recorded in an airing cupboard. Some might suggest that the group were talented enough to develop their songwriting process, others may say they never wanted to, do we need another album of evidence though? **Johnny Eager**



MINT ADDICTS

Naked Eyes

Constrictor CON 00019 **RR** **C** ●●● This album is really, *really* hot. A German band that sing in English and play with the kind of inventiveness, sensitivity, and drive that's not been heard for some time. Lodged within their driving, all consuming and invigorating, songs, *Mint Addicts* sprinkle more than a dab of potent ingredient X. It's that little extra something that elevates them to those great heights, and it's because that it's only the Ad's who know the formula that they can always quirkily keep one step ahead. This is a fantastic album. Grab it. **Dave Henderson**

THE MIRACLE LEGION

Surprise, Surprise, Surprise

Rough Trade ROUGH 112 **RR** **C** ●● Second UK LP for *The Miracle Legion* who've undergone a small line up change since their *Making Waves* mini LP *In Your Backyard*. What's more, their distinctive sound has travelled further from their Athens, Georgia roots to become a distinctive symphony dressed in guitar and heartfelt vocal patterns. Punctuated with your standard rock phrasing, the Legion are now harder campaigners, champing at the bit and with more than their share of potential radio action expected. *Surprise* is still only part of the way along the road, but well worth your funds. **TC Wall**

MOMUS

The Poison Boyfriend

Creation Records CRE LP 021 **RR** **C** ●● *Momus'* words recall the beatnik '60s drawl of a Tom Waits character who spends his time nurturing a studied, and quite authentic, left bank street ethic. The faithful acoustic guitar is now married to some fairly downbeat arrangements and a variety of other instruments, but his voice, combined with the verve of the lyrical content, ensure an attractive end result.

Observing *Momus'* progression on record since '85 hints at a just-recognisable commercial awareness. On one track, *Situation Comedy Blues*, he busts loose and almost sounds like a pop group. *Strange, I thought I was listening to 10cc for a moment.* **Julian Henry**

MOVING HEARTS

The Storm

Tara Records 3014 **R** ●●● Instrumental Irish band, which avoids the quirkiness of the genre by sticking to a fluid, genteel approach. So, there's no *Lick The Tins* gaeity, nor quite the esoterics of *Clannad*, but this is gloriously melancholic, rather wistful and very classy.

Anyone care to come and watch the sunrise? **Carole Linfield**

MRS GREEN

Mrs Green

Beserkley BZ1001 ●●● This is the first release on *Beserkley* ("Home Of The Hits") for some six years, so it's good to see they've picked a good 'un.

Mrs Green, three West Coast lads, have cast up an eloquent debut, and are apparently causing quite a stir back in hometown San Francisco. They excel in what seems to be a new breed of West Coast melody, and have subsequently already been lumbered with comparisons to *The Byrds*. But that's only part of the truth, since although this relies on real tunes (and even the odd harmonica) it somehow evokes a new '80s realism.

Ones to watch. **Carole Linfield**

RIPCORD

Defiance Of Power

Manic Ears Records ACE 5 **RC** ●¾ "New Death Total Thrashers" is how Manic Ears describe Ripcord, though in the shredding light of The Stupids, everything Brit-wise sounds lacking. Ripcord certainly thrash fast, spinning through a battery of impulses and protests — Drugshit, Vivisection-Tortura Innessaria, Abuse and Ignorant pretty much sum up their howl of dismay — but the production cuts back the musical venom instead of catapulting it forward. **Martin Aston**

RUSSIAN MEATSQUATS

Let's Hang Out

Whoopsie Kerplonk RM 001 **RTS** ●½ For the name alone, Russian Meatsquats should be godlike but some dupe behind the recording desk must have been listening to The Carpenters or something before completing his stint. The Meatsquats can play a dense, blurred hardcore, that never hangs around too long (the longest track of ten is one-minute-forty), but they never get much of a chance because the production is so horizontal. Everything, especially the vocals, slips off the turntable. **Martin Aston**

SPAHN RANCH

Thickly Settled

Insight Records (Box 5599, San Francisco, C 94101, USA) ●● Spahn Ranch and the Manson family murders connection might suggest some kind of watered down death-head, post-industrial grunge, but this Californian group reach far deeper than those stagnant waters. Spahn Ranch in this context are all consuming, trickling and flowing in a wash of tones that bubble and pop in your ears. Their music is soft and luxurious, shining through with intense charm, glowing with thickly structured sounds and beating with an intense unique structure. One of the best albums so far this year (as pundits are prone to say), but you check it and you *will* be impressed. **Dave Henderson**

THE SECT

The Voice Of Reason

Razor RAZ 27 ●¼ Splashed out squeaky guitar pop from The Sect, who seem in a desperate rush to rid themselves of their message. For all its flaws, The Voice Of Reason, although brimming with good intent and familiar diatribes, is a raucous noise that's keen to splash all over. Nothing unique or innovative here, just stylishly executed late punk with a hint of angst. **Johnny Eager**

YASUAKI SHIMUZU

Music For Commercials

Crammed Discs HTM 12 **C** ●½ Number 12 in Crammed's wondrous Made To Measure series, this could have turned out like Tomita's primeval moog ditherings, or an oriental revision of Tubular Bells, but Shimuzu rescues the day with gorgeous, intersecting rhythm patches under an umbrella of sweet Far Eastern samples. Shimuzu will probably be criticised for new age leanings, such is the smoothness of sound, but his fusion of Latin-European music and an expert understanding of the *swing* in rhythm (Shimuzu is actually a top saxophonist in Japan) is too organic, too playfully eclectic. These 24 snippets really were music for Japanese ads — whatever the product, with this seductive curtain behind it, I bet it sold. **Martin Aston**

SHOCK THERAPY

Shock Therapy

Fundamental HOLY 003 **RR C** ●¼ Six track mini album from Detroit-based combo whose fuzzy guitar shakes a blistered finger at the pimply brow of democracy. With a few electronic pulses thrown in to gain momentum, the Shocks have a distinctly post-apocalyptic minimalist Cabs sound that's a little more rocky than most. Intriguing and a good chance of developing into something even louder in the nearness of time. **Dave Henderson**

SIXTH COMM

Content With Blood

Eyas Media EYAS 002 **RR C** ●¾ Ex Death In June person, Patrick O'Kill picks up the pieces and develops a new sound that verges on mass acceptance (in a purely gothic popist manner) and operatic minimalism. Somewhere between, Sixth Comm dodder about and make art into music and then, hopefully, into cash... all at the drop of an eyelid. This is emotional fodder that suggests something's happening, but doesn't quite, as yet, go all the way. However, make no bones, there's sure to be plenty more on the way. **TC Wall**

THE SKELETONS

Rockin' Bones

Next Big Thing NBT 3301 **RT C** ●● Strange brand of late '70s-through-to-'86 surf pop that's grown through a handful of influences and styles into quite a formidable genre itself. The Skeletons have been touted here and there and mentioned in Lindsay Hutton's *Next Big Thing* mag for yonks. Finally, through the mag and man himself, they launch the Next Big Thing label. An ideal place to start, too. **Johnny Eager**

SNAKEFINGER'S VESTAL VIRGINS

Night Of Desirable Objects

Red Rhino REF LP 78 **RR C** ●●● Highly enjoyable set from this legend in his own lunchtime. Snakefinger, in cahoots with a few cronies, forsakes the weirder excesses of past workouts with the likes of the Residents, and there is plenty here for fans of all types of music to enjoy.

This time out, the thinking man's Richie Blackmore plays with jazz, disco, rap, soundtrack, gospel and Irish music, to produce an album of trans-Atlantic, trans-Europe excess, with a marvellous sense of humour prevailing throughout. **Alex Bastedo**

THE SPIKES

Colour In A Black Forest

Zinger Records ZIN LP1 **P** ●● The Spikes make a good, guitar-driven noise that rocks around the psychedelic ground and peaks with a gem called The Meaning Of Life, which would make for an excellent single. Vocals are care of the Lou Reed school of singing weirdos and that's quite forgivable, given the strength of the backing sounds. So maybe it's not exactly a landmark of rock, more of a feather in the big mind expander's hat. And if you don't know what that means then don't buy this. Interested? **Daz Igyemeth**



THE STING-RAYS

The Essential Sting-rays

Big Beat WIK 61 **P** ●● With the demise of the Sting-rays, following their excellent Coffee And Cryptic Time LP, the group's back catalogue and five year transformation through garage, psychedelia, surf, punk, you name it, gets an airing on this well crafted, masterfully compiled and magnanimously wide reaching set.

The Sting-rays were always a little better than their rootsy rags to rags story suggested and there was constantly the threat that they'd write a neater than neat teen anthem and give it the weirdest of arrangements. A great group, remembered here fondly. **Dave Henderson**

THE STOMACHMOUTHS

Something Weird

Got To Hurry **RTS** ●●● Four girls and a boy from Sweden, squeaky clean from their baseball boots to their Hamlet haircuts, step up, grin their crooked grins and... bleaarghhh! Ha Ha Ha Ha! The Stomachmouths have chewed up and regurgitated all the great greasy sounds of mid-'60s America; the thundering surf beat shoved to the back of the mix, the guitar and organ garage grunge fighting it out to the fore and, smack in the middle of the whole heaving mass; a voice that rasps and reeks with contempt. Yeow! Genuine brain warped mayhem from a smart bunch of Swedes. **Vachel Booth**

JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET

Mission Impossible

Re-Elect The President Reagan 2 **RC** ●●● The James Taylor Quartet are in the lucky position of being able to do no wrong in the eyes of the press at the moment, and happily cash in on that with a breathtakingly brilliant seven tracker. It's all very tongue-in-cheek, that Hammond organ veering over the cliff-tops of fashionability on one side and ridiculous kitsch on the other. It's all covers, from Gold Finger to Alfie, with cut up film dialogue chucked in for good measure. Their version of Mrs Robinson is worthy of lifts everywhere. Some original material is promised soon — 'till then, get practising that gimpy dancing to this! **Carole Linfield**

TOT TAYLOR

My Blue Period

LPA TOTAL 5 **Re C** ●¾ There's something about this album that's quite alluring. Although Tot insists, at times on getting very sub-*Absolute Beginners*, a little like Sinatra sung in the bath, a touch like a '40s B film soundtrack and the kind of thing that Ronnie Hazelhurst grew up on... there's still that distinctive Tot-means-pop varnish, that's so hard to chip.

I think I could grow to love it, but compared to Mathis, or the aforementioned big F, it's all a little tame, and lacking in vocal dynamics. Nevertheless, it's unique, discerning and very different. And that's real good. **Dave Henderson**

continued over

UNDERGROUND PSYCHOSIS STARTS HERE

< **THREAT OF THE MONTH:** *Virus* >
from previous page

TSOL

Hit And Run

Enigma Records 3263-1 **RC** ● 7/8 There once was a lumbering mammoth called Easy Listening, and there still is a glut and over-abundance of so-so safe sounds for sun-filled beach gods/goddesses (the knucklehead generation). You know the kind of thing: inane lyrics about American things like girls, tough guys, cars, drinkin' with the boys (real tough boys) and so on.

Not that this album is full of the above, though. It's just that True Sounds Of Liberty could be accused of harbouring some disgusting tendencies. They score one and seven eighth bullets because of good lyrics, energy and danceability. Smarter than the average mammoth but not quite enough. **Daz Igy Meth**

MOE TUCKER

MoeJadKateBarry

50 Skidillion Watts In The Hands Of Children **RTS** ●●● Lou? John? Nico? Naah, give over, Moe's the only member of the Velvet Underground with any credibility left. Of course with only a handful of live shows, two singles and a solitary album to her credit, during the last 15 years, she's hardly been overexposed. Nonetheless when it comes to delivering the goods she's still on it. Her second solo album proper should arrive later in the year, meanwhile there's this mini-LP, recorded in one six hour session featuring Moe pounding the skins, Jad Fair (of 1/2 Japanese) singing and a couple of Florida kids fleshing things out a bit. The record is permeated with loopy lead guitar, sterling rhythm and Moe's inimitable drum stylings. Her sweet sweet voice appears on only one track, Reed and Cale's pre-Velvets Why Don't You Smile Now, but when she chimes in "smile, yeah! smile, woh!" It's 24 carat magic. **Vachel Booth**

VARIOUS

Animal Liberation

Wax Trax! (Pacific House, Vale Road, London N4) ●●● Nina Hagen, Lene Lovich, Shriekback, Attrition, Howard Jones, The Colourfield, Luc Van Acker, Chris And Cosey, The Smiths and Slouxsie And The Banshees all appear on this compilation which, as its central theme, suggests that 'Animals are not ours to eat, wear or experiment on'. A benefit album, all royalties will be donated to PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals), an American organisation whose European counterpart is BUAV (British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection — based at 16A Crane Grove, London N7 8LB).

All the music contained herein is lyrically excellent, but stand-out tracks include the Banshees' acidic Skin, Chris And Cosey's haunting Silent Cry, Van Acker's sinister Hunter and a particularly passionate live version of The Smiths' Meat Is Murder.

The disgusting treatment of animals by humanity will continue as long as apathy and refusal of responsibility remain firmly implanted in peoples' skulls. Painless for them, unlike the metal rods pushed into craniums, the chemicals smeared over eyes, the senseless slaughter. A harrowing image from Attrition is Monkey In A Bin. Buy this record for yourself and for freedom to live. **Daz Igy Meth**

VARIOUS

Big Noise

Big Time WL 71275 ●● A compilation spanning myriad styles and fixations from the suddenly burgeoning Big Time label. These guys have taste at least some of the time.

On show, eight artistes attuned to differing planets. From the UK, US, Canada and Russia, the wayward eclecticism of The Dream Syndicate rubs shoulders with Max Eider, while the Soviet Union's affected Alisa share grooves with the rather excellent Dumtruck. No answers emerge, but there's enough here to whet the driest of throats. (What's more you can win a copy by turning to page 31.) **TC Wall**

VARIOUS

For A Few Pussies More

Anagram GRAM 29 **RC** ●●● In other words, Blood On The Cats III, a varied cross section of bands with The Wigs and Bad Karma Beckons alongside Restless and The Meteors. I was very impressed with the Turnpike Cruisers offering Extra Flesh, and even Alien Sex Fiend have put their psycho trousers on to rock it up a-la Cramps on Boneshaker Baby. As for what The Raymen are on, I doubt we'll ever know or understand, but I sure would like some of it! In the more traditional rockabilly vein, business is taken care of by The Riverside Trio and vintage Levi Dexter. **Snakey G**

VARIOUS

For Your Ears Only

Third Mind TMLP 17/18 **RT RC** ●●● Is there no stopping these Third Mind compilations? Another whopping helping with around one hundred minutes of mellow, though striking, pop mood. A double delight going for a song. The first platter concentrates on the more established label acts Bill Pritchard, Bushido, Attrition and Beautiful Pea Green Boat, while the second record is a *tour de force* of new faces and fresh ideas. Especially noteworthy is Tragic Venus' *Paintbox* and Edward Ka-Spel's *And The Lord Said* which seems to have stolen the ashes from the grave of Syd Barrett's Pink Floyd. Just 25 glorious tracks from 14 luscious acts, blended like good tea, whatever that means. Compilation of '87. **Ronnie Randall**

VARIOUS

Let's Try Another Ideal Guest House

Shelter Shelter 2 **RC** ●● 1/2 Fine selection of the very best of independent fodder collated in aid of the worthy Shelter organisation. On show, with unreleased material, is A Witness, The Passmore Sisters, The Househunters, The Dragsters, The TV Personalities, Laugh, 14 Iced Bears, AC Temple, Pleasureheads, Talulah Gosh, The Bats, 10000 Villns, Stars Of Heaven, The McTells, The Hermit Crabs, 3 Action, The Flatmates and The Close Lobsters. Is there anything else to say, except, buy it? **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Ten Years After The Goldrush

Constrictor CON 00022 **RC** ● 7/8 Strange 16 track compilation from German label run by Phillip Boa's pals. Musically it's a cross referenced selection of fragmented strangeness that tells you little about movements, less about what happened over the last ten years and nothing about just where we are now. Some of it is great (Boa, Wedding Present, Gaye Bykers, Mint Addicts, TV Personalities), some is a little less convincing (Palookas, Creepers). An interesting set, a strange trip through time, a nice sleeve and a few questions left unanswered. **TC Wall**

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WOMAD Talking Book Volume 4

WOMAD 006 **RR C** ●●½ This is a nice package to welcome you into the world of music and dance, a large format magazine and gatefold sleeve with information about, and music from eleven Asian artists. WOMAD provide a valuable service for artists and audience; uniting people not just hundreds of miles apart, but separated by whole oceans (okay?).

Take the effort to discover that the Desert Musicians Of Rajasthan can draw patterns with the sound of swirling, skirling pipes. That the drumming of the Temple Musicians of Sri Lanka is of this world, though you wouldn't think so. That the voice of Asha Bhosle is a beautiful instrument, and that there's a big wonderful/terminally ill planet out there and not all of the noise is bad. Some of it is rather good, actually. **Daz Igymeth**

THE VIBRATORS

Live

Revolver REVL 85 ●½ A record that's been on the shelves for a spell but, in its own way, it's a timeless epitaph to an era long gone. Ten years on and The Vibrators, the most affected followers of punk's primal bastions, re-emerge, a little older, a little rockier, but no less cocksure.

After the highlights of CBS, guitarist John Ellis put in time with Peter Gabriel and it shows as he soups up the sound and introduces a more poignant edge to what by 1978 had become a pretty heavy metal version of punk. This is an LP that never recaptures the vitality of The Vibs, but does murder the classic Whips And Furs. **Dave Henderson**

THE YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS

The Men Who Loved Music

Frontier/Pop Lama FLP 1021 **Sh RTS** ●●¼ The Frontier catalogue spawned Suicidal Tendencies, TSOL, The Circle Jerks, Long Ryders, The Three O'Clock and a whole bundle more. Suffice to say, The Young Fresh Fellows deserve your attention for their label source alone. What's more you won't be disappointed, as the Fresh Fellows' up tempo tuneful songs wander through country-esque gardens, touch on melodic guitar pop and add a sense of humour. The Men Who Loved Music is cram packed with excellent songs and focused with a huge range of instruments. Mad as hell. **Dave Henderson**



THE YOUNG GODS

The Young Gods

Product Inc 33PROD 10 **RT C** ●●¼ Hailed, or whatever, as Euro minimalists, architects and bootleggers, The Young Gods' debut LP is masterminded into a sonic post-Neubauten noise by Rolf Mosimann of Swans. It's a thin and slim sound filled with vibrant rhythms and speckled impromptu noise structures. It's a glant sound, soaring and boring its way into your head with all its tribal in-jokes and feudal boundaries, at first unwelcoming, then almost falling over itself to beckon the final dinner guest to the last supper. Background cocktail music made with mallets, a gothic monstrosity with highlights designed by a glitzy high-street specialist. **TC Wall**



SINGLES THIS MONTH REVIEWED, with vim and vigour, by Martin Aston, Johnny Eager, Snakey G, Dave Henderson, Chris Hunt, Daz Igymeth, Alex Kadis and TC Wall. Reading is believing (well, almost) . . .

A CAST OF THOUSANDS Nothing Is Forever Fun After All **P**

Surely, Dave Harvey is a voice of the future. Nothing Is Forever may have been contrived to please; if so, the success lies with those deeply resonant vocals and a middle eight to be cherished — a combination which renders any critical faculty insensible — for this goes straight to the heart. With form, elegance, grace and symmetry, A Cast Of Thousands present something damn near to perfection and an excellent prophesy for their forthcoming debut LP. **AK**

ALIEN SEX FIEND The Impossible Mission Plagiarism **P** Cut up TV dialogue over a fuzzed guitar soundtrack that make for a parasitic pleasure, akin to not filling in your tax form. The Sexies play neat pop highlighted with wit and jokes. Good one. **JE**

ANTI-CIMEX Anti-Cimex Distaught **RR C** Neither as dumb as metal nor as stagnant as bad punk, the speedy sounds of Cimex in full flight, as on Set Me Free from this seven track taster, are worthy of your time and hard-reaped beans, amigos. **DI**

BIG BLACK Headache Blast First **RT C** Four track EP, with a three track seven inch, from the sons of US fun who holler and scream in a more distressed state than usual (or at least they seem to). Guitars go kachung, the spirals get more jagged . . . record ends, again, again, again, again. Coceptual, huh? **DH**

THE CHAIN GANG Long Time Gone Idea **P** Ahem, these "rockin' muthas" are actually quite succinct at putting their prose into verse/chorus arrangements. Quite an enticing single that would chart if it were by Huey Lewis. Sadly, the Gang are from somewhere up north and look unlikely to score *Ghostbusters II* at this rate. **JE**

THE CLEANERS FROM VENUS Living With Victoria Grey

Ammunition Communication **P** Tales of Dickensian debauchery, the government, and all that stuff, set to a neat '60s styled Backing-Britain-beat. The Cleaners are just two of life's eccentrics, nice to have them around. **DH**

THE CORN DOLLIES Forever Steven Hamma **RM C** This lot look dangerously close to being reasonably popular. Even worse they write *really* good songs and have a full colour sleeve. The Dollies are good tunesmiths who deliver on time in the right earlobe. Expect more real soon. **DH**

CRAZYHEAD Baby Turpentine Food **RT C** Crazyhead's second 45 is another cert independent chart topper with the time honoured verse/chorus onslaught riddled with rock cliches, biker grease and a thumping bass line. Huh, when you're young and . . . **DH**

THE CREEPERS Brute Red Rhino **RR C** A Terminal III Mix! With what sounds like a super-tuff part-pastiche, part-revelling brew-up through rap's bastard beat as seen through the ears of a Northern club-land band — The Creepers wear their laughter high on their sleeve. Their rhythm itch is bolstered by handclaps, whirring guitars and Three Johns' Jon Langford's spacey production. Neat, neat, neat. **MA**

continued over

< RUMOUR OF THE MONTH: The Shend is related to royalty >

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CRITICAL MASS 4 Track EP Timebox Records **P** Things are happening in the UK, at the Timebox, in town and in the mixed up heads of Critical Mass. Four excursions into the "real" world, plucked and strummed with panache, all lyrically atonal with a stock moody sleeve pic, all make for a group worth checking further. Keen. **DH**

DECADE WITHIN Speed Hippy EP Floating Gerbil **C** Pay no more than a quid and witness the 90 mph onslaught of DW who burn out on four tracks that don't seize up but score low in the subtlety wardrobe. Crash, thump and back to the drawing board. **JE**

DREAM CLINIC Relocating Flowerpots Primitive **TM** Strange, mentally disturbed and generally horrific pop nightmares from the Miss Marples of Radio One. The Dream Clinic are too clever for their own good, their songs are a little too intricate, but I bet they had fun doing them. **JE**



DUB SYNDICATE Night Train Lacerworld/Contempo **RR** **C** Strange Sherwood-isms wrapped in a neat package, dubbed to oblivion and sent here on a train from Italy. There's something still lingering in the Sherwood dub syndicate that makes it necessary to persevere with every release, but this is one of the more rewarding excursions. **DH**

DUSTDEVILS Mother Shipton Rouska **RR** **C** Intriguing flex of powerhouse potential from Leeds duo who last time turned up on Rouska's hi-tech CD comp. Neat sound and melody of note for good measure. **DH**

THE FOETUS ALL NUDE REVUE Bedrock Some Bizzare **RT** **C** A growling, scowling croon from the multi-*nom-de-ilumed* Foetus which does little to widen the chasm between identities. Sure, this is an OK record but not as blisteringly different or indirect as, for instance, the fledgling You've Got Foetus On Your Breath's Custom Built For Capitalism. Still, better than Bananarama. **TC W**

FORTUNATE SONS Hammerhead Bam Caruso **Re** **C** Three track uptempo rock-out burner from men who feature ex-Flamin' Groovies and ex-Barracudas. No frills just throat stretching contortions and a live workout of Steppenwolf's The Pusher for good measure. **JE**

GHOST OF AN AMERICAN AIRMAN I Hear Voices Recoil (c/o 19 Knockburn Park, Belfast) An archetypal, nagging chart-commercial thang that sounds all-American, but originates from Belfast. Not much goes on beyond the gloss, but if Thomas Dolby wrote for Simple Minds, it might conceivably work out like this. **MA**

GREGOR SAMSA Captain Mission Pet Sounds (Box 150, 15 104 65 Stockholm, Sweden) Oddball? No, these Swedes are rootsy enough, dug into their goth groove, and spiked with a chunky guitar sound akin to Gen X metal. Glam on the edges but in the lower divs — if the truth be known. **JE**

GUTHRIE HANDLEY with WAYNE HUSSEY Where Was? Lambs To The Slaughter **P** So, er Wayne gets independent again with the alluring Guth. Where Was? is the title track of a four track "thing" that transcends all premature boundaries that all the Mish and Sisters' prior recordings might suggest. This is a great record, with a *bona-fide* brillo title track. Miss it at your peril. **DH**

DAVE HOWARD SINGERS Yon Yonson Meets Dr Ruth Hallelujah **RR** **C** Manic big sex sample of Howie's Yon Yonson 45, thrown onto a new song and interspersed with some fluffy Dr Ruthisms. The furor created by this record before anyone heard it has guaranteed interest and possible biggo sales. Good dance music too. **TC W**

HULA Cut Me Loose Red Rhino **RR** **C** Five track workout from Hula whose turning, yearning sprucing of sound and staff has left them still searching for that breakthrough. The beat goes on and on, the FX are relentless, but are they getting any nearer? A fine record, but is it enough? **TC W**

I CAN CRAWL The Misty Mountain Zinger **P** Perfectly drab cover of Zep's Misty Mountain Hop, that might have sounded like a good idea at the time, but should have been strangled in its infancy. **JE**

INTO A CIRCLE Forever Abstract **P** Mood-heavy semantics and romanticism from the should-be-somethings, Into A Circle. Still locked in a downbeat flurry of sexual sleaziness, Forever is almost radio-playable and nearly a powerful song. Still searching, though. **TC W**

I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVY Piranha Zinger **P** Aussie outfit who're wacko, crazed, and close to doing The Monkees' Stepping Stone without realising it. Fine pop with a summer finish. No more. **TC W**

JACKALS We All Sign On Play Very Loud **C** Refresh of Lennon's Instant Karma with the glorious line "Norman Tebbit's gonna get you" leading the way as the Jackals psyche-tinged sound finds its true shape and form. Flip side gives a less hazy picture on a better self-penned tune. **JE**

KILL UGLY POP Purple Haze Fever **RR** **C** The Poppers get heavier and hoofier on this upbeat sleazoid slab of post-Hendrix necrophilia. Kill Ugly Pop wind their cheesy guitar strings around the "maestro's noise" to develop a tortured blow-out that gets even fuzzier on the flip. Brandishing a guitar solo that smells like a CS gas explosion, this is music to be buried to. True grit. **TC W**

KNOT TOULOUSE The Leaves Are Turning Blue Contempo (15 r., via de Neri, 50122, Firenze, Italy) While present-day Italy is gripped by psychedelia, Knot Toulouse move closer to the Athens, Georgia sound. As melodic, wistful and involved as the Southern axis of REM/Guadalcanal Diary demands, this is another plangent little curio that deserves a UK release. **MA**

LAUGH Paul McCartney Remorse **RT** **C** Manchester's Laugh maintain their pounding Northern soul zeal with another swaggering soul-pop melody that confirms them as leading underdogs. You can *smell* their confidence. Whether this is a tribute or a poison pen letter is unconfirmed. **MA**

LAUGHING HOUSE Democracy Sonar (84 London Road, Coventry) Four feisty, well-executed rock-pop dynamos that border the terrace end of the British new-wave, from The Skids to The Ruts to The Alarm. Laughing House temper the potential pomp but only succeed in failing to set the house ablaze. **MA**

THE LIME SPIDERS My Favourite Room Zinger **P** Uptempo guitar chugger from deep down under Aussie acid cases. Psyche-stuff with a neat ending and a cover of Lou Reed's Heard Her Call My Name on the flip (and a brill sleeve too). **JE**

THE LIZARD TRAIN Thirteen Hour Daydream Zinger **P** Straight into Seventh Heaven, track one of four, and here we are floating on a sea of love. Now that's no bad introduction but we are lulled into a false sense of security and then When The Acid Drops explodes we're suddenly tripping up and down, heading for an Explosion In A Room caused by That Chain Lightning. Wheeeee! Massive guitars and unashamed indulgence. Spiffo! **DI**



THE LONG TALL TEXANS Saints And Sinners Razor Records **P** Second 45 from these double-bass toting, checked shirt wearers, that suggests they have great crossover potential and that their frantic and frenetic sound works when set in such a polished environment. **JE**

THE LUMINARIES Mystery And Disguise Dangerous Rhythms **C** Already compared to Henry Cow, Fairport Convention and Talking Heads, these mixed-up people (who feature an ex-Metabolist in their ranks) play unaffected guitar pop with a restrained throat problem. Strong songs — as in post punk — that inspire. **DH**

THE METEORS Go Buddy Go Anagram **P** When founder member Nigel Lewis left the band in 1982, Paul Fenech's once flourishing song-writing ability dried up. I can't remember the last time a self-penned song made Meteors A-side status, and even the flip features a cover that's been in their live set since 1980. But, creativity aside, the self confessed tub of lard plays a mother of a guitar and no-one will ever better The Meteors at their own game. **SG**

THE MOCK TURTLES Pomona imaginary **EE** **C** Four tracks on 12 inches of shiny vinyl. Fifty per cent is mediocre/ordinary jangle guitar stuff. Very fortunately this matters not as of the remaining, Mary's Garden is quite wonderful and Bathing In Blue, a warming, lovely song is utterly irresistible. Two good reasons to buy it. **DI**

< NOISE OF THE MONTH: AC Temple >

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> MESSAGE TO CHANNEL 4: What about showing the Beach films with Annette Funicello <

1000 VIOLINS Locked Out Of The Love-In Dreamworld

RT C Sprightly, absorbing, pop-conscious, but like their second 45, no one specific track, out of these four, is quite as wistfully memorable as their Halcyon Days debut. 1000 Violins' scaled-down Spectorish sheen is essentially gorgeous. **MA**

OPEN BOOK Pension Day **HAG** (133 Islingword Rd, Brighton) A touch of the Matt Johnsons, a rather good song and **HAG** records are off and bobbing with a pretty decent debut single. Emotive but lacking the final sparkle that'll raise it above the rest of the stuff that's currently pogo-ing around the same area. **DH**

THE PHAROAHS Vigilante Nervous **C** The title track is alright, nothing that special, but flip it over to You're On Your Own. A very interesting song and arrangement, more in keeping with the last Spear Of Destiny hit than Guana Batz live at the Klub Foot (again). They take things easy with a relaxing good time acoustic feel. In fact if they'd come from Missouri Andy Kershaw would probably be hailing them as the new messiahs on the strength of that track. **SG**

THE PONTIAC BROTHERS Be Married Song (Electric) Frontier (P.O. Box 22, Sun Valley, CA 91353) Well, y'all here's some sounds that'll rock ya but it ain't too hard so you jest sit back and don't tax yer brain, y'hear? About as threatening as Sooty. **DI**

THE PRIMEVALS Heya New Rose **P** Glasgow bands don't often remake a 1969 hit for one JJ Light that was recorded during the Celtic Solstice in honour of the song's original Red Indian roots, fusing rock with gospel with swamp gothic, but then not every Glasgow band are The Primevals. A very strange record for 1987 anyway. **MA**

THE PSYLONS All The Things We Need Iron Lung **Re C** Possibly falsely bracketed as psychedelic, The Psylons are much more your palatable neuro-surgeons of guitar-strained pop. A neat edge and, did you know they were from Portsmouth? **DH**

RED LETTER DAY Take Me In Your Arms Quiet **C** Thrashingly precise single which has the whip hand style of primal Adicts (circa first 45) and other such pop powered punk funsters. A great big-hearted sound that'll fox the "now" generation into a 'new or slightly used and abused' quandry. **DH**

RINF Bang Contempo **RR C** Italian chaps of some reputation team up with Adrian Sherwood for a scorchingly good filmic epc. Guitars straggle the scene, a beat wanders in and out and the odd voice is heard in the corridor. Mindfully wistful. **TC W**

THE SINISTER CLEANERS Longing For Next Year AAZ

RR C Five tracks of rampantly strummed heart-rending stuff from the Cleaners, who shake it in a northerly direction. There's something on the good side of pop's idiosyncratic nothingness here, that makes you want to cheer and say, 'Yeah, go on, break a string, have a hit', and you know, in a perfect world, they might just do it. Sadly, here at Shit Central things are a little more bleak. (What?—ed) **TC W**

SKIN Girl: Come Out Product Inc **RT C** Excellent remix of this enticingly good track. From out of Swans come things that are better than things that you ever dared . . . well, you know what I mean. Moody, hot, sweaty and a mean rap to close. Dishy. **DH**

SPACEMEN 3 Transparent Radiation Glass **NM C** A four track EP that spirals and slows at 33, leaving the atmosphere panting for more. There's something hypnotic and quite enchanting about this record without the inevitably drab trappings of self-indulgence. A different move by the Spacemen, value for cash and well worth experiencing. **DH**



G POWER!

THREE COLOURS Sitting Pretty Soul Selects **NM C** Thoughtful balladry lifted from the Coles' Norwood LP. A slice of Motown heartbreak and nostalgia played by honkies — with not a silver sequin in sight. The Colours should serve time on every UK record deck for this. **DH**

TWELVE 88 CARTEL Sweating Furore Bite Back **C** Dynamite and discipline as the 88 beat hard on the dreams of modern pop. This is powerful stuff, backbone material as individual and dynamic as you like with more than a hint of longevity. Expect more . . . real soon. **DH**

UNDERGROUND ARROWS No Chance To Escape Unicorn

NM C A bizarre set-up here — two Romans, one Scot/Italian and one Swiss make up the best beat-mod anthem I've heard for years, backed by two more tiny classics. Rome's Arrows aren't simply R&B, or Merseybeat, or Garage, but a sharp angle on the perfect-pop factor. This should be bought. **MA**

VIBE TRIBE Conscious As A Daisy Tribal **Re C** This is a strange lilting flutter and pop song, wandering through the underworld of wherever in a frenzy of something close to Buffalo Springfield harmony. Is it me, the sun or this record that tells me a Poco revival is on the cards, and that the vibs will be breaking at the front. Nice one. **DH**

WE ARE GOING TO EAT YOU I Wish I Knew All The Madmen

RT C A debut single that bounces like a pert, sassy folk-pop Blondie with B-52 echo beats, but with sober British beat/punky concerns between the gleaming sheets: "I could kill/I'm so ugly when I'm constantly denied" WAGTEY's fine female singer lets out, and I think of Girls! At Our Best. Definitely recommended. **MA**

THE WEATHERMEN Poison Play It Again Sam **RR C** By far and away the best Weathermen single for some time, this still retains the group's uptempo dance leanings while introducing a much more discerning arrangement and some nice vocal and effects embellishments. Atmospheric and grossly affected while retaining an odd quirky pop edge. **TC W**

WHIRL Heaven Forbid Playroom Discs **RR C** A 12 inch from the now defunct Whirl — who've gone on to become Creation band Blow Up — which sounds, dare I say it, slightly better than their more recent plush soundscapes. The Whirl view of life is more tempered and pop veneered, pleasantly sun-drenched, too. **JE**

ZOSKIA MEETS SUGARDOG That's Heavy Baby Temple

RT C Meaty, mean, broody . . . and all with a dog fight on the cover! Two Temple disciples shroud their mysterious music with semi-rapped sounds to create a magnificent dance-orientated *pot pourri*. Throbbing, beating, sexual ritual music. All this and toes that go tap too. **DH**



THIRTEEN
MOONS

ORIGINS

Just some of what the press said about the last Thirteen Moons album. "Records such as this inspire the Wrath of God . . . A favourite LP may have, if it's lucky one or two moments that weaken the knees. 'Little Dreaming Boy' with all its huge, delicate soul, does this with every breath."

(Stan Barton - NME)

"I have the crappiest dictionary in the world and it defines the word 'consummate' as 'complete, perfect', sod that, from now on, the definition of 'consummate' is 'Little Dreaming Boy' . . . It's quite staggering to think this is their debut album."

(Andy Hurt - Sounds)

"New moodists, new ambience, new jazz - call it what you will. But, the album, 'Little Dreaming Boy' by Thirteen Moons is the most unnervingly reflective piece of music I've heard this year."

(I've heard this year.)

THE STUNNING NEW ALBUM 'ORIGINS' IS AVAILABLE FROM AUGUST 10th. Also available as a double play CD for the price of one containing 'Little Dreaming Boy'.

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The Fifties — Rockabilly Fever

Ace CHA 218 Three compilations with enough tracks between them to see you through the

steamiest all-nighter. Ace have gathered together obscure (to me anyway) and more familiar names and then divided them out under suitable subheadings, each volume in good old mono and lovingly wrapped, but with gatefold sleeves and informative sleeve notes.

The R&B stuff contents itself mostly with gentle girl meets boy, girl dumps boy, boy wonders what went wrong stuff, with lots of quaint ideas about marriage that they all seemed to go in for in those days. Names to drop: The Flairs, The Robins, the sensationally modernly named The Cliques (with Girl Of My Dreams) and, ahem, The Rams.

Juke Joint Blues is slightly more predictable, shoving down a gear and parading stuff from legends

like B B King (Three O'Clock Blues — know the feeling), Elmore James (Long Tall Woman), Baby Face Turner, Bobby Bland... the list goes on. This is hoedown, back of the store country blues — find yourself a sultry verandah to enjoy it on.

Finally, Rockabilly Fever steps on the gas and sets to with tub-thumping country rock rhythms, the sort of stuff that's going to appeal to all those *nouveau* rocksters that Levi's are responsible for. No early Presley or Perkins here, but there is Sleepy La Beef, Link Davis, Glen Barber and Glen Glenn (pictured with Elv). And with titles like Pink Cadillac (by Johnny Todd), Snake Eyed Mama (Don V Cole) and Jitterbop Baby (Hal Harris) you can just tell it's good boppin' stuff. **Carole Linfield**

Elmore James crooning for a Long Tall Woman



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BILLY BLAND

Blues, Chickens, Friends and Relations

Ace CH 222 **P** I once would have poo-pooed Billy Bland (not to be confused with Bobby) as a plastic early '60s pop rocker, only really knowing his Let The Little Girl Dance hit. But no more. This is a wondrous collection, visiting most areas of the r&b spectrum with Billy's voice just oozing its way through. The tracks date from 1955 with the brilliant hambone/Diddley-esque Chicken In The Basket through to 1963 and his beautiful rendition of Bobby Bland's Little Boy Blue. Other high points are Grandmaw Give A Party and Momma Stole The Chicken with its Gary U.S. Bond's overtones. **Snakey G**

BLOOMFIELD/ HAMMOND/DR JOHN

Triumverite

Edsel ED 228 **P** Three diverse '60s legends brought together in the early '70s when it seems everyone's minds were turning to ideas of supergroups, jam sessions and general self-indulgence. That's not exactly what goes on here, but... well, let's say I've heard Dr John on better form and Mike Bloomfield or John Paul Hammond fans could probably also point to better sets by both.

Triumverite never gets past first base, never gets into gear, 'cos the

guys can't decide who's going to drive. A shame really as there were probably lots more interesting routes they could have taken. An antique though, with a sleeve that doesn't reveal the width of their flares. **Dave Henderson**

THE BYRDS

Sweetheart Of The Rodeo

Edsel ED 234 **P** The birth of country rock as Gram Parsons develops the legend of the bespectacled ones to bittersweet realists and American documenters. Following this, Gram took off with Chris Hillman to record The Gilded Palace Of Sin as The Flying Burrito Bros (that's also available on Edsel), and that's a fruitier more heartbroken set that no-one should go without. As for Sweetheart, phase nine of The Byrds is flawed but cherishable nonetheless. **Dave Henderson**

JOHN CALE

Vintage Violence

Edsel ED 230 **P** Whimsically lightweight LP from the Brit passport holding Velvet, circa '71. Pop rock balladeering in that chasmic period of pre-Bowie nothingness, that led the world to create the grandad of American Orientated Rock, into which this LP fits all too nicely. **Dave Henderson**

COUNT 5

Psychotic Reacton

Edsel **P** True manic depressive stuff. Count 5 vacillate between the aggressive paranoia of Out In The Streets and They're Gonna Get You and the cheery day thrills of Double Decker Bus and She's Fine. Despite a real pony cover of My Generation, the title track is essential listening, one of the great garage/psychedelic standards and these are the boys who did it first and best. **Vachel Booth**

CISSY HOUSTON

Mama's Cookin'

Charly R&B CRB 1158 **Ch** Cissy Houston's dangerously glitzy period in the early '70s is surveyed on this Charly compilation and she just about escapes without embarrassing herself. Houston's voice prior to this Janus set was far more stunning and it's sad that some of these tepid arrangements pull her down to the level of par that many have since overtaken.

Of course, she's a sly cookie and more than half of these cuts have enough spine-tingling throat aerobics to frustrate the blanket backing and production. All in all, though, this is a real hit and miss collection. Neat version of I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself though. **Dave Henderson**



JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

2400 Fulton Street

RCA NL 90 036(2) Jefferson Airplane were guilty of the worst hippy excesses whether acting as patronising pop-stars-as-gurus or just vague dopers. Preaching about paradise while watching their followers wallow in mud and filth, did these people really look forward to the Age of Aquarius knowing it'd stink of Patchouli oil? Ugh!

Rewind

Back to their roots! Mega re-ish time, The Troggs go to Jayne County's house!

Back from beyond the wherever in Belgium, the Konnexion label broadens its scope with four new releases. The Troggs are caught at their finest on the excitingly titled *The Wild Things*, while *Screaming Lord Sutch* has his past pre-parliamentary fodder revived on *Jack The Ripper* (resplendent with more bloodlusting ballads).

Geno Washington has his revival (?) severely hampered by a set of pre-pubescent croonings called, and including the *Johnny Paycheck* track, *Take This Job And Stuff It*, while the 80th punk wave raises its head again on *It Was Ten Years Ago Today*. Memorables (or not so) included are *Sid Vish*, *The Sex Pistols*, *Jayne County*, *Hubble Bubble* (what?) and *The UK Subs*. All this is through Pinnacle, as are the following...

Mike Bloomfield's tortured I'm With You Always and *Roky Erickson's Don't Slander Me* on *Demon/Rounder Europa*, and through the HI UK/Demon axis, a collection of *Otis Clay* tracks called *Trying To Live My Life Without You*. Back, briefly, with *Demon/Rounder Europa*, *Professor Longhair* has his legendary lost sessions from '71 found and packaged under the title *House Party New Orleans Style*, while on *Edsel*, *The Collectors* have their seminal '60s stuff, *Seventeenth Summer* released.

The next Stax batch of 45s are *Knock On Wood/Big Bird* by *Eddie Floyd*, *Soul Limbo* (the cricket theme)/*Heads Or Tails* by *Booker T & The M.G.s*, *In The Rain/Good Soul Music* by *The Dramatics*, *Theme From Shaft/Cafe Regio* by *Issac Hayes*, *I've Been Lonely So Long/Lea* by *Frederick Knight* and *Short Stopping/I Can See Eve* by *Veda Brown*.

Dion And The Belmonts, whose classics are all available on *Ace Records*, played a re-union concert at *Radio City Music Hall* in *New York* last month. Who should join them for a *Johnny B. Goode* encore? None other than *Phil Spector* golden girl *Darlene Love* and ex-East Street Band boyo *Little 'I wear my hanky on my head' Steven*.

Charly's July/August releases kick off with *Rock With Me*, an album from recent visitor to these shores *Eddie 'Nothing Shakin' Fontaine*. The recordings date from 1956 to 1958. CD punters will be eager to hear that there's three just out from the *Sun Records* catalogue; *We Wanna Boogie* by *Sonny Burgess*, *Rockin' Love* by *Carl Mann* and *So Long I'm Gone* by the late *Warren Smith*. On the

VARIOUS

Southern Soul Brothers

Charly R&B CRB 1156 [Ch] In Charly's Sound Stage Seven series, this collection of southern crooning blues hollerers is deep and yearning with some colossal performances coming in from a whole variation of singing stylists over a wide period of time. As a compilation bringing together such diverse sounds it still manages to hold together well through the sheer heartbreak of each performance with plus points to the eccentric delivery of *John R* and a namecheck for *Moody Scott* for summing it all up. Real hard stuff. *Dave Henderson*

VARIOUS

Southern Soul Sisters

Charly Records CRB 1155 [Ch] -Sisters doing it for themselves on more than a brace of bluesy downbeat show-outs. On display are some of the greatest vocal performers since the early '60s, with magnificent displays from both *Ann Sexton* and *Ella Washington*, surrounded by similarly tear-sodden outbursts from *Margie Hendrix*, *Alder Ray Black* and *Vivalore Jordan*.

Bittersweet and styled with that venomous delivery that makes you really believe in every twist and turn of every tortured sentence, this 16 track collection is just begging to be heard, and heard again. *Dave Henderson*

VARIOUS

Sweet Soulful Chicago

Kent KENT 070 [P] An excellent compilation set from the Kent team which highlights mid-'60s Chicago soul as perpetrated by the *Brunswick*, *Dakar*, *Bashie* and *BRC* labels. Main talking point is the weird and wonderful horn arrangements which cut into each of the *Carl Davis* productions plus the exceedingly odd noise which breaks on the *I'm In Danger* cut from *The Visitors*.

This is a cohesive upbeat collection that, even when it gets down, is irrepressibly dance orientated. There are some neat string arrangements in here and enough quality listening for any soulful lush to totally let overtake him. *Dave Henderson*

OV WRIGHT

The Wright Stuff

Hi Records HIUKLP 414 [P] OV Wright's ups and downs are catalogued through every heart breaking side he recorded, and every gritty vocal embellishment that he can muster. His deep soulful voice never really sparked the charts on this side of the Atlantic but with the distinctive *Memphis Horns'* sound and *Willie Mitchell's* production bringing out every speck of style, and every bit of salt in every tear-sodden melody, it's sure as hell a moving experience. On *The Wright Stuff* we're offered OV's sleazy 45s plus a couple of precocious LP out-takes. Always moving, this is the stuff that will turn any hardened jeans wearer to alcoholism. Late and great. *Dave Henderson*

Can't deny the grooviness of *White Rabbit*, but once they'd fed their heads, the *Jeffersons* spent the rest of their career blowing it out their backsides. *Jefferson Handkerchief's I'm Allergic To Flowers* (from *Pebbles vol.3*) is recommended to put a better perspective on the summer of love. *Vachel Booth*

CARL MANN

The Rocking Mann

Charly CDX17 [Ch] Tracing Carl Mann's early days at *Philips International/Sun* — from 1959 onwards — this double set re-introduces the subtle voice of Mann which was versatile enough to whoop it up on the hillbilly beat numbers, and also get deep for the bluesier ballads. Classics like his debut *45 Mona Lisa* (no not the *Matt Monro* grinder), *Rodgers and Hammerstein's Some Enchanted Evening*, plus a sprinkling of album tracks, are joined by 11 previously unreleased tracks, including uptempo rockers like *Blueberry Hill* and tracks that have become latter day standards such as *Walkin' The Dog* and *Kansas City*. Well weathered and still as juke jumping. *Johnny Eager*

RASPBERRIES

Overnight Sensation

Zap ZAP 1 [Re] [C] Post Beatles harmonies with a hint of the *Beach Boys* from US outfit who hit once in the UK with the title track. Like a primal *Buggles*, they were a contemporary to early *Flamin' Groovies* and a less acidic *Big Star*. Today, *The Raspberries* are difficult to place, this LP is for classicists, and perhaps not as vital to the cultural development of today's young things. *Johnny Eager*

VARIOUS

Blues & Soul Power

Kent 068 [P] This 'un turned up just at the right time for me, having just read *The Life And Times Of Little Richard*, a book which documents the '60s as well as the '50s. And this compilation does include a 1966 *Richard* cut, *Holy Mackerel*. Also here is like *And Tina Turner* and *The Ikettes*, one of the only acts *Richard* would worry about having to follow in a live situation.

Getting down and dirty for your pleasure is *The Johnny Otis Show*, *Z.Z. Hill*, *B.B. King* and, praise the lord, *Lowell Fulson's* classic song *Tramp*. *Snakey G*

VARIOUS

Rock 'n' Roll Party Volume 7

Ace CH 221 [P] I thought I knew my rock 'n' roll, but most of the cats on this platter are new to me... have you ever heard of the *Lucky Enois Quintet?* But it's not all ultra obscure, there's *Heebee Jeebies Love* by *Little Richard*, *Blim Bam* by *B.B. King* and the excellent rockabilly *Little Bit More* by *Sleepy La Beef* sandwiched between goodies like *Bad Mousie Yes* by *Willard McDaniel* and *Dance The Thing* by the *Floyd Dixon Orchestra*. Roll back that carpet mother. *Snakey G*

< CD OF THE MONTH: *The Residents' Third Reich And Roll* >

TOTAL UNDERGROUND EXPERIENCE

compilation LP front there are two samplers, *This Is Charly Soul* (*Sam Baker, Lee Dorsey, Solomon Burke etc*) and *This Is Charly Blues* (*Elmore James, John Lee Hooker, Lightnin' Hopkins etc*). On the *British beat* front there are three gems to be sure: *Cross Section* by the *Downliners Sect*, and albums from *Garry Farr & The T-Bones* and *Steam Packet* (featuring *Long John Baldry, Brian Auger and Julie Driscoll*).

STOP PRESS NEWS from *Ace*. *Mike Vernon* is currently producing a new album with R&B man *Lazy Lester*, who's been in the UK playing dates. The project, through *Ace*, will resurrect *Mike's New Horizon Records*. From the same source, we've heard that rockabilly *Sonny Fisher's* all too few '50s recordings featured one *Joey Long*, aged 14, on guitar. For a point of interest *Joey* was one of the few black guitarists who played rockabilly (we're talkin' 1956 in redneck country here). Anyway, *Ace* man *Ted Carroll*, who's also organised recordings with *Fisher* in the past, is setting up a recording session in the States for *Joey* to record an album. Two albums to watch out for indeed! *Snakey G*

BEAT ROUTE

2 Bath Vale Congleton CW12 2HF

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SPECIALISTS IN INDEPENDENT & ALTERNATIVE MUSIC

Small selection of this month's additions.

(All albums unless otherwise stated.)

4AD Comp. <i>Lonely Is An Eyesore</i> (inc. Cocteau's T.M.C.G. Box, Xymox, T.Muses) ... LP/Cass £5.99	
...Deluxe Ltd Edition ... £9.99 (p&p£1.95)	
<i>Biff Bang Pow Oblivion</i> ... LP £5.99	
<i>Big Place Headache</i> ... (7+12) £3.99	
<i>Big Black Hammer/Racer</i> ... ea LP £5.75	
<i>Big Zap Psychedelic Shack</i> ... 12" £3.25	
<i>Brad Is Sex Start Your Sheep</i> ... LP £5.00	
<i>Buzzcocks Another/Bites/Tension Blue Vinyl</i> ... ea £6.49	
<i>Chesterfields Kettle</i> ... £4.99	
<i>Conflict/S. Ignorant Turning Money</i> ... LP/Cass £6.99	
<i>Cramps Rockin'Reelin</i> ... LP £6.49	
<i>Dead Kennedys Give Me (inc flexi&book)</i> ... LP £6.25	
<i>Discharge 1980/86</i> ... LP £5.99	
<i>Easure Victim Of Love</i> (Ltd 12" Remix) £3.30	
<i>Fields Of Nephilim Burning The Fields</i> ... EP £3.49	
<i>Five Pussies More (Bats, Demented, Frenzy)</i> LP £5.75	
<i>Firehose Ragin Full On</i> ... LP £5.75	
<i>Head A Snog On The Rocks</i> ... LP/Cass £5.99	
<i>Leibach Ein Schauspieler (imp cass)</i> ... £6.00	
<i>Loop Spinning Parts</i> ... 7" £1.89 12" £3.25	
<i>Maec Ladds Eh Up</i> ... 7" £1.89 12" £3.25	
<i>Meat Puppets Mirage</i> ... LP £5.99	
<i>Metaors Go Buddy Go</i> ... 12" £3.25	
<i>Meteors Monkey Breath/Stampede</i> ... Dbl LP £7.99	
<i>Mission Garden/Serpent</i> ... ea 12" £3.25	
<i>New Order True Faith</i> ... 7" £1.75 12" £3.25	
<i>Nitzer Ebb That Total Age</i> ... Dbl 12" Ltd Ed. £6.39	
<i>Project One (inc Pornosect/W. Emissions)</i> ... LP £5.75	
<i>Psychic TV Live Series</i> ... LP £5.49	
<i>Smiths Louder Than Bombs</i> ... CD £10.99	
<i>Soup Dragons Cant Take No More</i> (Ltd 12") £3.25	
<i>Soviet France Flock Of Rotations</i> ... LP/Cass £5.99	
<i>Vyllies Sacred Games</i> ... LP £5.99	
<i>Waiting Ultimate (inc Squirrel Bait, Big Black, Naked Raygun, Salem 66)</i> ... LP £4.99 CD £6.95	
<i>Young Popular Sexy (Factory Import)</i> ... LP £7.49	
AFRICAN REGGAE ETHNIC	
<i>Bhundu Boys Tsuimodzemo/Shabini</i> ... LP/Cass £5.99	
<i>Bim Sherman Lovers Leap</i> ... LP £5.75	
<i>Bruce Daigrepont Sirt Up Roux (cajun)</i> ... LP £5.99	
<i>Dembo Konte Tanante (Gambian)</i> ... LP £6.25	
<i>Johnson M'Tain Boys Whole World</i> ... LP £5.99	
<i>Supercat Boops!</i> ... LP £5.99	
<i>Thomas Mapfumo Shumba</i> ... LP £5.89	
<i>Twinkle Brothers Dub Massacre</i> ... LP £5.75	
<i>Womad Intro To Asia/Talking Books</i> ... 1,2,3 LP £6.49	

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PT UNDERGROUND

HUMAN LEAGUE HOT FIVE

- 1 **WXJL TONIGHT**
- 2 **YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVING FEELING**
- 3 **DREAMS OF LEAVING**
- 4 **ROCK 'N' ROLL/NIGHTCLUBBING**
- 5 **EMPIRE STATE HUMAN**

Travelogue LP track
 Reproduction LP track
 Travelogue LP track
 seven inch
 seven inch

Compiled by Jon, Candance Roadshow



Human League: still suffering with dandruff!

CKLN RADIO CHART

- 1 **SMACK MY CRACK Various Artists** Giorno Poetry Systems
- 2 **LES FOUR GUITARISTES DE L'APOCALYPSO Les Four Guitaristes** Ambiances
- 3 **DANCE TO THE BEAT OF MY DRUM Babatunde Olatunji** Blue Heron
- 4 **SISTER Sonic Youth** Blast First
- 5 **BOURBONESE QUALK Bourbonese Qualk** New International

Compiled by CKLN Radio, Ontario, Canada

NEW 101 DANCE CHART

- 1 **MURDEROUS Nitzer Ebb** Mute LP track
- 2 **CHINESE BLACK Neon Judgement** Play It Again, Sam LP track
- 3 **CUT ME LOOSE Hula** Red Rhino LP track
- 4 **LET YOUR BODY LEARN Nitzer Ebb** Mute 12 inch
- 5 **ALMOST VIRGIN Credit** Third Mind LP track

Compiled by Mickey Verheven DJ at New 101, Holland



Nitzer Ebb: Kings of dance
 throb in Europe

CANDANCE DANCE CHART

- 1 **THE QUEEN AND I JANS** KLF LP track
- 2 **CARDINAL SIN Dead Can Dance** 4AD LP track
- 3 **CATHOLIC BLOCK Sonic Youth** Blast First LP track
- 4 **INCREASED RESISTANCE Gerry & The Holograms** Absurd 45
- 5 **ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE JANS** KLF 12 inch

Compiled by Jon, Candance Roadshow

ALL TIME TOP FIVE JAZZ RAVES

- 1 **SO WHAT Miles Davis** CBS
- 2 **MILESTONES Miles Davis** CBS
- 3 **SONGS FOR MY FATHER Horace Silver** Blue Note
- 4 **MOANIN' Art Blakey And The Messengers** Philips
- 5 **GIANT STEPS John Coltrane** Atlantic

Compiled by Radio London's FM (Mad On Jazz)

LET'S GO ALL THE WAY!

HEAD's press officer thinks that they're filthy perverted people with some disgusting tendencies. ★ Ronnie Randall pricks up his ears

We use and abuse until we're amused. One hour of degradation, sensual and exciting, the ultimate disciplinarians. Long legs, red bums... Reading the messages in the Notting Hill phonebooths proves a pretty accurate warning of the insults, lies and wind-ups I was

about to encounter during the imminent rendezvous with Candy Horsebreath and Hank Sinclair, the Little And Large comedy duo from West Country smock rockers Head.

Candy clops along with a broken foot, sustained during a run-in, or rather, run

over, with a Massey-Ferguson tractor immediately following the band's celebrated performance at Glastonbury in June. That's right, the one where they played with their willies dangling beneath their guitars. Headline grabbers!

"We did it purely for the publicity, and for no other reason whatsoever."

Hank is otherwise known as Gareth Sager, ex of The Pop Group, Rip Rig And Panic and Float Up CP. Bands with plenty of critical clout but lacking in commercial success.

Gareth: "We went exactly as far as we wanted to go, truthfully. Head is a different kettle of fish, a bigger outboard motor, for mass consumption."

Gareth is noted for his fishy

references. As we pass his local fishmonger he claims to be reminded of his girlfriend. Smutty or what? But does everything they do have a sexual angle? Is it that simple?

"Why not? Sex is healthy, clean and fun. A pumping, sweaty, smelly and exhilarating experience, until you begin to take it seriously.

"Then it becomes a jaded, 30 press-ups dressed in rubber - and - chains - type chore. We operate in a jaundiced, old fashioned field called rock 'n' roll. The idea is to make it fun, at least for ourselves. How can you take the occupation seriously? Sure, we're singing about serious shit, personal hygiene is far more important than politics to everyone, and we are prepared to highlight the fact.

"But we like what we do and aren't going to be bored by it. Falling flat on our faces is part of the entertainment."



HARDCORE NOISES

- 1 **KILL YOUR IDOLS** *Sonic Youth* Zensor
- 2 **REMA REMA** *Big Black* Not To
- 3 **PUBLIC CASTRATION IS A GOOD IDEA** *S.W.A.N.S.* Official Bootleg
- 4 **HALBER MENSCH** *Einsturzende Neubaten* Some Bizzare
- 5 **THE STAIRCASE** *Beirut Slump* Widowspeaks

Those currently disturbing the peace at Listen Records, Reading.

ETHEREAL EARFUL

- 1 **THE PROTAGONIST** *Dead Can Dance* 4AD
- 2 **OUR LADY OF THE ANGEL** *Durutti Column* Factory USA
- 3 **A CRITICAL DISTANCE** *And Also The Trees* Reflex
- 4 **SHE LIVES BY THE CASTLE** *Felt* Creation
- 5 **CRUSHED** *Cocteau Twins* 4AD

Current airy fairy favourites and biggies at the dreamlike Listen Records in Reading



Cocteau Two piece, still glistening in the ethereal zone

INDIE CD CHART

- 1 **THE CIRCUS** *Eraseure* Mute
- 2 **LOUDER THAN BOMBS** *The Smiths* Rough Trade
- 3 **FALSE ACCUSATIONS** *Robert Gray Band* Demon
- 4 **LOWLIFE** *New Order* Factory
- 5 **BRING THE FAMILY** *John Hiatt* Demon

Compiled by Spotlight Research

NATIVE LABEL BIGGEST SELLING 45s

- 1 **SERIOUS** *UV Pop*
- 2 **IMAGES OF FIRE** *Fatal Charm*
- 3 **IRON GURU** *Screaming Trees*
- 4 **MESSIAHS OF THE POP RAUNCH** *Junk*
- 5 **THIS HEART** *Zoot And The Roots*

Compiled by Kev 'Gasworks' Donaghue, Native, Doncaster.

John of UV Pop: a mystery and enigma of popular times



INDIE FOLK FIVE

- 1 **THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES** *Michelle-Shocked* Cooking Vinyl
- 2 **BOAT TRIPS IN THE BAY** *Brendan Croker & The Five O'Clock Shadows* Red Rhino
- 3 **MORE TALES FROM THE CITY** *The Band Of Holy Joy* Flim Flam
- 4 **SQUARE ROOTS** *Various* Foot
- 5 **THE CUTTING EDGE** *Various* Cooking Vinyl

Compiled by Spotlight Research

HARDCORE NOISES

- 1 **KILL YR IDOLS** *Sonic Youth* Zensor
- 2 **REMA REMA** *Big Black* Not To
- 3 **PUBLIC CASTRATION IS A GOOD IDEA** *S.W.A.N.S.* Official Bootleg
- 4 **HALBER MENSCH** *Einsturzende Neubaten* Some Bizzare
- 5 **THE STAIRCASE** *Beirut Slump* Widowspeak

Those currently disturbing the peace at Listen Records, Reading.

UG: FIVE FOR AUGUST

- 1 **FISH** *Throwing Noses* 4AD LP track
- 2 **THICKLY SETTLED** *Spain Ranch* Insight LP
- 3 **SEX MONEY FREAKS** *Cabaret Voltaire* Parlophone LP track
- 4 **FOREVER STEVEN** *The Corn Dollies* Farm 45
- 5 **POISON** *The Weathermen* Play It Again Sam 12 inch

Compiled by Underground stallers forced to drink late



Go on...

"Our material is unselfconscious. The first thing that comes out. We don't rifle any record collections for ideas and influences, it's just **BLURRGH!** And there it is, all over the place. *Snog On The Rocks* is that point where your imagination reaches an all time low and you experience free association. That's when the really hot stuff emerges."

Head dither between being part of London clublife and Bristol olks.

"We like the big wide open spaces of the wild West Country, where everyone will put a glass in your face, and then buy you a drink. It has no cultural divides. Britian needs to break out from its isolated island stance.

We're more for the Italian, all-in-the-family approach where the girls all say no and the boys all say yes.

"We're for flair before patriotism. Head are like the French rugby team, fluid, exciting, groovy. They take every chance they get and still leave the field with their shirts clean. It's sex on 30 legs. These days style isn't enough, you've got to have a label and they've got it... *Le Coq Sportif.*"

Erl Head, coming your way, the cocky sprats.



UGLY BUG SPEECH

Head: a bunch of foulness and all that kind of glug

UNDERGROUND: UG TOWN TOP UGGIN'

Masses

From Sgt. Peppers to Music For The Masses, Depeche Mode tread a filmic journey through contemporary music keeping their integrity intact and sticking strictly independent. Story by Carole Linfield. Pictures by Ronnie Randall



Martin: beret interesting



Alan: with the art of success

The flickering TV set in the corner is desperately trying to pick up the dim signals of a BBC documentary. Through the resulting snow on the set, images of McCartney and co. dissect and examine the "LP of the century", and Sgt Pepper marches out again. Here we are, sitting in a studio, watching TV footage of a studio . . . it's like the picture of a tin which has a picture of the tin on it. Does it go on for infinity? Oh, but it was 20 years ago today . . .

Twenty years ago today, everyone in this recording studio was more worried about bubblegum cards and Batman comics than pop art. Twenty years on, and Depeche Mode are looking forward, not back.

"I wonder if anyone will make a documentary about the making of this album?" muses David Gahan, chasing a piece of pasta round his plate.

In the background, there's the incessant jingle of the video machine, and the soft chunk of cue upon snooker ball. Ah, the gentle art of recording a new LP.

"It's going to be called *Music For The Masses*," explains Martin Gore.

"Which is a bit of a joke really, when you consider how much a lot of people hate us." I bet you were even thinking that yourself. Depeche Mode? Don't they belong in glossy pop rags, talking about their haircuts or their favourite teddy bear?

Well, let's have a little look at the evidence we can put forward on Depeche Mode's behalf. Arguably, Depeche Mode are the blueprint for commercial success while remaining in the independent machine. They produced innovative music at their outset in 1981, even though The Human League went before them — they were the first true pop band to augment the synth and later the sampler. They don't have a manager, and never have had. They turned down big offers from majors in favour of remaining on Mute, and, whenever the singles have charted, they've never resorted to a nauseating round of self-promotion in order to cash in on it. To some extent, they helped pave the way for other bands to cross over, from The Smiths to the Mary Chain.

So why all this vitriol?

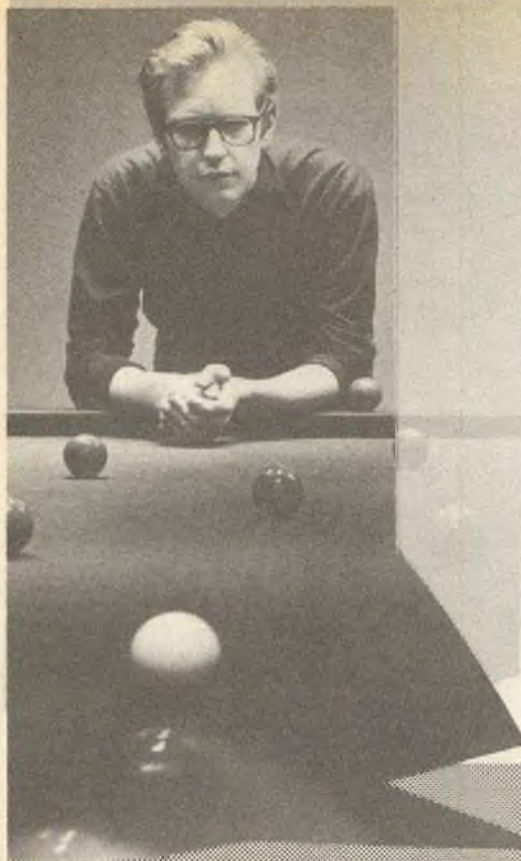
"I dunno," says Dave. "You wouldn't think it was possible to hate a band so much as the way some people hate us . . .!"

"I think," muses Martin, "our music never crosses over to the general public, hence the album title, it's a joke. It's only the fans who buy our stuff."

"Also, people have branded us as a sampler band, which is OK in itself, but so many bands use samplers badly. They don't give it enough thought. We spend ages trying out different sounds and trying to make sure we never use the same ideas twice, even if, because David's got such a distinctive voice or whatever, there is obviously a very definite Depeche sound."

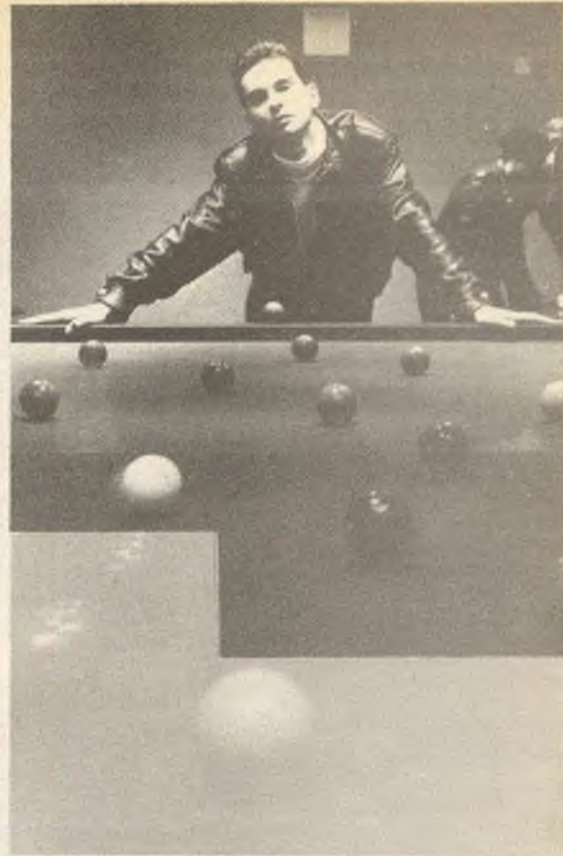
And despite what you might think, it's not that easy even for Depeche to get radio play and the like.

"We're in a bit of dilemma because most of our music doesn't fit in and doesn't get played as much as others, though fortunately it does elsewhere in the world," says Martin. "And if we find



Andrew: from Sincerely Synth Spares

THE Deps



David: next stop, global domination

it difficult, and we think we're quite commercial, it must be impossible if you're in a really alternative band."

So how do you overcome that?

Andrew: "We were lucky, when we started it was at a time when there was a flourishing live scene, so we built it up that way, but there's not even decent places to play any more."

So why did you decide early on not to sign to a major?

Martin: "It was quite tempting. Looking back, I can't imagine why we didn't go with them, it was just a stroke of luck we didn't. I mean, can you imagine four 18 year old boys with no cash being offered sums of money like £200,000? But it was the best decision we ever made."

David: "There was a gut feeling at the time . . . although the real reason is probably that we were so indecisive it passed us by. Daniel Miller was advising us too, although he never pushed us to stay with him. He did say that whatever they offered, he would do his best to match, and if we wanted singles in the charts, he'd do his best to get that for us, too."

Martin: "I think the reason we've stayed around so long is because we're on Mute. We've been given the freedom to do what we want by being on Mute. We're not pushed in any particular direction, and Daniel isn't like a record company boss, he comes down to the studio and helps us out. He's more like a friend."

In the long run, of course, it's made the Deps a lot richer . . .

Andrew: "We went for points, percentage of the profits, there's no way a major would have given us the points deal we've got with Mute. We had to go for the first two years without much money, though, because we didn't get a huge advance."

So would you advise young bands to take the same course?

Martin: "It's difficult when bands come up and tell us they've been offered a major deal or whatever, because you want to say go for an independent, but we were very lucky in our case, because our first single was a hit. It has to be said that it's much easier to fail on an independent."

Andrew: "Some 99 per cent of new bands will fail, even if they're signed to a major, so at least that way maybe they'll come away with a bit of money. I'd like to advise people to go for an independent, but you've got to be careful. Bear in mind we only know one label, too; that doesn't indicate what the others are like."

Alan: "And if you need to buy equipment, you're going to need to go for the big advance."

What advantages have there been, apart from the money?

Alan: "A major would have pushed for us to have hits, but we've been allowed to go along at our own pace. Also there's a certain amount of rubbing off of each other . . ."

There's a certain amount of schoolboy tittering at that one.

"What I mean is, the standard of music on Mute is very high and that rubs off on the group."

From the glimpses we had of the new LP, the Depeche which is re-emerging is a harder, more classic construction than before. The vocal is still surging, but

underneath there's a . . . well, filmic quality lurking about. Not melodramatic, but assured.

So it's not surprising, then, that individually all the members of the band have expressed an interest in scoring films.

"We have been offered some dodgy sci-fi B Movie stuff, where they've asked us to drop in words like "Venus" and "Jupiter" here and there," laughs Martin.

"I'd prefer something along the lines of Ry Cooder's stuff, like in Southern Comfort," adds Dave.

Andrew: "The thing is, I bet a lot of people wouldn't know it was us. We could get round a lot of preconceptions that way."

Preconceptions which have been built around the teenie following they initially commanded.

Martin: "We went through a stage around '81, '82 when our image was very teen orientated. We didn't know what we were doing, I mean our clothes and everything . . . even we find it embarrassing to look back on and think it's really sickly, so I can quite understand how it put some people off."

Andrew: "I think the teen audience can be one of the best, especially when they develop with you. They're really enthusiastic. It's only like The Smiths' audience, except theirs is more male dominated, but that's 16, 17 year old boys."

Isn't that kind of audience generally a lot less critical, though?

Andrew: "Perhaps, but then again I think they're more critical because they give everything you do a listen and really think about what you're doing. That gives us a responsibility."

David: "People think that just because an audience is 13, 14, they haven't got a mind, but that's not true. They may be more up on what's going on than the 25 year olds who are going out and buying Dire Straits records."

"Besides which, a large proportion of our audience has matured and grown up with us."

The Deps are planning to head out on tour with the LP, but whether the uninitiated people will grit their teeth and give the album a try, I couldn't say. All I know is, I'll bet given a blind taste test, many of them would give it the thumbs up. Meanwhile, the rest of the world, as so often happens in these cases, is already converted to the faith.

You said, don't sell out. Don't let the big wigs get it all their own way. You got Fad Gadget, you got New Order, you got The Smiths, and you respected them for it. You got Depeche Mode, bloody good at what they do and getting classier all the time. Don't forget it.

JESSE GARON AND THE DESPERADOES



Named after Elvis Presley's still-born brother, **JESSE GARON AND THE DESPERADOES** released their first single, *Splashing Along*, on Narodnik late last year, to almost instant acclaim.

"The single came out when we were in the middle of supporting

the Shop Assistants," explains guitarist Andrew, "It sold a lot of records and got us established. We started getting major press at the start of the year and then the second single came out . . ."

With that single being the small but perfectly formed guitar pop gem *The Rain Fell Down*, things were looking good . . . "and then the other two guitarists left."

The group carried on regardless, the next release being an EP combining the first two singles.

Margarita: "It's called *The Billy Whizz EP*, which I think is a crap name, but Andrew decided on it and didn't ask anybody else."

And, after that? Then they plan to release an EP called *The Adam Faith Experience* (in August) when, assuming their guitarists have been replaced, they also plan to tour and, in Margarita's words, "make a vicious assault on everything." Hey, watch out everything.

Trevor Pake



RESISTANCE

With a debut single to promote on Timebox, **RESISTANCE** appear to be at an interesting early crossroads in their career. Is *This What England Is?*, and their track on the recent Timebox compilation LP, pitch them somewhere between Toyah and an embryonic Berlin, while live performances evoke the spirit of mid-period Banshees.

With a little more song development and live experience, Angie Heard (vocals), David Woolfson (guitar, keyboards) and Dave Rogers (bass) will soon have to decide in which ultimate direction to take their music. The choice is theirs. Watch this space . . . Alex Bastedo

PAUL ROLAND



Paul Roland (left) with viola playing band member Piers Mortimer.

A wandering minstrel for the 1980's, **PAUL ROLAND** is a fascinated and sometimes fascinating singer/songwriter whose burgeoning reputation should be added to with the recent release of his third LP, *Danse Macabre*, the Bam Caruso label.

Compared rather obviously with Syd Barrett, Roland is a careful but imaginative tunesmith, while his lyrical preoccupations with historical epithets and engaging whimsy mark him down as perhaps our only psychedelic romantic. With concert appearances lined up in Britain and Europe for the summer, he will also be looking to bolster a growing live following before the release of a further mini album in September. Alex

Bastedo

BEAT OF THE BEAST

BEAT OF THE BEAST have already been embedded in a six foot deep hole with the earth shovelled rapidly over them, due to the fleeting gesture that they were once a "Goth" Band. Who recalls the story of *Ausgang*? With three years of minimal press coverage, they decided in a final fit of desperation to add the A-Go-Go suffix to the end of their name, before they were deemed palatable.

Anyway, *Beat Of The Beast* are anything but Goths. *Beat Of The Beast* are entertainers. They douse themselves in American and Soviet regalia, and make the proclamation in their press release that they would like to be very rich. Neat eh?

FUG OUT, JACK



Their vinyl releases to date add up to a solitary double A sided single, *Amber Sun/Cold Sister*, a record which is really a misrepresentation of their present day set.

Their new sound is different: a hysterical male voice rotates around fluctuating drums, guitars tainted with feedback and a pendulous bass. They'll grab you by your arm and take you away screaming into their world where "... we exist to give people a good time and to have fun . . ."

Right! Dave Potter

TELL TALE HEARTS

Anyone who's man enough to admit they come from Piddington deserves a coveted *UG TND!* **TELL TALE HEARTS** have more than the quirky name of their Northampton homebase to merit the attention, however. The band's name, taken from Edgar Allen Poe's *The Tell Tale Heart*, isn't the slightest bit indicative of

what they're about, insists the vocalist Mark Refoy.

"I think a group's name assumes its own identity once it gets known, don't you?"

He's probably right so let's call it a glorious coincidence then because their wonderful recent 12 inch, *The Eight Till Late*, is an achingly heartfelt rendering.

Guitars are petulant and simple while Refoy's vocals temper mood with melancholy. Jingly *Jangly Sperm*, which features on the flip side, is observing, sad, funny and beautiful. Hidden somewhere in the obscurity there's music with a meaning.

Finances permitting, **The Tell Tales** hope to release their, as yet untitled, subsequent single real soon. Arise, Sir Mark of Piddington, your public awaits! Alex Kadis

WALKING SEEDS

"Whatever happened to The Mel-O-Tones?" I hear you ask.

After the band's divide, Frank from Barnet and Bob from Barrow re-emerged to form grungy reefer rock group **WALKING SEEDS**. Marque Chapman, the follow up to their debut *Know Too Much*, is a veritable acid bath of wailing vocals, submerged urgency and the sleaze of a Soho street corner. The result is a mutant pop explosion, sullied, indefinable and, probably, unmarketable.

"We get treated as if we've got an economic death wish, which is just not true. We're not deliberately anti-earning cash — we wanna rake it in! But at the same time we wanna do what we wanna do."

Much revered by Mark E Smith, May saw the Seeds touring with *The Fall* at the personal request of the great man himself! We know a threat to fame when we see one and we're not about to let history laugh at us thank you very much. Alex Kadis



Influential hip-hoppers *Five Star* may have started something!

"We're definitely looking for some serious financial sponsorship," chortles Mike West of **THE MAN FROM DELMONTE**. A certain company comes to mind immediately, but that's a different can of fruit, we're talking serious ambition with these posters. Ten minutes on 'majors', 'advances', and one of life's great mysteries 'The A&R man', and we're of the common agreement that "Virgin could afford to risk a measly £10,000" on this particular venture.

But they're not unhappy with their lot — their debut single, *Drive Drive Drive*, has established them as one of the best unsigned bands in Manchester. Australian expatriate Mike, guitarist Martin, bassist and

proud mother Sheila, and AWOL drummer Howard make up the happy quartet who are serious, but not, er, serious.

"I want it to progress as far as possible but when I stop enjoying it, that's it," says Sheila, on everyone's behalf. Heard it before? Well at least this group look and sound like they mean it; on stage they draw the happiest of mediums between musical professionalism and a quirky unpredictability.

The music itself is a lesson in the original art of the guitar-based pop song, very '60s — *Freddie And The Dreamers*, *Jake Thackery*, *Jonathon Richman*, *Uncle Tom Cobbley* and all.

The second single, *Water In My Eyes*, again on the *Ugly Man* label is just the start of a summer of serious enjoyment. Craig Ferguson

NAMEDROP

CATAPULT



They've hardly opened their eyes since birth, but **CATAPULT's** first single, *Summary/Subtle*, is already something of a revelation. These are 1987's most inspiring guitars — ringing, diving, circling around murmured, introvert melodies and vocals. The group are friends of *The Wolfhounds*, inhabiting the same East London pitch — *Dave Wolfhound*, if pushed, reckons "Catapult are close to a cross between *Wire* and *Primal Scream*"(!!) but I can hear an early *New Order* density inside an elastic 4AD sphere — a combination of startling moods where nothing feels recycled. "Uh, thanks, really . . ." says a *Catapult*.

Quote of the month, and record of the moment, released on their own *Stop To Start* label (through the *Cartel*, or contact *Catapult* c/o 39, North Road, Islington, London, N7). Martin Aston



< QUESTION OF THE MONTH: Are new Food signings, Diesel Park East or West? >

27 UNDERGROUND

THE MAN FROM DELMONTE

down and obscure in Paris and Canterbury

a photo journalist expo by Ronnie Randall

The Third Mind roadshow hits the French capital. Mood music and Satie get lampooned, the EEC wins out

Canterbury's Third Mind Records, with four monstrously talented acts, are off to Paris with records to plug and reputations to enhance. At least, that was the theory...

Only trouble was, I'd missed the bus. However rebellious its image, rock 'n' roll runs to a strict timetable.

The train journey affords me the time to re-acquaint myself with the Third Mind sound. My Walkman sizzles as wailing harmonies and ghostly shivers caress and chill the soul with their friendly hauntings. We have Attrition, the Coventry politicians, Bill Pritchard, the guitar-bashing bard, Beautiful Pea Green Boat, whose *Obsessions LP* tops my playlist, alongside *Paintbox*, the Tragic Venus track on the label's *For Your Ears Only* double compilation.

The coach is unmistakable, it's the one without reclining seats, video and toilet facilities. We are to make do with our own wit, but the drive through

Northern France proves to be a cool affair. I put it down to nervous, inexperienced bands, and fall asleep to the motormouth babble of Attrition's Garry, resident 'lad'. His perpetual and hilarious Black Country rap is the life and soul of the party; only nobody's laughing.

That evening, I sit at a boulevard terrace with Brian, the coach driver. The occasional Third Mind wanders by. There go the

mysterious Tragic Venus, they look like goths, but sound like liquid gold. Down the *rue* a spasticated Garry bores the locals with mythical descriptions of Coventry City's cup final heroics. Bill drops over for a chat, but no-one sees Pea Green Boat.

Morning finds us trapped in the tiny hotel, attacked, outflanked, and flim-flammed by a blustering army of French media militia. Radio stations, fanzines and grown up magazines like *Best*, the French *Rolling Stone* bombard their quarry with questions, serious questions, as is the continental way. Typically the shysters of Tragic Venus sneak off, muttering something about a guitar string, while Attrition are itchy to hit the Eiffel Tower.

The Rex Club nestles beneath a nine screen cinema complex whose enormous queues initially have the Third Minders hearts fluttering wildly. That's until it's realised the crowd are squabbling over seats for *Pea Wee's Big Adventure*. Indeed, the *gig* audience are a strangely subdued and sober selection. Partly due to drinks at four notes for a half, but mainly because they are French muse-industry types fresh from a conference, of which our event is an integral part.

The Third Mind ethic involves a sparse approach, synth based, taped rhythm. The stage is an almost barren landscape; keyboard, cassette player and perhaps the odd guitar. Perversely the

audience prickle with hardware. More cameras than yer average branch of Dixon's. Tape recorders here, video camera's there. More equipment is recording the live event than creating it.

Tragic Venus are minimalists. Two sullen statuette boys punch one tiny keyboard, a bizarre visual presence to accompany Bette Davis' startling and brittle operatic vocal gymnastics. The sound owes much to Satie and Diamanda Galas, which is hardly surprising. Satie in particular is a recurring theme in the Third Mind psyche. As *Paintbox* tails off, fragile Bette explodes into tears. It's her public debut. Later she confides, "It was terrifying, yet brilliant. The idea that everyone's eyes and ears are on you alone is exhilarating."

The nerves are nagging Pea Green too. Heather bounces about with a burr in her saddle, while laughing Ian looks constipated. Still, that doesn't stop a

shimmering cascade of melodic beauty seeping through the club. But the English accented Edinburgh duo feel cheated: "We mixed it for POW! but it came out PUFF!"

The aversion to drummers leaves a serious lack of visual aggression in live

Bill Pritchard, in the shadow of the shutters



performance. There is an understandable reluctance by the French to enthuse over basically *studio* taped sound. Gutsy Bill Pritchard is most in tune with his audience. The speedy string bashing and almost singalong style places the Francophile with the matinee idol looks firmly in their hearts. They enthuse over the picture postcard, kitsch classic visions.

"I'm sick of synths, I want to get back to basics," he'd warned last night. Ulrike, his German girly quipped that it was probably more to do with his short memory.

Jeux Sont Frontiers it wasn't, but if points were awarded for reaction Bill would be going for gold.

Naturally, Attrition would then have to play the *Joker* or *rigalo* as the locals now referred to Garry. Unfortunately their wordy material proved a largely insurmountable barrier for the French, the message buried under a muddy mix.

As even *Brian the bus* noted, "Totally unsympathetic, the wrong audience entirely."

We didn't see much of Paris, but it mattered not, the bands were happy, they'd made contacts, picked up publicity, even a bit of money. Had it all been worthwhile? The man from Third Mind, he says yes!

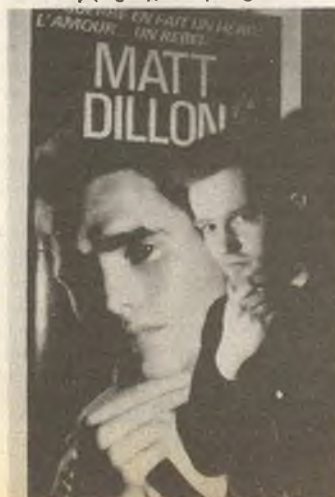
Beautiful Pea Green seascape



Tragic Venus before tears



Attrition's Julia (left), Martin (centre) and Garry (right), sampling the ambience



sharp plastic

PRESS TO PLAY

◀ RUMOUR II OF THE MONTH: Colourbox did Star Trekkin? ▶

Ian Dickson talks to ROIR boss Neil Cooper

"The name of the company is R.O.I.R.; Reachout International Records inc!" affirms Neil Cooper with pride. R.O.I.R. (say 'Roar!'), having conquered New York has recently arrived on these fair shores with the uphill task of endearing itself to the British (and European) music consumer. No mean feat for a record label that doesn't release any records; well, no vinyl anyway. You see, ROIR is a cassette-only label.

● When launched by entrepreneurial maverick Neil Cooper some six or so years back, the guffaws could be heard the length of Manhattan. But the cynicism was short lived. A glance at the ROIR catalogue will tell you why; Television, Fleshtones, Johnny Thunders, New York Dolls, Lydia Lunch, Einsturzende Neubauten, Bad Brains, Nico, Suicide, Ruts DC...

● But why work exclusively with cassettes?

● "I started to think that I had to do something different to get attention. I started to hear product coming out of England by Malcolm McClaren which was out on cassette and it interested me. I thought if I get a record out on vinyl then I'm just like all the rest, there's nothing to distinguish me. Also, the people I wanted to work with, like my first four releases — Lydia Lunch, James Chance And The Contortions, The Dictators and Suicide — if I had approached them with a vinyl deal they would have wanted much more money than I was able to pay them."

● As well as being nicely packaged with band pics, sleeve notes written by name journalists, and quite often lyric sheets, ROIR tapes constitute a highly collectable series due mainly to the fact that they all contain previously unreleased material.

● "Almost all has been unreleased," says Cooper. "The Dictators and James Chance we recorded live in a nightclub. Most of it until recently wasn't released before in any format. On occasion now we will licence or put out cassette releases of those deleted on vinyl. Prince Far-I which was Adrian Sherwood's project was no longer available on vinyl and our next releases, Ruts DC and the Mad Professor which are both deleted. But for the most part, our output has never been released before."

● Neil Cooper exudes an industrious Broadway spirit that is due in no small part to his background as theatrical agent and promoter. He has represented Warren Beatty in Hollywood, he has acted as U.S. manager to Shirley Bassey and for a while he managed the jazz legend Charlie Mingus. He also speaks with nonchalant indifference about his dealings with Her Royal Highness; Madonna Ciccone.

● "At my club in New York, I put Madonna on about ten times and at that time she was singing R&B, very Motown orientated. She never got more than 75 dollars because nobody knew her then, but she was wonderful, like a Motown shouter. I've been searching in my apartment because I know I did an off-the-desk recording of her but I haven't been able to find it."

● Christ! The man's got the Holy Grail somewhere in his apartment and he's sitting here talking to me! But what else would you expect from a chap who, while working as a Crown agent in 1965 acted as currency adviser to Haile Selassie, a relationship which has elevated him in the eyes of his Rastafarian artists.

● "I have kept a very exhaustive file on Haile Selassie to show them so that they treat me alright," laughs Cooper. "Bad Brains, which has been my biggest seller is a case in point. There were six contracts which they ripped up until I showed them that I knew Haile Selassie and I showed them the letters from him and the pictures of us together, then they signed without reading the contract."

Martin Aston runs through the ROIR collection

● ROIR has unquestionably been one of the independent sector's most brilliant of artistic ventures. Suddenly, ROIR UK, distributed by Red Rhino has emerged with the full catalogue in tow (now for realistically affordable prices) and at least ten new releases — still tape-only — on the table.

● It's a brilliant catalogue of original, exclusive, sought-after, salvaged independent music, more often than not stripped of record-company interference and thus sounding like God, or at least how it's maker intended, drunk or otherwise!

● Naturally, an emphasis is placed on the American — and New York — network, from punk's iconoclastic blast onward, but there are enough left-field specials to make this one of the world's broadest, most sussed catalogues.

● It's doubtful that ROIR's range is fully known, but here's a taste: Live cassettes from Nico, The Raincoats, Television, Lounge Lizards, Malaria, Sex Gang Children, Bush Tetras, 8-Eyed Spy, Flipper, The Dictators, James Chance And The Contortions (ROIR's first ever release), Einsturzende Neubauten, even ? & The Mysterions reunion concert from 1984, plus collections of prime garage, underground, hardcore, dub (c/o Adrian Sherwood's goldmine), metal and essential New York singles 1977-80.

● What about the bunch of American independent stalwarts that despite a lack of British recognition, were still collapsing old values — Germs, Stimulators, Human Switchboard, Scientific Americans, Shox Lumania. Shall I go on?

● Black soul, funk, dub and rap dynamics from Prince Charles, Alfonia Tims, Brother D And Silver Fox and Prince Far I... real archive material from New York luminaries like Richard Hell, Glenn Branca, MC5, Johnny Thunders, New York Dolls, Bad Brains, Suicide and The Fleshtones.

● It's said that the Peel Session EP's on Strange Fruit have become a collector's series — if anything, the quality of this series is so upgraded that there should be a pocket money revolution. You get the drift?

● Next up: live Johnny Thunders, Suicide, The Dickies, UK Subs, plus archive Polyrock, Skatalites, Jamaican-Japanese dub, Radical Songbirds Of Islam, compositions by Borofsky and Tomney influenced by Islamic prayer chants and last, Peter Gordon's Otello, apparently a Talking Heads-style approach to Verdi's opera. Signs that ROIR are widening the breadth of their operation.

● There's history in them magnetic grooves. Fast forward.



The Dictators in typical scuzzy rock pose



Richard Hell bares his soul

Shox Lumania get ready for Ascot race day



Bad Brains: regulo metal holocausts

Just a few pix from the ROIR inside wallet. Next month we'll have a special competition to win the *only* ROIR vinyl ever pressed. To launch the label in Europe, a special set taken from the catalogue has been put on record. There are just 500 numbered copies, and we have 12 to give away. See you next month!

Let's beat it up!

The importance of being Eithne! Holly Wood finds the real rap with Talulah Gosh... There's life after cuteness, and don't blow those bubbles bozo!

THERE ARE three of us on the front seat of the Talulah Gosh tour van, Mathew Fletcher, drums, beer, vodka, cider and chips, Chris Bass, a man with Black Sabbath on his Walkman, and I are rhyming and stealin' our way through an impromptu Beastie Boys set when suddenly...

"Peter's in the back 'cos he's skeezing with Amelia!"

Mathew respects neither his sister's person nor her privacy. While backing singer Eithne lies the other way across the mattress listening to Chris' Sabbath tape in seemingly blissful ignorance. "There is," young Mathew claims, "a degree of hanky panky going on underneath the Talulah Gosh tour quilt!"

When you talk to Amelia Fletcher over the 'phone, she sounds the sort of girl you would have hated at school. In fact she sounds like she's still there, back in the fourth year, still giggling, still getting on everyone's tits. She certainly doesn't sound like a second year Oxford philosophy undergraduate, she definitely doesn't sound like she's living with The Older Man, and there's no way she sounds like she's the leader of one of the best pop bands in the country.

But then there have been a lot of misconceptions about Talulah Gosh. Some people have called them cute and twee, others have called them fascists and a lot of people have just sat back and ignored them in the vain hope that they'd just go away.

The fools who've ignored them have shit for brains! While the idiot who threw the Nazi iron into the fire hasn't even got that. But the ones who've got it most wrong really are the ones who honestly believe in the anorak, cutie-pie, let's pretend, 15 forever, Winnie The Pooh chic.

"We played in Sheffield a couple of days ago, and this boy, this cutie came up to me after the soundcheck and asked me if I'd like to play marbles! And then 20 minutes later he asked Mathew!" Amelia incredulously recalls, "And then when we were playing he started blowing bubbles at us!"

Amelia isn't the sort of girl I would have hated at school. She's beautiful, she's funny and she's flawed in a way that would make it impossible for anyone who's ever talked to her or seen her on stage to hate her. As we sat on the grass outside a motorway service station on the way to Yeovil,

chewing both veggie burgers and the non-animal fat, I could understand just why my boyfriend is completely besotted with Talulah Gosh.

So you're not cuties then? You didn't want to play with his marbles?

"He wasn't really my type, and I really don't think he had all his marbles anyway."

Later that night, dancing along to the Talulah Gosh on-stage onslaught, I was shocked by the extreme power this allegedly twee little girly pop band bring to their art. I've seen The Stupids and I've seen The Cult and I've seen Talulah Gosh, and I know which band is the fastest, the most intense, the funniest, the best, the best, best, best.

In her 'Talulahs Suck Dick' baseball cap, Amelia dominates the scene in a way which puts smiles on every single face in the room. "Don't talk to me about The Monkees," she sings, "don't talk to me about the Russians, let's just talk about you. Because you're the most miserable, manic depressive bastard I've ever had the misfortune to fall in love with."

A sentiment we can all identify with. Sung with an appealing honesty and an essentially feminist assertiveness, these are words which reconcile both independence and romance. You think, the Talulahs sing, that the universe revolves around you, well it bastard well doesn't!

Though Amelia is the focal point of the group, she certainly isn't the only good thing about Talulah Gosh. And to her eternal credit, there's no way she thinks the universe revolves around her. Back in the van on the way home to Oxford after another successful show, the Talulah Rhythm Section spell a few things out for me.

"The thing about this band is that Peter and Amelia love all these nicely, nice, inoffensive little pop groups like The Chesterfields, and they write songs that they fondly imagine are going to sound just the same. But their songs are often a lot better, and then when Mathew and me get our hands on them, well we just don't play them like that. We beat them up!" Chris Scott has just put his finger on the secret of Talulah Gosh, he's just explained the wild fragmented exhilaration that makes them just about the best band Yeovil — home of The Chesterfields — will ever see.

He and Mathew are the "rock out" element of the band, their tastes lie more towards The Ramones, primitive metal and primal hip hop, and their own aggressive rhythms form the bed-rock foundation for the battering-ram charm of the Talulahs at their best. While Peter and Amelia provide the majority of the melody and the pop awareness

(although Mathew has written some of their very best songs, he uses Amelia to translate his thoughts into actual music and chords and things!). But what about Eithne? What does she do? Well, arguably the most lovable Talulah of them all, she has a special talent for happiness — a quality which both she and Amelia radiate from the stage — and she's simply there to dance and to bash her tambourine and to sing whatever backing vocals she can remember. She has started writing songs of her own, again Amelia is the middleman, and she will get to sing lead vocals sooner or later, but really she's a Talulah because the others want her to be!

"Eithne's useless," Mathew explains, "she's a real spaz. But she knows she is. She knows she can't sing or even play the tambourine in time, but she doesn't care. So why should we? She's great. And she's in the band because we all love her. Eithne's the most important member of the band because she's the one thing that stops us getting too serious about it all. She stops us becoming professional!"

Amelia (right) and Eithne.



New names for pop stars.

Capital sir, capital. Here it is m'lud, a chance to WIN the brand spanking new compilation from **Big Time** in all its mock Americana sleeve, with contributions from **The Lucy Show, Dumptruck, The Dream Syndicate, Max Elder, Christmas, Love Tractor, Alisa and Redd Kross**. • Macho Rambo-esque terror battalions from Mother Care have secured 25 (yes, 25) copies of this schmaltzily grooved collection and you (yes, you) could win one, if you can answer just one little question. • Here goes . . . **Which of the above groups (yes, groups) recorded the legendarily "brillo-zillo" LP Medicine Show that our editor (yes, editor) likes so much?** Answers, pleaseeeeee, on a postcard to Underground/Big Noise, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London, NW1 to arrive ASAP. Yowza!



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POET AND HER ROOTS ANNE CLARKE

takes five to pick fave influential poets

The words of Anne Clarke, poetess and one of 10's young protegees, her current home after being scooped from aspiring independent Red Flame a couple of years ago. Intent on innovating the poetic form, she has been chanting her own brand of blatant verse for yonks, and as she prepares for a huge tour of Europe (where she's huge), Anne takes time out to give *Underground* her five fave poets (in no particular order).

Billy Childish

His stuff is excellent.
I mean, it's rude, crude
and aggressive.
That's the sort of stuff that should be taught
in schools.
He's a modern writer but
I do like traditional stuff
too.

Christina Rossetti

The pre-Raphaelite writers were wonderful.
I love the way
they used language.

Dante

He was a kind
of hopeless romantic dreamer.
This was the sort of stuff that
society was
built
on.
Now it's tits 'n' bums 'n' bingo!

Philip Larkin

He's an obvious
one.
He wrote
This Be The Verse
which is on the new album.
I read it when I was
at school.
You do the crappiest
poetry when you're at school
and I remember thinking
there's got to be
something
better than this.
So I went hunting 'round
the
bookshelves
and found that.
It was when I was 15 and going through the
crisis of hating your parents
while they hate you.
I read this and I thought, 'Oh!
Somebody else has
felt
the same!'

Victoria Wood and Julie Walters

They are just ridiculous
and simple.
They take the saddest situations and
turn them into something
ludicrous.
They're totally uncontrived.
They just
say 'This is us. You either
weep at it or you laugh at it'.
Which
is
so important.

"Unfortunately
poetry with a
capital P has got
a horrible
connotation.
That's basically
that it's elitist
and has become
an archaic art
form."



This has been an Alex Kadis expose

So there you have it. If you want to discover the power of the poet, Anne's new LP, *Hope Road*, is well worth a listen.



VERY LOUD

The column where metal melts

Er, not a lot happening this month was the strangled cry of **Whiplash** as he disappeared to the pub. I rang Music For Nations but they're on holiday, he claimed. Right, fine. **Peter Chalcroft** from Metalworks disagrees, though, and forceably made **Ronnie "The" Randall** go to see **Virus** — who are in fact bleeding brill. Sadly the group were only exchanging skateboards with the poncey **Suicidal Tendencies**. But they do have lots of tattoos and we'll be studying these in a future ish when their record arrives. **Triv Tel** (disguised as **Whiplash**)

Quiphola

Slicked back, bass slapping, punk-a-billy

ABC and ID have teamed up with Jetti-soundz to bring you video films of **Restless** live at the Sugarhouse, Lancashire and **Demented Are Go** live at the Klub Foot, London. The first is entitled **Baby Please Don't Go** (JE 157) and the latter is aptly referred to as **Sick! Sick! Sick!** (JE 158). On the record front, ID's a bit on the quiet side, but ABC release, on 12 inch only, a cover of **The Rolling Stones** classic **2,000 Light Years From Home** by German psychedelics **Multicoloured Shades** — taken from their forthcoming LP **Sundome City Exit**. Also, about to go into the works is a live album from pretty boys **Restless**, as yet untitled.

Up and coming on Nervous is an album from R&B enthusiasts **The Rhythm Aires**, to be closely followed by the compilation LP **Zorch Factor Two**. Teen favourites **Torment** are about to start work on an album with **Frenzy's Steve Whitehouse** producing. Label guru **Roy Williams** also informs me that **Skitzo** and **The Pharoahs** have been



doing good business live wise in Germany, and they're currently negotiating a visit to Yugoslavia where the rockabilly/psychobilly market is reported to be huge.

- The **Medway Powerhouse** album mentioned last issue has been put back until the autumn, but the **Billy Childish** album **I've Got Everything** should be out as you read this. About to go into production are **Root-En Raunch** by **Sexton Ming** (with Childish on guitar) and **Don't Give Any Dinner To Henry Chinosky** by **Thee Mighty Caesars**, featuring early demos and recordings found lying around the garden shed.
- Fans of the French cartoonist **Antoine Bernhart**, whose work has been used by **The Cramps** (1986 tour programme), **Tall Boys** (Johnny's skull), **The Meteors** (Teenagers...) and **Crazyhead** (latest t-shirt), may wish to know he's just signed a t-shirt deal with a newly formed merchandise company. The first range is a ghoulish Walt Disney collection featuring **Mickey Mouse** as a skinhead and **Pluto** as a quiffed leatherjacketed hoodlum, among others. They'll be distributed by **Outer Limits**.
- Over at the Big Beat beanery, **The Bugs'** debut album, **Darkside**, is now on the racks. It features the original line up, bassist **Lloyd** (ex-**Vibes**) has now departed for pastures new.
- In **Anagram's** continuing pussy saga, the latest album is **For A Few Pussies More** (GRAM 29), featuring fourteen of your favourite acts including **The Wigs**, **Guana Batz** and the legendary **Levi Dexter And The Ripchords**. **Snakey G**

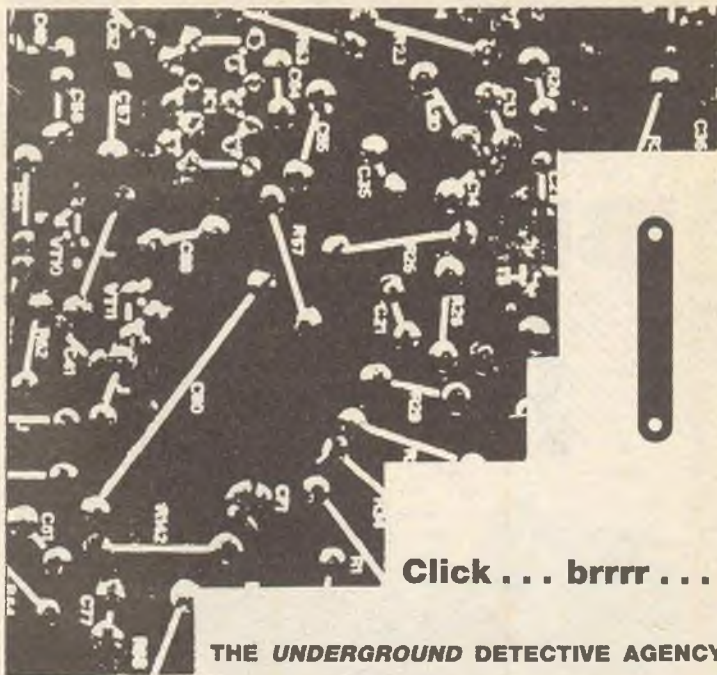
MASTERMIX

Full beats on suicidal throw downs!

- **Slab** make the surprise record of the month, **Smoke Rings**, on **Ink**, sounds like **George Clinton** did the drums and bass and it's getting heavy rotation in New York, as is the new **Nitzer Ebb 12**, **Let Your Body Learn** on **Mute**. **New Order** have given the **Arthur Baker** treatment to **Section 25's** **Bad News Week** on **Factory**, which manages to funk along at an incredible 202 bpm, and that's *not* hanging about.
- **Jive** are grabbing acts as fast as they can; from **Master Music** come North Londoners **The Wee Papa Girl Rappers** and their new release **Rock The Clock**, while from **Flame** comes **Schoolly D. Whodini** are due to bring out a new LP, **Open Sesame** for **Jive** pretty soon, too.
- **Rhythm King** make up for losing **Schoolly D**, with the release of **Shawnee G's** reworking of **Mission Impossible** and **Sun D'Moet** has finally made it into the charts.
- At **Champion** **Pual Ockenfield** is getting busy with **Ice T's** **Make It Funky**, **Jock E Makossa And Arthur Baker's** **Opera House** while helping to compile the first **Def Jam Sampler** and plugging the re-release of **The Beastie Boys' She's On It**.
- Most important re-release has got to be **Fab Five Freddie's** essential **Change Le Beat** on **Celluloid**, who are re-issuing the whole **D.S.T.** back catalogue, too (all through **Rough Trade** and the **Cartel**).
- **Streetwave's** aggressive **A&Ring** is yielding gold with 14 acts waiting to go into their soon-to-be-completed studio. It's good to see them developing new talent as well as pumping out the enjoyable but safe comps. **Paul Howard**

continued over

Circuit Breakers



Click . . . brrrr . . .

THE UNDERGROUND DETECTIVE AGENCY

GETS THE SCAM ON THE WIRES THAT ARE BUZZING

Pop goes bang!

The Chesterfields put the Kettle on. . .



Just because you make three-minute capsules of hookline pop doesn't mean you want to be escapist or trivial, as Dave, Simon or Dom will tell you. They haven't yet written "*Hey, hey, we're The Chesterfields*", but they'll sing "*they've got electric guitars in their hearts*" and they'll sing about the pain in love, the ironies in happiness and the joy of pop. Mind you, others will try and tell you different.

Dave: "Just because we write three minute pop songs

that aren't about suicide, we're labelled as twee little boys. People have to suss this out. Everyone's trying to put us down as sugary pop, all sweetness and light, but the words are bittersweet as well."

It's the bittersweet side of being a hopeful pop band in such a cynical pop climate. **Kettle** is their first long-player, 12 naive, hopeful pop songs that reflect Dave's (and the others, I suspect) voiced influences: **Postcard discs**, **Beatles**, **Pop-with-Tunes-and-Hooks**, in fact. **Martin Aston**

TV SHOW, ABOUT TIME FOR REPEATS: AUF WIEDERSEHEN PET >

Burnt to the ground

Neubauten and the perfect beat!



"I think people are getting fed up with this type of music," Blixa Bargeld boldly states from Some Bizzare's roof garden. "They've had too much of these kind of bands, and what they've seen wasn't worth seeing."

Einsturzende Neubauten (German for 'Collapsing New Buildings' for those who don't already know) were really the first to venture beyond the conventional Western rhythm with 'industrial' metal objects as percussion. Singer/songwriter/lynchpin Blixa also participates as one of Nick Cave's Bad Seeds but Neubauten is his own expression.

To him, the instruments Neubauten use — currently bass guitar, amplified springs, metal pieces, oil tanks, plastic buckets, an occasional clarinet and most recent, an Emulator — are simply natural.

What's more, they have a new, typically unpronounceable album. What does Blixa hear on the new record?

"I remember walking back from the dentist in Berlin and passing by a second-hand shop and buying a record which had Morning Dew by Tim Rose on it which didn't leave my head for quite a while. It reminds me of playing in Vancouver at the EXPO World



Exhibition and having two days free in the studio and recording Morning Dew there because it was the best way to get rid of it. I remember sitting in my hotel room in Melbourne when I was on tour with Nick, when I couldn't sleep, and writing Ich Bin's (It's Me). I remember playing in Bavaria in a big stadium. We played in a building called The Golden Hall which had swastikas as a ceiling decoration which hadn't been used since the war. We were able to play a special performance there, seven degrees celcius in the winter . . . horrible. We made No Beauty Without Danger that night."

This is, like the LP, intense, dissonant stuff. Performances, often as threatening as they are loud. Is there more to the Neubauten experience? You'll have to capture the LP to find out . . . **Martin Aston**



Control theory

Portion Control sign to London

So, they've finally gone and done it! After years of LP and 12 inch releases in the independent wilderness, Portion Control have clinched a deal with The Pet Shop Boys' management company and subsequently signed on the dotted line with London Records.

With an Arthur Baker mixed single, Conscience, out at the end of this month, and an American deal in the offing, the erstwhile three wide boys of electro-punk are in for a busy time over the coming months.

But why the move to a major after all this time?

"After our last 12 inch, The Great Divide, we felt as if we'd achieved as much as possible on an indie label. That record sold a lot of copies (nearly 20,000, and it actually made the American Billboard charts) and we thought it would be difficult to follow if we stayed independent. For us, the major deal was a natural progression, because we've always been quite commercially minded, albeit with an edge."

Is there any difference in approach now?

"No. We've kept our sound exactly as we want it. All that happens now is that we get to compete with The Birdie Song rather than some hippy shit. The indie scene, because of its supposed lack of commercial pressure, is supposed to be more innovative, but these bands just seem to follow each other like sheep, like the jangly guitar bands or the biker bands. There's not much that's new."

Right, and after hearing the new 45 you can tell that they ain't going to be standing still. **Alex Bastedo**

Portions: John (left), Dean (back) and Ian (moody)



Great Alan: happy now!



Thrashing against reality GLF snuff out the Big * Flame

THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD wrap their politics in a music aimed to thrill. While the lyrics, barbed and bang on target, hit out at a world full of injustice, guitars ring out in an abandoned celebration of *THE* moment. There may be contradictions here but there's also a fine cohesion and tension, and the end result is certainly more essential than the Yuppie appeal of Style Council, or the dull worthiness of Billy Bragg. The immorality of Europe's Common Agricultural Policy and the indignity of labour may not sound too promising as subjects for songs, given the earnest self-righteousness of most politicising pop groups, but the titles, If The Cap Fits Waive It and Haranguing The Boisterous Buffoons, indicate that there's a sense of humour at work here.

Alan Brown, the driving force behind the Great Leap Forward, was previously the bassist with Big * Flame. That group delivered on their promises then promptly dissolved leaving a legacy of half a dozen highly combustible singles, with melodies crammed together so tight you could almost feel them choking each other.

Now free to pursue a more accessible course, the melodies are allowed to develop in a way they never were with Big * Flame. "I realised when I left the group, it was like opening the floodgates. It wasn't a conscious decision to be more accessible, I was always the one who tended towards that anyway, but my contribution would be appropriated into the context of the group. Now I'm only answerable to myself."

A follow up to the Great Leap Forwards' current Controlling The Edges Of Tone is set for the end of the summer. Featuring two new songs and two from a recent Peel Session, it should be well worth the wait. As for live dates, all Alan will say is that he's committed himself to playing in a Manchester rock week come October. **Vachel Booth**



SURFIN' CLAMBAKE Hot surf poop and psychedelic thangs

Well, would you credit it, **Hoxton Leonid** gets married then has the cheek to go on honeymoon. This has not been a good month for columns and news, has it? Er, well, I suppose we could mention **The Palace Of Light** album on Bam Caruso, that's goddam good. **Robyn Hitchcock** probably went on the honeymoon with Hoxton, *The Next Big Thing* ish 23 is featured in *Sub-Culture* on page 8. **The Shamen** are going wild and this really might just be the return of the summer of love (as **All About Eve** sign to a major). **Spacemen 3** gets reviewed in *Underground*. **Barrence Whitfield** also stepped over recently to promote his *Demon/Rounder Europa* release but **Snakey G** said his backing band looked too miserable, so he went off again. **Triv Tel** (in a paisley hand-me-down).

2

STATION TO STATION Riotous rhythm and reggae onslaught

- The current success of Admiral Bailey extolling the virtues of the Big Belly Man has prompted its inevitable rejoinder. On UK disco this week are issued titles from newcomer **Mikey White** and veteran DJ **Tonto Irie** both celebrating Slim Belly Man (Justice and Island respectively) while up on Jamaican pre **Peter Metro** toasts the same. The long career of **Delroy Wilson** is presently reactivated with a wealth of new music, including the release this month of discos *Stop Acting Strange* c/w *Don't Put The Blame On Me* (Live & Love) and his interpretation of Faye Adams' *Shake A Hand* (Joe Frasier), plus an LP *Which Way Is Up?* (Blue Mountain).
- With the release in Canada finally of his overdue *Sensi Addict* album for Prince Jazzbo's Ujama label, **Horace Ferguson** now brings forth a latest disco from the same source, coupling *Fry Fish And Bread* and *Trials And Crosses*. Also on Ujama is released **Frankie Paul**, *I'm Missing You* c/w **Prince Jazzbo**, *The Bible*. Up on Jammy's Super Power label is **Shabba Ranks** with the slack *Original Fresh* c/w English journalist turned Jamaican toaster **Dominic** (Kenny) denying any physical resemblance to Culture Club's erstwhile lead singer on *Favour Boy George*; and on the same label **Leroy Gibbons** sings *She's My Baby* c/w a version of *The Drifters' Magic Moment*.
- Latest from the Legal Light label are **Johnny Osbourne** with *I'm Gonna Make You Love Me* and **Conrod Crystal**, *Sweetie* c/w *Ignorance*. Up on the Star Light label out of Harlesden comes **Christine Joy White** adapting Tammy Wynette's *Stand By Your Man*, **Trevor Walters** reworking *Bunny Maloney's Baby I've Been Missing You* and **Dennis Brown** singing of a Summer Holiday distinct from Cliff Richard's song of the same title. **Evelyn Court**



GET SMART a modernist frenzy of soulful delight

- The most interesting release on the modernist scene must surely be the new compilation on Unicorn; *Modern Times* is the follow up to their last successful collection of international mod groups, *Beyond Tomorrow*. Featured this time are the pioneers of the current mod/surf craze **The Reaction** from Bristol (with their *Surf Riding*, I wonder if they'll go to the extremes L.A. mods did a couple of years back and get special surf boards to fit to the sides of scooters!), as well as **The Gents**, **The Risk**, **The Threads** and Japan's **High Style**...
- If you've found yourself inadvertently humming the excellent music for that employment agency advert *Get A Job*, well I'm pleased to announce that Stateside have just reissued the original by **The Silhouettes**. Great stuff... Italian beat fanatics **The Underground Arrows** are over this month promoting their *No Chance To Escape* single, it's their second tour of the UK, their last one being in '83. Check your music paper for dates.
 - Garage superheroes **The Flamin' Groovies** (22 years at it and still going strong!) have a single taken from their *One Night Stand* (ABC) album released around now. It's a newly recorded version of their classic *Shake Some Action* and is backed with *Teenage Head*... Also out this month is the second album from **The Risk**, one of the very few bands from The Channel Islands. Called *Invitation To The Blues*, it precedes a massive Eurotour...
 - **The Daggermen** have just recorded a new track *Ivor The Engine Driver* for the forthcoming *Re-Elect The President* compilation of garage and beat bands, titled *For Your Ears Only* and featuring (among others) **The Crowdaddys**, **The Creeps**, **The Teenage Filmstars** and **Makin' Time**. The release date has had to be put back a couple of times and it should now see the light of day in the next few weeks.
 - **The James Taylor Quartet**, **The Prisoners** and **The Discords** have all been confirmed for the forthcoming *Medway Powerhouse* LP released on Hangman Records soonest... Compwise this month, we've got three copies of the above mentioned *Modern Times* LP and to win your copy, all you've got to do is answer: Who starred, wrote and directed the film *Modern Times?* (We'll give you a little clue here, it was a silent movie!?)
Felix Adler

Quiet Records & Aftermath Records FAST APPROACHING RELEASES

Magic Mushroom	New Album
Band	
Red Harvest	"Murder" 7in
OUT NOW	
Robyn Hitchcock	"Black Snake Diamond Role" Compact Disc
Voodoo Child	"Rain" 7in
Red Letter Day	"Take Me In Your Arms" 7in (Plus Free Ltd Edition Flexi)
The Gang Bang	"Gang Bang" 12in only
Band	
Public Heirs	"Run Foxy Run" 7in (Plus Free Ltd Edition Flexi)
Paul Roland	"Gabrielle" 12in only

INFORMATION
Tel: 01-740 0680
Distributed by Nine Mile & The Cartel

Who's shaking those wires?
Who's making the news!

Circuit Breakers

just bachelor boys

get psyched (in a pad of your own)

- Glaswegian five piece, **The Bachelor Pad**, (they're from Strathbungo if you really *MUST* know) have set tongues flapping of late. The editor of *Underground* rants and raves about them, swearing that 'they're going to be REALLY big', and *Are You Scared To Be Happy?* (the *bestest* fanzine in the world) says we should sit up and take notice; the band were recently featured on a flexi-disc, along with *Baby Lemonade* for that mag, and have their thoroughly groovy first single, *The Albums Of Jack* rolling on *Warholasound*. ■ Guitarist and co-songwriter **Martin Cotter** is happy to talk when he is finally located on the end of a telephone in Scotland.
- "We're pleased with the single," he says. "It's kinda noisy, but we're all pretty sick of just spending ages in the studio getting a polished and professional sound."
- A listen to their tape reveals all sorts of candy-coloured influences, the most obvious trailer being a weird Syd Barrett meets Buzzcocks melee. Most important of all, there are actually SONGS in there fighting to get out.
- They want to make money! I am staggered. Such potential, originality and a sense of direction. And, what do you intend to do with all this money?
- "We're going to spend it all on lots of drugs!" he answers, laughing hysterically. "No, actually, I'm not being *completely* serious."
- The phone fizzles, the man mentions maturity...
- A day later I listened to **The Bachelor Pad's** version of *The Beatles' Norwegian Wood* and decided it was much better than the original; these people deserve to be rich and famous so let's give them all our money, and hope they invite us to their house when the party starts.
Julian Henry

EDIESTA RECORDS

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BENNY PROFANE	"Devil Laughing"	12"
		CALC 026
SALVATION	"Diamonds Are Forever"	LP
		CALCLP 022
SILOS	"Cuba"	LP
		CALCLP 021
THE PLEASUREHEADS	"Treasure"	12"
		CALC 025
ALTERED STATES	"Is Anyone Out There"	LP
		CALCLP 031
GORE	"Mean Mans Dream"	LP
		CALCLP 029

Ediesta is the official golfing manual of Spain
Subscriptions available from Frederico Cojones,
Calle de B. Durutti 72, Bilbao, Espana.

DISTRIBUTED BY
RED RHINO/CARTEL
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Rosemary's Children have just released a magnetically precocious, ultimately supreme and dangerously lush album called Kings And Princes. Their sound glows and vibrates, you shouldn't miss it... Tony Fletcher didn't

Ah, the joys of youth. On the other end of the 'phone I have Robert, an effervescent 19-year old understandably happy with the way life is treating him. Following a largely-ignored single on EI last year, entitled Southern Fields, his group, Rosemary's Children have just released Kings And Princes on Cherry Red, a mini-album that has already picked up a modicum of acclaim. It contains five melodic songs, sometimes thrashy but more often wistful, and all with a groovy jingle-jangle that could lead the Children to be termed "psychedelic" if one felt so inclined.

But for now it is enough that Robert is coming to terms with his group — which as well as featuring himself on vocals and 12-string, contains Jake on bass and vocals, Karel on lead guitar and Toby on drums — being liked.

"In the '60s, you could make a brilliant record and get in the charts and be listened to," he tells me with an air of authority. "And that's completely died — it's really frightening. I'd like to be the sort of band that made hit records and people actually listened to."

So if you're not a star by the time you're 21, are you going to call it a day?

"Well, this is a difficult question, because I don't think you should be allowed to be a pop star if you're over a certain age. I don't like many pop stars; I don't have much respect for them. But I think you know when it's time to quit. We'd know if we were just masturbating."

You sound as if the world is smiling on you, Robert.

"Yeah, of course it is!" he rebounds. "We're 19 years old and Toby's really cute and Jake's pretty and it's brilliant. Every record we've done I've felt a lot happier about and..."

But you've only done two!

"Yeah, but I'm 100 per cent happier about Kings And Princes than I was about Southern Fields! I know what's going to be on the album and nobody else does — it's going to be absolutely brilliant. I piss myself laughing when I realise how good the album is going to be."



The chillun of Rosle: pretty psyche, huh?

in store?

"No. When I first heard it I didn't know what it was!"

That figures. Ian's mad as hell. He's not going to take it anymore. Unless he does. In which case he will. Pratinja

THREE ENGLISH FOOTBALL GROUNDS never had a LUDICROUS mouth it

Now then, now then, what can we think of this ridiculous couple, this unlikely group, this phenomenon. Ludicrous? Well, the ridiculous half, asserts that they hated each other to begin with and it's deteriorated ever since. Will, who delivers the punchline, disagrees.

And the punchline follows in which the crux of contention is whether Will hated John because he wore glasses, or because he was a grammar school wimp.

Ah well, the rubbish began in pubs... rubbish which is the stuff of I, Ludicrous songs and essays. Ludicrous which has thrust them into the first division within a few months. Swiftly, following a much requested and highly valuable flexi from Blah... Blah came a first session and now an album for Kaleidoscope.

So what is the formative factor, the bond between you, something...?

"Crystal Palace is the only thing we've got in common... and The Fall." And indeed, Mark E Smith, who, seems to have shaped their nose. It comes over as a resonance of many Flah. They supported their heroes at a gig in London a couple of months back, although naturally I came aboard in absurd circumstances.

The first we knew of it was exactly a month before it was due to play, when we saw the gig advertised. At first we wondered whether there could be another band of the name, but it was us. Mark E liked a tape we'd given him many months ago, and he'd never got in touch with us, so he just booked us."

So where do things go from here? "We want to be on the front page of the Sun under the headline, 'THESE SICK BASTARDS'. I hope you're going to disagree us."

Ian B Bourne

Hate, doom and despondency The Folk Devils go cocktail shaking



The Folk Dev's with our man Lowery stage centre

The Folk Devils are a rumbustious little band with a big, BIG sound which has crossed several areas already — gnarling and flailing like severed power cables — and can be currently found bouncier than ever before on The Best Protection on Beggars Banquet. It is all courtesy of a new line-up, the old Devils having floundered upon the rocks of a disastrous recording session in Holland.

"We do have occasional differences," admits 'main Dev' Lowery, "but nothing approaching the tension of the last group. We had the reputation for being violent but we were only violent to each other. We usually had a punch up in the dressing room before we went onstage, not that it was a ritual. In fact, we got banned from Portsmouth Polytechnic for 'unseemly behaviour', we just smashed the dressing room up. Not out of high spirits, but out of rage!"

Perhaps the change in temperament has been the force behind the viciously upright single, which is a thing of crystalline velocity.

"I don't like the new one," he scowls. "I think it's overproduced and overplayed. It should have been more raw and immediate than it is. My vision was polluted by the producer. They're the most devious race of all. But... it's pointless making excuses 'cos it's done now."

Around the label of the single can be found the phrase 'what can't be cured must be endured'.

"Ah! That's a phrase I found in a book by my favourite author, Jim Thompson. He was classed as a pulp American crime writer in the 40s/50s. His books are bizarre. All his characters are pretty amoral, sick, nasty, violent, bleak and depressing. There's a lot of wit in there. He also uses a lot of crass clichés in his books."

Later at the office, Ian pours mediocre filth, tequila and port mixed, down my throat, and gets starry-eyed listening to The Ramones. Was this what did it for him? Did it change his life? That spellbinding moment of self-realisation of what fate had

In a dubious attempt to come up with a concept, I've arranged to meet Leicester's Indie *supergroup* Big Zap in a Leicester Square amusement arcade to talk about their single *Psychedelic Shack*. The Square (W1), is as close as they get to their home town these days. ●

I enter the ultimate zap shack to be greeted by a barrage of deafening noise and proceed to delve deep into the neon recesses of this pit in search of the Zappers.

BIG, BAD AND PSYCHEDELIC

"Yaahh! Whomp that sucker to death." I think I've found Dentover. His craze is the result of too many nights on the road, chewing plastic food and riding the *Hang-On* motorbike machine that you find at all motorway service stations. He's tucked snugly into the sleek cockpit of *Roadblasters*, this season's topping game.

"I like high speed driving action, and blasting everyone to buggery," shouts the new werewolf of London. Unfortunately he's a little inexperienced on this one. A mere virgin... **"Oooh! Baby, that feels so**

good," he squeals. But it's all over in a minute, and he's quickly ejaculated from the seat by Sarah of The Bomb Party. Dentover and Craig are with The Janitors while the fourth Big Zap is Gaye Bykers On Acid's Mary.

Mary: "I like lots of speed, lots of noise, lots of hard rhythm, and lots and lots of action." ● Just like Big Zap in fact. The old adage *Too fast to live, too young to die* doesn't apply anymore. In the electronic wonderland you can die a hundred times and still come back for more. ● Are Big Zap a cynical cash-in or what? ● Mary: "It's a genuine attempt to start an indie supergroup, or, a sharp move to make some fast cash. Take your pick." ● Of course, that was before the Bykers' Virgin deal.

Dentover: "The success of the concept should spread some sunshine over all concerned. In the soul-less '80s, we're not ashamed to admit to craving success and money. We're well into our individual bands, but as close friends we wanted to hold hands and funk off in the studio together. It's a different music for us all. Why pin your sails to one mast? We wanted to feel totally impressed with ourselves."

independent that you couldn't depend on", to release a frantic smash called *Family Fantastique* on Abstract, the home of Big Zap. Meanwhile The Bomb Party bought back *their* album, *Incest*, from Abstract in order to self-release it. Only to be upstaged by The Last Supper collection of old Bomb singles. New product won't now be available until September.

The frustration is obvious, and it's a touchy subject for Sarah, the sweetest smile in psycho splatter. Dentover advises me not to push the matter.

"It's like dipping your head into a compost heap. Let's face it, being independent is like doing an apprenticeship. The scene is watched by the majors who are sniffing out the big stink. When they find it they scoop it up. They're pooper scoopers, which is alright by me. I want them to know that we smell really bad."

You've got to get noticed to be heard these days. It used to be the other way 'round. Not that the Bykers are a house of Tarot cards. In this age of synth'n'sampling non-musicians, the resurgence of hardcore rock - without spandex - is a rejuvenating experience.

Dentover: "They say that with a 30 year back catalogue the only answer is the cover version. The past and the present, rock history condensed. Repeat, repeat, repeat. It's the only way to get a hit."

Mary: "Everyone's doing covers, either directly or indirectly through sampling. We're just jumping on the bandwagon. Soul music has always had seriously demented followers. I'm well into P-Funk period Parliament and all that really heavy stuff. We've dumped on it to rejuvenate it from its creators' remains."

Or, to put it the Spanish way, *cago en tus muertos*.

Cynical, silly, sensational. However you look at it, Psychedelic Shack, that's where it's at.

Big Zap go to Vegas. Look out Tom Jones!



37 UNDERGROUND



new single
THOSE WHO TRY 7"12"

"This is Chart Material...
Uplifting and Penetrating...
Definitely an Appetiser for
their Forthcoming LP"

Alex Kadis - Underground

new l.p.

CRACK

LMLP011

"Charmingly Uplighting...
A brave debut..."

Tony Fletcher-Underground

OUT ON LOST MOMENT RECORDS

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suicide or bust

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES skate or die.



OK! Are you amped out? Stoked, and ready to get your fingers burgered? You'd better be 'cause full on, serious skate band Suicidal Tendencies are in town! Biggest Arseholes or best band? Their homeland USA has deemed them both.

They're fast and frantic and back home they are BIG — each member weighs in at around 200 pounds! But how will they fare when they grace the shores of Britain? Are they merely the offspring of an exclusive sub-culture, fit only to serve that genre, or will they appeal to the eager ears of our own youth who barely knew what a skate band was until the recent maxi-press coverage? A candid chat with vocalist Mike Muir, across the no-expense-spared *Ug!* trans-Atlantic hotline reveals all . . .

Mike: "Although we have associations with skaters I wouldn't class us as a skate rock band. People say we're speed metal, we're punk, we're heavy metal, we're skate metal. All those people are into Suicidal. I don't really care what people call it as long as they listen to it. If they like it that's fine. I ain't worried about being a speed metal God or Mr punk rock. That doesn't make me a better person."

Don't you think the Brits are going to think that you're a little strange?

Mike: "Well, the British people shouldn't judge us by our appearance. Like, when we were in England walking down the street, people would be walking into lamposts and stuff! I mean, we're not trendy like a lot of British bands."

Do you think that the British 'kids' will be able to relate to you? To something which is essentially a strain of the American youth culture?

Mike: "I guess we could catch on. It's weird 'cause it's usually the other way round — British bands come to America. But they do fine."

But will Britain's reputed conservatism allow us to hang loose and get Suicidal?

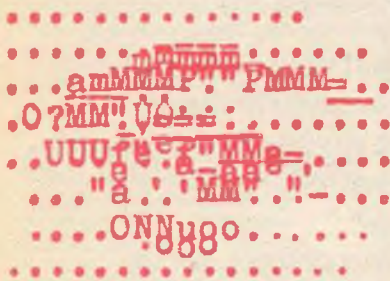
Mike: "Ummm . . . yes! The thing with conservatism is there's always a backlash. It's like half the bad things I've ever done I would never have thought of doing if someone hadn't told me I shouldn't do it in the first place!"

Er, yes! Think we know what you mean! But what about the predictions here that you'll hit the top 40 in our mainstream charts? What do you say to that?

Mike: "If we're successful then that's good. It means that people like our music and that's why we're putting out records."

Well, they're mean, they're tough, irredeemably straight and unrelentingly USA, but incredibly cute for all that. Biggest Arseholes or best band? The decision is yours. Britain cast your votes please. Alex Kadis

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< NONE DEFINITIVE ARTICLE OF THE MONTH: red bandana & Def Jam t-shirt >

Supermen!

SUPER DIAMONO DE DAKAR get hot in Senegal

Super Diamono are a cosmopolitan band, one of the top bands in Senegambia, but their horizons are broad, judging by their array of musical styles. The most striking live vision is the percussion section, Lappa Diagne on the drumkit and Alassane Djigo and Mamadou Maigu on traditional percussion, which moves constantly in and around the snare beats overlaying funk with the mbalax rhythms of Senegal.

■ Mamadou Maigu looking definitely sharp, if slightly incongruous in an American mock college/sports jacket is also one of the three alternating lead vocalists. The others, Omar Pene, described as the veteran, who sings soul in Wolof (one of Senegal's languages) and Moussa Ngom from Gambia, singing in Soce, lend an eerie voice giving grace to their records.

■ Diamono play long sets of dance music. They like to flex some of the muscle they have picked up in the ten years or so that they have played together. From their beginnings, and a mixture of Latin and mbalax, they have also picked up jazz, reggae and blues styles and now present them in a distinctive and accomplished way, a circularity of influence.

■ They were at last year's WOMAD festival where they were slightly overshadowed by co-Senegalese Youssu N'dour Et Les Super Etoiles but if you missed them, there are two albums: Mam and the recently released People, that are well worth seeking out. John Lewis

Crawling through the night

The Lime Spiders spin their web!

It must be the climate. What other possible explanation can there be to justify the tough breed responsible for Australia's granite outpourings? From the land that gave you The Saints and Celibate Rifles come the torch of an indigenous musical integrity which seems hell bent on wiping wimps off the face of the Earth!

"Chief lungs" Mick Blood takes up the story: "Yeah, we mean business down here! It's a bit of a characteristic of Australian rock 'n' roll. It's very hard edged. Groups who are regarded as pop bands over here are a lot more hard edged than their European equivalents."

As a band who started out as a bit of fun could the Spiders be the next successful Antipodean export? It's their fresh attitude and personal treatment of a definitive sound which makes them strong contenders for the title; their current *Weirdo Libido* EP, the title track of which was originally written for the

Australian film *Young Einstein*, is a brilliant concoction of rasping thunder and sharp humour.

You can see for yourselves this autumn. Until then, be content with The Cave Comes Alive LP, which is being released as you read and the 12 inch My Favourite Room which is taken from the LP (both on Zinger through Pinnacle!) With tongue firmly in cheek it promises to be a good one. The true epitome of a turning point, its caught snugly in a preponderance of past and future. New material demonstrates Blood's growing relationship with the most stable Spiders line up to date while covers such as Cream's NSU and the old Pebbles classic Action Woman are an affectionate glance back to the Spiders' covers band roots.

"Yeah, we made our name that way but then we started to write a lot of our own stuff . . . but we still like to play covers, only we give them the Spiders touch!" Alex Kadis



UNDERGROUND'S SPARINGLY MINIMAL PHASE

38 UNDERGROUND

BARKING AT THE METALHOUSE

Skinny Puppy have invaded Europe, Mark Galbe sees the first batallion land.

Canada's Pups have been together for some time, bracketed neatly in the Front 242, Portion Control, Severed Heads, Cabaret Voltaire, Revolting Cocks school of clinical beat. Last year US major Capitol took up an option on their Nettwerk house label and this year, through Red Rhino and Play It Again Sam, they've been reaching some straining ears in the UK.

■ The current Pup incarnation features stalwarts Dave Ogilvie (referred to constantly as Ogre) and Cevin Key plus last year's acquisition, following the departure of Bill Leeb, of Dwayne Goettel, who answers questions here . . .

■ WHO DOES ALL THE SCREAMING?

■ "Ogre, I suppose, although we've got a lot of taped voices from films and radio, all kinds of weird stuff."

■ HAVE YOU EVER PERFORMED WITH ANY DOGS ON STAGE?

■ "We did plan something like that for Expo with performers and guard dogs, but it never really came off in the end."

■ DO YOU THINK THERE IS A BREAKTHROUGH IN ELECTRONIC/HARDCORE MUSIC, NOW THAT SEVERAL ACTS SEEM TO BE GETTING BIG EXPOSURE?

■ "I don't know if it will grow any bigger, but we are trying to reach as many people as we can. We've never made any sort of plan in the past, we're just trying different things . . . experimenting."

■ SO HOW WOULD YOU CLASSIFY YOURSELVES?

■ "Theatrical heavy noise? I'm not sure, deny all categories, I suppose."

■ For men whose live shows are the most convincing around — original noise that deny description, photographic evidence of such, plus actual experience around you of an explosion in an electrical spray shop — it's ritualistic and radical on a massive high, and that their music should stand up to their aural assault is a savage treat. Great though . . .

TERROR OF THE FURTHER OUTPOST

Jean Marc Lederman gets hyper and hypo about La Muerte

You're just back from the swamp and you don't know if the sweat running down your back is the malaria or the southern comfort . . . either way it stings. Through the headache, the sound can only be **LA MUERTE** though. The four of them stand in front of you, they look mean . . . like, *mean*.

■ Sisco plays vibrobass but he won't speak to you, Becky Wreck stays back behind her drums (and that's probably just as well). There's still some leather under the rivets on her jacket and she could tell any Butthole Surfer a few dirty jokes.

■ D Jee plays guitar but he laughs and says he knows nothing about chords — but he does a lot with little while others do nothing with the works. Then there's the voice. The growl behind the gaggle, Marc De La Muerte. He coughs it up like his throat's been slit.

■ So it don't look too good for you. Well, at least they're kind enough not to disguise loudness as power as your head splits and 1,000 Nick Caves fall over your sweating brow like lemmings on a summer outing.

■ Meanwhile, in the UK, La Muerte commit their sins to vinyl. Their latest LP is on Big Disk through Pinnacle. The strings get plucked, a sea of noise overtakes you and there's that voice again . . . ringing, ringing. The LP's called *Every Soul By Sin Oppressed* and it's big, too big to fit into the megastore even.

After the fever, you'll claim you loved every inch of it. Cough.



< DRINK OF THE MONTH: *Baby Turpentine* >

Italy in the weird-out cupboard

Vittore Baroni turns his collar up and feels the revolutions

P.E.A.C.E. is a label for special projects, representing the union of several Italian alternative indies (as opposed to more commercially oriented small record companies turning out pop-crap by the thousands). They consist of Blu Bus, Catfood Press, Particolare Music, Rockgarage, Trax and Ut/Comunicazioni, who are all separate entities.

■ The first album produced by P.E.A.C.E. was an LP-benefit for Amnesty International with 11 young Italian bands. And, just released is another benefit project, with voluntary unpaid work from all involved: a double album and booklet of "unheard music, unwritten words and unseen images inspired by fear", entitled *F/Ear This!*

■ Profits will support the anarchist monthly magazine *A/Rivista Anarchica*. Contributions are varied geographically and stylistically, and though the theme of "fear" is not always respected, all in all it is an interesting collection of oddities, including a deranged version of the *Jesus Christ Superstar* theme by Italian Crowley scholars *Thelema*, inspired poetry from *Annie Anxiety* and *Peter Wright*, contributions by well known unconventional ensembles like *Nurse With Wound*, *Die Form* and *Embryo*, plus a dozen very obscure names (ultra-noisy *Paroksi-Eksta*, flute wizard *Gergorio Bardini*, *Franti*, *Possession*, 2+2=5).

Contact: Catfood Press, c/o Marco Pandin, Via del Gaggian 1, 30170 Mestre-Venezia, Italy).

The people behind *Viva* fanzine in Rome always had a taste for the exotic and uncompromising. After several packages with heady texts and the occasional tape (SPK, *Nocturnal Emissions* and the like) they have now developed into a record company. Last summer they released *Viva Los Angeles*, a stunning survey of new semi-experimental groups in the California area (*Bay Of Pigs*, *Savage Republic*, *Drowning Pool*, *Randall Kennedy*, 17 *Pygmies*), including a 60 page booklet of texts and informations (you guessed right, it's in Italian!).

■ Now, *Viva Records* have just produced a whole album by *Drowning Pool*, one of the most promising bands on the previous compilation. This four piece from Costa Mesa play a ritualistic and evocative mixture of raga, folk, minimal, whatever, interspersed with the fluid vocals of *Andrew Crane*. Sometimes they remember the, now sadly deceased, *Savage Republic*, but with more clean and meditative openings. Rock meets folk meets ambient electronics: a second album is already being assembled.

■ Contact: *Viva Records*, c/o *Disfunzioni Musicali*, Via degli Etruschi 4/14, 00185 Roma, Italy.

Oink-out, man!

Cassette revolution in US and the birth of Sound Of Pig!

In a way, it represented the coming of the third independent wave, and in a way it went further than hardcore by being the first music ever to be both recorded and released on cassettes *specifically*. When the American tape underground exploded in the early 1980s it heralded a major change in musical perception and recognition, reaching as far as *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal*. Some cassette labels were *big news*, specializing in electronic and otherwise far out musics, beginning with compilations only and branching out to release full cassette albums by international artists. *Sound Of Pig* was one of these labels.

■ Begun by *Al Margolis* in 1984, *SOP* was at first a reaction to the ever-increasing network of cassette-only artists. Gradually, through reputation and sheer endurance it has become one of the most respected cassette labels in the US, along with *Tellus* and *Cause And Effect*.

■ Today over 100 releases are listed in the *SOP* catalogue, including tapes by *Big City Orchestra*, *Psyclones*, *Schlafengarten*, and *Nails Ov Christ*. *Al* answers his mail personally, and can be reached at 28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023, USA. *Al* also trades cassettes for practically any good reason at all; so do it up, babe. **Carl Howard**



Confessions Of A Pop Icon Number Two: Hitting The Stage As High As A Small Garden Shed

Regular readers of *Mr Underground* will know that I had moved to London, crowbar in hand, ready to prise the gold from the paved street. This wealth, has been craftily obscured by a pack of government trained dogs with decidedly poorly insides. So digging has been abandoned.

New idea: The band is to play for Joe Public at a North London public house on the same night as New Order and other Factory luminaries were to play 400 yards away in a circus tent.

Fact One: Planning is of the essence when setting up a bash. No doubt Factory supremo Tony Wilson was pretty bloody worried when he realised a rival roadshow was on his doorstep, obviously pride prevented him cancelling (although we put him on the guest list just in case).

Fact Two: Guest lists are usually scrawled illegibly on wrinkled scraps of paper handily loseable by the 'I'm getting 20 quid' soldier of fortune on the door. Inevitably the list is full of people who don't turn up. Jeremy Journalist has sudden micro-surgery, Gerry Enormous of Fatty-Filth-Wallet-Pig Records is strangling his mistress and DJ Simon Braindeath is charity nude para-gliding with the Wombie Show Business eleven.

As the evening proceeds, the reason for this may become apparent, though...

Fact Three: The trouble with pub venues is that the beer and nub-end flavoured carpet increases the gravitational pull of the earth due to its sticky properties and ones fashionable winkle-sandals tend to adhere with alarming regularity.

Fact Four: Another joy of playing live is the audience. They take many forms, they often contaminate your beer, alarm small pets and should never be put on guest lists.

Ah, live music, the true spirit of UK inventiveness, style and whatever... this is your icon signing off. Blip!

TIP

Julian Henry bundles another trundle of tapes into his leathette mailsack and threatens editor Dave Henderson's neighbours with the first "Outdoor Tip Sheet" of the season. A fine full bodied selection, with wine and cheese to follow, as Henderson (formerly of *Noise, Sounds, Q, The Hit* (hmmm), and currently of *Music Week, Underground* and *Which CD?*) casts an independent eye over the latest chromium contenders. The numbered system after each review refers to marks out of ten for content, delivery, presentation and potential. Er, well, let battle commence...

THE NIVENS (63 Evesham Place, Beaconlane, Cramlington, North-umberland) write songs with titles like *Tales Of A Duffelbag* and sound twee in the style so successfully pioneered by Edwyn Collins on the early Orange Juice recordings. Neither Dave nor myself were particularly rivetted by their cassette though, as we suspected a lack of true inspiration behind the Niven's simplistic shambblings.

"Are they being twee just for the sake of it, or do they play marbles for real?" quizzed Dave in a typical fit of crypto-journalese, revealing once again why he is the editor of the world's most underground monthly. (Cripes!)

4 5 6 5

THE POPPIES (31 Meadow Way, Chigwell, Essex) play what I would term, 'The Creation Sound'. A scan of their fact-sheet reveals that they've supported luminaries such as The Wedding Present, Primal Scream and The Bodines.

I wonder if the group realise that there are so many other people singing and playing just like them — jangly guitars, whispered vocals etc — so many so, in fact, that I would hesitate before terming this music either underground or alternative. It's more like student rock '87 style.

Anyway the group probably don't care about that, they're just dying to hear what the editor of *Underground* has to say. "If they were my mates, I'd probably really like this," says Dave. "As it is, it sounds like all those records you hear playing on Janice Long but don't really know much about. A bit uninspiring."

5 4 4 5



THE LOW GODS (c/o 249 Harvist Road, Kensal Rise, London NW6) win the most coveted 'Tape Of The Month' award, albeit in the face of some pretty unexceptional opposition. Their package looked good — photographs xeroxed onto tracing paper — and their tape was well-recorded and pretty pro. It turns out one of them used to be in Wasted Youth, but looking at the pic-



ture you wouldn't guess, as they look dreadfully trend and contemporary.

"They sound like a major label signing to me," says Dave. "It's good to hear a saxophone on a tape for a change," he added, referring to what I had recognised only as a vague wailing sound.

7 7 8 7

THE SMOKING MIRROR (c/o 127 James Turner Street, Birmingham, B18 4ND) did not make lots of friends with their press release which tells us that their previous cassette is "selling well despite recent promotional inactivity", and that they're soon due to start a "large promotional drive". It sounds rather as if they've written it with an A&R man in mind, as if hoping to make it look like they're hot stuff. Crikey. Pull the other one! Dave didn't like it, saying it was pompous and boring. I agree.

2 3 4 3

So, if you want your demo tapes given the attention that they no doubt deserve, send them along to Underground, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1.

THE BIBLE FOR DOGS (c/o 78 Colney Hatch Lane, Muswell Hill, London N10 1EA) have sent us a tape before, and ask us this time if we'll listen harder and come up with a more thoughtful reaction. Dave concentrated for what seemed like years before making the following declaration: "A really professional sound but the songs aren't strong enough to carry it. All the instrumentation is good but it lacks emotion."

Now there's a critique I've never heard before! (I suppose you'll edit that bit out Henderson).

But hang on, he's off again: "You would have to listen to this really loud to appreciate it. Unfortunately, I can't see it impressing many A&R men." So there you are Bible For Dogs, a far-reaching and penetrating review from the editor of *Underground*.

2 4 4 2

The impressively named **ADAM BOMB** (c/o CCC Management 0101.212.644.8900) sends us an expensive pair of glossy photographs and a pile of press cuttings from America that tell us he's due 'to explode at any moment'. Blimey! Stand well back lads! Adam records in Hawaii and likes groups like Michael Schenker and Aerosmith, which all seems rather far-flung from us grubby pen-pushers here at *Underground*. I wonder what on earth he's doing sending cassettes to the Tip Sheet. Surely he's much too busy 'exploding' or 'bustin' loose' or whatever it is these American super-groups get up to. Anyway, we think his tape sounds pretty useless, so there.

2 2 2 2



BASEMENT MANIA (c/o 85 Lower Boxley Road, Maidstone, ME14 2UT) call their cassette "alive and dying". Hmmm! Is music really THAT important to these people? It doesn't sound like it, as their singer's delivery veers towards the drab.

The Henderson opinion is that they're under-produced as they seem to be attempting clever pop, or something like that, but it's really too amateur to make it much further than the starting post.

5 4 6 4

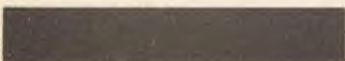
UK INVASION OF THE MONTH: Pending news of a new Savage Republic line up

THE HIPSTONES (c/o 61 Rugby Place, Kempton, Brighton) must be enterprising fellows because their cassette arrived disguised as a Kitkat — I almost ate it by mistake! Dave's foot was seen to tap for a moment (or perhaps he was stepping on an ant) and then he disappeared off to find himself some beer, leaving critical opinion in my hands. Errr... well, it sounds very nice. I believe these people like '60s groups as they rarely explore further than distorting the mike slightly just as The Jesus And Mary Chain do. Oh, but hang on, the next song sounds just like The Velvet Underground. Honestly, groups these days!

6 4 7 5

DEATH BANG PARTY (c/o Diligent Productions, PO Box 302, London SE1 1TN) sent us a package with lots of bits and pieces like confetti, photographs of people dropping their trousers, and very rude badges which we can't possibly talk about. Despite being most entertained by this thoughtful selection of goodies, we weren't bowled over by the music. Dave sums up: "They make the mistake of sending a great package which makes us want to hear something dramatic on the tape... when the music turns out to be so ordinary, we are, of course, most disappointed."

2 4 6 4 ↓



UG: BALLOONING ENTHUSIASTS TO A MAN

KRYSTAL NACHT (Pant Idda, Longford Road, Holyhead, Gwynedd, Wales) are selling their cassette of five songs for a pound which seems like a bit of a bargain. Dave said he thought they sounded like The Cult, which then sparked off a row about what we all think about them... however, as far as Krystal Nacht are concerned, we felt mildly enthusiastic about their tape, but it must be said that the singer sounds like a right gloomy blighter.

5 5 5 6

COMBAT POLICE (80 Higher Drive, Banstead, Surrey) make quite an unholy din that is really rather appealing. There are loads of ideas — radio cut-ups, excerpts from films — and a doggedly nihilistic approach as to how they actually record their music.

Perhaps the future of rock 'n' roll lies somewhere down this road. Dave agreed that there's plenty of creative resources at work, but pointed out that the songs themselves are a mite insubstantial — what else could we expect from a group who tell us that their main influences are The Beastie Boys and Fuzzbox?

6 4 7 7

DEADBEAT SPACE TRUCKERS (c/o 174 Junction Road, London N19 5QQ) do not, unfortunately, draw rounds of unrestrained applause from Dave. "It's too down-trodden," he says, "no real personality comes through and all I feel about this cassette is that it reflects a real support band mentality."

Meanwhile, the group's deadpan psychedelic mumbling whitters on. By the time we reach the third song we've had enough.

3 3 3 2

DAZ ODEUM (no address supplied) have made a cassette full of grumbling noises and mutterings which I have great difficulty in coming to terms with. Dave is capable of telling the rough from the smooth with this sort of thing though, and he immediately pointed out that this was exactly how Cabaret Voltaire began their rise to stardom.

"I remember them sounding just like this, and all their gigs were real events," he says. "The Human League were the same; it's not especially commercial but I think they do this rather well."

5 7 7 4 ↓

TIP

TC Wall gets locked in the Tip Sheet tape cupboard until he wades through some of the back log of chrome and asbestos which has poured in from all over the place.

The Bland's Dick Happy cassette "comes", as it were, in a phallic illustration seven inch sleeve. The tape itself starts promisingly enough but soon lapses into madmen-at-the-controls mayhem. The Bland are from Chesterfield.

Twelfth Wreck, from Redditch, opt for a cute cover on their four track tape. Lack of info doesn't enhance the performance, but the playing is competent, the rock edge is adequate and the actual songs are quite good.

Bristol's More Short Stories are in their infancy but play clean light and airy tunes that beg for a big production and a little arranging. Expect a single later in the year (by which time they should just be about right).

Catch The Bomb are almost regulars of the *Tip Sheet*. Their letter points out that the tape they sent before was "crap" and this new chunky noise from Shepshed in Leicestershire is, in fact "better". Rockin' out is the name of the game, but their plea for us all to "C'mon" is still pretty limp wristed. Shake yourselves lads... get a good night's sleep and send next month's tape in.

Final Conflict have a dodgy image, illustration and a big that's so detailed, I feel like I've known them for years. These are genuine people who write dangerously commercial dreamy neo-Genesis, almost AOR meets new age music. They need someone to pick them up and make them transatlantic radio faves.

Studio 68 from far north London, are teaming with '60s mod appeal, brimming with energy and about to record a demo that's audible enough for A&R ears. Their tape looks interesting, has good songs and is masterfully delivered. Expect more from them soon.

The Visitors from Exeter wrote to us on a sweet bag about the burgeoning Devon scene. If their tape is anything to go by, it should be worth taking at least a weekend to take in the sun and the sounds down there. A contemporary bustle that wriggles with popist charm.

The Ocean from Oxford have an exciting brash style with a well confident vocal delivery and a neat line in verse/chorus crossover. A four piece worth watching with good songs and some measure of potential.

Exit 13 from London play decent enough tunes but their quiet jangle seems to take them only so far and leaves a frustrating unfulfilling feeling.

Psycho Ken from York sent us 23 Concrete Pipes, a tape of rambling frenzy like Billy Bragg

after a crate of stout on an untuned guitar. One of life's true eccentrics. EMI should contact him at 29 West Bank, York YO2 4ES.

Every New Dead Ghost are acclaimed as Nottingham's "hottest goth/rock/glam/cosmic" band and in that genre they certainly excell — as displayed on their latest, well presented and packaged four track demo. They've a 45 coming soon.

Mutant Sheep from Sittingbourne come in a dodgily illustrated tape bag and offer us a pint for a good review. A smidge under produced, the ideas are quite good but the songs don't really drive enough. Weird interplay of guitar and keyboards. Can we have a half to be going on with?

Rioutus Assembly ((01) 441 1892) play a neat kind of post pop punk reminiscent of a souped-up Pretenders with a nice vocal style. A touch of rock history in the composition makes for quality material that deserves a wider audience.

Vinale Disorder (947 8084) play a direct kind of muscle-bound trash with more than its share of FX for good measure. Already with interest in the States, this trio should be in the album and single racks pretty soon.

The Weeping Messerschmitts already came and went to Upright and now their scraping tinny pop sound is back from beyond wherever on a three track demo. Still as forceful, there's obviously pop in the old boots.

Papas New Faith play pop with a lilting sign-us-up veneer and a silky vocal line. Their debut single will be with the world real soon on the Garage 27 label and should interest the upper echelons of A&R and daytime radio.

Richard Makes New LP are from France and their tape, *Trying Their New Drum Machine*, is doomy, downhearted and pretty out of tune. Whether it's supposed to be like that is difficult to say. Genius or lunatic? Place your bets.

Hands Of A Virgin have a dangerous manager who doesn't really seem to understand the niceties of the low level music biz-world. Still, the group, after five years as The Abandoned Babies from Leicester debut with a track on EMI's second ICA record, then they have a track on another compilation. They play well and sound interesting but the quality of this recording is duff.

All Fall Down opt for a far more gutsy guitar sound and suggest a greater longevity. Live shows will sharpen their sound and the possibility of a distinctive single of note could take AFD to a much wider audience.



OUT OF STOCK!

We all know that in our society it is only the great institutions that save us from being swept away on a tide of filth and corruption. We in "rock 'n' roll" are particularly at risk — but breathe easier, for you are safe from Sodom as you cruise the aisles of at least *one* major record chain. ■ *Underground* has obtained a copy of the **Obscene Product List** of "stuff" "not to be stocked" by branches of a large retail chain. And, scanning the list, what is the overwhelming menace from which our families must be protected? Why, four lettered punk, of course.

The entire **Dead Kennedys** catalogue, including the CD of Plastic Surgery Disasters, has been banned — though it's a moot point whether the ban came before Alternative Tentacles boycotted the chain anyway.

Leading the field for England are **Chaotic Discord**, with their LPs *I Don't Give A F****, *F*** Religion F*** Politics*, *Now That's What I Call A F***in' Racket* and the, rather disappointingly, titled Live. **Conflict and Disorder** have only managed to get one LP each on the list but **The Anti-Nowhere League** have a couple up there. But dozens of other groups are saved the ignomy of slipping through the net with the inclusion of several Punk & Disorderly type compilations. ■ It's not all spiky

haircuts and swearwords — witness the presence of **Microdisney's** *We Hate You White South African Bastards*, of all product on the **Cross** label and subsidiaries, and of **The Blood's** *False Gestures For A Devious Public*. ■ Further along the road to Gomorrah we find **Coil's** *Scatology*, **Marc And The Mamba's** *Torment And Toreros*, **Psychic TV's** *Berlin Atonal* and *Some Bizzare's* *If You Can't Please Yourself* compilation. Makes you feel sullied just reading the names, dunnit? ■ Nice old **Ian Dury** finds his 4000 Weeks Holiday having to snuggle up to *Philes And Smiles* by the genuinely appallingly-named **Raped** (any bunch of boys who call themselves *that* probably deserve to be). ■ In the

heavy metal field, only little leaguers like **Venom** (*At War With Satan*), **Witchfynder General** (*Friends Of Hell*) and **Starz** (*Piss Party*) make the ban. Which is a damn sight better than hip-hop has done, managing only a solitary placing with the Hip Hop Electro Eleven LP for a track by **Faze One**. Must try harder.



COMPETITION WINNERS

YES, **THE Go-Betweens** competition reaped some interesting replies, but the lucky ten dudes who knew that the group's first release in the UK was on Postcard, are **Eddie Fisher** of New Milton, **David Hutson** of Barrow, **Stephen McConville** of County Antrim, **Misery Guts** of Midlothian, **Ellis Fisher** of Maidenhead, **Frank Laehmermann** of Cricklewood, **Andrew Ashbridge** of Cockermouth, **Joe Cook** of Falmouth, **Julian Ross** of York, and **Debbie Ghant** of Stowmarket. For their troubles, they'll each get a *Go Betweens* special limited edition promo LP.

The people who knew that acid turns litmus paper red, and suggested that we should send them an uncensored version of the **Bykers'** *Nosedive Karma* (with fleshy bits intact on the sleeve) for their knowledge, were **Berni** of Blackburn, **I Wright** of Carlisle, **Simon Csoka** from the Isle Of Man, **Chris Simpson** from Bristol and **Roger Hall** from Bath. Soon as we get the discs out of custody you'll get them!

The goddam bleeding **Meteors** comp to win a t-shirt got millions of entries but we've only got five t-shirts, so the winners are . . . **Nigel Lavender** from Ramsey St Mary's, **Steve Owens** of Powys, **D Fletcher** of Barton-on-Humber, **John Spencer** of Huddersfield and **Jen Allen** of Henfield, they all knew that the Stranglers person who went to pris, some time back was **Hugh Cornwell** and the tenuous link between *The Stranglers* and *The Meteors* is the fact that the Mete's are covering *Go Buddy Go*.

Finally this month, **Felix Adler's** comp asked which band **James Taylor** of the **Quartet** used to be in. It's **The Prisoners** of course. The three winners of James' *Mission Impossible* LP are **Nicola Dundon** of Strood, **James Lewis** from Gwent and **Mark Amies** from Ruislip.

Remember next month we'll be revealing the *Stax* packs winners plus the 50 Peel session vote-roonie.

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 . . .

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

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

Dead Kennedy Jello Biafra: a fine upstanding moral citizen



■ Remember, without moral guardians such as these you could be seduced into burning your parents, sacrificing your sister or dodging your fare on the Tube. Be good, be vigilant, behave! It's all about morality. Sorry, what was that about missile guidance systems?

WOW!

next month in your fun loving

UNDERGROUND

YO!

WE'LL BE LOOKING AT THROWING MUSES wild inter-bred rhythms

AC TEMPLE

a song, a guitar string and a smile

and lots of other THING city gear from this planet. So, like, er, check it (today)

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FOR THE INDEPENDENT VINYL VULTURE

UNDERGROUND

September 1987 Issue Six

PUNK ELECTRO

PSYCHE GORE

QUIPHOBBIA

DEATH DISCS

METAL BEAT

HARDCORE



★ **THROWING MUSES**

US soul soldiers sign to Sire

★ **BAD DRESS SENSE**

The thrash of pseudo post-punk

★ **THE JETSET**

More fun than The Monkees

★ **DEAD CAN DANCE**

Playing symphonies for effect

★ **AC TEMPLE**

The rumble of distant trouble

★ **ARKANE**

Knives and faded ballads

★ **GHOST DANCE**

The mascara massacre, take two

★ **BABY LEMONADE**

On the perfect pop cocktail

★ **IN THE NURSERY**

Classical structures and rhyming rhythms

★ plus there's an videography, a gazillion reviews, news, views, booze and all that kind of full beat



in the **clinch** of **superstardom?**

A. R. KANE: Lollita **BAD 704** 12" E.P.

DEAD CAN DANCE **CAD 705** L.P.

Within the Realm of a Dying Sun **CAD C 705** CASSETTE

CAD 705 CD C.D.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Lonely Is an Eyesore **VAD 703** VIDEO

THROWING MUSES: The Fat Skier **MAD 706** MINI-LP

MAD C 706 CASSETTE

M•A•R•R•S: Pump Up The Volume **BAD 707** A SIDE 12"
Antina (The First Time I See She Dance)

FRAZIER CHORUS: Sloppy Heart **BAD 708** 12" E.P.

PIXIES: Come on Pilgrim **MAD 709** MINI-LP

PIETER NOOTEN **CAD 710** L.P.

CAD 710 CD C.D.



7

july

8

august

9

september

JESUS AND MARY CHAIN DETUNE THE DARKLANDS

STORY BY MARTIN ASTON

3 UNDERGROUND

"Anyone who says we compromised musically when we signed to a major record company must be absolutely insane because as far as I can see nobody's ever made a more extreme record than *Psychocandy*, ever."

That's the reaction you get if you mention the memory of independent labels to the Mary Chain's Jim Reid.

★ Jim will also tell you that although Blanco y Negro — through WEA — never promoted the album, "it sold five times more than it would have done on an indie." But that's not to say that Jim doesn't value the ideals of independent labels. At least, not now.

★ "I always thought independent labels were a waste of time but I've kinda changed my mind over the past few years. The major label thing has worked well for us but there are a lot of groups that have been on an indie label for a year and a half going 'we want to get out of this indie thing' and then sell exactly the same amount of records on a major.

★ "I think there's a type of music that to me, sounds indie, and doesn't suit major labels, d'you know what I mean? Take a group like The Shop Assistants who, to me, sounded indie and had an audience who were into independent records, and they went to Chrysalis and bombed.

★ "I think there are too many groups who look at us and think, 'it's as easy as that, we can go to a major and do well!'"

★ Why didn't the Mary Chain fail then?

★ "I think our music sounded more important. It sounded bigger and grander than that."

★ People think you've 'sold out' because there was no intrusive feedback on the April Skies single, that you've cleaned up for the charts.

★ "We didn't want it to sound like anything on *Psychocandy*. We were getting pissed off with everybody talking about *Psychocandy* and white noise and we thought, what can

we do, so we decided to make a good, totally conventional record with no white noise, basically to surprise everybody and to get away from the past. Nobody wants to be labelled 'the feedback group'. We would have just been repeating what we've already done. We certainly didn't want that Ramones thing where they made all these albums that sounded the same and then no-one took them seriously.

★ "We're different people now. We were getting naturally pissed off with the *Psychocandy* sound. If we had all those songs now and recorded the album, it would be totally different."

★ Like how?

★ "Well, I think April Skies would fit in nicely."

★ Times change, and even traditionalists like The Mary Chain move on. Jim wants to use drum machines, brother William preferring a real drummer (and appearing to win the dispute). Tastes change too.

★ "I'm fed up with all my records. I know everybody's saying it, but I quite like hip-hop. LL Cool J is great. I think somebody can make great music influenced by that music. What I like is the production, the drum machines and all that. You hear one of those records coming out of huge speakers and it gives you a shiver up the spine. You hear one of our records coming out of huge speakers and sometimes it's a mess.

★ "Compared to some others, there's something lacking in our live sound. You're making a hell of a racket with a guitar, and you think 'this is ferocious', and then there are two wee drums going 'ti-ti-ti-ti-ti'."

★ So what is the new Mary Chain album, *Darklands*, like then?

★ "Oh, it's great. I don't think anybody's making records as good as the Mary Chain. No-one else in 1987 comes close."



LL Cool J is great," sez Mary Chain's Jim Reid

The Mary Chain deny mediocrity and trumpet blowing

GRAVEROBBERS DISTURB HENDRIX TOMB!

by an Underground reporter

Local townfolk in Seattle's lower east side were disturbed early this morning when police came across a band of desperadoes who seemed to be in the act of exhuming the body of '60s guitar legend Jimi Hendrix. The former sex-bomb-cult-hero died when he choked on his own vomit after a night of sex and drugs, and has recently been in the news after a member of English pop group Kill Ugly Pop claimed that he was the illegitimate son of Hendrix. ★ The police disturbed the intruders, who made a hasty exit, leaving only a copy of Kill Ugly Pop's version of *Purple Haze* near the grave. Anyone seeing the group should contact the police for "a friendly chat".

Kill Ugly Pop: subject of police interest



Bang!
 FOLLOWING ON from the series of Shelter cassettes and albums, there's now a video called **Gimme Shelter** which is available through Backs and The Cartel. With introductions from **John Peel**, the tape features a host of exceptional styles, and stylists, including The Shop Assistants, Big Black, The Pastels, The Mighty Lemon Drops, The Jesus And Mary Chain, The Janitors, Pighros, Spacemen 3, Soup Dragons, Bambi Slam, Pop Will Eat Itself, The Chills, The TV Personalities, World Domination Enterprises, The McTells, Talulah Gosh and many many more.



WE AS NEW ORDER WOULD JUST LIKE TO GET OUR PICTURE IN UNDERGROUND. We believe our press officer reviewed the demo tapes, is that true?



OK WHO WAXED THE FLOOR AND DIDN'T TELL ME?

Barrence Whitfield discovers the finer points of breakdancing



Hello, we're **The Go Hole** taking time out from our picture session. Oh, dear are we knackered! Well, what the hell!

Actually we're here to tell you about our BRILLIANT single *Flight Of Angels* on Big Pop through Pinnacle. Can we just mention the single? You know, and how brilliant it is?



TAYLOR in Gramming Shock

Composer/keyboardist extraordinaire **Tot Taylor**, former doyen of the Compact global enterprise, chews over the facts in a rather difficult **Graham Greene** novel. Yes, what else can you do after such a varied career and a new album called *My Blue Period*, than turn to the stage for a musical version of Greene's *Brighton Rock*. Aha!



AAAAAAAAAAAAagh! Gurn on baby!

The Noseflutes show their spots but fail to shove a warped copy of their new *Heartache Is Irresistable* into the Underground collective sweaty hand. What can we say . . . er, they're from Brum, have a rather pleasant headed notepaper all their own and have done 50 Peel sessions (well maybe not). Still, hopefully next month the great Ron Johnson in the sky will have given birth to their latest. Adieu.



HOW INDEPENDENT ARE YOU?

Jamil (152 Burrow Rd, Chigwell, Essex IG7 4DL) reckons he's pretty indie. Last year he recorded *Play Safe/Go Safe* — an anti AIDS tune — for Nagla. He sent copies to labels and chaps in power alike. He got some interesting replies.

A&M said: "It didn't turn us on."

RCA: "Not suitable for RCA UK."

London: "Does not relate to the current record market."

TBWA ad company: "We'd like to use it for our anti-AIDS campaign, but we've spent our budget."

Well, that's life (and death) innit?



ROCK AND DOLE MUSIC

Dolebusters' first release is a cassette of some note featuring 16 artists and 18 tracks (including a special from **Pulp**). All this for a measly £1.50 from SCCAU, 73 West Street, Sheffield S1 4EQ. Enclosed music varies in style but is a good listen anyway, with outbursts from **The Bergmans**, **Trolleydogshag**, **Henry Normal**, **The Bland**, **The Wealthy Texans** and more.



IS THIS ART?

Hysteria Ward have a new flexi thing and it's pretty good. **Louise's** vocals have flourished and you can get the thing from All The Madmen, 97 Caledonian Rd, London N1 9BT.



MAGAZINE HARDWARE SURVEY!

The July issue of *Jump Away* has a spesh treat for the first 1000 to put hand in pocket. They'll get a seven inch 45 with a side apiece from **Hurt** and **Little Red Schoolhouse**. Pretty neat it is and it'll be available about . . . NOW!



The future of music lies in Greece. **John Robb** of **The Membranes** and the mastermind behind the near legendary **Rox** magazine visited the country recently and discovered that "Greek music is about getting drunk and excited and smashing everything up. That's very honourable," he concluded. So now we know. The ongoing saga of **The Heartthrobs** and their many reviews, for their **FAB 45 Toy on In Tape**, continues. Yes, a letter, with razor blade and poison pen recipe arrived at **Ug Mansions** this week from **Rose Heartthrob**. Seems she and **Rachel** of the group wish to be referred to as **Rose** and **Rachel Carlotty** in the future. Why? Why? Please tell . . . Because that's the name of a mythical creature from days gone by who was notorious for throwing diabolical tantrums and murdering her three husbands and her son. Ah, every home should have one.

More mail. News of the kidnapped **Magnus Magnusson**, as mentioned in **Ug 4** when **Them Phillistines** showed off the **Mastermind** chair to seek a ransom, comes with a message that we'll never see the old buffer again unless all Icelandic Policital Prisoners are freed (or fried, we couldn't quite read their writing). Well we'll have a think about it chaps.

Young **Eleanor Rigby**, that sweet soft spoken gal, appears to have forsaken her **Pristine Pose** and turns out in a semi porn Vaseline-lensed, full colour, total starkers,erotica shot to promote her brand new **Censorship** album. The LP itself has the gal in a similarly out of focus in-the-sack shot. The photographer should get his thumb off the lens.

Seems **Mr Creepy** from **Bad Tune Men** has been asked to leave the group because of his political views. In a hurried quote Creeps said "I want to grow fat and old." Hrumph!

Friday nights in the old metro-polis will be all the brighter for a new club called **The DTs** (sorry, **Dangerous Times**), where bands will be playing live and there'll be an alternative disco (with the likes of **Television**, **Patti Smith**, **Velvets** et al). It'll be happening at 146 Charing Cross Rd in the West End, kicking off around 7.30.

Virgin have splashed out more than a bit of cash recently. Joining the swelling ranks at ballonist towers are former **Factory** faves **The Railway Children** and former **Rough Trade** eccentrics **Camper Van Beethoven**. Also snapped up, to join **Gaye Bykers** and **The Blood Uncles**, are new guitarist talents **Pete Townshend** and **Ronnie Wood**. Ariba.

At the other end of the league table, **Pink** have gone walkies — the two partners in tune falling out over something or other — and **In Tape** are back in business repromoting stock that got shelved when

from previous page

fiction

the **Gaye Bykers Nosedive Karma Ep** made it briefly. This includes **Zor Gabor** who feature ex-**Banshee John McKay**.

In the liquidation nation is **Illuminated Productions**. Creditors are advised to attend hearings at **Barnet Court** concerning the label that once brought you releases from **23 Skidoo, 400 Blows, Dormannu, Sex Gang Children** and a host of others.

Peter Coyle, who gets unceremoniously trodden on later in this issue, is an ex-**Pale Mountain**, and he's back with a new release soon in his own right, as is former **Gang Of Four** person **Andy Hill** and ex-**Pistol Glen Matlock**. Time for old time?

The Shelter organisation follow up their second compilation album with a video of live and promo footage from the acts featured on the album this month (through the Cartel), and that org has a new branch which will be importing a host of prime material including the best of US label **Rhino's** releases.

The Rhino roster includes the classic LP **Best Of Louie Louie** — featuring a dozen versions of the old "hit" by various bozos (including the **Kingmen**), plus various compilations of surf, soul, psyche, etc. Featured artists also include **Nancy Sinatra, Phil Ochs, Paul Anka, James Brown, Nazzy, Lightning' Hopkins, Dick Dale** and a bundle more. The new branch of the Cartel dealing with all this is **New Routes** and that's based at 24 Gaskin Street, London N1.

The **Red Flame/Ink** axis of companies are heading into the mail order business next month, with their **Red Flame** catalogue boasting a wide selection of material from **The Room, The Decorators, Dif Juz, Hi-Cat Trance, Severed Heads, Mab, Phillip Boa, Nightingales, Anarchy**. You'll need a copy of their catalogue and terms, which you can bag by sending an sae to PO Box 927, London W3 6YB.

Most news/excitement, as old man of the boards, **PJ Proby** returns with a cover of, wait for it, **The Sex Pistols' Anarchy In The UK**. It's weird, distorted, disturbing, gash, scary and all the other things that **Malc Mac** would love it to be. Oh Savoy through someone or other.

News too that **Ciass** will be opening a US branch to promote **Spacemen 3** (album next month), **In Embrace** and other such marvels. More news soon.

The Wedding Present are currently putting the finishing touches to their debut LP, and new is that it's going to be called **Georgie Best**. Guess what? The front cover's going to have a picture of **Georgie Best** on it too. Well, ain't that just showbiz?

AFTER the fact

Boston Calling

Much raved about Boston nutters, **Bim Skala Bim** display their fine style of hair management after reading the rave review for their US album in last month's **Ug!** Fear and loathing continues Stateside as majors clammer for their autograph, **Two-Tone** finally makes it to Times Square, and **Ska Records UK** (through **Revolver**), plan to release the group's seminal Boston **Bluebeat LP**. Catch it. **Johnny Eager**



< NOISE OF THE MONTH: *The Cranes on Bite Back* >

Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeehaw!

Randy Erwin checkin' in with a lasso and a **Frank Ifield** song on my noo album. Er, that's 'Till The Cows Come Home on **Heartland**, y'all know?



Hey Babe, Come Up And See My Record Collection

Hi, I'm **Henry Kaiser**. I've got some records, they're all pretty good. Anyway, I bought a guitar or two and now I've made my own record for **SST**, and you know, it's pretty good too.



UNDERGROUND: next month you can hear it too



Up Against The Wall

Shoot out in Finland . . . Yes, this is **PIM** (debut single reviewed on page 24). As you can see they have some serious fashion and personal problems, but what the hell? We're hip! We're a rock 'n' roll crowd used to individuality.

So what if they want to wear pink sequined suspenders, paisley tie-dye vests and cowboy hats? So what if they want to rob banks and make loud obnoxious songs?

Dr Truth Sez:

And when I see that **Dave Howard**, I'm gonna stuff him!



Hula Assault Photographer!

After a flurry of press activity surrounding the release of **Hula's** new 12 inch **Cut Me Loose**, the news has been blazed that they've had their 400th line up change. Sifting as art, they are now a duo, who should soon be **So Big** that they can't both get in the same picture at the same time. Huh!

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 JEWEL
 SUN EYE
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SFPS031

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(16.1.79)

ME, I DISCONNECT
 FROM YOU
 DOWN IN THE PARK
 I NEARLY MARRIED
 A HUMAN

SFPS032

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TOY DOLLS
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THE THREE JOHNS



'NEVER AND ALWAYS'

7" (ABS 043) & 12" (12ABS 043)

PRODUCED BY ADRIAN SHERWOOD
 (OF ON U SOUND)

7 UNDERGROUND

fiction

Donny Osmond has signed to Virgin . . . groupies in their late 30s were seen outside Virgin mansions, but better news, Brighton's Audio Instant label — who brought you **Honey** before — have the first 45 from **The Crucifixion Of Donny Osmond**, and it's called Love Puppy.

Er, **Johnny Marr** has left **The Beatles**. Thought you'd like to know that. A replacement guitarist might very well be **Eric 'Short Memory' Clapton** . . . or haven't we heard all this before?

Rock is on trial with **Jello Biafra** at the helm. Send your cheques for support to Jel, or go out and buy the upcoming **Christianhound** single on Constrictor (through Red Rhino) . . . all proceeds to the cause.

Royal Family And The Poor have used all their cash to promote their new album so go out and buy it. **Mike Keane** of the group is also well entrenched in **Earthbeat** — a Liverpool conglomerate who manage to stage strange and vivid events. Last year they got a festival together in Stanley Park, and this year it looks like similar things will happen. So keep your eyes peeled for that one.

Wow . . . **Front 242** in FAN CLUB scare. Yes those masters of hard nosed, guilt-edged, stone faced and whatever fonk have decided that the best way to answer the millions of letters and requests for parts of their bodies is to set up the 242 propaganda unit. People wishing to get down with the Fronts should write them at PB 841, 1000 Brussels 1, Belgium and see what they've got on offer.

Chris Martin from bustling Bristol sez "Hey, you're right, Bristol's happening and **The Groove Farm** have a new single out full of high energy summer pop." Who are we to argue, he's right, they have. Other Bristolian stroller noos mentions that **The Five Year Plan** are mega (yeah, we knew that), **The Seers** are just about to sign a deal and **The Royal Assassins** have penned an agreement with Fire. What's more there's notable mentions for **God Bless You** and **The McCallisters**. Hep, let's move . . .

More news/excitement, as old man of the boards, **PJ Proby** returns with a cover of, wait for it, **The Sex Pistols'** Anarchy In The UK. It's weird, distorted, disturbing, garish, scary and all the other things that **Malc Mac** would love it to be. On Savoy through someone or other.

SUB culture

THE WAY IT FALLS



Tape me to the bridge, huh!

Wahoo, **Bi-Joopiter Exp** (2 Wentworth Rd, Hertford, Herts, SG13 8JP) are nice guys.

They draw all over *everything*. Latest emission from their drawing room is a C30 cassette by **The McTells** released to coincide with the group's first 45 on Frank.

What's more it's silver-tongued pop, strummed in lacklustre style *a la* pre-deal

Marine Gals ('cept they're blokes, most of them). Anyway, get it from Rough Trade

Shop or scribble to Bi-J with £1.50 and get a catalogue too. Happiness is cheap this summer. **Triv Tel**



BOARD BIBLE!

Sporadic sidewalk surfers (or even skatecore enthusiasts) should be totally inseparable from **Transworld Skateboarding** — the fattest, glossiest mag of the mo. The August issue features a retro on veteran (he must be at least 22) **Steve Caballero**, who's been in action for almost ten years, plus a million skate variations, ramp news, action shots that deny description, and enough fashion suggestions to make your eyes bubble. **Transworld** is bi-monthly and you can get details from 353, Airport Rd, Oceanside, CA 92054, USA, or you can pick up a copy in good newsagents or at the Rough Trade shop. **Triv Tel**

CLOSE TO THE EDIT

Goths and glams beware!

Alien Sex Fiend have some of their finest visuals displayed on **Jettisoundz's Edit** vid — a nine track collection which fuses animation, live footage and general mayhem. A fine cinematic showpiece, it proves that the Fiends are far better than their critics might have you believe.

The goth tightrope has been destroyed and the real Alien sound — a hybrid of electronic pulses close to **Portion Control** and **Skinny Puppy**, mad guitars and dangerous screaming — is certainly closer to **PIL** playing **Sonic Youth** or vice versa.

Second track, **Get Into It**, is a classic. If this doesn't smudge your eyeliner . . . nothing will. **TC Wall**



Party pooper goes chrome

US noise special. Aptly sub-titled "Excerpts From Various Bad Dreams 1980-86", **Archaic Nightmare** is the perfect thing to put on when the party has gone on too long and you want to get rid of your uninvited guests. Featured on this 60 minute cassette are 34½ of the weirdest and noisiest tracks ever assembled on one collection. ● Not to be missed are classic oddballs from such now deceased bands as **Aunt Curehead** and **Paranoid Blue**, as well as the wild and wacky **Caroliner Rainbow** and **Ethyl Meat-pow**. There are even a few lilting instrumentals thrown in with the noise, by **Half Blind** and **Sangra de Puerco**, and perhaps the most amazing track is **Miserlouie Louie** by **Handy's Exotic Percussion Orchestra**. You'll never find another tape as strange or varied as this. **David Katz**

(Available from: Steve Abbatte, 1581 34th Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94122, USA)



is it a house?
is it a building?
no, it's a
cassette tape!
huh?



Neat packaging from Illusion Production's (15 rue Pierre Curie, 14120 Mondeville, France) latest tape release, a live set from **Deficit Des Annees Anterieures**, with the tape box coming with a colour photo insert, and the whole thing slotting into a drawn facade. A real good looker, and a noise worth cherishing too, as DDAA present their live antics from a selection of recordings spanning '80 to '85. **Dave Henderson**

DRAFT DODGE OR BOOBY TRAP n-n-n-n-new computer challenge

- Pop music hasn't proved a fertile field for plunder by the avaricious computer game barons. To date, Ocean's marvellous **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** game has been the only contender. Unfortunately it appeared on the market during Frankie's year in tax exile. *Not good for sales.*
- Now Cascade have decided to brave the choppy waters of the charts to present us with *19* or rather N-N-N-Nineteen, the **Paul Hardcastle** Vietnam documentary related hit of a couple of years back. Computer games are renowned for their violence and use of ideologically unsound ideals, but this one promises you the option of joining the peace corps. At the outset you are asked, *Will you fight the war, or the draft?* If it's war then you find yourself embroiled in the usual Green Beret style arcade action, blasting and zapping *gooks* to kingdom come in traditional Shoot-Em-Up fashion. But fight the draft and we have an altogether more challenging affair, with a text and graphic *adventure* format. However, make one mistake and you find yourself up to the eyeballs in boobytraps and bamboo shoots as you are instantly drafted. **Ronnie Randall**

COMIC OD

The ICA in London recently hosted a talk by **Jim Shooter**, ex-head of Marvel Comics in America, as part of their Comic Iconoclasm exhibition. The talk was notable for two reasons — Mr Shooter's reluctance to serve the dirt on his ten year stay at Marvel, and some questions from a highly articulate audience that bordered on the hostile. ★ The feeling afterwards was that Big Jim hadn't

actually said a great deal of interest, despite his position at the top of the comic industry for over a decade. ★ But don't worry, the real event of the year happens in the first week of September when *Swamp Thing* creator **Alan Moore** visits the ICA where he will be interviewed by **Charles Shaar Murray**. ★ A day later the UK Comic Arts Convention 87 takes place at The Institute Of Educa-

tion in London. **Will Eisner, John Burn, Alan Moore, Brendan McCarthy**, plus the *2000 AD* mob are scheduled to appear, and the event runs for two days with all-night films, art displays, awards and a fancy dress. ★ Tickets are available, **£10.00** for both days, **£7.50** for a single day, from the following address. Mr H. Yusuf, UK CAC 87, PO Box 360, London WC2H 9TB. **Julian Henry**

ALL CHANGE FREAKERS

INTERCHANGE number 4 is a two-sided A5 'zine, in a neat plastic wallet. And then the niceties stop. Part one features a retro of some of the more tastefully intense pieces culled from long rested trouble-maker *Flowmotion* — resplendent with bits on **William S Burroughs, Cabaret Voltaire, SPK, La Dusseldorf** and more — while part "b" throws its lot in with **The Hafler Trio, Controlled Bleeding** and **The Bow Gamelan Ensemble**. Difficult, but never daunting. Stimulating reading almost, around 60p from 107 Colston St, Benwell, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, NE4 8UN. **Ripley**

THE MAN FROM DEL MONTE



Recipe Card No. 8

FU YUNG SAUCE

Place wok over low heat. When wok is hot add:

- 1 teaspoon cornstarch,
 - 1 teaspoon sugar,
 - 2 teaspoons soy sauce,
 - 1 teaspoon vinegar and
 - ½ cup regular-strength chicken broth.
- Stir until thickened (about 1 minute).

For more information about The Man From Del Monte contact: UGLY MAN RECORDS, P.O. Box 19 (SEDPO), Manchester M13 0NF. Telephone 061-228 3260.

UNDERGROUND: multi-coloured art frenzy
ISSUE SIX: groovy hate noise spesh!

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Hampstead Road

London NW1 7QZ

Telephone 01-387 6611

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Fax 01-388 5010

Distribution

Spotlight Magazine Distribution,

1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX

Telephone 01-700 4600

Typeset by Offshoot Graphics Co.

17-18 Great Sutton Street,

London EC1

Printed by

Chesham Press, 16-18 Germaine St,

Chesham, Bucks

ISSN 0951-502X

© Spotlight Publications 1987

INTERCHANGE

No. 4
Pt. b 60p

THE HAFLER TRIO
CONTROLLED BLEEDING
BOW GAMELAN ENSEMBLE

THE ADICTS

Live And Loud

Link LINK LP 010 ● The "lads" on the rampage, on this "official bootleg". This is straight ahead, bugger the quality, heads down stuff, that cares little in terms of professionalism and purity of sound for The Adicts' fine collection of post-pop-punk classics. Each triumphant terrace anthem, littered with hooks and luffs, is hammered home at breakneck speed, leaving the end platter as nothing more than a superfluous seething mass that pales embarrassingly against their studio recordings. For purists only. **Dave Henderson**

AFFIKA KORPS

God It's Them Again!

New Rose ROSE 125 P ● Something here is wrong. This album has a God awful camouflage cover, it hails from '82 when these guitar toting acid casualties got back together for a reunion and it sounds like an out of tune drunken rabble most of the time. There are a couple of decent workouts, but this is mostly Spinal Tap. **Johnny Uneager**

ANHREFEN

Defaid, Skateboards A Wellies

Workers Playtime PLAYLP 1 P ● This is the first LP from punk anarchist, Welsh speaking, veggie animal rights types Anhrefan. The Defaid in the title refers to sheep, and as for the rest of the lyrics, I can only guess that they espouse the values of being a hunt saboteur and a Plaid Cymru voter, since the "explanatory" remarks on the cover are somewhat vague. Judged on music alone, this is hardly earth moving stuff, consisting of samey, rather watery punk tunes that lack a dynamic vocal and a clear musical direction, with only Dawn's Y Duwiau waking itself up to an '80s style potency with any real effect. Otherwise, one for the hardcore hippy punks only. **Carole Linfield**

ATTRITION

Death House

Hamster HAM 18 B C ● 1/2 Attrition circa '82 on a 50 minute workout which originally appeared in cassette-only format. Now re-mastered, the recordings have made it to vinyl and, boy, are they odd. This isn't the lyrical left-field pop version of Attrition, this is an all out booming barrage filled with whizzing sound effects, rife with explosive chemistry, vibrating as it shakes the fillings from your teeth. What the hell it's a soundtrack to I'm not sure, but I wouldn't want to have seen it. **Dave Henderson**

BAD DRESS SENSE

Goodbye . . . It Was Fun

Vinyl Solution SOL-4 P ● Ed Shred of The Stupes gets his own band and for the most part he ditches the humour, slows the pace and sounds like a post punk descendent of fellow Ipswich townies The Adicts. There are some glowingly near commercial sounds here that suggest that middle age for Ed might provide him with a hit, if he's desperate. Anyhow, Bad Dress Sense's debut album is pretty good, pretty fast and it's got a great cover. More than skatecore, more than punk, more than enough said. **Johnny Eager**

BLIND IDIOT GOD

Blind Idiot God

SST/SST 104 P ● 1/2 Loud rampant geeeeteeetar instrumentals throw their way around your living room. Paint peels from the wall, metal bends, strings go into convulsions, this is a b-a-d album. Angry, distorted, frantic, you know . . . pretty noisy. Hardly a polite introduction to "rock 'n' roll", but great to stand in front of the mirror to. **Johnny Eager**

BLOOD UNCLES

Blood Uncles

Virgin TCV/CDV 2437 ● 1/2 Obnoxious throaty gargling from the Uncles who've sent their wry snort-a-long style to the dry cleaners. Still reasonably gross, their lapses into full blown metal are saved by some more succinct arrangements, and this debut album is, as far as it goes, quite appetising. Not essential, but a good way to shake your marbles should you feel so inclined. **Johnny Eager**

BLUES & TROUBLE

Hat Trick

Big Beat BLUH 001 P ● 1/2 Blues And Trouble's third album finds them in league with the chaps at Ace — and where better to nurture their distinctively bluer than blue hue. Beyond the pub-rock death throes that the name initially suggests, Blues & Trouble actually score higher for their authenticity quota.

Hat Trick is a grower, a bar room background or upfront clatter that's worth checking. **Johnny 'Blind Lemonade' Eager**

●●● **MEGA** A godhead uprising

●● **HOTSY** Tasteful and tenacious

● **TACKY PLUS** Lacking in finish

DRAB No bullets, means no hope



BOGSLED

Brutal

Shelfish SHELFISH 4 B C ●●● Originally lumped with the dreaded "shambling" tag, Bogshed have always been somewhat removed from that limiting environment. Now, with Brutal, they've gone yet further down a road of their own making. The group's romance with music as diverse as full blown pop, showbiz-film-musical crooning and Membranes mayhem has developed into a unique sound that's authentically left-field, but unmistakably riddled with near commercial potential.

Brutal is busting a gut to embrace Mike Read's Sunday show, it's got a brace of songs for Maggie Moon and Marti Caine to cover — plus a vibrant bolshy edge that'd make your most radical of music lovers desperate to put it on again and again. **Gear. Johnny Eager**

THE BUGS

Darkside

Big Beat WIKM 62 P ●● A mini album from the frantic and quite ferocious Bugs. Their uptempo numbers storm along at the regular regimented pace and they even manage to squeeze a ballad in to show their versatility.

Darkside is in that classic barrier breaking ground of post-a-billy psychogarage, and there's something here in the make up of The Bugs, especially on the slowie, that suggests they're heading into a Love phase circa Da Capo. Next stop Forever Changes? **Johnny Eager**

CABARET VOLTAIRE

Code

Parlophone ●● Cabaret Voltaire have flirted with commercial success, wafted back and forth across the gorge of credibility and landed flat on their ass on the dancefloor. Formerly a magnificently unshakable outfit, the cash has left a stain that they're only just beginning to come to terms with.

This latest album returns to the CV sound of old, the mixture of tapes, effects and rhythm, the force of Mal's voice and the power of the energetic sound. There are still no songs here, but the mood is more tasteful, more desirable. Don't Argue, the recent 45, is a good indicator, but that final direction still seems pretty unclear. **Ripley**

CARMINA BURANA

The Apocryphal Dances

Midnight Music CHIME 00.32 RT C ●● Midnight Music's second Spanish import is fortunately more resolute and stolid than Karmas Colectivos. Like the latter, they've re-recorded the lyrics in English and displayed the hallmarks of building a best-of-British post-'77 new wave collection, but because they also attempt to build an emotional cortex for the music, it's possible to move up and beyond the obvious Joy Division hangovers.

Carmina Burana can be as stark as Unknown Pleasures or as impulsive as Closer; wild string synths pull a loose blanket over harsher, monotone pulsebeats or a tugging bass undermines a particularly strong Gallic melody. It's a surprisingly durable record for those who still prefer their rock wracked, cracked and expressively gloom-grey. **Martin Aston**

THE CLAIM

This Pencil Was Obviously Sharpened By A Left Handed Indian Knife Thrower

Trick Bag Records CU 0388 RR C ● A six track EP from a mysterious band who aren't very good at Letrasetting. This is a workmanlike record, which does show the occasional flash of inspiration, notably on the intriguingly-named title track, although the vocal could use training. Morrissey may get away with being out of tune, but this doesn't cut the rug in quite the same way. Said track is in fact REM meets The Smiths, which is an interesting idea that should be capitalised on if this band want to grow. The dull aimlessness of much of the rest is to be avoided at all costs, though, chaps. Verdict: there's a good single on here; the rest is filler. **Carole Linfield**

EVOLUTIONS

Distribution initials are as follows:

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



BREAK AND FINGER UG!

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.)

COLENSO PARADE

Glentoran

Fire Records FIRE LP **NM C** ●●● The Colensos' probable parting shot before reaching the "big" time is an essential fully-coloured set of melodies graced with a deep, dark, voice as luscious as Van Morrison singing Walker Bros' hits in the tub. This is teen emotion time, strapped to the angstmobile with passion, and then some.

Glentoran's first striding shot is the sadly foresaken, but fantastically succinct view of love and defeat, Fontana Eyes (a 45 from last year). From then on in, the album plays its part in a full red blooded variation to the norm, grim and gracious all at the same time. The Colensos could well be on the box real soon, and this best-of-so-far, a collection of singles, flips and sessions, is a fantastic way to catch the early days. **Dave Henderson**

CONTROLLED BLEEDING

Core

Subterranean SUB 56 (577 Valencia, San Francisco, CA 94110, USA)

●● Strange hybrid keyboard sounds, on a plain somewhere between Pinky And Perky playing the classics, seminal Todd Rundgren, Philip Glass with a hangover, The Residents at their most disco and all points in between. Controlled Bleeding have escaped the urban industrial wasteland and head into your bed with a repetitive buzzsaw beat, that wins through on a ticket to monotony. Can be annoying, can be charming. **Ripley**

COPERNICUS

From Bacteria

Dead Mans Curve DMC 017 **RR C** ●●½ ... Come into the atomic nevermore. No past. No future. No present. Gone forever into the atomic unknown ...

Hallucinogenic poetry and strange backing music/random noises might not be everyone's cup of mushroom tea but you really should try a taste — this is a concentrated brew stewed from both of Copernicus' American albums, Nothing Exists and Victim Of The Sky. A bitter taste at first, the attraction builds itself up quickly and smiles soon replace frowns. Anyway, lest you should forget your humble origins, try the Darwinian weirdness of the title track. From the atoms came the bacteria, and humans are the descendants of the bacteria. And humans are the descendants of bacteria! The forefathers of humanity were bacteria! Alexander Fleming was never like this! **Daz Igmeth**

DEHUMANISERS

End Of Time

Neg FX Records NEGFX 006 **R C** ●● What falls between schizophrenia and quadrophenia? Whatever it is, Seattle's Dehumanisers have got it anyway. They can't decide whether to be rock 'n' rollers, metal freaks or punk snots; the abandonment of hardcore wins out in the end but the group veer between all three, gritted by a guzzling humour, chucking up rap, FM-rock tomfoolery and other wayward experimenting. Dehumanisers' eclecticism at least boosts their individuality. Sure, this is the familiar world of American brat-white-boy-guitar but it sounds like a whole weird world this time around. **Martin Aston**

THE DEIGHTON FAMILY

Acoustic Music To Suit Most Occasions

Rogue FMSL 2010 ●● Strange one. A whole family, all singing, all playing, camped around their Barnsley central heating system and wavering between cajun, folk, country blues, old style Indonesian rock 'n' roll and more besides. Like a Ry Cooder album with all the best rough edges intact, and none of the schmaltz on show, well researched, and crazily catchy too. **Johnny Eager**

DEJA VOODOO

Gotta Have Money

Gaga Goodies GAGA GOD — 2 (PO Box 361, 00121 Helsinki, Finland)

● Garage fodder with a cover of Baby Please Don't Go, surrounded by a brace of frantic workouts that all sound like they're covers of something Iggy threw off in the shower room. The DV's admit they steal "bits of bop from everyone from Link Wray to The Jesus And Mary Chain", and as there's only two of them, the surprising sound they achieve is a whimsically forceful noise of gritty spunk. OK, but no room for originality yet. **Johnny Eager**



DINOSAUR

You're Living All Over Me

SST SST 130 **P** ●● The first Ug person who tried to review this melted in a glazed acid flashback. Fresh from the fields of wherever, the secret life of Dinosaur reveals that they've a healthy respect for everyone from The Meat Puppets to Joy Division — not forgetting lots of other groups I've forgotten. A keen and close shaved vision of life that's more than a little acidic. **Gemsville. Dave Henderson**

DOGGY STYLE

II

Flipside FSR 012 **RT C** ●● American howling neo-thrashers who've got metal desires, a mock Led Zep II sleeve and some neat ideas in song arrangement. Doggy Style often threaten to write commercial speedrock in the Husker Du vein but balls it up with a guitar break that's fit for Grebo Brits only.

A neatish show in places that just fails to bring home the bacon. Close. **Johnny Eager**

THE DONNER PARTY

The Donner Party

Cryptovision CRL 1400 **RT C** ●● A century and some ago the Donner Party's namesakes, George and Jacob Donner along with 80 fellow emigrants, tramped across the U.S. to settle in Sacramento. Only half their number arrived, the flesh of the other half having nourished their comrades during the harsh weeks in the Sierra Nevada. The group aren't the musical savages you may hope for but graduates of the REM school with a hillbilly eye cocked on their heritage — the legend of John Wilkes Booth; the Evolutionist trials; America's appropriation of G.I.o.r.i.a. ... **Vachel Booth**

86

Minutes In A Day

Fundamental HOLY 4 **RR C** ●● Not all Georgia bands are country daddies or jangle hobos. 86's primary gtr/bass/drms set up is made of a darker sometimes psychedelic hue, stitching up some eerie, implosive place between Joy Division, Jimi Hendrix and the Banshees' gothic shuddering. As you'd expect, by the end of six oppressive songs, 86 show themselves to be carrying heavy weights, or caught in a downbeat, claustrophobic spiral. That's the sound of it anyway. They can't quite find it in themselves to say anything new but 86 at least make you want to hear what they've got to say. **Martin Aston**

11 UNDERGROUND



NEW 7" & 12" SINGLE FROM

FISH CAKE SHAKE

Do The Heart Beat

Probe Plus PROBE ELEVEN **PG** ●● Heartily recommended hybrid sounds from this collection of humourists, whose musical tangents converge into a dishevelled reading of cajun, folk, ethnic African, pubescent Ferry, stylised omming, and the like. Fish Cake Shake are shrouded in some dainty in jokes. Lovingly garnished with a side salad of wit, they've had the foresight to learn how to play their instruments in a finely tuneful order. Flowing and testing, always questioning and still sounding harmonious, Do The Heart Beat pounds on regardless. **Johnny Eager**

GARGOYLE SOX

Headless Horseman

Fundamental Records SAVE 25 **RG** ● And odder they come, but *not* strange enough. This US album on paper, or in theory, must have been conceptually vibrant. A goth-esque guitar histrionic and a Kraftwerk-styled key person meet head on, someone warbles occasionally, and the result is art. But the mix doesn't quite capitalise on the idea because it never really goes far enough, nothing gets jarred or jagged. What you get is a little half baked, unconvincing due to the inadequacies in the songs. Average. **TC Wall**

GREAT PLAINS

Before We Stop To Think

Shadowline SR 0387 **RS** ●● Ohio's Great Plains quit their US roots and turn out a mini album for Dutch label Shadowline, and it all sounds just fine. More of the same US uptempo guitar pop, with melody stamped all the way through, makes up this seven song set which leaps and cavorts around the turntable with a self-styled enjoyment level that's constantly enhanced by some neat songplay. These boys have great potential, by album six they'll be as mean as hell. **Dave Henderson**

JANE'S ADDICTION

Jane's Addiction

Triple X Records XXX1004 ● *'Oh, I know about the war but I just wanna fight!'* Oh really? Jane's Addiction sound like archetypal Los Angeles bad-good rock star urchins dangling at the glam end of punky metal. They also sound like an inflated melodramatic Gene Loves Jezevel, without the charm. This is side one, but flipped over, Jane's Addiction become a straggling, naked, twisted infant, stripped down to more haunted, acoustic, tribal rumbles which include covers of Lou Reed's Rock 'n' Roll and The Stones' Sympathy For The Devil. A strange record, made even stranger by the fact it was recorded live, but they've just signed to Warners so maybe someone can see some sense in them. I can't. **Martin Aston**

JOLLY JUMPERS

Back To The Tom-Tom Town

Gaga Goodies (Box 361, 00121 Helsinki, Finland) ●½ Ten inches of rockabilly fever spat and gargled by the jollily named Jolly Jumpers. Fogged and running off at full pelt, the Jumpers sound like The 101ers with their tales on fire, or Strummer leading the Stray Cats with a Ramone on guitar. Either way, it's an interesting concoction don't you think? **Johnny Eager**

FRANKIE JONES

Dance Cork

World Enterprise WENLP 3018 **RS** ●● Frankie Jones first made his mark in the mid-'70s as a songwriter, penning Leroy Smart's 'Ballistic Affair' hit among others. Since then he has struggled to make the transition from roots sufferer to singjay dancehall artist, though on this latest set which sees his return to producer Bunny Lee, he is at least lively throughout the proceedings, especially on the title track and a thrilling Watch The Jeep, both singles from last year. And while it never breaks any new ground the whole is consistently entertaining throughout. **Evelyn Court**

COMPETITION WINNERS

SONIC MACHETE COMPETITION WINNERS SCARE*



*Yep, there are ten lucky honchos who knew that the German label which picked up on Underground some time back was Zensor. They all win an autographed interview disc with the Sonics, and they are **Jeff Stonehouse** from Crawley, **Chris E** from London, **A Mickethwaite** from Wakefield, **Stacey Franklin** from North Ascot, **G Barnes** from Greenford, **Iain Cussie** from Inverness, **Paul Bilbey** from Chalfont St Giles, **Gerard Nguyen** from France, **Chris Twomey** from Canada and **Peter** from Crawley (for his seriously illustrated postie).

◀ LABEL OF THE MONTH: Definitely not Food ▶

12 UNDERGROUND

LAWNDALE

Sasquatch Rock

SST SST 125 **P** ●● Manfully playful and playable platter from Lawndale. The sound of surf instrumentals, metal throb outs, country/cajun polka out-takes and suchlike laid end to end and taken, spinning, into the '80s. Lawndale play like they've got no qualms about categories and end up sounding like an eccentric string quartet playing punk for royalty. Pretty damn fine. **Dave Henderson**



LEATHER NUN

Steel Construction

Wire WR 004 **NM G** ●●● Leather Nun's barren beginnings in the UK — a past midnight slot on a Throbbing Gristle bill when they played hm just too loud — seem a long way behind them now. With a deal inked in the states, UK press acclaim at their every move and general "good vibes", as they say, this is a real important album. Of course, there isn't a hope in hell that it'll let anyone down. Suffice to say, when the Nuns are old and grey, they'll still be prouder than proud of Steel Construction.

Their most prolific platter to date, it switches the emphasis from track to track, letting the listener do the work. Keeping abreast of their stylised movements isn't easy . . . but hell, it's rewarding. Dare I say, best of the year so far? Potential? Yes, I think so. **Dave Henderson**

LIVE SKULL

Don't Get Any On You

Homestead HMS 083 **RTS** ●●½ Live Skull must be sick of the Sonic Youth comparisons, especially when they've got a female bassist who also sings in that forlorn, atonal way. Live Skull aren't so fixated with any American gothic rhetoric — this live recording at New York's CBGB's club surrenders no articulate sense of what they might be on about due to a blur of angered voices — but share the same exhilarated desire to squeeze and skewer white lightning out of their guitars. They don't seem interested in making any 'pop' analogies either, but more the *real* dark blue-black gothic groans of a rock band in excelsis. A rivetting, climactic record, as passionate as can be while still sounding uninvolved. I recommend you get as much of this over you as possible. **Martin Aston**

MARINO & THE AFTER FOREVER BAND

Gypsy At Heart

Scorpio Records (12 Aberford Walk, North Humberside, HU9 5EN)

●¾ Wherein Young Marino, guitar hung low, takes some extended solos in territory not exactly unfamiliar; Carlos Santana peeks from behind a tree and lifting up a stone we find a lurking Clapton riff. An independent artist with a major label sound — if that's what you want. As far as I'm concerned though — pass the machete and quick before he bends another note! **Daz Igmeth**



NEW ORDER

Substance

Factory FACT 200 **P** ●●● What can you say about a compilation of New Order's finest 12 inch cuts all placed end to end on a double album. The Godlike qualities, coupled with Factory's artistic profile, well in evidence on a simplistic Peter Saville sleeve, make New Order supreme as they provide their stylised soundtrack of 12 classic tracks which prove how wistfully essential they've become.

In the fleeting moments of recent history there always seems to be a New Order single out, a chart temptress, a quality piece of modern music unaffected by the shortcomings of the general public's inability to try new things, the independents' inability to break less than mainstream acts, and the band's alcohol problem.

What the hell, who needs The Smiths anyway? And I'll bet Blue Monday is still in the Independent charts. **TC Wall**

MODEST PROPOSAL

Single-Minded

Unicorn PHZA-9 **NM G** ●● Modest Proposal from Washington have been around for some time, and actually made it to the UK for one gig at the 100 Club. Their debut LP is taken from sessions spanning the last three years but the quality and flow of the music gels pretty well throughout as they plough into full throttle strumming pop from the first heartfelt vocal harangue. Each and every song is a slice of pure pop with a spirited throbbing bass keeping the attention moving. Comparisons to The Jam at their best are obvious, but Modest Proposal have enough here to surpass those limitations. Good one. **Johnny Eager**

THE MUSKRATS

Soul Francisco

Subterranean SUE 58 (577 Valencia, San Francisco, CA 94110, USA)

●● The Muskrats are a left-field modernist cabaret type outfit whose choice of songs immediately sets them apart. Jay and Tom both sing, and play guitar, feedback, washboard, tambourine, percussion and the like, providing a warm front parlour sound. The Muskrats would have been a great houseband in any of those art world '60s movies and in the '80s can probably rely on a similar cameo appearance in the future. For now, this LP of lesser US classics will do just fine. **Johnny Eager**

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MAKE YOU
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13 UNDERGROUND

MARTIN O'CUTHBERT

Rejected

Esoteric Records MAROC 002 (33 Barberry Hse, Shannon Rd, Kings Norton, Birmingham) ● Life's eccentrics play another bad joke on society with O'Cuthbert's second LP (after numerous singles). A man atuned to his bank of synths, askew from life and shaking a limp fist at the world in general, Marts is lost in a sea of Secombe-meets-Vangelis orienteering that eventually drives man, dog and cat insane. Aweeeeha! **Dave Henderson**

LENNY PICKETT

With The Borneo Horns

Hannibal HNBL 1321 ●● When your sleeve namechecks Bowie, Nile Rodgers and Todd Rundgren, you've got to at least get an earful. Lenny Pickett's strange crossplay of sax, assorted horns and occasionally more conventional instrumentation makes for a kind of strange hybrid that's pulling on ethnic, jazz and systems of influences. The resultant noise is quite effective and most of this album is extremely palatable and replayable. Different light. **TC Wall**

PIL

Happy?

Virgin V2455 ●● 1/2 New PILs for old, and what's Mr Lydon got up his sleeve this time? Quite a bit by the sound of it. This PIL almost returns to the dangerously challenging noise of Levene's guitar styles, the embryonic ethnic qualities of Flowers Of Romance, but it gets halted in its hurried steps by a full upfront production.

Like Ferry and Bowie, it seems that our John's able to step back into the credible limelight at the drop of a chord and this huge sound is closer to their better periods than it is to, say, the rank nothingness of U2, Simple Minds et al.

The secret here is the songs and the approach to performing them. A little more in the way of raw exposed nerves would even bring John back into the mass cult scam, but for now this will do just fine and financial security prevails. **Dave Henderson**

PLASTICLAND

Salon

Enigma/Pink Dust 2179-1 **RT C** ● 3/4 This lot look out-of-date, out-of-time and like they've been out of their heads for ages. With hair squiffed forward to cover their embarrassing bits, Plasticland are the acid casualties who're still high on the rock dream, the liquid light show and all that stuff. Some of the material is lacking here, but mostly, Plasticland are quite spritely and pop-toned... just don't look at the sleeve, *man!* **Dave Henderson**

PROTECTION

Protection

Touch T33.6 **RT C** ● The sound of squiggly lines from part time Hafler Trio person Andrew McKenzie. Cult fare that has sound dynamics and disturbing interludes a la Nurse With Wound, but it all somehow lacks the charming beauty of form and continuity. Undoubtedly, that's the least of its worries. **Ripley**

PSYCHIC TV

Live En Suisse

Temple TOPY **RT C** ●●● Is the *Ug* office succumbing to Temple Vibrations or are these outbursts in the live life of the Psychics getting better? The latter, and maybe a bit of the former too. Live En Suisse is one of the most stable PTV line ups — in terms of accessible song structures — leaving Genesis P free to wrangle and roam through the world and his daydreams. Here it works, it's crisp fresh and at times harsh... like the first snow of winter, like a shock from a bare wire. Tricky. **TC Wall**

PSYCHIC TV

Themes 3

Temple TOPY 019 **RT C** ● 1/4 A riot of salvaged sound and source material thrown against the sound of hairdryers in their death throes. Quirky and ultimately squeaky music with an edge all its own. Testing frequency of sound and staying power, this is either massive self-indulgence or the future of noise as we know it. Burn down the mission. **Ripley**

PSYCLONES

Another Bridge

Dead Man's Curve DMC024 **RR C** ●● Does anybody out there remember Tonto's Expanding Headband? Thought not. Well they were like a plastic version of Vangelis' *Bladerunner* soundtrack, which, as you know, is a bit of a cult smash with us young fogies. California's Psyclones slot snugly between the two, and into that genre of aural wallpaper from the dead zone. A vast vat of black dye bubbling over onto the metal walkways of Mega City One and slopped through in rubber boots. Kinky, mean, dark and squeelchy. **Ronnie Randall**

UNDERGROUND TOTAL HATE WEEK

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FROM BACKS

Cartel

- 1 **ANDY GILL's** first solo single '**DISPOSSESSION**' has just been released on **SURVIVAL RECORDS**. For which band was he the guitarist?
- 2 **THE HIGSONS'** much sought after early singles have been collected onto an album '**THE ATTACK OF THE CANNIBAL ZOMBIE BUSINESSMEN**' on **WAAP RECORDS**. The Higsos have released singles on 5 different labels—can you name them?
- 3 **BIG ZAP** have an indie chart success with '**PSYCHEDELIC SHACK**' on **TIM RECORDS**. Which bands do the members of Big Zap come from?
- 4 The new **SHELTER** benefit album '**LETS TRY ANOTHER IDEAL GUEST HOUSE**' features unreleased tracks by the finest current independent bands. Who compered last years Shelter cassette '**IDEAL GUEST HOUSE**'?
- 5 **BOGSHED** have a new album '**BRUTAL**' on **SHELLFISH RECORDS**. What was the title of the 12" EP on Shellfish of the John Peel sessions?
- 6 The **JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET's** new album '**MISSION IMPOSSIBLE**' on **RE-ELECT THE PRESIDENT RECORDS** features the single '**BLOW UP**', the title theme from the classic 60's film. Which actor played the main character in the film?
- 7 **JACK THE BEAR** have their debut album '**BEARFOOTIN**' released on **BACKS RECORDS**. Which legendary Cambridge band did members of both Jack The Bear and The Bible come from?

Answers on a postcard to Underground Quiz, Backs Records, St. Mary's Works, St. Mary's Plain, Norwich, NR3 3AF. First correct entry will receive 5 independent albums of their choice. Closing date 1st October 1987.

PUSSY GALORE

Groovy Hate F***

Vinyl Drip International SUK 1 **RR C** ●●● The story goes that Sonic Youth's former sticksman Bob Bert got together the Pussies, caused general furore in the states, and released a few things that got deleted. Now, VDI have put all the tracks together on one record, Product Inc are going to follow it up with an LP called Right Now, and Pussy Galore look set to turn more than a few straying eyes.

Basically, this is The Cramps' loose edges sawn off, Sonic Youth's dirtiest discarded chords, the Butthole's unshaven and more songs about f***ing than Big Black. Pussy Galore are going to be absolutely huge or they'll be the next wreck on the highway. Burn it or die. Ripley



ZOOGZ RIFT

Looser Than Clams . . . A Historical Retrospective

SST SST 088 **P** ●● Rift's an acquired taste, and this "greatest hits vol one" set lays the man's sexual inhibitions to rest, introduces the world to more than a handful of his jokes and exposes the crazed side of Zoogzworld through 14 explosive outbursts. Punky madcap pop from a man-mountain sicko turned psycho, with a cover of Costello's High Fidelity plus selections from Amputees In Limbo, The Island Of Living Puke and much more. Irrespressible. TC Wall

UNDERGROUND DIVATION

ELEANOR RIGBY

Censorship

Waterloo Sunset WSR 001 **P** ● It's a real shame about this album, which looks quite enticing in its mock permissive '60s sleeve. Unfortunately the pastiche and professional tackiness doesn't carry through to the music. There are several reasons. Firstly the songs themselves are nothing more than averagely played sketches — no arrangements and not much dynamism. Worst of all the production is awful, smothering any talent that Eleanor might have by not allowing her to actually sing, apart from I Want To Sleep With You. At least that has recognisable form as song — the rest is more or less The Kinks songbook revisited (and performed badly). Dave Henderson

HENRY ROLLINS

Hot Animal Machine

Fundamental SAVE 24 **RR C** ● 1/2 Ex Black Flag, a writer, a perennial performer of poetry, Rollins embarks on his first solo project and makes some neat side moves, as well as falling ungracefully into rock's smelly armpit of stylised bluesdom for a mo. Tackiest, and best, is the side one closer, A Man And A Woman, which revolves around domestic disharmony, a Last Poets' style approach and some wracked lyrics. But, Hot is only great in places, even though repeated playing develops further interest. Johnny Eager

ROTE KAPELLE

It Moves . . . But Does It Swing?

In Tape IT FORTY FOUR ●● Six pop-toned outbursts from the Rotes, those doyens of melodically underplayed charm. The good thing about the Kapelles is that they write fine songs and what's more, they know how to link them together and arrange them . . . how to sound loud but still essential, how to bridge rockabilly good time with hardcore jangle pop and post-punk grooviness. Why, I almost mentioned Black Sabbath and Wire too. Brill. Johnny Eager

ROYAL FAMILY AND THE POOR

In The Sea Of E

Gaia Phase 3 **RR C** ●● Former Factory man Mike Keane continues his delving and diving by adding sundry associates including a Bourbonese Qualk person. Royalty should always be encouraged, but is rarely understood, and these sound structuralists emerge from a musical underwater adventure with even less than the recommended standard in the way of continuity on show. The sounds and songs ebb and flow with ease, but what's it all about? This will fuddle even the "cleverest" Yuppie brow for hours. A tease for sure. Ripley

15 UNDERGROUND



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PLAYED

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RUMOUR OF THE MONTH: Paul McCartney to join The Smiths

SANTRA

Santra

Oxyd OXYD (Zensor, Verlag Plane, GmbH, Postfach 827, D-4600 Dortmund 1, Best-Nr 480099, West Germany) ●● Santra's wailing voice and simple accompaniment of an accordion sum up her Berlin environment perfectly — at least for people steeped in film noir visions who've not been there. She's the Lili Marlene of latter day pop, a sound that wavers between Nico and Diamanda Galas, she's got a vast collection of clippings following her German "nightlife", and this LP's weird ambience certainly suggests that she doesn't get enough sleep.

She even does a song called Lonely Skinheadsong. Can't be bad, eh? **Ripley**

SAVAGE REPUBLIC

Tragic Figures

Fundamental SAVE 21 **RR C** ●●● Exceptional album from around '82, that was released on the Republic's own Independent Project label, formerly with a limited edition letterpress sleeve and riddled with a hybrid sound somewhere lost on a waste tip between post-pop-punk, Joy Division, 23 Skidoo and all those other seminal ecclectics.

The first of two UK releases for the band to ready the Euro climate for their impending tour and an LP of brand new material. This set won't disappoint. **Dave Henderson**

THE SCIENTISTS

The Human Jukebox

Karbon KAR 1051 **P** ●● A seven track explosion from Aussie psyche rockers The Scientists that at first sounds masterfully different, and ultimately like the future of something different. The opening and title cut is brilliant — a mangled distortion on life itself, it makes Scientists so so so special — but the other half a dozen soirees just fall to last the course. Still, it's neat psychedelia with a garage spanner in the works all the way home. **Johnny Eager**

SHINEY GNOMES

Wild Spells

Pastell POW 7 **RTS** ●● More sub-psychedelic modernism from this German label, who've previously released albums from Paul Roland and the TV Personalities, among others. The Gnomes have something different and alluring in their chemistry that's quite difficult to put a finger on and, with the added dynamism allowed by sitar and other exotic posturing, they mould their music into a nicely rounded contemporary sound. With undertones of the pop goes psyche freeness of past times, Wild Spells is a fine listen and well worth the investment. **Johnny Eager**

SHOWER SCENE FROM PSYCHO

Exploding Hits

Elvis Recors Aus. import **RT** ● If Kim Wilde and Sique Sique Sputnik got together to do a mini-LP of cover versions, it'd probably sound something like



SLOVENLY

Riposte

SST SST 089 **P** ●●● SST's roster of acts is so diverse, you can never really hazard a guess as to just what each combo is going to come up with. Renowned for picking up on harsh but fair prospects and welding them into palatable giant sized outfits (or at least nurturing their development and allowing them to grow), they seem to have turned out yet another class act in Slovenly.

On Riposte, the Slovenly house band weave a bitter spell in the style of distorted and four-o'clock-shadowed Meat Puppets, but with a more folky, universally more sincere, veneer running through their songs. Slovenly let their guitars play themselves, wandering through harmonics and bitter tonal soundscapes, while lyrically they swing across ravines and deliver heartbreak stories of life as we love and loathe it. **Ripley**

this. Except Shower Scene From Psycho appear to be three blokes, so the girl's voice is probably a tape effect like the cut ups of Woody Woodpecker, car screeches and false endings ad nauseum. She and Purple Haze could be played in your plusher martian supermarkets, but you wouldn't want to hang around at the deli counter too long. **Vachel Booth**

THE SHRUBS

Take Me Aside For A Midnight Harangue

Ron Johnson ZRON 23 **NM C** ● The Shrubs' noise often ostracises the clientele, they splurt and splutter in a twisted car spring sound, over stressed guitars, interplayed reactions . . . leaving little room for thought. The Shrubs are claustrophobic, intense, unnerving, unsettling and at times tedious.

This album thrives on being difficult, it won't have a lot of friends, it's a walling plea that'll impress a few and terrify most. What its role in life is is questionable, and whether The Shrubs' awkward self-consciousness will survive the winter is debatable. **TC Wall**

THE SILOS

Cuba

Ediesta CALC LP 21 **RR C** ●●● Like a breath of salty homegrown air, The Silos second album gives us real American country rock — The Byrds brought right up to date through the Burredos and REM — on this licensed gem from a fine outfit (surprisingly based in New York). The width of sound and the heartbreak stories and delivery of guiding Silo, Walter Salas-Humara, make for life after indifference, and a quality of new western music that glows white hot from the dusty chaps of the Rain Parade/Dream Syndicate/Green On Red conglomerate. What's more, there's commercial potential in abundance here, a beating bedsit immortality, that'll shed a few tears before each track's completed. **Blub. Johnny Eager**

THE SOUND

Thunder Up

Play It Again Sam BIAS 53 **RR C** ● 1/2 Largely forgotten in England now, but still attaining giddy heights in the Lowlands, The Sound turn in a sterling performance on this set for aspiring Belgian indie Play It Again Sam.

Alternately, intimate then driving, there is perhaps an absence of truly striking material on display, but repeated plays reveal Thunder Up to be an endearing friend rather than an irksome colleague to previous works.

This quality shines through despite crass lyrics, one dimensional vocals and the lack of killer hooks. When Adrian Borland really gets his act together again they'll be brilliant. **Alex Bastedo**

THE STEPPES

Drop Of The Creature

Voxx VXS 200.044 **RTS** ●●● Can this be for real? Does this record really have a 1987 datestamp? Can some men wear such ruffled shirtfronts and still walk outside? All these questions are blown away by yet another startling psychedelic-timewarp. The Steppes play the most blissful folk-into-psychedelia music, like the moment when Syd Barrett fronted The Byrds and then Jefferson Airplane, or when Roger McGuinn slung 12 strings over Pink Floyd's first album. The Steppes even manage to crystallise the essence of beat-pop. Brilliant poetic-hurt wimp visions scatter a field of tripped melodies, as inspired as Rain Parade's debut: occasionally The Steppes go all dopey but otherwise, they're excessive, outrageous, ecstatic — better this than Sergeant Pepper any day. No more questions. **Martin Aston**

STUPIDS PRESENT FRANKFURTER

Eat

Vinyl Solution FART 1 **P** ●● Phase seven of the Stupes plan to overthrow the world comes as they don their bibs and sing a homage or two to food, glorious food. From burgers to donuts and all with fake American accents, frantic guitar breaks and all the usual stuff. A great noise, a belch from the wasteland with humour intact. **TC Wall**

TAGC

Research Recording Record 1

Sweatbox SOX 013 **RT C** ● 1/2 Some people are absolutely desperate to do their dirty washing in public. Adi Newton's Post Clock DVA recordings have varied in style and execution and this latest "Research" record you could easily say should have been best left in the filing cabinet. Yet there's an uncontrollable drive to this film soundtrack without a film, this tense Bond meets Bladerunner noise symphony with occasional talk overs, that makes you want to stick with it. What's it about? Well, it sure ain't rock 'n' roll. **Ripley**

THEY MUST BE GIANTS

They Must Be Giants

Rough Trade **RT C** ●●● If songs could be Saturday morning cartoons, starring your favourite heroes from the entire history of pop, that's what this record sounds like. With titles like Youth Culture Killed My Dog, Rabid Child and Put Your Hand Inside The Puppet Head, New Jersey's They Must Be Giants are two supreme ironists, satiricists, parodists and cartoonists, as well as deeply pop-culturalist. A more eclectic record you won't find.

It's all played out in electric guitar, accordion, beatbox and some devious tape loops. Not only but also, TMBG's weird-out, wacked-out lyrical guffaws have a way of saying more than just the punchline. Remember, don't take the humour out or seriousness! This is fantastic pop, 19 songs strong, the epitome of pop's recycling fever but recycled by acute lovers of today. **Martin Aston**

THREAT OF THE MONTH: The Cradle to play a gig >



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VARIOUS

Acres For Cents

Zippo ZNIP 501 **P** ● 3/4 Zippo's roster gets a compilation airing and suggests further that there's still more than a little life in them *thar* hills. This time, these are real downhome boys, mean streeters who rankle through country rock's outer limits to the rockier side of rock's rocky rockness. Those on display vary in delivery, but mostly it's straight ahead stuff, with Thin White Rope, The Windbreakers, Long Ryders and Divine Horsemen rubbing shoulders with Danny And Dusty, True West, Giant Sand and a whole bundle more. **Johnny Eager**

VARIOUS

Boston Goes Def!

Beautiful Sounds (Box 1863, Brooklines, MA 02146, USA) ●● Rap gets less than def as the story gets confused, but this compilation of the best that Boston can offer certainly suggests that there's some rootsier material that us UK types aren't initially getting to hear. In Boston things are more streetwise, with more rhyming, and less downright showing off. A straggle of contenders deliver the Boston sounds in a scratched up, cut-out manner that'll move feet and temporal lobes simultaneously. Grab this if you can find it. **TC Wall**

VARIOUS

Desperately Seeking Suicide

Priapismus Software DSS 001 (Franz Liebel, Steinerweg 14, D-8000 Munchen 60, West Germany) ● 1/2 A mere 25 track collection of stark Madonna-throttles-herself-anti-pop that ranges from the strange off-beat harmonies of Algebra Suicide (like Joni Mitchell in a B film) to the excruciatingly nerve-scraping Borbetomegus, HNAS and several others. It's strong stuff ranging from sly fun-poking *a la* X-Ray Pop of France to hammer punch in the kidneys stuff from Null and Die Form. Educational all the same. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

German Canadian Friendship

Amok Records LP504 (Box 7309, Vanier, Ontario, K1L8E4, Canada) ●● Contagious culmination of strange and unique acts from Germany and Canada, with each side of the Atlantic getting a side apiece. For Germany, the Arabic excesses of Dissidenten, the exotic pop of Stratis, a solo project from Ledernacken's sax player and other such extrovert out-takes outline a shadowy set of sound, while the Canadian sextet of diversity tells little more in terms of direction. But, although universally intriguing and stimulating, this album never once lapses into self-indulgence, nor does it lean too far to the left. In total, it's another one worth hearing if you can lay your hands on it. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

HAG!

Hag HAG LP 1 **G** ● 1/2 The sound of the south coast frothing from the stereo. Just 12 bands with their ideas about life and how to listen to it, with, in some cases, some reasonable attitude-provoking variations on the norm. Names are too spluttered and styles too undeveloped to raise any single conglomerate, but Hag could have a burgeoning business with the right handling. Although Salad From Atlantis is *some* name. Here lies experimentation and enthusiasm, get some. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Headset 2

Dead Man's Curve DMCC 02 **RR** ●● 1/8 Moody melancholia from The Lazy Giants and Black Tape For A Blue Girl, meaty pop from The Decorators and Recipe along with other assorted stuff from the recent past by the likes of C-Cat Trance, Heads On Sticks, Third Circle, Farm Life... let's just say sixteen artists, reasonable quality, three and a half quid and that's pretty much all you need to know, right? Oh yes, Club Tango are bastards but don't let that put you off, okay? **Daz Igymeth**

VARIOUS

Hip Hop 17

Streetsounds ELCST 17 ●●● Shaft the Beasties... this is the latest in real meat from the stateside stable. All strapped and throbbing for your attention from the Streetsounds conglom, vol 17 features excellent cuts from MC Chill, Nightmare On Chill Street, Brooklyn Blew Up The Bridge by MC Mitchski and a whole lot more. Don't miss. **Ripley**

VARIOUS

Insane Music For Insane People Volume 13

Insane Music 13 (2, Grand Rue, B-6190 Trazgenies, Belgium West) ● 1/2 A 14 track compilation that throws together some of the odder creative spirits and some of the poppier weirdos of the western world. Witness here the annoying Lelu/lu's, Third Mind's frantic strummer Bill Pritchard, Belgian dance network Human Dance, the obscure side of Legendary Pink Dots in D'Archangel II, the bananas American-folkie-with-a-problem Craig Burk, Japan's Kaoru Todoroki and another batch of unpronouncables. Yes, it is a testing compilation, but ultimately there's a few laughs and lots of enjoyment on hand. **TC Wall**

VARIOUS

Spirits Of Africa Vol One

Mother Africa MALP 02 **P** **G** ●● Comprehensive collection of what, from the sketchy info, seems to be a compilation of South African contemporary acts. Past the hooah of Paul Simon and the pseudo commercial "acceptance" of Ladysmith Black Mambasa, those included here bend and sway in a cohesively aromatic style, lulling the unsuspecting into a state of immediate tranquility.

Spirits Of Africa is a totally listenable and enjoyable experience, a majestic trip through the backwaters of wherever, with contributions from a host of unpronouncables that deserve your attention. A fine album, busting with what's needed. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Unicorn Two... Modern Times

Unicorn Records PHZA-11 **NM** **G** ●● Gawblimey... mod songs from around the globe! But thankfully, there's some happy little gems in here, nearly all avoiding the horrible, anthemic stuff that we were battered with round about the time of the appalling Accent. Lincolnshire's The Threads attack a Hammond assault course with style, while Guernsey's (I) The Risk spout a passable pop song. Strangest of all is High Style's London In The Mist: the band hail from Tokyo and this represents the first ever Japanese mod song released in the west! It's a suitably mixed up work that scores highly in kitsch value.

Of course, there's the odd Weller fixation (notably with Leicester's Raw Material and Yorkshire's The Gents) and the occasional low point (what on earth are Madrid's Sex Museum all about?). But the diversity on offer allows for a variety of taste, even if that does mean quality control can't be as strict. An interesting effort. **Carole Linfield**

VARIOUS

Walling Ultimate

Homestead HMS 079 **SH** **G** ●● 1/2 Homestead's tour de force, a neat 14 track collection, has some of the best stuff to come from the States in recent times, firmly placing them in line with SST as one of the most prolific labels around. All the usuals are here, Salem 66 with their exquisite play off of guitars and harmonies, Big Black's Primetime II Duce cut, Live Skull as aggressive as ever, Great Plains "rockin' out", as only they know how, Big Dipper, Breaking Circus... and a whole lot more. A bargain and a grooved listen. **TC Wall**

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VICTIMS FAMILY

Voltage And Violets

Konkurell 001 **Re C** ● 1/2 Loud angry and a little bit over excited, Victims Family are a hell-for-leather entourage whose penchant for stripping wallpaper with their teeth is quite evident on this licensed album. Loud is the word, angst is the message. Bang your head, mate. **Johnny Eager**

WARUM JOE

Le Train Sifflera, Crois Moi

Fan Club FC 024 **P** ● 1/2 This is strange fruit indeed, brought to you from a spin off company from New Rose. The songs themselves are perhaps unwittingly good, with an upbeat catch to them and a refreshingly restrained use of cut ups, which adds an extra layer to the well-executed instrumentation. But the vocal is dire, both monotonous and monotone, and is, I suspect, trying to add a fashionable nonchalance that the music would be best off without.

The whole thing's in French, which should give it an extra intensity; instead the most beautiful language in the world (which can sound so effortlessly radical) is buried under this unsympathetic execution. **Carole Linfield**

NOBLE 'THIN MAN' WATTS

The Return Of . . .

Bedrock BEDLP 3 **P** ● ● Sleeve notes by Taj Mahal (so can you really argue?) acclaim Noble as a fine rootin' tootin' sax player and he sure as hell goes out of his way to prove it on these new recordings. Wavering between the bluesier end of R&B, a big band blow out and some soulful tongue play, this is a sweet collection, gravelly and reasonably sleazy. **Dave Henderson**

FENTON WELLS

Viva Villa

Pastell POW 8 (Bergischer Ring 93, 5800 Hagen, West Germany)

● ● 1/2 Fine stuff, Fenton plays geeetar instrumental versions of Hawaii Five-O, Jack The Ripper, Peter Gunn and more, but on the flipside of this classic platter, he opts to do a 20 minute soundtrack style spaghetti opera. Fantastic fantastic. Don't miss this histrionic and historic guitarplay. Magical. **Dave Henderson**

BARRENCE WHITFIELD AND THE SAVAGES

Call Of The Wild

Demon/Rounder Europa REUM 1029 **P** ● ● Journalist wet pant stuff akin to the vibe Los Lobos created a couple of years back . . . and look what happened to them. Barrence is one of life's eccentrics. A throat akin to the Stax crooners, a healthy regard for post-R&B soul and a dirty blues tale in his pocket.

Past the initial trepidation that the sleeve and press blurb gives, this is actually quite an amenable platter with more than its share of tasty morsels. **Johnny Eager**

WILD BILLY CHILDISH

I've Got Everything Indeed

Hangman HANG 2 UP **Re C** ● 1/4 The man from The Milkshakes and Thee Mighty Caesars, plus a thousand other demented and distorted guitar and ciggie smoke workouts, goes solo for a couple of sides. Childish returns to his roots, according to the blurb, and creates a Frankenstein monster of an album hollering direct to pre-used cassette and then to vinyl. In his bathroom for echo, the cross of Springsteen's Nebraska, authentic blues and wanton self-indulgence makes for a strangely undefined product. Real love or hate stuff. **Johnny Eager**

THE WILD FLOWERS

Dust

Chapter 22 CHAPLP 15 **MM C** ● ● The Flowers' success and general media/cult popularity has always amazed me. I'd never quite seen the startling

attraction to their poppily coloured rock music, and nowhere could I see any depth in their style and performance. But, Dust has something that spells success, big bucks and a pending major deal.

The Flowers can write substantial pop tunes — tinged with an aggressive sleight of hand that makes that difference — and this mini-album is their most convincing set of projections to date. Just eight tracks, but the potential can't be denied, as their convincingly powerful sound batters down the most resilient of denouncers. Not a soundtrack for me to live by, but a potential Bunnymen in the fullness of time can't be ruled out. **Dave Henderson**

ZOVIET FRANCE

Assault And Mirage

Red Rhino REDLP68 **RR C** ● ● A cassette album from Zoviet France — Newcastle's answer to all things esoteric — with a complimentary vinyl outing, A Flock Of Rotations, to follow closely on its heels. Through their dishevelled, and correctly postured, musical development, the Franckies have introduced the world to the subliminal calls that even Eno dare not offer. This is the underarm stench of The Hafler Trio, the London Philharmonic heard through a sock, a slowly crisping spiral of sound poured into the inner ear, with a treacle chaser. I kind of like it, too. **Ripley**



CONFLICT

Turning Rebellion Into Money

Mortarhate MORT 30 **MM C** ● 1/2 Conflict's live documentation of their recent Brixton gig which ended in riot, arrests and what have you, it's an interesting and quite evocative story, a "con", a "sting", and the trials and tribulations of getting there. Worthy stuff indeed, until you get down to the actual album which really asks the question, is this *enough*? Even with sentiments intact and an electric atmosphere — you can feel it from the first opening salvo — the breakneck noise of Conflict sometimes slips so far off the rails that it's neither audible nor desirable.

Subtly, as displayed in the lead up to arranging the gig, a convoluted tale of fake and forgery, isn't used in the music, and Conflict's message is lost under a sea of fuzz, a wail of frantic bleating and thereabouts. In essence then, they're preaching to the converted and providing cannon fodder for their "enemies". And *that's* a shame. **Dave Henderson**

< REM STORY OF THE MONTH: REM still on for the tour >

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REwind

Life before yesterday

The characters at New York's *Kicks Magazine* have formed a label called Norton. And just in on import is *The Wild Man* by **Hasil Adkins**, recorded in NYC last year with Hasil playing most of the instruments in his one man band style. Second up is *Vintage Vooia* from the late **Esquerita**, which has the two NRC sides *Sweet Skinny Jenny* and *The Rock-a-Round* plus seven unissued recordings including a version of *Rockin' This Joint*. Believe me, they don't come a lot more eccentric than these two artists. Stax continue their much welcomed return with 45s *Hang 'em High* by **Booker T. & The M.G.s.**, *Do The Funky Chicken* by **Rufus Thomas**, *I'll Take You There* by **The Staple Singers**, and *Starting All Over Again* by **Mel And Tim**. As you'll probably remember, last month Stax re-issued **Booker T. And The M.G.s.' Soul Limbo** (or the T.V. cricket theme as most people refer to it), and now you can also purchase it as a cricket ball picture disc — ouch! Plus, it's also in 12 inch form with additional tracks *Soul Clap '69* and *Time Is Tight*. Album wise there's the first UK release of *Mr. Big Stuff* by **Jean Knight** and *Who's Making Love* by **Johnnie Taylor**.

Staying on the soul side, Kent are issuing a **Dobie Gray** album titled, rather adventurously, *Dobie Gray Sings For 'In' Crowd*ers That Go Go-Go which includes the classics *Out On The Floor* and of course *In Crowd*. That will be closely followed by *Groovy Ideas* by **Barbara Acklin**, the 72nd Kent LP.

The first five **Creedence Clearwater Revival** albums are now available on Fantasy Records in cassette, and mid price CD and LP formats. Namely they're *Bayou Country*, *Cosmos Factory*, *Creedence Clearwater Revival*, *Green River*, and *Willy And The Poorboys*.

Ace Records beef up their R&B catalogue with San Francisco Bay Blues by **Jesse Fuller**, *Shufflin' And Jivin'* by **Young Jessie** and the compilation *Bay Area Blues Busters*. The latter features mid '50s Kent and Modern recordings from the San Francisco and Oakland areas. Among the tracks are two unreleased cuts by **Jimmy McCracklin's** guitarist **Lafayette 'Thing' Thomas** which feature, according to R&B expert **Ray Topping**, the best guitar solos of all time.

The **Demon/Edsel** group are stepping up operations a bit at present. On CD they offer two from **The Byrds**, *Younger Than Yesterday* and *Sweetheart Of The Rodeo*; Fresh by **Sly And The Family Stone**, and *Vintage Violence* by ex-Velvet Underground **John Cale**. On record there's **The Faces'** first LP *The First Step*, **Gabbi Pahinui's** **Hawaiian Band** (early '70s, featuring **Ry Cooder**), **Keynsham** by **The Bonzo Dog Band**, and a double set comp. of '50s R&B and r'n'r titled *Hi Records — The Early Years*. Later in September Edsel offer *Golden Heebie Jeebies* by **The Association** (includes *Along Came Mary*), *Please Don't Change* by **Brinsley Schwartz** (featuring **Nick Lowe**), *Haunted House* by **Jumpin' Gene Simmons**, and *S.F. Sorrow* by **The Pretty Things** in gatefold sleeve and original running order. A new label, **Mau Mau** has been set up for '70s recordings such as *Leave Home* by **The Ramones** and *Euro-man Cometh* by **Strangler J.J. Burnel**.

The Glam Years (1971/79) by **Hello** on **Bill** records is just out. As well as their **Bell** hit such as *Tell Him* and *New York Groove*, there's also unissued material. Over with sister label **Zap!** there's **The Raspberries'** *Best Of* set entitled *Overnight Sensation*. Over at **Charly**, their current issues start with two soul compilations, *Chicago Soul Uprising* (**The Real Sound Of Chicago '67-'75**) featuring **Jackie Wilson**, **The Chilites**, **Major Lance** etc, and *Too Good To Be Forgotten* (**More Soul Classics**) featuring the above and **Maxine Brown**, **Eddie Bo**, **Chuck Jackson** etc. **Robert Parker's** '66 gem *Barefootin* gets released in seven and 12 inch forms with a promotional animated video to accompany it. **Beat** freaks will need the *Buzz With The Fuzz* album by **Chris Farlow And The Thunderbirds**; the title track was withdrawn soon after its mid '60s release as the **Metropolitan Police** took offence to it!

Over the last year **Charly** have been responsible for importing the mid price **Chess/Checker/Argo** exact reproduction albums from the continent. Among the 12 set for September release is **Bo Diddley's** *In The Spotlight*, **Chuck Berry's** *Is On Top*, *Best Of Muddy Waters*, *Look It's The Moonglows*, *Little Milton Sings Blues*, and **John Lee Hooker's** *House Of The Blues*. **Snakey G**

REV

Classic classics made available again

BLIND WILLIE McTELL

Library Of Congress Session

Blue Moon/Magnum BMLP 1.049

Recordings taken from 1940 with **Blind Willie** chatting and crooning under a hail of crackle, snap and blues. Authentic and absolutely listenable, with more than an edge of nostalgia thrown in for good measure. Keen. **Johnny Eager**

SHIRLEY BROWN

Woman To Woman

Stax SXE 002 A '74 album that followed the success of **Shirley's** deep hearted soul smoocher *Woman To Woman*. A timeless piece of Stax love triangle tussling, it's surrounded here by another nine similar vocal excursions which she carries out with the greatest of ease. Although never really reaping any greater success in the UK, this album which seems to be continually re-released is a fine testament to her greatest period. **Dave Henderson**

JOHNNY COPELAND

Dedicated To The Greatest

Kent KENT 067 Prime **Copeland** culled from the early '60s on side one of this album, with tracks taken from the **Gusto** label, while side two emanates from '71 and **Copeland's** time at **Kamp**. Truly an LP of two halves, but both faces of the ultimately soulful **Copeland** tongue slice fare well through different arrangements. For me side one's more rootsy verve cuts it best, but tomorrow I could easily change my mind. **Dave Henderson**

FACES

First Step

Edsel ED240 So much has happened since the 1970 release of this album that you either know **The Faces** as a good rockin' "lads" band, the source of the dreaded *Rod*, or a foil for the **Stones**. They're so drenched in rock history that it's difficult to place this quite sporadic album in the scheme of things.

What we have crosses into blues, R&B, Brit beat, seminal rockism, cajun country, Dylanesque escapism, and most places in between. A quite entertaining listen, it's not a desert island classic but it is a lot more imaginative than you'd guess after what they've all gone onto since. **Dave Henderson**

TAV FALCO'S PANTHER BURNS

Behind The Magnolia Curtain

Fan Club FC 029 Still being disrespectful to rock 'n' roll, this is the kind of stuff that will either totally endear or blindly infuriate. In the right mood, it's a meaty dish, although I have to admit a certain waning of interest by the end of the 14th track. Jangly and instantaneous it may be, but the zaniness does get trying. That said, **Tav's** voice is in fine form, warbling through some good stuff like *She's The One That Got It* and the chunky *Snake Drive*. Chew this one over. **Carole Linfield**

EDDIE FONTAINE

Rock With Me

Charly CR30266 Just one **Fontaine** 45 hit in the UK back in '57,

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THE SECT DOWNLINERS

Cross Section

Decal LIK 10 The **Sect** play a bizarre style of boogie-woogie psychedelia with a tinge of garage

Americana thrown in for good measure. From the '60s their beat and blues sound is highlighted by indecent haircuts, maraccas, harmonica and some blood curdling tight ankled trousers. Classic or casualties it's up to you. **Johnny Eager**

SCOTSMAN OF THE MONTH: Eadwyn Collins

the often quoted Nothin' Shakin', but Eddie Fontaine's legacy to rock 'n' roll went a lot further than that. This 16 track collection covers his '56 to '58 period on Decca, Argo and Brunswick and even manages to unearth some unreleased tracks from the silver tongued Fontaine. From the opening cut, Hey Marie, Rock With Me, the Italian love bandit pose covers all aspects of the four-letter word. Perhaps not an all-time classic, Fontaine's glitzy view on life always makes for entertaining listening, with some strange wordings on show to boot. **Johnny Eager**

THE IKETTES

Fine Fine Fine

Kent KENT 063 **P** From the Kamp Records roster, The Ikettes are a hell of a lot more than the four sprightly ganglers who backed Ike and Tina. Here they sing and dance in real original beat boom soul style, with some excellent soul slivers like the title track and I'm So Thankful showing off their best vocal parts. They also do a neat line in sequined dresses. **Dave Henderson**

JERRY LEE LEWIS

Killer Country

Edsel ED 250 **P** Jerry Lee in country swing with some above cabaret loose country tunes and some more tastier 'tales of the bottle' blues bits. From 1980, the Lewis Piano style and some less than straightforward country arrangements make for a more unique sound... why, the man even whistles his way out of trouble on one cut. A difficult transition, this album has him looking pissed off on the reverse (as if he wishes he was still rocking out), and it's that image of him that makes this set a little less than convincing at times. **Johnny Eager**

PRINCE JAMMY

Uhuru In Dub

CSA CSLP2 PRT **Je** Reissue of the bass and drum skeleton to the debut Black Uhuru album 'Love Crisis', also the set with which Prince Jammy made his mark as a producer of merit on the first step to his present ascendance. His work at the controls here is never flamboyant, in fact this is an underplayed selection of dub sides where the rigid bass of Robbie Shakespeare, Sly Dunbar's military double drum tattoos and the interweaving organ of Winston Wright dictate on their own terms, without embellishment, while the occasional snatch of a Michael Rose vocal phased into the mix keeps things constantly interesting. **Evelyn Court**

THE SHIRELLES

Greatest Hits

Impact ACT 011 **P** Chronologically spanning the years 1959 to 1967 and containing the full 20 hits of the New Jersey female quartet whose Will You Love Me Tomorrow from 1960 presaged the whole '60s girl group genre. The sound has not dated well and is very much of its time; those early '60s orchestrated baroque or rococo arrangements, for all their pretty melodies and cleverness, invariably sound contrived. But there is no denying the sweetness and charm of songs like the aforementioned Tomorrow, What

A Sweet Thing That Was and Baby It's You, while their rendition of Everybody Loves A Lover is brilliant in its execution. A notable omission is the song The Beatles made famous, Boys, (never a hit in its own right but the B-side of Will You Love Me Tomorrow), and it could well have replaced some of the somewhat dubious later material on show here. **Evelyn Court**

LARRY SPARKS

...Sings Hank Williams

Fundamental Music SAVE 28

RR C Prime '77 bluegrass versions of Hank Williams' back catalogue as performed by Larry Sparks and The Lonesome Ramblers. A fine set culled from the American County label, it breeds familiarity of the Williams melodies with a swaying country swing performance that's as addictive as a bowl of chili in mid-winter. Neat. **Johnny Eager**

THE STANLEY BROTHERS

...Of Virginia — Volume One

Fundamental Music SAVE 27

RR C Taken from the County catalogue of '73, this deep slow paced redneck version of touching country/bluegrass/blues is a real tearjerker, the kind of thing that latter day TV evangelists must have been weened on. The Stanleys play with the ever whining fiddle always called on to jangle the heart, while the harmony lines do all the grief stirring. Fine album that should have surfaced long ago. **Dave Henderson**

STEAM PACKET

The First Supergroup

Decal LIK 14 **Ch** An oddbod union of Brian Auger, Rod Stewart, Long John Baldry and Julie Driscoll culled from December 1965. A two hour sprint to make a demo for America resulted in this stodgy album which, although featuring so many names, seemed doomed to failure from the start — the group split soon after.

What we have now is an LP worth of Auger's driving organ in-

strumental topped by some unsure vocal performances from people who went on to better things. It was nearly 22 years ago today, and it sounds it too. **Johnny Eager**

VARIOUS

Forever Gene Vincent

Magnum Force MFLP 049

Sh An odd ball this. First off there are Gene Vincent's four last recordings — just vocal and harmonica — with a full band added later, sounding in places like The Velvet Underground. Then there's a heap of tributes to the man including Say Mama by Gene's daughter Melody Jean. A collector's item for sure, a reasonably sound listen too, and a hard luck story on the back that just shows nothing's changed in rock 'n' roll. **Johnny Eager**

VARIOUS

Midnight Movers

Kent KENT 058 **P** If you're thinking of taking the plunge into the Kent catalogue, you're a little bit into the most thumping of northern soul sounds, and you've got your giro... just bash it on the counter and grab this one.

Prime slice Wigan early '70s stuff, where melody and range of instruments came to a head just before the Mecca funk boom. Classics enclosed are to numerous to mention, but space please for The Four Larks' Groovin' At The Go-Go, Billy Preston's The Girl's Got "It" and Homer Banks' Hooked By Love. Superb. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Stand In For Love

Kent KENT 056 **P** Uheeeeeeee. Sadsville, Arizona, as the Kent cohorts assemble a 16 track collection of downbeat tearjerkers. In the deep soul moves nothing stirs 'cept the rustling of Kleenex, and Little Anthony And The Imperials, Bobby Womack, The O'Jays, Garnett Mimms and Irma Thomas all get a little depressed. An exquisitely packaged and moving set. Glug. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Strutting At The Bronze Peacock

Ace CHD 223 **P** A real neat collection of early '50s tracks from Texas label Peacock, featuring acts that starred in label boss Don Robey's two venues the Bronze Peacock and The Matinee.

On show here is a fine hybrid of blues and sleazy jazz that seems in the main part to defy definition. There's not a duff track on show, but best named and most ticklesome has got to be Dyke Takes A Hike by Cherokee Conyers And His Orchestra featuring David Van Dyke. Ah, they don't have names like that anymore. **Johnny Eager**

WAILING SOULS

The Very Best Of

Greensleeves GREL 99 **Je** Not an entirely accurate title as it omits the Souls' '60s recordings for Studio 1 and Tuff Gong, concentrating instead on their output from 1977 to 1984, but nevertheless a strong collection of sides from one of the most stirring Jamaican vocal groups. Insistent melodies and weaving harmonies combine pleasingly and the group deliver their folk homilies in a manner that is as distinctive as it is delightful to the ear. The lead vocals of Winston "Pipe" Matthews bear more than a passing resemblance to the late Bob Marley's and the whole Wailing Souls sound bears comparison with The Wailers when they too were a vocal outfit. **Evelyn Court**

JACKIE WILSON

The Soul Years Vol Two

Kent KENT 054 **P** Wilson's ever changing career — through rock 'n' roll to several brands of commercial soul — sadly ended back in '75 after a stroke. The obvious charisma and creativity he had (apart from his serious trouser problems) have lived on, and this selection of his soul sides from the Brunswick catalogue will surely further enhance his reputation. There's even a version of Stevie Wonder's Uptight with Count Basie and orchestra in tow. **Johnny Eager**



ST UNDERGROUND

Throwing Muses

put the hook in Dave Henderson.

Confusion sets in, the 'phone rings!

If it's Tuesday, it must be,

er, Boston!



1 "So, how are things in Boston?" the stupid editor dribbled, sweating at the thought of having to hold general conversation with Kristin Hersh of Throwing Muses. Many seconds later, the wonders of science return a giggling Kristin's first magnetic salvo, from far

beyond where men and Dick Branson have recently ballooned . . .

"What?" she retorts, "we're in Rhode Island."

Shit! That's the end, my carefully planned introduction is scuppered.

I thought, Boston, yeah, Boston, now what do we in the UK know about Boston — past the first cup of tea in the morning? *Cheers*, that's it! *Cheers* — the famed Friday night TV laugh-in that signals the weekend beginning and the end of normal consciousness as we know it. Shit!

"We used to live in Boston," claims Kristin, obviously vainly trying to make me feel better, "and when Ivo," (4AD label boss and the man who gave the Muse to the UK), "came over, he was real keen to go to Cheers, you know, the bar."

So it exists?

"Not really. Not like the TV show."

Shit! Illusions shattered.

2

But life's like that, I thought philosophically (or quickly, anyhow). Through the mammoth million page biog/clippings and cuttings collection that Throwing Muses have gleaned from enthusiastic scribes far and wide — intellectual and just plain intelligent — the screwed up piece of paper held more than a few hastily scribbled, but truly probing questions that jourmodom would be proud of.

Kristin's endearing 'phone manner made life a little easier, and we soon got to chew over the group's current state of affairs. With the group now signed to Sire around the world, but staying true to 4AD over here, Kristin's mere 20 years hardly seems adequate for her to have done an album and EP, played both sides of the Atlantic, had a child called Dylan, and dyed her hair a number of exotic colours, but times move fast these days.

"We were real surprised at the interest in us," she confesses. "There were something like 13 labels interested but the whole thing dragged on for ages. And, of course it was real important to get the right deal. We didn't want to have to take a huge advance and get dragged down into having to pay it back and being pressured into writing hits, or whatever."

The first Sire product, a mini-album called *The Fat Skier*, is released simultaneously on 4AD and will feature an extended version of the album track *Soul Soldier* on one side, plus six previously unreleased tracks on the other side.

"It'll confuse people a little really. The songs are very quiet, very dry — without much reverb and all that — and it doesn't

really tell you anything about the direction we're going in next."

Seems that's been a constant with T Muses' releases to date though. As Kristin casts a critical eye back, her comments on previous product produces good memories, but no great pattern due to the period of time over which each song or project was originated.

"The first album spanned a great deal of time, and to me the EP was an extension of that, with new stuff next to old. Some of the newer songs weren't quite developed, they were too new and still going around my head. *Delicate Cutters* was a new track, at the time people said 'hey your head must be really weird'. It was, and it's taken some time to get that song fully worked through. I suppose that usually happens, it takes about six months for things to work themselves out."

The story of *Delicate Cutters* is interesting too. You know the feeling? It traces the story of pent-up people who cut their arms, or parts of their body to release tension — emotion. Like a ritual bleeding, an escape. A sordid (?) pastime where people would cut words into their flesh for release. So did Kristin cut words? And which words?

"I never really got to the point of actual words, I was more of a beginner, just a doodler. . . .but that kind of thing has, in a way, got out of hand over here now. There are a lot of kids killing themselves for the thrill of it."

And what saved you from cutting *real* words?

"I suppose, what saved me from *everything*. What let me escape from being down, depressed and doomy, like a lot of people think I should be for writing the songs I do, is the band."

And if it hadn't been the band, would it have come out in some other way?

"I think I'd have been *very* angry."

Musing from left to right: Tanya, Leslie, Kristin and David



Ski tips for beginners

3

Somehow, I can't imagine Miss Hersh's emotions being best expressed in anger. She doesn't strike me as the kind of trolley wielding maniac who'd down stacks of refried beans because her bio-rhythms were low . . . but who knows? Emotions certainly are an integral part of the Muses' artillery, and the effect of their performances often result in dramatic explosions.

"I've seen people crying at our shows . . . not because they're depressed or anything, not because of the frantic goings on, but because they're letting something out of their system. You see them later and their faces are smiling and relieved."

The reason for that release of the self-conscious is easy to track. Kristin bares her soul, forgets her inhibitions and lets people into her own world, she touches on more than a few things that Jo Public daren't even admit to their mirrors. Is that wise, though?

"I can't help it. The songs come as they are, they're unaffected, they come from the sky to my spine, then out through my mouth, they sound right and we work into them to make them really flow."

But doesn't your boyfriend, for instance, think that his life's being exposed in some of the autobiographical inserts that make the songs so lifelike — and so much more important?

"Yeah, I'm sure he does. But you'd have to ask him really."

And the band, the evocation of Kristin's life and time sketches? They are obviously the cog of the Muses' wheel that makes their rock 'n' roll, their succinctly '80fied music so burning, so infectious, so dynamic.

Kristin's belligerent vocal lines bounce from her flakey guitar parts over David Narcizo's stridently humming snare slaps, while Tanya Donnelly's guitar rounds the edges and Leslie Langton's bass throbs glowingly like another lead instrument through each unexpected break in time, tune, direction.

Throwing Muses' musical *pot pourri* covers the history of rock 'n' roll and can be aligned as touching on everyone from Berry to The Beatles, from the B52s to Talking Heads, from The Beach Boys to Jefferson Airplane, and all points in between.

The song's structure and inbred uncontrollability (and initial unpredictability) make for confusion. Kristin says it's *all* a little confusing.

"It's confusing."

Because things keep switching about, changing and moving all over the place.

"It's confusing."

But it's never art-bore style. Throwing Muses know which side of the pretentious wall hanging to stand.

"Yeah, we thought the UK wouldn't take us because we were *too* rock 'n' roll initially."

4

More poignantly, and near the button, Kristin's search (as carried out through the group's songs in words *and* music) is, while entertaining, a little scary at times. A little too close to home, maybe a little too far away from reality.

"It's strange with the words and stuff, it's like the songs are ahead of me and it takes a good six months to work them into how they should be from when they start."

Like, when psychics suggest that they can see your future because life's a road they're above, as it were, and they can see the roadblocks, the turn offs, the better routes, for the next six months?

"I suppose."

But the songs are so vivid, do you have nightmares? Premonitions?

"Sure. But not scary. I see a lot of things coming up, a lot of things happening."

Then in the morning do they affect you? Do you carry on the dream?

"Yeah, sometimes."

That happens to me too. Wonder what it is?

"My father's a lecturer in dream symbolism, and I've had to hear all this stuff for years. It's real strange."

So what about in 20 years time? Have you thought about things that far ahead? What would you like people to look back and say about Throwing Muses?

"I don't know. That's real difficult."

OK, then why is the mini album called *The Fat Skier*?

"That's the sleeve and a postcard that my father sent to me with a giant fireball that looked like a skier . . . he'd written a poem on it. That was kind of important to me."

And the record itself?

"We're really happy with it, but it's still old and new material, it doesn't really tell you where we're going to next, which way we're developing."

So when will we hear the *new new* Throwing Muses material? What's it going to sound like?

"It's brilliant, it's great, it's turned us into a manic band. We've rehearsed it so hard that we all know each other's parts. We're really pleased with it."

Still not recorded yet, the *new new* album, is a hyperventilating saliva-tingler that's already causing a thudding in the *Underground* office's collective chests. For now, *The Fat Skier* will do just fine, only seven songs, but, hell, Boston wasn't built in a day.

"Aren't you going to ask me my favourite colour. What I eat for breakfast and all that."

No, I am *not*. We're a serious magazine . . . but, just in case, what colour socks do you wear?

"I don't wear socks."

Shit!



a story of vinyl obsessives

Here, **Dogman And The Head** are a weird lot. Their **High Fly** on **Influx** is a rhythm and little else, while on the flip they cover **Argent's Hold Your Head Up**. Strange.

— And stranger still, **The Vaselines' Son Of A Gun** on **53rd And 3rd** (**Fast Forward**) is touted as a cross between **Francoise Hardy** and **The Residents** but it fails to deliver. Twee pop, instead. On **Fundamental** (**Red Rhino**), **Ritual Tension** do a sluglike cover of **The Eagles' Hotel California** that lacks any reason in life and plays at 33 (while claiming to be 45 on the label). Yep, mixed up indeed.

— **Nigel Rolfe's African Flower** on **Reekus** (**Pinnacle**) has some interesting ideas, and a political ideology that's sound, but the disc is undeveloped and won't turn enough heads. Although his press pic may well do. Having long hair and being young in the UK is a boon with the post-Dumpy's **Rusty Nuts Grubo** shobang, but being in **St Vitus** in the States and being on **SST**, just underlines that they're a band out of place. Their **Thirsty And Miserable** three track (through **Pinnacle**) is state of the art *kachung* (but is that enough?).

— Play it **Again Sam** in Belgium have three 12 inches available through **Red Rhino** here. **Da Davo** is a black looking, backward facing **Joy Division** fetishist on **Where Even Angels Fall**, **Minimal Man** go on in their subterranean-rock way with the **Mock Honeymoon** EP — a restrained bass-pulsing grind — and finally, **Chris And Cosy** emerge with an up tempo slice of *neu electronica* — floating gleefully with **Cosy's** affected vocals. Said disc comes in a shoddily finished sleeve, adorned with a photo of **Cosy** in an intriguing position, wearing nothing more than a smile.

— **Brendan Croker And The Five O'clock Shadows** have lifted **Darin'** from their **Boat Trips** album (**Red Rhino**), it's a slim measure of poppy gravel tongue, with a whisker and a smile, while the **Idea** label (through **Pinnacle**) has **Moss Poles' One Summer** brimming with **Undertones** powerchords, but no sign of nasal **Feargal**. Idea also "do" **John Shuttleworth's** northern "humour" on **Swimming With Sharon** — a tacky **Gordon Is A Moron** re-run.

— **The Dragsters** on **Union City** (**Fast Forward**) are just about audible on **I'm Not An American**, but it's a little too fast to catch why they're so firm about it. **The Sons Of Shane** (**Whippet Records**, 116 Galton Rd, Bearwood, Birmingham B67 5JS), are steeped in tra-la '60s subjectivity on their **Fly** single. **Claustrophobic** and cluttered with too many correct "bits", but evocative in a way. Like **Vani Vidi Vici**... they have a single on **Sad Tiger** (148 Trafalgar Rd, London SE10). **Two Of A Kind** kept reminding me of a thickly strummed version of **The Hollies**... now that is odd, isn't it?

— **The Garden** play prime post-punk cardigan music. Well intentioned and on the verge of some kind of cohesive tunesmanship. On **Gogshaws** (through **Revolver**), their **Negative Allegory** EP is cleansing and never contrived.

— New label, **Minthead** (**Red Rhino**) offer the world the late '87 version of how **Kitchenware** should be juggling on their debut 12 inch, **Tell Me About Your Childhood**, a strummy pop confection by **The Honest Johns**, while on the continent, **Isabelle Antena** (the last remaining **Antena** member) is seen shrouded sexily in no more than a tea towel on the sleeve of her **Les Femmes Des Mers Du Sud** on **Crepuscule** (**Pinnacle**). The record itself is quite a tasteful slice of sleazy late night stuff, unlike the pounding disco thrub of **Psyche** on their **Prisoner Of Desire** on **New Rose** (**Pinnacle**).

— Short laughs from **Ted Chippington** on an anti-these version of **Dion's The Wanderer** on **Vindaloo** (which has returned to **Cartel** distribution after a spell with **WEA**). **Stiff Kittens'** post-punk-Bansheism gets another outing after their last single fared reasonably well in the **Independent** chart. Their **Happy Now** three track on **Crisis** is distributed by **Red Rhino** and bears all the hallmarks of **Joy Bانش Division** and **The Bauhaus Bros**. Good tune though.

— **Darlington** offers the world **Crow People** on a four track 12 inch called **Cloud Songs** on **Meantime** through **Red Rhino**. Strained vocals but a driving beat. Similarly strident are **Frank Chickens** whose camp cabaret continues on **Yellow Toast** on **Flying Records** through **Revolver**. Neat arrangement, like an oriental string quartet playing hip pop.

— Strange things happening at **Waterfront** where former rock jurno **Giovanni Dadamo** (part of **The Snivelling Shits** way back when) has penned the lyrics to **The Engineers** plodding **Pompell Lovers**. Introverts die hard stuff.

— Finally, **Late Road Lunatics'** **Rose** has some drive but they've got someone's dad playing trumpet making it all a little mixed up. It's on **DDI**.



Nigel Rolfe joins Strypers



Singles this month reviewed by Ripley, Tony Fletcher, Dave Henderson, Johnny Eager, TC Wall, Daz Igymeth (cast in order of appearance)



ANNIE ANXIETY BANDEZ As I Lie In Your Arms One Little

Indian RT C A startling surprise from **Annie** — who most people have probably got down as a **Crass**-like howler. Here, *avec* **Bandez**, it's lush sex music, with a beat, a message and an industrial grind. Like jazz funk fed through the mincer. Superb. **R**

A PRIMARY INDUSTRY Heart Of Glass Sweatbox

RT C Industrial Eurobeat remake of the former **Blondie** disco classic. Don't expect to hear the vocals, don't worry if the tune goes slightly off the rails, this is a tough mix and it's still got the beat. **TF**

BAMBI SLAM Happy Birthday (Yet Another)

Product Inc RT C The **Bambi's** newie revolves, in glitzy celebration ribbons, and reverberates with a more straightforward approach, tickled into submission by some neat guitar lines. A fine single which'll no doubt keep their name on many a tongue, but maybe it lacks some of the dynamics of their excellent **Don't It Make You Feel?** 45. **DH**

CIRCUS CIRCUS CIRCUS

Magic Girl Sweatbox SOX

024 RT C Already raved about, **Circus X3's** new single is yet another leap out of the commercial cupboard. Their new cloak of swishing popism, with a rock beat, could very well make them into an essential life force. **R**

EDWYN COLLINS Don't Shilly

Shilly Elevation Unmistakably **Edwyn**. Wondrously written, a great pop song... what did you expect? **DH**

DARLING BUDS Just To Be

Seen Darling Buds C Great rock 'n' roll twang-pop from **Darling Buds** on this seminal single that's re-released because it's darn good. A pummeling melody line gives way to a great verse/chorus play off and potential is definitely marked **A**. **JE**

THE DOCTORS CHILDREN The Girl With The Green Eyes

Buffalo P Perhaps not the strongest song from **King Buffalo**, but a delight of guitars and **Paul Smith** at his most **Lou Reed**-ish still wins the day. Pleasingly unpolished, this is not an invitation for daytime airplay, but it is a great record. Enough. **TF**

GAVIN FRIDAY AND SIMON CARMODY You Can't Always Get What You

Want Baby P Ex **Virgin Prunes** cover the **Stones** with a throaty warble, which does little to enlarge their collective ego rating. **Rhyme** and reason for this lacklustre affair are difficult to understand. Room full of losers!. **TC W**

GHOST DANCE A Word To The

Wise Karbon P Cult followings often quite reluctantly find themselves sharing their beloveds with bigger audiences, and it's about time **Ghost Dance** fans got themselves ready for the same treatment. The latest, and most prolific, **GD** release sees four tracks lift them beyond obscurity and pretty close to some deserved commercial exposure. Just watch them now. **JE**

THE GO HOLE Flight Of

Angels Big Pop P Met with indifference by **Stephen Edney** of **London Records** when the group submitted a tape to the **Tip Sheet**, **The Go Hole** poke two fingers at the world with this classy slice of poppy teenage angst. Bright and alarmingly well delivered, this a real sweetie. **DH**

HANG THE DANCE Break On Through Black Map

RT C Topid cabaret version of **Doors'** classic. Too gimmicky and quite forgettable. **DH**

HEAD I Can't Stop Demon

P More of the old sex-funk stuff with a touch of drunken glam thrown in for good measure. **Head** are like an **Indie Slade**... all lager, "lads" and terrace chants. We look forward to their **Xmas** monster. **JE**



THE HOUSEHUNTERS Cooler Than Thou 53rd And 3rd

EE C Dork production for what is a great song, far surpassing the group's previous outings. Here, the 'hunters' humour and songwriting potential shines, begging hungrily for a decent arrangement and finish. A cult 45 that should've gone a whole way further. More talented than the plethora of no-ones who've signed recently and well worth an investment (and producer). **DH**

INSTIGATORS Dive Super

Seven Record Co (Doug Moody Productions P.O. Box 1596, San Marcos, CA 92069, U.S.A) Plenty of energy and the punk ethic still lives and breathes. Rough, ready and recorded live in Denmark back in '86. It's probably a safer bet to lend an ear to the studio stuff as this four tracker lacks the necessary bite. Not very exciting really. **DI**

JAKE THE PILGRIM GAIA

Waterfall **C** Thoughtful Strangers 'n' powerchords rock with a punk penchant. Close but no banana. **JE**

JILTED BRIDES Bad Vibes

Trashcan **NM C** Chugging rock/pop on this debut four track EP from the Jilted Brides. Guitars flail, clichés rattle, and the rock 'n' roll circus moves on again. **JE**

AR KANE Lollita 4AD

RT C Neat cover! Neat *Psycho*-tinged drama as the moody torso has a loaded blade behind her back, the danger is shrouded in mystery, and AR Kane's second single is coloured with the same intense charm and mysticism. An erotic, exotic journey into a lush sense of melancholia, riddled with dangerous visions and strummed accompaniment. Music for *real* people. **DH**

LEATHER NUN Cool Shoes

Wire **NM C** Novelty pop story telling with an acidic guitar break and good supporting croons. It's rock, but with its buttons flashing. **Brill. R**

LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

Iced Puns EP TIM RT C From the ashes of *The Nightingales*, Andy Lloyd continues down the sparse guitar path, though in a far more structured vein. The better tracks are on the back side of this 12 inch. Pioneer seeing Andy as storyteller, and *Three Times* as 'socially aware'. A fair start. **TF**

LOUDSPEAKER Psychotic Machine One Little Indian

NM C More evidence that one of today's most important labels — sound, visual and political — is One Little Indian. Loudspeaker has all the distinctively quality-orientated hallmarks... it sweats, sounds vibrant and dangerous and is, as ever, timeless. **R**

MACKENZIES A Sensual Assault Ron Johnson

NM C Four out-takes from the contemporary death disco — where noise in the basket is top of the menu. The MacKenzies come of age with a new kind of music, a soundtrack for the next degeneration, that'll keep us vibrant as we burn our Smiths t-shirts. Exotic. **R**

THE MAN FROM DELMONTE Water In My Eye Ugly Man

RR C Majestically flowing pop, harnessed to mouthorgan and African-styled guitar from Manchester's Man From. A lilting top side with a pop slant — which is joined by two similarly recommended cuts on the 12 inch. **DH**

THE MEMBRANES Time Warp 1991 Glass NM C

A new label for the Mems and a new slogan... Long Live Trad Rock. Yes, the boys are getting satirical and they now present their guitar onslaught, and angry angst, through a hail of synth swirls and tongue in cheek rhetoric. The bastard public didn't like them when they went "pop", so they'll get cynical-cyber-punk instead. **Brillo. R**

PIM Fade Away Gaga Goodies (Box 361, 00121 Helsinki, Finland)

Brilliantly kitsch 45 from three girls and one guy dressed as cowboy glitterati, and sounding like paisley primadonnas. Out of their heads on beer and metal, with the message "This record is good. Honest!" daubed on the sleeve. Flash stuff. **DH**

THE PURPLE THINGS Kingsnake Absolutely Free

RR C Maximum fuzzing guitar and demented vocals stamp some mean crepe-soled feet on that rockin' beat, go down low for a bit, then jump around some more. Headbutt the walls or catch the colours from the air; the Purps are up for a bit of both of those. Peter Gunn Got Hit By A Train on the flip is also most welcome. Got the bastard! **DI**

RED HARVEST Murder Quiet

Records NM C Fervent and direct new sounds from Red Harvest, who've leapt head and shoulder above their former hesitancy. This new found quality should see them move closer to the new league championship and into a more serious mode of acceptance. Nice one. **JE**

REM It's The End Of The World As We Know It (And I

Feel Fine) IRS A blatant and shameful remake of 'Subterranean Homesick Blues' this may be, but f**k me, what a remake. A taster from the upcoming 'Document' album, if this trade of vocals and incessant chorus set to a 70 mph beat is anything to go by, REM could be set to produce the album of this year as well. Georgia's satellites go pop. Leonard Bernstein. **TF**



THE SIDDLEYS What Went Wrong This Time? Medium

Cool **RR C** More from the vaults of the strumalongs friend, Medium Cool. The Siddleys are more English sounding than their labelmates, Raw Herbs and Waltones, but they still retain that edge which makes you want to take them home to meet your mother. Great record. **JE**

THE SINGING RINGING TREE Good Day Good Sample

RR C Singalong pop from Stockport. A scratching guitar, a shuffling snare and some good confident vocals make it work. With guitars and even a middle eight, you'll wonder how they got so much in it. **JE**

THE SMITHS Girlfriend In A Coma Rough Trade

RT C After several forced plays, the subtleties of this two minute ballad are revealed to display typical Smiths tenderness and warmth. That said, Girlfriend is *not* a single, is *not* a good trailer for Strangeways Here We Come, and is *not* going to convince anyone that Morrissey without Marr will be able to lead The Smiths onwards and upwards. **TF**

SPIZZ Where's Captain

Kirk? Hobo RR C Revived and revitalised, the "loudest" record in post punk maelstrom daze, resurfaces with a more temperamental beat and a bigger production. A pop classic? A novelty hit? Who knows just what this plastic plea might reap second time around? **TC W**

TAGC Big Sex Sweatbox

RT C Backwater beat music with a *film noir* facade, a gritty Adi Newton talkalong, and some jets taking off next door. Quite alarming, quite appealing, but not enough guts, not enough driving power! Haunting, it leaves you begging for more. **TC W**

TOT TAYLOR It's Good For

You LPA RT C Stuck in the scat-a-longa-Sinatra school of sassy jazz, Tot's eccentric behaviour makes him one of life's little ironies. A strong independent chap, his latest single pleads for a deal, the lyrics even ask, and you never know he might just make it. Smoochy. **DH**

THE VAYNES Baby Cruel

Vanity C Greasy pimple rock with loose powerchords and max. conviction potential. A noise for your local acid head. **JE**

THE WALLFLOWERS 83.7 Idea

I Yes, the Idea label seems to be collecting mostly notable names (a few dodgy ones here and there), and The Wallflowers should be a big priority act. Their new single continues their tuneful poppy bent, and manages to get even closer to the correct daytime posture, while still retaining that masterfully distinct and original undercurrent. Very tasty. **DH**



THE SWANS New Mind

Product Inc **RT C** From the seething mass and melée of post Swans fervour, nearly everyone forgot about The Swans. But, hell, just past the umpteenth Skin variation and format, they're back. New Mind is a volatile return to form, a grinding chiming noise that's even better than you might expect. What's more it's a precursor to their upcoming double *Children Of God*. Get your seats now. **Ripley**

STOP

AAAAAAAAAAAArgh! They is back. Yep. **Alternative TV** release a new single this month on Anagram called *My Baby's Laughing...* and it's GOOD. Almost commercial. Anagram also have a 12 inch from **Silver Chapter** which features four real neat grinders with a guitar edge, so watch out for them. On EI there's five new tracks of debatable style and quality. The **Would-Be-Goods** sound like **Lorraine Chase**, **Anthony Adverse** is average, **Marden Hill** are exotic and evocative, **Louis Phillipe** is **Louis Phillipe** and **The King Of Luxembourg** is his Royal Highness and then some.

The Timebox label continue their bolshily gravy boobey series of releases with a fabola EP from **And So To Bed** through Pinnacle (and did you know, we didn't even mention the **New Order** single last month? Readers, ratings... who needs 'em).

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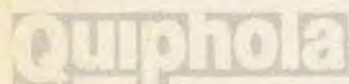


SURFIN' CLAMBAKE

Hot surf poop and psychedelic thangs

Let's kick off with Philadelphia's finest, **The Ben Vaughn Combo**, who have got the greatest garage anthem released this year. It's called *My First Band* and makes Louie Louie sound like *Pomp And Circumstance*. Attention should also be paid to the B-side, *Vibrato In The Grotto*, a surf instrumental of staggering virtuosity and er... vibrato. Staying with Americans for a while, remember **The Raybeats**? Well, their guitarist **Danny Amis** has a band called **The Overtones** and you are strongly recommended to find a single on Twin Tone called *Red Checker Wagon*. The A-side is OK but the flip has a wonderful version of *The Raybeats'* classic *Calhoun Surf*. A poignant reminder of *The Raybeats* arrived only the other day from well-known Scottish person **Lindsay Hut-ton**. It was a badge, and the same package contained an LP by **The Skeletons** called *Rockin' Bones*. An excellent example of surfin' r'n'r, and particularly outstanding for the track *Blood Surfin'*.

- That's enough Americans (and Scots) for now, let's see what's cooking on the English front. I've nothing against A-sides but the B-sides often attract me more. A good case in point is a new single on the way from **Marden Hill** on El records. The B-Side *Hangman* is an epic spaghetti/surf instrumental quite the equal of some **The Monochrome Set's** finest moments.
- It's funny name time again. Ex-**Drop Kick Me Jesus** drummer **David "Jones" Rathbourne** has resurfaced with **The Dental Mechanics' Daughter**. They've got a single due out soon through Backs which continues his peculiar fascination with crackling snares and rockabilly cowbeat. Odd indeed.
- **Richard Norris** from Bam Caruso has started a club operating from Kentish Town's Bull And Gate called the Hangout which promises weird bands, weird light-shows, weird music and general psyche happenings. It's on Monday nights and should be pretty interesting.
- Big, bad **Barrance Whitfield And The Savages** have a mini-LP out on Demon. *Call Of The Wild* could have been named *Scream Of The Wild* as Bazza hollers his way through tracks like *Stop Twisting My Arm* and *Girl From Outer Space*. A more pure and manic R&B record you'll never find. If that isn't enough for you, then it looks like *Celluloid* will be releasing **Peter Zarembo And The Love Delegation's** *Spread The Word*. It has Barrance on backing screams and is a perfect swinging '60s good time party album with the inevitable gospel and psyche overtones. Don't miss it. **Hoxton Leonid**



Slicked back, bass slapping, punk-a-billy

New from Big Beat is the mid priced second album from **The Locomotives** entitled *Bourgeois Voodoo*. You may remember that their debut album was on Media Burn, who have been lying low while moving their catalogue from Rough Trade to Red Rhino. The last **Sting-rays** gig was recorded though, and is released in September, as is a compilation licensed from L.A. label Bomp, which features **The Pandoras**, **Plasticland**

and **The Chesterfield Kings** to name a few. Label boss **Stan Brennan** has also started a new label, *Absolutely Free*. The first album is by **Purple Things**, the first pressing has a gatefold sleeve, but advance orders have claimed all of those. The second pressing has a regular sleeve but the record will be pressed in purple vinyl.

- Nervous have just signed **The Coffin Nails** and work on an album is about to start. I.D. will be releasing albums by **The Sureshots**, **Demented Are Go** and **The Turnpike Cruisers** in September, none have titles as yet. Likewise with ABC who still have no title for the **Restless'** live album, even though it's due for release early this month.
- **The Meteors**, riding high in the indie charts again with their version of **The Stranglers'** *Go Buddy Go* on Anagram, have a new album entitled *Don't Touch The Bang Bang Fruit*, this month.
- There's a rather good 'zine called *Pandoras Box*, which carries a free flexi disc by **Thee Mighty Caesars**. The contents vary from trash pulp TV articles through to *The Medway Sound* and *The Chesterfield Kings*. Send an A4 SAE and a cheque/P.O. for 80p to 19 Forthingdale Close, Cosby, Leicester, LE9 5UN. Mags like this need supporting.
- She's *Just Rockin'* is the title of a compilation of rockabilly, blues, jive and hillbilly from some of the best bands playing the circuit at the moment. *Fury Records* have pulled together **The Bootleggers**, **Hayriders**, **Deltas**, **Rusti Steel & Tin Tax**, **Wiggsville Spliffs**, **Oakville Tune Wranglers**, **Niteshift Trio**, **Keytones** and **Sunset Valley Boys**. **Snakey G**

GET SMART

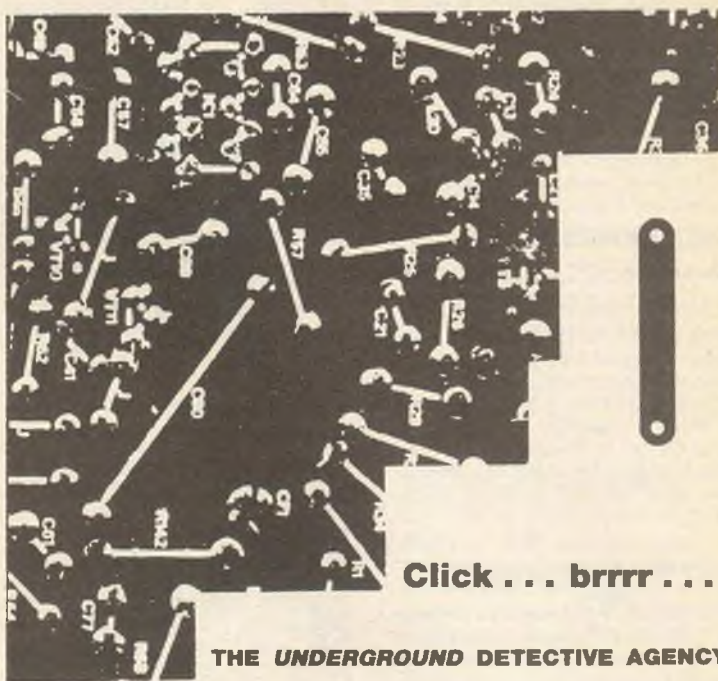
a modernist frenzy of soulful delight

Listening to the monitor mix of the new **Fast Eddie** album last week confirmed my original impression that *Shake Yo' Tailfeather* is the hottest slice of live R&B this decade. Continuing the Essex delta blues wailing tradition, it should be in your shops at the end of the month... The other live LP, on Re Elect *The President* this month, is *That's What I Want* by East London's fave sons **Long Tail Shorty**. It apparently includes a version of the rather controversial *Anti-CND* which was originally censored by the band's last record company, *Diamond*, who apparently misunderstood the sentiment.

- **The Untouchables**, the soul/ska cross-over band from the States who achieved quite a lot of UK chart success with *Free Yourself* and their *Wild Child* LP a couple of years back have run into a spot of trouble with their American label, *MCA*. It seems that the company president is an old buddy of the president and didn't take too kindly to the anti-Raygun lyrical content of the new single. The release has since been shelved.
- On a slightly more blue note, it's good to hear that *Radio London's Mad On Jazz* team have brought that Hammond Organ maestro, **Jimmy Smith**, into town for a series of dates at *The Town And Country* club and elsewhere this month... Check local flyers for details... Also swinging into town this month are **The Flamin' Groovies** who are over for a tour to promote their *One Night Stand* LP.
- **Small World**, one of the best and certainly one of the most underrated bands of the mod revival have got themselves back together for a one-off gig in Rotherham (where?) in mid October which'll be recorded for a live LP on *Unicorn*... Also out on *Unicorn* in the near future is the debut 12 inch from **The Ambassadors**, a young four piece from Norwich... Finally this week, a blindin' fanzine called *Empty Hours*. This issue features **The Jazz Renegades**, **Toots And The Maytals**, **Warhol** and lots more... 50p & SAE from Flat 4, Granite House, Heyworth St, Derby. **Felix Adler**

continued over

Circuit Breakers



Click... brrrr...

THE UNDERGROUND DETECTIVE AGENCY

GETS THE SCAM ON THE WIRES THAT ARE BUZZING

Hate and moaning in England

The Doctor's Children get vitriolic yet again

The first time I saw *The Doctor's Children* perform, singer/guitarist Paul Smith was busy blaming what was actually quite a reasonable performance on everything in sight until burgeoning *Radio One* DJ *Andy Kershaw* called from the audience for him to "Stop moaning and get on with it." Three years, many shows, the occasional record and umpteen line-ups later, Smith still seems to thrive off animosity.

"I hate playing England," he declares bluntly. "In London, everybody thinks they're A&R men, and outside London nobody goes to gigs... I hate the independent scene, but I hate the way majors are working at the moment."

Smith will probably never be happy, but if his offspring continue to fling their rampant rockist barrages at us I shall have no cause for complaint. Witness last year's *Upright* EP *Rose Cottage* (which had its surprisingly tender moments), followed earlier this year by the six-track *King Buffalo*, a spritely piece of rock'n'roll noise, and the original home of the new single *The Girl With Green Eyes*.

That *The Doctor's Children* aren't stars may be a travesty, but it is not overtly surprising. Neither cuties or grebo bikers, Paul Smith and his current assemblage (which, as ever, he assures me is *the* permanent line-up) are possibly just too rock'n'roll to fit in. Though the *Velvets* at their raunchiest strike as an obvious influence, Smith himself prefers to pinpoint those original punks and currently maligned funsters, *The Who*.

"A lot of people pick up a guitar because they want to get laid, and a lot of people pick up a guitar because they want to be accepted, like *Pete Townshend*. I think the thing my ego is looking for is massive exposure to the people I was brought up with, to get the respect I never got before."

Neither Paul Smith or the collective *Children* seem obvious candidates for future immortality, and Smith himself is deeply worried that the *Children* have been around for too long, with too few releases. At times his frustration clearly shows through, but he still looks at the bigger picture.

"I think in ten years time we'll be playing stadiums. The way the band is, we're either going to go all the way, or not at all."

I know which route I hope for. **Tony Fletcher**



Paul Smith hates this photo

The color Orange!

Edwyn Collins and the solo stigma

- Don't Shilly Shally is the first Edwyn Collins single on Elevation Records. It marks something of a return for the great man who first leapt into the public eye at the helm of Orange Juice.

- The early Postcard releases are collectors items, and now change hands for hideous prices — Orange Juice's influence is still evident today, six years after the release of their last Postcard 45, Poor Old Soul, and the indie scene is still full of groups who adhere doggedly to the band's "anti-rock" politics.

- Of course Edwyn modestly denies this.

- "Alan McGhee," Elevation boss, "is always telling me that there are lots of anorak people who regard the group as seminal, but I find that hard to believe," he says. "Perhaps it is because our guitar parts appeal to beginners."

- So what of the many guitar groups currently toting their wares?

- "Well, I am still naive enough to expect a degree of honesty from bands," he replies. "Unfortunately it is not always apparent these days. In Orange Juice there was a great awareness of rock's heritage in our music, as well as other things like the Sound Of Young Scotland slogan. There was a knowingness, as well as some guts and conviction. I look around at some of today's jingly-jangly groups, and all I can see is pastiche. There's no wryness to it which is more disappointing."

- But never mind, Edwyn will be playing live soon. But what?

- "We will be doing a smattering of Orange Juice material in the set, but it will not be an evening of pure nostalgia. I am always receptive to audiences and their requests, so we'll be gauging what each concert demands and responding accordingly."

- The new live group includes Denis Bovell on bass, and Steve Skinner on guitar.

- "I've worked with Denis a lot before," says Edwyn. "Steve is also an old colleague — he used to roadie for Orange Juice, since the days of Blue Boy. It means that they both understand the sort of thing I want to do, and it keeps us away from the session musician mentality."

- After the current batch of dates around the UK in support of the single a more comprehensive and lengthy UK tour is planned for the autumn. **Julian Henry**



Edwyn looking west

GOING FOR MASS EXPOSURE!

Critical Mass dissect the rock/pop theory

- "So many people who are doing music think they're living on the wild side of life but this is no different to any other business. In the end it comes down to money. I'm not saying that's anyone's reason for doing it but you need money because it's a very costly business and you need to be earning more than the minimum wage to be able to do it."

- The harsh words of some musical mercenary perhaps? Cold logic indeed, but not a representative example of the Critical Mass ethos. This is just big brother Lincoln Fook talking realism, spouting the *rationale*.

- Russell, four years his minor nods assertively. The half Germanic/half Chinese Fook boys, along with fellow Tuetonic Alan Chutt, recently released their Operation: Dreaming Of Babylon EP on Timebox. A highly accessible kind of thing which found itself in the ejector seat of a strangely puritan craft! It's all a part of The Mass's coda — a dangerous blue print for avoiding commercial success at all costs!

1. **DON'T PROMOTE THE A-SIDE OF YOUR DISC.**

Lincoln: "We've gone to a lot of trouble not to have an A side and a B side that's too obvious a distinction between good and bad. There can be no possible motive for making a record except that you want to so there should be no need for an A and a B side."

2. **DON'T MAKE ANY RECORDS!**

Russell: "That's why we wouldn't want to make an LP or a single. We'd prefer to make three EP's a year to keep things different and to keep up the quality."

3. **DON'T MAKE ANY MONEY!!**

Alan: "The thing is, as soon as you start to make money it's very easy to stray from your original path or ideal."

4. **DON'T GIVE UP YOUR DAY JOB.**

Lincoln: "I s'pose that fits in with our philosophy as a band. We all do other things to earn money. If you relied upon a record company things would be very difficult . . . We're very lucky because Russell goes to the London School Of Furniture and he makes all our guitars."

5. **DON'T SIGN TO A MAJOR!**

Alan: "Most of what we do wouldn't be mainstream anyway."

Russell: "We're happy on Timebox. Jon Beast seems to want to do music for the sake of music and we're happy with that."

Alan: "We wouldn't move on without him."

6. **AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST: DON'T HAVE YOUR PHOTO TAKEN!!** (Even if you are very pretty.)

Russell: "It's very distressing when you open up *Sounds* and see all those pictures of bands. They look like models — ugh!"

Lincoln: "I know that's purist but I agree, although I can see that it may be the wrong attitude. Perhaps we're too purist for our own good at the moment . . . but if we succeed it has to be purely on the strength of the music."

I know what I think. You'll just have to buy Operation: Dreaming Of Babylon to discover the true worth of Critical Mass for yourselves won't you! **Alex Kadis**

New Moon goes plastic

Thirteen Moons and the Scandanavian alternative

That's the trouble with groups like Thirteen Moons who are so far out on their own: There's too much worrying time spent trying to describe them and yet trying not to pigeonhole them. OK, it's a music that uses space and distance for expression: a music that winds saxophone, a stroked semi-acoustic guitar and strings around a deep, forlorn voice: a music that could be jazz, or ambient, or *new* music, or mood music, or '60s film composer John Barry taking a camping holiday by the Swedish fjords near to where Thirteen Moons live, or something . . .

After a four-track EP, A True Story, 1986's Little Dreaming Boy album and this year's Suddenly One Summer 12 inch, there is a new album called Origins. It was recorded in both Stockholm and Cornwall.

But what is Sweden like for a band as unconventional as Thirteen Moons?

"We have a very small audience," crackles Anders Holm on the Moonline. "Some journalists love us. Sweden is a conservative country but that goes for England too. It's hard to be a band in Sweden."

It doesn't surprise me that Anders sounds as melancholy as Thirteen Moons' music. We agree that it's hard to be honest as well. Thirteen Moons' music is honest. Unquenchably honest.

"We're trying to communicate and to be honest and human. These are the values I believe in. It's not just because I'm in a band but because it's what I try to do and try to be."

And are you succeeding?

"I think so. Maybe it will succeed eventually. Not in a month or in one year, but maybe in five years time, someone will come up to me and say something nice or good about our music." **Martin Aston**



Thirteen Moons in hysterics



Not a glossy pic of Critical Mass

M

MASTERMIX

Full beats on suicidal throw downs!

Derek B is the first English rapper to be signed to the prestigious Stateside label Profile, and not just for a single either. By the time you read this he should be well into an album.

- Meanwhile, at his home label Music Of Life, things are going from strength to strength with the release of the *Hard As Hell* compilation which is as essential as their first comp — look out especially for **Asher D's** Ragamuffin Hip-Hop, and **C.J. Macintosh's** *The Tables Are Turning*, both singles and both excellent.
- Staying with the Profile connection for a moment, the label are due to set up a London office sometime before Christmas and will be scouting for U.K. talent. (Check out the old **Monkees** hit *Mary Mary* rehashed by **Run D.M.C.**, **The Surf M.C.s'** *Surf M.C.s* and the new **Dana Dane** album in the meantime).
- **The London Posse** have a single out on Blatant, produced by none other than London D.J. **Tim Westwood**. It's a good time all round for London's M.C.s and D.J.s, with the **Cookie Crew** and **Renegade Sound Wave** singles due out and **The**

JAM. The man himself will be over in November with a Rush package that is set to include **Eric B** and **Public Enemy** as well. **Paul Howard**

2

STATION TO STATION
Riotous rhythm and reggae onslaught

One who has been a fixture on the Jamaican recording scene since he sang with *The Techniques* in the Sixties is **Winston Riley**. He has been producing music on his various labels since the early Seventies and last year hit a winning streak, first with his album of *Stalag* cuts and shortly after with the original *Boops* recording by **Super Cat**. Now he is looking to repeat this success with a number of new releases on his *Techniques* label, most popular of which at present is **Flourgon** entreating *Hol A Spliff*. Other titles from the same outlet destined to make an impact include an **Ernest Wilson** double-sider coupling *First Love* and *Lady Soul*, and **Janet Kenton** crooning *Honestly* c/w a **Dean Fraser** saxophone workout *I Love You*.

- Reissued yet again due to public demand by Prince Jammy is the witty indictment *Gimme No Bun* with **Little John** pleading the case for wholesome Jamaican cuisine as opposed to a fast food diet, on this present occasion coupled with a further Jammy title, **Coco Tea** singing *Possy*. From the same outlet and currently the most popular of all the Jammy mixes is **Frankie Paul** on *Sara* c/w **Cultural Roots**, *Running Back To Me*. And from the same stable Mr Paul also sings *Possie Run Come*, while for the same source upcoming dancehall artist **Chuck Turner** continues to improve his reputation on *We Rule the Dance and Tears*.
- Harry Mudie productions are as rare as **Johnny Osbourne** titles are common but the combination pays dividends on the singer's derivation of the *Hill And Gully* theme. Also up from Jamaica is **Wayne Marshall**, *Pon A Level* c/w *Dance Baby Dance*, **Peter Metro**, *Nu Sell Yusef* c/w *Gone A Session*, and the latest from *Girlie Girlie* hitmaker **Sophia George** on a *Willie Lindo* composition *Final Decision*. **Evelyn Court**



Three Wise Men just finishing off an album, all on Rhythm King who are also re-releasing the first two **Schooly D** albums as a double. The excellent **Chuck Brown** double live album gets a well deserved re-issue on Rhythm King as well.

• Finally, on import and probably available here by the time you read this, is the essential **L.L. Cool J** single *I Need Love* (which is currently denting the U.S. pop charts) on Def

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.

- AK RECORDS**, 51 Ivy Centre, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow
BEAT ROUTE 2, 214 York, Coventry, Warwick
HENDERSON'S THE VINYL WORKS, 100 Park Street, Exeter
 1 UP, 4 Diamond Street, Aberdeen
JUMBO RECORDS, 402 Abchurch Lane, London
THE LEFT LEGGED PINDAPPLE, 101 Churchgate, London
LIZARD RECORDS, 12 Lambton Lane, London
PICCADILLY RECORDS, 3 Parker Street, Piccadilly, Manchester
RAINBOW RECORDS, 80 Wyke Court, Coventry, Warwick
ROUGH TRADE, 130 Tottenham Court Road, London
SELECTA DISC, 21 Market Street, Nottingham
SIGNALS RECORDS AND TAPES, Shop Unit One, Cornhill Exch. Bldg, Cornhill, Lincoln
SOUND WAVES, 18 Church Street, Morimouth, Gwent
TV AND RADIO SERVICES, 123 Victoria Road, Horley, Surrey
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).

Circuit Breakers

Sadomasochism and lullabyes

A R Kane defy definitions and break down barriers



A R Kane, who have been called lots of things

There's confidence and there's confidence. Hear *Lollita*, A R Kane's first single for 4AD and it's unlikely you'll hear anything like it again this year.

"We formed basically because the kind of music that we wanted to listen to wasn't made anymore," says cool Alex.

Do you mean it was made once before?

"No, he doesn't mean that!" interrupts clever Rudi. "OK, he's right, it has, but not the style of music, but the kind of music — the approach of making it."

Like who?

Alex: "Miles Davis between 1967 and 1970, early *Weather Report*, and that's about it really."

Rudi: "It's mostly jazz but there are elements in some rock bands as well, like *Can* and *Jimi Hendrix* . . . but we don't recognise terms like rock and jazz as valid at all. They're just categories that don't apply to anything in reality. Rock and soul and jazz and blues . . . we borrow from all of them."

What is the shared approach?

Alex: "It isn't based on any formula but on what you're feeling. It comes directly out of the emotions, out of the guitar and onto the tape."

A R Kane's approach, going by their first single, *You Push A Knife* (on *One Little Indian*), and *Lollita/Sadomasochism Is A Must/Butterfly Collector*, is to fashion beauty out of chaos and chaos out of beauty. It leads some — myself included — to talk of a black Jesus And Mary Chain — albeit a much better *Mary Chain*. They could see the confusion, Alex and Rudi tell me, if you didn't know about both groups.

"It was written as a very well composed pop song and it just happened to be really noisy. It's not like a *Mary Chain* song at all. But sweetness and noise are elements that run through a lot of our work. By the way, was it *Underground* who called us goth-horrors? We've been called so many things!"

A R Kane might record for 4AD and *Lollita* is produced by *The Cocteau's* **Robin Guthrie** but you'd be hard pushed to find a trace of gothicness in any of those peoples' pockets. Instead, you'll find fur-coated ballads with steel claws, a sensual haze of a day drowned by a cloudburst of guitars. **Martin Aston**

Jet lagged and star struck

The Jetset reveal the secrets of Koo and a new LP

- For three years *The Jetset* were Britain's zaniest (only?) exponents of Bubblegum pop. Cute, cuddly and dressed like *The Monkees*, they won hearts and minds with their combination of delicious pop songs and faultless packaging. They even had their own wacky cartoon strip. Now, with the release of their fourth album, *Vaudeville Park*, *The Jetset* seem to be growing up. Even the infamous *Jetset* uniforms have gone.
- **Paul Bevoir:** "Much of our earlier work was disposable pop — you couldn't really get anything out of the lyrics. I wanted to write some songs that actually meant

FIZZY POP EXPLOSION

Baby Lemonade in massive single mix up shock!

- Their flexi, *The Jiffy Neckwear Creation*, was only slightly less successful than the privatisation of BT, which is about as well as you can hope to do without stealing from millions. And their first *real* single shone out like a pearl of great price from within the muddy indie pack. But who is Baby Lemonade, and *why* is everyone talking about her?
- Well, Baby Lemonade is *not* Joan Lemonade, although you might be forgiven for having thought otherwise. In fact it's a five piece pop group from Glasgow.
- While Joan sings ("in a voice of pure honey," says flatmate Graham) and dabbles with her clarinet, her flatmate plays bass, Paul and Mark join up the dots on guitar, and new recruit Martin drums away to his heart's content.
- "Martin's not on the record. Our last drummer wasn't committed enough so he left, but amicably, we're all still good friends."
- Though they aren't crying over the bad reviews that hard vinyl 45 *Secret Goldfish* received when it first came out, relying instead upon the judgement of all the people that bought it, Baby Lemonade were upset by the suggestion that they were ripping off the Shop Assistants.
- "It's just lazy journalism from lazy journalists who didn't even pay enough attention to the single to realise they were listening to the wrong side." The Baby Lemos aren't annoyed that the slow side of their single wasn't reviewed as the A-side, they feel both songs stand on their own merits. After all, they argue, the names are there quite clearly on the sleeve and it isn't hard to spot that the slow one's called *The Real World* and not *Secret Goldfish* if you actually listen to it! **Holly Wood**



Baby Lemonade: bigger than BT



The Roy Rodgers and Trigger of rock 'n' roll

Texan torment!

James Ray talks about "me"

Conjuring up images of dust clouds and tumbleweeds swirling across the desert beneath ominous blood red sunsets, James Ray And The Performance arrive in town. They've had a long trek from the latest outpost of the Rising Sun: Northern Eastern doom town, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, but then they are looking for the great American dream! Head honcho, Andrew Eldritch, once a top-dog Sister, is nowhere to be seen but his spirit hangs heavy over our two low riders.

■ James Ray and his trusted sidekick The Performance go together like the Lone Ranger and Tonto or even Roy Rodgers and Trigger, in so much as you can't imagine them apart. But more importantly they produce a mean, cinemascope soundtrack for modern Spaghetti Western fantasies. A sort of *The Good, The Bad And The Ugly* meet Ry Cooder on a bucking beatbox in hell!

■ Of these, the last strains of their Mexico Sundown Blues debut single have died away across the rubble strewn streets, and so they have crossed the Rio Grande, along with the latest truck load of wetbacks, to deliver the goods on Texas, again on Merciful Release. Ask them to comment and, not surprisingly, without removing their cheroots they mutter "****-ing Brilliant".

■ They listen to Chrome, Suicide and Aerosmith(?) and it shows, and they also have a habit of hijacking gigs!

■ "We used to turn up with a drum machine and synth and ask if we could get up and do one song — only they didn't know it'd last 20 minutes! It ended up with people going to see other bands in the hope we'd turn up!"

■ They're modest with it too and as for the Eldritch seal of approval, "We're far better than anything he could do! I can sing and he'd be the first to admit it!"

■ As you can see they talk in exclamation marks, but who cares as they make exceedingly fine records. So pull on y'r stetson, saddle up and whipcrack-away across the prairie to the wonderful soundscapes of James Ray And The Performance. Dick Mescal

something. Two Minute War is about the worry of nuclear war. It's a bit of a common subject I know, hardly original because people have been doing it for the past 20 years. But it's nice to be able to do something like that with a good tune. Like Costello's *Oliver's Army* — a melodic pop song that says something quite serious."

- Vaudeville Park is the band's masterwork, their *Sgt Pepper*. The Beatles may have set a recording landmark, but The Jetset aren't adverse to pulling a few technical tricks themselves.
- Melvyn J: "It's a shame that when people hear the album they won't initially realise the depths to which we've gone to make it sound like it does. We even mixed it in a weird way, so it sounds like the old Beatle albums when they were transferred from mono to stereo. If you put the balance onto one speaker you can get rid of my vocal and sing along."
- But the Jetset are, in fact, Melvyn J's second stab at stardom. As an actor he made the front page of all the tabloids while starring in a film with Koo Stark.
- "It was at the height of the Prince Andrew thing so it attracted a lot of attention. I had been asked by Julien Temple to star in a film called *It's All True*, along with people like Mel Brooks, Ray Davies, Tenpole Tudor and Koo Stark. In the film I ended up getting married to Koo through a TV screen. After that Koo remained a household name, Julien Temple went on to direct *Absolute Beginners* and I joined The Jetset!"
- Now, who won out there? **Chris Hunt**



Are The Jetset destined for take off? Or will they stay forever grounded?

WHERE'S CAPTAIN SPIZZ?

10 faces of a confused pop person



1 The original mixed up kid has resurfaced as Spizz, just Spizz, with a re-recording of his major league hit, *Where's Captain Kirk?* Triv Tel raids the photo library and plans to expose the never-ageing elf for the highly suspicious person he is.



2 Circa 1936, Spizz (right) with Pete Petrol as Spizz Oil. Fresh from Brum, a Peel session and a Rough Trade deal resulted in 6,000 Crazy and Cold City 45s. Primal powerchords meet crazed Aled Jones groans. 3 Circa 1936, Spizz

Energi, without drummer. Eventually, with a skin-basher Soldier/Soldier, and finally *Where's Captain Kirk?*, the charts tumbled. A tour with Kleenex and The Raincoats and a London show with Dexy's (a new Bernie Rhodes discovery) couldn't discover them. They sign to A&M. 4 Circa 1966, the England futurist world cup squad, *Athletico Spizz 80* debut on A&M with the "big" album *Do A Runner*. A trip to America results in Jello Blafra biting the Spizzthigh during a San Fran show. Jel later apologised, claiming he was carried away with the intensity of Soldier/Soldier's anti war message. 5 Circa '81, the missing link... no pic. The group that got carried away in a name change, and even wanted to have sweets made in their image. "We thought we were as big as The Beatles and could do anything," a shamefaced Spizz recalls, "but the album was a bag of nails." 6 Spizz Energi 2, circa the year 2000, move back to Rough Trade, mostly get sensible haircuts and release Spizzhistory LP. A distraught Spizz shuns the media and paints himself into a corner. Does art. 7 Circa 2083, Spizz re-emerges as Spizz Orwell (preceding the 100 year commemoration of Orwell's 1984 nursery tale). 8 Circa the next millenium, Spizz And The Astronauties play the Marquee (still flourishing after all these beers). Crowds come off life-support machines to see the "amazing little man". 9 Spizz's Big Business in the millenium plus one, a subtle name change that sees the man donning "a suit". 10 Spizzsexual get together for PAs in millenium plus another bit. The myth rises from the ground, ready for... 10 Spizz, in a town near you now. The simplest and "best" (?).

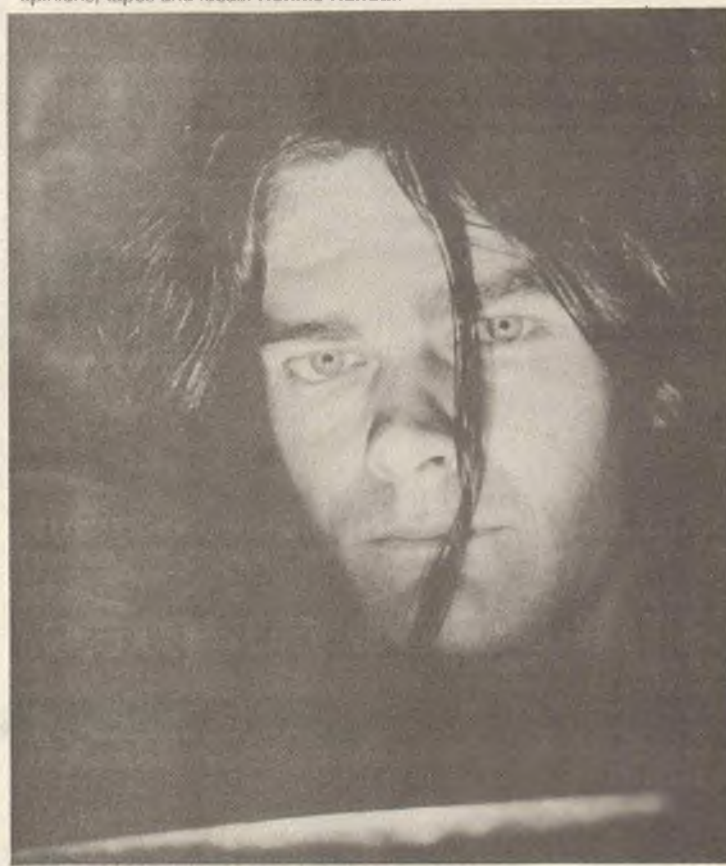
AND NOW...

Circuit Breakers

FAMILY FORTUNES

The Royal Family And The Poor atune to the Global Planetary Intelligence nerve centre!

- "When I was 12 a book called *Keys To The Kingdom Of Soloman* changed my life. I made up a little ritual, cut my thumb, smeared a little blood on the book, and vowed my life to magic."
- I know what you're all thinking. Mike Keane is one of *them*, and to a certain extent you're right, he is. But there's more to him than the psychic-nutter-burnt-out-hippy theory. Mike is *The Royal Family And The Poor*, a name dreamt up by Tony Wilson in the "band's" unhappy Factory days. But that's the only element that isn't 100 per cent Keane.
- "There's a general lack of sincerity in music at present. Robert Graves's *White Goddess* concludes that if Britain has any pre-Christian cultural roots, then they were in poetry and song, hidden in order to survive the ruthless religious tyranny. My new album *In The Sea Of E* takes its directions from this viewpoint, although it isn't some folkly experience. There's everything from pop to experimental."
- Too right John. Mike may look and sound the image of Catweazle, or some pagan anti-Christ, but his sounds are contemporary and slick. And he's started a new record label, GAIA, to accompany the rebirth of the Royal Family.
- GAIA is more than an outlet for the Royal Family. There are booklets, a recording project with Robert Anton Wilson, and the label is also seeking musicians who are aware and influenced by magick and the thelemic current, for a compilation release later in the year.
- For now there is the new LP, though...
- *In The Sea Of E* is magical terrosism, coming to you on my own Gaian network. It is commercial and approachable, and should be played on every radio station the world over all the time. But don't get the wrong idea. I'm *not* a mad satanist or anything to do with a lot of the current trends in that direction."
- Mike Keane is available through PO Box 134, Liverpool L69 8BP and welcomes opinions, tapes and ideas. Ronnie Randall



His Royalmess Mike Keane

YOUR CHANCE TO "WIN" SPIZZ FOR A NIGHT

Yep, *Underground* magazine — in conjunction with Spizzperson — can, exclusively, offer the world a night out with the great man (plus the legendary *Daughters Of God*). Only hardened drinkers need apply for this "tour" of London's seedier clubs and pubs (including many a bev, a ruse, a smile, and probably several other things that we shouldn't mention). • Find out who this mystery man is. And why should we want to offer you his "bits"? He has a G O L D Spizzcard and no holds are barred. • All you've got to do is answer the question here and you, if you're over 18 and, er, *Game For A Laugh*, can go a-rockin' with Spizz. Expenses within reason will be met (no airline tickets, hospital fees extra). • Right, the question... in the exquisitely written story *de la Spizz*, one incarnation, circa '81 is missing. What was the name of the group then? Answers on a postcard as quick as legs can carry. For 25 runners up, there'll be copies of the new single and a dream that you might have touched fame for a night (hmmm). Ug accepts no responsibility for the behaviour of Mr "Spizz".

Dance of classical grace

Dead Can Dance reveal the Radio Three angle

IF Brendan Perry and Lisa Gerrard could live anywhere, they'd certainly choose "somewhere close to fields and nature and water. As people, out of context with music, we would go and live by the sea". But as it is, they live in a council block above the Thames in London's grime-grey east End docklands, tied to the financial support of their record label 4AD and to the building of their own studio.

- "Our music changed so much when we moved here. When we were in Australia, we used much more earthy tones and there was a lot of Aboriginal influences. One listens and puts their ear to the ground and describes their immediate environment, or describes what's needed in life. What's lacking."

IF you put your ear to the ground in London, you'd consequently hear the squish of trodden cigarettes and McDonalds wrappers, so it's safe to assume that Dead Can Dance describe the *lack*. You wouldn't hear the awesome New World music of Brendan and Lisa; the classical, orchestral, Eastern middle-eastern and electronic rhythms; the sampled keyboards and the ancient Chinese Yang Ch-in, or the timpanis, or both Brendan and Lisa's soaring, sonorous voices; You won't hear the beauty. This is what is lacking.

- "London is deprived of so much real beauty, so one is certainly inspired to try and do something here, something quite untainted. There's so much negativity in London, it inspires you to turn that into something positive."

IF Brendan and Lisa had grown up in England and played alongside lots of English bands from the time they were 14 or 15, "we'd obviously be influenced by the London feel that music has. You can pick English bands from certain periods." But as it happens, both had the kind of childhood that has set them literally worlds apart; first, Lisa in Australia, in the heart of a heavily populated Greek area. "They had their music soaring out of their windows into the streets and I became interested first in Eastern music and then middle-eastern music, as well as my father having a wonderful collection of Gaelic tunes which he would recite at parties. I was much more influenced by the spirit of those things rather than things which I didn't feel were personal to my life."

- Brendan emigrated to New Zealand as a teenager, taking with him a magpie's experience of Pink Floyd's *Piper At The Gates Of Dawn*, "which showed me there was a great alternative to '60s pop music", Holst's *Planet Suite*, "the only piece of classical music I knew", the soundtrack to *West Side Story*, his mum's collection of Irish rebel songs and a knowledge of the John Peel show. In New Zealand, he played bass in a punky group called *The Scavengers*, but eventually succumbed to playing the music that mirrored his and Lisa's environment.



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IF Brendan and Lisa could change anything, they'd most probably wish for a greater awareness and acceptance of all musics, stripped of categories and associations with lifestyle and fashion marketing.

- "We really wanted to break more into the classical market. In fact, when we started, we became very aware of the way things are marketed so specialised here, in line with fashion and taste. We reacted very strongly against it. That's why we chose to do the music that we want to — we tend to react very strongly against all forms of musical cliché. Our music does tend to cross over so many different markets. It's a hybrid music, what musicologists could interpret as being derivative of periods of musical history."

IF only they went under the name of 'Brendan Perry and Lisa Gerrard, composers', they say, their music could be played on Radio Three. But *Dead Can Dance*? "In a sense, that makes us even more reactionary because we think 'why the hell should this exist?'."

- You'd expect the sound of *Dead Can Dance*'s music to reflect the struggle, which it does, splicing the joy of song and incantation with the poetry of lament. They chose a statue for the cover of their new album, *In The Realm Of A Dying Sun*, because, as a representative image, "it best expresses the album's mood of a sense of loss."
- "In our past year's experience, we've come to terms with many losses of friendships and very personal things in our lives and we think our music reflects that. The best example is *Dawn Of The Iconoclast* which was like a cleansing process for us, all the bitterness and awful darkness... we can look at the time it was written and understand our lives and our displeasure and all the unhappiness."

Martin Aston

Full string horseplay

In The Nursery's broody, moody, LP examined

In The Nursery started business in 1983 or thereabouts, with a three-person line-up, military drums, bass and guitar. They were dismissed by some quarters, we understand, as a kind of second rate Joy Division, but they survived the comparison, and four years later they are still here. They have made the odd record you could dance to — sort of. But you can't dance to ITN any more.

Their new album, *Stormhorse*, is subtitled *Original Soundtrack To The Film* and it strikes this pair of ears as a moody, broody business — although in conversation with Klive, the more public of the brothers Humberstone who are now the only ITN's left — I discover an unsuspected degree of deniability in the content.

Klive is bemused by my use of the word 'lugubrious', surprised that I find the music 'militaristic'.

"There are certain pieces which are saddening, but not gloomy. When we did it we saw it as a soundtrack... a soundtrack to anything, we didn't want to make it specific."

There must have been some element of visualisation in the process.

"Yeah, we called it *Stormhorse*, because there was this feeling of wild horses running through, similar to say, Philip Glass's soundtrack to *Mishima*, but that's more repetitive, but we were influenced by that."

Over the last two years, the overriding input into the Humberstone ears has been orchestral music, notably Shostakovich, though they appreciate what Yello have been up to.

There was going to be a great wad of text to accompany the album, but in the end the brothers elected to reduce it all down to two lines, and let the listeners imagination do the rest. The lines are as follows:

"Man has to believe in myths. Like wisdom, myths foretell the destiny of man. Imagine a lonely boy, with a "Song of Destiny" on his lips, and the "Deathwatch" in his eyes."

Stormhorse is an enigmatic work. I like it more than Klive probably thinks I do, but then it was a very odd conversation we had there for a while. Marc Issue



The brothers Humberstone of *In The Nursery*, with spokesperson Klive in the foreground

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SEE YOU THEN Y'ALL!

Why, Why Wylie?



A bulging 162-page book documenting the Liverpool Rock Scene — from The Bunnymen to OMD, from Deaf School to Pink Industry, from Wah! to Frankie — called *The Scouse Phenomenon* has just been released, so it's a good time to scour back over those Wah! singles, and ask Pete Wylie about his road to what he now calls new age rock 'n' roll. Press start . . .

"I love *Better Screamer* (Inevitable) although *Hey Disco Joe* probably has more in common with what I'm doing now with its repetitive bass line and atmospheric sounds as well as guitars. The single was very moody — I was also trying to sing push in case me mum was listening.

"*Seven Minutes To Midnight* (Inevitable) was really intense, fast and angry, with screaming guitars by me, trying to be The Stooges' James Williamson at the end. I told the engineer I wanted the solo to sound like it was recorded down an alley at midnight.

"*On Forget The Down* (Eternal), I was too tired to do the singing but I love the song. It was the first wordy song I wrote. It's about 'something's gotta change' I suppose. My song for the revolution.

"*Somesay* (Eternal) was three lyrics by our original drummer Rob Jones that I made into one strong lyric. I suppose it was about the first bad review we got. I love its militant drive and that hypnotic bass line pounding out.

"*Remember* (Eternal) was the first record that should have been made differently. It was my first time with a producer. When I hear it though, I think of cowboy movie violins.

"*Story Of The Blues* (Eternal) was from me blue period. It's me trying to get away from guitars, cos I gave up playing for two years. I'm dead proud of this, especially the talking bit at the end which was a one-take effort.

"I hate the version of *Hope* (Eternal) that was released as a single. Warners wanted a quick single after *Story Of The Blues* and remixed it when we were on tour.

"When I hear *Come Back* (Eternal/Beggars Banquet), I think of a New Year's Eve when Peely and Janice Long were presenting a radio party and we didn't get there till ten minutes before the end. We heard Peel saying, 'that swine Wylie, but we're going to play *Come Back* again 'cos it's the best record in the history of the universe!' As we walked into the foyer, it was playing on the speakers, like in the movies!

"*Weekends* (Eternal/Beggars Banquet) has great words. One day a thesis will be written about them. It was about being a scally in Liverpool without money and getting all these big images thrown at you, like *why don't you go on holiday*, and all those pop groups with the big money angle.

"*Sinful* (MDM/Virgin) was the first time I'd dealt with technology. It was also the first I'd made with some control, realising, channelling and honing me energy in the direction I wanted.

"*Diamond Girl* (MDM) I love with a passion. It's me trying to be The Rolling Stones with sequencers. It was a challenge."

Collated by Martin Aston

Circuit Breakers

Who's shaking those wires?
Who's making the news!

Tooth Dentists go flossy!



- The Dentists are a ray of post punk pop sunshine rising over that most depressing of towns, Chatham in Kent. Their old drummer wrote a thesis on why Chatham was really a Northern town in the wrong location. Was he right?
- "The Medway is one long stream of dereliction; we wouldn't live anywhere else. We've benefited a lot from the contradiction. Northern grit without the industrial edge. There isn't any industry here you see." They've been labelled everything from Fairport Convention to the Buzzcocks and back again, while they'll admit to Byrds and Monochrome Set touches. But the result is undoubtedly Dentist.
- The new EP is the fifth offering from the gum blasters. They first came to prominence three years back via the almost obscure classic, *Strawberries Are Growing In My Garden And It's Wintertime*, on Spruck. Since then they have entertained us with album titles like *You And Your Bloody Oranges* (from *Billy Liar*), *Down And Out In Paris And Chatham* (Orwell), and the tear jerking, *Some People Are On The Pitch*, *They Think It's All Over, It Is Now*, (Kenneth Wolstenholm).
- "We may be boring to talk to, but look at the titles." Our next is going to be *Buy Our Record You Bastards*." Sound advice. **Ronnie Randall**

Ghosts in the machine!

A word to the wise with Ghost Dance

- There are three of us sitting over West London's front line district excavating ancient taboos: Ghostdancers Anne Marie and Gary Marx and me; and one of us has just mentioned the dirty word, gothic! Since heading off from their previous unhappy homesteads, *Skeletal Family* and *Sisters of Mercy* respectively, the pair have been dogged by the past.
- "It'll never be cleared up because people keep going on about it. Journalists seem to like writing about goths. No
- "We had a weird gig in Birkenhead the other week! A very mixed audience. There was a fella busking at the front of the stage all the way through. He was having a look at the chords I was playing and copying them! There were people playing cardboard guitars, go-go dancers . . . it might be quite standard for Birkenhead!"
- There again it might not. Gary Marx isn't about to cast judgement upon others, he's been on the receiving end of that game for too long.



The Dictators

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- 1 James Chance often went under another name, what was it?
- 2 What have The Dub Syndicate and Tackhead got in common?

Answers as quick as you like to Underground, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1.

win out!

Yeeehaha! Yep it's time to get that little something that'll keep your friends ogling for aeons to come. The **ROIR** label (you know — cassette **only**) has decided to press up **500** special vinyl albums featuring prime cuts from its catalogue as a promo device for the Euro market, and we have **12 copies** to give away.

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Electric eclectics

A C Temple detune the horizontal



AC Temple reveal secret foot smell weapon

• "Fear no more the heat of the sun" is actually a biblical quotation," claims Noel reflecting on one of his lyrics. I don't know what Bible Noel reads but according to my weighty and thorough

Youngs Concordance no such passage exists. There are references a plenty to fearing not the word of the Lord, but this stuff sounds downright pagan! Noel and Jane are part of the

one else seems to talk about goths. What's a goth? It's only a fashion and we've never been fashionable."

• Point taken. Which brings us back to Birkenhead because contrary to popular opinion, Ghost Dance have always enjoyed a wider appeal. While they cause a significant stir on the street merited press attention has, in the main, been denied them.

• Anne Marie is silent but not unheard. She nods affirmatively and encouragingly as Gary passes comment and a fleeting glance in her direction: a check for the approval of his stoicism. Even the news that their new EP on Karbon, A Word To The Wise, is to be presented at the imminent Radio One playlist meeting fails to move him.

• "Hmmm . . . very interesting."
• Anne Marie allows herself a little more excitement. "It was the picture of me and Etch on the cover what did it!"

• "Yeah, that comes across well on the radio! Of course I'd like it to take off but that's a bit much to expect for a band in our position. A very romantic idea that it will get picked at this meeting and be played and be a hit."

• Nevertheless Fools Gold and When I Call, the tracks chosen for the single are accessible sounds which indicate that Ghost Dance may be in with more than a chance. Anne Marie's vocals are richer, Etch's diversity is firing on all six and Mr Marx has an established line up on his hands. So has Ghost Dance developed a new character, made a move in the so-called 'right direction'?

• "Well, we're more of a band now but

Sheffield based collective A C Temple, crusaders on behalf of the Church of Electricity, the Church of Noise and Power.

• Songs Of Praise is their first epistle, a six track mini-album and it's more about creating your own myth than living someone else's. But let's not get too much into specifics.

• Noel: "We often don't know what the songs are about until they're finished. Even then we're not always too sure. We're not a group with any particular message to put over."

• Jane: "The words always come last in our songs, we always start with the guitars and build up some kind of feeling and the words slip naturally into place."

• A C Temple's clearest affinities lie with groups from across the water: Sonic Youth, Swans, Big Black. These are some of their favourite groups, but they also like and feel some affinity to the Dog Faced Hermans and A Witness. They are well aware of their geographical roots.

• Noel: "We're very much in a Northern tradition. The groups that started us off a couple of years ago were groups like The Membranes and The 3 Johns. They were a great influence."

• Jane: "There have been some great 'noise groups' in Britain but they're very different from the American school. We were just the first British group to take the strings off our guitars and put them back in a different order. Using different

that's a very volatile thing. It could all fall apart tomorrow. The single does sound different but that's because we had a producer. It doesn't mean we've changed direction, it just means we had a bit more money.

• "We did it to please ourselves initially but it's not ours to keep. You give it away and the people you give it to will either love or hate it. It's a chance you take." Alex Kadis



Ghost Dance: bugger off if you think we're goths

tunings and that just seems dead obvious. I'm surprised more people don't do it."

• Because that detuned guitar sound is so firmly associated with Sonic Youth though, it's been easy to saddle A C Temple with a Sonic Youth copyist tag.
• The group's newer material builds on their own strengths. Live A C Temple easily oustrip the promise of their record and promise better for the future. The sparks are flying and the current is surging in the Church Of Electricity. Vachel Booth

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THE VULTURES

THE VULTURES are an accident waiting to explode all over your face. A time bomb of shrill, angry rock momentum ticking away in a little flat north of the border. And when the ticking stops and the ominous pause ends, the impact will be felt all the way down in the clubs and shops and charts of London. Because **The Vultures** are illin'.

I could've cried when I heard I'd missed **The Vultures** first and only trip down to the Smoke, because their back-to-mono demo had had the hairs standing up on the back of my neck for months, but instead I stuck out my thumb and went north in search of Janie Nicoll (vocals), Anna Watkins (guitar), Allison Young (bass) and Ian Binns (drums and belches).

I found them in a cafe in Edinburgh.

In true Scottish tradition, Ian also plays in Rote Kapelle and the Staircase, but the three girls are **Vultures** through and through.

"Anna and Allison formed the band about 18 months ago, and I joined them about six months later," Janie told me. "We were all at art school together so it seemed like the natural thing to do."

Which it is, Janie sings like a mentally disturbed and essentially very angry Clare Grogan, only many miles better. Anna's guitar sounds much the same. And Allison's bass is a small car falling downstairs. **The Vultures** are a primal rock'n'roll scream caught in the throat of Edinburgh, but with a four track 12 inch, produced by the Mary Chain's Douglas Hart, featuring cheesecloth/cheesewire covers of Money and Jack The Ripper along with a brace of **Vultures'** originals, out soon on Narodnik, the chances are that Scotland will be coughing **The Vultures** up all over your bright paisley shirt sometime soon in the future. Holly Wood



DAN

Who or what is **DAN**? "It's the name of a male whore in a porn film who gets wrapped up in cling film and bounces down the street with his dick hanging out," squeals Ian of this thrash-pop foursome. "I only saw that bit, though," he adds quickly.

"I've not seen any of it I'm quite glad to say!" says Julie with some distaste. While fellow noiseniks Wal (guitars, tunes, singing and a bit of keyboards) painted the garden fence, and Jim (drums and more drums) worked at a much-loathed day job, Ian (bass, tunes, words and art) and Julie (singing and words) chatted over the 'phone; informing the world of the 18 different line-ups and 25 people that have, at some point, been **DAN**, and of their August release of an LP on *All The Madmen*. We await the platter . . . and **DAN's** sequel. Oh-ho! *Dax ignoeth*



MORRISONS

The **MORRISONS'** small beginnings, brief years and short discography don't give a reasonable picture of what they're about. Let's face it, a flexi given away with Johnny Dee's splendid *Especially Yellow* 'zine hardly tells you more than that they're springy, chirpy songwriters who can blend graded grains into finer music.

John Peel has played the flexi (hardly CD time is it?), a rumoured session and an imminent EP on Playroom Discs (Red Rhino) will be supported by live outings with McCarthy, The Groove Farm and The Blow Up, and for those discerning punters who can't believe that music so grand and delicious can't be alive on floppy plastic, you can still get a copy of the near legendary Listen To Your Heart/Every Time I Open The Bottle by writing to The Morrisons at 199 Hele Rd, Torquay, TQ2 7QG (I'd include a large SAE and a nice letter if I were you). Now, be off with you. Triv Tel



THE ONLOOKERS

"We just want loads of beer, drugs, money, fast cars and be able to play loud music."

A sound philosophy indeed, and a surprising one when you realise that these hedonistic words spew forth from the mouths of some ex-Easterhouse offenders. **THE ONLOOKERS** are playmates of The Cradle but they much prefer partying to politics. They wanna have fun, fun, fun, and injure a few ear'oles in the process. The **Onlookers** are elegantly irksome and manically melodic, "just

like a cake that you pile all the ingredients in and it comes out a sickly mess," yabbers ex-Soil drummer Gary Farrell, notorious for his eloquent turn of phrase.

Gary's a pretty sussed spokesman whose claim to fame is turning down a job with The Smiths.

When Mike Murray and Peter Vanden were relieved of their duties in Easterhouse, they enrolled Gary and guitarist Steve. All they needed was a voice.

"At first we had this guy who spent most of his time yodelling and stuffing his face with food," explains Mike. "Then I kept getting calls from this Martin O'Donnell geezer who said we'd really like his voice if we'd only give him a chance."

Martin was recruited and now the five go mad in Manchester. Ro Newton



THE CROWS

Formed from the remnants of First Priority and Autumn 1904, **THE CROWS** are Scotland's latest stadium rock band, or would be if someone would let them into a stadium. In the meantime, they have a busy year ahead, with continuous touring of smaller venues planned.

Featuring a heavy double dose of wailing guitar from Donald MacLeod and Ian Watson, backed up by drums, bass and sax, and topped with the swirling vocals of Ross Allison, The Crows' second single, Red Man, has already taken them to the number one spot on the French independent radio chart, RVN, and attracted interest from the American distributors Rockpool.

Perceptive as always, I couldn't help but notice that the band, in both their sound and their image, seem to owe rather more to the '60s and '70s than to the current decade.

Ross explained: "I don't think we're emulating the past, we're looking to the future. But the '60s and '70s were exciting. Nothing since, with the possible exception of the Psychedelic Furs, has excited me in the same way. I think when people hear something good again they'll realise that everything just now is really boring... Maybe we're the band!"

Maybe.

If you haven't managed to catch the single, you can hear the B-side, The Love You Run, on the soundtrack of a short film from Ken Howard titled *The Fun Run*, which will be broadcast on Channel 4 some time over the summer. Trevor Pake



THE JEREMIAHS

As one of the few groups to emerge from the *Underground Tip Sheet* with flying colours, **THE JEREMIAHS** are currently attracting pockets of interest in record company A&R circles.

Stardom does not, as yet, appear to be closing its fingers around their necks though, despite some modest self-promotion in the shape of live concerts around London and the surrounding areas.

"People don't seem terribly interested in coming to see live bands these days," says singer Simon. "It seems that they'd rather spend their £2.50 on a couple of pints of beer or going to some naff club which is something we find a bit depressing".

The next stage in the career of The Jeremiahs will, of course, be a record release. On which label, they're uncertain, but it will feature the song Driving Into The Sun, and may perhaps be entitled The Precious Things EP.

At the moment, The Jeremiahs appear suspicious of the music industry as a whole. They complain, quite justifiably I suspect, about the crummy treatment doled out to support groups. They mutter darkly about supposed record company interest which fails to materialise. And on the whole, they seem equipped with an unusually realistic and down-to-earth attitude, as far as their future as a pop band goes.

The test for them will come when more people begin to stumble upon their talents. Good songs, simple melodies, well played; it's all quite a rarity these days and there's enough of all these things in the band to take them onto the next rung of the rock'n'roll ladder.

"We are happy usually," one of them bellows down the phone, "only we haven't been down to the pub yet." OK lads, get them in.

Julian Henry



UG: theories splattered

THE MONKEY RUN

Everything pointed to depression as far as this child of the '60s was concerned. Enter **THE MONKEY RUN**, Rochdale's finest and the bearers of an unshakable optimism.

Guitarist Mark Hodgkinson is attentive, assured and astute; Jim Stringer, responsible for lyrics, vocals and bass, is surprisingly quiet. The Monkey Run play mildly melodic protopop — they'll hate me for that, as much as they did when I described them as boyish guitars and polite vocals.

On the strength of the two singles so far, they are indeed progressing steadily but surely. The second of these, Falling Upstairs on their own Intense label, has been noted for three reasons.

First, and most superficial, is the fact that they chose to put a piccy of that old glamourpuss Morrissey on the cover — "it could backfire on us but that's the chance you take".

Second, the production is as good as you're likely to hear on an independent single anywhere, courtesy of Dave Fielding of The Chameleons.

Last, and most important, the song is a big improvement on last year's Civil Servant debut. Red Rhino, the record's distributors,

obviously agree since they intend to package the two singles as a 12 inch for export and home markets. This support may explain the quiet confidence which, as hard as one might attack it, won't crack. Unlike many groups, The Monkey Run show no great desire to change the world overnight. Maybe the days of revolution are long gone.

Craig Ferguson



LICK THE TINS

An old tramp in Newcastle, County Down was a figure of fun for local kids who used to follow him around and give him a hard time. Kilburn based post-pop, post-folk band **LICK THE TINS** remembered him when it came to giving themselves a name.

Very romantic. Like the story that they were discovered busking by Pat Collier (ex-Vibrators bassist) who decided to produce their near hit, Can't Help Falling In Love. "There's an element of truth in that," says singer/guitarist Ronan, "But this busking thing's a pain in the neck, we did play in bands, and lots of other bands busk."

Lick The Tins are in a bit of a dilemma, though. The mixture of styles they put out "disappoints folk people" and, Ronan adds, "pop fans are also disappointed". Searching for a constituency is complicated by the fact that their label, Sedition, isn't really indie, yet neither is it a major Major.

"They'd like us to do novelty covers, folksy versions of well known tunes."

Subsequently the group's The Blind Man On A Flying Horse LP is very flat compared to the live LTT experience, "it was really rushed, written in the rehearsal room." It's still worth a listen, but to find out about LTT you really have to see them live. It can be mighty confusing. Hendrix, Tom Verlaine, a lot of New York New Wave, but also The Chieftains and Dick Gaughin are all invoked. So do yourselves a favour. Ian B Bourne

THE DENTISTS MOST INFLUENTIAL FIVE

- 1 **ANOTHER MUSIC IN A DIFFERENT KITCHEN** *Buzzcocks* United Artists
 - 2 **BOTH SIDES NOW** *Frank Sinatra* Qwest
 - 3 **SHE COMES IN COLORS** *Love* Elektra
 - 4 **HE'S FRANK** *Monochrome Set* Disque Bleu
 - 5 **YOU'RE SO VAIN** *Carly Simon* Elektra
- Compiled by The Dentists fan club

RHYTHM KING TOP 45s

- 1 **STEP BY STEP** *Taffy* Transglobal/Rhythm King/Mute
- 2 **HEY LOVE** *King Sun D'Moot* Flame/Rhythm King/Priority
- 3 **ROK DA HOUSE (REMIX)** *The Beatmasters featuring The Cookie Crew* Rhythm King/Mute
- 4 **ROCK THIS HOUSE** *Hotline* Rhythm King/Mute
- 5 **TELL JACK** *Denise Motto* Rhythm King/Mute

Current bestsellers on the Rhythm King label, monitored by Spotlight.

FIVE UN-HIP INDIE 45s

- 1 **MURPHY AND THE BRICKS** *Noel Murphy* Murphys Records
- 2 **DOWNTOWN** *Petula Clark* PRT
- 3 **WHEN YOUR OLD WEDDING RING WAS NEW** *Jimmy Roselli* First Night
- 4 **SUMMERTIME IN IRELAND** *Daniel O'Donnell* Ritz
- 5 **PORTERHOUSE BLUE** *Flying Pickets* Depot Sound

Those currently entertaining your grandparents, compiled by a dubiously sceptical researcher

BEGGARS BANQUET STORE CHART 45s

- 1 **TRUE FAITH** *New Order* Factory
- 2 **LONDON POSSE** *London Posse featuring Sippo* Biglife
- 3 **BIG HOLLOW MAN** *Danielle Dax* Awesome
- 4 **BURNING THE FIELDS EP** *Fields Of The Nephilim* Tower
- 5 **FLOWERS IN OUR HAIR** *All About Eve* Eden

BEGGARS BANQUET STORE CHART 33s

- 1 **LONELY IS AN EYESORE** *Various* 4AD
- 2 **WITHIN THE REALM OF A DYING SUN** *Dead Can Dance* 4AD
- 3 **1987** *Justified Ancients of Mumu* KLF Communications
- 4 **DAWNRAZOR** *Fields Of The Nephilim* Situation Two
- 5 **INKY BLOATERS** *Danielle Dax* Awesome

Compiled by Steve, Beggars Banquet Shop, Kingston-Upon-Thames

HARDCORE/SKATECORE IMPORTS

- 1 **BREAKING DOWN THE WALLS** *Youth Of Today* Wishing Well
- 2 **SCREAMING FOR A CHANGE** *Uniform Choice* Wishing Well
- 3 **MORE FUN THAN** *Accused* What Label
- 4 **GIVE ME CONVENIENCE OR GIVE ME DEATH** *Dead Kennedys* Alternative Tentacles
- 5 **GOODBYE . . . IT WAS FUN** *Bad Dress Sense* Vinyl Solution

Compiled by Nigel, Rough Trace Shop, London

RADIO TEES WIG LIFTERS

- 1 **TACKY SOUVENIRS** *Culturecide* white label
 - 2 **CATCH NO FISH** *SNFU* Better Youth
 - 3 **II Doggy Style** Flipside
 - 4 **LAND OF THE LOST** *The Freeze* Modern Method
 - 5 **HAND OF FATE** *True West* CD Records
- Compiled by Al Rhodes at Radio Tees

SST BEST SELLING ALBUMS

- 1 **FLIP YOUR WIG** *Husker Du* SST 055
 - 2 **NEW DAY RISING** *Husker Du* SST 031
 - 3 **ZEN ARCADE** *Husker Du* SST 027
 - 4 **EYE AND EYE** *Bad Brains* SST 065
 - 5 **THREE WAY TIE FOR LAST** *Minutemen* SST 058
- Compiled by Pinnacle sales teamsters

NEW 101 DANCE CHART

- 1 **POISON** *The Weathermen* Play It Again Sam
 - 2 **CHINESE BLACK** *Neon Judgement* Play It Again Sam
 - 3 **I CAN TELL** *Minimal Man* Play It Again Sam
 - 4 **SKRIPGLOW** *Click Click* LD
 - 5 **UPRANJA NI STRAHU** *Borghesia* Play It Again Sam
- Compiled by Mickey Verhoeven, New 101, Holland



Eve: number five at Beggars



Taffy: top of the Rhythm Kings



Fields of The Nephilim: four at Beggars



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 - 2 **DANCE YOUR ASS OFF** *That Petrol Emotion* Polydor
 - 3 **LAND OF A 1000 DANCES** *Wilson Pickett* Atlantic
 - 4 **WHY DOES THE RAIN?** *Weather Prophets* Elevation
 - 5 **LIGHT MY FIRE (live version)** *The Doors* Elektra
- Compiled by The Million R B's club playlist, Deptford, London

UG! versus the Pack

istomania

Dressed to skate?

— “You don’t have to be a complete wanker,”

— reckons Bad Dress Sense’s Ed Shred

Dontcha just get sick of all these groups pretending to be best buddies and then recording their part of the album on different continents? Aintcha just sick of all these groups who stick together and make the same albums over and over and over and over again?

Why not be in *three* groups all at once, all with your own choice of friends. Just because you want to, then you can record what you think is prime stuff, not because you have to under threat of your label confiscating your skateboard?

Take it from Ed Shred, guitarist and on-stage vocalist for supreme pop hardcorists The Stupids, who’s also one quarter of Frankfurter alongside Tommy Stupid and two American friends.

But he also has his own band, Bad Dress Sense, formed with friends Ed met at Romford Skate Park. Variety, as Kelloggs will tell you, is the spice of life.

“The attitude’s the same as The Stupids — I do everything in Bad Dress Sense and Tom does most everything in The Stupids, but I’m more a fascist than Tom because I won’t let anyone do **anything**,” says wet liberal Ed (he writes, sings, guitars, blah blah). Already the line-up that’s released the eight-track album *Goodbye* . . . It Was

Fun has splintered. Expect a new line-up in October, “under the same name . . . if the album sells well!”

BDS don’t thrash as condensed and spitball-like as The Stupids, but veer more towards a rockier hardcore, driven by Ed’s love of Washington DC hardcore bands. They’re also less of a Stupids cartoon and far more earnest.

Ed: “Bad Dress Sense songs are far more conventionally serious than The Stupids, although some of their songs are, but people don’t know that. I wanted to say something serious with the lyrics because Tom doesn’t let me write that many for The Stupids as he doesn’t want them to be too obviously serious. In Bad Dress Sense, I like to say **things**, but not to say ‘f*** the government’ or ‘we don’t want no nuclear bombs’, because, apart from the fact it’s been said before, you aren’t going to do anything by saying it. If I could write about my relationships with people, and the way people treat each other, then if people could read the words and understand them, they could maybe see you don’t have to be a complete wanker all the time.”

Why is the only picture on Ed Shred’s bedroom wall a picture of Debbie Harry? Is it because he’s a complete wanker? Is it because he’s only just moved into his new digs? Can you believe everything you read?

“Hahahaha! Tom and I did this interview for *Smash Hits* and we gave them all these skating terms that only Tom and I used, and then the London *Evening Standard* ripped them off! Like ‘choda’ means anything thick, so we said, Tom’s wallet was thick with hot girls’ phone numbers! Then the *Standard* said a ‘choda’ was a wallet full of girls’ phone numbers, hahahaha!”



“Who are you calling badly dressed, Stupid?” The Eds thrash it out

> CRAZYHEAD OF THE MONTH: “They’re just like Fuzzbox.” <

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SQUARE SCREEN
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VIDEO CATALOGUE

IKON 2 Here Are The Young Men by **Joy Division** (60 mins). A rough cut but historically essential video which includes the infamous Love Will Tear Us Apart promo video.

IKON 3 A Factory Video by various Factory artists (60 mins). The beginnings of Ikon, mapped out with **New Order**, **A Certain Ratio**, **OMD** etc. A little dull and for Factory devotees only.

IKON 4 Taras Shevchenko by **New Order** (53 mins). Good live footage of a young and rather dodgy New Order, from the Ukraine.

IKON 5 A Factory Outing by more Factory sons (60 mins). Another Factory compilation, better videos but the music seems erratic and, at times plain boring.

IKON 6 Dowie by **John Dowie** (60 mins). Surprisingly funny live show from the man who is now to be found in Rory Bremner's gang.

IKON 7 Pleasure Heads Must Burn by **The Birthday Party** (60 mins). Fans will, no doubt, be familiar with this already, others may like to wallow in complete incomprehension.

IKON 8 Perverted By Language Bis by **The Fall** (56 mins). Tap room rough, terrace mad and my favourite video of all time.

IKON 9 The Final Academy Documents by **William S. Burroughs**, etc (120 mins). Watching a cactus grow seems thrilling by comparison.

IKON 10 Feverhouse (a film with music by **Biting Tongues**) (50 mins). Evil passion and dark secrets, enjoyable, in a perverse sort of way.

IKON 12 Shorts by various luminaries (60 mins). Far superior to the early Factory compilations, **Cabaret Voltaire**, **Durutti Column** in fine form plus the **Blue Monday** video. Recommended.

IKON 13 Flickering Shadows by **Ivan Unwin** (60 mins). Interesting mixed version, good to watch, bad to buy.

IKON 14 Sons Find Devils by **The Virgin Prunes** (60 mins). I love it but only after two bottles of wine.

IKON 15 A Scenic Harvest From The Kingdom Of Pain by **SRL** (53 mins). From the Survival Research Laboratories. Important but horrible.

IKON 16 Domo Arigato by **The Durutti Column** (55 mins). Vinni Reilly hates this, but I find it quite superb. Straight concert footage.

IKON 17 Pumped Full Of Drugs by **New Order** (52 mins). Jittery but essential.

IKON 18 The Child And The Saw, a film by **Danial Landin** and **Richard Heslop** (30 mins). Too morbid, too contrived.

IKON 19 The Tools For Better Labour by **Tools You Can Trust** (50 mins). The perfect/imperfect cocktail of music(?) and visuals. Watch for Messy Body Thrust.

IKON 20 Kato Gets The Girl by **Severed Heads** (60 mins). Better than it seems, but hardly worth a purchase.

IKON 21 Show Me What You Look Like by **Brian Nicholson** (50 mins). Nasty and, for all the worst reasons, compelling viewing.

IKON 22 Liaisons Dangereuses by **Liaisons Dangereuses** (60 mins). Dated and for the devoted.

IKON 23 Radio Dog by **Nick Turvey** (20 mins). The year is 2004, post civil war Britain . . . the radio plays on, God help us.

Hi, I'm William Burroughs.
Would you rather see a cactus grow?



IKON, the video wing of Factory, nestles above a TV repair shop in sunny Altrincham. Mick Middles opts for a late night session and tunes into endless footage of Joy Division, New Order, The Birthday Party and The Fall (as well as a few flickering *film noir* excerpts)

- **Just imagine**, if only for one hideous minute, how unbearable it would be if the British public were to accept a full blooded invasion by MTV or a comparable organisation. How terrifying it would be to be subjected to a 24 hour mush of relentless promo videos, unashamed adverts that restrict, even further, the aesthetic scope of the music and the imagination of the viewer.
- **But the chances are that**, as a reader of *Underground*, you will already have a well developed aversion to promo videos. The need for some kind of alternative would appear to be blatantly obvious and yet, incredibly, the British music press has remained consistently apathetic to any kind of independent video.
- **As the video wing of Factory Records for ten years now**, Ikon have evolved from their imaginative but scruffy beginnings to their skilful but still low budget outings of today. Their videography boasts such classics as The Fall's *Perverted By Language* and such out and out disasters as the William Burroughs *Final Academy Documents* (120 minutes of mind tumbling tedium). Still, everyone makes mistakes and Ikon have always been quite prepared to make theirs in public, fortunate as they are to be subsidised by the huge sales of their New Order videos.
- **Originally based** in the cellar of Tony Wilson's Didsbury home, Ikon have recently wrenched themselves free from the centre of Factory confusion, at least geographically, and now base themselves proudly above a TV repair shop in plush Altrincham.
- **In this environment**, inhabited on this day by members of *Biting Tongues* who were in the process of physically building the set for their forthcoming video, I met Ikon stalwarts Malcolm and Mike. They looked, brilliantly, like the antithesis of Ikon's hyper trendy veneer. Like myself, they were baffled by the lack of interest in independent video.
- **Malcolm Whitehead**: "In that sense I think we have failed. I thought that, in the wake of Ikon, an entire independent video industry would evolve but it just hasn't happened. I don't know why but we have always found it so hard to get press attention. Considering that is the only way we can effectively reach people, it makes life difficult."
- **The Ikon videography** is an untidy but intriguing mixture of concert recordings, music 'shorts' and artistic experiments. The latter category is vague and exists as an exciting hobby to Ikon's more lucrative ventures. Would they move into feature films?
Malcolm: "Yes, definitely, but they don't sell. It's the music videos which sell so perhaps we could mix the two. I'm working on that idea at the moment."
- **The possibilities are limitless**. It's interesting to note that there is massive interest in independent video from both consumers and those seeking some kind of involvement. All that is needed is for the media to recognise this. One thing remains certain. The larger and more powerful the deadening promo industry becomes, the greater the need for an alternative.



The Child
And The Saw

FREE THE SONIC SOUNDS EPs

For those of you who are independent-minded, the three **FOUR-TRACK SONIC SOUNDS EPs** we're giving away in September are a must to maintain your credibility.

We've selected the very best of the British indie scene, and asked them to provide the readers of **SOUNDS** with **EXCLUSIVE TRACKS** for these utterly incredible EPs. So over three weeks you can have **TEN EXCLUSIVE TRACKS** by the likes of Crazyhead, The Band Of Holy Joy, Head and Stump. And to keep you on your toes, two tracks are by major record company artists, but who are they?

SONIC SOUNDS 1

(Available with Sounds, September 12 issue)
CRAZYHEAD: 'Down'/**POP WILL EAT ITSELF:** 'Grebó Guru'/**THE GEORGIA SATELLITES:** 'The Myth Of Love (Vocal/Live Version)'/**THE JACK RUBIES:** 'Vegas Throat Slomp'

SONIC SOUNDS 2

(Available with Sounds, September 19 issue)
THE BAND OF HOLY JOY: 'Route To Love'/**THE SOUP DRAGONS:** 'Rosewood Sky'/**THE PRIMITIVES:** 'Nothing Left (First Version)'/**VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE:** 'What You Have Is Enough'

SONIC SOUNDS 3

(Available with Sounds, September 26 issue)
HEAD: 'The Car's Outside'/**HAPPY MONDAYS:** 'Moving In With'/**THE TRIFFIDS:** 'Everything You Touch Turns To Time'/**STUMP:** 'Ice The Levant (Version)'

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TIP

● Style guru, short haired man about town and press officer for New Order, The Dave Howard Singers, Happy Mondays, Mighty Mighty and Pop Will Eat Itself, **Dave Harper** wraps his ears around the latest lorryload of tapes sent into the Tip Sheet by the nation's young hopefuls. A sprightly, vitriolic and opinionated music person, Dave unleashes quips a-plenty . . . **Julian Henry**, the long armed chrome addict of Underground mansions, takes notes and sketches his facial movements. The numbered system after each review refers to marks out of ten for content, delivery, presentation and **potential**. Er, well, let battle commence . . .

DAWN AFTER DARK (20 Goode Avenue, Hockley, Birmingham B18 5QJ) are a group of good ole' fashioned rockers. Their handout tells us that they're doing this because they like making a racket, and that they consider rock's most important item to be a leather jacket. The handout also included instructions like 'Don't be a selfish bastard, write about us', all of which went down rather well with our resident Public Relations expert, Dave Harper. "Yes, I like the handout," he says, "It's both snotty and self-depraving." So would you want to do PR for this group? "No, because despite being fairly well played, I don't actually like the music. Also, I don't particularly like the look of this bloke on the left here, in the picture. He's got a naff haircut." So, after a promising start, Dawn After Dark come a cropper in the hair-styling department.



4 4 6 5

I HAD SEX WITH JOHN MERRICK'S REMAINS (65 Alexandra Road, Balby, Doncaster, South Yorkshire) were responsible for Dave stabbing himself in the leg, not due to their music unfortunately, but because the large box they sent required hacking to bits with a hunting knife just to get it open. While grappling with the box Dave accidentally sunk the knife into his thigh, though serious injury was avoided, and we were able to proceed with the review.

The group are a "sampling" trio from Doncaster who record with some imagination and attempt something new. I asked Dave if he was a fan of this sort of thing. "No," he replied, emerging for a moment from the piles of cassettes

and unopened packages that he had been foraging about in like some sort of giant badger.

1 1 0 1

THE SOUND ASLEEP (Flat 1, 25 York Road, Hove, East Sussex, BN3 1DJ) have released a single in the past on the Vinyl Solution label, and this new demo of theirs is, quite frankly, rather good. The press cuttings enclosed included a humorous little story about their drummer, who so happens to be an Insurance Broker by day and a vile punk rocker (or something like that) with The Sound Asleep, at night. "A nice PR angle," reckoned Dave, and we both had a good laugh. The band's music does not fit into any ready-made pigeon hole which must be an advantage, and it's both noisy and melodic, tuneful and loud and thoughtful without being dull or old-fashioned. Dave and I agreed it deserved to win the coveted Tape Of The Month award, which means the group get a free trip to Los Angeles to record their debut album. (That's a joke by the way).

7 7 8 7

THE SPACE CAKES (contact address lost!) succeeded in keeping Dave entertained for some minutes with a fanzine-type thing included with their tape, which told us all sorts of interesting information. They reveal, for instance, that they think a-ha's recent Manhattan Skyline single is the best record of all time, something that I come quite close to agreeing with.

Dave pointed out that they would draw comparisons to Half Man Half Biscuit as they come from the same part of the country, and we both agreed that there was nothing really different enough in the music to write home about. "When you listen to them, it could really be almost any group who have come out since 1979, but their handout stuff is pretty good," concluded Dave.

4 4 8 6

THE WARHOLS (813 Chesterfield Road, Woodseats, Sheffield S8 0SQ) will already be known to regular readers of *Underground*. They have had one of their tapes reviewed before, and from time to time they phone up the editor and yell a torrent of insults down the line in the hope of securing an interview. This time they've sent us a pack-

age which includes what looks at first glance to be a wad of pound notes, which we presume to be a bribe. Of course it turns out to be a phoney bag of loot, so we shall continue being rude about them for the time being.

What do you think Dave? "It's a fairly straightforward rock sound which is well played and no doubt pulls in good crowds when they play live," he says. "They come from Sheffield, so you can tell them that they're as good as Treebound Story. The money they sent us is an interesting idea and I think I'd be a lot keener on them if it was real money, but as it is, I see this as being no more than a cruel prank."



8 5 2 9

PETER COYLE (61 Hope Street, Liverpool 1) wrote 'Help' on his cassette in big letters. I wonder what he means. "Perhaps he was in the film," suggests Dave. His cassette didn't receive a terribly detailed audience as Dave ripped it from the cassette player after about 20 seconds. "Typical white, angry, industrial, urban funk — very Mark Stewart," he said. "From a PR point of view I wouldn't touch it because journalists would just say, it sounds too much like such and such a person." A later listen to the cassette in its entirety bears this out, but Peter Coyle's cassette is not without merit. The vocal mish-mash on Fascist Scum for example is rather attractive, likewise some of the percussive ideas, though his hamfisted approach to lyrical content appears to smother everything else.

3 6 2 2

(By the way, sproggoes of the Sheet, Peter Coyle is an ex-Pale Fountain. Stranger still? — ed.)

UNTIL WE SLEEP (046274 2656) sent us a fine package full of interesting details about the band, only they forgot to include one thing: The tape. Oh well, don't worry, we'll review what you sent and see if we can imagine what you sound like boys. The biog talks of a creative, powerful, commercial rock sound, a description that had Dave looking dejectedly at the floor. Then he picked up their picture and stared dolefully at it for a few moments.

"It's depressing isn't it?" he said, pointing at one of the band who has long hair. "I'm quite glad in a way we don't

actually have to listen to this as it appears so predictable. This fellow will probably end up owning his own studio or being a session musician I suppose, whatever, it'll be something dull. I imagine them wearing drain-pipe jeans and big red bumper boots. There doesn't seem to be one original idea in their handout or appearance from what I can see."

2 2 1 4

CANCEL (Postbus 1386, 8001 BJ Zwolle, Holland) are a four piece who look pretty gruesome but sound quite good. Their tape was most welcome coming from the continent, but Dave turned quite pale when he noticed one of their songs was called Eyeballs For Dinner.

"I don't like that idea at all," he grimaced. "Otherwise, it's quite good, though possibly because our standards have dropped since we started this reviewing session." Charlie from the group writes us a very friendly letter, and says that he hopes we "Keep us the good work" here at *Underground*. We return your compliments Charlie. Interestingly enough, one of Cancel is a female and is called Marleen. Marleen is the first woman to have contributed to any of the bands so far this week, as far as we know, which makes for a fairly shocking statistic. Can we have more tapes from women please?



5 2 0 1

WEST PARK AVENUE (c/o 55 Padstow Road, Pype Hayes, Birmingham B24 0NH) struck Dave as being rather neurotic as their package was not only covered in staples, but was also delivered by registered post. Obviously the group feel their music to be of enormous value. Dave's critique though, was brutal and to-the-point: "What a terrible name. They sound like a wine bar. The music is much too clean and careful, though the song underneath sound promising," he bleated, referring to the track Thank You. Their handout tells us that they are four lads who intend to storm the country . . . ummm, they score big points for optimism at least.

7 3 1 5

THE EMPTY HEARTS (61 Aberford Road, Dulton, Woodlesford, Near Leeds, West Yorkshire LS26 8HS) tell

us that they want to create a new kind of psychedelia. Their tape arrived in a PG Tips wrapper which certainly illustrates some sort of freedom of thought, but later in their letter they suddenly admit that they "hate shamblers".

I wonder what the shamblers have done to deserve this. Anyway, Dave had some positive comments to pass on their tape. "It's got a bit of something close to originality in it, because it's the first tape we've listened to that doesn't actually sound stupid," he says. "That said, I certainly don't feel any inclination to listen to it again," he decreed as the tape came to an end.

6 3 3 4

MOUSEFOLK (54 Treefield Road, Clevedon, Avon BS21 6JB) have a name that might suggest they sound like Noddy or Bill And Ben, or even the Wombles come to that. But, of course, it's a cunning disguise, a trick to send you in their direction, and when the tape starts there's a sudden grinding thrashing that fills the air. Yep. Punk rock again.

In fact they call themselves one of Bristol's top punk bands. Good grief!

When they slow the tempo down they sound like the Velvet Underground. Dave was a bit non-plussed by it all. "It's alright," he said. Then we both dawdled around for a few moments and couldn't think of anything else to say so we took the tape off.

5 7 2 2

THE TALLY MAN (Basement Flat, 17 Lambourn Road, Clapham Common, London) sent us their cassette inside a loaf of bread. Both Dave and I were ready to down tools and scoff it until we noticed that it had gone mouldy, so we had to listen to the tape instead. What can we say? Guitary? Strummy? Nice voice? Yes, yes, yes, all of those, but a little too non-descript for our selective and usually bigotted tastes.

The saxophone was controversial, as it came from the lips of one Gary Barnacle who was, according to Dave, Kim Wilde's horn man (in BOTH senses of the word, I gather) at some earlier stage in his career. Unfortunately for The Tally Man, Dave is allergic to saxophones, so he wasn't too keen on the tape. The Underground view is a little more lenient, and concludes that The Tally Man have definite mainstream pop potential.



2 4 8 5



Confessions Of A Pop Icon Number Three: Life On The Open Strasse

The neon departure lounge sign flickers the legend: 'Be sick in the sea, Buy your sweets duty free,' and you know you are about to leave this sceptic isle on another "Tour abroad".

Most bands with a little effort and a hoarding size phone bill, can organise these debauched excursions, with Europe being by far the easiest to arrange.

Immediately one realises certain things.

Fact 1: Most foreigners speak better English than what we do.

Fact 2: Hiring a minibus is imperative, as your loyal driver's cry of, "Gosh, look at that Parisian Baroque Police Station shaped like a penis," only increases the feelings of alienation in the minds of the 12 poor souls scrunched up in the darkened bowels of the Ford Transit, their view obscured by the colossal wall of sleeping bags.

Fact 3: Take your own sound engineer, otherwise your great three minute pop song may manifest itself somewhere between the launch of Apollo II and a Be-as-one-with-your-intestine relaxation tape.

The biggest shock abroad is the discovery that most of the concert promoters organising your bookings actually want you to enjoy yourself, and liberally sprinkle your dressing room with crates of unpronounceable very strong lager, nutritious food and other goodies to satiate your childish cravings. The horror of appearing next to the fruit machine at The Crowbar Night Palace in Waddley High Street begins to fade.

Border crossings are now much easier in the EEC, with a piss-taking glance at your embarrassingly out of date passport pic ("so you've stopped wearing the school cap sonny") being the only intimidation from the armed car park attendants; but expect trouble when returning to Blighty, as British customs love to break down your belongings into their constituent parts and think nothing of peering up your bottom for that secreted bottle of whisky.

FRANCE: Large audiences, but difficult to discern through the racket they make, whether they love you or would like to cut you up with big pointy knives.

HOLLAND: A favourite. Friendly, fun and good audiences, with Amsterdam being a good place to witness *Death Race 2000*, re-enacted totally on bicycles.

SPAIN: Only for bands in matching green lurex trousers with open frilly shirts who sing "La, La, La, La," over discarded Ultravox tunes.

GERMANY: Will snigger at your refusal to eat their gigantic sausages and still love bands who play obsolete farm machinery.

SWITZERLAND: Healthy folk with healthy bank balances. Famous for Toblerone and Steve McQueen jumping his motorcycle over a barbed wire fence.

BERLIN: Where you can stare glumly at "The Wall" inspired by man's lack of ability to sort out anything. (Berlin is not a country, really.)

Finally, try to tour in any Communist country. You'll be amazed to find that no-one there actually wears cardboard clogs or overcoats made from compressed cabbage leaves, and through strict quarantine laws they have managed to completely eradicate diseases, such as, McDonalds Tummy, Wrigleys-chewing-gum-of-the-shoe and Smug Prat Archer Syndrome.

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SCRATCHING AND SNIFFING!



The Muskrats bringing back the smiles



Money mad Muskrats in paisley pyjama plot



San Franciscan label Subterranean have always been renowned for focusing on neat talent, for introducing the world to new acts that are different — from Flipper to Monte Cazazza — and now they've come up trumps again with The Muskrats.

■ One of their frenetic tunes declares "We're just a folk band from the East side", but of course, they're not. Manically played tunes, from the back catalogues of truck drivers, Gene Pitney, Rod McKuen, Buddy Miles and everyone else that you can't imagine, get the wash-board and bongos meet fuzz guitar, or strummed acoustic, treatment. On Soul Francisco, their new album, they murder a few classics, break into Focus' Hocus Pocus, sing a lament to Linda Blair like The Exploited might have done, and get soulful in a real Richman way on the flip.

■ The Muskrats are more than a novelty act too. See reviews page for details of how to get the album, and treat yourself.

Dave Henderson



SEX SCANDAL

From Omaha with love come **Digital Sex**, purveyors of a luscious brand of pop that manages to fuse the Summer Of Love with the English 'indie' rock boom of the turn of the decade and the post modernist school of Crepuscule thinking to produce a most inviting threesome.

■ Even the most cursory listen to their recent CD release on Sordide Sen-

timental, *Essence & Charm*, will reveal that for the most part, the sexy ones play the Euros at their own game, mixing up an intriguing hybrid of Joy Division/New Order, Cure, Names, Eno, etc, and washing it down with an even measure of Byrds/Left Banke type vocal stylings that'll have even the North Bank rioting in the stands.

■ Check 'em out now. **Alex Bastedo**

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DESCENDENTS

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

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AGE: 25

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JOB: Umpire Little League
Games None

LIKES: Small animals, the
color orange, Slurpees at
7-11, "Alf" and JETLAG
magazine.

DISLIKES: Loud noises,
mean people, senseless
violence.

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TYPICAL HOMESTEAD RECORDS



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In Austin, TX they have a word for people like Tad, but we forgot what it was



VOLCANO SUNS *Bumper Crop*
LP/CS/CD

Nature in the raw; hardly anyone in this band looks like Tad



HAPPY FLOWERS *My Skin Covers*
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2 UNDERGROUND

INDIE TOP 20

VOL II HITS VINYL!

Such was the success of the cassette tape Indie Top 20, a second volume has been compiled with one or two format changes. Instead of chrome and small box, the new set will be available as a vinyl double with a cast list that'll excite the meekest of palettes. Available through the Cartel as you read this, it has tracks from Crazyhead, Pop Will Eat Itself, Three Wise Men, Renegade Sound Wave, Bambi Slam, Close Lobsters, The Flatmates, The Pastels, The Soup Dragons, Mighty Mighty, The Beatmasters featuring The Cookie Crew, The Beloved, The Chesterfields, Voice Of The Beehive, All About Eve, Michelle Shocked, The Passmore Sisters, Blue Aeroplanes, The Brilliant Corners and Talulah Gosh. Now, that's what we call... oh you know!

Morrissey on the spot

Johnny, it was really nothing...

You can accuse Morrissey of many things — controversiality, preciousness, stubbornness, self-indulgence, self-pity, acid wit, charm, honesty and good conversation, but not of giving up the cause.

"I still feel the same intensity as I felt before Hand In Glove became a real thing, so I am still desperate to get these things said and done," Morrissey said earlier this year. "The only major thing I worry about is that the flow of records does not remain even, and that somebody, somewhere is going to make a mistake which will trip us all up. And that's quite harrowing."

Little did Morrissey know it would be Johnny Marr...

With Marr unavailable for comment — hidden away in Paul McCartney's left trouser pocket for all we know — and all the useless stories swilling about in the pignen of music news desks — Morrissey to join Frankie, Roddy Frame to join The Smiths, Harry Cross to join *Corry* — the only thing we can be certain about is that Morrissey rather likes Oscar Wilde and James Dean and that he and Johnny Marr have had a little row over something or other.

The Smiths as a concept (Morrissey's word, not mine) has been a good testing point for the way the British media — music weeklies as well as dailies — goes about its business. How many times have you read 'Morrissey — the man, myth, mouth' line, where the subject 'rarely recognises

the actual interview in print, which is very strange. It's like being painted by an artist, and you sit for them, and then you see the picture, painted by someone else, and you wonder, *why?*"

But Morrissey admits he's good copy, though "I imagine modern music journalism is a very dull, restricted job so it gives them more scope to write about the man, the myth and so on." But how does Morrissey manage to keep asking for it?

• Only the other day *The Daily Fib* was dutifully relaying a comment Morrissey was supposed to have said along the lines of "if the Queen Mother dies tomorrow, I would be there cheerfully banging in the nails in her coffin."

Morrissey would rather bite his nails than pick up a hammer!

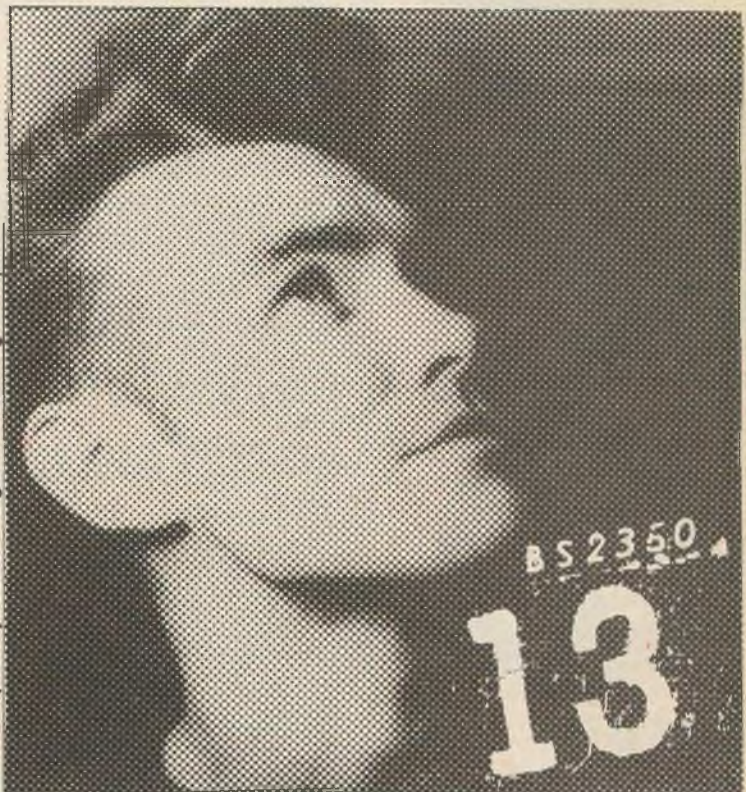
• "It didn't occur to me that people would consider the title *The Queen Is Dead* offensive," Morrissey said, stretching all credibility to the max, as though his anti-royalist feelings weren't known anyway.

"The song existed and I thought it so strong, it deserved special attention. I also wasn't aware of another group with such a high status who were trying to compile a thoughtful language, so to see *The Queen Is Dead* as a title between *In Touch*, *A Kind Of Magic* and *Picture Book*, was enjoyable. It wasn't so much punk outrage, but more literary."

• Literary... now there's a word of another

fact

Mozzer keeps an eye out for new guitarists wishing to drop in.



3 UNDERGROUND

Daily Fib who, constantly to this very day, still refer to Morrissey as The Moors Murderer Pop Star because of The Smiths' Suffer Little Children commentary (from the first album). Morrissey: man, myth, monster...

"I wouldn't mind if the one-dimensional personality they use was quite largely attractive but in many instances, it isn't. *The Sun* is really implying that for some inexplicable reason, I'm actually a Moors Murderer. They always refer to me that way!

"Once the mould is cast, you're trapped, and the only way out of the big fat bubble is by doing something so extraordinarily divorced from how things are now that it's ridiculous."

- Singing "hang the D-J, burn down the disco" throughout Panic only compounded the pressure, with daft accusations of racism, although joining Frankie Goes To Strangeways might be the giant step he's looking for.
- As well as a replacement for Johnny Marr, that is.
- Of him, the man said: "discussing Johnny and how we work is something I really don't like to talk about because I feel that the one facet of The Smiths that should remain precious should be the working and living situation which I don't want to give over so that people can juggle about and prise holes in it, because it it tends to happen

with everything else. I feel that if one door remains closed, then it should be this."

And Johnny Marr walked out that very door...

So, Strangeways, Here We Come. Meanwhile, as Morrissey sits tighttipped over a very uncertain future, Marr shacks up for a sec on stage with A Certain Ratio, the Ron-Wood-Bryan-Ferry-Wings-Mick-Jagger-Talking-Heads-have session-will travel already tucked away. The pressure on Marr to come up with music that's as essential and demanded as The Smiths' will be as strong as it'll be on Morrissey. But the more silences that are left, the greater the need to fill it, or given Morrissey's hard-done-by-wallflower case, the need to pick holes. As the stories surrounding The Smiths become more strained and exaggerated, so the actual truth, when it emerges, becomes more malleable and the issues clouded under a wave of scepticism.

So where is the new guitarist going to come from?

Wherefor art thou, Mozzer?

"Oh, mother! can feel the soil falling over my head"...

For Pete's sake, someone get him a gardener before we bury our most articulate pop spokesman.

Martin Aston reading between the lines

FREE TAPE FRENZOID SUBVERSION SPECIAL

UNDERGROUND

ISSUE

7

october

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* Special thanks for help with putting the Underground cassette together to Pau Smith, Pat Naylor, Chris Carr, Rob Deacon, Charlie Cash, Brian Guthrie, Claire, Verity and Daniel at Mute, Richard Kirk, David Balfour, Ivo & Debbie at 4AD and Porky.

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CHEAP MUSIC



Sing Sing And The Crime ready to commit one.

THE NOISE JUST KEEPS ON CHURNING

Pyjama drama!

Red Harvest foretell Hungerford massacre

"What a lonely boy, in a quiet town, in the mainstreet, behind the curtains, with a shyness in his heart and mind he killed a million. . ."

Remind you of anyone? In the wake of the grizzly Hungerford action many a collection of riffs and prose are being etched into vinyl by the nation's rock bands. The difference with Norwich-originated Red Harvest's *Murder 45* is that it was released the week prior to the dreadful act.

Red Harvest is a Dashielle Hammett novel, which hints at where the boys are coming from. They're an intelligent bunch of ex-University literature types so they take their lyrics pretty seriously. I found them, a couple of days after the massacre, feeling pretty wound up about life. As if they were somehow responsible. And who's to say that on the turntable of Ryan's record deck wasn't his personal copy of the latest smash on Quiet Records. . . *Murder*. Luckily he burnt the evidence.

Steve: "When I heard the story, I felt really really sick, it couldn't have been closer to what I wrote. The scenario was inch perfect, it's uncanny, psychic almost. How would you feel?"

How I feel is that I'm in the presence of some very sensitive and guilt ridden souls. It's as if they were somehow responsible for Ryan's deeds. Why haven't they called *The Sun*? Instant notoriety in *We Fortold Gay Rapist's Carnage* expose! But no! Dark and doomy as they sound, Red Harvest are far too nice to take advantage of such an obviously lucrative situation.

Phil: "We do a song and some idiot acts it out by coincidence. Who'd have believed it? I feel quite ashamed



Red Harvest — pretty studied pose, what?

actually, implicated in a maniac's act. We felt it, we expressed it on record, and before you can say 'jack your body', he's gone and acted it out. Others might hear it and get off on the lyrics based on their mental images of the slaughter. It's horrifying, nauseating."

Then again, they *did* dream it up. Do they object to morbid fascination?

"We're schizophrenics. Mild mannered, moderately educated, not so young people who come up with songs about violent acts and then go home and put our pyjamas on."

So, will they ever recover? Or is future Red Harvest output going to be restricted to the safe subject of love and romance?

Steve: "The next single is going to be the most meaningless lyric ever recorded to counterbalance *Murder*. It goes, '*Gonna sleep all day, have a cuppa tea, and watch the fishes in the deep blue sea. . .*' and that's all."

HMMM! I can see *The Sun* headlines now; *PG Tips Chimp In Poison Cod Plot*, or, *Freddie Starr Swallows Goldfish*. Be warned, Red Harvest have pronounced judgement. Go vegetarian. Ronnie Randall

Dial-A-Tune Goes Pop

They Might Be Giants reveal their Longer-Than-Three Months plan

"The English press just goes through bands, which is terrifying to us," shudders John Flansburgh of They Might Be Giants, who's currently buzzing through a New York telephone line. "I mean, we're in it for the long haul and not just set on being the next big thing which seems to be the only way you can fit in over there." Squirm, shudder. . . "Three months later, it's over, and people are embarrassed that they even liked you. . ."

Panic! How do They Might Be Giants, new masters of the perfect post-modernist pop platter, make people realise that they're not just two smart arses making a drama out of pop culture, but just a friendly duo who seem to make pop like others make animated cartoon features? A group who like to involve the audience by holding up cue-cards and getting them to sing along?

The duo — John Linnell makes two —

met at school, while working on the student newspaper, but didn't combine to make a racket until 1983, when they first hit performance art spaces. That'll give you something of a clue to their pop-art — a knowing but hilarious marriage of pop, country, surrealism, polka, folk, cheap guitars, an accordion, a beatbox and buckets of wit.

"I guess we have overactive imaginations," John admits, "but neither of us thought what we were doing was strange until we started to get reviews."

Another way of tackling the bland label-group-audience-relationship TMBG wanted to overcome was to open their own telephone Dial-A-Song service (call (0101) 718-387-6962, 24 hours a day).

"It was a different way to get songs to people. We'd write lots of songs, not all of them the

greatest ever written but just to write interesting ones. People get so precious about their songs which stops them from writing so many.

"We've been getting about a 100 calls a day since our album (eponymously titled, out on Rough Trade) was released. The messages people would leave were pretty linear — things like 'that was great' or 'that sucked'. Sometimes people sing us songs back which is interesting, or we get deep poetry, which is really scary. We also get the teen suicides — the weird and crazed calls. We just run out of the house."

Is there a different song for every day?

"Well, we try, but when we're on tour, it's hard to change the tape. Our landlady's daughter comes in for us but she only likes to come in every couple of days, so it's kinda hard."

And They Might Be Giants think their only problems are with the English press? Martin Aston

Well, well, **Phillip Boa** has signed to Polydor in West Germany and has just been in the UK to record a new single with **John Leckle** producing. Chances are he'll still be with Ink/Red Flame in the UK, though. And, those fab funsters **Whirl** wrote a massive missive on *Ug* HQ's toilet wall to tell us that they hadn't split up, merely that one of their members had gone off to become a **Blow Up**.

The sparkingly difficult to place **Extremes** — current single is really good — have written to tell us that their next single is gggggggggggggggggreat and it's a cross between **Sonic Youth** and **Creedence**. Can't wait, can't wait.

Wow! **Peter Saville** claims that his cabbage object on New Order's sleeve is in fact an AIDS virus. Wow! But we just thought it was a cabbage man!

In Yorkshire they've got a mag called *Kick Back* which for 50p tells you where to go and who did it when they did. Current issue has features on **The Alarm**, **Michael Clark** the dancer, **Suicidal Tendencies** (who get slagged in this month's excellent *Skate Muties* mag — see *Sub-Culture*) and other stuff. So, if you're holidaying in Leeds, Sheff or Braders, this is the mag for you.

And now leather rock — a touch better than grebo don't you think? — is here! Two ex-**Meat Whiplash** people (single on Creation in the '20s) have teamed up with **Alex of The Shop Assistants** and two other tykes to form **The Motorcycle Boy**. By the time you read this they'll have supported **The Jesus And Mary Chain** in the UK and Ireland and probably changed their names, or line up — but not their leather kecks — several times. Still, they're signed to Blue Guitar (Chrysalis to you, mate) and their first single, *Big Rock Candy Mountain*, is pretty good.

US band, **Blackhouse** claim to be the first industrial Christian band, now there's a concept for **Cliff** to chew over, and a threat I'll be bound to **Donny Osmond's** supremacy. But what will **The Crucifixion Of Donny** crew do, you know **Coco**, **Doodah** And **Love-bomb**, when **James Brown** tells **Schoolly D** that they've cut him up on their new disc?

Big Black deny they'll follow up their covers of **Kraftwerk** and **Cheap Trick** with covers of **Devo** and **Bon Jovi**. **George Michael** and **Voice Of The Beehive** both beaten into submission on techno-invasers machine in a London studio, with **Portion Control** — no wonder they've only written two new numbers since they signed to London — coming out tops.

Sad to see **Chakk's** disguised cover of **The Isley Bros'** *Summer Breeze* did very little in radio play terms, but good to see **Membranes** on another new label . . . Glass. Your turn next Factory?

continued over

fiction

Whatever happened to James? Our man will investigate. And what about the **Primal Scream** album? What a long slow birth it's been!

Link Records should be coming up with Oi! The Pic Disc pretty soon. Ahem. And it'll have tracks from **Sham 69**, **Spizjee**, **The Angelic Upstarts**, **Cock Sparrer**, **Blitz** and a bundle more. Betcha can't wait.

Meanwhile, the gloriously graceful Medium Cool label boasts three new releases for next month including 45s from the brilliant **Raw Herbs**, **The Corn Dollies** and **The Waitones**. Also available from them at the mo is a single from **The Siddleys** which deserves your attention, plus news of an impending new year release from Basingstoke's **The Rain**. Don't miss.

Rumours surrounding lanky ex-**Buzzcock Steve Diggle**... it seems his new single will be followed by Northwest Skyline, an album he recorded with his crew, **The FOC**, and, blushes aside, he performed one track TOTALLY naked, at the suggestion of his girlfriend. Purely to get the right ambience.

This year's threat to the senses is that **Big Black's Steve Albini** has transformed himself into a producer and Albini prods will be with us before we can raise a gergle. We live and wait.

The UK Electronika Festival makes it to its fifth year and it'll be happening in Stafford on November 21, when, as well as the customary stalls, instruments shows *et al*, there'll be two concerts featuring a great width of electronic talent including **Wavestar**, **Pete Tedstone**, **Ron Berry**, **Quiet Point**, **O Yuki Conjugate** and more. Details for that from Lotus Records, 14-20 Brunswick Street, Hanley, Stoke-On-Trent, Staffs, ST1 1DR.

The aptly named **F--- City Shitters** sent us a nicely scrawled note asking why they couldn't have a massive feature, etc. Well, do you want to know? You'll have to guess. Further along, **Anne Clark** wrote a hastily scrawled note complaining too. Well, you just can't satisfy anyone really, can you?

The Shamen didn't write in to complain. We were disappointed. They did however have a run-in with the law when returning to Scotsville last week. **Shamen Colin Angus** was caught in possession of "something" which he decided to feed to the local border sheep, the police slightly over-reacted, hauling in two mere police cars, two vans and two dogs with handlers. Eventually, the massive haul of 2.5 grammes of "red leb" were found and Angus ended up with a £130 fine. He later admitted, "Marijuana is a very dangerous drug which leads you into unpleasant contact with unreasonable force."

No-one can hold **Allan Sex Fiend** down, can they? Do they want to? Well, they have a new single and new album ready to roll on Anagram. It's frightening really.

what the el?

● Messers **Nick Wesolowski** and **Peter Moss** perfectly supplement the latest batch of el releases with a fine set of press photos that verge on "art". Yes, if label supremo **Mike Alway** wants to make perfect pop—songs that really last—then the boys with the cameras sure want to take pix to click!

● This is pure Englishness with *eccentric* written all the way through, and to let you hear the records in question by the acts pictured here, we've got 20 sets of six seven inchers with colour coordinated pic sleeves for the first 20 bright sparks who can answer the question below and submit it to Underground.

● What's more, the first person to be drawn out of the hat on this comp will also win a framed colour proof of the original sleeve artwork to adorn their bedroom wall. Art education starts here!

● Look out next month for an in-depth interview with el boss **Mike Alway**, but for now, tell us which **Derek Jarman** film soundtrack was released by el? Answers to Underground/el, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1



THE KING OF LUXEMBOURG: another day on the raj



MARDEN HILL: socking it to 'em



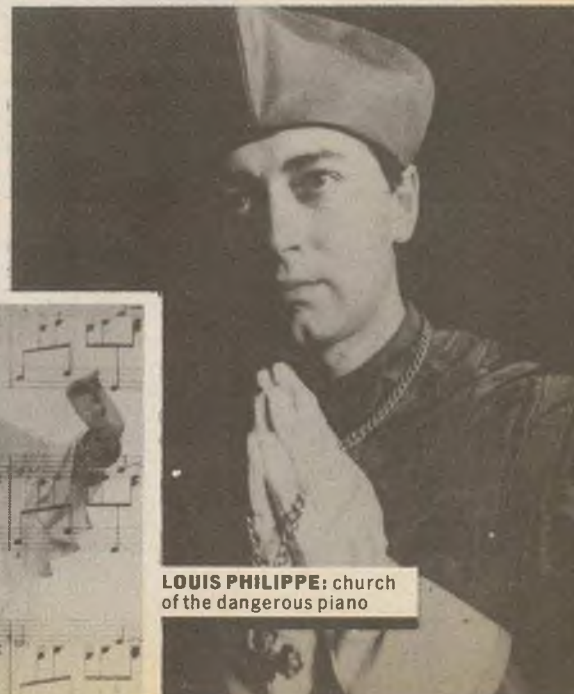
ALWAYS: finger clicking good (and debut album real soon)



ANTHONY ADVERSE: direct from the relaxation generation



WOULD-BE-GOODS: on the border of kitsch and Carmina Biriani



LOUIS PHILIPPE: church of the dangerous piano

after the fact

Strange Fruit

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THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS "LIVE IN EUROPE" / "HOME VIDEO"



JOCK VID 001/2

— MBC FILMS —

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"INDEED"
BURKE
&
HODGE

12 ORC 1

Orchid Records

7 UNDERGROUND

Well wot ees thiz? **Pulp** magazine, a thing full of drawn strips that make you laugh, that have good ideas and don't disappear up their own Rotrings! Yes, **Pulp**, touted as a visual cassette, is pretty neat, a little thin in size for £1.50, but busting with gud graphix! Get information from **The Film Garage** (yes, the people who did the fab **Star Trekkin'** vid), 143 Wardour Street, London W1. Then you can take in the highlights and shaded areas of stories like **Stray**, **The Fluffy Pops**, **The Man In The Brown Flared Suit**, **The Midnight Gardner**, **Art Gecko** and even **Tadpoles** — issue one comes with a supplementary Tadpoles tale too. So, get it! **Triv Tel**

FORGET MUSIC . . . LET'S ART!

Some Bizzare have opened an art gallery. OhmeGod! Forget the old rubbish about whatever, the first exhibition is just about to close, it features **Andy Johnson's** paintings (he's **Matt The The Johnson's** brother) and I'm sure there'll be much more in the weird and odd art frame of things before you can say, 'Steve, hi, how ya doin'!' Interested punters should head down to 166 New Cavendish Street, London W1 and find out what it's all about. **Triv Picasso**



Now fanzines are a pretty hit or miss affair. I hate to sound like a **Which? Guide To Xerox Fantasy**, but well, you deserve value for money when you take life and credibility in your hands

and send off money and envelopes. It can also be a bit dull when 'zines focus too much attention on music and feature page after page of question/answer interviews with the same predictable bands.

However, you needn't fret because **Trout Fishing In Leytonstone** takes a look at the **real world**, too, with well written articles

on novelist **James Hamilton** and dead people like **Monty**, **Bud** and **Elvie** baby. Plus, there's plenty of that funny pop music stuff with **Jesse Garon**, **The Raw Herbs** and my bed-partners **The Chesterfields**. With a free flexi, I'd conclude that every bedsit should have a copy. **Johnny Dee** (50p & SAE to David, 36 Colville Rd, Leytonstone, LONDON E11 4EH.)

SO WHO ARE THESE GONARS BASTIDOS?

Well, to prove they really exist, and in an attempt to get max press exposure, **The Gonars** have made up neat packets of their "hair" to give away to their groovoid fans. But lads, guys, hey, wait a minute, shouldn't you be using a less caustic shampoo? **Triv Tel**



8 UNDERGROUND



ALL ADS SUCK!



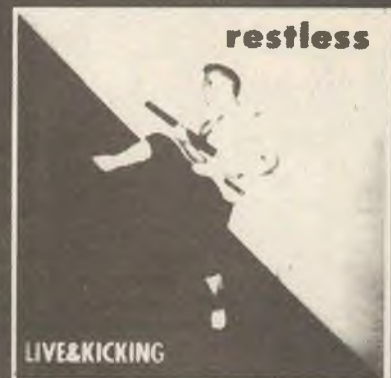
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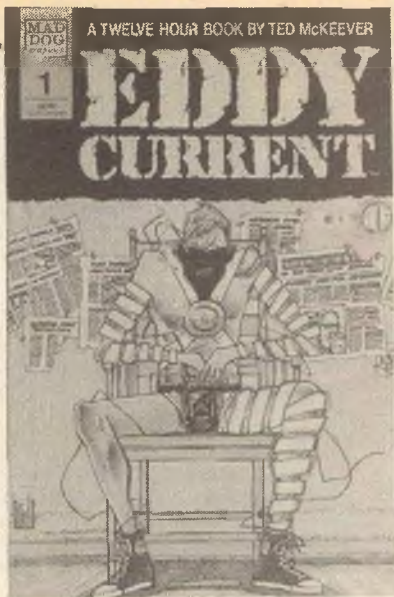
"LIVE & KICKING"
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"VANISH WITHOUT A TRACE!", "AFTER MIDNIGHT,"
"SIXTEEN TONS," "GIRL INVISIBLE" ROCKIN' AT ITS BEST.

THESE RECORDS DON'T



Creeping up on the underside of comics is **Ted McKeever's** new and wild **Eddie Current** (Mad Dog Graphics) — "a 12 hour book", starting from the point Crazy Eddie wires his mail-ordered dynamic fusion suit in to his mental hospital's mains and fuses all the lights and alarms, thus giving himself 12 hours of freedom before the repair crew returns in the morning. Scenes of quite mercenary violence occur but the tone of the series seems to be received and manipulated madness, so what can you do? Eddie Current may also be the first unbalanced hero ever to hit town in a pair of fluffy rabbit slippers but, boy, can he tell a good story. Eddie's moral: "justic sucks".

Eddie Current is 1987's most crucial new comic. Eleven parts to follow — one for each hour of freedom. **Martin Aston**
(Comics supplied by Forbidden Planet, Denmark St, London)



SUBVERSIVE LIVING
SUB
culture

READ ALL ABOUT IT!

Well, summer-time has given us a bumper bundle of GOOD things to write about reading . . . or something like that!

First off, **RAD**, you know **Read And Destroy**, is pretty neat, even if it was once called **BMX Action Bike**. Debatathon continues that BMX bikers don't like having skateboards in their mag. Funny old game culturecide, isn't it?

Blank Reception 3, (40p plus an A4 sae from Jimbo, Cottage 36, Stoke Bardolph, Nottingham, NG14 5HS) has a free flexi. Whew! What's more it's pretty good as it features **The Sperm Walls** and they're loud. Best of all is the mag which is riddled with bits and pieces all put together in lovely anarchic style.

Flipside 53 for the summer of '87 is a neat wedge of consciousness too. Inside there's the real juice on **The Hangmen, DOA, The Stupids, Visions Of Change**, many live and record reviews plus a thousand letters from real crazies. You can get it from All The Madmen at 97 Caledonian Rd, London N1 or the Rough Trade Shop (address on Revolution page).

Another essential US publication is **Option** of which the September/October issue has just surfaced with a great reviews section and features on **Tom Verlaine, Current 93, Karl Blake** and **Danielle Dax, Dead Can Dance** and many more. It's the best magazine Stateside at the moment, always informative, always endearing, and it even refers to **Underground** as being "designed in a rococo style". Well! Copies available in the Megastore and through the Rough Trade shop among other selected vendors.

The latest issue of madcap mayhem from **Skate Muties In The Fifth Dimension** is well worth a perusal too. Now available through Revolver and the Cartel it's the kind of gibberish that makes life worth living, so don't miss out. **Triv Tel**



6 UNDERGROUND

WHAT'S THE F FOR?

F-Mix are **Michael Atavar** and **Donald Guy**, independent film makers waiting to crack

it in the big league — with a showreel of credits ranging from **The Pastels' Crawl** away to **The Primitives' Thru The Flowers**, touching on **Happy Mondays, Dave Howard, Talulah Gosh** and **Pop Will Eat Itself** along the way. Having met at a **T Rex** convention (how romantic) their mutual love of Euro directors including **Godard**

and **Bertolucci** led

some cheap (£500) clips for

The Primitives. Now doing work in

the two grand region (still very

cheap by pop standards) they're

getting their acts constantly aired on TV through Europe due to their spiffo ideas. What's more they're making a film themselves, a Super 8 pop movie for cinema release called **The Leather Drag Queens From Hell Fight Back**. Wow! **Russ Meyer** move over . . . and action! **Ripley**



"The Discovery & Development Of New Artists"

October 29 - November 1, 1987, The Roosevelt Hotel, New York City

PANEL AGENDA

- Keynote Address: **Abbie Hoffman**
Topic: *Activism in the 1980s— Music, Media & Society*
- The Politics Of Dancing:
Music As A Social Force In The '80s
- From Demo To Limo:
The Evolution Of New Artists
- Getting By In A Material World:
Survival Of The Hippest
- Surviving & Thriving As An
Independent Record Label
- Music Publishing:
It's Not The Singer, It's The Song
- Reggae: *Sitting Here In Limbo?*
- College Radio In The Community:
Force Or Farce?
- Playing It Cool:
College Radio & The Alternative Marketplace
- Lawyers, Guns & Money:
Artist Management
- Maximum Exposure:
Print Media's Role In Artist Development
- The Rhythm Workshop:
Yo! Bum Rush The Panel
- Swinging Into The '90s:
The Shape Of Jazz To Come
- International Artist Development
- Country Workshop
- Cultural Meltdown: Integration Of
Non-Rock Music Into The Mainstream
- The A&R Panel:
What's Wrong With This Tape?

- The Retail Connection &
Independent Distribution
- Visual Marketing:
The Little Picture In The Big Picture
- The Underground Video Workshop
- Successfully Marketing A New Artist—
Tying It All Together
- Commercial Radio 1997:
Cutting Edge Or Dull Blade?
- Plugging Into Technology
- The Artist Encounter: a
Free For All

College Radio: Present & Future—
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DAVIE ALLAN AND THE ARROWS

From Paradise To Hell

Sordide Sentimental SSCD 003 (BP 534, 76005 Rouen cedex, France)

●●½ Third CD-only release from SS — the label that brought you TG, Joy Division, Ludus, Monte Cazzaza and a cast of many on vinyl previously — comes in the shape of a spesh from Davie Allan And The Arrows. The mysterious name may not mean a lot on its own, but the music, culled from cult film soundtracks like *The Wild Angels* will let you understand more. With a guest spot by surf guitarist Dick Dale, this 62 minute CD collection hones in on guitar rock (biker style) and the play off against orchestral and filmic soundtracks.

Excellent stuff, vibrant and compulsive, like a late night film session should be... with energy, excitement and exhilaration at a premium. Yes, hot poop, no less. **Dave Henderson**

THE AMEBIX

Monolith

Heavy Metal Records HMR LP99 ●½ There's something a little undecided with Amebix. Firstly they seem to have forsaken their tuneful (?) punkette roots, as displayed on their debut *Alternative Tentacles* album, opting for a more straightforward no-nonsense noise that's grunted and heavy handed in a neo-death metal romp. Somehow it's not as menacing as the *Venom/Anthrax* style, less song worthy than the US wave of speed thrash merchants and not as interesting and cult-possible as, say, *Virus* and any other manically illustrated skate style band. What Amebix have going for them is loud and reasonably obnoxious though, so they can't be all that bad. **Johnny Eager**

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER

Libyan Students From Hell

Plastic Head PLAS LP 009 [RT] ● Old Attila fuses his ranting rants with his venomous folk readings on this moan-a-longa platter. Why, there's even a rap which lends that throaty Stockbroker whine to gargle in self-exploring prose and further witticisms. This kind of stuff might be fine after a few bevs down the old folk club, or at your regular anti-whatever rally, but do you need it in your home? One laugh and the joke wears a bit thin, and all you're left with is music that's sub-standard and a message you've already got. **Johnny Radic-al**

JOE BAIZA AND THE UNIVERSE CONGRESS OF

Universal Congress Of

SST SST 109 [RT] ● Maybe it's something they've put in their water, but Greg and Chuck of SST have always shown a leaning towards what you might call the expressionist brain-scanning end of guitar-rock, or the acid-frayed dribble-doodling of those with their foot stuck on the sustain pedal. There are just two tracks here — *Certain Way* carries across two sides at a total of 29 minutes — and while I have nothing against all progressive possibilities, Joe Baiza and his mates paint a mood picture of glistening glissando guitars that makes Pink Floyd's *Atom Heart Mother* and *Ummagamma* sound like Husker Du. If the intention was along the lines of Hendrix-mannered fly-me-to-the-sky-isms, Baiza & Co forgot to take off their iron chains of existence. **Martin Aston**

BIG BLACK

Songs About F***ing

Blast First BFFP 19 [RT] ●½ Steve Albini's gnarled sawn-off thrust and adrenalin guitar rush makes for throb-time in the body zone. *Big Black* cock the mechanism, cast a cheeky grin on a cover of Kraftwerk's *The Model*, then turn the intensity control to full. It's a napalm attack that sticks to your skin like burning party-jell, spiced with hundreds and thousands, a prickly sensation that's as all-consuming as it is repellent. *Big Black* have a pent up angst that occasionally explodes on this brazen alcohol-soaked album.

Awarded the tag of being "trendily alternative" by more alternative underground workers *Stateside*, the *Big Black* hard hitters still manage, through their aggression and obstinance, to come on as convincing. **Dave Henderson**



BLAST

It's In My Blood

SST SST 106 [RT] ●½ Ferocious slamdancing, and multiple injuries, will probably be incurred when this album gets played in the home. Yes, you can have a gravel-tongued maniac and a barrage of guitars pummeling you into oblivion, recreating the sound of a live show in a sleazoid joint, in the comfort of your own inner ear. But watch out, this twisting, disturbing explosion of chords has an underlying complexity that makes it real uncomfortable after a while. Take in small doses. **Johnny Eager**

●●● MEGA A godhead uprising

●● HOTSY Tasteful and tenacious

● TACKY PLUS Lacking in finish

▶ DRAB No bullets, means no hope

BLEACHED BLACK

Bleached Black

Relativity 88561-8151 [RT] (import) ●½ Bleached Black may be asking for it by having Husker Du's sound engineer produce their debut, but even so they have a nervous, soaring quality that wipes away at least some of the comparisons. *Bleached Black* lean more toward the clean pop end of the caustic Husker Du spectrum, sharing Buzzcocks' streamlined serrations and The Jam's teen-spiff re-energies; like the latter, they screw up their reverence for Revolver-era Beatles and general Merseybeat with overdriving rhythms, here snapped into shape by jarring, spurting guitar harmonics. Despite their name, *Bleached Black* are as much the candy apple as they are grey — spine-shivering rather than crunching — as their songs are held together by acute dream-melodies as they accelerate, raw harmonies with their hands on the throttle. It's a pop record, on it's way to near perfection. **Martin Aston**

THE BOLSHOI

Lindy's Party

Boggers Banquet BEGA 86 ●● Trevor Tanner's determination to make *The Bolshoi* really count has paid off. *Lindy's Party* is completely confident, commercial, professional, and dangerously catchy. The Bolshoi's path to charidom, stadium success and eventual US mega-acceptance is well in hand, with this album standing as the culmination of their previous testing 45s.

If *Books On The Beach* was a non-kill for *The Bolshoi*, then their most recent single, *Please, and the one...* [RT] are the capitalising of the Tanner trials and tribulations. *It Has Always Been* will be carressed for generations. **TC Wall**

BONGWATER

Breaking No New Ground

Shimmy SHIMMY 000002 [RT] ●● Close down the psychedelically mental guitar patterns and tune into the Bonga, a conglomerate whose six tracker heads near to a completely expressive scene (man). *Breaking No New Ground* does move in new circles, regurgitating the old into a wash of stagnant confusion, a bittersweet puddle of tuneful lust thrilled by short wave threats. **Nice. Johnny Eager**

BUBBLE PUPPY

Wheels Go Round

One Big Guitar OBGLP 9004 ● A new album from the BPs who turned their hands to things back in '69 when their *Hot Smoke And Sassafras* caused a ripple *Stateside*. Now, with the revival of interest in Texas rock, they're back with a new LP including a repatched reworking of their hit. Sadly they sound more than a little bit too mellow. They haven't weathered too well. **Johnny Eager**



CASSANDRA COMPLEX

Feel The Width

Play It Again Sam BIAS 68 [RT] ●¾ A live double from the *Cassandras*, which shows off their rampant churning grind over four sides, *Feel The Width* is a monstrous din that is difficult to take at times. Recorded on cassette then enhanced, it's like banging your head against a wall of speakers — and at 90 minutes, it's a lengthy process that gets a little painful after a while. Some of the songs succeed in making it all worthwhile, and the group's cover of *Throbbing Gristle's Something Came Over Me* is a welcome bonus. **Ripley**

BILLY CHILDISH AND SEXTON MING

Which Dead Donkey Daddy?

Hangman HANG 5UP [RT] ●●●●●● OK, so I went over the top on the star rating! But this LP is over the top, out of its head and stuck in another time zone. A piss-take of substantial proportions, these two drunken brain scramblers mix Tom Waits, trad Chinese/Japanese koto music, folk, blues and all that stuff into a strange blend of totally listenable dross. This is funny. Funnier than fun itself... and crap, but somehow superb. Strange people and eccentrics need only apply. **Johnny Screwbrain**

EVOLUTIONS

Distribution initials are as follows:

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

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

BREAK AND FINGER **UG!**

CLICK CLICK

Wet Skin And Curious Eye

Play It Again Sam LD 879 ● A reworking of primal Click Click material, replete with 3D style sleeve and upgraded drum machine patterns. This is deeply deep stuff — as In Adi Newton from CDVA playing electronic oppression on limited equipment. Here there are no prisoners to boast about, just a pulsing noise that lacks a little melody and begs for the power of, say, Nitzer Ebb. **Dave Henderson**

THE CHILLS

Brave Words

Flying Nun UK FNUK12 **RT C** ●●● The process of sheer exhilaration! That's the catalytic effect that Martin Phillips has on the basic elements of a rock outfit. There's no embellishment — no fat — on this, The Chills' debut album, finely tuned and absently intent on pulling at all the right heart strings. From first to last, Brave Words is sweeping, searching and consummate. While it peaks and elates in the lustrous chorus of Rain, Dark Carnival and Night Of The Chill Blue show the more sombre side of the band. Lyrical acuteness and haunting melodies produce songs of innocence and experience at their most endearing; The Chills create melancholy without gloom, fire it with a passion and turn it to a positive, live force. Their humour is no less unique or subtle; the result is a serrated edged invitation to embrace the warmth that is The Chills. Naturally. **Alex Kadis**

ALEX CHILTON

High Priest

New Rose ROSE 130 **P** ● 1/2 Sad to say, while Chilton chooses to rest his elbows on the "Chilton" tradition, he stands no chance of rlsking it — no more Kangaroos or Holocausts for you, chub, while out of 12 ditties, seven are safe, manageable covers. A shame too that Chilton's sparse groove never sweats like the funk or R&B strains demand for full satisfaction. There are a couple of neat flirtations with pop, and Chilton's snaky guitar touch is cause enough for grinning, but High Priest is economical, tuneful, neat, fun, and ever so slightly as dull as dishwater. Shame, shame, shame. **Martin Aston**

DEPECHE MODE

Music For The Masses

Mute STUMM 47 ●●● Depeche's music, like a good wine, always needs to breathe a bit before you can really taste its individuality and nuances. At the first swirl around the earholes, this sounds dry and even doomy in places, but after a few gulps you realise that in fact their pop has gained considerable sophistication. Strangelove's here, as is the new single, Never Let Me Down Again, which is the grown up big brother of Master And Servant, and looks set for a stint in the charts.

Lyricaly, their favourite subjects — sex and religion — get spliced together again, particularly nicely on Sacred, while there's an instrumental, Pimpf, that Laibach would've been proud of.

This might set out to defy its title, but I'd suggest you uncork it and take communion. **Carole Linfield**

EAR TRUMPET

Bring On The Dirt

DTS DTS 001 **Re C** ●● 1/2 Experimental music is such a hit and miss affair, ranging from the dangerously pathetic and self-indulgent to the supremely awe-inspiring that it's a difficult thing to rate and categorise. So many people have dabbled and been acclaimed while delivering little more than blips and bleeps, that elevating anyone to "stardom" is not always an advisable pastime. Ear Trumpet straddle all areas, shifting through Wire variations — after all they have Bruce Gilbert helping on guitar — to sketchy Volatrelisms, restrained Dep Mode variations and the greyer areas in between. Bring On The Dirt is an inspiring listen, full of ideas and spine-tingling diversions. **TC Wall**

THE ESSENCE

A Monument Of Trust

Midnight Music CHIME 00.26 **RT C** ● 3/4 If you thought The Cure should never have cheered up after releasing Pornography, then Rotterdam's The Essence are the perfect answer to your misery dreams. After this, no-one will ever be able to accuse any band of just stealing, because The Essence simply possess the old Cure's drizzling-grey trance-rock. Singer Hans should see a medium at once, and if song titles like The Waves Of Death, Years Of Doubt and The Death Cell don't convince you that this is the sequel to Faith, then the slow echoplexed throb of the music will. So far everybody I've played it to believes me when I tell them it's the long lost Cure album. But it's also a good Cure album! Meanwhile somebody should be contacting the Trades Description Office. **Martin Aston**

FREIWILLIGE SELBST KONTROLLE

Continental Breakfast

Ediesta CALC LP 16 **RR C** ● FSK are German eccentrics who play the kind of tongue-in-cheek, cleverer than thou, art school stuff that Deaf School often lapsed into. On Continental Breakfast the jokes don't bite enough but it's quite easy to see who the initial charm of this record could impress. I think I'll just say, it's really *not* strange enough, although it tries hard. **Dave Henderson**

FRICTION

Primitive Touch

Esoteric EST 003 (8 S Main, Mifflintown PA, USA. Tel: 717-4366296)

● 1/2 US five piece whose proficient guitar playing falls neatly on some very Petty-inspired vocal phrasing. On this debut album, Friction present a batch of undeniably melodic out-takes spiced with potential post-country rock and some very "new wave" structures. There's more than a small chance that they'll be impressing more than a few people on both sides of the channel before long. **Johnny Eager**

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL

The House Of Dolls

Beggars Banquet BEGA 87 ● 7/8 After seemingly years in the middle distance, Gene Loves Jezebel look like they've finally broken free from that restricting neo-goth picture frame, leapt across the ghost of glam threshold and are now beginning to take air in a dangerous zone shrouded with pop uncertainty. It suits them, and their manoeuvres through all previous quarters, and it seems to have placed them in good stead. The recent Motion Of Love 45, and its chart show, should have given us all a clue that the brothers Aston were about to make their most cohesive statement to date — a lush backdrop that teenies and camp followers will caress for years to come. But, like all birthday parties, with sparkling wine and candles waxing over cakes, the longevity of affairs might only last as long as the twins can sustain their popular celebration. **Dave Henderson**

THE HAPPY END

Resolution

Cooking Vinyl Cook 005 **NM C** ● 1/2 Fronted by Sarah-Jane Lawrence, she of The Communards mega-hit Don't Leave Me This Way, The Happy End make her ex-musical partners appear as radical as Duran Duran. Even the four instrumentals here have a political slant to them, drawing on the traditional sounds of the brass band, the gaelic jig and a bluesy jazz, all possible when you have a 22-piece ensemble to experiment with!

The vocal numbers stretch across a similar variety of styles, the lyrics telling of class struggle by matter of folk story (The Ballad Of John Henry), declaration (Resolution) or pure political dogma (Singing Of The Socialist Motherland). Such is the range of Sarah-Jane's voice and the contrast of its worthy tones to the relaxed instrumentation that at times this could be taken for a Gilbert & Sullivan political opera. A healthy range of sounds ultimately weighed down by rhetoric. **Tony Fletcher**

THE HIGSONS

The Attack Of The Cannibal Zombie Businessmen

Waap WAAPLP 1 [P] [C] ● 1/2 The Higsons' zany, brass-laden, beginnings on I Don't Want To Live With No Monkeys tied in nicely with primal Haircut 100 and other such rhythmically inclined bods. Sad to say, the Higgles' history went from charismatic to claustrophobic on a succession of singles which saw their sound head nearer parody than phunk. Attack traces those early steps and throws in a brace of unreleased cuts on the B side, setting the stage, through a series of line up changes, for this Jekyll And Hyde cabaret-come-mutant dance band to disappear into their own backbeat. Fond memories, though. **Dave Henderson**

THE HOLLOW MEN

Sinister Flower Gift

Pravda PR 6328 (Box 268043, Chicago IL 60626, USA) ●● And here the confusion sets in. These Hollow Men aren't the same as the Leeds duo spawned from A Eldritch's venom, just a US crowd whose subdued power-chords enhance a sub-psyche sound, that's topped with some fine vocal blasts. Highlights are enhanced by good arrangements and varying instrumentation, these Hollow Men suggest greatness in a post US guitar band pose, but even that might be underselling them. **Dave Henderson**

THE HOUSEMARTINS

The People Who Grinned Themselves To Death

Go! Discs GOLP 9 ●● 1/2 Unfortunately it would seem that the sound that made the Housemartins everybody's darlings last year is now considered passé, and The People... is released amidst a critical, if not commercial, backlash. But it would be silly to expect the Hull boys to change their simplistic approach overnight, and although this is a more polished and produced record than their debut, it is still no great change in style. The simply joyous lightweight pop of I Can't Put My Finger On It is a particular highlight, and the vaguely Dexys feel of the more brooding The Light Is Always Green and more typically Housemartins The World's On Fire are equally strong.

Even though all choruses follow the same formula, and the album's acoustic offering Johannesburg is a bit too righteous, The People... fails to disappoint me. But my own favourite Housemartins record remains the 12" of Me And The Farmer, and quite why the three stunning extra tracks on that didn't succeed in ousting less inspired moments here remains a mystery. **Tony Fletcher**

HUGO LARGO

Drum

Relativity Records 88561-8167-1 ●●● So what's this — an LP named after Simon Le Bon's tub? Hugo Largo are, in fact, four from across the pond, led by Mimi Goese, whose esoteric, ethereal vocal leads the seemingly countrified proceedings, giving it all a rather freebased folk feel. Eerie stuff, particularly the opener Grow Wild, the drifting Eskimo Song and the sinister sounds of Second Skin. Drum has been sympathetically aided by a co-production from REM's Michael Stipe and, though there's only a taster six tracks here, the mood is both intense and original. Break open the joss sticks, sling on the cheesecloth and let Hugo Largo wash like musk oil over your '80s sensibilities. **Carole Linfield**

I, LUDICROUS

It's Like Everything Else

Kaleidoscope Sound KSLP 004 [RR] [C] ●●● Possibly misrepresented as a bastard offspring of The Fall and Half Man Half Biscuit, I, Ludicrous are a little more tongue in cheek and charming, a little more precise and clever than their contemporaries. Sure, The Fall handshake is there, but the grinding guitar and text book prose suggest more *Financial Times* readers than Trumpet watching.

I, Ludicrous are totally unique, while stealing every last spit of English embarrassment and inking it into a set of songs for your bathroom. Even the greatest groan can laugh... and I did! Buy this record. **Dave Henderson**



THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

Darklands

Blanco y Negro ●● 1/2 The thought of the Mary Chain without the feedback scuffling around their pointy boots was like the perfume without the smell, or the flesh without the blood, but Darklands is an insidious body of work that manages to breathe and walk tall without the life-support.

Talking of life, it's more the promise of a better afterlife than a hope for a better present, going by brother William's gloom-dark appraisals on the title track and Nine Million Rainy Days — the point where the Mary Chain rise above their reinvestment of classic rock styles with a foreboding chill that threatens to black out the rest of the set. But their dazzling juggle of heard-it-all-before-but-goddamn-where? influences — The Beach Boys, natch, but also Nick Cave, the Stones, Velvet Underground's Heroin — all slot in.

The only complaint is that there's no songwriting that startles or shocks you into thinking the Mary Chain can do more; *gimme danger*, little Reids. But for now, what else can you do but walk down lonely street, check into Heartbreak Hotel and pick up a brochure for the Darklands? **Martin Aston**

HENRY KAISER

Devil In The Drain

SST SST 118 [P] ● 1/4 Kaiser's esoteric guitar style walks a thin line between Glenn Branca's systems music, Bill Laswell's rhythmic hues and Ry Cooder's more affected soundtrack pieces. This is not an easy going album, but it has its moments, along the road and is strangely magnetic. Difficult to box and categorise, and at times a little hard to stick with. **TC Wall**

KARMA SUTRA

The Daydreams Of A Production Line Worker

Paradoxical Records PARODY 1 [RR] [C] ●● This lot could put Mr Angry to shame. A typewritten booklet with A level lyrics and proletarian slogans helps the onslaught, as does a totally boring and incomprehensible blurb on the back of the sleeve. Musically, though, there's signs of a few good tunes, even if the vocal occasionally wipes out and the backing goes all tinny. But, yet, there's the odd pleasing ditty eking its way past the 'we are all hostages... the only war is class war' sloganeering. If it is a parody, it's not very funny. If not, then please, get hip — get subtle. **Carole Linfield**

KING MISSILE

Fluting On The Hump

Shimmy SHIMMY 000003 [RIS] ●● Ah, humour, you remember that? Well, the Kings go for it by the lorryload and break their necks to make it pay by introducing it to some pretty neat (and melodically sound) arrangements. Fluting is a surprisingly short and quite painless trip that budgeons into the senses with a farthing-filled sock. Subtle pop with the odd psycho outbreak gaining the max effect. Nice but a little disturbing, your honour. **Ripley**



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Saturday 17th Warwick University/Sunday 18th Guildford Surrey University/Tuesday 20th Brighton University/Wednesday 21st Kingston Polytechnic
Thursday 22nd ASTORIA THEATRE, London

Epic

They asked me to listen to all of these records. All these, like, weird records, by groups with names that were unspellable, unpronounceable. These were records that were unpredictable. So what did they sound like? I'll tell you . . .

something

It's not easy to grasp the difference that separates countries, in terms of music, but let's try and understand. I mean, why is **Jonathon Borofsky And Ed Tomney's** The Radical Songbirds Of Islam (ROIR tape through Red Rhino) so disappointing? It's labelled new age . . . you start to worry there. And when it bleeps and trembles, you have to check your equipment. You know? There was no concept. Unlike **Max Urbain**, whose **Phlegm Fatale**, apart from having a terrible title, is credited as an original videoc puppet theatre soundscore. Like **Todd Rundgren's** concept album, **A Wizard, A True Star**, but still lacking somewhere. It's nice (it's through Recommended), but that's all.

Also with Recommended, there's **Biota's** **Bellowing Room**. A tie up with US outfit **Mnemonists**, it's intense music, real difficult music that leaves you still dragging your heels. Get me out of here!!

In Germany there's **Der Plan**. Yes, a reason to live. Crazy guys, crazy records and their new one, **Es Ist Eine Fremde Und Seltsame Welt** is no let down. A different distorted view of life that's romantic and eccentric and really quite excellent, and it's on **Ata Tak** (Markischestrasse 16, D 40000 Dusseldorf 12, West Germany), as is **Pyrolator's** latest, the almost jazzy/dancy/sleazy pop of **Traum-land**. Wow! It almost sounds popesque. Like a new **Yello** (now that the old one is worn out?).

Borghesia are from Yugoslavia and they have a bit of the old **Lalbach** in their make up. Dragging themselves by the ear to the dancefloor, they're more rabid and dance-orientated but they're still gruff, gruff, gruff (it must be all that vodka). Their album, **No Hope No Fear on Play It**

Again Sam is through Red Rhino. Rhino also handle **Attrition's** **Take Five** (a mini-set on the Italian Supporti Fonografica) which is well tasteful, a little challenging and . . . oh, you know Attrition.

RR also "do" **Bosho** and they have a neat debut LP in **Chop Socky** — a riot of percussion and noise, with the odd tuneful break — on the German **Dossier** label. **Bosho** also turn out on the **No Man's Land** double, **Island Of Sanity**, which features groups from New York. Others on show, and of note, include **Mofinga**, **Carbon**, **Toy Killers**, **Details At**

Eleven, **The Ordinaires** and more. Experimental! Testing! Threatening, no less. That's available through Recommended as is the **Rec Rec** release **Gradual Disappearance**, an almost contemporary experiment which fuses **Tenko** — a Japanese singer — with some crazily strange sessioners including **Arts Lindsay** and **Fred Frith**. A disturbing and alluring set.

Other notables this month include **Batzman and Kapielski's** **War Pur War** — a bitty, but suggestive, set on **Zensor** available through the **Rough Trade Shop**, **Rimorimba's** **Chicago Death Excretion Geometry** — a pounding systems set that really moves on **Hamster** through **Backs** and the **Cartel**, plus **Gelatinous Citizen's** **Rhythm Of Industry**, a bippy six tracker from **GC** (Box 10023 Arlington, VA, USA). Worthy stuff indeed.

Other things that might give you plastic (ah-hmmmm) should be new stuff from **RRR Records** (151 Paige St, Lowell, MA 01852, USA). Write them for a catalogue or wait a couple of weeks when most of their stuff (including releases by **Eugene Chadbourne**, **F/1**, **Boy Dirt Car**, **HUM** and more) should be available through Red Rhino.

This has been a Ripley report



Tenko overlooks the weird column

LEAVING TRAINS

F***

SST SST 114 [RT] [C] ●● A subtle title from **Leaving Trains**, who veer close to aggressive pseudo pop taking time to get smoochy — in a less than fragrant manner. F*** is surprisingly a little less angry than you might at first suspect, but you can't deny that the **Trains'** stylish delivery has spunk. Grinding in a sub-thrash onslaught, punctuated and punctured with melody lines as tingling as an early morning cold shower. This isn't sex music, but it still knows how to raise a sweat. **Johnny Eager**

RICHARD LLOYD

Real Time

Celluloid CELL 6165 [RT] [C] ●● **Richard Lloyd** still tackles his guitar strings with verve, venom and momentary bursts of bliss, but his post-heroin solo days are far removed from the dynamic narratives of his time in **Television**, alongside **Tom Verlaine**. Recorded live at **CBGB's** club in April this year, **Real Time** is solid rather than inflamed guitar exploration; a more conservative, squarefooted pillar of guitar rock than an individually stamped vision of rock. Gladly, **Lloyd** doesn't attempt to cover any of **Television's** highlights although he does rework **13th Floor Elevator's** **Fire Engine** as **Television** did live, while **Field Of Fire** is **Lloyd's** own plausible **Marquee Moon**. Real time and real guts then, but we'll have to wait for the real alchemy **Lloyd** might unveil. **Martin Aston**

THE LOCOMOTIVES

Bourgeois Voodoo

Big Beat WIKM 63 ●½ Trad art rock horrorshow stuff from **The Locomotives**, whose clever clever style leads them up a **Deaf School** cul-de-sac courtesy of **Split Enz** and **Burlesque**. Somewhere here they're attempting to be **Roxy Music**, but never so cool, and never too offensive to be punk. Instead, **The Locomotives** tread a murky mid-stream, dodging and dancing into an early in-joke grave. Lyrically this is pretty forgettable, musically it's accomplished but you can't help feeling that that's just not enough. **TC Wall**

LOVE AND ROCKETS

Earth Sun Moon

Beggars Banquet BEGA 84 ●¾ Side one blasts off with guitars fuzzing along beautifully to a hard beat but by track two things have dipped into the realms of atmospheric rock and psychedelia, filling side one quite sufficiently well. By the end of side two, though, we have been dragged through some very cheesy, drippy, commercial and, worst of all, Yank-pleasing attempts at meaningful music that end up sounding like **Bowie** meets **The Beatles**. This is 1987, and this is only half an album's worth of material. **Pity. Daz Igymeth**

MODERN ART

Stereo Land

Color COLOR 3 [Ra] [C] ●● The cheap spray paint exterior of this primarily pop-a-jangle platter arouses my feminine inquisitiveness and brings back memories of the tawdry **Pop Rivets** — who begat **The Milkshakes**, **Thee Mighty Caesars** et al. But this collection is more directly played, sweet and unquestionably lovable. **Modern Art** is a conglomerate of one, whose bedroom music escapes the seriously threatening pitfalls of self indulgence to actually sound quite lush. **Awesome. Ripley**



NICE STRONG ARM

Reality Bath

Homestead HMS084 [C] ●●½ Mega-good. **Nice Strong Arm** dither and dangle between this and that, suggesting all manner of diverse directions, ending up with a wonderfully structured sound that lapses into harshly strummed rock-pop, thrash on a bad weekend, and AOR with its fingers down its throat. **Confused?**

The **Arm** offer commercially viable packages spruced and back-combed into rock with a twinkling aggressiveness and caustic charm. They play rock 'n' roll over someone with the radio on and sound convincing all the same. **Brill. Dave Henderson**

NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS

The World Is My Womb

Earthly Delights EARTH 002 [RR] [C] ●¾ The **Nocturnals** have been quiet for some time and this return barrage sees them yet again wandering through yet another soundscape of differing ideas. Gone is the homage to dancebeats, instead looped sound, sporadic keyboard flurries, and echoey corridors are the order of the day. The odd abrasive sound breaks the concentration, bringing the listener back in line . . . wanting more. In a sense it's a little unfulfilling, but **NE** never really gave anyone what they wanted, not all at once anyway. **TC Wall**

A reason to live . . . dat's Der Plan

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UNDERGROUND

HOTCASSETTE FURY OVERLOAD

TC Wall Worthy and swarthy cassette pets have flooded scans new into *Underground*, thoroughly disproving the old cassette muso adage that it can't be good unless it's on releases... vinyl.

The enterprising end of the Medway music boom have clubbed their resources and present Habbermouth Vol One, a collection featuring local talent, that can be had through Pinnacle. Like the explosion of varied music that happened in the late '70s following punk's initial outburst, there's more than a scoop of majestic variation in show — plus a brace of names that must have taken many man/pub hours to arrive at, including Blind Lemon Pie, Millions Of Brazilians, Phineas Fogg and more. High quality tunes in the most, in search of cash and arrangements. Definitely worth a listen.

Thick Slimy Whisper are American (contact them through Cheryl Sobas, 655 Carroll Street, Brooklyn, NY 11215, USA) and their self-titled tape claims to be mainly improvised. Now that's a little surprising as usual "improvised" pieces tend to stray into self-indulgence at the drop of just about anything. This one doesn't, and is essentially a bracing listen, flowing between minimal sounds, intense structures and wispy interludes. Very good, and doubtlessly worth a letter to get more info.

The Cranes' Fuse on Bite Back is a startlingly good tape too. The Portsmouth label have been responsible in the past for bringing the world Twelve 88 Cartel and Paul Moody, and The Cranes offer yet another musical angle to the BB back up squad.

Shifting into a reasonably tense industrial percussion mood, it's made more vital and *moderne* by the delivery and clarity. Like Nitzer Ebb and DAF, and well noisy with it. (Contact: 11 Clarendon Court, Clarendon Rd, Southsea, Hants.)

Back in the States, Fact 22 have more than a Factory edge on their well packaged (and quite humorous) Chatterbox six tracker on Black. Following Big Black's lead, they even do a rough injustice to Kraftwerk's The Model. But it's good and James Towner, the man at the centre of it all, has an eye for good things. You can get details of that at 1230 Bryden Rd, Columbus, Ohio OH 43205, USA.

Minus Bill sent in a tape which was opened at customs due to being on Mental Hygiene Cassettes (PO Box 18873, Denver, CO 80218) no doubt, and the enclosed music does have a certain eerie quality to it. . . but there's nothing too alarmingly dodgy or perverse. Sounding a bit like Attrition, having a good scream now and again and generally coming up with some good ideas, Minus Bill are worth looking out for (especially at customs).

Another from the MHC HQ is the lovingly titled Hic Et Ubique Uno Animo by Human Head Transplant. Unfortunately this little darling lacks a lot in sound quality and fails to let us know precisely what it's all about. Still, Throbbing Gristle at their most noisy on a head on collision with primal Cabaret Voltaire heard through a sock (that is probably not your own), would seem like as good a description as any.

Object Three from Ladd-Frith (those groovy tape people), of Box 967, Eureka, CA 95502, USA, is a great tape set though. A double, neatly glued with a plethora of subliminally sound and beautifully tortured artists, this is one *not* to avoid.

On show are all the names that others can't even begin to spell. Take for instance the excellent New Jersey duo Smersh, the crazed Floydisms of F/1, Negativland's dishevelled soundtracks, Problemist's disquieting diversions plus Blackhouse — the first Christian industrial band — and a host more with names as nice as Master/Slave Relationship. Don't miss.

Debbie Jaffe of Master/Slave Relationship (left)

OI POLLOI

Unite And Win!

Oi! OIR 011 **RG C** ● Scots fast lane merchants, Oi Polloi have been a prolific outfit for turning out new, faster and constantly more outspoken material. Unite And Win! is an onslaught of tremendous proportions which lacks something in delivery and sensitivity, opting to thump home its message with a barrage of slogans. Although some of these might be less than praiseworthy, the onslaught makes it interminably difficult to detect what they're going on about. Musically this is a step sideways, in terms of rock this is endless. **Dave Henderson**

OPAL

Happy Nightmare Baby

Rough Trade ROUGH 116 **RT C** ● 1/2 Strange, strange. . . even RT's press ad refers to Opal's long-awaited first album as "gorbely grunge from the US of A". A compliment or what? The trouble with this album is that David 'Rain Parade' Roback and Kendra 'Dream Syndicate' Smith's collective ability to light the blue touchpaper under the grid of perfect paisley psychedelic magik and effortlessly retire, has pretty much failed them. To truly ignite and excite, you need to work a lot harder than this heavy-lidded squeeze of Hammond organs and kiss-the-sky guitars. The already released Soul Giver has said everything Opal seem capable of. Suffice to say, Opal have proven to be a dull kind of jewel. **Martin Aston**

THE OYSTER BAND

Wide Blue Yonder

Cooking Vinyl COOK 006 **NM C** ● 1/4 More travels from their folk-dominated roots lead The Oyster Band into a more commercially styled sound, with enough rough edges still showing to make it all remarkably sweet, but gruff.

When Christine Collister lends her fast tumbling voice to The Oxford Girl, just three tracks into side one, the hook is taken and the Wide Blue Yonder sounds like your own back garden. **Dave Henderson**

THE PERFECT DISASTER

The Perfect Disaster

Glass GLALP 027 ● 3/4 Steeped in VU memorabilia — and with a Louis Reed-credited song in tow — The Perfect Disaster play romantic pop music strummed in a deepish depression. The occasional sax break lifts the proceedings, while the mood changes and uptempo interludes further enhance the Disaster's Perfect Disaster. Doomy popettes in groovy threads, this LP is destined to be a sombre cult classic. . . with new stuff to follow real soon. **Ripley**



PRIMAL SCREAM

Sonic Flower Groove

Elevation ELV 2 ● 3/4 It's been a long time coming but, after changing drummers and producers, it's well worth the wait as Bobbie's boys have come up with a real gem of a debut album. True, it's stuffed full with '60s-isms in its shimmering guitars and heart wrenching harmonies but it's all filtered through an '80s sonic sensibility with sparkling, stiletto sharp guitars piercing the layers of Bobbie Gillespie's fragile, velveteen vocals. Like a best friend, you'll grow to love and treasure this album and it's one that's sure to top all the polls come the end of the year. **Dick 'Gushingly Sensitive' Mescal**

PUSSY GALORE

Right Now!

Product Inc 33PROD19 ● 9/10 Pussy Galore are destined to become something of a legend akin to snuff video and late night Kenneth Anger movies. After several EPs in the States, an album on Vinyl Drip International, with a few swear words thrown about, this new album on Product Inc is the kind of explosion that many heads won't be able to take.

Like a concept fit for Lloyd Webber, PG burst like a bulbous boil onto the scene from track one. From there on the pace slows and lets you into the action, throwing in the odd freaky bit for effect. The fact is that these cats are too wired to make music. They're out of tune and most likely out of their boxes. If they prick their thumb they'll bleed to death, and the Emperor's new clothes will need a wash.

Right Now! is a thunderous guitar battle, like thrash played by drunks and acid heads. You'll hate it, or you'll "get high", as they say, too. Wacks. **Dave Henderson**

PURPLE THINGS

Purple Things

Absolutely Free FREE LP 001 **RR C** ●● The Purple Things transformation from tracing paper rockabilly, through tacky psychedelia has led them up some dark alleys. Now, launching this new label, they unleash an album that almost achieves the dynamism and mystique of the tripped out sleeve. Purple Things are gore mongers with a hangover, screaming and raving for their supper in a super 8 skin flick of their lives. Always twisting the way you least expect and bludgeoning the stereo with their enthusiasm. Correctly insane.

Johnny Eager



THE RAMONES

Halfway To Sanity

Beggars Banquet Bega 89 ● 1/4 I have friends whose lives were changed by The Ramones back in '76. In their cupboards they keep decrepit torn jeans they wheel out every time da boys are back in town. They are already in a state of frenzy over da brudders' impending visit, but whether they will buy Halfway To Sanity is questionable. Most haven't bought a Ramones album since Road To Ruin.

With Clem Burke drumming on this album, (since departed to be replaced by old-timer Markie), Johnny, Joey and Dee Dee are unsure whether to stick with the sound that made them famous (Bop Till You Drop, Weasel Face), go down the hardcore path they initiated (I'm Not Jesus), follow their poppier instincts (Go 'Lil Camaro Go, A Real Cool Time) or hark back to their Spector-produced hits (Bye Bye Baby). As you've guessed, they try a bit of each and end up confused, unsure, and frankly a bit of a mess. I'll be bopping with the best of them come The Ramones tour, but I bet they won't be relying on these songs to get us going. **Tony Fletcher**

REM

Document

IRS MIRC 1025 ●● I wasn't keen on what seemed to be REM's rockier beginnings on side one of this album, but as it rolled on, that magnetic Michael Stipe groan stuck the hook in again. The last track just about killed it though. When someone "does Wire", as REM do on their cover of Strange, there's not a lot you can say. It doesn't work. Side two returns REM to their positive ways and, continued playing of side one rounded off the rockier edges. Document is a step forward for REM, but the trouble is I liked them just the way they were. Now if we'd asked The Ramones to move on I wonder what might have happened? Cor, rock music! Makes you think don't it. **Dave Henderson**

THE RISK

Invitation To The Blues

Unicorn PHZA-10 **RT C** ● 1/2 This is such a strange LP. The Risk, from the Channel Islands, played extensively in the States to good response, then returned to the UK to record their debut album, Loud Shirts And Stripes, which received good reaction and developed their already growing following. Now, with their second LP, they seem to have lost their way a little, with only half of the tracks standing out as quality pop, while the remainder flounder as trite parody of rock 'n' roll throwaway. Undoubtedly, The Risk have talents in the songwriting area, but they need time to nurture that, rather than to be rushed into half finished recordings. **Ripley**

THE SMITHS

Strangeways Here We Come

Rough Trade Rough 106 **RT C** ●● It pains me to consider Morrissey and Marr's last long-playing collaboration as anything less than a masterpiece, but The Smiths have demanded such high standards, and so often delivered (though never over an entire album, part of the quality of genius being its fallibility), that nothing less than the best will do.

The best here is the mocking attack on an evil music industry, Paint A Vulgar Picture, which features a classically Smiths mid-pace riff and Morrissey at his most acidic. However, when he cynically cries 'Best of! More of! Satisfate the need, slip them into different sleeves! Buy both, and be deceived', is he oblivious to the fact that The World Won't Listen/Louder Than Bombs qualify for inclusion as part of the above crime?

Stop Me If You Think You've Heard This One Before is up-beat Smiths at their best, Death Of A Disco Dancer at their most ironically intense, and it is intensity that runs through these grooves with an almost depressing consistency. Johnny Marr frequently abandons his distinct guitar motifs for a fuller, but less unique sound, often using the piano to do so, and Morrissey is noticeably short on the humour that made The Queen Is Dead the best of their four proper albums. Strangeways is of course a great record, but that's not enough. **Tony Fletcher**

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SWANS

Children Of God

Product Inc **RT C** ●●½ That Swans have managed to transcend their self-imposed early barriers is something impressive. It's easy to stick in the slowed groove and plug away, building that cult for all its worth, but to move on, to introduce new soul, and new souls is a tough one.

Children Of God has its moments of avant garde, but now it's more *leftie bankie style* with Jarboe groaning in delightful self-pity, and acoustic rambles given more room to breathe, on this double set. Sure, there are the hard-edged tracks that are Swans through and through, but Children Of God dances to a different synth.

Still inward looking, self-examining, fuelled by fireworks and gunshots, wracked with effects, and shrouded in echo, Swans play a noise that's suddenly attained far more layers, much more variation than all of their previous releases put together. Disgracefully compulsive. **Ripley**

THIRTEEN MOONS

Origins

Wire WRLP 004 **NM C** ●●½ I've never been over sure of Thirteen Moons' lilting gentleness, often suspecting them of an imminent tearful disappearance into lush nothingness at the drop of a plectrum, but this new album is something else, a hardy affair that revolves, on side one, around some intricate strings and embracing guitars. Although the lyrical aspect still tends to erode some of the interest, the magnitude of the melodies on Origins is quite awesome. Beauty in plastic, indeed. **Dave Henderson**

3 MUSTAPHAS 3

Shopping

Globestyle ORB 022 **P** ●● The westernised humour that's prized its way into the Mustaphas' "authentically created" sound makes them nearly 100 per cent more approachable than the many musical variations and diversions that their "authentic" labelmates have taken. The instrumentation is as sharp as can be, while the humour is kept bubbling with lyrical interjections, and even a rap section half way through side one. Shopping is funny, while being musically sound, it manages to translate the group's infamous live show into the confines of your home (something that many bands never manage). All in all, this is a good one, though. **Johnny Eager**

THROWING MUSES

The Fat Skier

4AD MAD 706 **RT C** ●●● The Muses' latest mini-album signals a new era in their development — now signed to Sire around the world but sticking with 4AD in the UK — with six new tracks playing off against an elongated, encapsulating and all consuming version of Soul Soldier from their debut album.

On the new tracks on The Fat Skier the sound is developed into a new, even more radical, light and dark sound which whips and breaks against the traditions of rock in a frenzy of emotion. This is an enlightening tornado. **Essential. Ripley**

TIN STAR

Somebody's Dreams

Special Delivery SPD1004 **NM C** ●½ New country from the unlikely urban confines of Los Angeles. Quite what makes it 'new' rather than 'old' country is hard to define, though Playboy and MTV are namechecked in the opener American Summer, Don't Give Up is, umm, socially relevant, and Mind Over Mattress could have been part of the Boothill Foottappers set two years ago. The duel male/female vocals add a rougher edge, but are at their best when giving the other a chance to sing solo, as on the up-beat highlight, Sorry Doesn't Work anymore. Whether any of this will catch on in limy land is another story entirely. **Tony Fletcher**

UV POP

Bendy Baby Man

Extra LP 1 **RR C** ● The long lost John White, whose brief flirt with Cabaret Voltaire some time back spawned UV Pop, has returned. Then he was a solo performer and *totally* out of control. Now, he's a pop missionary, without the big songs that he needs to succeed, backed by a real group. From start to finish this album lacks that kind of killer blow that was always possible in his former guise. **Shame. Ripley**

VARIOUS

Keltia Rok

Sain 1412M **RR C** ●½ Celtic Rock to you, pally; long live the Celtic tongue! You could be forgiven for thinking that there were more pressing matters to consider, but, whatever the motivation, this compilation stands defiantly speaking in tongues very hard to understand unless you happen to be fluent in Irish, Cornish, Welsh, Breton, Scottish or Isle of Man lingoese.

The musical styles vary from annoying folk to punky pop to groovy back to drippy crap and there's probably half the album that's dustbin-worthy; the other half interesting if not good. One for the serious musicologists only, this. **Daz Igmeth**

VARIOUS

Medway Powerhouse Vol One

Hangman HANG 4 UP **Re C** ●● The kings and queens of tinny trash, past and present, assemble their previously unreleased noise on a squirmy collection straight from the Medway delta. Varying in style and content, the music makes and breaks on its own terms with typical Milkshakes, cutesy Del-Monas, James Taylor's distinctive organ sound and back pages from The Prisoners and Thee Mighty Caesars. The beauty of this collection, where other specialised garage grunge has failed, is that there's enough variety to keep the whole thing moving along quite nicely. And for new fans, this is a good place to check the roots, rights, whys and wherefores of The Milkshakes and their sons and daughters. **TC Wall**

VARIOUS

Mindless Slaughter

Anhrefn 010 **Re C** ●½ A worthy Artists For Animals compilation featuring some fine talent, some drab but well meaning types, and some in-betweenies. Variation of style is slim but the by-word is angry and the aura of the assembled is genuine and easy to associate with. Top points to Yr Anhrefn, whose positive pop punk is developing nicely. Cheap, Membranes and The Three Johns, who all come in flag waving, are also worthy of your attention. **TC Wall**

VARIOUS

Nettwerk Sound Sampler

Nettwerk NTL 30007 **RR C** ●½ A good chance to check out the Canadian Nettwerk catalogue now that their releases are going to be more readily available in the UK. On show here are 11 tracks from the two sides to the Nettwerk facade. Side one kicks off with the poppy and occasionally doomy home sounds of Grapes Of Wrath, the beaty Dole, the twangy Water Walk, the flowing Pretty Green and the lazy Tear Garden. The second side gets a lot more meaty and electronic with some better known acts including Skinny

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VARIOUS

Raw Cuts Volume Four: Australian Nitro

Satellite RAW 4 **RC** ●●½ They're maaaaaiaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaad! Down in Australia they're still opening their lager with their toenails, they're still drinking gasoline and spitting out caustic noise with their foot embedded on the accelerator. On show here are some of the noisiest bastards you're ever likely to hear. From the second track in, where Liz Dealey And The 20 Second Sect burn the carb into oblivion, you realise that you've always been searching for a gal like Liz. *She's loud.*

From here it never lets up with class takes from Coneheads, Bloodloss, Fear And Loathing and yet more. **Yuk! Johnny Eager**

THE VERLAINES

Juvenilia

Flying Nun UK 010 **RT** ●● There's something deep and cherishable about The Verlaines' rich pop mountain. They can slip through enough of the sleeker new wave, dare I say, rock trends, tip their hat to The Cure (on a day without make up) and twang the kind of US pop that'd make a New York four-piece proud to sing country tunes dressed as The Beatles. Yes, it's a cross breed, that's even more alarmingly listenable due to the fact that the enclosed tracks are taken from the group's years spanning the early '80s.

In that form Juvenilia suggests that The Verlaines are heading swiftly into a large bull ring, with enough of the 'songs that count' in evidence to make them worth checking further. **Dave Henderson**

THE WEDDING PRESENT

George Best

Reception **RC** ●●● Ah. This is brilliant. The Wedding Present bit their lip, dug their heels in and have made a real classic. Rated among the Stumps, Chesterfields, Bodines and suchlike of this world, The Wedding Present haven't fallen fowl of big label posturing or been blown away in a drudge of nothingness. Instead, George Best is a chemical equation which allows lyrics and rampant guitars to share the same plastic mac, without serious questions being asked.

A joyous and harmonious album featuring some of the finest pop music to emerge since the halcyon days of Josef Buzz Juice And The Gang Of Girls At Our Doodah. Now that's telling it like it is. **Right? Johnny Eager**

WHOOPING CRANES

That's What I Need

Zip Records ZIPA 002 **P** (import) ●●½ You can cross a bridge in America these days that will take you all the way from a town called REM to one called Husker Du. Now the view is fantastic but it's just that the congested traffic spoils the trip. Whooping Cranes make a fine, abrasive blur of three-man rock-pop with songs that suggest dips and reefs hidden under the surface, but they mostly sound just a bit too aware of the beautiful guitar vistas they've imagined rather than those they've discovered for themselves. For all that — and there's a definite glance over the sun-baked deserts of the Meat Puppets too — this is still beautiful, restless Americana scenery, stamped by duststorm guitars and harmonising plains, where Whooping Cranes go to feed. **Martin Aston**

ZOVJET FRANCE

A Flock Of Rotations

Red Rhino REDLP 68 **RR** ●●½ Here's the complimentary recordings to accompany their Assault And Mirage tape which was covered in these very pages last month. As such it's more pleasant atmospheric to massage the inner ear as their music doodling sets up a reflective and relaxing swell of looped effects. Ageing hippies may remember similar instrumental works from the likes of Cluster, Eno and various other German synth fanatics but still, this is none the less compelling. **Dick Mescal**

And, the poor unfortunate who won a night out with **Spizz**, who knew that **Spizz** incarnation circa '81 was none other than **SPIZZLES**, is **Simon Birrell**.

Furthermore, the 12 winners of exclusive ROIR compilations, on matted vinyl, are **Phil Read** from Cardiff, **Dave Stamp** from Reading, **Dave Hutton** from Barrow, **Hiroshi Sekiguchi** from Tokyo, **Jos Vernooj** from Amsterdam, **Marc Gascoigne** from Nottingham, **Dave Scott** from Weston-Super-Mare, **Phil Coersion** from London, **Paul Farrington** from Cambridge, **David King** from Bow, **Gary Kelleff** from Glasgow and **James 'I'm too clever to be reading Ug'** Finnigan from New York. They all knew that **James White** is also called **James Black** and that the link between **On-U Sound**, **Dub Syndicate** and **Tack-head** is **Adrian Sherwood**. Pretty international crew, ain't they?

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single life

The also spuns, by an Ug! scribe

Andy what happened? Yes, you, **Andy Gill**, former brain-numbing jangle-heavy guitar welder of **Gang Of Four**, how come you've made an awful jerky sub-Funkapollitan 12 inch called *Dispossession on Survival (Backs)?* Yuk! Stick with **The Bohol** if you want pop. Their TV Man on *Beggars Banquet* suggests that their album will have been worth the wait.

Back to the dodgers though, and witness (or don't) **The Trojans'** Gaelic *Ska* on Gaz's. As the life suggests, a mixed up, messed up thing. Even worse it might even take off on the radio. No such luck for ex-**Banshee** guitarist **John McKay** who's re-emerged as **Zor Gabor**. His debut is a reasonably good single, *Tightrope*, which starts well with strings, then spirals into a heavy-handed affair. **Cloze**.

Jeremy Cluck has quite a reasonable single, *Looking For A Place To Fall* on Tuff Enuff, which he "does" with **Rowland S Howard** and a couple of ex-**Swells**. But isn't this cowpoke chic a little misplaced? Not sure(?).

Talking of cowpokes, I can't help but draw similarities to **The Pain Famine's** *The State Of Art* (which has some dodgy lines about **Dali**) and **The Eagles**. Now we definitely don't need that! There's real art with **The McTells** though. Their hastily scrawled sleeve for their EP on Truffaut, has a lead track, *Jesse Man Rae*, which is well good. Now these lads realise that you have to look deeper and cut loose with some meaningful lyrics. So get it.

Jim's Twenty One have a tale to tell, they're three English people in Belgium (20 rue du Conseil, 1050 Brussels, Belgium), and they've made a heartily tinny noise that it's pretty easy to fall for. Twang with no bass sounds and a grating production. It's great and it's on Tulp.

From the Netzwerk roster, **Moew's** *Wanting* has the disarming of a subdued **Yazoo**, charming but not earth shattering yet. A deeper soul croon can be found on **Rhythm King's** updated *Funky Sensation '87*, by the impressive **Gwen McRae**... a stylish affair.

Meanwhile, new Dreamworld act **The Looking Glass** delve deep into technical record production by using a mere inch and a half of vinyl on their debut 12 inch, *Mirrorman*. Flowing pop arrives by the chord-load, but is this enough? Ah, just dig those tinkling pianos.

Crash, all the way from the USA, play floatingly fleeting stuff, dressed to the nines in pop slush finery, on their *Bright Colored Lights on Remorse (Revolver)*, while **Jah Wobble**, yes him, turns up with a grumbling affected slice of ethnic stuff on *Island Paradise* for the Wob label through Southern Studios.

Eleanor Rigby has another stab at pop fame with *Take Another Shot Of My Heart* on Waterloo Sunset, an '85 stiff that's now available through Pinnacle. The girl has some pouting talent but is severely dogged by the arrangements, the tackiness of the packaging and the weakness of the delivery. Big labels should whisk her away and create another **Tracey Ullman**.

Into A Circle's *Forever* resounds with the large arrangement that such luminaries as ex **Southern Death Cult** and **Strawberry Switchblade** helpers might expect, but this Abstract single doesn't make it in enough of the right quarters to win out.

Meanwhile, in Scotland the well packaged **Vasellines** support with *Son Of A Gun*, an electronically tinny plodder on 53rd And 3rd through *Fast Forward*. Just as tacky, almost like a sub-**Dexys** meeting a sub-**Sputnik**, is the messy and unconvincingly inane **Pop Icons'** single *Boy Leaves City* on Huge Big. The ideas are interesting here, if a little second hand, but the end product lacks the continuity and coherence that would make it something worthy.

From Auckland, New Zealand come **Armatrak** and their latest four track EP of power-mad chordplay for the German Gift Of Life label (46 Dortmund 1, Richard 12, West Germany), a noisy post-psyche chummer that'd do **The Membranes** proud.

A Witness get yet more loud and caustic in the cause of **Ron Johnson's** world takeover week, with a new three track 12 inch, *Red Snake* (through Nine Mile and the Cartel). Strange really how bittersweet and torturous that harmonica can be when it tries to peel bits from your eardrums.

ANTHONY ADVERSE Imperial Violets el [P] Old Ant's pre-Raphaelite poise and pose is beat-boxed, sweetened and dressed in flowing white. Upmarket romanticism that threatens something tangible and memorable but is just one silk sheet short of the necessary lushness. **MA**

BIG BLACK The Model Blast First [R] [C] Big Black's swansong parody of Kraftwerk, backed with a cover of Cheap Trick's *He's A Whore*, in perfect pastiche sleeve. As ever they're musically caustic but it's quite an intriguing play-off when they thrash their knuckles against the clinical austerity of Germanic non-humour. Like Sonic Youth's Madonna blitz on into *The Groovy*, this is a substantial side that'll establish the band in a lot of hearts that might otherwise have gone unpunctured. **R**

BIG SUR Dancing On The High Wire Hands Like Feet [E] [C] With smooth atmospherics like this beset by an undercurrent that sets the feet hopping round the room, this Glasgow band will not be long in the indie camp. Pop with a strong beating heart, a nod towards jazz and an appetite for the charts. **DM**

THE BODINES Slip Slide Pop A springy fresh juicer that will refresh the thirsty among shoppers and maybe put to rest the accusations that the LP from which it came is a disappointment. Even so, it is still their worst single to date. **JD**

THE CHILLS House With A Hundred Rooms Flying Nun UK [R] [C] Another plaintive cry from The Chills. Is there no end to their source of charm? This is, perhaps, a more commercial outlet for the New Zealand Flying Nunners; it may lack the saddening impact of a Pink Frost or the emotionally soul-stirring kick in the pants that was *I Love My Leather Jacket* but *House With A Hundred Rooms* is a grower. Child-like in its wisdom it bares all the essential hallmarks of another damned fine piece of Chills revolving plastic! **AK**

COCO, STEEL AND LOVEBOMB Crucifixion Of Donny — Love Puppy Melody: Rhythm: Noise [R] [C] Brilliant scratching cut up and total distortion of the old Donny trembler. Extra voice-overs, scratch effects, James Brown, Schoolly D and a cast of many put in an appearance. This is a big must. **TC W**

CONCRETE GOD Toytown God Phlox [P] Now these chaps have a little bit of style. Verging on Tubeway Army voice-play, punctuated with Pete Waterman's name and a big production, Concrete God play sensual dance music with a rhythmically precise edge. **R**

CROW PEOPLE Cloud Songs Meantime [R] [C] Four songs and a wide mixture of styles; New Model Army, Hawkwind, The Cure and other things are in here somewhere but the sound is the Crow People's own. Promising stuff and no mistake. **DI**

THE DAVIDSONS Muscle Jerks Cake [R] [C] Seven tracks choc-full of Midlands humour and including a brain-death version of Gary Glitter's *I Didn't Know I Loved You* schmaltzer. The Davidsons are a wry smile, effortlessly body breaking through anonymity into the brutal outside world... like Stump with their pants on. **JE**

DIESEL PARK WEST When The Hoodoo Comes Food [R] [C] Latest Food signings, DP West claim an admiration for Moby Grape and you can hear a little of the US phrasing amid this big, big, big stadia-in-the-sky production job. A fine debut from a band who could very well, with songwriting ability kept in line, be frontrunners as the "next U2". **Wow! TC W**

THE DINNER LADIES Muscle In The Bud Hannibal Gentle folk akin to Saturday summer special with a lyrical bent and English romanticism thrown in for good measure. An annoying little tune that'll haunt you all the way to your next pint of real Dog's Bladder ale. **JE**

DIRECT HITS Snakes And Ladders Forbidden/Fire [R] [C] Mod re-treads produce sweaty summer pop for wet afternoons with their own self-styled *Battered Beat*. Lacks bite and inspiration with the distinctly dodgy demo feel not helped by the dull production. **DM**

DREAM Desires Black [P] [C] Dream's thrashing guitar sound, that's clear as a bell, is liberally smothered in a tasteful vocal line. The resultant pop onslaught is undeniably memorable even if it's a little reminiscent of *The Wedding Present* with a few of the rougher edges sanded down. **DH**

THE DURUTTI COLUMN The City Of Our Lady Factory [P] Difficult to describe this new chapter in Vini Reilly's guitar manual. Floating into another sandstorm, awash with the usual Durutti lushness, it even boasts a vocal cover of Jefferson Airplane's *White Rabbit*. Whatever next? **TC W**

THE EXTREMES Eat My Dust Destiny [R] [C] Two diverse diversions, one to a jammed in Television noise, the other to a tempered grey rock tone. The Extremes play fine music that smells of magnitude, style and a decent grounding in musical history. Enjoy the education. **TC W**

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FINI TRIBE I Want More Wax

Trax UK Drum machine-powered and quite affected reworking of The Can chestnut that really gives the old grinder new life, through a series of well placed arrangement techniques and tonal changes. Good one. **TC W**

FLAMIN' GROOVIES Shake

Some Action ABC **[P]** It seems to be about the 55th incarnation of the Groovies' Shake 45 and it still sounds good. A classic song with a looser than precise production bringing it into the '80s. Still, can't help loving the '77 Sire version, but that's just me. **DH**

GEAR DADDIES She's

Happy/2-18 Gark Records (4100 44th Avenue South, Minneapolis MN 55406

USA) The Gear Daddies may pedal-steel a soft-rock country thang that at a distance recalls bland-outs in the company of Californians, but in reality, Martin Zellar's song and voice have the same naked nerves and mournful withdrawal as a group like The Replacements. These are tense, hurtin' songs, one a ballad, the other poppier — sad and serious country that refuses to toe the Gram-Parsons-was-here line. Watch out for them. **MA**

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL The Motion Of Love Beggars

Banquet You might think they're a bunch of lipstick wearing pansies, you may hate their seemingly *nouveau* cock-rock lifestyle, you may even be a little jealous, but even the deafest of abusers can sense the quality of this anthemic opus. Well, I can, anyway. **R**

THE GO BETWEEN'S Bye Bye

Pride Beggars Banquet The Go Between's pull a couple of tracks from their recent Tallulah album, and they still sound just as fresh as the day they were conceived. Magnetic, poetic and charming with something akin to an oboe embracing a subtle strummed melody. Summer music for romantics. **R**

THE GOLDEN PALOMINOS Boy

(Go) Celluloid **[RT C]** The Palominos' structure changes every track and their new album, *Visions Of Excess*, promises to be a gem. As a taster, this classic slice of nouvelle pop, featuring Michael Stipe, Jody Harris and Richard Thompson among others, tells a little of what we can expect on the LP. One listen and you'll know not to miss it. **DH**

THE ILLUSTRIOUS CUTLERY Scarecrow North West

[RT C] Something a little closer to something that really goes somewhere. Yes, that's it! The Illustrious Cutlery have a bizarre, tambourine shake-a-long rhythm, a loose guitar and an acidic high-

light of keyboard and lead guitar making this Joe Foster-produced 45 much more than revivalism, greater than good and awesomely listenable. Like rock records should be, memorable, desirable and able to stand up to repeated playings. **DH**

THE KING OF LUXEMBOURG

The Trial Of Doctor Fancy

[P] To my mind, a more realized and memorable pop artefact than anything from his Royal Bastard album, spinning winsome Herman's Hermits yarns and other such twerpy pop-sickie gemstones with a whiff of decadence. The flamenco accompaniment is just the icing to this table of evil and corrupt table manners. **MA**

MALCOLM'S INTERVIEW The Finer Points Of Feeling

Special Delivery **[NM C]** With previous releases on Eggs Will Walk and Cooking Vinyl, Malcolm's Interview offer a strange hybrid of post-punk meets folk vitriol that rounds itself neatly into aspiring pop music tinged with the kind of large vocal phrasing that suggests another Fairport Convention circa '68. Not to cast them back in time though, for *MI* have a kind of current charm and delivery that sets them aside from folk revivals and pop put downs, they are in act quite unique. Excellent. **DH**

MARDEN HILL Robe/

Hangman **[P]** Robe is a roguish, jazz-swinging finger-click of pop, all filmic caricature and ace trumpets, sideways on to John Barry theme land, but flipped over, Hangman is harsher and more vital — a gripping and moody surf ride through Spaghetti West with a hangover. James Taylor and Lester Square, where are you? **MA**

THE MULTI COLOURED SHADES 2000 Light Years

From Home ABC **[P]** The Stones' chestnut given a fresh sound by this German psychecome-pop combo. A deep lush aura that spirals before it claws into your inner sanity. Quite a tickler really. **R**



THE NOSEFLUTES Heartache Is Irresistable Ron Johnson

[NM C] Five tracks from the strangely bizarre and alarmingly peculiar Noseflutes. The title track sounds almost African as it throws down a dance gauntlet only for Rotting Honeytoon to trample its good intentions into the ground. The 'flutes are on their way to being a quite unique outfit with a finely honed sound. **DH**

BOBBY SCARLET Mosquito

Dead Bug Records

[RT C] Now this is what I call "sexy". All of Bobby's songs seem to have some sort of sexual double entendre. On this occasion, Mosquito tells the story of a dream where even then, in dreamworld, "you want to get inside my jeans". It could be quite an innocent request for a bit more pocket money. **JD**

THE SHAMEN Christopher Mayhew Says Moksha

[NM C] Words of wisdom from great drug guru Chris, set to music — with a tasty verse/chorus and thumping bass drum — by the lovingly blitzed Shamen. A post-pubescent beat combo more akin to The Beatles on speed, The Shamen produce a sound that massages the exhibitionist inside and eventually finds release with some tastefully tempered wordplay. These boys are heroes. **JE**

69 TRIBE Bikers Feralette

(2012 West End Avenue, Nashville, TN 37203, USA) Well, my my. This sure as hell relieves itself all over the Crazyhead, Zed, Pop Won't Grebo Phenomenon — making them all sound as angry as Dumpy's Rusty Nuts. 69 Tribe spit out an anthem to leather chaps and chapped behinds with immortal drug references, talk of "chicks" and all those other filthy things. Superb. Cough. **DH**

SON OF SAM A Dangerous Age For A Woman Rouska

[RT C] That Son Of Sam began as a hybrid industrial disco outfit — all ideas and no songs — it's kind of surprising to witness the affectionate soulfulness of this classic cut. Busting a catgut with a neat laidback guitar line, it still whips up in style and breaks with the best of them. This lot are waiting to be thrown to the top of the pile. **DH**



THE SOUP DRAGONS Soft As Your Face Raw TV

[RT C] The Dragons, rise to fame looks pretty much on course now, with their affairs being directed into the big league with

the help of an orchestra and song arranger. Soft As Your Face lacks the group's guts and grit, leaving the onus strictly on songwriting prowess, of which the group have enough to just about survive. But this is, make no mistake, a cabaret offering, a ballad fit for Tom Jones, Sandie Shaw or Maggie Moon, nothing more nothing less. **DH**

THE SUGAR CUBES Birthday

One Little Indian **[RT C]** Anyone who can curl a cute lip and talk about "counting freckles" can't be all bad. The Sugar Cubes are sweet, as you'd imagine, an after-taste of Iceland's Kuki ready to break into a commercial "rock" market currently occupied by very few. Expect them to be pretty massive pretty soon. **DH**

THESE IMMORTAL SOULS

Marry Me Mute **[RT C]** A real oddity this, straying between rinky dink cabaret piano and bar room Post-Cave-isms to an almost fully theatrical pop-rock onslaught. Quite embracing, but pretty indescribable, except to say "drawl, slither, squirm, creepy", does that mean anything to you? No, me neither; features Rowland S Howard too. **R**

THE THREE JOHNS Never

And Always Abstract **[P]** You never had it so good, and you never knew that the Johns could sound like this! Approaching PIL, mixed and minced through Sherwood's trembling hands, Never And Always is a throbbing thunderburst that's busting at the adrenalin-soaked seams. Churning! **R**

3 MUSTAPHAS 3 Shouffi

Rhirou Globestyle **[P]** More music from the market of a 1,000 Indiana Jones out-takes, courtesy of the Harlesden/Willesden community skiffle band. Give a man a fez and he'll tell you he's Tommy Cooper, call yourselves 3 Mustaphas 3 and you can make near authentic music too. Sweet. **DH**

T REX Peel Sessions

Strange Fruit **[P]** Forget the history-tampering Tony Visconti remixes and take this to your heart — T Rex and Marc Bolan at their most ecstatic and abandoned. Elemental Child is Bolan the guitar ego, tripping to his own reflection, while Jewel and Ride A White Swan are psychedelic Bolan, the precious walf-child finally turning on to pop. T Rex at their peak. **MA**

TUBEWAY ARMY Peel Sessions Strange Fruit

[P] Back then (1979), even Tubeway Army sounded original. I Nearly Married A Human is six-minutes of spacey-synth whimsy but Down In The Park was Numan's best, a pale-white neurotic outsider's anthem viewed through the eyes of Bowie's Germanic glare — a beautiful gloom tune. Beam me up Scotty. **MA**

Dave Gedge is a talkative chap . . . and a thoughtful one at that. The telephone line crackles at times, making his enthusiasm run into a sea of words, as he gushes with stories of The Wedding Present's debut album, which they've lovingly titled *George Best*. But more of that later. First let's go through the Gedge diaries and get to grips with The Wedding Present back catalogue, their slow but assured rise to album band status, and their other lives and loves. First the singles . . . Go Out And Get 'Em Boy!

Go Out And Get 'Em Boy
 "We wanted to make that a real statement, we'd sort of burst onto a scene when a lot of things were happening . . . you know like The Redskins and the Creation bands, Age Of Chance, too. At that point there seemed to be lots of good new bands arriving and we wanted to make a pretty extreme record, give it an extreme production without being pretentious. As a song, looking back, it's still alright, it still stands up."

Once More
 "We thought about this one, we intentionally tried to make it different from the first single, so as to show that we had some versatility, but really it's the one I'm least happy with — even though it still goes down really well live. I think it was like a clichéd rock song in a way. It's not really representative of The Wedding Present."

The Sun Can Wait
 "This is one of my favourites, it's the one that really brought about our trademark of the fast guitar sound. It was supposed to be a double A side, but we didn't really have the budget to do the B side properly. It sort of sounds like you're playing it with a 15 year old needle. It embarrasses me when people play it in clubs too, the sound is so bad."

My Favourite Dress
 "My Favourite Dress is on the album and it created a lot of interest in us when it came out as a single. But in the end it came to nothing. Several big labels were supposedly interested, but in retrospect I'm really glad we kept our independence and stuck to the road we were on."

In addition to these four classic slivers of rampaging pop music — for the uninitiated, the closest marker to The Wedding Present's sound is a frantic interaction fusing high speed guitar, a throbbing rhythm section and bleeding heart vocals, like Edwyn Collins playing Gang Of Four — the Pressies have also racked up three Peel sessions, a Janice Long session and an Andy Kershaw session.

The first two singles have been combined on a 12 inch and Strange Fruit have released one of the Peel sessions with plans in hand to release the group's Janice Long session.

"I think the Janice Long session was my favourite for the

BBC, although they've all been enjoyable. The one on Strange Fruit obviously spread our reputation, as it was one of the label's early releases . . ."

And the group's cover version of Orange Juice's *Felicity* from that session became a talking point and rekindled a few memories. In fact the group have covered a couple more noteworthy epics in their time (showing their skeletons early on).

"Yeah, we did *Felicity* because we're all big Orange Juice fans. I still really like them, whenever I'm down I can just put on their first LP and it cheers me up. We also did Gang Of Four's *Essence Rare* — that was Shaun, our drummer's choice — and on the album's cassette and CD version there's a cover of Girls At Our Best's *Nowhere Fast*. I think they're my favourite group of all time, well for this week anyway, they just wrote such perfect pop songs, you know? They sang them in real English accents and talked about things like walking along the Champs E'lysee."

Any plans for other covers?
 "We're thinking about Blondie's *Presence Dear* at some point."

Now, that should be interesting.

Aha . . . Love of music; a democratic band, The Wedding Present exploiting their Englishness, revealing their roots. But Dave, who are the other WPs? Introduce them, please.

Keith; bass.
 "Keith has been a close friend for some time, he's very shy, if he was on the other end of this phone you wouldn't get much out of him. He's really talented, but he has to be driven to do things, like write bass lines."
 Shaun; drums.
 "He's a lot louder. His heart's in the right place and he's really honest. So much so, in fact, that he'll change sides in an argument half way through, or change his mind mid question."

Peter; guitar
 "He's only got about three records, he's more interested in football. He's the kind of bloke who'd spend £40 to go and see Leeds play in Brighton, which is strange, because he's from Manchester."

Yep, a motley crew, with Dave Gedge on guitar and vocals. The Wedding Present, this is your interview. So, tell us about the album.

Why's it called *George Best*? A flawed masterpiece? A talent

gone askew?
 "Well, it just seemed like a good idea. *George Best* summed up the spirit of a time when things were happening, things were important. He's a legendary figure, a kind of celebrity from a time gone by. I never thought that a week after we'd finish the record we'd be having our pictures taken with him."

And what did he think of it?
 "He was pretty good about it all. He didn't really know what to make of it."

So what do you make of it, now that it's ready to roll in every format known to man?

"That's really difficult to say, I'm too close to it."

Well, I'll tell you, Dave, it's real good. It takes a bit of getting into, the whirling guitar won't make it easy for pseudo-yuppies to understand, but once inside, the noise is more than fine. And the words? Like real life!

"I suppose they are taken from real life experiences, things that have happened, but you have to add snatches of this and that, interesting bits you've heard to make it more singable. The way I sing means it's got to be written in a kind of conversational style too."

And the northern twang? Is that straight from a Smiths-aligned

The Wedding Present release their first album, *George Best*, after a string of live successes, numerous radio sessions and a string of highly acclaimed singles. Vocalist and swash-buckling guitar player Dave Gedge, dials in for an earful of probing conversation with Dave Henderson. Let the inquest begin!



love of Rita Tushingham and other such black and white film stories?

"No, more likely it's from *Coronation Street*."

So, is there insecurity there in the lyrics? The way the songs are orchestrated with those clashing guitars it sometimes makes the spoken word difficult to follow. Are you hiding in there?

"In a way, I suppose. There's a certain degree of insecurity in the lyrics. I suppose the guitar is there to supplement what's being said."

And how does that affect your audience?

"The thrashing guitar has put

some people off, it's aggressive and boisterous and as we've gone on, got bigger, I've noticed that we've been getting less and less girls at our live shows and that's a shame as I'd like to think that we play pop music for everyone."

But it does seem that success is coming The Wedding Present's way (whether it be male dominated or not). George Best is a classy album, tinged with heartfelt pop, supported by bolshy playing and there may even be the odd pop song there too.

So, despite no big deal (and long term pension plan) as yet,

do you think this album will force you into one, or aren't you that bothered?

"I don't think we are. We've been looked after really well by our manufacturers and distributors Red Rhino, they've invested in us, given us all that we wanted, and the contract we have is all in our favour. We're earning enough now that we don't have to be on the dole. It's not a brilliant living, but at least we're progressing in the right way, and we've also seen how so many other groups have failed when they've gone to bigger labels."

So do you think you'll still be doing it all in ten years time?

"I don't know. Pop music has such a limited appeal, and I've got a short concentration span, I'll probably get so bored I'll just give it up eventually."

So you don't see The Wedding Present on the cabaret circuit next century?

"No, not really."

In a way I'm kind of glad. At least this way they'll churn and grind out their evocative pop for some time to come, providing records as uplifting as Orange Juice's first along the way. Enjoy!

a marriage made IN

the house of strum



The Wedding Present and correct — Peter, Kelth, Shaun and Dave. But where's George?

From page 21

WALKING FLOORS Escape

Primitive **RM** **C** Trashy drum-click behind a real drummer and four tracks that sound like a hybrid made in heaven, between Wire and The Small Faces. Pretty damn strange and good with it. **R**

THE WALTONES She Looked Right Through Me Medium

Cool **RM** **C** Everything you might expect from Manchester's breeziest band. They play a very special brand of pure, total pop and have a singer with the best, boldest, most infectious smile this side of Whalley Range. **JD**

THE WONDER STUFF

Unbearable The Far Out

Recording Company

RM **C** "I didn't like you very much when I met you... and now I like you even less", sneers the singer over some quality power 'pop' that's rather rollicking in a real sense; unlike pantomime funsters Pop Will Disembowel Itself, this lot sound like they mean it. Short and to the point and that must be good. **Alright? DI**

YOLA TENGO For The

Turnstiles/Asparagus

Song Coyote **SN** (import)

YLT's beatnikish Feelies-Television guitar combinations always threaten to break out of their muted, semi-droning ways, but never do, and therein lies their tension and fascination, if not always their full potential. Their cover of Neil Young's Turnstiles finds them with ants in their pants, and their guitars suitably respond. **MA**

REwind

The music so far, re-released, repeated reported on!

With the re-release onslaught being taken in hand by more than a few new labels who've seen the success of Ace, Charly and Demon, and the second wave including new boys like Bam Caruso, the switch to hi-tech has come with Demon (and Ace to some extent) putting out some of their quality releases/compilations on CD. Who would have thought that The Byrds' Sweetheart Of The Rodeo or The Flying Burrito Bros' Gilded Palace Of Sin would ever have made it to CD? And, then again, who could have predicted the success of Jackie Wilson in retrospect (his best rock 'n' roll sides make it to CD as Reet Petite, while there's a couple of CDs from Creedence Clearwater Revival this month, through Ace's tie in with the Fantasy label).

In other ports, there's vinyl revivals for a selection of Flux Of Pink Indians LPs on their own One Little Indian label — now they are a band worth checking, especially on Uncarved Block. Not strictly re-issues perhaps, but good all the same as are Sonic Youth's EP and Confusion Is Sex packages which have surfaced on SST and predate the group's current wave of Blast/First releases.

Legendary Harvest-label outfit, Forest have their debut self-titled LP out in limited edition green vinyl on the Zap! label through Revolver and the Cartel, and on the soul front, Dobie Gray has In Crowders That Go 'Go-Go', an album of his greatest on Kent. From Stax through Ace, there's Jean Knight's Mr Big Stuff LP — a title track which has recently been covered by numerous people, The Staple Singers' Beatitude: Respect Yourself, and through Fantasy/Ace, ex Dramatics' crooner L.J. Reynolds asks you to Tell Me You Will (in his own silky sweet style).

Through the new Cartel branch New Routes, there's a host of Sun and Rhino releases and repackage including a wealth of Johnny Cash material, albums from Gentrys, Jerry Lee Lewis and Charlie Rich on Sun, plus a selection of Nuggets (psychedelic packages) and a throng of Monkees albums on Rhino. For further information on New Routes, try giving them a call on (01) 359 0427. That'll cheer them up. **Dave Henderson**

And now this month's selections reviewed. . .

BARBARA ACKLIN

Groovy Ideas

Kent KENT 072 **P** Barbara Acklin's career in the deeply dug northern and balladeering soul circuits has placed her in good stead for cult status and collector awareness. With so much to offer in terms of silky sweet vocal lines, hinged to thumping backbeats and tinkling piano arrangements, this compilation, spanning the late '60s and early '70s, certainly gives a neatly inked thumbnail of all of her endearing qualities. Sweet and tear jerking in all the right places. **Dave Henderson**

CHUCK BERRY

Rock 'n' Roll Rarities

Chess DETD 206 **Ch** Excellent double set from Chuckles McBerry featuring demos from the man — complete with inter song chattering and unreleased takes from the Chess vaults — including take 15 of Beautiful Delilah, no less — plus a version of Johnny B Goode where Berry informs the piano player that he shouldn't be playing Roll Over Beethoven.

Neat stuff, cranked up even further with a smattering of classic album tracks that are well worth investigation too. **Dave Henderson**

RAY CAMPI

The Very Best Of

Juke Box XS LP 103 Swift Campi was one of the legendary mid '50s Texan rockabillys who, in the mid '70s turned up on the Californian Rollin' Rock label with some stomping anthems. It's from that period that this collection is taken. From the 18 tracks on show most are stand-outs, especially Rockin' At The Ritz, Quit Your Triffin' and Tore Up. **Snakey G**

ROKY ERICKSON

Casting The Runes

Five Hours Back TOCK 007

Re **C** Collector's fodder indeed as some shaky tape manipulator rediscovers this sleazy live outburst from Roky Erickson. So, amid re-releases and repackage of every other Erickson incarnation in every format, here's something of a curio featuring the man live in Texas circa '79. What's more, there's a lot of previously unheard material and it's delivered with a Roky body punch that's well stylish. This may be just the ticket to introduce yet another generation to the ex-13th Floor Elevator — that's if people can find it through all the other albums. **Johnny Eager**

ROKY ERICKSON

The Holiday Inn Tapes

Fan Club FC 030 **P** Wahoo! Roky, live! Roky, live in a hotel room! Roky live in room 424, Holiday Inn, Red River, way back in December '86! **Woo!**

Well there it is. Roky, strumming and singing, just about in time, order and tune, through some old faves, Peggy Sue Got Married, True Love Ways, The Times I've Had and That's My Song from the Holly back cat, plus a batch of self-penned tracks — Lo-fi for purists and strange people especially. **Johnny Holly**

JOHN FOGERTY

John Fogerty

Fantasy FACE 507 **P** Post Creedence Fogerty with the lead take, Rockin' All Over The World, showing the way for Quo and their ilk — without the ham-fisted theatrics. John Fogerty's swamp pop takes a bit of a back seat as the onus stretches more to 'rock'-tinged work outs, but the heart is in the right place and the end product retains that kind of down home aroma that wafts around all good melting pots. Soulful stuff, and all topped with that throaty whine that made Creedence's past so potent. **Dave Henderson**

THE 4 SKINS

A Few 4 Skins More

Link LINKLP 015 A haphazard re-packaging of The 4 Skins, first two albums and incarnations. The double kicks off well with a side of reasonable songs, but the going gets a little tarnished, in fact beyond recognition, on the live flipside. Meanwhile on record two, Roi Pearce proves he can actually sing and the more tuned and tuneful melodies just about win through.

But politics and power struggles aside, do we really need to be reminded of this very basic and seemingly pointless music? And do we want to relive the furore of Southall and the questions it threw up? I doubt it very much somehow. **Johnny Eager**

JIMMY MCCRACKLIN

Blast 'em Dead

Ace CHD 219 **P** McCracklin is best known for his '58 Chess hit, The Walk, and for co-writing Tramp with Lowell Fulson, but this 18 track collection is from an earlier period ('52-'54), when he was on the Duke/Peacock label. Blast 'em Dead features his Jumpin' blues band on Pleasin' Papa, She Felt Too Good and Blues And Trouble among others. **Snakey G**

NINE NINE NINE

Separates

Fan Club FC 027 (New Rose distribution, French import) NineNine Nine's punk aggression, notable songs and pop bias was soon smoothed as their bank balances were weathered through the turning of the tides. On Separates, from '78, the shirts are neatly pressed and the music is given a more clean, fully sheened sound. And, as they scuttle closer to 'punk rock' legend, that hint of dastardly independence and indifference fails to make much of a showing. Perhaps not the best of the group's albums, but a high quality production on a tearful memory. **Johnny Eager**

JOHNNIE TAYLOR

Who's Making Love . . .

Stax SXE 004 **P** Johnnie Taylor's deep throat gravel tongue vocals, lavishly foamed with soulfully-styled horns make for perfect pop soul. Each carefully orchestrated three minute slice of heartbreak and divorce further enhances Johnnie's 'kiss but don't tell' image, leaving the blues shouting in the cupboard with a pre-funky overcoat. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Bay Area Blues Blasters

Ace CHD 224 Bluesy and downbeat collection of blues wailing tipped with some precocious guitar breaks. Mainly from the early '50s, this set features such namedrop luminaries as Lafayette 'Thing' Thomas and Baby 'Pee Wee' Parham among others and, as the onus clicks back and forth through the tales of the downtrodden and forlorn, something of a unique, soiled-but-in-suits ambience takes over the proceedings. The Bay Area sound may have developed into some dodgy punk kerrang of late, but it had its heart in the right place in pre-Elv days. **Johnny Eager**

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VARIOUS

Posh Hits Vol One

Posy Boy PBS 8138 **■** Best from the Posh Boy catalogue finally available through Jungle in the UK after four years on import. Just 16 examples of how America took to punk including the seminal breakthroughs of Black Flag — a tempered version of Louie Louie — Agent Orange, Circle Jerks, Nuns, F-Word!, TSOL and more. It's all varied and expressive with probably the most quirky salvo coming from Baby Buddha on the demented and drawn-out drum machine patter of Your Cheatin' Heart. Good enough though. **Dave Henderson**

YOUNG JESSIE

Shufflin' And Jivin'

Ace CHD 225 **■** Ouch! This guy has the tinniest guitar in the history of the world. What's more, it rattles and creaks all over the show. Jess is an ex member of The Flairs — in fact one track here features him with the group — and through his solo work-outs, which are chronicled in fine tinnily moneroe here, he's developed the kind of legendary dirtbox boogie-woogie backdrop that a post-jazz, near big band crooner such as he can really bend a larynx muscle to. **Shufflin' And Jivin'** breaks its reins to throttle the world and scrape away excess wax. Fine and totally unfettered with a treble-making guitar giving that edge. **Dave Henderson**

Give Us Creedence!



Creedence Clearwater: the facial hair minority!

• Ace Records have snapped up the Fantasy catalogues and part and parcel of the fine collection of stuff that'll be winging its way to the world, are five **Creedence Clearwater Revival** LPs. Who? Well, Creedence have been acclaimed as one of the seminal US rock 'n' roll outfits, a group whose 45s had a message, evolved through some fine compulsive pop music. From their soulful roots, and their phase of elongated neo-rock anthems in their earlier days, they eventually went on to produce some of the most powerful music that was loosely termed

"swamp rock". Leader **John Fogerty** eventually went solo and penned Rockin' All Over The World, which was eventually covered by **Quo**. Creedence's Bad Moon Rising ended up as key theme in **American Werewolf In London** and a clutter of contemporary bands in London's current pop twang cited Fogerty as inspirational.

• The records in question are **Creedence Clearwater Revival**, which perfectly illustrates the group's R&B/deep soul grounding; **Bayou Country**, where the rock 'n' roll

hammer begins to click; **Green River**, often acclaimed as a classic with three minute pop a-plenty; **Willy And The Poorboys**, another gem with a countryesque slant added and some reportage lyricism; and **Cosmos Factory**, featuring an extended I Heard It Through The Grapevine which hit in the US as a single, and Travellin' Band and Up Around The Bend that charted in the UK.

• Essential listening, rock history and educating too. **Dave Henderson**



UNDERGROUND: thoughtfully listenable
ISSUE REVIEW: lucky and lovable

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Published by Spotlight Publications Ltd

Greater London House

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London NW1 7QZ

Telephone 01-387 6611

Telex 299485 Music G

Fax 01-388 5010

Distribution

Spotlight Magazine Distribution,

1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX

Telephone 01-700 4600

Typeset by Offshoot Graphics Co,

17-18 Great Sutton Street,

London EC1

Printed by

Chesham Press, 16-18 Germaine St,

Chesham, Bucks

ISSN 0951-502X

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5 DOCUMENT

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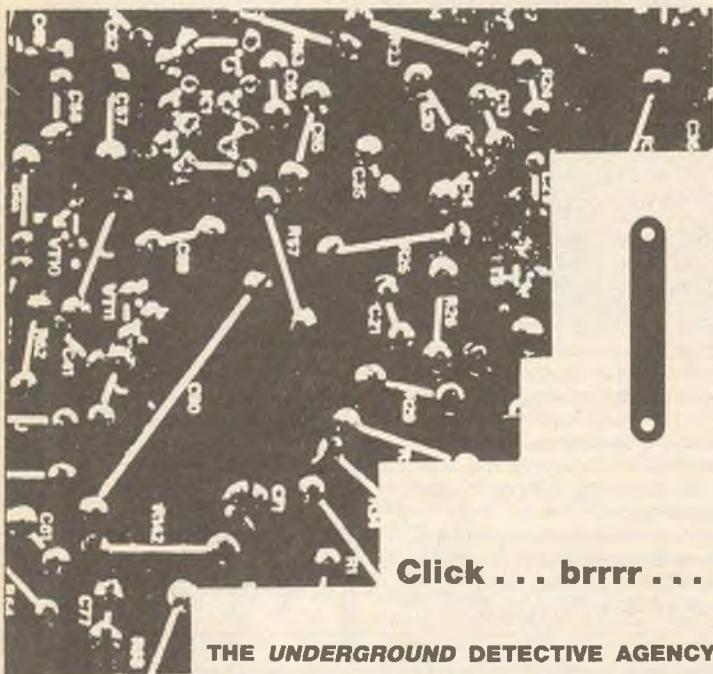
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THE UNDERGROUND DETECTIVE AGENCY

GETS THE SCAM ON THE WIRES THAT ARE BUZZING

Perry For President

Scratch reveals the meaning of life!

Lee "Scratch" Perry is wearing an electric blue jump-suit, lime green felt hat, and shocking pink squeezey rattle. He has a new LP, *Time Boom — De Devil Dead*, a sterling, dub-fracture collision between Perry and Adrian Sherwood's *Dub Syndicate*, but mysteriously, Mr Perry refuses to discuss his working relationship with Mr Sherwood, which is rather a shame. Nor is he particularly keen to discuss the record. "Let's talk about the future," he says, "The plan is to kill evil, to destroy evil and bring forth good — to get rid of Satan, to get rid of The Devil, to get rid of Lucifer, to get rid of the Devil-followers. That's my *main* plan — to clean up this earth, to make it clean again and make it a holy land without fearing of thieves and fearing of robbers and fearing of liars, and fearing of hypocrites and parasites, yes?"

- And what's the most immediate evil to confront?
- "Lies. Lies are the most terrible evil on the face of this earth. Lies make everything bad".
- So how do you operate in the music business — which runs on lies — without going crazy?
- "I stick with fate, stick with love. Right? Stick with peace, stick with unity, and I won't have no problem. Seeing, hearing, speaking, smelling, will guide me from destruction and from distortion."
- (He keeps his wits about him).
- There must be another sense though, surely, to sort out when the eyes and ears deceive . . .
- "Well there are the senses for when we are sleeping, when we dream it's another life and life is a dream. People think the dream world isn't real, but it's real. What I'm living this morning is what I dreamed the night before."
- What did you dream the night before?
- "Well, I could see a new world about to happen, where poor people could have a fair chance in this new world, by selecting themselves a new leader and a new guide."
- Do you see a major leader like that coming along?
- "I am the universal world leader. (Ah-ha!) I see myself as the first President of the Universe. I see myself as the Lord and King of the Universe. The Emperor of the Universe. I see myself as that. I am positively sure I can run this world, I can run this globe, I can run around this equator . . . with or without money. What make me think so? Because my words are perfect, my words are honourable, and through my words all things are possible".
- This has been a short magazine featurette on behalf of Lee "Scratch" Perry, whose new record, *Time Boom — De Devil Dead*, is available at all good record stores. Now, let's look at the weather. **Marc Issue**



MONARCHY MAYHEM and FISHPASTE

Clapperboard clash!

Jackdaw With Crowbar in film fun

"Look . . . up in the sky . . . Is it a bird? Is it a plane?" No, it's a bleedin' tractor!?! The *Night Albania Fell On Alabama*, from JWC's first single, sees them delighting in humanities revenge on the American deep South. Jackdaw's new Ron Johnson single, *Amarillo*, is about America punishing its own. Character building, y'know? Over to you Steve.

- "Amarillo's the place where they did a lot of the early nuclear testing, using soldiers as guinea pigs, that sort of thing. The main industry now in the area is the manufacturing of plutonium. They figure the radiation levels are already so high there that a little leakage won't make much difference!"
- Steve's place in Jackdaw With Crowbar is alongside his buddy Adam working on the group's visual side. Live, the songs are accompanied with a 4 screen barrage of celluloid images, the effect of music and images together is a massive sensory overload.
- "Our films are really too much to take in but I think that's a better way of using films than with a group of these slow moving *avant garde* films that other groups use. I went to see *Test Dept* the other month and I found that really offensive, all the *Joy Through Strength* Nazi imagery. The films didn't seem to have anything to do with the music except to say 'We are a bunch of Nazis'.
- "When me and Adam put together a film for a certain song we pick out themes and images and build up a picture that'll enhance the music."
- Jackdaw's own appearances are regally rare, but they're trying to sort out a package exchange tour with the *Dog Faced Hermans*, *Death By Milkfloat* and one or two other groups. If they're fish waving and crow caterwauling in your area soon, don't miss it. **Vachel Booth**



Lee 'Scratch' Perry, not the slightest bit off the rails.

Forget the album!

Paul Housemartin Heaton talks footie . . .

The noble sport of football has always been more than just a hobby for The Housemartins, and their interest in it goes further than simply naming their debut album after some hopeful and fictitious score-line.

The Housemartins sponsor two teams named after them in a Hull boys' league. Though by their own admission, both teams are 'not too good' (are they trying to tell us they lose all the time?) the involvement is an obvious source of pride.

"When we got our first advance we weren't too sure what to spend the money on," explains singer Paul Heaton as to the team's origination. "We saw a local team advertising for a kit in a window on our street, seeing if they could get one from jumble, which we thought was a bit sad. So we approached them."

Though they get along to see their prodigies play and proffer advice when possible, Paul regrets they've only been able to take a training session themselves once. One reason might be because The Housemartins themselves — long-serving stalwarts Paul and Stan along with new signings Norman and Dave — seem to be taking to the football pitch as often as the stage these days.

Spurred on by their success winning a charity knock-out contest, the four Housemartins and assorted 'celeb' friends have just spent September warming up crowds at grounds like Leeds and Norwich with matches against the feared Soaps team, comprising members of *Eastenders*, *Brookside*, and *Emmerdale Farm*.

Somewhere along the way, they might even release a new album and make a musical tour, but that's pretty unimportant for now.

Paul's own loyalties are to Sheffield United — whom he has been following in the flesh since the tender age of five — and a lifetime ambition was fulfilled late last year when he got to play against childhood hero Tony Currie in a testimonial at Bramall Lane.

"I didn't take much of it in," he confesses. "We played a gig at the ground before the match and at halftime we had to go off and do a gig in Newcastle. I was a bit scared to stamp my authority on the match, so I just scuttled off to a corner. There were loads of real stars playing — nobody really knew who I was."

Asked to explain the wonder of the sport, Heaton resorts to the tongue-tied clichés that prove there just might be a budding Brian Clough lurking in there somewhere.

"Football is . . . ****ing brilliant," he finally decides. "To watch a good match live is all it's about."

And The Housemartins' new album? It's a record of two halves Brian. **Tony Fletcher**



Dave, Paul, Norman and Stan model this year's designer football kits.

PTV sex, sacrilege and subversion!

THE UNDERGROUND INTERROGATION SQUAD

(WELL, ALEX KADIS) BRING JUSTICE TO THE FORE AS IT CALLS UPON
PSYCHIC TV TO ANSWER CHARGES AGAINST THEM.

"Assume this phone is tapped." That's the stark message on the PTV HQ telephone. "Is this a joke?" I probe. "No it's perfectly serious and THEY open our mail too." The voice carries with it the intrigue of one who has resigned himself to the consequences that come of being one of rock's most consistent subversives! The world wide Temple Of Psychic Youth network has caused a stir amongst the powers that be. Its advocacy of an alternative attitude towards existence and its constant thwarting of authoritarian values has led Genesis P. Orridge and his fellow luminaries to be the victims of Special Branch surveillance for some years. So, what's with all the fuss? Does subversion, perversion and sacrilege whet your appetite? But is it all as spooky as it sounds? Have PTV discovered the secret to a happy life or is the temple just another mind game, an alternative Moonie manifesto for the lost and unstable amongst us? PTV take the stand and attempt to clarify . . .

Charge 1st. Sexual perversion!

Gen: "Well, one of my more obvious crusades has been to open up a new vision of sexuality. We don't advocate promiscuity but we do advocate rediscovery of a potency within yourself. I don't believe in homosexuality or heterosexuality — just sexuality. My wife Paula and I don't have a monogamous relationship but that doesn't mean that I don't believe others shouldn't practice monogamy. We do have sexual relationships with people involved with us but we don't find it a threat because we have something that is very special. Scott (guitar) lives with us at the moment and he shares our bed but he could never touch what Paula and I have because it's too strong. Sex has become a very controlled thing. We're taught to feel guilt and inhibition because the authorities can't touch your sex. It's the one thing they can't get inside and they hate that. Margaret Thatcher can't get inside my cock while I'm coming — she doesn't know what I'm feeling and she hates that!"

Charge 2nd. Perverting the masses with pornographic videos!

Gen: "There's nothing perverted about them unless you're looking at them in a very narrow and inhibited way. I'll let you watch them if you like. C'mon.

"See, anything untoward there? Anything harmful? There's a few naked bodies there but it's mainly torsos. Paula's in some of them and she's looking very lovely I must say!"

Charge 3rd. Selling subversive and harmful literature . . .

Gen: "Er . . . well, we've got a stall in Camden but that's more a communit . . . on point really. Scott's been running it for some time. We just sell PTV paraphernalia, books and magazines that we think might be worth reading or are of some value. That's all!"

Charge 4th. Having an unhealthy obsession with Brian Jones (i.e. very old, dead Rolling Stone).

Scott: "We did the Brian Jones thing and released Godstar in remembrance of him because he was saying it was ok to express yourself in different ways but due to society's pressures he couldn't go on. The drama and passion of that is represented in his death and we borrow that and bring it to life so that the significance of his example isn't repressed."

Dave (bass): "I see the BJ thing like the Elvis Presley thing. You never realise what people have achieved until they're dead. Just think when Michael Jackson dies! Our kid's kids will be dealing with that! They'll all be crying over him and buying little souvenirs and dolls!"

Charge 5th. Running a secret torture chamber where a lot of very funny business goes on!!

Gen: "What torture chambers? We've never had one! I don't know where that one came from. Probably because of The Nursery. It was an adult playroom with adult playthings in it. It was a room in our house where people could go to act out their sexual fantasies without inhibition or shame. No one was supposed to discuss what they did in there — it was totally private — and no one ever did. But that served its purpose and we needed the room for something else so we dismantled it. It no longer exists."

Charge 6th. Sacrilegious acts of symbolism!

Scott: "Well, that all depends on

what you mean by religion. If you mean in the conventional sense then I guess we would be looked down upon by the moral majority of Christians."

Gen: "Again, I can see the threat. Religion has been the one major form of control for centuries. Tell people that it doesn't matter what they do down here because they can redeem themselves in heaven and they'll believe anything."

Charge 7th. Conspiring to create a deviant organisation which aims to undermine the power of our Democracy and bring about the downfall of civilisation as we know it. (Good grief!)

Gen: "Firstly our 'Democracy' has no emotional concern for the average human being. And The Temple Of Psychic Youth has no manifesto. People can still be ordinary and be a part of the temple. We're proof of that. We've taken the chance to live out our dreams publicly and we're nothing special. We do say that everyone is a Temple member, they just don't know it."

What about the right to a freedom of choice?

Gen: "It has to be that way because we do not believe in exclusion or exclusivity of any sort. We merely include people. People have been encouraged to compete and to fight instead of caring and sharing and understanding."

Paula: "Our ideal is to have people living together and learning together."

Scott: "It's there if people want it. We don't stand around on street corners handing out leaflets!"

Matthew (drums): "You make it sound like you need a membership card or something. We're not like the Moonies you know. We don't all go off and pray together!"

Dave: "It's like the McCarthy trials. 'What did you belong to PTV for?', I'll just deny it all. I'll say, 'Genesis who? I've never heard of him. I'm sorry but I've told them this before, next time the police raid us I'll be the first to buckle under!'"

Gen: "Well, I hope that's cleared up some of the misconceptions. People can come into this on whatever level they like because when it comes down to it there's a lot of fun in what we do and we're a band making rock music."

Abuse the abusers!

A Primary Industry threaten Tarbie

What have Debbie Harry, Wyndham Lewis and Jimmy Tarbuck got in common? They are all being mucked about with by A Primary Industry.

- Following their cover of Blondie's Heart Of Glass on Sweatbox, API are turning their attentions to poetry, and one Wyndham Lewis — a writer/artist/anti-figure who used to hang out with people like T S Elliot and James Joyce. The result is an EP with three songs — two using Lewis' poems as lyrics, an instrumental, and three readings, recorded in 1940 by Lewis himself.
- API admire Lewis because he was "anti everything that was popular," which they claim is "a bit like us really." The influence shows through, with Lewis talking about "maximum saxophone clatter" and "sculpture of sound" in one of the poems on the record, both apt descriptions of API music. "Being intellectual is better than being a moronic shambling band," is API's *raison d'être*. They detest Talulah Gosh and even go so far as to challenge them to a "scrap." They think Sonic Youth "sound like a bloody hippy band," and add, "what's so anti-establishment about getting out of your head anyway?"
- Will they go as far as Wyndham who used to get up in the morning, eat some raw meat, choose a number at random from the phone book — dial it and abuse the person who answered, then go out and glare at people?
- "We are as hard as our music suggests," is the ambiguous reply. Is there anything API do like? "Hip hop, Nitzer Ebb, and Front 242 is all good non-hippy hard stuff." And who's next for the API treatment? "It's a continuing series, it could be anybody — Jimmy Tarbuck or Bruce Forsyth or maybe a Latin hip hop tribute to Pelé." **Christopher Mellor**



A Primary Industry looking for a scrap

Circuit Breakers

82 UNDERGROUND

Texan rhythm killers!

Long Tall Texans; three go mad in pop-a-billy mode!

"Bruce Springsteen once said that he wanted to be driving along in his car and switch the radio on and hear himself on the radio," recalls Mark Denman of the Long Tall Texans. "I wouldn't mind that."

- Well, they may be light years away from success on a Springsteen scale, but with every vinyl release the Texans increase the probability of Mark's ambition becoming reality. The latest release is a gutsy no-nonsense EP on Razor, coupling Poison, their favourite track from the Sodbusters album, with three new songs, most notable being the rough and ready appeal of Saints And Sinners.

Would you let one of these people teach your kids? Probably.



- "It's a slight change of direction from the album," says Mark. "It's a bit more commercial. It's certainly not heads down no nonsense pure psychobilly, which only the Meteors can do! Most people describe us as psychobilly but I'd hate to be compared to some psychobilly bands that are around. I think there's a lot more to us than that, we're well away from banging out the straightforward 12 bar songs. But having said that we've got the double bass right up front in our sound."
- The full Texans line-up comprises Mark Carew on slap bass and vocals, Theo on drums and Mark Denman on guitar. Mark, at 29, is by far the oldest member of the band (the others are 21). He is also an ex-teacher. But now that he's involved with music, some of his values have changed.
- "It's not particularly good to have too deep thoughts about the sort of music we do. When it comes down to it I think we're fast and lively, not the sort of music to philosophise about. In general it's just good fun music." **Chris Hunt**



Thingy and the Things!

The Purple Things indoctrinate Daz Igymeth

The Purple Things are NOT a psychobilly band, unlike the Vibes, from which three Things, drummer John, guitarist Johnny and singer Gary, come, the four-piece line-up being completed by bass man Mike (also one of The Weeds). Gary says "The one bastard problem that's plagued us all along is that everyone connects us with what The Vibes were, but this band has a totally different sound; it's a HARD noise, chaotic, LOUD."

- To prove this, two new pieces of product: the single Kingsnake and the eponymous debut album — recorded live in the studio, allowing for some spontaneity and freak-jamming — with a rather gory cover painting by Gary making for a quality package on the in and outside. Gaz's lyrics cover such topics as paranoia, inner thoughts (!), hypocrisy, the death of a blues singer and "tripping", although you can forget any handy labelling, chums.
- "I'd rather be associated with bands like Big Black, Head of David and The Butthole Surfers, there's no way that that music is commercially valid — not a chance in hell — we're never gonna conform!"
- I like Gary! We go on to rant and rave (quite rightly so) about plastic America and the folding green dream, we talk of forest defoliation and the rape of the earth in the search for quick cash crops and pasture to graze burger cattle, leaving the ground barren for years after; just so besuited crud-heads can surround themselves with consumer durables. It's bloody sickening that not enough people bother to think on a global scale and on this much, me and Gary concur. **Daz Igymeth** (OK, Daz the ambulance is on the way — ed)

It's Spring 1981, Porthcawl. Welsh twins Michael and Jay Aston leave their native village in delicate search of a personal liberation. The following years are an emotional few; gradually a music emerges, fraught with the vulnerability of a tentative success but suffused with an undaunted passion for honesty and recognition. Anyone who is familiar with Gene Loves Jezebel will already have been touched/charmed/embraced by their

endemic brand of colour and texture and those who haven't probably never will — its potency is something you either love or shun — its spectral radiance says, "I just dare you to be indifferent!"

It's summer 1987, Oxford. After almost a year of Stateside elevation and British chart celibacy, GLJ are back with a vengeance. Flaunting the ultimate line up, James Stevenson on guitar, Peter Rizzo on bass and

ex-Spear Of Destiny drummer boy Chris Bell, a new LP on Beggars awaits release, preceded by the gloriously uplifting Motion Of Love 45. And in the autumn . . . that long awaited British tour!

While flimsy strands of the new mix drift across from the adjacent studio a stray Jezebel languishes here and there in Virgin Manor's lush surrounds, anticipating, reflecting on the story so far . . .

What's the fuss about

REM?

Peter Buck explains

At first, we wanted to be like this . . .
 "Murmur was just a magical kind of record. We went in and recorded it and didn't think too much about it, but it turned out really right. This was the album that was done completely on instinct. Its influences were **everything** — all rock 'n' roll. It was rock 'n' roll pop songs, mixed up with this strong, thick, soupy mix. We went out of our way to make a record like that . . ."

• And then we wanted to be like this . . .

"The production on Reckoning was really stripped down. After doing Murmur, it was more thoughtful. We knew what we wanted to do a little bit more. As a reaction to Murmur, we wanted a little bit less moodiness — to be a little bit more clean sounding. Empty almost."

• And then we wanted to sound like this . . .

"On Fables Of The Reconstruction, we made real pains to make a record that was too referential to modern music. It was still a rock 'n' roll record to some degree but we made a point not to do things with rock 'n' roll."

• And then we wanted to sound like this . . .

"With Life's Rich Pageant, we consciously tried to take away some of the moodiness and the, uh, **sound qualities** that had become associated with us — the thickened vocals, the very widened sound. We wanted to see what you could do with all that stripped away and how the songs would stand so we wanted a clean record, more straightforward."

• And then we thought this would be cool . . .

"Our record company suggested Dead Letter Office, and at first we thought, nah! But it was fun. No-one has to buy it — just as long as people knew it was a collection of B-sides and not the new album, which was made pretty clear."

• And then we made the new album like this . . .

"Document was more, 'let's go and see what happens'. It had more scope for us. Don Gehman, who produced Life's Rich Pageant, was real directed in that the album was geared to be radio-ready, whereas Document was a little less of that, a little less worried about the commercial side, although we felt Pageant wasn't a commercial compromise because we felt the songs suited that sound anyway. Here, we didn't reject any material just because it didn't fit in with the tone of the album. So the songs are very scattered, very diverse, although I would have liked the album to have been more left-field in the end."

• "I've said this before but records should reflect the band and where they are that year. Every record does that for us." Martin Aston

The Love generation

Gene Loves Jezebel on GLJ and stuff!

JAY ON GLJ:

"Through history and chance we've got together with the people in the band and we're really close friends and we get on really well. There's an understanding there and they're such brilliant musicians. Love it and love them!"

ON THE NEW LP:

"This album is like saying, 'we know what we've got and we know how to use it.' It's right and everything just fits. It all makes sense and it's a real adventure. The whole thing is just gorgeous! We always believed we had something special even when things weren't going too well for us. Now it's time to stand up and be counted. It's all a part of our existence, the feeling that we want to be alive and to embrace the day as opposed to hiding away."

ON SEX:

"Sex is a common denominator between us all. Love comes into everything, it's something everyone understands. Sex does feature a lot on the new album but we're not into glam we're into glamour and there's a big difference. We're very much romantics and we do seek beauty and truth and we do try to articulate for other people what we've found and people obviously do like it."

ON MIKE:

"Being in this band has tested my relationship with Mike, certainly. It would have been different if we'd both had separate jobs — it would have been very easy to have had a cosy, you know, see you at certain times of the year, everything's cool and I love you to death type of situation. But we're stuck on the road together, we write together, we have fun together, the rest of the band love it and wouldn't work any other way."

MIKE ON WALES:

"I sometimes think back and wonder why we put so much energy into being different. We fought everything while we were there. When we were just 17 we lived in this house by the sea with some very . . . adventurous people and the police were always round! Our family accept us now but at the time our brothers could never really cope with their camp little twin brothers! The people there are threatened by the way you dress and talk — you mention homosexual to those guys and they want to put you through a window! It's because it's so enclosed there. I guess we could have put on the right kind of shirt and cut our hair and got on with normal life but I know why we didn't. Ordinary life is very boring, very ugly and very repressive. It's just horrible."

ON THE NEW LP:

"Oh God, let me think . . . it's still as intensely personal as it ever was, that's still our expression. Two tracks, Gorgeous and Up There are both celebrations of someone that's very beautiful to you. Up There is our most up front sexual song so far, I think. There's more withdrawn stuff that goes back to the shadowy side of GLJ. There's a song called Every Door on which Jay does the most breathtaking vocal. It's heaven, it's Avalon, whatever. It's perfect, he's just captured something. But we've definitely made the album of the year, without question, I think . . ."

ON JAY:

"Initially Jay relied a lot upon me. I came down to London and found a place to live and a job and initially formed the group. If I hadn't done that he'd have stayed in Wales. But he's a lot more confident now, he's grown as a result of that and that's good. We're good friends."

ON BEING TWINS:

"It's strange. For a long time we fought it and wanted to do things on our own. And four years of being referred to as the wacky duo can be very wearing! We're not Bill and Ben and we're not Tick and Tock. We've gone well beyond the twin thing now. It doesn't feel like we're twins. But the band wouldn't work any other way. They believe that the strength that we have is a result of the two of us being together — that's what makes it special. Things have worked out well. We've learned a lot about each other and it's very hard for either of us to get in on the other's act these days — we're very protective over what we do. Sometimes there are periods of disaffection and we rarely write together anymore but I won't know if that's a good thing or not until this album has been out a year or so."

ON THE FUTURE:

"Well, we'll just have to see . . . we're always conscious of the fact that in the music business you're only as good as your last three minutes. By the same token your next three could be your best. We don't want to be at the top all the time — who needs that? This is the only place we could be right now, though, the music business, because it's the only thing that has the drama and the stress level that makes life . . . not worth living but . . . worth HAVING." **Alex Kadis**



CIRCUIT BREAKERS: HOTTEST ACTION FROM THE PULSE FIT TO BURST

Circuit Breakers



Grrrr! We's Beeg Blagi!

Black from the grave! Big Black eat melons and quit!

Big Black's farewell to London, at the Clarendon, Hammersmith, is a triumph in the face of abominable conditions. Once things get going the dehydrating throng at the front of the audience refresh themselves by tearing into a batch of water-melons that have miraculously appeared in their midst. The pulp gets everywhere but mostly over Steve Albini. Albini stands centre stage, his arms and torso drip pink gunge.

- Big Black's set spans their career from the early Pidgeon Kill right through to Bad Penny and Fish Fry from their imminent LP. At the climax of the show, Albini squeaks "This is the one they all write about" and the group lurches into Jordan, Minnesota and go on to plumb new depths of aural buggery. Once they've forced that knot in your stomach they just don't let go, they take a masochistic pleasure extending the song into a maelstrom of feedback. Dave slaps his bass on its stack, stands back and grins; Santiago dashes his guitar repeatedly against the stage; Steve, with four of his strings slashed apart lays down his guitar and drops on it first one can of beer, then a second can of beer, then a huge bloody great flightcase. Big Black walk off.
- That's the end of Big Black. Except for the encore, a maniacal excursion-length run-through of Wire's Heartbeat, with assistance from Lewis and Gilbert from that very same combo.
- "God! That kicked my dick right across the room!" enthuses Albini later on. "I used to listen to those guys when I was 15 years old! Up in my room with my headphones on; Pink Flag, all that."
- Big Black records have been coming thick and fast the last few months; Headache (a double EP package) followed closely by Sound Of Impact, the live 'official bootleg', the recent single, a cover of Kraftwerk's The Model, and now the Songs About Fucking album. There's been no slackening of purpose, the new LP is on the same blistering level as Atomizer, but this is more rounded and harder hitting. It's both sad and admirable that they're taking the rare step of jacking it in at the peak of their powers.
- "I think it's a good time for the group to finish," says Albini. "Even if Santiago hadn't been going to law school I think this would be a good place to finish. We've achieved more than I'd hoped for in the last couple of years, I don't think we should try and extend the group's life too far, I'm real proud of what Big Black have done and wouldn't want anything to shit on that."
- Albini wants to start a new group at some stage but his plans won't include Santiago or Dave.

SKATE THE DISEASE! Virus wheelie in with a therang!

Brighton's Virus finally have their debut album, Pray For War, released this month on the Metalworks label. Catching the group when they were a humble, throbbing, three-piece of Henry Heston, Damien Hesse and Tez K&lor, who create an awesome thrusting noise, which breaks at finger-cracking pace, it's already impressed speed-freaks far and wide, being picked up in the States by Profile and in Europe by GWR for simultaneous release.

- But if you think *that's* the story, forget it, the latest scam is that a fourth member, Coke, joined the group earlier this year, offering them a wider scope and a new hybrid of metal and powerchord thrash. In this new format gigs with Suicidal Tendencies reaped pro-gamma press and general interest, the skate-frenzy-in-the-UK further enhancing their reputation, while the group's concept of post-nuclear holocaust music looks destined to be debated in the halls of the intelligencia for years to come.
- A tour in Europe and the States with The Cro-Mags should further spread the disease. In the meantime, all budding skatettes should burn off to their local dealer and plug into Virus' Pray For War. . . and wait for the bomb to drop. **TC Wall**



Henry Heston and Coke compare tattoos

- "Dave joined Big Black from Savage Beliefs and he's got his own projects he wants to get back to. Whatever I do I won't be backing away from the achievements of Big Black. I want to try and strip things down even further, not to make them empty but to get rid of all those little indulgences, the things that get in the way of the group being as direct and to the point as possible."
- Albini's life seems to be in constant flux; he has so many irons in the fire it's maybe not surprising Big Black had to end. He writes criticism and fiction (an impressive short story appeared in a recent issue of US mag *Forced Exposure*), he also runs Ruthless Records, his own label, and puts in time as a photo retoucher. He even sets his name to work, backstage at the Clarendon he signs record sleeves and copies of Grim Humour fanzine with tell tale anagrams; Elvis Eat Bin; Eli Stab Vein; Evil Sin Beat. (*Huh?*). So that's the end of an earache, end of an earner? Well, somehow I think you'll be hearing a lot more of Steve Albini. Like it, or not! **Vachel Booth**

RED **FLAME**

COMMUNIQUE No. 1

INK **RECORDS**

... New Releases from RED FLAME and INK RECORDS for October, November, December 1987. **ON THE RED FLAME LABEL** we have the debut LP 'Glances Askances' by the new Scottish signing, **RUBY BLUE**, Release date October 5th. The wild man of German pop **PHILLIP BOA** and his **VOODOO CLUB**, offer a new 12" single 'Kill Your Ideals', produced by John Leckie, release date October 12th. The Red Flame season concludes on November 7th with a new mini LP by legendary Australian band, **TACTICS**, a minor masterpiece.

ON THE INK LABEL, three heavyweight LP releases in order of appearance. October 16th debut solo album from **CHARLES HAYWARD** drummer with the legendary This Heat and lynch-pin of **THE CAMBERWELL NOW**. LP title: 'Survive The Gesture'. Get

ready to bolt your stereo to the floor; the first LP from **SLAB!** 'Descension', is an earthshaker, release is set for October 26th. **CAT TRANCE** 'Play Masenko Combo' (That's the Title) is the cats fourth LP. You won't hear anything else quite like this. Sustenance for the mind and body. Release will be on November 2nd.

Look out for the Ink Tour in Europe — Jan/Feb 1988. **C CAT TRANCE** and **SLAB!** Holland—Belgium—Germany—Switzerland.

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Thank you and Goodnight

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NEW FROM

SST

BRIAN RITCHIE

BLAST!

Dinosaur Jr.



BRIAN RITCHIE: The Blend. Giving up the bass he played with the Violent Femmes for guitar, conch shell, bongo, jaw harp and elephant tusk, Brian Ritchie achieves "The Blend" on his solo album for SST. Combining influences as diverse as Sun Ra, Son House and Sonny Bono, he has concocted the perfect blend for the global village. From the untraditionally traditional version of John The Revelator, to the hard funk of Alobabat, these eleven songs are THE blend for the eighties. SST 141 (LP/CA \$7.50 CD \$15.00)



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



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

ANGST

SCREAMING TREES

THE LEAVING TRAINS



ANGST: Mystery Spot. Like never before, the songs of Angst are suffused with a shimmering glow. On *Mystery Spot*, the remarkable interplay between brothers Joe and Jon is fully realized with their best sounding record ever. With a bow to country and folk, Angst take off on a hell bent for leather electric train ride on *Outside My Window*, *Colors Of The Day*, *Mind Average* and nine more songs. SST 111 (LP/CA \$7.50)



SCREAMING TREES: Even If And Especially When. From the great Northwest they come as inexorably as the Visigoths of old. With steely gaze and powerful limbs, the Screaming Trees will create empires. Wise in knowledge of things before their years, the Screaming Trees brood on the future and in the process move mountains with their ecstatic artistry. SST 132 (LP/CA \$7.50)



LEAVING TRAINS: FK.** The Leaving Trains punch out the lights and kick back the rugs on this reeling journey through the history of ROCK (that other four letter word). The bittersweet wordplay of (Falling) James Moreland played against the gritty rock backdrops that Sam, Bruce and Eric produce, makes for some of the most invigorating music this decade. The Leaving Trains new album "F**K". Ask for it by name. SST 114 (LP/CA \$7.50 CD \$15.00).



UNDERGROUND

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new single

velvet avenue

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- 18th - Aylesbury - Civic Centre
- 19th - Leicester - De Montfort Hall
- 20th - Manchester - Apollo
- 22nd - Birmingham - Power House
- 23rd - Nottingham - Royal Concert Hall
- 24th - Oxford - Apollo
- 26th - Liverpool - Royal Court
- 27th - Glasgow - Pavilion
- 28th - Edinburgh - Queen's Hall
- 30th - London - Hammersmith Odeon

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- 1 THE NORMAL**
(One single wonders, eventually covered by Grace Jones, so to speak, but sadly disappeared from sight now)
- 2 DEPECHE MODE**
(New LP, Music For The Masses out now, with a version of Pimpf enclosed. Coming soon they have a box set of their B sides, versions etc)
- 3 SONIC YOUTH**
(Back catalogue now available in the UK through SST, most recent material, including the explosive Sister LP, through Blast First. Expect more mayhem soon)
- 4 THE SHAMEN**
(Just returned from an Italian festival with UK dates in October and a new single, Christopher Mayhew Says, to be followed by another 45 in November)
- 5 THROWING MUSES**
(Latest mini LP, The Fat Skier, critically acclaimed, new album in February, signed to Sire in the States)
- 6 CLOCK DVA**
(Second line up which signed to Polydor has reformed to record LP for Sweatbox. **Adi Newton** still releasing material as **The Anti Group**)
- 7 LOWLIFE**
(Scottish outfit preparing for live onslaught and new recording following the release and attention afforded to their second LP *Diminuendo on Nightshift*)



ZS UNDERGROUND

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF C VOLTAIRE

Steven Mallinder recalls the early CV singles, tracing the origins of Seconds Too Late

Headkick EP

the beginning, a four track EP.

"It started out when we sent some rough tapes out to various people, like Richard Boon at New Hormones and Jon Savage who was then at *Sounds*. One went to Geoff Travis at Rough Trade, he came down to see us playing the Lyceum with Buzzcocks and The Siits and offered to put out a single. We didn't want to pick out just two tracks, so we did an EP. Basically it was put down to live, straight onto a Revox, which we used to put our backing tracks together for live work. It was all done in one take at Western Works, a rehearsal studio that we shared as we got more and more gear for it.

"There was only a small Sheffield scene then, mainly us and the Human League with other bands like Vice Versa (who went on to become ABC). It was more electronic and less funk then, although the North's got a lot stronger soul tradition anyway, and it was all quite harsh but also very glam rock-ish, that's something that everyone seemed to miss!"

Factory Sampler EP

a double single pack on Factory — all the other 45s here being on Rough Trade — with the other sides given over to Joy Division, the Durutti Column and John Dowie that now changes hands for vast amounts of money.

"We played a lot with Joy Division and both of us, along with the Durutti Column and Manicured Noise, played at the first Factory club at the Russell in the six weeks that Tony Wilson had the club. So Tony asked us to supply two tracks, Baader-Meinhof and Sex in Secret, for the sampler. It became a toss up between Rough Trade and Factory for the first album, but Rough Trade supplied us with a mixing desk and four track tape machine so..."

Nag Nag Nag

their most renowned single.

"This was our first time in an outside studio. We went with Geoff and Mayo Thompson into Berry Street studios, which was a 16 track then. I think it's done around 90,000, it's just unfortunate that it's taken seven years to sell them!! We certainly never realised that it would become known as such a classic, especially as it was unanimously slagged at the time! That's why I've never taken much notice of what journalists say. The public always choose what they want."

Silent Command

"We had our own four track studio by the time we did Silent Command, which was quite reggae-ish, and again was put down live. We then went on to do the Voice Of America, our second album. Virtually every number we did got recorded at some stage, if not released. We were much more live orientated then and songs were rehearsed with that in mind and then adapted for the record. The technology of the time meant we couldn't be too premeditated, so nearly everything was done live, in one take, which was good anyway. I've always believed in spontaneity."

Seconds Too Late

the one on the free tape with Underground!

"After Voice Of America we'd made enough money to get an eight track recorder and this was the first thing we did on it. I think we sold the old four track to Howard Devoto. So we did it in a day with Geoff Travis mixing. Not that Geoff was really a mixer, but a guiding outside influence. Of all our early stuff, I really like Seconds Too Late — although I hate my vocal. It was meant to be deadpan but it turned out too dead!"

Three Mantras

a walk on the wild side, with its two tracks coming in at over 45mins.

"When we came to do Three Mantras we'd got to the stage where we'd done LPs and singles and we wanted to do something different, we didn't want to be too obvious, so we ended up with over 20 minutes on each side — not really an LP or a single. The title came about when we all got pissed and someone mentioned calling it Two Mantras, as the two tracks were Western Mantra and Eastern Mantra, and someone else said why not Three Mantras? It was only afterwards that all the symbolism, that some people picked up on, came in."

Jazz The Glass

issued as a double pack with Walls Of Jericho on a 12 inch and Jazz The Glass on seven.

"This was our surf song! Jazz The Glass being a '60s west coast saying for 'to surf a wave'. It's sort of a pre-Cramps Cramps number for us! We were always into surf music and The Beach Boys. Our reference points have always been more common place than people think, it's just our interpretation that's not quite so obvious.

"It wasn't long after this that Chris Watson left. Why did Chris leave? I don't know, I still haven't worked it out! He was a diabetic though, so he had to watch his eating and sleeping habits, and I think he got offered a job with Tyne Tees as a sound engineer. Before he left we recorded three numbers, with drummer Alan Fisch, that he had been involved in so as to wrap up everything we had done together; to sort of neatly finish off that period. We then, having done a benefit gig and record for Poland, did a few numbers with Eric Random on guitar and Nort on drums, and it all came out together on the 2x45 LP.

"Looking back on those days if you got some studio time it was so precious, you just had to use it to the full and finish off what you intended to achieve. Nowadays we tend to be more conscientious and more critical of what we do." Dick Mescal



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STITCHED-BACK FOOT AIRMAN
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- 1 THE SHIVERING MAN *Bruce Gilbert*
- 2 THE INSECT MUSICIANS *Graeme Revell*
- 3 AZYD CHINA DOLL *Edward Ka Spel*
- 4 LOWLANDS FLIGHT *Minimal Compact*
- 5 SKAGERRAK *Asmus Tiechens*

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Mute
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ROUSKA RECORDS BEST SELLERS

- 1 HELLO AMERICA *Cassandra Complex*
- 2 RHENYARD'S GRIN *The Dustdevils*
- 3 ZARAH LEANDER'S GREATEST HITS *Various*
- 4 1KBPM *Son Of Sam*
- 5 A DANGEROUS AGE FOR A WOMAN *Son Of Sam*

Compiled by Martin and Richard from Rouska



Big Black scraping into the Henderson's store chart

Rouska babes Son Of Sam (below)



Second top for Rouska:
The Dustdevils (right)

THIS MORTAL COIL FIVE REQUESTED CUTS

- | | |
|---|-----|
| 1 ACID, BITTER AND SAD from <i>Lonely Is An Eyesore</i> | 4AD |
| 2 MY FATHER from <i>Filigræ & Shadow</i> | 4AD |
| 3 FOND AFFECTIONS from <i>It'll End In Tears</i> | 4AD |
| 4 MORNING GLORY from <i>Filigræ & Shadow</i> | 4AD |
| 5 16 DAYS 12 Inch single | 4AD |

Compiled by Jon, Candance Roadshow

BEGGARS BANQUET FIVE BIG 45s

- 1 ARE 'FRIENDS' ELECTRIC? *Gary Numan*
- 2 CARS *Gary Numan*
- 3 IOU *Freeze*
- 4 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY *The Cult*
- 5 CACHARPAYA *Incantation*

BEGGARS BANQUET FIVE BIG LPs

- 1 REPLICAS *Gary Numan*
- 2 PLEASURE PRINCIPLE *Gary Numan*
- 3 PAN PIPES OF THE ANDES *Incantation*
- 4 LOVE *The Cult*
- 5 ELECTRIC *The Cult*

Compiled by the 2 Karens, BB HQ

DUTCH DANCEFLOOR

- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| 1 NO HOPE NO FEAR <i>Borghesia</i> | Play It Again Sam |
| 2 DON'T ARGUE <i>Cabaret Voltaire</i> | Parlophone |
| 3 CLEANSE FOLD AND MANIPULATE <i>Skinny Puppy</i> | Netwerk |
| 4 JOIN THE CHANT (REMIX) <i>Nitzer Ebb</i> | Mute |
| 5 ENDLESS RIDDANCE <i>Front 242</i> | Animalized |

Compiled by New 101 Dance, Netherlands

HENDERSON'S RECORDS 33s

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1 GIVE ME CONVENIENCE OR GIVE ME DEATH <i>Dead Kennedys</i> | Alternative Tentacles |
| 2 TURNING REBELLION INTO MONEY <i>Conflict</i> | Mortarhate |
| 3 SCUM <i>Napalm Death</i> | Earache |
| 4 LONELY IS AN EYESORE <i>Various</i> | 4AD |
| 5 WITHIN THE REALM OF A DYING SUN <i>Dead Can Dance</i> | 4AD |

HENDERSON'S RECORDS 45s

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| 1 PUMP UP THE VOLUME <i>M/A/R/R/S</i> | 4AD |
| 2 SOFT AS YOUR FACE <i>The Soup Dragons</i> | Raw TV Products |
| 3 JOIN IN THE CHANT <i>Nitzer Ebb</i> | Mute |
| 4 THRU THE FLOWERS <i>The Primitives</i> | Lazy |
| 5 THE MODEL <i>Big Black</i> | Blast First/Mute |

Charts compiled by Dave Henderson (assuredly no mistake), Hendersons Records, Forestreet Centre, Exeter.

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HOMESTEAD DISCOGRAPHY — (SELECTED)

HMS 015 DINOSAUR Dinosaur

"Hey, have you heard their new album on SST? Brilliant! This isn't as developed as that one. We're still trying to work out if they're rude or just artistic but either way, they're one of the best bands in America."

HMS 039 STRUNGOUT ON JARGON Death Of Samantha

"Incredibly ambitious and arrogant group, a very theatrical bunch. A noisy rock group in the Cleveland tradition of The Pagans. Close to the first Dream Syndicate album maybe."

HMS 044 THE HAMMER PARTY Big Black

"Bulldozer is just massive, Lungs is a skeleton of what they went onto. A cute drummer."

HMS 048 NAKED AT THE BUY, SELL AND TRADE Great Plains

"Most underestimated group in the entire world. A rock group, a pop group . . . who can you compare them to? That's a hard one."

HMS 067 PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH Phantom Tollbooth

"The token progressive band on the label, although if it wasn't for punk rock, they probably couldn't have existed. Equal parts speedmetal and Fred Frith."

HMS 069 YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME GG Allin & The Holy Men

"The New Hampshire wild man. Completely f***ed up. Best expression for him is Rock."

HMS 072 SKAG HEAVEN Squirrel Bait

"No more. The three guitarists hated the singer and drummer and vice-versa. The only band to come out of post-hardcore with any dignity intact because they listened to other records except hardcore."

HMS 075 THE ICE MACHINE Breaking Circus

"A really tall band. A rock band like The Three Johns are a rock band. They definitely have empathies with British groups in the post-punk period, late '70s/early '80s, Wire, Magazine, even The Jam."

HMS 077 BOO BOO Big Dipper

"Our surrogate supergroup, like Asia. Ex-members of Volcano Suns, Dumptruck and Embarrassment. What's that you just said?"



Salem 66

HMS 078 FREQUENCY AND URGENCY Salem 66

"They keep having problems with their guitar players. Yeah, they're a pop group but they don't make any particular effort to be clean."

HMS 079 THE WAILING ULTIMATE Various Artists

"Our cheapest way of trying to trick people into thinking some of those bands are still on the label. If people are confused by this label, we put out great records and this compilation shoves it under their noses."

HMS 083 DON'T GET ANY ON YOU Live Skull

"The big deal among New York veterans. Yeah, they're sick of being compared to Sonic Youth. They're a lot more nasal — the total nose experience group."

HMS 084 REALITY BEACH Nice Strong Arm

"From the forgotten side of Texas, a band that rocks out. A rock group in the same way that Sonic Youth are, in that they aren't so concerned about songs as they are about making noises that match the ones in their heads."

HMS 085 MY SKIN COVERS MY BODY Happy Flowers

"Pioneers of pre-teen industrial rock. They're seven years old, and called Mr Anus and Mr Horribly Charred Infant. The best of Half Japanese and the bits of Psychic TV that didn't suck."

HMS 087 BUMPER CROP Volcano Suns

"Musically, it's Ted Nugent and Cheap Trick played by a man with a square head. Spearheaded by ex-Mission Of Burma vocalist and drummer Peter Prescott. They think they're a pop band writing for teenagers."



sharp plastic

Home on the Homestead

Gerard Cosloy introduces the world to Nice Strong Arm, Indian food and Homestead Records

Martin Aston subscribes to the game plan

WAIL!

"I don't know what our ethics are. I left them at home."

ETHICS.

"We put out records by bands we like, merely for that reason. If they might one day sell a whole ton of records, that would be neat. We'd like it to happen but that's not the first thing we think of."

A typical Gerard Cosloy press release on behalf of Homestead Records in New York read: "We've included some of the recent press clippings about *Band X* for those of you who don't know who they are. I mean, you should check out the album anyway, but we're really into impressing people with reviews by famous writers."

CHOICE.

Big Black, Sonic Youth, Naked Raygun, Salem 66, Squirrel Bait, Volcano Suns, Dinosaur, Breaking Circus, Phantom Tollbooth: action paintings that speak far louder than any famous writer's wonder-words anyway. Homestead, in-house label for the New York-based Dutch East India distributors, got there first in all of the above cases, which sure impresses the likes of me. People are so impressed with Homestead that they've even awarded the label a 'Homestead sound'. That's 'Homestead' with a hardcore 'h'.

"Those people who see us as hardcore look at our advertising more than they listen to our records. There are no hardcore bands on Homestead, and I can say that proudly."

SAY IT LOUD, GERARD.

"I usually associate the American hardcore scene with Dead End street. Almost any good American hardcore band would be ashamed to call themselves hardcore because of all the things associated with it these days. Hardcore used to be independently produced stuff that didn't all sound the same. It had exciting bands that were combing different kinds of music, real aggressive, raw things. Today, hardcore might as well be heavy metal with shorter hair. It's just another marketing term. It doesn't bother me that people think of us as a token hardcore label. As long as our bands don't end up having their images tarnished, it's OK."

PET SOUNDS.

So Homestead are an old-fashioned hardcore label and a present-day record label with a stunning low-priced sampler ("to encourage poor people to check us out"), The Wailing Ultimate — 14 mostly metal 'n' shell shards piercing the veneer of complacency that's rooted at the core of much independent music. It's music that pulls at the crease, corners, fixtures and fittings of contemporary guitar-rock until the form can only be imagined after it's been heard, and not before. But will people ever get beyond the aggressive, uncompromising noise image?

"People are put off by that but it's kinda silly 'cos if they take the time to check it out, they'd find those bands writing actual songs — bands who consider themselves pop bands, just as much as The Beach Boys do. I think the label fits into a very rich pop tradition. Bands like Big Dipper, or Salem 66 or Death Of Samantha, I see as pop. They just don't necessarily have anything to say about child abuse."

EVERYTHING'S GROOVY.

You've just heard the new Live Skull and Nice Strong Arm albums on Homestead, and you're looking forward to the Happy Flowers and GG Allen & The Holy Men debuts. You flip open another beer and feel pretty pleased with yourself.

ULTIMATELY.

"We're not anti-pop but we're anti-Indian food this week. We're the most anti-record label in America, I think you can call us that."

THE FINAL WORD.

"Hey, keep reaching for the stars!"

Breaking Circus



Big Dipper



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CLOCK DVA,
THE THREE JOHNS

plus the Lives And
Loves Of A Record Hoarder!
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and written by
"morons with ears"! DON'T MISS IT!

TOTAL NAMEDROP: CRED NEW ACTS TO IMPRESS THE BOSS

A CAST OF THOUSANDS

"I know that we could write five songs about the situation in Northern Ireland right now and we would be the pride of the *NME*. Artistically that's where our striving and our blood comes from, our personal angst, but we don't want to touch just the token Lefties, we want to touch hearts in a global sense."

Dave Harvey, lyricist and voice in **A CAST OF THOUSANDS** speaks on the morning after the night before when two bombs exploded in Derry. Very much participant in the sad exodus to London, the band follow in the footsteps of many of their Derry contemporaries which include Bam Bam And The Calling and That Petrol Emotion. Jim Harvey, he of the mystical guitar solos, continues: "We are a part of that exodus, I know. New Tomorrow which is on the B-side of our single (the v. fab *Nothing Is Forever*) is about that. We could tell you tales about Northern Ireland that would make your hair stand on end, but what's the point? That's only one facet of *A Cast Of Thousands*."

"We could be like *Gaye Bykers On Acid* and put on the funny glasses and lie, saying that we take mushrooms every day of the week. OK, We've all done that, we've all taken acid but we don't need to use that as an idea for our band. To me that denotes that there's a weakness somewhere in the music and it's short lived. We're taking our time. To me *U2* have succeeded. They've done the perfect thing in terms of reaching people right across the border. We're along those lines."

The band release their debut LP *Passion on Fun After All* shortly. They promise it will uphold this sentiment. If their single, *Nothing Is Forever*, is a reliable yardstick then I know they tell the truth. Alex Kadis



THE DOONICANS

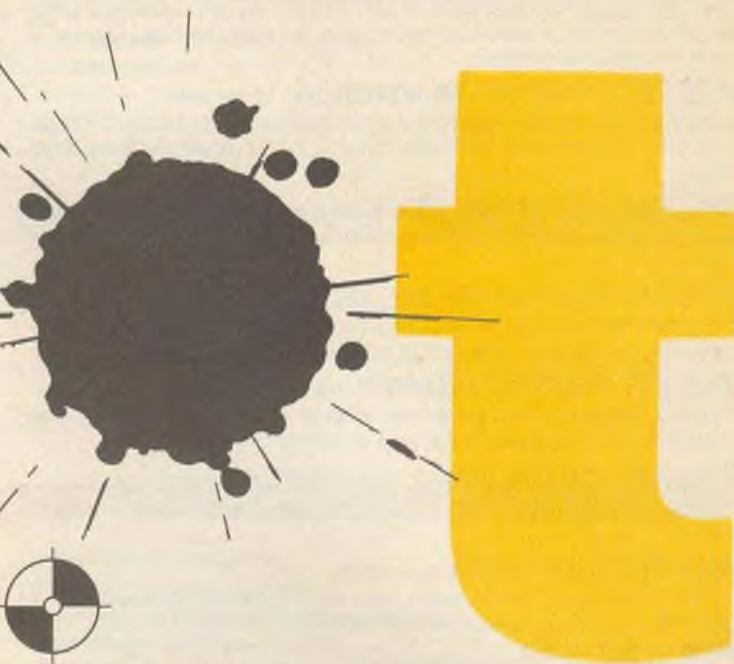
So who are these **DOONICANS**, and do we really need another attack of cowpunk/folk/gaelic/whatever? Six self-confessed northerners who all met in London, their debut 12 inch for Probe Plus, *Fisherwoman's Way*, is currently making waves (sorry!). But *The Doonicians* might still be discarded as 'the-year-before-last's-trend' if not for their distinct twin vocal attack in the shape of Leah Gordon and Emily Dunbar.

"I write pro-women songs from a folk angle," says Leah, responsible for *The Doons'* lyrics, "songs about dirty women. They're very pro-woman, very celebratory, and there's always quite a lot of sex in them for some reason. The good thing is we're backed by blokes — there's something slightly irritating about all-women bands."

Leaving *The Slits*, *The Go-Gos* and *The Nolans* out of this for a moment, drummer Duncan reveals that live they are "very manic", with a lot of instrument-swapping and no set-lists. *Pogues* comparisons are thrown aside after an encounter with the live show, he insists.

So what of the future? Do *The Doonicians* plan to take their rough'n'ready sound to a major for purifying and ignominy?

"We're all hedging our bets —



WILD ANGELS

WILD ANGELS, with their slide-guitar rock and past records that take in the whole spectrum of a particular Glasgow sub-scene (*Bourgie Bourgie*, *Flesh The Jazzateers* . . .), have so far produced one single (*She's Black And White*), two live performances and a strong, mutual disrespect for a lot of their fellow Glaswegian musicians.

As guitarist Douglas MacIntyre explains: "The first time we played we got a rough ride from the 'Glasgow Scene'. I think at that point we were probably the most hated band in Glasgow. Which is pretty good really . . . People seem to like us a wee bit better now though, so we might be getting worse, I don't know."

So why the antipathy?

"With a lot of Glasgow groups it's like career-rock, they're either chasing deals or they're chasing their own arse . . . The best thing about Glasgow is that the *Pastels* sold more copies of their L.P. in three weeks than *Love And Money* sold in a year. Which puts it all in perspective after the money that's been spent on *Love And Money*. I think that's healthy."

And are *Wild Angels* really so different?

"Yes." Trevor Pake

just looking at it from a distance," says Leah cautiously, while Duncan is positively unenthusiastic. "We like to do everything ourselves — it wouldn't be so much fun if someone else told

you what to do. Besides, we don't seem to be doing too bad."

Nice to see one group in *Total Namedrop* not merely searching for the nearest dotted line. Tony Fletcher



ZODIAC MOTEL

Message as follows: "The **ZODIAC MOTEL** is total freedom; total abandon, it is our piece of art/heart. A communication from the retro, hell, pure duo-sonic — the drone; the cutting lazer is our weaponry. The stage now a battle ground, the soldiers sweeping in. New Vietnam

napalm plectrum strumming screaming helicopter, blade versus skin, 53rd And 3rd, energy is our key — a crossfire response, I totally feel the charge, my heart starts pumping the cute adrenalin. F*** it out, spew the words; the world spins in our eyes." Vince Lidd (vocals and psycho poetry) from sonic assault beauties the Zodiac Motel is a man with a mission, namely to "burn out the malignant growth that pop has become."

Along with fellow conspirators Gene on drums, James on



FASTER PUSSYCAT, KILL KILL



A head-onistic collision of attitude and inspiration, **FASTER PUSSYCAT KILL KILL**, are commodity rock with a view to a thrill. Originally conceived back in '86, in the wild lands of Leytonstone, by Chris Paris (vocals) and Adam Ross (guitar), the Pussycats were the result of a burning desire to flaunt it and form an outfit with more than just a dash of palatable posturing and pouting. Charged with raw enthusiasm and Oh-so-much vanity,

their music, like their clothes, is a paradoxical fusion of leather and plastic, a sort of pre-arranged rendezvous for image and integrity. But which comes first?

Adam: "Well, the image is important because we've got to look like our music. To us the two go hand in hand but the music is the most important thing because it's *US* writing it — that's where we are — and without it there'd be no foundation. But it's the combination of the two which makes the real impact."

So there lies the strength of this band, I suppose?

Adam: "No. It lies with me. My songwriting, my guitar playing, my immaculate hairstyle and trousers . . . oh, and Chris's pert little bottom!"

Sounds like the purrr-fect combination to me. (Ouch!) Alex Kadis

bass and brother Vince Retro on screaming, burning guitar, Vince Lidd has the enthusiasm, the spirit and the music behind him in sufficiently large quantities to make his dream the new reality.

It's been a couple of years since the birth and an album (*The Story Of Roland Flagg*), and, more recently, the single *Sunshine Miner* (a four track *meisterwerk*) was released. But they've not been quiet.

The live buzz that the Zomo's create on stage cuts deep and maximum energy levels are maintained from start to finish; animal chemicals in motion; something wild that will be captured on the next single release, due in the autumn, on Swordfish records.

Until then another mutant pearl of wisdom from Vince; "Acid is wonderful, the government should make it compulsory. The country is full of zombies so why not make them *real* zombies? We could all be entertained, and feel — to death."

Distort! Daz Igymeth

FRIENDS



William Jones of **FRIENDS** is in London to see record companies and journalists after a glowing *Tip Sheet* review of his band's demo.

"It's great," he enthuses. "Suddenly, out of nowhere, people are starting to like us. We even got contacted by Arista in New York — they've read about us and want a tape . . . it's weird because we're so *un-American*, there's no blues, soul or funk in Friends; it's just straight English pop."

Based in Stockton, William formed Friends with four other mutually inclined souls (average age 20). Inspired partially by something called punk rock ("I was a massive Buzzcocks fan") and partially by a love of melody, William is now the driving force behind the band that he sings, plays the guitar and writes songs for.

A first single was released on Summerhouse earlier this year, though it failed to make much of an impact. The new single, *Far And Away*, is out on September 14 and should put the band on the indie map, thanks to a solid chiming guitar sound and William's whimsical almost Smithesque vocals. Julian Henry

BOURBONESE QUALK

Creating art's a dirty job, but someone's got to do it. When you're talking to Simon Crab you're talking about heavy duty industrial art funk ramble. You're talking post-nuclear rhythmic horror . . . Sound terrorism. To be precise, you are talking **BOURBONESE QUALK** and that is *weird*.



Since the departure of Steven Tanza, Qualk are a solo act, allowing Simon more scope to get off on his tower block obsession. His rooms are crammed with photographs, illustrations, diagrams and art pieces based on blocks. Street plan views adorn the kitchen wall, the current album features stills from a tower block video, and Simon claims to have scaled most of the blocks in London. It's what you call an obsession. Yet he lives in a railway terrace.

That apart, this nervous, hesitant, but good humoured lad is the outlet for some bizarre continental rock/art musical releases. Take Qualk's French tape album, which is cocooned in a hand painted plaster toy car. Destroy the car to hear the product? Needless to say no-one does hence history's least heard LP.

The rooms are peppered with such artefacts, and Simon, himself, is currently publishing a book printed on plexiglass. Art for art's sake?

"My work is an attack on the repressive attitude," he then informs me of the near completion of his anti-capitalist *bomb*. A little wonder that will erase computer tapes and electronic records. "It is harmless, it only hurts tapes."

Yes, whatever you say, Simon. Ronnie Randall

CLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

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HEY MAN, I'M, LIKE, ER, TOTALLY TOTALLED!

The floating oil lantern explodes in north London!

A photojournalistic experience from Ronnie Gurandall

The interior of the New Merlin's Cave, near New Cross station, is like some Walt Disney wonderland. Yogi Bear breakfasts with Fred Flintstone over acid-faced porridge, surrounded by vacuum cleaners and wands. The kitsch wizard, cauldrons and dark doomy mountains are woven into the carpet. It's intimate and intimidating, a perfect setting for a *happening*, particularly the psychedelic beanfeast that greets my eyes as I breeze past the delectable doo "dollies" who are to be laid back to actually ask for the entrance fee.

★ Inside, the confrontation is brutal. Brian Jones' pageboy haircuts show sparkling dandruff stars over velvet-inked shoulders beneath the ultraviolet lightning. Fluffy white shirts, figure hugging strides and pointed slip-on boots are the order of the day. Aye! It's back to the '60s, and don't spare the horsepower of the E-Type.

★ Of course that's not the whole story. The swingin' '60s covered a five-year time span, which then, as now, meant a fashion and trend turnover every bit as bewildering as the last five. Thus such revival events as tonight prove a toxic cocktail of crossed and blurred styles. In 20 years time we may find

an '80s resurgence that encompasses grebo, B-boy, punk, flow romantic and all points east of Krakatoa, you dig?

★ This latest incarnation of the psychedelics scene seems to have, generally, settled around British beat rather than San Francisco flower power threads. Dominant materials are PVC, lurex and nylon. Cut-away polo neck mini dresses and skirts, skinny-rib tops, kiss cuts and bulbous earrings, vinyl kinky boots, Mary Quant, Twiggy, and Bridget Riley's Op art. It's all weird shit, kind of. And there's music too.

★ With five acts on the bill the compact venue is crammed with band members and close friends. There's not that much room for curious outsiders, so the atmosphere has a good "karma". I skip over the scatter cushions and cross-legged hippy contingent to reach a vast tub of glowing green fairy liquid solution that passes for bubble blowing blub. Allowing us to add our own additions to the inevitable, though impressive, oil lantern projections and stained glass gothic slide imagery. The talk is all of LSD and other (tongue in cheek?) acknowledgments to the clichés of the scene.

★ One of the few concessions to the '80s is that video rather than Super 8 records the proceedings for posterity. The ultimate aim may be to recreate the party scene from *Midnight Cowboy*. Here We Go 'Round The Mulberry Bush, but it's of a distinctly Carry On variety. And as I say, still there's music.

★ Music that comes primarily from the Purple People Eaters, a blitzed-out cross between Syd Barrett-era Pink Floyd and the doomy Doors. Each song is pinned by that cheap Peddlers-style Hammond organ sound, the result being an amalgam of every British youth culture film of the mid to late '60s — three piece suits smoke hash and kiss topless blonde haired chicks in weird scenes from the tin mine.

★ Head People Eater, John Blank, preaches prose like "We're here to stimulate your imaginations, not fill them." Heavy! Vacant looks are the order of the day, while the idling dancing and go-go girls are everything you might expect from a generation raised on old American sit-com re-runs. It's role playing, but then, isn't it always?

★ For the umpteenth time, John Blank informs that "This is for any Doors fans out there... Let's groove it." Ignoring the fact

that if we weren't Doors fans we'd be having a pretty grim time, as little else seemed to be on the menu. On the People Eaters through the Wild Things, Surrounds, Morticians or Fungus Boxes, the ghost of Jim Morrison haunts the proceedings.

★ During the grand finale on Children Of The Sun, the old Misunderstood, er, classic, J B goes total-freakout-frenzy, smashing his tambourine into matchsticks. Not quite the who, I know, but he's well into it.

★ "C'mon, let's groove, shake it baby," and so on. The cliché euphoric anthem into the night. It's a happy scene with plenty of willing and converted converts. Groups unashamed to admit the past without much contemporary justification.

★ The Merlin's Cave event is merely a side order to the main dish at the weekly Alice in Wonderland in Soho. But you've got to ask questions about the relevance of a scene that sticks like super glue to the sounds of 20 years ago. As the grins and skateboard gears are prizing, you've got to add to evolve to excitement not simply to read. It's all great fun and entertaining, but isn't that how they describe pub rock? Good on 'em.

NEW YORK



ONE



TWO



FREAK



OUTT?!

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 . . .

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- BEAT ROUTE, 5A High Street, Congleton, Cheshire
- EAR 'ERE RECORDS, 14 Market Entrance, Lancaster
- HENDERSON'S THE VINYL WORLD, Fore Street Centre, Fore Street, Exeter
- 1 UP, 4 Diamond Street, Aberdeen
- JUMBO RECORDS, 402 Merrion Centre, Leeds

- THE LEFT LEGGED PINEAPPLE, 24 Churchgate, Loughborough
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NEW RELEASES

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New tape demos reviewed

TIP

This month's *Tip Sheet* is collated by dangerous **Dave Henderson**, after a brief flurry with **TC Wall**, **Ripley** and **Johnny Eager** (the listening panel). Each month we grade band's demo tapes and have a panel, or celebs, to give divine judgement. A&R men, DJs, press officers and general musos have done disservice to the column in the past, next month, **John Peel** will offer his wisdom. The numbered system after each review refers to marks out of ten for content (of tape), delivery (in performance terms), presentation (of the overall package) and **potential** (as to whether they'll bend a cheque book or two). Let's go . . .

INDESCENT are from Bristol (no address) with two gigs under their belt (attendances were 137 and 253, they inform us) and their recorded-at-home demo boasts five tracks from the four piece. They tried to bribe the panel with "a milk shake" for a good review, and, well, their tape is rather good. Yes, it's under developed and lacking a bit in confidence (especially in the vocal dept), but their churning guitar sound has some style.

5 6 4 5

THE CREATURE COMFORT (061 256 2919) threaten imminent assaults on London from their Manchester home. To prove that they've got an all-consuming knowledge of their fretboards, their tape offers a foray of blistering guitars on the kind of glam/pop that the Dolls would be proud of. They probably strut their stuff, and have a certain degree of potential in these biker-is-best days.

5 6 4 5

THE OUTSIDERS are from London (01-493 5961) and their lusciously titled *Big Big Demo* has five tracks of strummy pop that sound right up the big lads' streets. Yes, these boys have style and can write really good pop songs. This tape goes in a large paper bag to Go! Discs. Hitsville.

7 5 5 7

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA (0734 422856) offer little in the way of information, but they have a nice graphic image on the box and a pretty *big* sound (incorporating synth and a demanding bass line on the first number). We couldn't think of anything it sounds particularly like, but if you can imagine Ian Curtis fronting *Simple Minds*, with song arrangements played like *West Side Story* meets *Dragnet*, then you're on the right lines. Best tape so far.

7 7 5 7

JOE LATIMER AND THE LOVE GARAGE are from Cornwall (26, Florence Terrace, Falmouth, Cornwall, to be precise) and play chirpy pop with a chiming guitar, and some tempting harmonies. The basic sound of the drummachine drags a little after a while, but there are good songs here. Voice-wise it's a little flat — on one level — but there's potential hereabouts.

3 4 3 4

IZIT (01 808 4549) are from North London and have a tuneful reggaeified keyboard thrust on their one track demo, *I Shot The Deputy*. Oh, come on mister big label, these lot sound ideal for frittering away a clothing allowance and getting on *Top Of The Roxy*. Actually this is quite a memorable little tune too, even if it's not that new. Now there's credibility for you. Eh?



8 8 7 8

izit a bird, izit a plane . . . izit tape of the month

SHEET

THE GEEKAIS (0743 64157) come in a box made for secret agent wallets and call their tape Open Channel Nine. A terrible name, right, but the music is well worth a listen. Past the valley of psyche-mod plagiarism, these chaps seem to hang onto The Monochrome Set's guitar style, and Hugh Cornwall's phrasing while offering a little pop posturing too. This is a concept piece that works with some dry humour, but it's difficult to see how it could be marketed. Enjoyable all the same.

7 6 8 6

ALL FOR MOTHER (01769 3739) are another enterprising outfit with a few London shows under their belt. Their four track tape has a big bolshy sound that revolves around a chunky guitar/bass. Topside there's some neat harmonies and vocal verses driving their songs into the near-commercial market. What's more, they've got their act together when it comes to sending out stuff to the media and A&R hods. Expect to hear a whole load more.

8 8 8 7

NIKOLA: EUGENE are another long haired be-shaded combo from Leicester (0533 701197) but there's a difference here. The sound, although slightly soiled due to obvious lack of production — and a little overuse of reverb in places — is more of a huge aftermath-of-rock noise, waiting for a money carrying patron. Expect a vinyl release soon and big improvements along the way.



Nikola: Eugene fashion this year's Leicester look

6 6 5 5

SHAKE APPEAL (08832 63809) appear to be from Oxon or thereabouts, consisting of five rebellious noise mongers, who specialise in going "who-oooooo" and letting their guitarist get the upper hand. Like MC5 with their shirts on fire, Shake Appeal have something to go for and sound like they could very well make it in a Shock! Horror! Exposé! type way. Loud, obnoxious and perfect for the late '80s.

6 5 3 6

The Thunder Flowers overawed at their review



THE THUNDER FLOWERS (0224 640089) recorded their two track cassette on 24 track and they'd like you to remember that (it's on the box). It shows too. The quality is impeccable, and although the musical direction from The Thunder Flowers isn't anything new, any budding A&R person busting a gut to sign a sub-U2, Then Jerico pop outfit need look no further. The songs fit here, the group's only real problem should be their sock colour and complexion.

7 8 4 7

AUDIO RESEARCH (04868 25227) have a C60 in a collage package adorned with many-a-phrase from the good guy's pretentious phrase book (like... On A Mission From God). Available for £2.99, it's hardly a demo, more a way of life as it industrially grinds into the psyche. Nothing new, but a good way to pass time on a long train journey.

3 4 3 0

ALL OVER THE PLACE are from somewhere called Herstmonceux in East Sussex (0323 832510) and have a neatly packaged two song tape accompanied by a very brief hand written note. Hardly enticing, but the music certainly makes up for that. Facts are difficult to grasp, but the harmonies of Vanessa and Tracey — over some plum strum and simple beat — are the main thing. Instant similarities would point to Marine Girls, but V and T have a little more melody and lipstick in their presentation. This is one of the most marketable groups so far.

7 6 5 8

If you want your tape reviewed and graded (remember two ex-Tip Sheeties have already signed major deals), then send them to The Tip Sheet, *Underground*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London, NW1

SHEND ON THE RUN



Confessions Of A Pop Icon Number Four: Picking A Band Name And Getting Your Pic Taken

One thing every combo needs in this world is promotion, not the extra sixpence Uncle Casper got after 82 years of loyal service, but the 'I'm over here behind this hedge and I'm bloody interesting' publicity machine.

FACT ONE: Pick a short name for fun and profit; otherwise, as with Curiosity Killed The Cat, your logo can only be emblazoned on long merchandise of dubious promotional value, such as curtains, javelins and bed linen. Also how many times has one seen 'Curiosity Kille...' sprayed on walls due to the artist's aerosol becoming extinct or his demise at the hands of the SAS graffiti snatch squads with death-spitting machine guns. Conversely Matt Whateverhisnameis of The The can get 200 scrawled vandalisations from one felt tip. This is known as having a 'shrewd Promo Head'.

Right, so you've got your moniker sorted. It's now time for the all important promotional photographs.

FACT TWO: Blurry grey smudges, pretending to be photographs individually processed by partially trained Youth Opportunity Interns at the Tru-print photographic penitentiary (plus the free dispensing wallet that conveniently jettisons your negatives onto the nearest wet gravel) are not appropriate. But we all know some lens-bedraggled chappie who can tell the difference between his f-stop and his elbow and will happily swap his usual bumble bees, derelict sheds and barbed wire montages for the glamour of show biz.

The next step is composition. For instance, if you are a heavy metal band stand with your legs apart next to a customised bulldozer. If you are a country and western band stand next to a drunk, truck driving divorcee, or wear a cowboy hat. If you are The Thompson Twins stand next to a dog's bottom.

Next proppy is your eyes. Looking in different directions, as though you've lost your football, is still popular; or you can peer into the camera with an I'm-standing-in-an-empty-room-and-it's-a-bit-of-a-labyrinth, piercing glare.

Another not very useful hint, in case one of your group be shorter than his compatriots, is that The London L-R Yellow Pages compensates for those vital inches and can also be used to find a real photographer when your budding Beaton buggers it all up.

"O.K. we've done the photos, but what about the other forms of promotion we've heard of, such as, badges, T-shirts, pillow cases, small bags of white powder, nylon scarves and sexual favours."

Sorry, but of this, I know nothing.

Our roving international reporters examine ch Tape Purification Program

Minutemen chronological testimonies on chrome

One that may have slipped your attention, from the bursting at the seams SST catalogue, is a tape only set from The Minutemen. Comprising of cuts from EPs and compilation out-takes, it also features all the material from the group's What Makes A Man Start Fires? and Punch Line LPs. Coming in at 62 tracks it's a must and you can get it through Pinnacle. Ripley



This is Iceland calling!

- 1 What have Iceland got to offer the world in terms of hardy and healthy "pop" music with style?
- 2 The Sugar Cubes
- 3 From the remnants of Kukli, their first 12 inch, Birthday, is a brittle and biting gem on One Little Indian
- 4 It will soon be followed by another 12 called Cold Sweat
- 5 Don't miss it! **Dave Henderson**



A Sugar Cube

Milkmen: dead good, pal!



Who's Bucky Fellini? The Dead Milkmen know who!

They kick off their new album, Bucky Fellini, with the ringing chant from The Sweet's Ballroom Blitz! They write songs with titles like The Thing That Only Eats Hippies, (Theme From) Blood Orgy Of The Atomic Fern and I Am The Walrus! They call themselves Rodney Anonymous, Dave Blood, Joe Jack Talcum and Dean Clean! They come from California! Hacks have called them "scruff-rock" and "snot-rock!" I will love them evermore for penning "hanging out in the commode/listening to Depeche Mode/You look like some kind of toad/why are you a moron?"

■ "First of all," whines Dave Blood, "I wanna clear something up, that although we've been called the young snots of the year, we all carry handkerchieves. We have no problem with that. No stuff runs out of our noses."

■ And extracting the urine from whatever was within their grubby little hands, but especially trends, people, habits, bad habits and any kind of self-indulgence paraded by 'rock stars'!

■ "It was out of boredom. We'd get together every Saturday and play for six hours. If you want the attitude angle, it's just that we don't take anything seriously, including ourselves."

■ "We called the album Bucky Fellini because it's got that art-faggoty title, y'know, real arty people are going to play it by mistake, like, 'these guys must be soooooo depressed.'"

■ Aren't you just jealous of all those real musicians who have good tunes and a good image?

■ Rodney: "We were considering buying Sonny & Cher's old image..."

■ Dean: "But Bimbok 3 got it first!"

■ You can get Bucky Fellini, Eat Your Paisley and Big Lizard In My Backyard on Enigma Records.

■ Meanwhile, The Dead Milkmen's greatest influences are *The Power & The Glory* by Graeme Greene, Bob Dylan, The Beatles, art, late night TV, and beach party and horror films, "anything where the monster eats a girl on the beach."

■ Milk !!! Martin Aston

CLOUDBUSTING Sprung Aus Den Wolken

(Jump Out Of The Clouds)

Sprung Aus Den Wolken have been doing this and that for some time in the shadow of the Berlin wall. Tie ins with Ein-sturzende Neubauten and other Berlin luminaries led to several releases, the most recent of which is *The Story Of Electricity* on the French Disques De Soleil label.

■ Consisting of two brothers, Peter and Kik, Sprung have just penned a deal with UK label Cat And Mouse for a new album, but endlessly releasing plastic anthems is far from what they're about.

■ "It's all a master plan," claims Peter, "it lasts seven years and the *Electricity EP* was one year in. We're trying to prove that things can happen, that people can express themselves. No-one wanted to release *Electricity* but when it was released it got really good reviews."

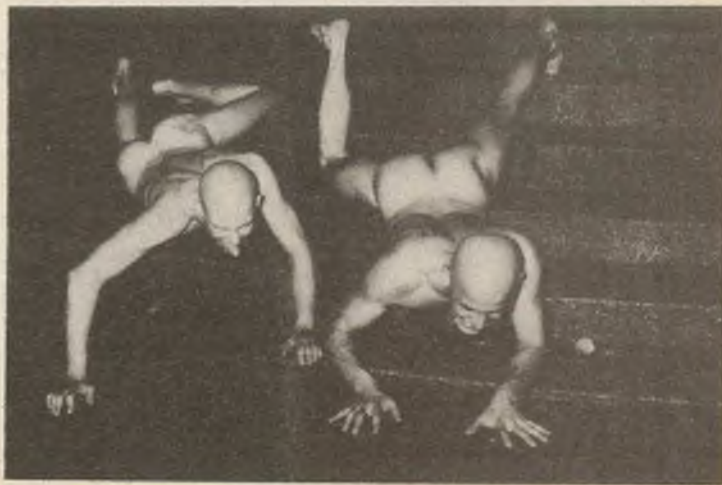
■ So what's at the end of the masterplan?

■ "I don't know, we're open minded about things, what we're documenting here is our progress, our lives. We have to work to get money to record, we film ourselves working. That becomes a film. We use our environment to create our backdrop."

■ And what's the title of this masterplan? What does it all hang on?

■ "It's Brand New Planet. Because this planet is full, and wrong. We need a brand new planet, a better place. Through creativity we want to prove that people don't have to step back from their own imagination. They can use it."

■ Peter expects there to be two more Sprung albums next year, and the duo's hope is to work with Adrian Sherwood. Now that should really be something. Ripley

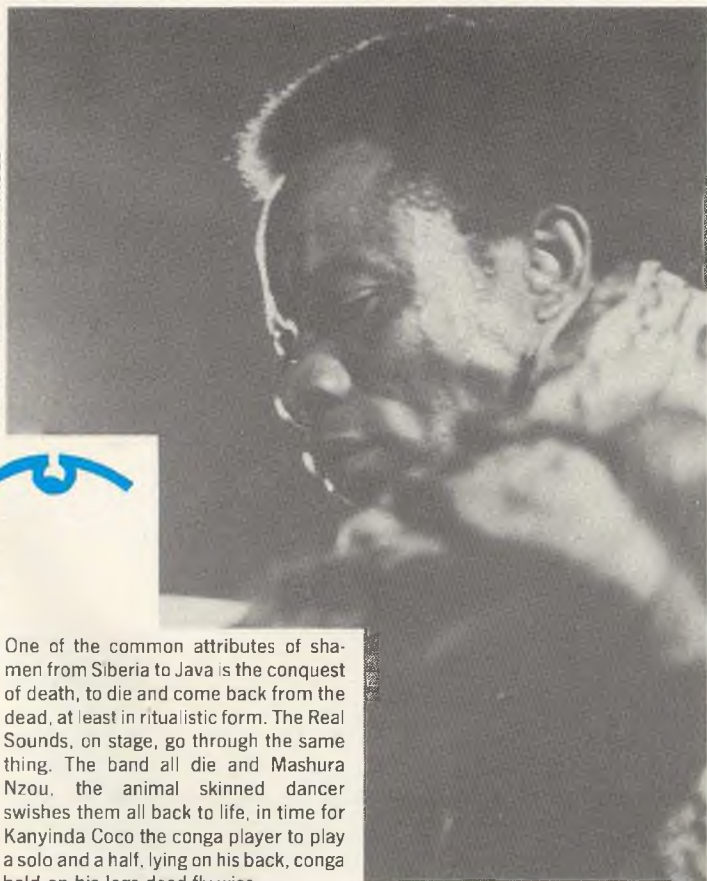


Peter and Kik proving their 'mankind descended from reptiles' theory

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The Real Sounds Of Africa

Real Sounds live and infectious



One of the common attributes of shamans from Siberia to Java is the conquest of death, to die and come back from the dead, at least in ritualistic form. The Real Sounds, on stage, go through the same thing. The band all die and Mashura Nzou, the animal skinned dancer swishes them all back to life, in time for Kanyinda Coco the conga player to play a solo and a half, lying on his back, conga held on his legs dead-fly-wise.

■ The Real Sounds are Zaireans, normally resident in Zimbabwe, but based for the summer in Brighton. The show finishes with a football match; Tornados v. Dynamos, horn section in green shirts, guitarists in blue — the band is nearly large enough for two teams, but inevitably the score is 0-0 as there is no room on stage for goal posts.

■ Real Sounds are not politically motivated. Song content is more domestic as in the group's album title, *Wende Zako*, (You Must Leave), a marital reference rather than a political directive. Singer/spokesperson Ghaby expresses reservations on bands dabbling in politics. They are a jobbing band with an awareness of the relationship between the likeability of their music and the living they make. He expresses it as a balance between tradition and the need to work. Ghaby says there is more emphasis on melody in their music than many Zimbabwean bands. They have blended their native Zairean pop, which has something (roots) in common with Latin styles, and blended this with the Zimbabwean mbira based shona style.

■ Irrelevant academicism though, Real Sounds rhythm is just too hard to resist. They invite dancing through some kind of musical democracy and a contagious enthusiasm which gradually envelopes everyone leaving grinning barmen banging trays with bottles. John Lewis

HASSAN ERRAJI



● Something of the stuff blues legends were made of, alive and well and living in Shepherds Bush; The blind **Hassan Erraji** has played his way from Marrakesh (where he played his first gig on a homemade instrument, aged ten) playing a variety of Moroccan instruments and percussion. Two solo tapes are available and he can be seen playing in the UK solo or with his group, **Arabesque**. John Lewis

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UNDERGROUND: a groovy gyration
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Published by Spotlight Publications Ltd
 Greater London House
 Hampstead Road
 London NW1 7QZ
Telephone 01-387 6611
Telex 299485 Music G
Fax 01-388 5010
Distribution
 Spotlight Magazine Distribution,
 1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX
Telephone 01-700 4600
Typeset by Offshoot Graphics Co,
 17-18 Great Sutton Street,
 London EC1
Printed by
 Chesham Press, 16-18 Germaine St,
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ISSN 0951-502X
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The Big fact

Bang! — Shock, Horror!

Yes, although many of you probably didn't even know that they had split up, Gun Club mainmen Jeffrey Lee Pierce and Kid Congo are back together, with a line up that is completed by Romi Mori on bass and Nick Sanderson on drums. Not only are they alive and kicking but they are about to unleash a brand new album, curiously entitled *Mother Juno*, and even more curiously produced by Cocteau Twin Robin Guthrie.

Tracking down Jeffrey Lee and the Kid was not too easy as they live a nomadic lifestyle, visiting various studios on different continents and living in different cities to each other. But your intrepid *U2* reporter catches up with them just before they fly out to Portugal to get the low-down on the past few years, a trip that takes them from New York to London via Berlin, Tokyo, Amsterdam and most points in between.

So, you guys, what happened?

The Kid kicks off: "We just fell apart after spending a really long time together making the last record, and spending an even longer time touring for it. We got really sick of being together and doing the same thing, so we took a break. Of course when we split up, we all said we're never going to see each other ever again, but what do you expect when you're in a band?"

What about you, Jeffrey Lee?

"We were trying to branch out when we did the last album, the *Las Vegas Story*, but nobody quite understood it. We put so much into that record and the last tour that we really wanted to see some sort of response and instead we just got disenchanted. So we just split for a bit and now we just do it 'cos we like to do it and don't give a shit if anybody else likes it or they don't."

So what about the new LP and the choice of Robin Guthrie as producer?

Jeffrey Lee explains: "As far as I'm concerned, I'm really happy with it. The ballads have a little Cocteau touch to them which I wanted. That's why we chose Robin."

The Kid butts in: "We really admire their lush sound and he has a great ear."

Jeffrey Lee: "We needed him for the ballads because most producers of The Gun Club would do everything over the top and aggressive when that's not necessarily everything we want to do. When we get a slower number it's supposed to be a bit more ethereal, a thicker sound. What we were trying to do with the *Las Vegas Story*, which we had to fight to get anywhere near, he was going to know right off."

Kid: "He knows when we say we want something loud and aggressive. He understands that as well. It wouldn't be interesting if you didn't stick your head on the chopping block. Why bother doing something that you know would be safe?"

Admirable statements and even more so because they've gone with an independent, Red Rhino, when rumours has it that they had been offered vast sums of money by the majors.

So is this true, Jeffrey Lee?

"Nah, we'd have taken it! That story must have started because we got offers from Elektra and Geffen. But those people all speak the same language."

The Kid elucidates further: "This happened to us five years ago when we started getting offers. They come in and say you're really great, but let's get a session bass player, a session drummer and there's this Danish heavy metal producer who'll be great for you! Do this, do that and we'll make lots of money!"

Well, The Gun Club have always been as much about attitude as anything else but then Jeffrey Lee has some useful information on record companies' attitudes. "You always knew a liar 'cos they keep changing their story. Red Rhino's story never changed. We kept our part of the bargain and they kept theirs. In fact, when we brought back all those tapes from Berlin they couldn't believe it. Tony (K from Red Rhino) said, 'My God, you guys actually went and worked!'"

So back to the new LP, *Mother Juno*, which sees The Gun Club adding another string to their bow with an impressive, fuller sound and a haunting ballad or two. Well, Jeffrey Lee?

"I don't want to limit myself to one kind of thing. It's not necessary to carry on the Cramps/swamp/voodoo/ghoul/mad-psychobilly/blood dripping/trash horror/B-film stuff."

So succinctly put, eh?

"There was a hell of a lot of time invested only in The Gun Club and that's when things got tense and became unsatisfactory. Now that we spread around more, we use The Gun Club as a central station and as a result, we write a lot better songs."

So the assorted solo projects that all the members of the band are involved in are going to continue, an arrangement that the Kid firmly believes in as well. "We've never had to keep The Gun Club as our only band. It means we don't have to worry about merging that side of ourselves. I don't see why we can't have our cake and f***ing eat it!"

He certainly has a wonderful turn of phrase! Among other projects, they talk about Romi's band, in which she gets to realise her ambition to be a singer, as well as pondering about plans to form a blues/R&B unit, complete with horn section.

Above all they show a desire to turn up in the most unlikely places and insist that The Gun Club recording output will be more frequent from now on. In fact they are already talking about the possibility of a single and musing over producers for the next album, mentioning Steven Spielberg as a man they would like to work with. Certainly an interesting, if unlikely, idea!

Well, sod the over-analysing of the LP, except to say it's more manic tales from the edge, in typical, rivetting Gun Club style — so shoot on out and investigate for yourselves, it's been well worth the wait. Story by Dick 'One Handed' Mescal



INDUSTRIAL RENAISSANCE HITS LONDON!

• In a climate where *Test Dept* are having their back catalogue re-issued, while there's talk of them leaving some Bizzare to rejoin Phonogram (?), the industrial-muzak-merry-go-round suits full circle again as the **New State Organisation** announce the first **London Post Industrial Inter Galactic Noise Structure Festival**, which will take place on November 5, 6 and 7 at Club Mankind, 1A Amhurst Road, Hackney. Tickets for the event and further details can be obtained from the Rough Trade Shop, Rhythm Records in Camden or Club Mankind itself, while yet further info

can be gleaned by calling either (01) 806 4231 or (01) 986 2276.

• Bands/acts who'll be appearing at the festival include **Zev**, from the States, **The Grief**, from France, and German groups **Kiwi Sex** and **Gerechtigkeitsliga**. From the UK there's **Bourbonese Qualk**, **Bulbous Skunk Cabbages**, **Greater Than One** and **These Immortal Souls**, plus Austria's **Oil Blo Kotz Klotz**, Hungarian acts **Art Deco** and **GB Zing Zang**, **Trimeh** from Israel plus even more combos accompanied by films, scratch video and other entertainment.



PIIGNS

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WASTED TIME by Sing Sing And The Crime
LOVE YOU FEEL ME by Dirty Dirty Work
SQUANDER by Master Twins



The second token is part of the subs form in the centre spread, the third token will be in next month's issue (and the first was in last month's sold out issue). If you were too slow off the mark to get last month's issue, special grovelling letters should be sent to *Underground* and the best will get a *gratis* token. But make sure you keep this month's token in a safe place or your cred rating will suffer drastically!!!!

MARK STEWART



Mark Stewart

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These Immortal Souls
Get Lost (Don't Lie!)

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DEREK JARMAN'S
THE LAST - ENGLAND



Derek Jarman's
The Last Of England

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tv for the masses

Snub TV report by Martin Aston

As independent music faces a potential decline in radio exposure, and while *The Tube* has still to be replaced by a sympathetic TV show, so America has been given a new bi-weekly TV music programme, made in Britain, about the British independent music scene.

Called *Snub*, the show is presented by **Brenda Kelly**, editor of Britain's only independent music trade paper, *The Catalogue*, and co-produced by Kelly and Southern Studio's **Peter Fowler**.

The idea for *Snub* was first proposed to Kelly by an American who saw *The Catalogue* (before *UG* was published, bub!) who realised that here was a whole pile of information and music culture that America knew next to nothing about, and that wasn't being accessed on American TV.

"*Snub* was just a crazy idea that we didn't think would happen because none of us had any money and I'd never made a TV programme before," says Kelly. But *Snub* was in fact bought up without a pilot show even being made, purely on the strength of the idea, by Nightflights, the weekend programmers for USA Network, America's largest cable network.

And the initial results? "During the first shows, the ratings doubled," enthuses Kelly, "which is a sizeable jump. Everyone in America wants you to have everything short and snappy, because people are always channel hopping, but people stayed watching *Snub* because they couldn't believe it was actually on! On the West Coast, we had more viewers than NBC, ABC and CBS at the time the show went out.

"There's just so much dross on TV," Kelly frowns. "There's certainly room for something that tries to present music that's a bit harder and more challenging in an unconventional format." Aye, folks round these parts know *that* scene.

King Bambi sends a pic to his homeland



or live in the studio (*Snub* will film a band if there's no video available, and they figure they're worth it) are (deep breath) **Cookie Crew, Bambi Slam, World Domination Enterprises, Soup Dragons, Mark Stewart, The Very Things, Leather Nun, Hula, Fini Tribe, Phillip Boa, The Stupids, The Three Johns, Tackhead** and many more of your cunning indie champions. "What we're trying to do," Kelly goes on to say, "is provide some sort of commentary on the independent scene — not

in an overtly political way, but putting forward why there is an independent thing happening, without being obvious about how people are different."

Eight shows young, *Snub* are currently looking for international as well as British licensees. We could do a lot worse than having *Snub* hit our barren screens, that's for sure.

Meanwhile, contact *Snub* c/o Southern Studios at 10 Myddleton Road, London N22. "We want your videos!" *Snub* says, turning back to face the cameras.

Cookie Crew challenge rappers, Stateside



World Dom hit America



Because *Snub* is made in London, it naturally reflects British independent music, although that's no hard and fast rule — **Swans**

and Iceland's **Sugar Cubes** were on show four, while New Zealand's **Chills** are prominently featured on show seven. Already included on video

art sensation hits london!

french group offer hand painted sleeves

Achwgha Ney Wodel have an enormously confusing, but ultimately rewarding project in progress through NIR (Box 244, London SE1 5AZ). Their box "thing" will contain three 45 rpm 12 inch records, 10 colour postcards and, in a limited edition of 1,000, the front of the box is made up of a part of one of ten huge paintings commissioned by ten different artists.

Punters requiring particular paintings on their box "thing" should write to NIR for the postcards, then they can select which one they want. And you thought making records was easy? **Dave Henderson**



Achwgha Ney Wodel defy vocal category

continued over



An Achwgha sleeve art section for your coffee table

SCANDAL AND stuff in the factory of Underground! Well, actually not quite, but did you know that **Jah Wobble** drives the trains on the Northern line? And there's a search going on, because For All And None (Box 87, Ilford, Essex) who release tapes and things (including a live **Portion Control** one recently), are looking for **Save Us** to contribute a track to an upcoming compilation.

Did you know that ex-**Buzzcocks** and **Magazine** person **Howard Devoto** has signed to **Beggars Banquet**, as have **The Lorries** who have reverted to calling themselves **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry**?

The Irregulars sent a miserable letter begging us to write about them, but they forgot to put their address on it so we can't.

The Drumsticks' Revenge Two is a 'zine with a well dodgy cover but it is packed with wholesome fodder inside. The ish includes things on **The Wonder Stuff, The Sect, Dawn After Dark, Bambi Slam** and it's all well written stuff — it's available from 9 Aspen Way, Newport, Shropshire TF10 JEE.

Product Inc's upcoming schedule includes releases like a **Young Gods** CD, a **Last Few Days** single, a **Skin** album and CD, plus a label compilation with things from **Noad, World Domination Enterprises, Keith Allen, Viv Stan-shall** and more. Oh yeah, lots of things from **World Dom** too, in every format imaginable.

Cheeky Sheffield combo **The Warhols** decided, since we didn't want to interview them, they'd contribute their own interview to *Ug!*, and here's a brief extract...

"When will we be hearing the new single?"

"It's all in the can, we recorded it in Plumstead."

Gripping stuff, eh? More next month.

And much more from **Gary Numan**. The guy everyone loves to be derogatory about has his back catalogue re-issued on CD, and pretty tasty it sounds too. Recent interviewers have been greeted by

fiction

Gal's more open and humoured front, including lines like: "I've had a hair transplant, you know." Wow!

Following the Bam Caruso label's subsidiary Disque Noir's debut into the filmic music market with the soundtrack to *The Spy With The Platinum Heart*, they're hoping to release soundtracks from *The Billion Dollar Brain*, *Rosemary's Baby*, *Valley Of The Dolls* and *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls*, as well as music from *Mission Impossible*. There'll also be special projects featuring "sexy French people", and they'll include releases from *Brightie Bardot*, *Francisco Hardy*, *Jaques Brel*, as well as *Serge Gainsbourg* and *Jane Birkin*.

Just when you thought it was safe to do something or other, *Karl Blake* is back with a new line up for *The Shock Headed Peters*... and a new LP too. The *Fear Engine* is a half live and half studio album which will be on the Produkt Korps label through Red Rhino.

And you thought we wouldn't mention *Wreckless Eric* this issue? Well, he called the all-action-Ug desk, yes the one that keeps falling to bits, to tell us that he and *Bian* (ex *The Men They Couldn't Hang*) have just done a string of London dates at strange art school venues under the name of *The Mystery Group*. Aided by a 15-year-old drummer and with *Shane Poguey McGowan* as their roadie, their battered Transit hasn't been seen since.

If you've been lucky enough to get a free flexi in this issue, featuring *The Video Nasties*, *Graham And The Mushrooms* and *Justice Multifury*, you might like to know that all three will be at the Psychedelic Garage at the Clarendon in Hammersmith on December 11. Also playing are the *Cannibals* and punters will be lured in and offered freebies and souvies, too. Bargain time.

Oh, yes we were going to have an interview with *Adi Newton* this month. You know, tracing *Cleek DVA* and *The Anti Group*, but *Martin Aston* couldn't understand it all. Next month for sure, though!

Robert K Cohen's
Big Comment



Has anyone noticed

Melody Maker's recent resemblance to *Smash Hits*? I mean, we've always tolerated the pointless inanity of the *Talk Talk Talk* section, but now they're printing letters from 'David Sylvian's Pony-tail' and the like. Where will it all stop, I wonder? Maybe I'll ask 'Andy Rourke's Stash' in *NME*. Which takes us neatly to a tale of two Marrs. One, by the name of *Johnny*, has written a single with *Bryan Ferry* and joined *The Pretenders*. If this palaeontology (study of fossils) represents the great plans for which *Johnny* felt compelled to leave *The Smiths*, then the future looks bleak. The present, seems bright for *M|A|R|R|S*, however, who got to number one despite the alleged dirty tricks of *Stock, Aitken and Waterman*. Although *SAW* eventually dropped their injunction against *Pump Up The Volume*, they managed to squeeze 500 quid out of another group, Now *The Party* for daring to put the initials of the great triumvirate on the cover of their single, *I Feel Good All Over*. *Stock, Aitken and Waterman* are



ample reason to name 1987 the Year of the Court Case. Or will it become the Year of the Blank Tape Tax? No. The government have aban-doned the idea, but I've no doubt that, like the hanging debate and *Cilla Black*, the issue will return to haunt us. But who can doubt they will call this the Year of Censorship? ★

after the fact



Victims of censorship, Jello B (above) and Big Black



Jello Biafra's defeat of the fascists in America was a very minor victory, considering the 65,000 dollar legal bill he's been stuck with — itself enough to frighten people into self-censorship. Indeed, *That Petrol Emotion*, who wear their politics on their record-sleeve, should beware of *Virgin Records*, to whom they've just signed. The retail department of the organisation has already banned the *Dead Kennedys' Bedtime For Democracy* album, not to mention *Big Black's* *Songs About F***ing*. And talking (as we were) about democracy, October was the time the Official Secrets Act met the music industry, with the release of *Leon Rosselson's* *Ballad Of A Spycatcher*. *Billy Bragg*, guest guitarist, says the idea was "to test the extent of freedom of speech on the radio". This it did, for there was next to no airplay. Even so, it outsold its original pressing of 2,000 copies. As well as championing the cause of free speech, young *Billy Bragg* was to be seen, during the Brighton conference, playing a benefit for the Labour Committee On Ireland. That guy plays more benefits than *Michael Jackson* has hot face-lifts. I'm glad I mentioned this, actually, because 'Wacko Jacko', who owns the rights to numerous Beatles songs, refused to waive royalties for a recording of *With A Little Help From My Friends* in aid of muscular dystrophy. A spokesman from the music press said that there'd been a lot of these charity things, and "There comes a time when you have to draw the line".



I quite agree. I mean, if *Michael Jackson* carried on waiving royalties, he'd probably be broke in a million years.

The Cookie Crew NEW SINGLE

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BLACK IS THE WORD!



9 UNDERGROUND

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7 UNDERGROUND

SUB culture

ABSOLUTE ESSENTIALS FOR SUBVERSIVE LIVING

FILMING AGAINST THE TIDE



Derek Jarman continues his less than orthodox film career with **The Last Of England** (which opens this month). A tale filmed in Super 8 and transferred to 35mm, it features old Jarman family shorts intercut with new footage in a typically surreal tale. An integral part of the action is built around the music, and Mute Records will be releasing the soundtrack LP featuring contributions by **Simon Turner**, **Diamanda Galas** and **Barry Adamson** to coincide.

NOW LET'S JUST TALK CHROME!



Premonition Tapes, from the town that used to produce stainless steel and have two footie teams (er, Sheffield isn't it?), give us the pleasure of **Psycho-Terrorist Weapon**, a short tape loop reportedly used by the **Atheist Militia** as an instrument of torture. Hearing is believing, as the saying goes, so why not send £2.25 to **Paul Mills**, 69 Kangdon Street, Sheffield S11 8BH and the secret of eternal torture (?), or whatever, can be yours. **Dave Potter**

THE BIG BANG



Brighton's Instant Video label follow up their sporadically excellent **Suck** compilation video, after working on the **Honey** and **Coco**, **Steel** and **Lovebomb** singles, with a new package titled **Timebomb**. Featuring 60 minutes of variable eye-boggling visual delights, it's extremely entertaining, with the only reservation being that footage of cars going along roads is getting a little boring.

Camera cherubs for a day include **Coco**, **Steel** etc on a cutesy cut-up scratch called **Don't Crash**, an extract from **World Domination**'s upcoming film featuring **Hotsy Girl**, a quite erotic outburst from **Swans**, **Big Stick**'s bizarre **Dragracing** (a must), live footage of **Test Dept**, **Bambi Siam**'s excellent **Don't It Make You Feel** and a vid of **Laugh**'s **Take Your Time**, **Yeah**, which features some of the most talented dancing imaginable. It's a gem, and there's lots more of it too. Don't miss it; it's available through **Red Rhino** and the **Cartel**.

BLABZINE !!!!!!!!!!!!!

Have you noticed something? **Fanzines** are shrinking, they've all gone half size. Could be an EEC regulation, who knows? Anyway, seven of them were crammed into the Eurosize letterbox at **Ug Mansions**, and here's what they said!

THE COCA-COLA COWBOY issue three is 30p and features your standard **Sonic Youth**-are-pretty-strange interview plus things on **The Boy Hairdressers** among others. The most amazing thing is the centre page, which is full of lists of things that someone or other likes. Hmmm, good idea! It's from Scotland, from **Paul B Henderson** (no relation), 5 McAslin, Townhead, Glasgow.

TEXAS FEVER issue one is 30p from **James** at 5 Brookhouse Gardens, Highams Park, London E4 6LZ. There's enthusiasm and collage layouts in a riot of hard to read typing. I don't know what it's about but we laughed when we read it. That's good, isn't it?

PERTURBED issue four is just brilliant and it made some **Ug** people roll about the office and turn green. There's a million pages and it takes the piss out of everyone, with stupid songword parodies, bad competitions and good interviews. Get it from **Peter** at 14 Overlea Avenue, Acocks Green, Birmingham B27 7UN. It costs 50p.



ECHOING THE BUNNYMEN issue four is a little expensive at 50p plus sae. For some reason it's not all about the Bunnymen, and a lot of the Bunny bits are from other places. Not a quality affair but if you're an enthusiast try **Peter Allen** at 1a Shepherd Road, St Annes On Sea, Lancs.

SO NAIVE issue two is daft. It has a doodles page, an article called "a pervy look at **Robert Smith**", features on **Rosehips**, **Talulah Gosh** and some riotous graphics plus, yes-you-guessed, a flexi of **Bubblegum Splash** and the marvy **Darling Buds**. It's 50p from **Mike** at 39 Cromwell Road, Sprowston, Norwich NR7 8XH. **FLORIAN BOHM AND CROSSED OUT CONVERSE** issue one is different. At 30p plus sae from Brookfield, School Green Road, Freshwater, Isle Of Wight PO40 9AU, it's a mind blowing experience that mixes "art" that looks like it's been carved into a school desk, strange drawings, interviews, stuff on skateboarding and general strangeness. Worth a try.

NO CLASS issue 11 isn't A5, but folded in half so that we'd review it. Huh! Unfortunately there's something wrong with its quality control as it includes acts such as **Screaming Abdabs** and **Mourblade**, but there is an interesting **Chumbawamba** feature. From 37 Hodder Drive, Perivale, Middlesex UB6 8LL.



HELL HATH NO PAINTBRUSH!

Latest exhibition at **Some Bizzare**'s gallery (166 New Cavendish Street, London W1) features the work of **Val Denham** who's done a sleeve or two for the label in the past. An optical treat, the exhibition runs till November 10, so get there, culture vultures!



gush

... an enthusiastic tirade
from Prince Muso

Are you **still** complaining? Maybe you're just reading all the music press and believing what you read about all these scenes that divide groups up. Did grebo exist as a scene before the press made it so? Was there a shambling club before the press said so? Even though C-86 wasn't that much cop, did every band *really* sound the same until the press said so?

Why are you still looking for loopholes? There you go, thinking everyone is a stealer when all music is a derivation or deviation of other musical languages ANYWAY, and that everyone EVER is betraying principles, attitudes, causes like it's some ROCK HOLY GRAIL.

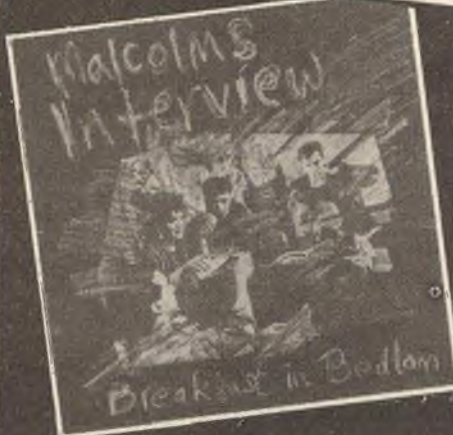
JEEZ! I keep talking to these guys and hear these records and they seem to share the commitment and realise what's at stake. You might say, "BLIMEY WHERE HAVE ALL THE GOOD GROUPS GONE??" But have you thought, "BLIMEY GIVE ME A GOOD AUDIENCE" on behalf of the groups who fight out of pigeonholes all the way through interviews, supported by the like of YOU?

OK, I'll list it for you. Recently (and I've mislaid my diary so this is as accurate as you'll get it) I heard *Dinosaur*, *Hugo Largo*, *Yargo*, *Jah Wobble*, *Deighton Family*, *The Triffids*, *Lee Perry*, *Tuxedomoon*, *Close Lobsters*, *Abdel Aziz el Mubarak*, *10,000 Maniacs*, *Bongwater*, *Mardin Hill*, *The Chills*, *Tom Waits*, *Blue Aeroplanes*, *They Might Be Giants*, *Momus*, *Thirteen Moons*, *Dead Can Dance*, *The Pixies*, *The Sugarcubes*, *Big Black*, *The Oyster Band*, *Spacemen 3*, *Band Of Susans*, *Palace Of Light*, *Eric B & Rakim*, *The Verlaines*; I heard *Whooping Cranes*, *The Crystal Set*, *Bleached Black*, *The Jean Paul Sartre Experience* and *The Mice* on import, *The Flux* albums, *John Cale*, *Gabby Puhinwi* and five *Creedence* albums on re-release, and *SIX Peel sessions*, one *Celtic* music, one *Debris* and one free *UG* cassette on compilation. Naturally there is more, but lists are like bad records — they can go on forever. ● Then you hear these people talk. Even **John Lydon**, who you'd think might have dissolved in his own self-importance by now, turns up at an interview half-cut and, instead of conforming to the cynic-ridden irritant, reels off all these truths and why he can't shut up when he sees them: child abuse, city decay, Brit-country decay, Margaret Thatcher, nuclear insanity ("SAVE ME!" John screams . . .) PiL music could be nothing more than an arsewipe, but instead it tries hard. "At the moment, PiL music is pop — vicious pop. Hard pop. Full of drama and dynamics. It's not mean, I just pose questions. I would hope we're enjoyable too, Witty. Sarcastic. And serious. Thought-provoking. All at the same time."

So what if Johnny smoked all my Marlboros? I mean, I was impressed. Lydon could have given it all up and gone to Stock, Aitken & Waterman, men who turned down the opportunity to produce Gaye Bykers On Acid because "anyone calling themselves that don't take themselves seriously. We take ourselves seriously". And that from Pete Waterman, a man who thinks the most classic record he's been involved in is Bananarama's *I Heard A Rumour*? I'd much rather talk to **Donny Osmond**, which I did a fortnight ago, and even Donny was talking out against the PMRC censorship situation in America, and the freedom of expression that even his Mormon church can't control. Intelligence! Imagine what might have happened to *PUPPY LOVE*? People like Donny actually refresh you because they see their limitations and they also do a fair amount of hoping. I'd much rather spend my time with people like the Triffids' **David McComb** than the five who make up *Lightening Strike*, who say things like, "We're not musicians, we're a gang who just happen to have guitars over our shoulders." I mean, are these guys living on the same planet as me? This bluff and self-generated aura is what leads to the music press' 'GANG' scene pieces. Please. At least David McComb considers his work as following tradition and lets his narratives tell the story. Anyone who feels that "if I had to choose one type of music as the highest form of art created by man beyond Shakespeare and Chaucer, I'd say the girl-group sound," has got to have known *PLEASURE* in his born days! Now that's what I call *ENTHUSIASM*. "There's nothing else culturally, it's like something like Everest, some of that Phil Spector stuff," says David, getting his syntax in a tiz. Music does that to you, you know.

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THE AMBASSADORS

Somewhere To Hide

Unicorn PHZA 12 **NM** **C** ● Shaky modernist sidetracks from this three piece whose vocal play offs never quite work. The thoughtful approach and slowed pace doesn't enhance things, the lack of power resulting in a microscopic examination of their many blemishes. There are some decent ideas here, but there isn't quite the style to turn it into *hit* material. And there's a novelty too as both sides feature the *same* five tracks. A strange idea, but a little half-baked all round. **Johnny Eager**

HEIDI BERRY

Firefly

Creation CRELP 023

C ● ● 1/4. Cast in the mould of an already mature Marianne Faithfull or Nico, the fragile floating voice of Heidi Berry wafts across six songs that while thankful having no contemporary reference point, are polished and well-performed enough to sound distinctly late 1980s. The only weak song is in fact the opening *Out Of My Hands*, and once past that, *Firefly* is a collection of beautiful melodies, heavenly piano, and an often crisp rhythm section. *Houses Made Of Wood* is the high point, if only because it has the vital hook some of the other tracks lack. Not necessarily a star in the making, but let's hope this is just the beginning. **Tony Fletcher**

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

Fresh Blood

New Rose ROSE 126 **P** ● ● ● YeeeeeeeeeeeeeeHar! Get gone and slap 'em till they bleed pardners 'cos here's where it's at; maximum cowboy country musick.

Bob Berg, **Hermann** and **Annette** rattle along at a stompingly fast pace on eight and mosey slower on two o' them than ten tracks. Check out the geetarin' on this — that guy's fingers are movin'! Heck, though, cousins, y'all should buy this jus' fer to hear Baptist Church Blues; it's a beeyoot! All in all this is sweet as a belly full o' moonshine an' that's rough! Yeeeeeah! **Daz Igy meth**

BLUE AEROPLANES

Spitting Out Miracles

Fire Records

P ● ● The Aeroplanes' Kerouac-comes-home-to-play mix of poetry, jazzy jives and infectious riffs never sounded so polished. This, their third LP, positively rings with Dire Straits-styled commerciality — why, lead crooner, Gerard even intones a little like Mr Knopfler — and they've got a wealth of material here to back up the promise. The added bonus (and something that is sure to satisfy their cult following) is that Gerard's scribbling lyrical wit wins out, against the instrumental backdrop, through its caustic, carefully constructed realism. Ah, rock with sentiments intact, that's good. **Dave Henderson**

R CAJUN AND THE Z Y DECO BROS

Pig Sticking In Arcadia

Discethnique FN1 LP01

R ● ● Well, you wanted something different, and this sure fits the bill. Brought out on Discathrique's new sister label, this is cajun music taken well and truly back to its roots and produced African style. Mixed by the Mad Professor and produced by C D Veitch, this basically takes Paul Simon's Graceland idea to its logical conclusion. Thus, the music is more effective than the diluted bayou bash usually parading under the name of cajun, while nicely demonstrating the common bond so many ethnic musics share. Forget red beans and rice, this is black eyed beans and mash — enjoy! **Carole Linfield**

CHILDREN

Children

Mister HaHa Records (PO Box 51, W Islip, New York, 11795) ● 3/4 It's hard to work out just how a seven piece can come across so minimally, but it's Children's understatement that saves them from cute clichés. They live in an American pure pop world, sketched out on Blondie, The Cars and B-52's — twin girl vocals, pop-sequenced rhythm throbs, part beach party, part street corner hangout.

Children are aptly named, because they all they sing about are variations on boy/girl playgames — smitten, confused, made-up or dressed-down, which Children wear with an ironic glint in their eye. Well, it's not *Sonic Youth*. . . **Martin Aston**

CHRIS AND COSEY

Exotica

Play It Again Sam BIAS 69

RR **C** ● ● As with contemporaries Yello, Chris And Cosey are capable of compiling superb backing tracks in search of a song, but the lack of "tunes" and inspiring vocal performances in their respective repertoires inevitably hold both back.

Parts of *Exotica* will sound great in the clubs, while other tracks are perfect for those more reflective moments, but from being great British innovators (via the Germans) in the late '70s as half of Throbbing Gristle, Chris And Cosey now seem to have been caught up and overtaken by everybody else and their producer. **Alex Bastedo**

● ● ● **MEGA** A godhead uprising

● ● **HOTSY** Tasteful and tenacious

● **TACKY PLUS** Lacking in finish

DRAB No bullets, means no hope

THE CLOSE LOBSTERS

Foxheads Stalk The Land

Fire

P ● ● ● Anyone can write a good riff, a neat sequence of chords, and anyone can chime it right or jungle like mine. Anyone can approximate what makes all the other garage sound great. The 'indie' scene can manage all that sleepwalking but who's willing to ~~delude~~ delude like The Triffids, Go-Betweens and CHILLI men, and The Close Lobsters will now bring tears to your ears. They can ~~slap~~ slap, they can ~~trap~~ trap guitar-indie, but here are glorious, loping, searching songs, songs that have had ideas stretching them around.

Like Buzzcocks had songs during punk, so The Close Lobsters wipe away 99 per cent of all known 'indie' attempts to write songs. The dark horses have won the race. **Martin Aston**

DAMAGE

Lim Off The Board

B/Celuloid CBGB 1001 **RTS** ● ● It's safe to assume that the intent of *Damage* is to get close to the ~~sure~~ sure of real physical and mental harm than to any — what's the ~~damage~~ damage, ~~damn?~~ illogicalities. As the sleeve tells us, the experience of *Damage* is an ~~clearly~~ clearly aim to bring in a car accident, you can taste the metal. This ~~delusion~~ delusion is physically air-tight — a two-bass, two-guitar-nailed, suffocating ~~flail~~ flail of ~~metal~~ metal, brambsticks and rabid disgust; Majority Tyranny and Count Me ~~Not~~ Not are typical of *Damage*'s sprayed message. Don't think too much about ~~the songs~~ the songs — just feel the damage, and bring along your own oxygen supply. **Martin Aston**

DAN

An Attitude Hits

All The Madmen MAD LP 009 **C** ● ● Yep, its thrashpop time again with this, the second album from ~~Darlington's~~ Darlington's darlings of dynamite demolition work, DAN. It's not ~~exactly~~ exactly a marked departure into original aural landscapes but compensation comes in the form of bags of energy and the brilliant voice of Jools, who somehow manages to make the bum notes sound not only okay but vital. There's a certain childish charm underlying all the punky noise that gives this band that little bit of something special; once upon a time... are you moshing comfortably children? **Daz Igy meth**

DEATH IN JUNE

Brown Book

NER BAD VC 11

RT ● 7/8 Death In June's floating ambience and wantonly oblique posture has provided some moving and provocative music in the past, and the trend looks likely to continue. They've become more lyrically intense, more structured, and musically more palatable. In terms of immediate accessibility, though, Death In June appear to display a few tattered edges on *Brown Book*, as they try to steal into the front parlour in a pin stripe. *Brown Book* lacks that convincing finishing nail, but it keeps you on the edge of your chair in a kind of uncomfortable manner. **Ripley**

FELT

Gold Mine Trash

Cherry Red B-Red 79 **P** ● ● 1/2 Not as definitive as Cherry Red claim, *Gold Mine Trash*, as compiler Lawrence said, wasn't his idea of the best of Felt but a concise introduction to the 'accessible' side of one of Britain's most elusive post-punk enigmas while they were on C-Red (1980-85) before signing to Creation. Consequently, there's nothing from Felt's first pair of crystalline and mostly instrumental albums, but all the seven inch singles — *Something Sends Me To Sleep*, *Penelope Tree* and *Trails Of Colour Dissolve* (actually a B-side) are included. Felt's guitar-tingling introversion grows bolder and more effervescent with the two tracks from *The Strange Idols Pattern* and the three from *Ignite The Seven Cannons* (one song from each is represented here as an original demo version), the latter supplying *Primitive Painters*, still Felt's most ecstatic perfect moment. **Martin Aston**



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.)

FOC

Northwest Skyline

MCM Records LP 010 **RR C** ● A disappointing LP debut from Steve Diggle's trio. The shadow of his former group — Buzzcocks — still hangs over FOC, and despite the ten years between then and now, Steve has not moved far enough away from the chainsaw guitars and neurotic-boy-outsider ethic to establish an identity of his own. One song — Just Like Mr Trendy Said — opens just as Love You More once did, and without a co-writer to bounce off, the songs become little more than one-dimensional power punk cast offs.

I really wanted to like this album, but it's hard to see it appealing much beyond old Buzzcocks diehards. **Julian Henry**

FOLK DEVILS

Goodnight Irony

Situation 2 Situp 19 **P** ●● A retrospective collection of Devils singles 1984-85 plus three previously unavailable courtesy of their new label. The Beggars camp will probably be an ideal home for a band thriving on the dirtier, more animalistic and repetitive downside of rock 'n' roll. The Doors, The Birthday Party and The Cure all get a frequent look-in, but it's The Fall that prove the most insistent influence, particularly on Evil Eye and Albino. All the indie hits are present — Hank Turns Blue, Beautiful Monster and the wonderfully-titled Brian Jones' Bastard Son. A good opportunity to catch up with a healthy back catalogue. But as Ian Lowery's umpteenth Folk Devils line-up gets ready for a fresh assault on the indie charts one can't help wondering... has their moment been and gone? **Tony Fletcher**

GAYE BYKERS ON ACID

Drill Your Own Hole

Virgin V 2478 ●●●

How strange and slightly fantastic the Bykers are. Now signed to Virgin they've put together a distinctly courageous album for their debut shot in long trouserland. On Drill Your Own Hole, they opt for effectively commercial melodies treated in a distinctly interesting and "different" manner. Those people who had them bracketed as a trite rock band can think again, for here the Bykers get closer to Pink Floyd, the Cabs playing punk and other hybrids that you'd never imagine. Gaye Bykers haven't bothered to stick to whatever formula the media created for them, instead they've foisted a whole new bag of faded washing to their flag pole. Classic stuff, and they're so young too. **Dave Henderson**

CLIVE GREGSON & CHRISTINE COLLISTER

Mischief

Special Delivery SPD 1010 **NM C** ●●½ There's something still stirring in the "folk" revival. Such a draggy phrase for sure, but this phenomenon could quite easily have ground to a halt were it not for the width of music involved. Gregson and Collister verge close to the John And Beverley Martin bittersweet ballad, fleshed out on more than one occasion by some neat guitar. The most effective tracks are when Christine Collister's soul is bared. Poetically invoking a middle ground blues between teen bedsit, major label chart potential and moody, mesmerising eloquence, making No Word Of A Lie on side two well worth getting into Mischief for. **Dave Henderson**

THE GUN CLUB

Mother Juno

Red Rhino RED84

RR C ●●● The Gun Club are back, almost sober, with Cocteau Twins' Robin Guthrie producing and a bunch of songs that are just excellent. Can it really be happening? Sure enough.

Mother Juno is probably the greatest move that The Gun Club could ever have made, fusing their rampant guitar-rock style to a more thoughtful set of arrangements. Each song has their former power, but now the key notes are given greater effect by the space that they're allowed to breathe in. Superb stuff. **Johnny Eager**

HAPPY FLOWERS

My Skin Covers My Body

Homestead HMS085

C ¾ This is a real promising blend of Sonic Youthisms and Big Black crunch, until... Mr Horribly-Charred Infant and Mr Anus begin to sing, or, er, scream. Then all of this clatter instantly turns into toilet music for toilet heads.

Jenny Tried To Kiss Me At Recess is the funniest joke a five year old would hear all year. Mom, I Gave The Cat Some Acid is the more sophisticated eleven year old humour. Actually, this band might have achieved the impossible: what it would sound like to throw up while yelling at Mom simultaneously. The joke's on you. **Scott Murphy**

CHARLES HAYWARD

Survive The Gesture

Ink Records INK 31

NM C ●¾ Hayward's past, when he lined up as one third of This Heat, produced a pretty noise and a cohesive percussive break. Now his rambling vocal lines — like old sea shanties — and distinctive drum patterns (he's well known for playing everything *plus* the kitchen sink) have been tempered through his time with Camberwell Now, and, gone solo for 40 minutes, he gets back into the excessiveness of folkie tinkling lullabies, producing the kind of albums that Robert Wyatt's self questioning times might have suited. Deep and distinctly original. **Dave Henderson**

ERIC HOKKANEN & THE OFFBEATS

Eric Hokkanen & The Offbeats

Heartland HLP 002

R ●● This is hokum country that reeks of innocence and naivety in the way only pure country music can. These guys don't have any of that mutant undercurrent; this is pure and simple, the way mamma used to bake it. These guys talk about buddies and dimes, they play a mean fiddle, and they write tunes with names like I Hope I'm Asleep At My Funeral. Thus, the keynote is authenticity, and the price your pay for that is a lack of any real surprises. Still, plenty of unblemished melody for the aficionado, with a croonin' gem of a weeper in Yesterdays Are Haunting Me which'll bring a lump to the most stubble-ridden throat. **Carole Linfield**

THE LEATHER NUN

Force Of Habit

Wire WRCD 08

NM C ●●● All the hits (?) and more (15 tracks in all) from the dastardly Swedes, providing a neat potted history of the decadent ones, that's for yuppies only (it's only out on CD, folks!). If you need any convincing that these guys can produce gristle and sweat, wrap your lugs round this for a feast of aural delight. Don't let the hammerhead chords of Prime Mover or the infamous FFA blind you to their more esoteric talents, either; savour Jesus Came Driving Along and Desolation Avenue for the more flavoursome side of the Nun.

This little taster will also prove that there's more to them than the sexual nuances displayed with their cover of co-patriots Abba's Gimme Gimme Gimme (A Man After Midnight), too — and ably demonstrates that despite this occasional heavy handedness, these lot are a habit to be encouraged. **Carole Linfield**

MALCOLM'S INTERVIEW

Breakfast In Bedlam

Special Delivery SPD 1006

NM C ●● Folk or what? York-based quartet Malcolm's Interview may have some of the classic trappings of your average roots combo, but the sound they produce reaches much further than that. On Breakfast In Bedlam they straddle a selection of styles and introduce a commercial veneer to their truly melodic songs. A keenly assembled sound, they harmonise around Josephine Swiss's lead vocals and make the tracks stand up for themselves with added sprinkles of harmonica, accordion and keyboards. Pretty strange name, though. **Dave Henderson**

UNDERGROUND

PLATINUM HEART



THE BRIAN MARSHALL ORCHESTRA

The Spy With The Platinum Heart

Disques Noir BN 2001 **RC** ●● Do we take this with a large pinch of salt? Supposedly the long-lost soundtrack to 1967's drug-influenced 'banned cult film' of the same name, the music itself sounds just that bit too hi-tech, the film stills adorning the sleeve just too studied to make the concept totally believable. But while that mystery remains, the music at the heart of the matter is as perfect a period piece as can be imagined. And it's not just John Barry rip-offs a la Wheelspin and Operation 'H' but a tailor-made Shirley Bassey titles sequence Masquerade and dance floor numbers like Frisco Disco and Tuxedo Tussle, all contributing to as rewarding experience.

Be it that long-lost soundtrack or a perfect pastiche, The Spy With The Platinum Heart won mine instantly. **Tony Fletcher**

SEXTON MING

Old Horse Of The Nation

Hangman HANG 6UP

RC ●●¾ Mr Ming's first solo album, and pretty madcap it is too. Here we have one of life's true eccentrics establishing his role as God-like being through 13 maniac chants. All sung in a voice fit to grate carrots over a guitar that sometimes plays in tune, Old Horse is something of a drunken night out treat. **Johnny Eager**

MINIMAL COMPACT

The Figure One Cuts

Crammed Discs CRAM 055

NM **C** ●● Big in Benelux, Minimal Compact's fourth LP is good, but unlikely to win them many new friends on this side of the Channel.

There is plenty here to get your teeth into — side two's opener Piece Of Green is an immediate highlight — but although the songs are fine and the production is good, the overall feel does tend to get a little samey. Bass driven travelogue tales performed by independent bands with European accents have always gone down great guns on the Continent and lead ballooned in Britain — four albums in, I'm afraid I see no evidence that the situation will reverse for Minimal Concept. **Alex Bastedo**

THE NEW DAY

The New Day

Mourning Glory Records (13923 Old Village Lane, Sugarland, TX, USA)

●½ The New Day? Chuckleguffawyuckhawhaw. More like that-was-that-weekend-when-we-played-Faith-and-tripped-out-and-I-was-certain-I-was-Robert-Smith. Not for nothing is The New Day's record label called Mourning Glory. If you hallucinate alongside this, you'll agree that this is The Cure's Faith and that every track sounds like Primary or Inbetween Days. As echoing voices melt into phased guitars and keyboards climb the slippery walls, my head nails itself against the door. Another wonderful old Cure album for your pleasure. **Martin Aston**

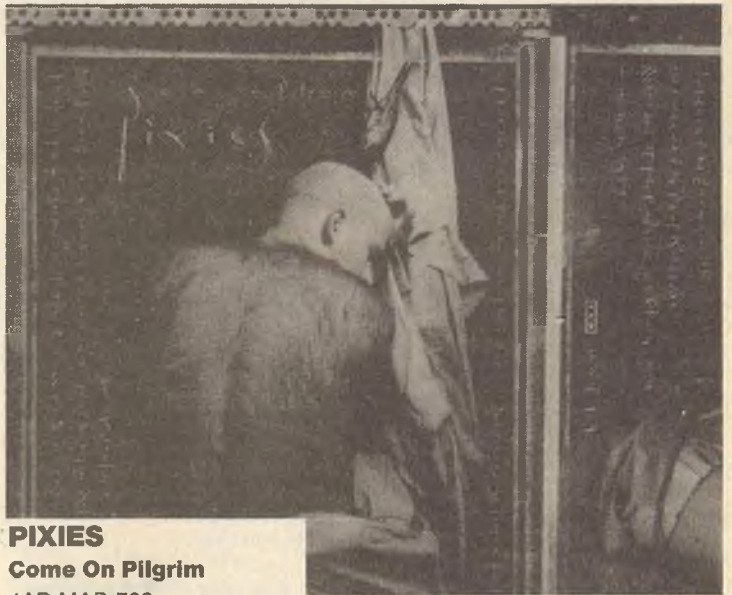
PIETER NOOTEN AND MICHAEL BROOK

Sleeps With The Fishes

4AD CAD 710

C ●● This is an album that could have gone either way. I've never been solid with Clan Of Xymox and their rhythmic guitarpop, though they've begun to grow on me; however, I couldn't have foreseen their mainman Nooten battling it out with former Eno/Hassell sidekick Michael Brook. But here it is.

The result rings ambiently into oblivion at the hands of Brook's arrangements. Keyed into that drifting Eno-esque ambience, the proceedings are spiced with Nooten's vocals, but he plays it so downbeat that the mood sticks like a claustrophobic trenchcoat. Fact is though, there just isn't anyone around doing things of this grace and magnitude anymore — apart from, in places, Dead Can Dance. So this will do quite nicely thank you very much. **Dave Henderson**



PIXIES

Come On Pilgrim

4AD MAD 709

C ●●¾ This is a remarkable eight track set. There are so many good things that I can summon up from my favourite record collection to equate with Pixies' sound that Come On Pilgrim just begs to be inserted in the rack for posterity. Mixing all styles in an eclectic fusion, Pixies breathe deep in a huge open hallway that they've created all by themselves. There's a scary undertone but some keen pop, as sharp as you like, just begging to be played again and again. Social comment, witty lyrics, a bit of slang and a future talking point for sure. Excellent. **Ripley**

POPPI UK

Popée Ook

Dead Mans Curve DMC 018 **RR** **C** ●● Comes across like a mix of oddest Talking Heads, Noseflutes and Stump-like jerky quirkiness; but spazzing around the floor with a certain unpredictability all its own.

This is a collection of 'stuff' released over the last couple of years on the continent by these persons from Holland. Delving in we find maniac dancing and do the Disco Soweto, perform agit-pop gymnastics to Multi-Purpose Coffin and swing along to Great Man's Apes. Come on in, the head casserole is fine! **Daz Igmeth**

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21 UNDERGROUND

THE PRIMEVALS

Live A Little

New Rose ROSE 125 **P** ●● $\frac{2}{3}$ The Primevals' Scottish location, sub-psyche name and myth of insensitivity and loudness is soon dispelled on *Live A Little*, which totally disproves any such immoral branding that the group may have previously received. The Primevals play tortured pop instead, a flowing guitar overture lubricated with excellent vocal performances and some fine arrangements.

Live A Little is a more than worthy suggestion of The Primevals intent. Keep your eye on these people. **Dave Henderson**

PSYCHO

Hosebags From Hell

Manic Ears ACHE 009 **Re C** ●● Classic slice of American hardcore, from Boston band Psycho. If you thought that all metal/thrash/hardcore sounded the same then think again. Psycho inject new life into an old formula with brilliant arrangements, an ultra-tight rhythm section and the most dynamic guitar solos this side of Hendrix. Sadly, the vocalist follows the more traditional path of hardcore shouting, but occasionally develops his own style to good effect as on, strangely enough, the only cover version, a slightly rude *Like A Virgin* which closes the album. All in all, a highly recommended LP which proves that Boston has more to offer than just a silly sounding baseball team. **Frank Pigg**

PUMP

The Decoration Of The Duma Continues

Final Image Fib 3

RR C ●● The Pump duo took their musical training through a million home recorded cassettes as MFH. They dragged their ideas through a knowledgeable void and developed it in bigger studios. Now, some years later, their masterplan unfurls on this, their debut LP. A monstrous concoction, it has some funky beats beneath the affected, multi-layered music that boasts everything from trad to new age. But the really neat move was to wheel in chief executioner Karl Blake to intone the moody vocals on *Lung*. Fuelled with a manic guitar, the second side hits off at breakneck speed, while the vocal interludes and interruptions on the third track make all the difference in light and dark after the first side's intensity.

Almost a great album, almost unbearably hypnotic, Pump need more tools to colour with, but at least they're on the right canvas now. **Dave Henderson**

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN

Re-union Wilderness

Virgin US 7 90636-1

●●● A US import remixed by Ged Yeates, *Re-union Wilderness* now features eight tracks plus the bits from *Brighter* that appeared on *Factory*. So, if earlier in the year you missed out on the "up north schoolies" who were writing bittersweet pop, well, here's your second chance, with bonus bits too. A fine album already, it now boasts a few extra hi-tones and surely points to a mass acceptance by the middle of next year. Great pop! **Ripley**

RED JASPER

England's Green And Pleasant Land?

Vixen VIX 101

Re C ● Red Jasper play a neat line in pot belly rockerilla, tackily joining folk and rock in a brash chunky style. Sadly the production on this album lacks any kind of dynamism that this much-gigged outfit no doubt attain when they're trashing their tunes at Chesterfield's Old Etonian or Retford's Nasty Arms. Red Jasper's thumping folkisms probably go down a storm after seven pints of Dog's Bladder, but they don't do so well at home with a bottle of *Cotes du Rhone*. **Ripley**

HENRY ROLLINS/GORE

Live

Eksakt 034 **Re C** ●● A bizarre marriage made in hell. Ex-Black Flag man, Henry Rollins spins out on side one with his new band in a live situation, while on the reverse side, Gore blast the rafters *live* too. The strange thing is that Rollins sounds a little undressed without Black Flag's powerchord drive and direction, and Gore sound like they're just dying to be Black Flag circa the group's instrumental metal phase. It's a funny old world that needs a little push at times, now think what we'd have had if Euro's Gore had actually played live with Henry! **Dave Henderson**

ROOT BOY SLIM

Left For Dead

Bedrock BED LP4

P ● $\frac{1}{2}$ Root Boy Slim will still be releasing albums when the bomb goes off and they'll still sound as timeless and authentically R&B as ever. Doused in bittersweet tales of wine-sodden unrequited love, Root Boy's sandpaper throat runs the classic tack and should enliven those late night hics. **Johnny Eager**

ROYAL CRESCENT MOB

Omerta

Moving Target MT 009 **RT C** ●● If Haircut 100 had wanted to be Gang Of Four and were good enough to manage it, then Ohio's Royal Crescent Mob might have thought, 'hey, who's been listening in?' This mob are just so damn

funkadelic as well as commercially viable, throwing up rhythmic trampolines on which they bounce off some straight rock-soul but also more trickier 'No Wave' guitar dissonance. In other words, this is a bit of an intellectual if still organic rumble through the jungle of funk moves, moving in on the sound of Material and Bill Laswell. RCM can steam or relax, cruising on harmonies or harmonicas, but they always manage to *get down*. Join them. **Martin Aston**

RUBY BLUE

Glances Askances

Red Flame RF53

NM C ●●● Scotland's fast becoming synonymous with lyrically adept, melodious music, and this debut puts the Celtic Ruby Blue well into that elusive category. Rebecca Pidgeon's vocal is cool, esoteric and assured, aided and abetted as it is by Roger Fife's ripe talent. Somehow, I suspect there's a large range of influences brought to bear on this LP; personally I thought of Joni Mitchell, the Beatles (on *The Quiet Mind*), Clannad, Kate Bush... but particularly Peter Gabriel (imagine him singing *Just Relax*, especially).

It's rare and pleasing to find a group who solely rely on melody and make it work, and as such this one deserves to go all the way. And, if they can keep their eclecticism harnessed without stifling the infinite variety, they will. **Carole Linfield**



THE RUTS

Live And Loud

Link Records LINK LP013 ●● Described as an 'official bootleg', this collection of the latter day Ruts is unsurprisingly of dubious quality, yet clearly captures the raucous punk of the doomed foursome. Unlike many live LPs, the audience isn't too invasive and Malcolm Owen's abrasive vocal is audible, all of which goes to capture a band which is, in hindsight, steeped in sadness. Just as their career looked set to reach unprecedented heights, so Malc blew it on heroin, just too early to make him a legend, just too late to be a punk hero. Still, for those who remember them this is a fitting tribute, and includes their bids for posterity in *Babylon's Burning* and *Jah Wars*, not to mention an embarrassing rendition of *Blue Suede Shoes*. **Carole Linfield**

SALVATION

Diamonds Are Forever

Ediesta CALCLP 22 **C** ● Salvation, to be quite frank, would be to shout bollocks! There should be no confusion as to what this is; a poor man's Mission with poppy overtones and a voice even weaker than that of Wayne Missionary. Okay, to be fair, the playing is competent if not very good but this bunch need to stray from the well-trodden path a bit more, know what I mean? Use this record for anything other than stimulating your pleasure centres. **Daz Igmeth**

THE SCENE IS NOW

Total Jive

Shadowline SR0587 Achter de Hoofdwacht 7, 6711 VW Nijmegen, Netherlands) ●● $\frac{1}{3}$ Difficult to access at first, Total Jive starts to get the neurons firing only after three or four plays; the rock backbone being a base for many strange and unexpected out-growths which seem ugly at first; purpose becoming apparent through familiarity.

This, in fact, contains a few gems in the shape of Sartre's *Acid Trip*, 10-Day Space Shuttle Mission, *A Man's Coconut* and *Kid Ory's Nightmare* — great titles, huh? Well worth your time if you can spare it... go on, don't be shy... **Daz Igmeth**

SCREAMING TREES

Even If And Especially When

SST SST 132 **P** ●● $\frac{1}{4}$ Will SST sign up every band who follow the trail left behind by Husker Du and The Meat Puppets? Screaming Trees are another new world rock band who kick up dust storms instead of knocking back the free cocaine, who strike out in that taut, blustering guitar-swirl — H-Du, M-Pups, Dinosaur, the blurry end of REM. The Trees often use British garage-psychedelia, Merseybeat and West Coast signposts as cornerstones for their dense tussle, and there's the rub. The electric organ only calls for a more authentic '60s backwater. There are enough labels and signs to hang Screaming Trees on, but you might as well hang all those who are still going to love this attitude. **Martin Aston**

The stranger side of vinyl

something

Boy, are things getting hot in this cupboard! All I've got at the moment are a coathanger and some more weird things to play. **Crazy Backwards Alphabet** are driving me insane. Why are these guys so intense? Their self-titled album (SST through Pinnacle) is a really claustrophobic nightmare with jazzy twists to screw your head up.

More airy is **Peter de Havilland's** Bois De Boulogne, a collection of intriguing instrumentals and chants on Venture through Virgin. First off it sounds like a harpsichord soundtrack to a **Woody Allen** film, then it's a concerto on blow pipes, then the piano

plastic

comes out, echoing. Good one. Sadly **Lester Bowie's** attempts to be magnificent on Venture fail as his trumpet proves to be less than versatile. Similarly **Michael O Sullivan's** piano variations on Venture fail to really shift enough in variant timescapes (man).

this

The French label, Les Disques Du Soleil Et De L'Acier (BP 236, 54004 Nancy Cedex, France) have always been a source of interesting less-than-orthodox music and now seems like no time to stop. Following their **Sprung Aus Den Wolken** LP, they present a new album of short instrumental pieces from **Pascal Comolade** entitled *Bel Canto*. Drifting between affected romanticism and keyboard crescendo it's an awesome, almost frightening, listen.

Jan Sissala/Zixt Ess mble emanate from the same label and have an album out called *Desert Islands Dusks*. In parts it wavers between opera, melodrama and sleaze, but falls flat when it gets too jazzy à la **Zappa**.

way

Still in France, the wonderful **DDAA** release their long awaited *Object* DDAA, a groovy illustrated 12 inch package with a selection of exquisite tracks (crossing all manner of acoustic possibilities) and tracing their career of compilation commitments through the early '80s. When toffs in pin stripes reckon that **Laurie Anderson** is art and music personified, just let them take a listen to DDAA, then they'll really get to grips with

comes

and comprehensive catalogue of other releases, is available through Illusion Productions (15 rue Pierre Curie, 14120 Mondeville, France). Don't miss this one.



The fold out cover of DDAA's *Object* package

THE SERVICE

George's Duty Free Goulash

Pravda Records PR 3728 (3728 North Clark St, Chicago, ILL 60613, USA) ● 1/2 It's easy to see how you could fall head over heels for **The Service**. Their US strummer-in-the-summer rock, with archetypal gargled vocals and near pop stature, is charming, but they never quite did it for me. Perhaps the swinging guitar sound was just too sickly sweet, or these ears might not have been at one with their lyrical bent, but **The Service**, although enterprising and entertaining, aren't quite as essential as they'd like to be. **Ripley**

SISTER RAY

Random Violence

Resonance 33-8706 (Box 213, 1740 AE Schagen, The Netherlands) ● 1/4 Well, you'd guess that these Ohio guitar welders were a little **Velvet Underground** influenced, but they've certainly hidden it well if they are. Instead, their thrashing, churning sound is closer to a sub-psyche revolution that's spinning off at different angles. On *Random Violence* it's random direction time, as each track suggests a new angle or a different facade for the **Ray boys**. Not a classic, but suggestive of something good to come. **Johnny Eager**

SKINNY PUPPY

Cleanse, Fold And Manipulate

Netwerk NTL 30011 RR C ●● The **Skinny Puppy** image of death/gore/glam/terror/combat (you know, to put it in a nutshell), has saved them and their music, placing them in the upper echelons of the soon-to-be-popular-yet-again pseudo electronic movement. With *Front 242*, *Portion Control*, *Nitzer Ebb*, *Cabaret Voltaire* and many more of that ilk receiving a reasonable amount of interest for their fleshy but firm dance music, punctuated with tapes and loops, it's a good time for **SP** to re-introduce themselves, and this new LP is a regular *tour-de-force*.

Possibly the group's weakest area is the actual song structures, but they make sure that there is enough going on in there, in terms of cross-rhythms, to make the LP move and it all comes wrapped in state of the art "art". Nice one. **TC Wall**

SLAUGHTER JOE

All Around My Hobby Horses Head

Kaleidoscope Sound KSLP 003 RR C ● 1/2 Ahuh! This is such a difficult record. **Slaughter Joe**, house Creation producer, man of distinction in different pop sounds, has made an album. But, while totally listenable, enjoyable and quite charming, it has so many carbon copies — no, not interpretations, just copies — of the mid-'60s **Byrds** and **Velvets** sound, that it's unbelievably kitsch. The desired effect? Well, OK, there's not a lot of music originality here — sound performances and a good production perhaps — but this just isn't anything new. It's *everything* old.

Worse still, the closing cut, a cover of **The Byrds'** *Wild Mountain Thyme* shows the desperation of such a project. Nice LP, but why? **Dave Henderson**

SPACEMAN 3

Perfect Prescription

Glass GLALP 26 NM R ●● 1/2 **Perfect Prescription** finds the three space cadets... sorry, *men*, indulging in a trip of a lifetime that seems to have used **Lou Reed's** *Street Hassle* epic as a springboard to flight. Their dense throb of psychedelia initially comes on like a young, dwarfish **Hawkwind**, but with *Ode To Street Hassle*, **Spaceman 3** settle down with **Reed/The Velvets'** trance-drone of bowed violins, *sad* guitars and drifting, dislocated voices and tempos. Like **The Shamen**, **Spaceman 3** inject their own idiosyncratic serum into the psychedelic host, keeping it valid. Waiter, there's a microdot in my soup... **Martin Aston**



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SPERMBIRDS

Something To Prove

Manic Ears ACHE 007 **RC** German hardcore outfit with a supposedly ex-GI vocalist, whose lyrics reach new heights of subtlety and taste with one song I'm Gonna Come All Over Your Face. The music only occasionally stumbles out of mundane thrash with the band briefly mimicking jazz and funk on a couple of intros. It's all about as shocking and predictable as a new Five Star album. Re-enlist now! **Frank Pigg**

SURFIN' LUNGS

The Biggest Wave

Beat Int BEAT 1

RC ● 7/8 An old style 12 track album from the Lungs, whose manic desire is to cling to Beach Boys harmonies and live out tuneful love on the beach charades. They're a lovable crew all the same, and The Biggest Wave survives the nasty tidal scourge of bad vibes (man) by being cutesy and quite well played. Better still, the Lungs are capable of writing some quite powerful tunes. **Johnny Eager**

MARK T AND THE BRICKBATS

From Middle East to Mid West

Waterfront Records WF034 **RC** ●● A truly cosmopolitan record. This is the second Brickbats album and it continues in the style of Johnny There, which first launched the band's eclectic initiative almost two years ago. By taking their musical sources from literally everywhere and applying a sparse recording technique, the band have come up with an LP that defies description, other than 'pretty weird'. This will be a strong cult seller as there are enough fringe jazzers and folkies mooching around to keep a slap-happy outfit like the Brickbats in lentils and cabbage soup for another year or so. **Julian Henry**

32/20

Guitar Guitar

Shanghai HAI 110 **C** ● Guys who are in it for love, not money? Well, let's just hope that East Anglian five piece 32/20 aren't hoping to be the next D Straits or George Thorogood, and they're just working this bristle-strewn bar room sound out of their system. As a rousing pub rock outfit, with more than a hint of cowpoke slide guitar, they're probably ideal to knock back a few lagers to, but the songs here aren't strong enough, and their tunnelvision clasp to their influences never allows them to pull all the right punches. **Dave Henderson**

LES THUGS

Electric Troubles

Vinyl Solution SOL 5

P ●● 1/2 Forget about The Ramones' last set — if you want some real, leathery-smelling rock 'n' roll stuff, strictly brought up to '87 standards, then you can only go for Les Thugs. That's 'Les' as in France, and 'Thugs' as in a French group getting mean, threatening and vicious on vinyl.

Electric Troubles is worked out to a tee — riffs run like sleek electric trains, carrying a cargo of open-gob harmonies and guitar-breaks as merciless as they are brief. Les Thugs sing about Dead Dreams, Legal Frugs and Bad News From The Heart; all wonderfully thuggish at heart, but all sentiments that get buried under the relentless charge of their streamlined runaway express. **Martin Aston**

TREAT HER RIGHT

Treat Her Right

Demon FIEND 97 **P** ●● 1/4 There's something haunting about Treat Her Right. From the front cover painting of a cheating wife about to be caught red handed, through to the wood veneer and stamped back cover. Once inside the mood stays as this Cambridge, Mass four piece wander down a dusty trail,

kept in check by a darting harmonica and some bluesy, downbeat, playing. Treat Her Right make the most of the leaving-things-out-to-make-them-count adage and should be crying all the way to the bank. **Dave Henderson**

THE TRUFFAUTS

Fanny

Sputnik PUT 3 **RC** ●● More frisky power-pop, this time spun out by these Francois Truffaut-fixed West Germans who sing in melancholic English. Well, whatever next? The Truffauts sound teen-naive and peachy-keen, pulling on those buzzing '60s beatpop feelings and those close harmonies. A possibly helpful comparison, already made by *Pop Noise* magazine, are The Church and their earnest pop classicism. On occasions, The Truffauts almost slip into a new-wave mod groove, but never go the whole hog. **Martin Aston**

THE UNCLAIMED

The Unclaimed

Resonance 33-8707 (Box 213, 1740 AE Schegen, The Netherlands)

●● This kind of tinny pop — held together with masking tape and enthusiasm — from LA's The Unclaimed, comes perfectly packaged in a superbly tacky sleeve with hazy freak-out graphics. The essential parallels of Music Machine, Seeds and Count Five are scrawled on the jacket and the noise emanating from the groove is something akin to twee pop ready for a '60s beat film. Shake! **Johnny Eager**

VARIOUS

The Bride

Crash Records (305 Swanston Street, Melbourne, Australia) ●● There's something almost comatose about some of the things that waddle up from down under. White Cross aren't an upfront onslaught, a powerhouse of noise or any such infection, yet instead they're a harmonious whirlpool that kind of attracts your attention while remaining in the background. Like all good stormy relationships, White Cross creep up on your blind side and catch you whistling tunes from their latest. There are rock clichés thrown to the frets and strummed invocations running amok, and, rest assured, White Cross look suitably austere and bedraggled on the sleeve of this LP. Intoxicating and at once refreshing too. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Funky Alternatives 2

Concrete CPRODLP 002

P ●● The dedicated among you will have no real need for this album, filled as it is with names-to-drop rather than totally out of the air artists. However, all ten tracks here are specially remixed or commissioned, thus enticing the more diligent of you to purchase.

You won't be disappointed, either. Among others, there's Chakk, Stump, The Dave Howard Singers (with the LP's prime cut, Yon Yohnson III), Por-nosect and even the seminal Cabs, with the previously unreleased (It sez here) Doom Zoom. Pleasantest surprise is Quando Quango's Lowrider, produced by 400 Blows, which delivers a light 'n' fluffy rendition of the much covered War opus.

Buy it for uneducated kid siblings, at least. **Carole Linfield**

VARIOUS

Head Over Ears

Play Hard DEC 007

RR **C** ●● 1/2 An LP compiled by *Debris* magazine, which has been published since December 1983.

All eleven tracks are exclusive to *Debris*, taking in live Fall (US, '80s, '90s) and Big Black (Dead Billy) and studio Railway Children, A House, Twang, Prince Kool, TOT, King Of The Slums and vinyl debuts from Kit and Swivel Hips. The choice of music avoids any typecasting of what independent music might now stand for (the jangle is at a minimum), and the fact that *Debris* don't just dangle the big names for their own self-promotion makes all the difference. All this and a 48 page issue in a gatefold sleeve. **Martin Aston**



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VARIOUS

Indie Top 20. Volume 2

Band of Joy Music TT 02 **RR C** ● 1/2 Wow! What an inspiring collection of independent musical sounds; there's jangle pop, a little bit of rap, jangle pop, some rocky stuff, jangle pop and even some pop that's a bit jangly. Don't you just love drippy vocals and slushy music to death? So does this record! About 70 per cent treacle rock with a few detours thrown in is not my idea of a top twenty record so. But these are the records that charted. So you've probably got most of these tracks anyway. **Daz Izymeth**

VARIOUS

Just A Mish Mash

In Tape IT 47

RR C ● 3/4 The history of primal In Tape, wrapped up and made available for under four notes! What? Just 14 tracks here, some unreleased, and you get the idea that the In Tape bank balance should be moving in the right direction. Sadly no Terry And Gerry, but there are 14 acts who all deserve mentions for one reason or another. The classically wonderful Yeah Yeah Noh stand pug-nosed above the rest, but Janitors, Membranes, June Brides and Gaye Bykers can't be ignored. Add to that The Weeds and Heart Throbs, plus the ever pushy Creepers, and it's a queasy equation that doesn't mix, but produces some interesting smells. **TC Wall**

VARIOUS

Make Ready for Revelation

Bite Back BB! 04 **C C** ● 3/4 This is a remarkably good album for such a new label. Portsmouth's Bite Back present eight diverse acts who have more than a wodge of gold-dust in their sleepy eyes. Paul Groovy's '60s stylings are well impressive, the mighty Twelve 88 Cartel power through on a colossal wave of noise, while Steve Austin, Uncle Ian and Strange Men With Guns all manage to sparkle. Best of all must be The Cranes, because they sound so different from anything else. Add to all that the poppier side, with Radical Dance and The Bushables, and the Bite Back national flotation doesn't seem to be too much of a far off possibility. All for the price of a 12 inch... sample and behold. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Music From The Dead Zone Two: USA

Dead Man's Curve DMCDZ 02 **RR C** ● 3/4 Dunno about the Dead Zone

bit but it's all pretty odd stuff. Of course, odd can mean both good and bad; as is effectively demonstrated on this latest DMC sampler.

Recommendable oddness is supplied by Corpses As Bedmates (atmospheric disturbance), Little Fyodor ("We're all dooomed"), For Against (quite nice, really), Smersh (screams and woohs), Psyclones/Schlafengarten (groovy and beaty), Boy Dirt Car (rocking strangeness) and The Haters (interestingly annoying). So then, what of the other five bands featured? How much do you like to be irritated? **Daz Izymeth**

VARIOUS

Perdurabo

Cathexis CABLA 2 **RR C** ●● A compilation album document featuring ten left-field outfits, each with their own quite unique reading of music, what matters, and group perspective. The acts themselves are each outspoken autobiographers, whose pencil-sketches of contemporary life are unquestionably awe-inspiring. Band Of Holy Joy's lyrical bent plays off remarkably against the slurpy slime-rock of La Muerte, while Attrition and The Legendary Pink Dots prove they've grown into powerful outfits, and A Primary Industry, Heads On Sticks and The Wolfgang Press all suggest that they'll be vital before long. Fine stuff. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Sick Sick Sick

ID Records Nose 15 **RR C** ●● This album lives up to its name. Three groups are featured, Demented Are Go, Skitzo and The Coffin Nails, and the 15 songs included were recorded live at the Klub Foot in April of this year. A glance at the sleeve reveals the nature of what is contained in the grooves — a full blast, hell-for-leather, smash-and-grab psychobilly workout, with DAG coming out on top with a slightly more colourful repertoire, ie songs like Human Slug and Pervy In The Park. Regular visitors to the Klub Foot will find this album a rewarding purchase. **Julian Henry**

VARIOUS

The Sound And The Fury

Big Store/EFA (Zeisigweg 2, 4355 Waltrop, West Germany) Never mind the Raw Cuts, here's The Sound And The Fury...! The young and striving Big Store label has put all its energy into releasing a sampler compiling uprising German guitar pop.

Well known bands like The Truffauts, Flowerpornoes, Broken Jug and Strangemen all take part. In addition, the rest of the 12 bands reach international standard. The Sound And The Fury therefore is a hopeful stock-taking — convincing me that the next Goldrush (after New Zealand) will take place somewhere between Hamburg and Munich. **Jan Cux**



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VARIOUS

Stator

I N Nine INNR 001 (24 rue de Chantilly, 49 000 Angers, France)

●¾ What a long strange trip it's been. Please find enclosed eight dangerous subversives now plying their trade through an array of tantalising thought control methods. Some of them are old, some of them are new, and inside the stark sleeve there's a magazine about other sound terrorists who're vying for position on your psyche.

The glowing tributes go to Zoskia, who're heading into a dancefloor full of men with megaphones; the terminator visits Etant Donnes who solo on dentist drills. It's a weird mix between the accessible, the esoteric and the noisy that mainly succeeds. Ripley

VARIOUS

Underground Resistance

Reaction Records UNREST 1 ● These kind of albums seem like a good idea in theory but inevitably fail to deliver. What we have is a collection of groups bound together for some slim regional reason (not musical), putting them all on one LP lets them have a folio of their work, but as a cohesive album or decent package — the sleeve is awful and there is nothing in the way of info about each act — it kind of falls down. I hate to sound totally down on the project because there are some good tracks/songs/bands featured, but there are a higher percentage who need to work a lot more on their chosen craft. Trying. Dave Henderson

WALKING SEEDS

Skullf***

Probe 13 ●¾ The Seeds play hard, unearthed, powerdrill thug music. Skullf*** throbs and violently makes the needle skid across the grooves. The aggressive, throaty diatribes are further aided by an overload guitar sound that makes you wonder if the studio equipment was faulty when it was recorded. But hell, this is angry music that scalps the rind off cheese and discolours lager. Hard but fair, in a strange sort of way. Johnny Eager

THE WATER WALK

Water Walk

Netwerk NTL 30013 ●¾ A glint in the Netwerk chainmail as The Water Walk unleash another branch to the label's identity. Moody and atmospheric, the reverb rebounds neatly on all sides of this strummed pop opus. It's that dreaded word . . . hypnotic . . . that first comes to mind, but TWW live on to play another chord, turning in some sound songs along the way. Expressive and courageously trying new things, this is well packaged and well worth your attention. TC Wall



WEBCORE

Webcore

Freud 16 ARK 27

●¼ They are difficult to place, these Webcore people. Based half in Cornwall, half in London, mixing musical styles like they do residences, they manage to wiggle their toes in the bleached sand of Oxford Street while smashing bottles on a nuclear free landscape. Webcore peek through a crack in the door and it's difficult to make out whether they're hippy punkers, PIL outcasts or Hawkwind in suits. Disco dancers with elephant boots, they trounce the scratchy irreverence of jazz, scraping their fingers on rock's ugly face. Mixed up for sure, but banging the right dustbin lid and making a powerful din. Dave Henderson.

YUNG WU

Shore Leave

Rough Trade ROUGH 188 ● Pleasant day trips into Neil Young's faded denim pocket often end in plagiaristic headaches — well, so say the old soothsayer. But, not Yung Wu. Perhaps their intentions aren't as blatant and that's why this rolling strum thunders in with its head held high. A nostalgic look back for southern rebels, who've let their hair grow and still have the checked shirt in the closet. Yung Wu is an offshoot of The Feelies, the preppie/nerd garb is thrown to the wind, and there's emotion in those notions. Dave Henderson

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 . . .

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THE EUROPEAN SON, Unit F1, Kensington Market, 49-53 Kensington High Street, London W8
HENDERSON'S THE VINYL WORLD, Fore Street Centre, Fore Street, Exeter 1 UP, 4 Diamond Street, Aberdeen
JUMBO RECORDS, 402 Merrion Centre, Leeds
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LIZARD RECORDS, 12 Lowergoat Lane, Norwich
PICCADILLY RECORDS, 9 Parker Street, Piccadilly Plaza, Piccadilly, Manchester
RAINBOW RECORDS, 80 Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, Shropshire
ROUGH TRADE, 130 Talbot Road, London W11
SELECTA DISC, 21 Market Street, Nottingham
SIGNALS RECORDS AND TAPES, Shop Unit One, Cornhill Exch. Bldg, Cornhill, Lincoln
SOUND WAVES, 18 Church Street, Monmouth, Gwent
TV AND RADIO SERVICES, 123 Victoria Road, Horley, Surrey
UGLY CHILD RECORDS, 162 Hoe Street, Walthamstow, London E17
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UNDERGROUND

* Martin Aston,

TC Wall,

Ripley,

Dave Henderson,

Daz Igymeth,

Johnny Dee,

Johnny Eager,

Julian Henry,

Frank Pigg,

(cast in

order of

appearance)

THE ADVERTS Peel Session

Strange Fruit **[P]** Ah, magnificence! The Adverts perfectly summed up the real facet of punk's original purpose — the DIY amateur-hour of the music, the sublime way pop got bashed on the head by volume and simplicity, and the cartoonish glint in the eye. Bored Teenagers, One Chord Wonders and Gary Gilmore's Eyes — a holy punk trinity — are all included. **MA**

ALIEN SEX FIEND Here Cum

Germes Anagram **[P]** Yet another new single from the Fiends, this time leaving behind their dance orientated tape cut up soundtrack and opting for a similarly raucous sound, spiced with teeny drum machine, large slabs of guitar and various protruding noises, behind a ranting tale of germ warfare. Riveting. **TC W**

BABY A No Respect Specter

[P] Formerly Baby Amphetamine, this second single with its second hand steals, sucks. Listen to that Beastie album again girls! **R**

BAND OF SUSANS Blessing

And Curse Furthur

[RT] In line with other Blast Firsts (Furthur is a subsidiary), Band Of Susans (yup, there are three Sue's here) mould more blissful American guitar sculptures, hooked up to a murderous, nervous beat. There are guitars everywhere — all over the sleeve, and in the grooves (guitars are chasing each other's blue touch-paper) layered into a burning pyre on which smoulders four songs. Strawth! More 'New Wave' disco-nance. **MA**

MARTYN BATES The Look

Of Love Cherry Red **[P]** Ex-Eyeless crooner, Martyn Bates gets a headlock on this Bacharach/David chestnut, but it's all a little too slow, too down. Martyn sounds a little pleased off that "she's got the look" too. Not very romantic. **R**

BEHEST OF USHURA The

Savage New Birth **[RES]** Minimalistic croonalong that sees Joy Ushura tickling her tonsils over a Discult tin beat. There's something a little haunting and quite memorable about this monotone effort. Enticing and evocative. **DH**

BFG Higher Than Heaven

Attica **[RE]** A more pacey offering than their previous one, Western Skies, and not so bad at that. Still open to flak on the Sisters/Mission front but an identity is being formed and this is sure to please a few people somewhere. They aren't incapable of conjuring up an atmosphere and deserve a listen. **DH**

BIG STICK Crack Attack Buy

Our Records **[RES]** This is a frightening, and frighteningly good, record. Big Stick's Dragging on Blast First whetted a few appetites, and it shouldn't be too

long before someone picks up this classis for UK release. Till then you'll have to raid the import stores to hear this breakheart rap and tape loop cut up, that can only be fully explained/enjoyed when you're holding it to a throbbing deck. The flipside features three tracks that sound like the feeling you get after reading chapter three of *The Wasp Factory*. Mean. **DH**

BLACK ALSATIAN

Something Intense

[P] The sound of swinging Rochdale, spiked with a harp-sichord, trudging under a brim-sichord bass, this is a downer that claws you into submission and begs more plays. Cool and annoying, their next step is the most important. Doors with no handles. **R**

BLAB HAPPY It's Turned

Out Nice Again Wisdom

(Wisdom, 39 Medway Street, Highfields, Leicester) Formerly raved about in the *Tip Sheet*, and following label interest from all over the shop, Blab Happy prove that there's more to Leicester than leather and lust with four embittered pop twangs laced with charm and individuality. Not a top notch production but a bargain for £1.50 including postage and a natty sticker. **DH**

BOB What A Performance

Sombrero **[C]** Bob possess some fine things — humour, lyrics that are funny without being wacky — and they're enjoyable to dance to as well. They should play Bob songs in public pools as I imagine you could come up with some pretty groovy synchronised swimming to them. I don't know if it's just because I'm in a good mood today but I'm tempted to say that there is genius at work here, furthermore, buy this record and blow those blues away. Celery in your lunchbox with a milk chocolate Penguin for afters isn't enough for a growing girl — you need a bit of Bob in your life! **JD**

THE BRILLIANT CORNERS

Delilah Sands SS20

[RE] The Corners push ever closer to the pop market and eventual radio playlisting with another remarkably chirpy tune. Davey Woodward's pen must be dribbling with poptones and, after the twee but assured Brian Rix single, *Delilah Sands* re-affirms just how potentially massive this group could be. **JE**

THE CARDIACS There's Too

Many Irons In The Fire

Alphabet **[P]** Yes, it's them again, ringing up, sending records, being arty and "wacky", all in the cause of earning a few quid. The Cardiacs' success totally baffles me, but their quirky art-school pop could easily match anyone from *Deaf School* to *Split Enz*, as they swerve into pop-jazz land. This group are gimmicky and they may just make it into the big cattle market. They're bloody annoying though. **DH**

THE CARETAKER RACE

Somewhere On Sea

Roustaabout **[RE]** A sticky 45 which offers four slabs of self-conscious crooning from the Race. A heartfelt affair which lacks something in depth and vocal elegance, leaving the group struggling to keep their plectrums active against a tide of janglers with sharper songs. **DH**

THE CORN DOLLIES Be Small

Again Medium Cool

[RE] The second single from The Corn Dollies sees them joining the much touted M Cool label (and remember we touted both label and group first, so there). And it's really a rather mega slice of stummed pop, with an edgy vocal line leading the Dollies through a perfect verse/chorus affair. Sweet. **DH**



CUD You're The Boss

Reception **[RE]** Sorry to use other yardsticks, but if The Three Johns were heavily taken with Joy Division, then the result might be CUD — witness the heavy, repetitive drive and the neurotic swaying rhythms. This also wins Most Muffled Production (topin of the year, but if anything, it helps solidify the mass of grim guitar and concrete drum patterns). A record that sticks to you like soot. **MA**

DEATH IN JUNE To Drown A

Rose NER **[RE]** Compelling ten inch three tracker from the revamped Death In June, with added ambience courtesy of ex-S Switchblader Rose McDowall, Coll's John Balance and several others. A floating, haunting melody with Rose's Pin-Prick vocal line teasing the acoustic strum and brass chorus. Exquisite. **R**

THE DESERT WOLVES Love

Scattered Lives Ugly Man

[RE] Perfect pop for hopeful romantics. The Wolves play dangerously vibrant music with a convincing zestful zeal all its own. Fine stuff. **DH**

THE DREAM SYNDICATE 50 In

A 25 Zone Big Time The Dream Syndicate's anthemic acid daze seems to have become a little more balanced on this new 45. Still in evidence is that lush guitar sound, those burning, heartbreak, vocals, but now it's tempered, building to an awesome climax. The second coming, no less. **DH**

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DUSTDEVILS The Dropping Well Roueks **RT C** God, what a noise! What a grinding feedback-drenched splooge! The Dustdevils have their volume switches jammed on, they manage to get the microphone working half way through and make a jagged frenzy of a song along the way on the top side of this three-tracker, the rather clawing Mother Shipton. Have they no shame? Good! **DE**

ENGLAND UNDER SNOW Stupid September Opus **RT C** Swoon. Or rather SWOON, or even MELT like a snowflake. EUS are just two boys, with two acoustic guitars which sculpt angles, sparkles, and wistful pipe-dream lullabies, with the occasional accordion and string accompaniment. Soothing. **MA**

EXIT 13 Perfect Dream Squad Records **RT C** The Exits' third single is a likeable stab at what they call 'psychedelic folk'. It includes a painfully authentic Roger McGuinn guitar and some very paisley-flavoured lyrical content. In fact it'd be hard to imagine a more determined tribute to 1967. **JH**

THE FALL Hit The North Beggars Banquet The Fall follow up their chart hit, There's A Ghost In My House, with a self-penned stormer powered by a simple two chord thrust and that magnetic Mark E Smith drolltone. Not a radio play cert, but a disc filled with character and charisma, a throbbing electronic edge and an authentic bit of sloganeering. **DH**

FEAST OF FRIENDS Yesterdays Flame FOF (40 Bathurst Road, Winnersh, Berks) Nearly a populist comment disc, Feast Of Friends' debut struggles a little through production, but there's enough of interest on this chunky guitar singalong to get the adrenalin frothing. **JE**

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM Blue Water Situation Two **RT C** Cor! This is actually bloody good; forget the comparisons and let the guitars slice into your skin, allow the blood to be lapped up by the sandpapered vocals and submit to the crushing wheels of the driving beat; just move back, step outside yourself and groove! **DE**

KAREN FINLEY Tales Of Taboo Pow Wow Art International This is a puzzler. Originally released some time ago but withdrawn as being obscene, Tales Of Taboo is a heavy dance number put together by Finley (an NY performance artist who doesn't mince her words), ex-DAF person Robert Gori and Mark (I produced Madonna) Kamins. Hardcore in beat and storyline, it's nevertheless a fine record that makes D-D-D-Dominatrix sound like Vera Lynn. Grab it quick, if you can find it (we don't know where it's from), before the purists lock it up for good. **DH**

FLOWERPORNOS EP Scratch 'n' Sniff **RT C** Four track EP from this highly talented West German outfit whose jangle is much tinier than their songs deserve. Believed to be pop icons of the post-UK twangalong kind, The Flowerpornos, in fact, write much better songs than many of their British contemporaries. Excellent. **DH**

FRAZIER CHORUS Sloppy Heart 4AD **RT C** If we're talking **RT C** here, this is more a Factory record than a 4AD one, Frazier Chorus' beating heart thumping more in time with New Order's more introverted, romantic electro-pulse. But then again, FC are tree-lined by strings, clarinet, flute, and tropical percussion, and are made of much more pliable, loquacious stuff than New Order. All three tracks on this debut are no less than beautiful, incurably so, and not overkill in sight. **DE**

THE FRIENDLY FIRES Happier Than You Bug Records **RT C** More fine danceable pop music from Crawley's finest trio and biggest hope for the Nescafe charts, Five growers here on what a lot of people suppose New Order sound like — melodic, neat with a sharp production. The puss on the sleeve made me sneeze. **JD**

FRIENDS Far And Away Summerhouse **RT C** Inside Friends is a big band burating at the seams trying to get out of a little band's trousers. Pop with zest and sparkle, the occasional horn and a sing-a-long-a-jangle that's worth its weight in Smarties. **JE**

GREEN RIVER Dry As A Bone Sub-Pop **RTS** From the dark closets of yesteryear, Seattle's Green River drag out the Stooges and Hendrix's big bad metal-blues in a shower of guitar punk grunge. There's slow (PCC) and fast (Unwind) but it's all pretty threatening, loud and full of mean fire. **MA**

HOUSE OF LOVE Real Animal Creation **RT C** A frenetic but slightly too anaemic variation on the pure-1985 garage-punk beat; House Of Love have collared the adrenalin upsurge and ambience but have let the song get all misty-nostalgic. **MA**

THE HUNTERS CLUB Animal Lover Trash Can **RT C** Greasy splatoon rock with pimples on the frets. The Hunters Club play chunky cock rock that disappears under a riff too big for a man to drag his tonsils over. Still, that's rock (old style). **JE**

THE INCREDIBLE ZOMBIE ROCKERS Machine Stops Abstract **RT C** A trio made in hell (well, South London, actually) whose blurb reveals a yearning for Cream, Groundhogs and Motorhead. Wah! How untrendy, but just take a listen to the four cut on this EP and you'll not only see those

thin parallels, you'll also hear one of the biggest sounds of the year. Potentially, The Incredible Zombie Rockers are the kick up the bum that irreverent musos have been deserving for some time. More strength to them, too. **DH**

JACKDAW WITH CROWBAR Sink! Sank! Sank! Ron Johnson **RT C** Another bizarre slice of 'fun' from Jackdaw, this time it's a little less structured than their debut demented disc, opting for a more formulated, lyrical approach. Still poetically and politically sound, it's a riot of fun and excitement. **R**



THE JACK RUBIES Lobster Idea **RT C** This is a pretty special single. Hot on the heels of the group's well received Be With You 45, Lobster underlines how good the Rubies are in both songwriting and delivery departments. Why, they even turn their hands to a rather oblique, but heartwarming, cover of America's Horse With No Name sloucher too. Classic cuts here. **DH**

JEANETTE Leo Survival **RT C** Some time ago Jeanette seemed destined for stardom through her dance orientated soulfulness, but it never seemed to happen. Instead Propaganda broke through — effecting the noble Euro-chin — now, though, Propaganda have been replaced by the rather shoddy Act and Jeanette is back with a new 45 that's gushingly enjoyable. Leo is a brave song set in modern times and powered by a drum machine. Jeanette's tickling throat shakes in all the right places and there's a song that begs to be heard. Eloquent. **DH**

THE JILTED BRIDES Bad Vibes Trash Can Records **RT C** Sort of gothic, sort of psychobilly rock... whatever the category it don't mean much. It's a goodie and that's the most important part. In fact, all four tracks here are *si decento*. Particularly Greed, which is flippin' wig-driftingly scrummy, and here's the main points of the news again; buy. Bye! **DI**


JOY DIVISION Peel Session Strange Fruit **RT C** Bernard Dicken on synth and guitar? **JD** In 1979 were at their peak of meshed melodic beauty and harshly fractured rhythms. Love Will Tear Us Apart and 24 Hours are especially overwhelming, full of drama, solitude, and Curtis' more elegiac despair. Sound Of Music and Colony are hardly much worse. Classics. **MA**

KILL DEVIL HILLS What Comes After Roustabout **RT C** If The Long Ryders could have stolen this melody, they would have — a fine stomp of a song with a country-rock underbelly, rous(t)ing chorus, grazing Gibson guitars and, uh, do I detect unnecessary American accents? Otherwise, fame comes after, if they can keep up the pace. **MA**

KREATOR Behind The Mirror Noise **RT C** German hardcore. Heavy riffing, shouted vocals and a 'Great wacky guitar solos of our time' entry. You either love it or hate it. Me, I love it. **FP**

THE LARKS All Or Nothing Girl Exaltation The Larks drop their pretensions and gunshields as they aim head on for Mike Smith's left hand. Pure pop with a reggae edge that might just break the charts, it's a musical step backwards if anything, that should keep them in haircuts for years. **JE**

THE LA'S Way Out Go! Discs Formerly raved about in *Tip Sheet*, The La's debut is more than justification for Go! boss Andy Mac's advance fee of four free Housemartins albums and a packet of cheese and onion crisps. A breathtaking ballad, a *petit* pop song and an art sleeve too. Great. **DH**

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LAST PARTY Tree Shada

Idol Records **IC** Third single from Last Party, and a rippling bicep of pop irreverence it is too. Floating in on a sea of glistening guitars, this tune of "love and things" is pleasant enough and tonally succinct — as all anthemic tomes of troubled life should be. Still more strum than tunefulness, but on the right tracks. **DH**

LOWLIFE Eternity Road

Nightshift **FFC** Another giant step for Lowlife as the shroud of echoey experience begins to push their music forever uptown. Eternity Road suggests that it'll eventually lead them to a much wider audience as their reverberated obliqueness now seems to be coloured with much more in the way of human endeavour. Sharp and subtle — a confusing coupling, as ever. **R**

MCCARTHY The Well Of Loneliness September

RTIC Now The Smiths are no more, maybe once again, from the ranks of beautiful independence, the great listening public will find a band to cherish. And you won't go far wrong by putting McCarthy into this category — this single, their first away from Pink, is the filler for that gaping hole in your record collection. A record you will still be playing in three years' time. Discover McCarthy, because in the world of part time pop stars you won't find anything else as poignant as the happy well of loneliness. Natural yoghurt for sure! **JD**

THE MEKONS Hole In The Ground SIN/Cooking Vinyl

RRIC The northern madness continues in a dishevelled smuttily wrinkled country gaberline. Whisky in hand and tormented up-tempo roustabout in motion, The Mekons make sure that their legendary status will continue. **DH**

MIAOW The Code Factory

P This is a more complex approach for Miaow. Their unkempt untidiness was alarmingly embracing on their first two singles, but this new found "timing", added to a bigger, more far reaching set of sounds, makes for beautifully haunting music. A classic that just has to be played again and again. **Superb. DH**

THE MIGHTY WAH! Peel Session Strange Fruit

P God, what do you say? The first side is absolute prime time gargantuan Wah! stuff like Story Of The Blues and Better Scream, all anthems and hard guitars and peaks of spirit and nerve, and then side two is the tepid Weekends and the finked-out Yuh Learn. A game of two halves, I suppose. **MA**

MIRRORS OVER KIEV Take Me Down Imaginary

FFC Melodic and harmonious pop that spirals beneath a

lacklustre, almost disappearing, vocal line. Still, it's quite nice all the same. **JE**

THE MONKEY RUN Waiting For A 409 Intense

RRIC The Mancunian Monkeys combine their first two singles, add a touch of an extra track and mix it all up into a new 12 inch shape. Showing off their pop bent, rampant guitar banging style, and general skills at writing catchy pop tunes, it all seems to make some sense. Expect more from here. **JE**

THE MORRISONS Storm

Playroom Discs **RRIC** After their hit flexi comes a four track, 12 inch EP. Dexterity, musicality, croonability and simplicity lyric-wise says The Morrisons will never be Orange Juice, but they're dead nice to listen to when you make breakfast. Easy listening with a spring in the heel. **JD**

NEW CHRISTS The Black Hole Citadel SIN (Import)

Machismatic, charismatic, cinematic... The New Christs' rock 'n' garage is about as new as Christ Himself, but it smoulders with style. Doors overtones swing in and out of a tightly wired R&B-stained surge. If rock had a colour code, The New Christs would be black and blue. **MA**



THE NEW YOU Whispering Down NY Records (Tel: 01-407

1932) A lulling smoocher featuring a luscious lead female vocal line, a xylophone played in someone's bedroom and a charming arrangement fit for a latter day Piaf. Music with sex and sexuality, humilily and style. **R**

NUMBER FOUR JOYSTREET Stephanie Golden Pathway

ReC This, a charmingly attractive 45 packaged in an extravagant fold out sleeve, is the latest Number Four Joystreet release from the obscure but perfectly formed G Pathway. Pert pop spruced up with cello, violin and guitars, it embraces a tactile female vocal line that makes you want to take the whole thing to bed with you. **DH**

THE PASTELS Comin' Through Glass

NMC Scotland's Industrious Pastels come up with another fine pop tune. Sparkling with tinkling Christmas bells and the threat of a huge orchestra bursting in, it should be blaring from radios as another marvellous English summer drowns in a torrent of rain. Ahhh. **TC W**

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PJ PROBY Hardcore Savoy

Onomatopoeic (279 Deansgate, Manchester M3 4EW) PJ's career has been wracked in true rock 'n' roll scandal. The bump 'n' grind of real life gets laid bare and the latest chapter takes yet another dubious turn as he teams up with "Madonna" (?) for a lyrically suspicious sex romp, supposedly recreating the horny antics of Elvis and Priscilla Presley. Yes, get your kicks here, plenty of four letter words, guaranteed to be banned and a scratch dance beat too. Nice. **R**

THE RAINPALS A New Day

Rainpal **EE** **C** The Hollies revival starts here, and don't it just sound good to hear this kind of perfectly formed guitar pop? The Rainpals are a *real* group who write *real* songs and can sing them too. Great. **DH**

THE RAW HERBS Don't Bury Me Yet Medium Cool

RR **C** It's not easy for The Raw Herbs to follow such a smoochily infectious 45 as She's A Nurse, but they seem to have managed quite admirably on this evocative *tour de force*. It's that voice ringing in your ears that pulls the country-esque ambience through the hoop and makes it really work. . . it's just smart. **DH**

THE SAVOY KING COCAINE BAND Raw Power/The Liquidator Savoy Amoral (279 Deansgate, Manchester M3

4EW) Iggy's Raw Power plus The Liquidator are given the extended rock-hard knees-up cosmetic lift, all clattering concrete drums and electronic throbs with all the ambience of a dungeon. Both fit nicely in with Savoy's ongoing scheme to terrorise the good 'taste' of rock classics with the slur of defilement, parody, cynical sleaze, ordered chaos and 'bad' taste. **MA**

THE SCREAMING TREES

Asylum Native **RR** **C** Difficult for the Trees to follow their super-duper Iron Guru, but they can't give up now, can they? Asylum precedes their A Fracture In Time LP, and bodes well for the future, as it follows the same formula as Guru. Dance music fed through a rock synth and churned out like mince. Their best cuts are when they get past the vocal segues. **TCW**

FRANK SIDEBOTTOM

Timperley In Tape

RR **C** Frank's back! And on this dangerously groovy disc he offers several pastiches, in fine Pinky And Perky voice, including Vienna — which becomes Oh Timperley — Born In The USA (Timperley) and Pennsylvania 65000 (now

Timperley 969 1909). Yes, strange is the word. **JE**

THE TRIFFIDS Peel Session

Strange Fruit **P** From 1985, The Triffids' admirable blend of the darker sides of country, blues and rock 'n' roll heartbeats, as witnessed in Life Of Crime, Chicken Killer and Lonely Stretch, works just as well in its more ramshackle, sawdust-spittle intimacy as it does with studio-money. A companion piece to the In The Pines album. **MA**

TWO BIG BOYS Monkeys

Bedrock/Big Boy **C** Two Big Boys play a slouchy romantic song or two, backed by a drum machine and something that sounds like a string quartet. Keenly arranged and produced, they deserve wide attention and acclaim for their daring at least. Sure, it's got pop written all the way through, but it's performed in such a unique way, you can't help but love it. Graceful. **DH**

THE VERY THINGS Let's Go

Out One Little Indian **C** The Things have come a long way since I saw them hazily thrash around at the ICA in their dressing gowns. The marvy Motortown single is now followed by a supremely produced opus which suggests that their *film noir* excesses are heading them towards a credible bridge of John Barry and ABC. . . and twice as sexy too. **DH**

WE FREE KINGS Still

Standing DDT **EE** **C** Frantic Clash groans over a fiddle-heavy throb that's more in line with rockability than folk. Real Celt rock with a spit and a swear. **JE**

WMTID Transfascist Rouska

RR **C** Rouska's role in the scheme of things gets a new dimension with this extra powerful pulsing opus from WMTID. A belligerent bustling rhythm with all its hands in the right pockets and its feet toe-tapping in synch. **TCW**

ROBERT WYATT Peel Session Strange Fruit

P From 1974, Wyatt was more absorbed with his post-paralysis shock and despair than the more political *crie do coeur* of his later Rough Trade recordings. Alifib and Sea Song are stunning, sad drifters, Soup Song is more uppity and mocking while his cover of I'm A Believer (once a hit!) is as wistful and ludicrous as ever. Everything here is invested with ideas out of jazz, poetry, surrealism and Wyatt's unique brainbox. Essential '70s history. **MA**

ZARJAZ The Inter Block Rock Kaleidoscope

RR **C** Zarjaz's past releases have seen them doing something akin to a string quartet or harp-sichord ensemble in sympathetic *Clockwork Orange* classicist mode, but now they've gone down into the subway to play terror games. The new Zarjaz play guitars and look like freaks from *Rollerball*. Making the sounds that Sputnik tried to, they're really rather good too. Like Bolan on a skateboard. **R**

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Last month's competition for El Records' latest releases asked, which Derek Jarman film did El release the soundtrack to? The answer is *Caravaggio* by Simon Turner, and the winner, Trev Faulk from East London, will receive a framed set of proofs of the latest El sleeves, plus all six singles. Six runners up will receive the singles too.

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Strange Fruit THE PEEL SESSIONS

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THAT PETROL EMOTION

The Triffids

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Please see reverse of sleeve for full listing

21 UNDERGROUND

April 1977. Seventy badly dressed Mancunians wearily drag their Newcastle Brown bottles towards the crumbling wooden appendage which, through a heavily intoxicated vision, might pass for a stage. We are in a smelly shack known, for obvious reasons, as The Squat Club. As it is situated arrogantly adjacent to Manchester's plush and pretentious Contract Theatre, The Squat Club seems to be the perfect place for punks to gather.

Four males and one female lift themselves from the crowd and assemble on the stage. They look, with the exception of the female, like a Tarmac gang. Even in this slovenly environment, the band's dress sense seems stunningly drab. The music they begin to produce completes the scene. A clumsy rock base is topped by a tinkly and wildly out of tune keyboard. But there's something about that singer . . . something exquisitely menacing.

"THE PSYCHIATRISTS MUST BE KILLED" he spits, with charismatic menace. Instantly I forgive him for wearing the most horrendous pink silk shirt known to man. At the front of the crowd, three fanzine editors duck as the singers' mic stand swings dangerously close to their heads. It is probably at this point that they decide to interview the band called The Fall.

Four months later, Fall manager Kay Carroll yelps with delight as the song, called Psycho Mafia, spits fourth from the tiny Dansette on the mantelpiece. The surrounding flat is a vision of downmarket Bohemia. Sixties underground posters

hug the walls, cigarette ends spill from the ashtrays and beer cans congregate by the feet of Mark E Smith. He smiles with a faint whiff of cynicism as John Peel's voice replaces his own embittered drawl. John Peel has just played his first Fall record. Nobody realises the significance of the occasion.

As we are in 1977, we must realise that the music press of the day, whilst being full of spirit and fire, is also full of rather embarrassing naivety. Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill, in search of a figurehead for their battle against the National Front, stumble across a bunch of antagonistic proles called The Fall at The Marquee. Impressed by the band's spirit, by their working class appearance and by their undiluted 'northernness', the deadly duo invite Smith and Carroll down to the *NME* offices. The idea is to attach the tag, 'The band who stand against the NF' to The Fall's shoulders, placing the band on the cover of the said organ. The idea is despicable. Furious at being seen as pawns in the *NME*'s patronising little game, Smith and Carroll erupts and a huge argument is followed by Burchill running tearfully out of the office. Parsons, meanwhile, assures the offended pair that his intentions are honourable, that the scam is more than a mere ego trip. With timing that is, at best, unfortunate, Nick Kent pops his head round the door. "Tony," he states in excitable tones, "Are you coming? We are all having our pictures taken."

This isn't to be the first time The Fall refuse the chance of an *NME* cover story as a matter of principle. Needless to say, the band Parsons and Burchill regarded as the great working class hope, fails to receive a single mention in their diatribe of the times, *The Boy Looked At Johnny*.

Ten years later, Mark E Smith sits smugly in the Prestwich house he shares with his wife, Brix. He scans The Fall's discography with pride before handing me this impressive list. Substance indeed. My mind flashes back across the memories provided by the astonishing 20 singles and 12 albums. Remember The Buzzcocks pastiche, It's The New Thing? The totally dry Totally Wired which dented the top ten in New Zealand, or the hilarious football hymn, Kicker Conspiracy? No band has ever captured the absurdity of ordinary working class life as effectively as The Fall. Mark E Smith has consistently used the surrealism of his own back yard to colour his bizarre aural poetry.

Significantly, Mark and Brix's house is situated less than 100 yards from Smith's former primary school. He clearly still loves the area and literally dreads the day when his fame may elevate him, no doubt kicking and screaming, from his beloved ordinariness. Still, with the chart activity of their cover of R Dean Taylor's There's A Ghost In My House earlier this year, Smith was flirting with this possibility.

"The hit record did make things easier for us," he states philosophically. "Since then it's been better for us when we play. It is weird round here. The people are dead proud of The Fall. They are genuinely pleased for us which surprised me because, just prior to Ghost, I was dreading it. We do get kids standing outside the house, which I've always had to some extent but now it's nine or ten-year-olds which I don't really like."

There have been other breakthroughs this year. I, for one, never thought I'd see The Fall playing Reading, or, even worse, supporting the godawful U2.

"Reading was . . . well, I wouldn't like to be in that scene. It was really depressing to see 20,000 Quo fans all aged about 35 and all pissed out of their heads. There were about 3,000 people at the front to see us and 20,000 behind them throwing stuff. As far as U2 is concerned, I didn't want to play it. We actually played to do them a favour as the previous band dropped out, but the press attacked us for playing for the money. To feel the hatred from the U2 fans was great. I know U2 are all religious and we must have seemed like a bunch of Satanists to that crowd. They bombarded us but we didn't care, we could handle it. Incidentally, The Mission flopped after us, as they did at Reading . . . ha! Well, the idea was to play those big gigs and then stop playing until January."

However, in the midst of this gigless period – their first for nine years – The Fall have released a single. Called, rather aptly, *Hit The North*, it

THE NORTH



sees the band in a fiery hip hop mood. With a nod towards the scene that has replaced the northern soul phenomenon.

Hit The North aims to take Smith's subversive genius back onto the northern dancefloors. It's a noticeably attractive record: is it, I wonder, a play for a second hit? Smith shrugs before admitting, "Yeah, maybe. I don't see why not, there's nothing better up there."

Which is hardly the point, but never mind. There is another project at hand, a new record label which should see Smith delving into his extensive back catalogue.

The label will be called Cog Sinister Records Limited. The first release, on November 28, will be a compilation of Fall stuff from the Rough Trade period. I don't wish to exploit this, it's simply a way of letting people get hold of old Fall stuff. I have all the old Fall tapes stored upstairs and all the publishing rights. This stems back to the days when I used to rip contracts up. I just didn't believe in them which, I'm telling you, was insanity at the time. But now it's proved

worth it, it was worth starving the band for."

Believe me. The Fall have endured their fair share of lean periods. Happily, although hardly encumbered by wealth, Mark and Brix are languishing in hard earned mild comforts. Brix slides home from an Adult Net practice session in her BMW as, get this, two leather Filofaxes sit conspicuously on the table.

Brix exudes ambition. A single minded, competitive and highly talented lady, she literally shakes with frustration at a minor set back. Apparently the present members of her spin off band The Adult Net (amazingly, Mike Joyce, Andy Rourke and Craig Gannon) have displayed a reluctance to go on tour with the unit. The conversation begins to drift towards the sordid demise of Joyce and Rourke's former house of employment, The Smiths. Not wishing to hear the gruesome details I drag Mark E Smith out and away in the general

direction of the local off licence. Outside in the street a gang of repulsive 13 year olds search for ways of causing pointless trouble. Mark E Smith looks on with an uncharacteristic wistful air.

"I used to be just like them, causing trouble in the streets. I used to think it was really good."

He is openly proud of these kids and their unpretentious local sass. Unlike certain other Mancunian stars, Smith has not evolved into a paranoid tragedy. He has more sense than that. He is, quite uniquely unchanged.



Mick Middles puts it all in perspective

Mark E Smith transcends the pop paranoia! The Fall follow their Ghost with a throbbing anthem for the wastelands,

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RE-REwind

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

AMERICAN BLUES

Do Their Thing

See For Miles SEE 99 **Ch** Texan rock with a blues chaser from the late '60s. American Blues featured Frank Beard and Dusty Hill, who later went on to be ZZ Top people. The album was originally released through a subsidiary of MCA, after the group had been seized from the Texas melee, but the reaction wasn't so hot and the band were soon dropped.

Quite unlike the Top-styled material you might expect, or even the rootsy blues their name suggests, Do Their Thing is a powerfully produced rock record that stands up much better, in hindsight, than many of their contemporaries. Well recommended and not just for ZZ Top fans. **Dave Henderson**

BONZO DOG BAND

Keynsham

Edsel XED 235 **P** According to *Rolling Stone*, this Bonzos album was their last fling at something, that didn't quite pay off. After the reasonable success with Urban Spaceman and all that stuff, the group's final fling at conceptual rock humour produced Keynsham — a kind of sleepy village story, narrated by Viv Stan-shall and illustrated by some of Neil Innes' wild tunes — punctuated with things like dentists drill solos. All in all, it's bizarre stuff that Python enthusiasts might like, Half Man Half Biscuit fans will say is close, but too dated, and I, Ludicrous fans will totally ignore. Good first time laughs though. **Dave Henderson**

CANNED HEAT

Livin' The Blues

See For Miles SEE 97 **P** From '68, this See For Miles re-issue features the better half of Canned Heat's third LP release — which was originally a double of the same name. Pretty confusing(?), but don't worry, for what we have here is some of the finest, and most innovative music that was being drummed up in the late '60s.

Canned Heat's "boogie" tag, never gets foresaken but there's more diversity to events and side one's classic cut, Going Up The Country still sounds as fresh and essential as ever. But, perhaps the most intriguing track is side two's 20-minute Parthenogenesis. An ever changing, swiftly drifting affair, it breaks into verse, instrumental break and distortion in the mould of, say, a film soundtrack, or the way in which The Doors intermingled influences and sounds on the title track of their Soft Parade LP. Classic stuff, indeed. **Dave Henderson**

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN

Yesterday And Today Volume 2

Fundamental SAVE 31

RR C More country/bluegrass classics (recorded between '62 and '71) recounted by The Country Gentlemen. Unique in their stylised delivery of the standards, the Gents offer a hybrid emotional squeal that the uninitiated might have only heard in terms of the Flying Burritos' latter day Rick Rogers-focused albums. Here it's for real though, as their working of This Land Is Your Land easily displays. Excellent fare that should impress country-hungry youths, seasoned campaigners and Byrds/Gene Clark/Dillards fans everywhere. **Dave Henderson**

DISCHARGE

1980-86

Clay Records CLAY 26 **P** In the wake of America's blister-and-blood hardcore productions, Discharge's seriously underproduced punkoid thrashing harnesses half the power. But there's no denying the force, commitment or adrenalin punch in Discharge's epileptic anger, or the hoarse, acrid voice they provided for Britain's punk diehards. Yes, punk grew up and all their little sisters and brothers became new romantic lovers; 1980-86 tells of the storm before the calm — the fight to preserve a subcultural solidarity in the throes of adversity. Goodbye, Stoke-on-Trent, anyway. **Martin Aston**

FAIRPORT CONVENTION

Heyday

Hannibal Records HNBL 1329 Tracks culled from '68/'69, when Fairport Convention were putting together Unhalfbricking and being generally acclaimed. What we have here is a set of radio session, cuts that stray somewhere further afield than the Fairport's recognisable sound, even throwing in a wealth of truly original readings of other people's material including Gene Clark's heartfelt Tried So Hard, Leonard Cohen's downtrodden Suzanne — which somehow sounds uplifting here — and The Everly Brothers' Gone, Gone, Gone. A fine set that more than deserves your undivided attention even if they do occasionally drift into Radio 2-land. **Dave Henderson**

FOREST

Forest

Zap ZAP 2 **RR C** A curious re-release, this. Are Zap hoping that this rarity from 1969 might catch some of the downwind created by the present populism of folk, or are a million young minstrel fellows waiting for this evergreen set of songs? The "cutting edge" of folk '87 doesn't seem to have time for the winsome, whimsical serenading that Forest charmingly weave around their plucking of 12-strings, mandolins thrust against harmoniums, harpsichords and pipes. Forest can be lush and as fresh as a spring fair, with earnest triple-harmonies in tow, so they're worth a visit. And this long-deleted Harvest LP now provides the opportunity. **Martin Aston**

DOBIE GRAY

Sings For 'In' Crowders That Go 'Go-Go'

Kent KENT 071 **[P]** Doobie Gray's 1964 Crusader/Charger period of lost and rare sides made into a prime album that displays his gritty soul style, accompanied by his most potent backing brigade and that distinctive northern soul rhythm. Punched out with vibes and featuring the classic title cut plus the northern stomper *Out On The Floor*, among 14 tracks in all, it's a real treat to hear the less immediately locatable sides including the excellent *Monkey Jerk* and *See You At The Go-Go*. This is a great dance music collection that highlights the lack of innovation in a lot of latter day soul music. **Dave Henderson**

JEAN KNIGHT

Mr Big Stuff

Stax SXE 003 **[P]** Aha! Jean Knight's '71 Fantasy/Stax album with that classic title cut — and the original gross-out sleeve — gets a re-release, and you can just hear why all and sundry have tried to copy, or cut up, Jean's hit over the last year. That apart, the rest of this LP follows a similar funky-sho-'nuff line with wailing horns, throaty Knight vocals and that guitar rattle holding the rhythm down. There's not really another track of the stature of *Big Stuff*, but soulful shoes won't be offended by this package. **Dave Henderson**

THE NICE

20th Anniversary Release

Seal Records SLP 2 Yes, we all know what happened. The Nice were great circa their eponymously titled platter, then they went on to get boring and Keith Emerson emerged as part of ELP. But what of this, pre-nice Nice, when they were a four piece with Davy O'List, when they were more akin to Pink Floyd than throwing organs around a stage?

Well, the truth is it's not all that good. O'Listr seems to have been on a par with Syd Barrett, personality-wise, but his classical training never let him break free of the limitations, the only real positive stroke here being made on the instrumental cover of *America*, from *West Side Story*, which pointed the way to The Nice that were nice. **Dave Henderson**

SAVAGE REPUBLIC

Ceremonial

Fundamental SAVE 22 Prime time US music from a couple of years back. This is *Savage Republic's* second LP, with four tracks remixed, which boasts a growing of character and a development of playing style from these ingenious West Coasters. *Ceremonial's* instrumental sounds flow like a sea of polluted

memories, spiced in places by vocal dribbles as each tiny piece of the group's make-up is washed clean. *Savage Republic* are a cultural art ensemble, aware of their surroundings as much as their musical routes, they make sounds to breathe in, creating vast chasms of fulfillment as mountainous regions explode. **Phew! TC Wall**

SHAM 69

Angels With Dirty Faces — The Best Of Sham 69

Receiver Records RRLP104 With the current crop of thrash trendies trashing up the charts, the timely release of a Sham package puts the yobs of yore in a whole new context. While their anthemic stompalongs never had the ring of authenticity at the time (it was left to the Clash for that) and their politically controversial following (detested as it was by the band) always left something of a sour taste, now they seem almost ahead of their time. Nostalgia can also blunt the ridiculousness their somewhat simplistic lyrics, so that even the beery, football terrace mentality of 'Hurry Up Harry', 'Borstal Breakout' and 'If The Kids Are Unlited' (yes, they're all here) raises a smile. Lager top, anyone? **Carole Linfield**

ARTHUR

'GUITAR BOOGIE'

Jumpin' Guitar

Zu Zazz RR 245 **[Ch]** This is a throbblingly full-sounding album considering the conditions under which it was recorded. Arthur recorded these tracks back in 1945, playing an unamplified guitar and managing to make his fingers do all the talking as he briskly whisks and rattles around and across his guitar. With jazzed specials like *After You've Gone* and *Stompin' At The Savoy* given a downhome fireside feel, the inspirational vitality makes it easy to see where later outfits on the guitar beam got some of their ideas from.

As I say, not a quad CD sound, but hi-fi and full of life nevertheless. **Johnny Eager**

THE STAPLE SINGERS

Beatitude: Respect Yourself

Stax SXE 001 They did it first, well almost! The Staple Singers gospel classics of the '60s and '70s, creamed with soul and sweat, made for some of Stax's most notable UK chart positions. And, in retrospect, this music is still as finely attuned in the personal comment department as it ever was.

There's two kinds of Staples here, which is more apparent than on some of their other LPs. Pa Staples' vocal line on *Respect Yourself* is per-

fectly delivered in a gritty Covay blues/R&B vein, thrown against his three daughters' more airy hollering. The opposite effect is achieved on a collection of more straightforward gospel tunes that the girls give gusto to. Whichever way, this is a keenly paced LP, with more than a handful of standout cuts. **Dave Henderson**

THROBBING GRISTLE

Nothing Short Of Total War

Cause For Concern CFC 1

[R] [C] Way back when TG were a strident, but finally terminal case, London's Cause For Concern mag filched some out-takes for a cassette-only release which marginally put the Throbbing doctrine over, but at times slumped into teething uncertainty. And now, in the fullness of time, this "collector's item" has made it to vinyl. Not a classic — as in the group's studio LPs that're available through Mute, but an interesting aside that catches more than a couple of the combo's more monstrous effects in full flight. **Dave Henderson**

TOMMY TUCKER

Memphis Bad Boy

Zu Zazz Z2001 **[Ch]** This is a record with an odd tale dragging behind it. It feels like a wind-up, when they tell Tommy's story — like it's fresh from *Dallas* with smut, but who knows? They don't even go on to tell about his Hi-Heel Sneakers mega hit, instead the sleeve tells of Tommy going to jail, after doing various dubious deeds and eventually dying in an apartment fire. Sure enough, the guy's career kicked off in the late '50s and his Miller's Cave for the Hi label, two versions of which are included, is a pretty hot tune. More followed, but it seems few were interested, but, from what you can hear on this rare set, they should have been. **Johnny Eager**

VAGINA DENTATA ORGAN

Music For Hashasins

Temple TOPY 12 **[R] [C]** Released from 1983, when this was a limited edition, it's hard to paint an accurate picture of VDO, but read *Psychic TV's* rational defence in the last UG for guidance. "Listen carefully to these recordings, you might discover your true will. It is highly recommended as background music to your sexual games and blood rituals." You never can tell.

The intense, guttural utterances of this record — split into two parts, *Trained To Kill* and *Sexual* — go right back there, to unknown pleasures and confronted fears. Sounds like the growl-regurgitated breath of ravaging wolves and the curdling rasp of possessed human tongues are tape-looped into an unnerving

aural experience, especially on a comfy Sunday afternoon in London, NW2. "Functional to play only at selected times..." Now it's your turn... **Martin Aston**



VARIOUS

The British Psychedelic Trip Vol III

See For Miles SEE 86 **[P]** This is a fantastic collection. When I used to live in the strangely-deserted junk shops of the far north, various obscure records with ridiculous names would arrive, immediately to be snapped up by our gang who were keen on mind expansion. Imagine our surprise when these dusty gems — on the whole — turned out to be bizarre mixtures of sounds and styles that mixed diverse elements such as Love, Byrds, Velvets, Dead, Hollies, Beatles, Merseybeat and northern soul. Everything that we'd been weaned on.

They were treasures, and so are these. Volume III's roll call could easily have been plucked from those self-same shelves. Boasting 20 tracks it weaves through such luminaries as *The Outer Limits*, *The Cuppa T*, *Jason Crest*, *Virgin Sleep* and more, while waving a flag for acceptance with Bolan's prime movers *John's Children*. Could it all have been so long ago? Well, what the hell, this is nostalgia time. Let's taste that dust again. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Louisiana Blues

Ace CHD 211 Smooth and sweet collection of tracks that deny classification. Sure, the Jin label, set up in '58, was based on the blues, but their catalogue includes a surprising width as shown on the out-takes here, which span the '60s. This is more akin to a genre all its own, mixing country, rock 'n' roll, swamp and all its affiliates. Here, within Jin Records' tasty roster, are the kind of things that'll turn hairs grey, shake a tall feather and make dead lemons sparkle again. On show is *Rockin' Dopsie*, *Cookie And The Cupcakes*, *Carol Fran*, *Duke Vallery* and *Junior Cole*, among others. The names might not mean much, but the music will shake you out for sure. **Dave Henderson**

NEXT MONTH IN UNDERGROUND * WE DON'T KNOW, ACTUALLY!

Well, OK, we have a rough idea.

That ADI NEWTON feature will finally be translated into English (or nearest offer), then there'll be a SWANS thing. Oh yes, THE MEAT PUPPETS will be waving from America... and Johnny Dee has gone 'on the road' with THE CHESTERFIELDS. Dedication, huh?

So that's generally what's happening!

Next issue of UNDERGROUND is on sale on Friday November 20. . . so check it out*

UNDERGROUND

sharp plastic Pow-wow in plasticland



Two D&V's

One Little Indian's distinctive visual packages, hi-tone production and creative business sense has made them one of the top independent stylists during their brief history. The story starts here . . .



A Sugarcube

- Life, as our grandmothers will tell us, is just one game of snakes and ladders. It's not as simple as RIGHT or WRONG. More a case of UP, DOWN, UP, DOWN . . . which can apply to the running of a record label as well.
- This is the simple story of such a label. They used to call themselves Spiderleg and they belonged to Flux Of Pink Indians. Now, everybody concerned was fiercely committed, musical and political idealists, and everybody tried to do this the RIGHT way but it kept on going WRONG . . .
- Now read on . . .
- "We've lived communally since 1977 so the bank support us," explains **Derek Birkett**, a Flux and OLI official as well as our narrator of this tale. "We all work and the money gets pooled which pays the rent and buys the food. It came from working with Crass who were brilliant to us – they gave us the money to make our first record. Then we saw other bands that we wanted to work with, said we wanted a label like Crass's and they gave us the money and told us to do it! They are the inspiration for what we've done. So we worked with The Subhumans and started Spiderleg."
- GOING UP . . .
- "Spiderleg was run as a co-operative and as well as Flux Of Pink Indians, we drew in others who shared the same political and musical ideals, but it just got out of hand. We had so many records, it became like a full-time job to run it all. It became very business-orientated which wasn't what any of us wanted to do, so we packed it in and gave all the bands their records back, and told The Subhumans to put their records out on their own label which became Bluurg Records. We kept thinking, because The Subhumans were selling two to three thousand records a month at that time, that we'd lose all that money but the fortunate thing about living communally was that there's always one person who'll say, 'let's stick to what we started out saying or we don't do it at all', and it's worked . . ."
- GOING UP AGAIN . . .
- AND DOWN . . . "On reflection, us and Crass didn't work hard enough at it. We got disillusioned with it when it became a big machinery, getting too involved with the making of the music. We ended up going up our arses politically, because we got into the situation of almost telling people to go out and fight. We were getting these little Youth Anarchy groups from Bradford saying they were hassled and what should they do, and little Asian support groups writing to say they were getting beaten up by skinheads, and at first we'd tell them to turn the other cheek because trouble escalates, but they'd write back, saying that a brother had been stabbed, so we'd end up saying fight back. So we ended up acting like generals sending the troops off to fight while we were sitting in our house in Wood Green in London.
- "What with Wapping and the Miners' Strike/Class War and Conflict were getting very militant, and we had seen on the miners'

pickets, how the more force you use, the more comes back. So we felt alienated and pulled out. If there was any mistake, that was it. Copping out rather than sorting it out. We knew what we wanted to say but it sounded out of order."

- AND UP AGAIN . . . "When the label packed in, we had a big discussion about what Flux Of Pink Indians wanted to do. We took two years off and saved up 5,000 and then went back in to do the new Flux album, *Uncarved Block*. What had happened when we had Spiderleg was that we had worked with other people, so we thought that the best way to work a label was to deal with people who love what we do. Also the best way to run it was to get one person to run one part, so first Sue got a job at Mayking Records' pressing plant. I wanted to engineer as well as produce so I got a job as a studio engineer and Tim got a job down at Southern Studios in distribution. It took us two years to get it together again and run it all ourselves."
- AND EVEN THE UP CAN BE DOWN . . . "It all got out of hand again. The Flux album did really well, as did the AR Kane single, and we did The Babymen single which had legal problems because it mentioned the Royal Family, and we initially had to sell it mail order which was a huge problem because there were five of us running it from the house, dealing with 250 small orders a week, like a mail-order company. Then the D&V single did really well. But the business reality is that you have the records to the Cartel, and you have a great cash flow problem. We were getting in so much good stuff that we kept recording it and getting it ready. We've still got an Annie Anxiety album to come out, a Flux single and half an album, plus The Sugar Cubes album and three singles and an album from The Very Things all stacked up, so the business side started to fall to pieces again."
- DOWN AND DOWN . . .
- "Also our sleeves are really expensive. It seems to be another way of getting across the message of what the bands are saying. We've always chosen what we wanted to do and done it and then seen the best way of approaching putting it out. We made a conscious decision that the business side of it should be the last consideration. Like we've just repressed our double album *The F***ing C**** Treat Us Like Pricks* which we deleted two years ago, which became a big deal because of all this rubbish that's happened with the Dead Kennedys record. Although the album was pressed and printed four years ago, nobody would touch it, so we had to get plates made in America and printed in France and sent back over, which was a nightmare."
- BUT THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING ON THE UP . . .
- "Going back to the sleeves, they're a very important part of what you're saying, whether it's political or something like AR Kane's single, where the sleeve was very important to them. I've always liked lovely packaging. It's how Paul White got involved. All the sleeves I liked, like Test Dept, Erasure and Foetus, were mostly by Paul, so I played

him some tapes and asked him to work with us but that we didn't have any money. He agreed to work with us until we got off the ground. Same with Adrian Sherwood who helped out on Flux's *Uncarved Block* and the Loudspeaker single. I worked on the Lee Perry and Mark Stewart records in return.

- "The basis of the label is that we set up a core of people and then pull them in, like our co-producer, Andy Shulman who's such a brilliant musician. He used to be in Gentle Giant but he had a huge independent record collection and was really in tune so I asked him to co-produce with me. So we have the facilities to work with the best."
- AND CAN YOU BELIEVE DOWN AGAIN?
- "Yeah, we just got carried away in the studio with all those records stockpiled up and ran up a £24,000 dept – they gave it to us all on credit but we just couldn't get any more time. Brian Bonnar at Mayking was concerned that we were going to get swallowed up by a major label so he gave us a hand. He gave us £6,000 to get The Sugar Cubes' tapes back but we needed serious funding. Fortunately Brian loved the music and the artwork so we went with him. More important, he's a real good businessman. Every week, we have a meeting and he helps us be realistic, like with release dates. Our motives were artistic but the business side is still reality."
- ONE LITTLE INDIAN'S ADVICE ON THE UP-AND-DOWN LIFE OF A LABEL . . .
- "It's difficult because it's the same thing as making blanket statements about politics. We get people coming round who are starting their own labels – the only thing you can tell people to do if they haven't got all the things open to us is that you have to be really careful. We obviously ran in and did too much. You get very successful labels like *Stiff* who go under because of cash flows. There's so much more to making records."
- "It's become a business again but I suppose what you do is to try and retain control and draw in people to help you out."
- AND MAYBE TO WIN THE GAME AFTER ALL . . .

Ears impressed by Martin Aston



Three V Things

DISCOGRAPHY

- TP1 Flux *Uncarved Block*
- 12TP2 AR Kane *When You're Sad*
- 12TP3 The Babymen *For King Willy*
- 12TP4 D&V *Snare*
- 12TP5 Loudspeaker *Psychotic*
- 12TP6 Annie Anxiety *Bandez As I Lie In Your Arms*
- 12TP7 Sugar Cubes *Birthday*
- 12TP8 The Very Things *Let's Go Out*
- 12TPEP1 Flux *Neu Smell/Taking The Liberty*
- TPLP2 Flux Of Pink Indians *Strive To Survive*
- TPLP3 Flux Of Pink Indians *The F***ing C*****

Treat Us Like Pricks

Circuit Breakers

Alcohol And The Common Man

- "I always worry that transcribed interviews make us appear to be people we're not." John Hyatt.
- When interviewing The Three Johns you're treading on a foundation of preconceptions, laid by the many who've gone before and compounded by repetition and misunderstanding. The trouble is this: complex individuals they may be but interviewing the Johns is just *too* easy. There's no fumbling for that headline because this band come packaged with an all-inclusive set of journalistic hooks by which to turn a tale; politics, booze and belligerence. It's got to be a winning combination, but for who?
- I have two of The Three before me – Langford is absent, off wearing his producer's hat in Greece. As I brace myself for intellectual intimidation, Hyatt and Brennon guide me to the nearest Leeds hostelry to tell me about their latest *Never And Always* 45 on *Abstract* and a few other home-brewed truths.
- This is hardly the vision of hard men of rock 'n' roll I'd expected; soft-spoken, kind-eyed Hyatt reconciles his stomach with home-made steak and kidney whilst Brennie bemoans his hangover and laments another night of excess. A picture to form . . . are the Johns really. . .

DRUNKEN ART SCHOOL MARXISTS?

- Hyatt: "I've always thought your job is very difficult. You have 500 words in which to say what The Three Johns is, therefore, the way that you present it is going to be false because of what the initial premise is. So a lot of the early interviews presented us as drunks which we're not. We don't drink so as not to think, in fact, I find I think better after a drink. So the first thing that was written was 'drunken art school Marxists', and that became the repeated attitude."

ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT?

- It was Brennon who made the statement that rock 'n' roll by its very nature should always be anti-government and anti-establishment. But what happens when a rock band *become* an establishment? The Johns have the right criteria; it could just happen.
- Brennie: "Like U2? Well, yes, that's how it works. It's big business enterprise. Like everything else it's capitalism, and people have vested interests."
- Hyatt: "It couldn't happen with us though. It happened to Bob Dylan in the 60s because there was a market for what he was saying, therefore he was promoted, became famous, became an institution. Now, there isn't considered to be a market for what we're saying, therefore, we don't become famous, therefore we don't become an institution. It would only take a major company to hype us and we'd be as big as U2 but they're not going to do that because of what we're like. They tried it with – oh, I've tried not to mention them – The Redskins!"

SUBLIMINAL INDOCTRINATORS?!

- Whatever you say, these Johns are presenting a hardline politic in the emotive gift wrap of a good song.
- Brennie: "Subliminal indoctrination? That's a big question. I don't think it is at all because the people who dig us are already there, already like-minded."
- Hyatt: "And we're not didactic and if it is didactic it's accidental. That tends to make you think of anthem-type choruses which we've never gone in for. It's didactically saying 'think for yourself'. It's didactically anti-didactic! How about that!"

PUBLIC ANARCHY – A THREAT TO THE GOVERNMENT?

- Hyatt: "I must say I don't think it's possible for any individual to be a real threat. But I would be very surprised if there isn't a police file on me. As soon as you realise that you go way over the top. I want a big fat file!"
- Brennie: "I know my phone is tapped – if it isn't it's been doing some very strange things! It's basically down to severe paranoia and megalomania on the part of the government."
- Hyatt: "Or rather the silent state – the silent right-wing power that runs this country regardless of who's in government."

DISILLUSIONED?

- Hyatt: "I have been disillusioned by the music business, yes, it's the best thing that's ever happened to me. It's made me think. I used to see David Bowie on the cover of the *NME* and think it was fantastic. He was like a God. Then we're on the cover of the *NME* and I thought, what a joke! It used to really worry me. Did people think of me like I used to think of Bowie? Probably not but it's a thought. It's a complete contradiction, it's not me. The me in the interviews is not me. Probably when you write this interview I'll read things I've said but it won't be me."
- Brennie: "Things get de-contextualised, but basically we've learned by other people's mistakes, so we were aware of the problems that we could come up against. Basically it's to do with keeping your feet on the ground and not being destroyed by the business."



The Three Johns throw up over the capitalist grape, Alex Kadis passes the Kleenex

COMMODITY WRECKERS!

- It was Brennie who made the statement that music shouldn't be treated as a commodity.
- Hyatt: "When I say that I can't stand the music business it's because it's just so dull. The things that finally get through the sieve of capitalism are just so bland because that's what society's about."
- Brennie: "That was one of our original points. We all swapped instruments, not to deliberately play badly but to avoid convention. We can play well, honest! We just want to keep putting things out that slightly wreck the parameters of what rock and roll is supposed to be."
- Hyatt: "That's why *World By Storm* was a misdirection. It was too commercial. Basically, we were asked to do that by *Abstract*, or rather coerced into producing more commercial singles so we did, it was dead easy. But our audiences didn't respect us for it and although we didn't sell out 'cause we didn't make any money, politically and personally I felt I'd sold myself out. That's why *Never And Always* sounds like it does. In the future we're gonna stick to what we want."

FLEAS IN THE EAR OF THE WORLD . . .

- Hyatt: "At first I was dead against having children." What changed your mind, John?
- Hyatt: "Biology! Hahahahaha!! But it does worry me. I want to bring up a real fighter."
- Brennie: "I was worried too. There's so much evil to fight against. I thought, 'what am I making here? Cannon fodder?'. But now I've got a nine-week-old daughter and she means more to me than anything else in the world. She's completely protected. It changes your whole life, but it doesn't stop you doing anything you want to do. It's wonderful. Hyatt'll soon find out – his wife's got eight weeks to go!"
- Hyatt: "I'm really excited that me and Liz are gonna have a kid, it's just the waiting that drives you mad! That's what I mean about the me in interviews not being the real me. I mean, I'm really in love and Liz never even gets mentioned. It's a very, very macho business and even if I say things like that they never get mentioned." (There, they just did, John.)
- Brennie: "Who wants to read it? That's the problem. The music industry is geared towards selling itself as frivolous, provocative, let's shag everything in sight, which is wrong. None of our music is about that."

SO WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT, THEN?!

- Hyatt: "I was just thinking, this grape grew in Italy as a grape and now we're drinking it as wine in Britain. It's gone through the capitalist system so that we can buy it here and drink where we shouldn't be drinking" (ie well after hours, readers!) "and that's what I write songs about. It's a really complicated idea to put across in a song. You need a lot of songs."
- Brennie: "His lyrics are brilliant. In fact we're the best rock 'n' roll band on Earth!"
- Hyatt: "One of us always says that!"

HOTTEST ACTION FROM THE PULSE FIT TO BURST

Circuit

Breakers

Explosion in the centre zone!
Blow Up get squiddy about ice cream!

I'd never spoken to Nick Roughley before — a man of flowing locks, white denims and lead singer of Brighton hopefuls Blow Up. I always thought 'you moody bastard', but he always made me laugh — his self-confident swagger around town, the way that when he played with 14 Cool Bears he upstaged the singer by standing behind him sneering and generally loathing... pissed off.

- "I wasn't into ancraks," he says. And so to Blow Up...
- Nick was into Chelsea boots, while Josh (the group's manager) was into rock 'n' roll mythology, Alan (guitar) was into eating meals at regular times, Trevor (ex-bassist) was into drinking a lot and falling over, and Chris (drums) enjoyed hanging around...
- It was then only a matter of time, then, before they formed a band and, under the guidance of some keen bullshitting from Josh, signed to that independent dinosaur... Creation.



Poofs in anarchy!



Frazier Chorus get sloppy

I must ask you this 'cos it's vexing me: is *your* attention span being curtailed by life in the '80s? I know it's s'posed to be, but I've checked and I'm sure mine's not. I can still cope with more than buzz-word TV (take a bow *Network 7*) and buzz-word pop (*Age Of Chance*, gawd bless 'em). I can still cope with a bunch of origi-punks turned nice, playing *Anarchy In the UK* in a "poof music" style. I can cope with Frazier Chorus and all their delightful contradictions.

- I am prepared to do poof music in front of all those bondage-shit, drug happy punk rockers! This is Tim, the singing and principal writer of the Chorus quartet. From Brighton to your sloppy, floppy hearts, folks.
- There's also Kate (flautist, who played on the Mad Professor's *Dub Me Crazy* albums, and is "the only together person in the group"), Michele (keyboards/percussion, with a kitsch fetish and the original baseball jacket with Frazier Chorus emblazoned across the back) and Chris (clarinet, graduate of 'Destructive Music' at Brighton Poly).
- Frazier Chorus have a single, *Sloppy Heart*, out on the 4AD label. And you can think "So what" in your pathetic reductionist way, and you'll — if you'll pardon me — be a wanker. Frazier Chorus are *not* The Cocteau Twins just as the Cocteau Twins are not Colourbox. Nor, despite the wind instruments, are Frazier Chorus Shelleyan Orphan. 4AD *über tuhrer* Ivo has been known to say they could be the next OMD, and there's a kind of sense in that.
- Tim sings like he's whispering confidences into your ear, and indeed that's exactly what he's doing. "Happiness, hate, love, someone leaving you, someone coming back," and lately... cars.
- An album, Sue! (all connotations apply), will follow *Sloppy Heart*, and will, says Tim be "a ripper".
- "Don't make us sound too pretentious," adds Kate. Right on. **John Best**

- How to get a record contract (part 121) by Josh Dean: "I saw Alan McGee every month or so and kept winding him up saying I was the manager of this bloody great band. I kept promising a demo — but really there never was one and there was never going to be. Eventually I played him a really bad quality rehearsal tape and McGee said 'well I thought it was going to be crap, but f***ing hell, it's brilliant!'"
- Stories followed their debut gig — £5,000 on a video, 25 grand advance, a deal with WEA to follow the first single and, more recently, that Blow Up was merely a vehicle for Nick who was being groomed for Roxyland.
- What flavour ice cream are Blow Up, Nick?
- "Melon. Fresh and tangy. Fresh and twangy."
- What's your favourite colour?
- "F*** off"
- Looks like a bit more grooming is in order.
- "Most bands go about things the wrong way. Pissing about with demos and support gigs for years. We decided to skip all that; we were a bit cheeky and got away with it." By the time of their third gig they were headlining in London — but reviews were predictably sour and instantly labelled them as a '60s copycat band. In fact far from spelling instant recognition, signing to a "cult" label like Creation has meant a bit of an uphill struggle.
- The band's first single, *Good For Me*, was played for the first time on Janice Long's 'singled-out' show, on the nation's number one fun station, Radio 1, and was greeted with bed-wetting enthusiasm from the studio guests, Jon Moss and Pepsi (half of everyone's fave throwaway pop band).
- Pepsi: "I must say I was jumping up and down on my seat."

- Moss: "It's one and half minutes long, that's rock 'n' roll. I think it's *nouveau moderne*, actually. This is the sound of tomorrow."
- Long: "You like it then?"
- I think they did, Janice. If anything, *Good For Me* was the sound of yesterday beefed up a bit, hardly *nouveau moderne* — which is a term usually used to describe a variety of interior decorating, I believe. The single only added to the strength of the '60s tag, though, making it harder for the band to deny the reference and far easier to embrace it (and why the hell not?).
- Blow Up have recently acquired a permanent bassist in Zeiss, who will hopefully add a bit more friendliness into their live performances. I'm sure they don't mean to look aloof, but Nick always looks so... pissed off.
- "People say, Nick Roughley, he's so cool, he's too arrogant. I don't think of myself as being that. It's just that when I relax my face it looks cool — I *can't* help it. People think 'What's the matter with him, the moody bastard?'. I'm always being hit, usually in takeaways late at night, people walk up to me and hit me or say things like 'Are you a girl?'"
- Nick is in fact a girlie.
- To be honest I'm not completely certain if I like Blow Up or not. Live, the aloof air sort of puts me off, but the records are springy enough for me to bob to. There's a new 45 out on Creation this month, so decide for yourselves. I sort of get the feeling that up to now they've been faking it, but pretty soon they're going to have an orgasm. They came pretty close recently when they played a "happening" in a friend's kitchen with one 15 minute song — that had the audience, I'm told, "freaking art".
- Cool, huh? **Johnny Dee**



Blow Up, totally knocked after dealing with Johnny Dee's probing

The latest wave!

Surfin' Lungs portray envy and charm

How many bands tout the 'surf' prefix before their name, only to turn out to be some kind of fourth rate garage band? But, if there is such a thing as a 'genuine British surf band', then The Surfin' Lungs are it. Although they are based in Bracknell (Bracknell beach boys?!), The Surfin' Lungs possess the spirit of The Rip Chords and the charm of The Fantastic Baggys. There's more to them than torchbearers to the memory of Jan And Dean — the Lungs are a *damn* fine pop group.

- If their debut *Cowabunga* album on Big Beat paved the way, then I'm sure their latest long player on Beat International will open all the remaining doors. They write great songs, too! But why surf music?
- "We just love it," says Chris Pearce, singer and chief Lung. "It's as simple as that."
- But do you surf?
- "We've tried it but we're all crummy surfers. But then we don't do any songs that claim we're 'hanging ten' and 'riding that wave!' It's always someone else."
- Bass player Steve Dean agrees: "None of our songs are about bragging. Whether it's car songs or surf songs — it's always someone else."
- Chris: "If there's a recurring theme in our songs it's envy."
- Bearing in mind that the spiritual home for every surfer boy lies way over on the other side of America, do the Lungs ever feel California calling?
- "It's just a bunch of images to us," observes Geoffo Knipe. "It's probably nothing like we imagine it."
- Chris: "I don't think the reality is important. It's like *The Avengers* TV show — they had a certain image of England which everyone wanted to see and they didn't let reality intrude on it. All those things in *The Avengers* are really there but they made sure that they didn't include things that would spoil the image."
- "I guess our music's a bit like that!" **Chris Hunt**



Lung time no sea

Circuit Breakers

Filming for fun!

Marden Hill's bustling biopic

Three scenarios from the world of Marden Hill:

- 1. A white sports car, probably an Aston Martin, speeds down a winding French lane. It's raining and the girl's headscarf is flapping in the wind. She turns to her tweed-jacketed boyfriend and asks, "Happy darling?"
- "Happy." He smiles and changes up a gear. . .
- 2. The camera pans down from the rooftops to a crowded Piccadilly as red buses and taxis grind past. A girl in a red mini-skirt steps from the tube station and heads down Shaftesbury Avenue. The newspaper vendors turn to watch her, a traffic warden whistles and she laughs as her handbag swings against her white plastic mac. She's happy just window-shopping. . .
- 3. A pitiless sun burns on the desert sands, cracked weather-beaten faces grimace, the saloon doors sway in the breeze, scrub rolls down the empty street between peeling wooden house fronts. There's a sound of nails being hammered into old wood and a rope creaks then stretches. . .
- They would be great films but so far only the soundtracks have been made by Marden Hill. Unable to see the films I thought I'd meet up with Pete and Mark of this enigmatic group. Wouldn't you?
- "Actually, we did make a video for our first single. We were called Sixty Minute Man then, it was called Spies On 45, all old Shadows and spy themes, but we couldn't release it because we'd used some dialogue from the Bond films. Then we became Marden Hill, although we sometimes revert to being Sixty Minute Man, when we want to do the Shadows, surf and spy themes."
- Marden Hill's new single, on El Records, has its B-side performed by Sixty Minute Man (under the guise of Marden Hill, naturally). That track, Hangman, is the last film scene I described. The A-side, Robe, is the second scenario. It's almost unbearably happy, a real swinging brassy, fake '60s jazz romp.
- "Yeah, it is pretty cheerful. Mike Alway" (El team coach) "told us to go in the studio and think *Top Cat*, so we did, and you can hardly sound miserable with that in your head!"
- These are genuinely creative people who make records for the right reasons. They have no financial dependence on sales, so they can simply enjoy making records. One day all bands will be like this. **Hoxton Leonid**



The unwillingly ill at heart!

Breathless cough and splutter in pro-pop mood!

It's crazy that I should be sat sitting here, 400 words at my disposal, trying to sell you Breathless, a band who in any world worth saving from nuclear annihilation would be bigger than Anne Diamond and a million times more darkly sparkly.

- Still, who cares about the planet when you can leave it on the wings of Gary Mundy's firmament-splicing guitar, buoyed up by the voice-of-an-angel vocals of Dominic Appleton, 4AD understood *that* when they drafted Dom in to sing on *The Jeweller*, *Strength Of Strings* and *Tarantula* on This Mortal Coil's *Filigree And Shadow LP* last year. And a moment of religious realisation will pass through you too when you hear *Into The Fire*, the most starkly affecting track from their untitled second LP due out any second on their own Tenor Vossa label.
- Breathless' problem (professionally speaking — personal later) is one of perception. They don't fit in. They're truly psychedelic, yet, understandably for such intelligent folk, balk at the word. They refuse to accept the fundamental trivialisation that is at the heart of our every perception of psychedelia.
- This is both what holds them back and what makes them fascinating to those in search of *more*. They can never play up (or rather down) to a part, and therefore misunderstand a basic tenet of pop (that groups should be unambiguous), while encapsulating a basic tenet of life (that ambiguity riddles our every molecule). This puts them either into a wondrous elite or makes them complete non-starters, depending upon whether your brain waves are spiky or flat.
- Breathless, meanwhile, just sit and shake. Nerves, y'see. Rattle when they walk. Puke before and after playing.
- Dom in particular. "I have this terrible stomach. When I was about 16 every four weeks I'd get stomach cramps and vomit. It was very confusing. I had to go to the hospital and have all these X-rays and I thought 'Oh my God, they're going to find a womb inside me. But they didn't. . . I was a little disappointed actually."
- There are few turns of interview where a Breathless ailment doesn't crop up.
- Talk about performing and you'll hear about their latest pills to ward off the shakes. Talk about food and you'll hear about Gary's desire for a drip to avoid the chores of mastication. Talk about the past and you'll hear about his time as an agoraphobic Croydon lad unable to get on the school bus. Talk about pets and you'll hear about Dom's allergy to anything with hair — he has five goldfish — including, of late, the opposite sex. And these people are supposed to *project* themselves as a Rock Band!?
- Listen, if you're not going to take my word for it (ask *anyone*, they'll tell you how trustworthy I am), there's only one thing for it, I'm going to have to invent a scene for Breathless to spearhead. . . Er, how does this far-out movement, where everyone's deeply into neo-miserabilist bands with male singers who look like Charlotte Rampling and sound like aural-marcarsite, grab you?
- Gods, I tell you. Shy Gods. **John Best**



Breathless, but breathlessly enigmatic! Hiding in the shadows of neo-miserabilist noirism (ya dig?)

BACKS RECORDS COMPETITION RESULTS

For those of you still wondering about the answers to Backs Records extremely difficult quiz from issue six, here's the answers.

- 1 For which band did **Andy Gill** play guitar?
(A: **Gang Of Four**) Easy
- 2 Name the five labels that **The Higsons** have been on?
(A: Romans In Britain, Waap, Two-Tone, Upright and R4) Not easy
- 3 Which other groups are the members of **Big Zap** from?
(A: **Gaye Bykers, Janitors** and **The Bomb Party**) Quite Easy
- 4 Who compered last year's Ideal Guest House cassette?
(A: **Ted Chippington**) Sort of easy
- 5 What was the title of **Bogshed's** Peel session EP?
(A: **Tried And Tested Public Speaker**) Bit difficult
- 6 **James Taylor's** cover of *Blow Up* is from the film of the same name. Who starred in the film?
(A: **David Hemmings**) Difficult
- 7 Which legendary Cambridge band featured members of **Jack The Bear** and **The Bible**?
(A: **The Great Divide**) Oh yes, very, very easy

So now you know. Only one person got it right, and that's **SA Jeffries** from Reading. He will now be appearing on *The Krypton Factor*.

We're absolutely useless!

The Bolshoi demand bad press!

- "Trevor Tanner's determination to make The Bolshoi really count has paid off." The words of our very own TC Wall in his recent review of the group's *Lindy's Party* LP, and never a truer word has been spoken by an *UG* scribe! You can probably count them on the fingers of one hand — current bands who, while maintaining precious indie adulation, would do very nicely crooning to the masses on *TOTP*. The Bolshoi are one of the few who seem to be actively capable of completing the transition without essential loss of credibility! While their previous *Friends* album played a safer game, *Lindy's Party* is a harder affair, raw and more adventurous. A new Bolshoi is emerging and Jan Kalicki (drums) and Nicki Chown (bass) know why.
- In the past . . .
- Nick: "We never really made compromises but we spent too much time listening to other people."
- Jan: "We only ever made one real compromise and that was our single *Sunday Morning*. It was a bit of an experi-

ment but it still didn't get any airplay because they objected to the lyrics. We can't bloody win!"

- Nick: "Friends was a bit ahead of its time really because we were too clever for our own good. It was too polished. I listened to it last night and I still like it, but we're better live and that's what we've tried to capture on the new LP." But for the present. . .
- Jan: "This time we wanted it to be a lot punchier. Our label, Beggars Banquet, were loath to let us produce the album ourselves, but we wanted it to be like, f*** you, this is what we do! We're a lot happier."
- Nick: "We are always changing because 'interesting' is a key word for us. If we stuck to one musical style it would cease to be interesting. If you look at our singles they've all been very different. It would have been easy after. Away to do another song similar to it, but we didn't want to take the easy way out. That's why *Lindy's Party* is so diverse. It's ten completely different songs."



And as for the future. . .

- Jan: "You wait till the next show. You should see what we've got up our sleeves! The live show has to be entertaining or a gig is just a gig!"
- Nick: "The audience gets bored and we get bored."
- Jan: "Even my mother likes our show now. She came to see us recently and she loved it!"
- Yes, but are we finally going to see The Bolshoi on *TOTP*?

- Nick: "Well, we've started to get bad reviews for the first time ever, which we think is a good omen. Before now we've had single of the week and the record's done nothing!"
- Jan: "Our single *Please* really got slagged — *Melody Maker* reviewed it twice just to emphasise how bad it was — they called us *The Bolsite*!"
- Nick: "If the press don't like *Lindy's Party* it's got to be a good sign!"
- Errr . . . cancel that intro **Alex Kadis**

Foxhead uprising

Close Lobsters debut LP severely damages UG scribe!

- "Let's make some plans so they can go wrong." Let's Make Some Plans.
- That's what I like. There's a lot to be said for not having the vaguest idea what you're doing. Especially when you're talking media manipulation.
- Close Lobsters don't know. Haven't got a clue. And while all the clever money (alright, all the money) was away primping yer Primal Screams/Shop Assistants/Lemon Drops/Fuzzboxes and all their petty, pretty plans for world domination, down the less desirable end of C86 Avenue, Close Lobsters were just flaring like a Catherine wheel to themselves and going nowhere.
- "You can reach for the stars of heaven, it doesn't mean you'll ever get there." A Prophecy.

- Doubt shadows Close Lobsters' songs, but somewhere between the self-deprecation and anti-belief lies something far more delicious than a chorus of strumpets baying for attention. There lies dignity, and now — because they've never been under pop's microscope — there lies a modestly great body of work.
- Foxheads *Stalk This Land* (Fire Records) is the album. It's not the new thing (in fact it's already vaguely old-fashioned). What it is, though, is spirited and oblivious to what it *should* be doing. For these reasons I recommend it.
- No-one should expect to call a song *Sewer Pipe Dream* and have people like it (which I'm afraid is inevitable when it says "and you look at me with those big brown eyes" in reference to a cow!). And what kind of Paisley tough boys sing about "kissing the flower in bloom"? Paisley tough boys like Close Lobsters, actually.
- Sometimes, chief Lobster Andrew Burnett will unconvincingly mutter in inter-

views that he's a star waiting to be discovered, and even for this pathetic charade of press chicanery, I love them dearly.

- On every tightly faceted Close Lobsters gem is a glint of fire to light up their romantic eye. The panicked "don't let it slip through your hands" refrain of *In spite Of These Times*. The way the line "I reluctantly threw a boomerang" echoes off into the ether in *Foxheads*. Ah! The little things that get you!
- Best of all, though, is *Mother Of God*, something of a modestly proportioned rock 'n' roll behemoth, with its main repeated lyric of "Never repeat those words" and a slow churning, burning, melody that scorches and finally bursts into flaming crescendo, and might have me mouthing the words *Velvet Underground* if I really wanted to indie-ghetto-ise them. You may be close. You may even be a lobster (in which



Close Lobsters get squiffy
case stay away from the funny wicker pots). But you've got to be something else to be a Close Lobster! **John Best**

Devils in disguise

Kill Devil Hills get tingly

- Just released: a 'churlish yet chewable cud of sensible rock' called *What Comes After*, the debut single from four-piece guitar bandits Kill Devil Hills — two of whom sit in the pub and tell me why folks should give them a listen.
- Paul: "When you go to see a good live band you just get all tingly and get totally lost in it — there's a certain depth; a base thing that separates emotional music from something like Rick Astley or whatever; you get stirred inside and it lifts you . . . though we can't say we'll lead you to the promised land if you follow us — we're not the Pied Pipers of Leyton!"
- Phil continues: "The best thing about us is that we're a hybrid of a lot of things; but if a song sounds too similar to something we've heard then it just gets rejected."
- Quality control from the Killies, that's Alex on vocals and guitar, Paul on guitar and vocals, Jon on bass and Phil 'the most beautiful drummer in pop', and a band identity almost communal.
- Paul: "We're all really close — we've grown up together as friends; it just happens that we play in a band together; music being the only thing we're all passionate about. . ."
- Paul: "We're not a 100 per cent love song band, and we're not spouting 100 per cent Clash rhetoric — we're a little bit of everything, really; there should be some sort of middle ground and that's what I think — and hope — we do."



The lip-curling Devil Hill bros

- All things to all people? I don't know about that but, as their press handout says, they are 'aggressive yet stylish, intelligent yet direct'. Find out for yourselves; get the single today and look out for them in November when they'll be playing the live circuit. Like the man says: get lost! **Daz Igmeth**



Leather Nun's dingy beginnings and tattered past has taken them from post-industrial heavy metal to the shores of the Americas. Now signed to IRS, Stateside, their independent youth on Wire Records (both in Sweden and the UK) and before, has been examined and released on a brand new compilation, *Force Of Habit*, which will appear on vinyl, cassette and CD in the States, and in CD format in your very own street. ● Leather Nun's guitarist, Bengat Aronsson, or Aron to us, casts his mind back for Dave Henderson.

that Primerover was really good, and we wanted to get it released. . . I think we approached about five labels and Subterranean gave us the most positive response." Probably the most interesting track on this record is FFA, though. A lament to fist-f*cking that's illustrated with a clenched fist soaked in gel on the sleeve. Guaranteed to cause a stir? Created for effect? Or was this a true-to-life thing for the Nuns?

"We used to live in a flat above the largest video porn store in Gothenburg and we used to watch them a lot and they're quite funny. I mean, you don't get horny watching that kind of thing."

Natural guys! And no doubt dubious and "dangerous", now that people might actually think again about what FFA is about. The record re-appeared briefly in Britain through the Obsession label, but disappeared a couple of years back, just around the time that the group signed to the newly-born Wire label, a twin-base partnership pairing Sweden and the UK (which is currently branching out in West Germany and the US, too).

The group's reputation was already beginning to cultivate the cult status, and gosh, they weren't even totally Wired yet.

SLOW DEATH OF THE WARM LEATHERETTES

I was there, I was there! Yes, me, Dave Henderson! Slouched at the back of the Scala cinema for one of their February '80 all-night sessions of film and general weirdness, I was there. This time Throbbing Gristle's Industrial Records were holding court, and in the arena were a howling squidge of barbed, cranky or just plain exhausted high-lifers. Films of bikers' bottoms, Kenneth Anger's *Scorpio Rising*, art, art, art and more art filled the luxurious hall, and in between all this the Throbbers played, as did Monte Cazazza — a San Fran weirdo joined by Tana Ernolo Smith on guitar (and I'm-Really-Expressing-Myself pained facade). Finally, around four-ish, The Leather Nun kicked into action . . . and central London has never really been the same again. Sure, it was a "happening" of sorts, a mental test, an SAS-style self survival experience . . . but heavy metal and extra volume? At four?

The die-hards and the dead awoke to hear the grumbling consciousness of Jonas Almqvist and his Swedish cohorts extolling the virtues of Slow Death. The pale got paler.

Aron: "That was an amazing night, we were just happy to be part of it. You really felt like you were involved with something, the response was so amazing."

So how did you team up with Industrial?

"Jonas had been in contact with Gen from the group for some time." (That's P Orridge, now of Psychic TV, for the younger members of our audience.) "Jonas was a music journalist then and the whole industrial thing really interested him. The label had been in action for some time and Gen prompted us to get together properly and record some material for a single. That was the Slow Death EP. We recorded it in our apartment and we were really surprised at the reaction it got."

So how were other Swedish bands reacting towards what you were doing? Were you out on a limb?

"We were totally out on our own, but that didn't really bother us. Even the Swedish press didn't understand what we were doing. That hasn't changed either, we still have a pretty bad relationship with the press in Sweden."

But if anyone thought that the initial noisy metal tag was going to tie Leather Nun down, they were in for something of a surprise. What's more, they even moved away from the industrial umbrella — which by that time was beginning to concentrate solely on TG and their activities.

Leather Nun's next release happened in California, on the ludicrously good Subterranean label.

"The contact for that came through Monte Cazazza who'd been releasing things solo, plus stuff with Factrix, over there. We'd done recordings of five new tracks and we knew

STUDED RELIGION IN CIRCUITRY BLOW OUT

Once the Wire label was set up to expose the burgeoning Swedish undercurrent (now developing nicely into the Euro upper echelons of pop/rock reality), the head on collision between Leather Nun and the foaming punters of world city became a reality. The group's first release for the label was the 506 EP, a set of rock-based, but hauntingly orchestrated, songs centred around the esoteric title track.

So what's in Room 506?

"We don't know. It came about one Christmas when Jonas was in London. He got invited to a party in a hotel but the room number was wrong and he got really pissed off because he missed the party."

As you would. See, natural guys!

"Anyway, it all started from there."

Then you followed that with a live LP? Rock literati always claim that that's the worst thing for a "new" act to do . . . to make their first LP a live thing.

"But so what? We do that with every release, we never worry about what people will think. We do records that are sometimes bad, sometimes good. We're irrational, like the group's personalities. We can't just do ordinary rock songs."

So what do you think of the release that followed that, Desolation Row?

"That's got a good A side, but a badly-produced B side."

As you can probably tell, The Leather Nun are something of a law unto themselves. They don't stand on tradition, they don't play by the rules, but do they like Abba?

"What! Abba! What do you think?"

But you covered their Gimme Gimme Gimme — and in doing so thrust the Nun image and imagery into households that were otherwise content to suffer the sins of contemporary bore-o-pop.

"That was just something that we wanted to do, and the record label was really keen for us to do it too. Both groups are Swedish, and in a way it was a catalysing of Abba by Leather Nun."

A frightening thought. And do you have anything else in common with Abba?

"No."

No plans to record with Andrew Lloyd Webber and produce drab "rock" musicals like Chess?

"No."

The success of Gimme in all unexpected corners had brought the group to the attention of a confused music hierarchy as well as a glut of new enthusiasts. And, in time-honoured style, they opted to assault a totally different area for their next single (instead of following the miserable Bananarama cover version route to trauma).



The new single was Pink House, a sketchy slice of comment on America and its shortcomings, which was created by Jonas and Aron attempting to recreate the climate of America — where Aron had been living for some time. And next . . . well, an album, of course!

THE LUST TRUST AND THE STEEL GENERATION

After a virtual torrent of 12 inchers greeted with praise, pondering and preposterous confusion, Leather Nun's first album, *Lust Games*, was laid to vinyl. But, Aron, can you listen to it now?

"It's a good album, there are quite a few good songs there. It was done at a good time and a lot of the songs are pretty strange, but when you get really close to something like that it makes it very difficult to sit down and enjoy it. There are some good things there, but eventually the music gets beyond the group and you get to the point where there's about ten people deciding on what the sleeve should look like. Then it can feel like you've lost contact."

A single, *I Can Smell Your Thoughts*, was lifted from the LP and remixed, further enhancing the Leather Nun 'less than normal' reputation.

"That was a good thing to do, though, as that remix let me listen to the other tracks on the album. It re-introduced me to the record."

Another track from the album, *Jesus Came Driving Along*, began another chapter of LN life, when the movie moguls picked up on it for last year's *brat pack* flick *Dudes*. So what's that about, have you seen the film?

"No." **Another** mystery. But does that kind of recognition get you excited like, say, the Scala event did?

"No. I think we've been involved in music for some time now and that kind of excitement has worn off."

What about signing a deal in the States with IRS, surely that must have felt good?

"Sure, they're a company who work well and we're looking forward to doing things with them."

And do you think you'll move into chart territory like other IRS acts have managed, like The Bangles, REM, you know, that kind of thing?

"Oh no. I can't see anyone moving Leather Nun, we're too heavy to move."

More recently — like around six weeks ago — Leather Nun's second and most perfectly formed album was unleashed on the world, with the single cut *Cool Shoes* further enhancing their left-field fun approach (!) being a kind of rap-a-longa-strangeness. The LP, *Steel Construction*, reaped great press response, and further oiled the fountain pens of the cross-channel enthusiasts. The sound now has veered not to pop, but to a uniquely European structured rock sound that's glazed with effected oddball interludes and spiced with a melodic bent that could convince even the most strung out of AOR purists.

So Aron, what do you think of *Steel Construction*?

"It's totally different from the first LP. . . . I can listen to some of it, I love to listen to some of it, there's like a nerve in it."

Yes, a raw edge that's still sparkling with energy. *Steel Construction* is brimming with excruciatingly accessible noises that make you just want to play it again and again. We'll, you've probably read the reviews. You've probably got the record! And now you can catch up on the group's back pages with this finely packed compilation set.

Is it a 'Best of', as it were?

"Well, I . . . well, it was compiled by IRS for America really. We don't want to argue about these kind of things. It's what they think is right for that market, and we think they know what they're talking about."

What more can you say? And just what will Leather Nun be doing to promote this release — and the brand new *Steel Construction* package?

"Well, we'll be on tour briefly, for about three weeks, then I'll be going to the States for about four months to recover (I've promised myself this for ages). Having been involved in the production of that LP, playing live, writing and all that, I'm really ready for a break. I've quit my job in Sweden, which I was trying to do at the same time as the group, so I don't know what will happen next. I suppose I'll just cool down."

Will you come back a new man?

"No way."

peddle power



33

and dress as cowpokes (right), Rock is art!

the band turn out on *The Price Is Right* (centre), Rock is art!

Byker Mary joins up in the true Lennon grimace (left), Rock is art!

● **Gaye Bykers On Acid** go for the big sell with their debut Virgin LP, *Drill Your Own Hole* (released November 2), by going totally tele-visual. To celebrate their vinyl excursion, they've produced a madcap 45-minute flick, with the working title *Acid Test*, which will be released on video on November 13. It will also be screened on MTV and Channel 4 at a later date.

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Elementary eloquence

Haskins (left), Ash (centre) and J

Love And Rockets

reputation continues to grow, their new LP, *Earth, Sun, Moon* portraying their new-found depth. **Scott Murphy** follows them to Nottingham to find out more



Watching them during a soundcheck for their first UK gig is quite a while, you can't help but think that Love And Rockets have a completely positive sound. Seeing Daniel Ash harmonise with David J, while Kevin Haskins provides a backbone, it's clear that there is no Bauhaus, no Jazz Butcher, and no Tomes On Tall; there is just one band. Trying to perfect a sound which is unmistakably theirs. What's theirs is part of an evolutionary process in itself. Their first album, *Seventh Dream Of A Teenage Heaven*, was filled with ambience, the kind of album to listen to when, well, it's gloomy both outside and in the house. And their second LP, *Express*, was for the rock and roller in all of us.

Ash on *Express*: "It was an electric sort of album. Electric drums,

electric guitar, very big sounds. It was getting boring, like a rock and roll circus. All those clichés."

So now they've come to their third album, *Earth, Sun, Moon*, an album that Ash claims was in the back of their minds even during *Express*. It's minimal, wearing the T Rex and Beatles influences on its sleeve, without any sort of apologising. Only two tracks, *Mirror People* and *The Light* recall the loud sounds of their second release. It's the way Love And Rockets want it. As for its critical thrashing — "Don't believe what you read," asserts Ash quickly. "For us, it's very different from *Express* as a complete album. As far as we're concerned, it's a big progression from the last record."

For them, that's all that matters. Critics are tossed off with a quick remark. Audiences are merely there because they want to be, not because the band asks them to. The band's only requirement for continuing is themselves.

And it goes deeper than that. Daniel makes the revelation that "It's quite schizophrenic".

What is? The band. It's divided. But it's that division that makes them healthy.

"A lot of the time it's like usually splits down the middle between my songs and David's songs. I observe an audience that likes one half but not the other. Generally speaking there are tracks that cross over. But, there are two halves."

David interjects: "I think it's more than that." Lyrics bear the difference out. While Ash is questioning someone's darkest night, David J is waiting for the flood. It is those opposites, with Haskins as quiet mediator, that creates the term Love And Rockets.

Although opposites in some ways, the band collectively spews thoughts on a range of topics that ultimately fuel their lyrics.

Ash on religion: "I was brought up in a Catholic school and you were taught to fear God. At least you were when I was there. All the little stories they tell you like 'If you don't go to confession your soul will get blacker and blacker'. All that symbolism. . . It's just a load of bollocks."

David J: "That's why I like the religion of science, because it's beyond prejudice. I feel that it's very close to the truth."

Ash on luck: "I don't believe in luck. If a man bet a thousand dollars on a horse and won, then he was predestined to win that money."

David on music: "That whole business about being retrogressive and not breaking new ground. I quite accept that. I don't think that is necessary to make something that's valued. John Lee Hooker or Hank Williams, Sr made the same record every time but it was a good record."

It's those same opinions which have forced the band to play a great deal more in America than Great Britain. Over there, the popular demand for the band's blend of today's psychedelia has given them a bit of time to assess that country and its lifestyle.

Haskins on America: "In the States, if someone sees some bloke driving down the road in a Rolls Royce, people will go up and say 'That's a beautiful car'. Whereas in England, they would say 'That sod, how did he get a hold of that?'. That's a generalisation, but. . ."

It's almost a parallel of the band. Love And Rockets are in a tour bus. They drive to their first destination. It's standing room only as the full to capacity club can't hold any more people. Then, days later, they perform before an indifferent audience; the opening chords of *Mirror People* ring out, as Ash peers over a gaggle of Bauhaus shirts. . .

THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS



An enigma, man! A surrealist dream that touches taboo areas in the name of pop. But what are THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS about?

"We like pop music," admits a 'mum, and yes, that's pretty obvious as their debut LP, *Is That A Fish On Your Shoulder Or Are You Just Pleased To See Me*, perfectly portrays. When I say debut, there's a little confusion here, as the reverse of the sleeve reveals that the year is 2030 and this is a re-issue of the 1987 LP, going on to explain the group's meteoric rise up to the end of 2030, suggesting a further two albums by the end of 1990. What's more, they plan to stick to this game plan and place themselves in the perspective that the sleeve explains. Now, get to the bottom of *that* one.

Probably more factually, for now anyway, the two main Chrysanthemums stand up and are recognised as Alan Jenkins from The Deep Freeze Mice (a Leicester conglom with a penchant for sporadic LPs of the psyche-pop kind) and Yukio Yung (leading light in many an electronically motivated pop outfit for Hamster Records).

"I suppose we're like-minded people," muses Yukio. "We're pleased with the album but it doesn't seem to be doing terribly well, even though it got some good reviews."

And how does it feel to be incredibly hip?

"It's good, it feels incredibly good to be stopped in the street and asked for your autograph," is the sarcastic reply. "I suppose we feel like we're people's poets, but we don't want to be laughed at, we'd rather be laughed with."

Now that's a difficult one, but there's plenty of grins on the first LP so they could be on. But what of the future (apart from recording those scheduled LPs before 1990)?

"We'll just keep recording, we're past the phase of worrying. We did think of covering a whole LP, like *Tales From Topographic Oceans* by Yes, or something. I've never heard it, but the lyrics are unbelievable."

Yeah, like, wow! Dave Henderson



LAUGH

The pressure of being a member of a group that everyone wants to make a joke out of has slowly got to them. One left to become a doctor, another to pursue a design career, a third to become a Smith (Craig Ganlon to be precise), while the others just laughed. Martin Wright (vocals/guitar), Martin Mittler (bass and original member), Ian Bendelow (Craig's mate and his replacement) and "the fabulously monickered" (thank you, press office) Spencer Birtwhistle (drums) are left behind to carry the can (ned laughter).

So, *Laugh's* most hated question: "It's quite a dynamic name," says Martin W, "and people always remember it. It also sums us up in a way because we are very serious about what we do but we don't take ourselves that seriously. And there's no exclamation mark after it either!"

There's so much more substance to *Laugh* than a false exclamation mark might say: they'll even talk about it. *Laugh's* first single *Take Your Time, Yeah/Never Had It So Bad* deals with life-before-optimism and angles on bedroom boredom,

to which their second single *Paul McCartney* (both on the excellent *Remorse* label) shapes up an answer.

"Our new single is intended as a message to the hapless, hopeless, already forgotten bands of today, and those of Paul McCartney's stature, content to wallow in the security of their previous successes, along with the majority of today's bands who seem satisfied basking in the shadow of their idols."

Instead of jumping on the guitar bandwagon, *Laugh* are jumping ahead, literally, because of their impulsive northern soul leanings. Independent hi-NRG!

"Whatever the guitars are doing, we try and make the drums and bass get a real dance feel, because we all like dancing, and think dancing's really important because it's equated with having a good time. When we recorded *Paul McCartney*, me and Martin went into the other room to see if we could dance to it—if it was in the right time and all that. That's how we judged it!" Martin Aston

1000 VIOLINS

From the back, it looks as though *1000 VIOLINS* have been regarded as taking The Smiths' classic trail of jangle 'n' regret no further than The Smiths did, but t'aint so. They have their own way of spelling 'shit', 'confusion', 'disappointment' and 'melancholy'. Now free of Dan Tracey's *Dreamworld* label — "we were getting let down too

much while Dan was concentrating on his own band, *The TV Personalities*" — the group have signed up with Pacific, usually Americans who license Brit-indies but who are now expanding to steal some of The Cartel's distribution business. The new *Locked-Out Of The Love-In* single is on *Dreamworld*, but the forthcoming *If I Were A Bullet, Then For Sure I'd Find A Way To Your Heart* won't be. A stab at a love song?

"Not necessarily. It's just about people, not just necessarily between a boy and a girl. To me, maybe I'm being a bit big-headed, it's obvious," claims lead violinist David.

My head is small, very small.

"It's about getting constantly let down and people not caring, acting too self-interested. But if I were a bullet. . ."

Then you'd get through for sure. By their titles and sentiments, *1000 Violins* seem tainted by this gap between hope and grimy reality. Songs like *I Remember When People Used To Ride Bikes. . . Now We All Drive Cars*: "We like a lot of things that have gone and past — things like 90 per cent of music now is utter rubbish as bands rely on producers and not songs."

Songs like their second single, *Please Don't Sandblast My House*: "Some things are best left as they were — like shitty blocks of flats. Ten years later they admit they're mistakes."

1000 Violins have also been known to sing *The Walker Bros' The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Any More*. Yes, yes, life's often shit, and someone's got to say it on behalf of the silent minority. Martin Aston



THE RISK



Guernsey, one of the Channel Islands, is hardly famed for its spate of indie-pop bands; in fact, it's hardly ever been famous for any music. . . There's only ever been one band of consequence, to emerge from its shores, namely **THE RISK**, a young and aggressive duo who have released two albums in the last four hectic months. Frontman Mark LeGallez admits that they face more than a slight geographical disadvantage, being far closer to France and the continent than they are to Britain, but they seem to have made a fine job of overcoming it undertaking extensive tours of the US and Europe. In fact, they've played almost everywhere except England. LeGallez explains that they've just not had the time to do so, yet. It seems that The Risk are well on the way to being Guernsey's biggest musical export since Barry Grey's *Joe 90* theme. Invitation To The Blues, their new Unicorn album, was actually recorded in Grey's converted German machine-gun bunker in Guernsey earlier in the summer.

Lifting influences from Elvis Costello, The Jam and a spate of '60s R&B stars, as well as dressing with an eye on the sharper side of Italian style, is bound to align The Risk with the now underground mod scene. LeGallez is quick to point out that, although the band have their roots in the mod scene, they've grown to include a much wider range of influences and styles, as Invitation — a strong slice of power pop tinged with hard brass arrangements — demonstrates.

Felix Adler

TOTAL

namedrop!

DIESEL PARK WEST

Still, although their chosen name might suggest otherwise, **DIESEL PARK WEST** aren't a garage group, but an energised rock group who have already been harnessed with "pomp-proportioned stadium-rock" reviews. I'd say they're just guilty of magnifying *guitar ecstaticus*, West Coast harmonising and swelling melodies through a post-U2 1980's production (even, if DPW's John Butler says, they record on eight-track). It's rock, but rock naturally has peaks, no? "The immediate kind of image that rock 'n' roll or heavy rock has is a kind of semi-boziness," says John in defence, "with all these well-dodgy bands, or empty-shell bands as we call them, who pout and

THE GO HOLE

THE GO HOLE have created their own Open University. And they've opted to try "pop" music and how it can affect your life. But they blew it by sending out the wrong demo to Tip Sheet.

"It was a mistake, but who cares?"

They recorded a single themselves, the gloriously joyful Flight Of Angels.

"We're really skint now."

And after a touch of media attention, it got picked up by Pinnacle.

"We're always having to ring them up, like we have to ring up to get gigs and everything, it's really hard work."

But, guys, *that's* the game. It's confusingly confusing too. It takes time to learn the ins and outs, to get stuck into the real tasks and avoid the things that don't matter. You've got to be careful what you say.

"But we're a split personality. We say things to please people, to get an effect, to annoy."

And that seems to ring through to the music too. The "raunchy" sound is quite raw and aggressive ("it should be *more raw*") and is emphasised by the beat. My, you can hardly believe that there's just three of them.

"We're out to con people in a way. The label, Big Pop, is us too and that means we have to adopt a different attitude when we're being the label, than when we're being the group."

Uh, yeah. Pretty schizophrenic guys! Dave Henderson

posture and strike their chords, but we think there's a link between being able to play loud and stridently but with some depth and vision — maybe with some undercurrent of weirdness."

What, like the admission of playing football on acid on the sleeve of When The Hoodoo Comes (their first single, on Food)?

"Usually we get beaten because we're the worst team, but the few times we've taken acid, we've played like Brazil! We were tremendous! But I don't think it's good to extol the virtues of acid, like this is the new hip drug again, and if you take it, you're somehow in tune with



what's going on, because that's what happened last time, and I think that was wrong."

Footballers on Acid!!! Now there's a name. But the only certifiable returns Diesel Park West will get from this song are great billowing transfer fees from Large Record Companies United. Martin Aston

VEE VV

"Heh! C'mon now! Vee VV, your time has come!" Words uttered by fanzine editors nationwide, as Vee VV sent them into an irrepressible state of hysteria in the wake of their previous two releases, Kindest Cut and last year's Boom-Slump 12 inch. 1987 sees the punky Membranes (nah, make it funky James Brown) soundalikes putting together another slab of punky funk/funky punk.

Vee VV avoid getting hot and sweaty over the fact that Stump, The Shop Assistants *et al* get swooped off to major labels, while they are still slogging 'round the country supporting The Cradle, dragging their rolling bass and cutting guitars merrily in pursuit.

So the class of '87 steps up another gear, sleeps in another Transit van, releases another single. Now, that's something to look forward to. Dave Potter



● This month's *Tip Sheet* is another "thingy" from the house of **Julian Henry**. This month he teams up with legendary pal of the good guys, **John Peel**. Together, in the confines of Broadcasting House, they discover the dangers and delights of this month's demo bag. The numbered system after each review refers to marks out of ten for content (of tape), delivery (in performance terms), presentation (of the overall package) and potential (as to whether they'll bend a cheque book or two). Any outfits wishing to have their tapes decimated, send them to **Underground Tip Sheet**, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1.

BANDUNG FILE (0494 813506) come from High Wycombe and went to some lengths to amuse us by sending their tape in a plastic gove. You really have to **HAND** it to them (get it?). Our star guest critic, Mr **John Peel**, was stoney faced though as he grappled with the glove trying to get it open, and it eventually took some deft handiwork with a pair of BBC scissors to extract the tape. John, it transpires, gets sent cassettes and records in all manner of bizarre disguises - he has seen it all, as they say - hence the lack of raised eyebrows at Bandung File's determined efforts. Their music was vaguely industrial with a few synth noises, and failed to register many plus points.

"I expect this sort of thing would go down better with Janice Long," he commented.

So would the intercoms be buzzing in Broadcasting House, as news of the Bandung File cassette's arrival in Radio 1 was relayed from office to office? "Er, no," said John. "I usually expect these bands to send material to both Janice and myself - of course I would dearly love to be able to answer the band personally with a letter, but due to the sheer volume of tapes, it's impossible. All I can say is that I do listen to everything that I'm sent."

The mountains of cassettes and records that surround Mr Peel in his office bear this out, and one can only ponder at the unhappy twist of fate that gives a DJ like Mike Smith an office full of researchers and assistants while JP is left to fight his way through ever-increasing piles of records and tapes single-handed. With tears welling into my eyes, the points were awarded.

3 5 2 5

SYCHOTOBE (8 Conniston Road, Newbold, Chesterfield, Derbyshire) did not make many friends with their mantle.

"What a crappy name," were John's exact words. Still, he seemed fascinated by the group's photograph which he studied for a few moments before passing across the room. It revealed four young men with longish hair, three of them wearing sunglasses, staring with a rather po-faced expression at the cameras.

"I don't usually pay much attention to pictures," said John. "In fact usually they go straight in the bin." But what of the music? "Well, it sounds a bit like the Gaye Bykers to me, I wonder if this lot come from Leicester as well?" We only listened to one song by Sychotode, and I asked John why this was. "You can usually tell what they sound like, if they're interesting or not, by one

song . . . the problem with this sort of thing is that you can tell straight away who they've listened to, who their influences are." One thing that did keep John's attention for more than a few moments was the rather interesting piece of painted metal work that the group had stuck in with their package. Perhaps if we'd been reviewing this for *Copper Beating Weekly* they might have scored higher points, but as it is



THOSE FAMOUS RED SHORTS (65 School Lane, Standish, Wigan) managed to cheer John up for a few moments with their name which presumably he interpreted as a homage to his favourite football team. A conversation about groups with 'Red' in their name ensued.

"I used to like *Simply Red* until Mick Hucknall slagged me off in a *Melody Maker* interview," remembered John. "It struck me as being very odd as I'd had a perfectly friendly conversation with the bloke a few weeks before in the BBC bar . . . anyway, I went home and threw all his records away after that."

Back to the music. "A lot of people might say this is no good because it sounds like it's cheaply recorded, but I think it sounds rather interesting," decreed JP. I cravined, agreed. The group play normal instruments like guitars and suchlike, but their appeal is in their application, which shows some imagination and no little songwriting talent. A moody vocal sits on top, a trifle maudlin but attractive nevertheless - this group therefore score handsome dividends in the points department.

7 7 6 6

BURNING BABY (no address sent) prompted John to reveal one of his pet phobias - Jiffy Bags. "It came about when the National Front used to send various people turds in Jiffy Bags I think," he said. Happily, Burning Baby had not pursued this same line of self-promotion, though it must be said that their package contained all manner of useless junk, like torn up bits of paper, lists of books to read and lp pieces. Their music was an intriguing mess of spoken vocals, chopped up guitars, and the sort of drumming you'd expect from someone with his arms tied behind his back.

"I like the ideas but I don't think they see it through terribly well," said John. "It's all very well if you're going to do this confrontation stuff, but you've still got to be able to do it well; if they keep at it they might get better. I went to see The Butthole Surfers the other day, and though I didn't enjoy it I was impressed and a bit disconcerted."

4 4 4 4

CONSPIRACY (159 Lidgate Lane, Dewsbury, West Yorkshire) had sent a tape to John inside an *Oxford Dictionary*, a gimmick which successfully attracted us to their package. Their music contained a slightly confusing combination of a hip hop beat which suddenly turned into an Eagles track for the middle eight. "There are some quite good ideas here," said John. "It doesn't pull it off completely as it's not hard hitting enough; if you're going to do this sort of thing you've got to be aggressive about it." So had this been a little bit more muscley, would he have phoned them up?

"If I like a band's tape or record, I always call them and get in contact; we could then possibly have them in for a session." For Conspiracy though, such an opportunity does not seem to be on the cards. "Again, this is something that I think might be more suitable for Janice," says John.

6 4 4 5

GUTTERSNIPE (30 Rydal Way, Enfield, Middlesex) sound a bit like The Vibrators used to. Or maybe even The Ramones with a manic lead guitarist. "Ten years ago I would have thought this was fine, but now, in 1987 . . ." John tails off and looks dejectedly at the floor. The group are compiled of ex-Cock Sparrer, Infected Cut and Size Paranoia members plus a gentleman who used to clobber the biscuit tins for Jimmy Pursey. So they are obviously an outfit with a pedigree.

"They strike me as the sort of band who people would like to go and see live," says John. We cannot disagree with this. However, a stab at the charts would seem unlikely, though a healthy 'indie following' could result from a period of active Guttersnipe self-promotion. While the tape is clattering away in the background, John explains his current career as a journalist for *The Observer*. "Thursday night is my gig night," he says. "I see the band that night, and then have to get my review in by the following morning at 11.00am - it works well, as it means I have to concentrate on something intensely for a short period. I don't actually read

interviews that bands do as a whole, as you have to wade through so much rubbish - I wish journalists would just write more of what they saw."

2 4 3 4

GIANT TREADS CLEAN (8 Brinford Road, Penn Fields, W'ton, WV3 0BA) evoked an interesting geographical comment from John. "These days you see a tape from Manchester and you find that it's usually more interesting than a tape from, say, Liverpool. This one's from Wolverhampton, so you don't really know what to expect." We listened to the cassette for a few moments in silence in order to redress this situation, and discovered an unusual sound that suggested a degree of original thought, and proof that groups with guitars don't all have to sound the same. "You have to hand it to them for getting away from the norm," said John. "Though I do find it a little off-putting the way that the singer goes 'Ooh-ooh'." The *Underground* view of the band is that with a period of development and a little more of those horn blasts, good things could be anticipated for the curiously titled Giant Treads Clean.

5 5 4 5

HORACE (c/o Jan Valentin, v.a Vinterg 228 703 44, Orebro, Sweden) excited us with the foreign stamps stuck all over their Jiffy Bag. What is happening in Sweden, we wonder? Errr . . . well, not a lot judging by this tape. John didn't like the chiming guitars, and I wasn't bowled over by the well-trodden rock avenues that the group seem bent on pursuing.

"It's a bad sign when groups send in great wads of words and lyrics," said John, waving a great portfolio of carefully typed sheets of paper about his head. "It means that they think they're terribly good, but it usually means they aren't. It looks like this lot seem to think they're rock outlaws or something when they obviously aren't. I mean, look at this fellow," he said pointing at the band picture. "This one's almost bald!"

It was true. There, among three fine young men with trendy quiffs and crops, was one poor soul with a bad attack of the billiard ball. What hope is there for Sweden with an effort like this?

"I don't mean to be hard," said John, perhaps reading my thoughts. "In a few years they might sort themselves out, but they will definitely need to re-think."



2 2 2 2

PIG (*Skalitzer Strasse 49, 1000 Berlin 36, West Germany*) made friends with John immediately and without fuss. "Any band with a name like that starts with an advantage," he explained, adding that Pig was the nickname for his wife. The strictly unbiased nature of the review was further borne out by my own admission that Pig were in fact personal friends of mine, and that my audience with Mr Peel had been engineered solely to bring their cassette to his attention.

The group have in the past contributed to various Genesis P Orridge and Neubauten records, a fact that seemed to interest John.

"I often wish that German music actually sounded more German," he said, as Pig's thundering metallic din chundered away in the background.

"There's a Foetus quality to this sort of music, only I've a feeling that the singer is pushing himself a bit hard as it sounds a bit forced," John said. Then, just as the conversation was threatening to penetrate further intellectual depths, Peter Powell walked in the door, drawn not by the music, but in search of cigarettes. A conversation about forthcoming appearances on *Wogan* ensued, and sadly, Pig were forgotten.

5 6 4 7

THE VOLUNTEERS (0774 892110) made their way onto the cassette deck just as John started tucking into his supper for the evening (a rather colourful combination of pickle, pitta bread and cheese). "Perhaps this group will get a better listen now I've got some food in my stomach," he muttered between mouthfuls. Meanwhile The Volunteers made their debut at Broadcasting House with a neat, if unsuspectacular performance that was notable for their singer's husky growls. "I'm not so keen on harsh voices," commented John. "It sounds like he's forcing it. A lot of the time when people sing like this, they don't really sound like they mean it."

Still, some signs of efforts at originality and spirit were apparent – despite the odd heavy metal guitar solo – and so the band scored above average in the points stakes.

6 6 5 5

THE BEANFIELD (20 *Lynegrove Avenue, Ashford, Middlesex*) sent us a cassette which resulted in an animated conversation on the merits of pop music. John admitted that he'd just about had enough of twee guitar combos and lemonade bands, but confessed an admiration for chart big-hitters such as Madonna and Terence Trent; The Beanfield contributed to the proceedings with some very mainstream and clean-cut Alison Moyet-sounding songs.

"This is too much for me," declared John. "It just doesn't seem to have much to offer, and it sounds like it's been done much too many times before." In the current climate of weedy white soul copycats though, the *Underground* opinion is that this might just have what it takes to impress those with the cheque books. Too feeble by half to make the ground shake here though.



3 3 5 3

WHIRLPOOL GUEST HOUSE (24 *Dunedin Avenue, Hartburn, Stockton On Tees, Cleveland*) touch a soft spot in my heart, coming at the listener with a dreadfully commercial wink and a nudge that's hard to turn your back on. John did not start a dance of joy as the tape spun though, despite a grudging confession that it was "well done and had a certain depth".

Is this not the sort of thing that a major label might sign? "Well, that's a complete mystery to me," the great man countered. "I've never understood the success of *Curiosity Killed The Cat*, though I'd agree that more pop music should sound like this. If I heard this on the radio I would turn it up, whereas a lot of the time I find myself turning it off."

So, Whirlpool Guest House partially succeed where others have come a cropper.

6 6 5 5

FLOWERSHOP (*The Basement, 19 Ermine Street, Huntingdon PE18 6EX*) wrote saying they'd appreciate a review in our magazine, and so of course we oblige. The band boast a primitive '60s delivery topped with an aggressive vocal, though there are a couple of problems – they don't know when to end a song, and seem unaware of the drawbacks of playing fast. A nice touch in Byrds-style harmonies though.

Mr Peel remained silent for a few moments before passing comment. "It's one of those things that I'd like to like but there's nothing there to keep me interested. When I listen to tapes like this, I begin to wonder who they think they're appealing to. I mean, it's well-rehearsed and I'd probably like them if I saw them down at the pub, but I can't really see where they're going to. It's agreeable I suppose, but it doesn't really inflame the passions."

That's the trouble with pop music I suppose, it's such fun to do, but we often forget about all the poor blighters who actually have to sit down and listen to the stuff.

5 5 2 4

If you want your tape reviewed and graded (remember, two ex-Tip sheets, then send them to The Tip Sheet, Underground, Seelight Publications, Greater London House, Westwood Road, London, NW1 2DZ.

JOHNSON ENGINEERING (*Top Flat, 319 Kennington Road, London SE11*) won the prize for the best name and the best package as they included nice looking bits of paper, like Xeroxes of all the Johnsons in the telephone directory. Perhaps the strain of the reviewing session was beginning to take its toll, but we gave them the award anyway.

"The only problem here is one of identity," said John. "There are lots of bands like this – most of them are Belgian – and not many of them have the quality they need to push them through. A tape like this should be saying 'Don't listen to that crap, listen to this' but it isn't quite strong enough. I think it would have had more impact a few years ago." However, Johnson Engineering should not be discouraged. Their drum machines and sampling tricks sounded fine at the end of the day.

5 6 5 6

SHEND ON THE RUN



CONFESSIONS OF A POP ICON NO 5: GET A SESSION, DO YOURSELF A WORLD SERVICE

While reviewing Buck Trillion's latest blockbuster, *Harleys From Mars – The Sequel for Guinea Pig Monthly*, I decided to idly flick through my postbag. I couldn't find any letters, but I suddenly remembered a question from a reader that was addressed to somebody else. **'What is Peel Session?'**

Well... **FACT ONE:** The first problem is getting one. Put something fabulously interesting in the first 1.7 seconds of your demo tape and you could be on the way.

FACT TWO: Don't use tapes bought in packs of six for 28p on 'Better Dead Than Red Tape' market stalls.

FACT THREE: Make sure you pack the tape well, so it doesn't arrive in little pieces. (Although this could be considered to be avant garde, it cuts no ice, so avoid.)

So Mr Beeb rings you up and says 'you're on'. You now whizz to Maida Vale, in London, to set up for the contracted time of 1pm in one of the voluminous studios. During the inevitable wait for your designated BBC producer to arrive, you can stroll around this labyrinth of recording suites. See the aircraft hangar-sized orchestra studio where, if you shut your eyes, you can picture Andrew Lloyd Webber blowing another blockbuster musical-to-be into his hanky.

When the producer finally arrives, the loyal recording engineers put down their copies of *Caravanning News* and bugger off to the subsidised restaurant (three course meal for £1), so you have to as well. After your fourth pizza, chips and apple pie, you realise you have to record and mix four tracks by ten pm that very same night.

While feeling this sick, it is necessary to gingerly inform the producer that you haven't quite written the lyrics, and has he got a Merlin Spitfire engine for the noises in the middle of track four? ('Shite' and 'No' are the commonest responses to these statements.)

The BBC have spent huge amounts of the money they charge you and licence fees, (which also gives us the right to watch Benny Hill get older and more crap) on computer equipment, which, as precious seconds tick by, will go to sleep. Strangely garbed aliens are then summoned to fiddle with the slumbering behemoth. Technology is a fickle mistress.

Sessions always seem to go over time and the producer will make it fairly clear he is not too overjoyed at missing the *Mission Impossible* re-run on the box. Still, through all this struggle, the positives are numerous. You get well paid. You get paid again if the session is repeated. Mrs Higgins from your local paper shop will get her niece in Durham to listen and it may even be released on the Strange Fruit Record Label which zaps your pop charisma all over the globe. All in all, a jolly exciting and useful day out...

listomania

BAM CARUSO FAVE FIVE 45S

- | | |
|--|----------|
| 1 PSYCHE ROCK <i>Pierre Henry</i> | Phillips |
| 2 ELEVATOR DRIVER <i>The Master's Apprentice</i> | Astor |
| 3 NOVEMBER NIGHT <i>Peter Fonda</i> | Chisa |
| 4 LOVE IS COMING <i>Strawberry Children</i> | Liberty |
| 5 STRAIGHT DOWN TO THE BOTTOM <i>VIPS</i> | Island |

BAM CARUSO FAVE FIVE LPS

- | | |
|--|---------|
| 1 FOREVER CHANGES <i>Love</i> | Elektra |
| 2 SWEET COUNTRY SWEET <i>Larry Murray</i> | Verve |
| 3 THE CIRCLE GAME <i>Tom Rush</i> | Elektra |
| 4 THE QUILLER MEMORANDUM <i>John Barry</i> | CBS |
| 5 YOUNGER THAN YESTERDAY <i>The Byrds</i> | CBS |

Compiled by the Bam Caruso enthusiasts!



Psyche-one: Arthur Lee of Love, big at Bam

RHYTHM RECORDS HOT FIVE SINGLES

- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| 1 THE MODEL <i>Big Black</i> | Blast First |
| 2 THRU THE FLOWERS <i>The Primitives</i> | Lazy |
| 3 GIRLFRIEND IN A COMA <i>The Smiths</i> | Rough Trade |
| 4 BEAVER PATROL <i>Pop Will Eat Itself</i> | Chapter 22 |
| 5 HAPPY BIRTHDAY <i>The Sugarcubes</i> | One Little Indian |

RHYTHM RECORDS HOT FIVE ALBUMS

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 1 STRANGWAYS HERE WE COME <i>The Smiths</i> | Rough Trade |
| 2 SONGS ABOUT F***** <i>Big Black</i> | Blast First |
| 3 IMPERIUM <i>C93</i> | United Dairies |
| 4 WHEN THE CAVE COMES ALIVE <i>Lime Spiders</i> | Virgin |
| 5 WIG OUT AT DENKOS <i>Dag Nasty</i> | import |

Compiled by Ali at Rhythm, Camden Town, London

CHERRY RED TOP SINGLES SELLERS

- 1 HERE CUM GERMS *Allen Sex Fiend*
- 2 MY BABY'S LAUGHING *Alternative TV*
- 3 THE LOOK OF LOVE *Martin Bayles*
- 4 DEBBIE *Silver Chapter*
- 5 GO, BUDDY GO *The Meteors*

CHERRY RED TOP ALBUMS SELLERS

- 1 DON'T TOUCH THE BANG BANG FRUIT *The Meteors*
- 2 GOLD MINE TRASH *Felt*
- 3 HERE CUM GERMS *Allen Sex Fiend*
- 4 FRESH FRUIT FOR ROTTING VEGETABLES *Dead Kennedys (CD)*
- 5 FOR A FEW PUSSIES MORE *Various Artists*

All releases are current Cherry Red/Anagram, compiled by Ruth (our heroine)

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS BIG SELL FIVE

- 1 SUICIDAL TENDENCIES
- 2 DRI
- 3 CELTIC FROST
- 4 METALLICA
- 5 ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

Compiled by Going Deaf 4 A Living from biggest sellers last month

CKLN MOST PLAYED 45S

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| 1 NEW MIND <i>Swans</i> | Product Inc/Mute |
| 2 BABYX <i>Look People</i> | MSM |
| 3 THE FIRING SQUAD <i>For God Swimming Pool</i> | Q's DB |
| 4 NIGHT TRAIN <i>Dub Syndicate</i> | IDL |
| 5 WEIRDO LIBIDO <i>Lime Spiders</i> | Zinger/Virgin |

Compiled from CKLN, Toronto radio rotation



Psyche-two: Primitives, selling well at Rhythm



**LET'S
SHAKE
SOME ASS**
SEVEN INCH/TWELVE INCH
VS 1008/VST 1008
SOFT TOILET PAPER AND LOCKS ON THE
BOG DOOR TOUR 21st Oct - 8th Nov



It's D time!



The Silos' country guitar class

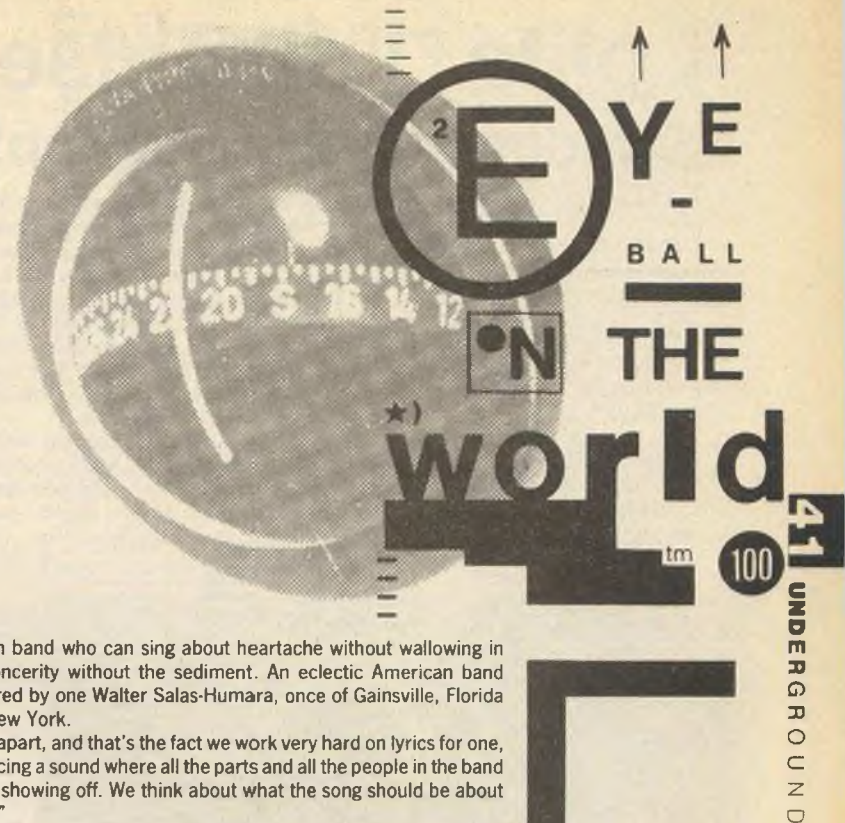


Here is an American 'song' band that shares the same ring of authenticity as an REM but doesn't sound like them; an American band who draw up water from a country well but don't sound like Conway Twitty or The Long Ryders; an American band who don't sound like

Hüsker Dü; an American band who can sing about heartache without wallowing in sentiment, and about sincerity without the sediment. An eclectic American band called The Silos, pioneered by one Walter Salas-Humara, once of Gainesville, Florida but now of New York, New York.

"I'll tell you what sets us apart, and that's the fact we work very hard on lyrics for one, and really hard on producing a sound where all the parts and all the people in the band fit together, with no one showing off. We think about what the song should be about first. We're very careful."

- The Gram Parsons/Flying Burritos country school of thought has been tagged onto The Silos in the past. Any truth in this? "I think that a lot of that comes from not really being able to play a guitar that well," murmurs a modest Walter. "I'm limited so I tend to strum a lot. . ." Ah, the strumming argument. "I play a lot of D over D, you see. . ." Lost me there, Walter. "Right away, if people hear an open D, they think it's country. I also grew up in the south so sometimes I affect a southern accent while I'm singing. For fun! But Bob" (Rupe, Walter's compadre) "is certainly a blues guitarist. The new album's far more rock, I guess."
- Hmmrrggph. I hear country on that LP, entitled Cuba, but scored out of a plaintive beauty, by violins, by open D chords and what could be called an *urban* definition of country. Martin Aston



IT'S ALL GREEK TO ME!

Anthony Fragos exposes the latest Athenian delights

Libido Blume, a band you may remember from July's review, were born out of the ashes of the semi-legendary **Captain Nefos**, broken up by bassist, vocalist and main composer **Akis**, who set off in pursuit of further fame. It was the end of 1984 when Libido Blume took their first deep breath of the grey Athenian smog and began rehearsing and composing as a trio. Nearly two years later, *Colours Melting*, an LP of extreme sensitivity, made its way into Greece's new rock 'n' roll history. These Blumes know how to write real pop songs, how to "rock" and steal your heart away! Through infinitely melodious vocals, crunching guitars and a merciless rhythm section, their songs, with a touch of psychedelia right in their core, are full of teenage angst and frustration. A few months ago, they released their new album, *Brilliant Names And Dames* and made a crushing appearance confirming their qualities. It's a truly brilliant mini-LP of five incredible songs. The end of September finds Libido Blume recording new material with **Jon (Three-Johns) Langford**!! Now this'll be well worth waiting for.

■ **The Last Drive** started in 1983 as a trash-psycho combo mostly doing cover versions of old rockabilly and garage-punk songs and soon developed into a dynamic rock 'n' roll band, combining all the values they had grown up with. Their obvious '60s punk influence helped them to be loved by a lot of youngsters, in addition to their dedicated psychobilly fans. It was time to go for worldwide recognition. They have already appeared on three garage compilations (*Battle Of The Garages Volume 4*, *Sounds Of Now* and *Raw Cuts — European Volume*), released a seven inch EP on *Vox* Records and undergone an extensive European tour. This explosion of activity is to be followed by a period of settling down to write new songs, and a single is already due out, probably to be called *I Love Cindy*.

- Should the world hold their breath?
- You bet!



Lolita Pop in disguise Sweden plays Lolita Pop!

Lolita Pop could easily be seen as the next potential Swedish music export, in the wake of The Leather Nun, Thee Three Monks and The Nomads. But eight years of indie life hasn't been easy. Their British album debut has finally come about after last year's contract with Virgin US was signed, but they've been preparing for it since '82/'83.

■ Lolita Pop's English-sung album is a string of the epic attacks which have brought them their well-earned reputation, one of the most promising Swedish indie acts. To say that they've flavoured their musical language in the American "new wave" tradition — Patti/Television — isn't the full story though. Certainly the New York circuit around '77 ignited their desire to express themselves but, like Echo And The Bunnymen, Lolita Pop found their own way to transform their influences.

■ The deal with Virgin, hasn't really changed the life of Lolita Pop. They still live in Örebro, 200 kilometres from the capital Stockholm and Mistlur Rec, which is putting out Lolita Pop in Scandinavia. (And, Mistlur's now growing into the biggest indie label in Sweden with their other "major" act, Imperiet, signed to A&M for the US.) Mats Lundgren



Lolita Pop use Harmony hairspray!

The Flowerpornoes ask what's German for Patchouli?

PORNOE SECT

"We want to be more famous than the Beatles..."

■ It's a long time since the German music scene has been as healthy as it is nowadays. An "ardent" newcomer are the Flowerpornoes.

■ The Flowerpornoes are megalomaniacs! They believe in their success, are keen on being hyped and are convinced of being pop stars real soon.

■ Their first release was "published" by the West German indie-magazine *Pop Noise*. After which the 'pornoes had a track on the important Big Store sampler *The Sound & The Fury*. It's the best song Tym G Liva (guitarist, composer, and singer) has ever written. The guitars are multi-layered — the result is a song with a guitar break that could have been from a Sonic Youth songbook.

■ Their first proper release is the ten inch *Wake Up on Scratch & Sniff* (a so called sub-label of What So Funny About) that's released in the UK through Red Rhino. The 4-track single contains pure guitar pop, the throbbing songs Neil Young and Bob Mould never wrote. An LP is to be released later in the year and one listen confirms that their self-confidence won't go unrewarded. Jan Cux



The French independent scene is alive and well but not always living in Paris. Although **NOX** now live in Paris, the group comes from Metz and release their first album, *Sessions 84/86*, on Dossier Records... from Berlin. Their music is based on heavy hypnotic percussion and metallic guitars, full of warrior chants and strange noises, with production which gives the music an almost live sound, the effects reduced for minimal expressions. Compulsive and intriguing, *Sessions 84/86* is one of '87s best French records, placing Nox as the link between Swans and Test Dept.

■ Nox are now recording their new album for **PERMIS DE CONSTRUIRE**, a French independent which released *Coup D'etat*, a recent album by Manchester based **MUSLIMGAUZE**. "Coup D'etat features material recorded between 'HAJII" and

"JAZIRAT-UL-ARAB" (reviewed in *Underground's* July issue). In again, there's a middle-eastern mood in a more rhythmic vein which gives the music a more appealing edge. This record could easily have been released on Brian Eno's Fourth World series. Also on *Permis De Construire*, comes the first album by **GEINST NAIT**, simply called *Geinst Nait*, which reflects the good taste of French musicians for tough and weird electronics, noises and rhythms, using just tape loops and drums. A new album, *L'or* Cat, is due out soon...

■ Many musicians would probably kill to play the soundtrack for a Wim Wenders' movie, **DICK TRACY**, from Nancy, and they were invited to compose and play the music for *Tokyo-Ga*, a film directed by Wenders about Tokyo and Japanese director **Ozo**. On this soundtrack record *Dick Tracy* show their more melancholy side, which just appeared here and there on their previous records.

NOX: 214 rue de la Croix Noire 75015 PARIS

PERMIS DE CONSTRUIRE: 11 rue St. Nicolas 54000 NANCY

■ As most of these records are not distributed in UK, you can get them through mail-order from DSA: BP 216 54004 NANCY CEDEX. Mai-Tha

Psychedically Italian. . . and then some!

Are you ready for a roller-coaster ride into the scented time-tunnel of '60s-orientated rock? If you think that **The Chesterfield Kings** are weird and the **Blacknight Chameleons** are far-out, wait till you hear the likes of **Joe Perrino & The Mellowtones** or **The Effervescent Elephants**. . . c'mon let's go — whoopee!

■ Like many countries today, Italy has a lively and groovy underground of neo-psycho-garage bands, with a scanty but strong cult following. The compilation '80s Colours, published a few years ago, was the first piece of vinyl to hail the new trend. A Volume Two of this Italian battle of the garages is being compiled right now by journalist Claudio Sgarbi, who figure in the development of the movement through his work on the pages of *Rockettella* and *Lost Trails* (this last one a fanzine with a seven-inch record in each issue), and is director of the Electric Eye label (C.P. 144 27100 Pavia, Italy). Let's visit the cities more abundant with living-in-the-past devotees.

■ **PISA** — **The Birdmen of Alkatraz** are lissergic prime-movers guided by drummer-composer Daniele Caputo. They have a 12 inch EP on E Eye, *Slidin' Off*, that displays a skilled and obsessive love for **The 13th Floor Elevators** and similar vintage freak-outs. The Birdmen's early composition *Song For Convict Charlie* (yep, **Manson**, that's him) is a little gem hurled to us through a time-dimensional warp. Unlike the **Dukes of Andy Partridge**, there is very little humour here, but no sticky nostalgia either. Ex-hardmen guitarist, **Maurizio Curadi** has formed his own combo, **Steeple Jack**: the mini-L *Serena Maboose* (E Eye) shows definite west-coast/acid-rock influences emphasised by a sleeve reminiscent of Rick Griffin. **The Liars** play a straightforward brand of roots-garage: the trio, lead by singer-assist **Alessandro Ansani**, can be heard on *Optical Sounds*, a 5-track 12 inch on support *Contrafacci* (Viale Com. Zugna 63, 20144 Milano — I). The brains behind these three bands from the city of the Leaning Tower (Daniele, Maurizio and Alessandro) all used to play together as **The Useless Boys**: their 1981 cassette *Dream's Dust Factory* is already a mythical relic of the '60s renaissance.

■ **TORINO** — **The Sick Rose** moved from a varied psycho-beat-bluesy sensibility, but developed a personal language well rooted in the present. In fact, though they play many covers in concert, only one appears on their first LP *Faces* (again on E Eye), published after the EP, *Get Along Girl*, and contributions to international compilations like *Declaration Of Fuzz* (Glitterhouse Records). Luca Re and friends are excitingly honest and surely among the best neo-psycho acts worldwide.

■ **No Strange** represent the dreamy edge of the neo-'60s scene. They have already recorded two LPs and a single (Toast Records, via Duchessa Jolanda 13A, 10138 Torino — I). The new album, *L'Universo*, is a mind-combing delirium, partly in the native idiom, filled with languid sitars, sweet melodies and spaced-out effects. The singer Ursus is also the author of the mystical sleeve art, while Alberto Ezzu provides most of the arrangements and songwriting.

■ Also on Toast are Alberto Serra's **Double Beat Five**: their seven inch EP *Have God!*, with his convoluted guitar solo, seems lifted from the darkest hippy era.

■ **MILANO** — The bands in the Milan area joined forces and put a compilation out themselves on clear vinyl splashed with colours, entitled *The Invasion Of The Tambourine Man* (**Silver Surfers**, **Screamin Men Club**, **Acid Flowers**, **Bad Medicine**, etc). The record includes a couple of very twisted versions of Beatles and Zimmerman classics. **Four by Art** (late being labelled "psychedelic", but their two LPs on E Eye have an unmistakable '60s flavour. **Pression** are a garage-rock outfit with an aggressive Mini-LP, also on E Eye. **Peter Seller** and **The Hollywood Party** have released a single and two cassettes on their own Crazy Mannequin label (Via Montenero 5, 20098 San Giuliano Milanese — I). They've signed to Glass Records, so you'll probably hear more about them soon (and if you've seen the movie, you know what to expect).

IN WITH THE INSIGHT

Spahn Ranch, Glorious Din and Wiring Dept!

■ In these darkening musical times, when many Indie labels seem no different than majors, and records tend to be centered around making money instead of making music, one American label has emerged as a beacon in the darkness. Its home is San Francisco, and its name is Insight records.

■ Insight was formed in 1986 by musicians Eric Cope and Jay Paget, members of the now defunct Glorious Din. The first release on Insight was an album by Glorious Din, *Leading Stolen Horses*, which contained eight finely crafted, haunting songs.

■ Glorious Din's music centered around minimal drumming, melodic, intricate bass lines, a far-eastern guitar, and patterned, subdued vocals. Their music was very emotional, and this first release explored many varied states.

■ From their beginnings, Glorious Din were constantly active, playing and setting up gigs at the many venues in the San Francisco Bay Area. In the winter of 1985/6, following the release of *Leading Stolen Horses* they toured across America.

■ After becoming increasingly disillusioned, and generally fed up with the state of things in 1986, Glorious Din disbanded to go on to other projects. Before splitting up, they recorded a second album, *Closely Watched Trains*, released posthumously by Insight in May of this year. If the first album contained any flaws, it was mostly due to studio naïveté, and unfamiliarity with producer Matt Wallace. All traces of this had vanished by the time the second album was recorded. From start to finish, it is simply beautiful.

■ The intention of Glorious Din and Insight was always to help out other worthwhile bands. The band was never selfish, nor were they particularly trendy or hip. They were just four guys playing what they felt, and getting things together for other bands as well as for themselves. This was why Eric Cope also began a magazine, the illustrious and eclectic *Wiring Department*. Originally, the magazine served to give exposure to underground bands, such as *Faith No More* (who have released an album, *We Care A Lot* on Mordam Records); *Trial* (who've released one album, *Moments of Collapse*); *MJB* (who released one album, *How To Abandon Earth*, before recently re-forming as *Raining House*); *The World of Pooh*, *Caroliner Rainbow*, *Problemist* (album *Nine Times Sanity* released on *Sordide Sentimentale*); etc. etc.

■ The third Insight release was *Thickly Settled*, the debut album by a trio from Michigan called Spahn Ranch. Spahn Ranch had recorded a demo after playing only a handful of gigs, which Eric Cope was so taken with that he convinced the band to journey across the US to play some dates on the West Coast and to record the album.

The Spahn Ranch sound is sparse but powerful. Although they may draw from a post-industrial sensibility, their music is never trite or gimmicky.

■ The latest project in the works at Insight is a compilation, hopefully to include 14 of the finest underground bands from San Francisco and beyond, such as *Stick Dog*, *Stiff Legged Sheep*, *Archipelago Brewing Company*, *Caroliner Rainbow* and *Raining House*. Insight are distributed through *Rough Trade*, as is *Wiring Department* magazine. Both are also available from the source: Insight, P.O. Box 5599, San Francisco, CA 94101, U.S.A. David Katz



■ **BOLOGNA** — The *Ugly Things* are true followers of Yankee garage primitivism (and have a seven inch EP out on E Eye). *Gli Avvoltoi* (meaning The Vultures) have a lovely single on Teast, recreating an happy-sad beat mood and featuring an Italianise version of the Kings' 'A Well Respected Man'.

■ **ROMA** — *Technicolour Dream*, unlike the US-oriented majority of Italian neo-psychedelics, look back to English oldies-but-strangers (*Tomorrow*, *Pretty Things*, the inevitable *Barrett*). After a LP on High Rise, *Pretty Tomorrow* (!), they split into two groups, *Sale Dawn* and *Magic Potion*. With unchanged sound attitudes, both ensembles recorded a seven inch single (*High Rise*, distributed by Supporti Fonografici).

■ **MORE EXOTIC TOWNS** — There are plenty of bands to choose from, so I'll just drop a few more names. *Soul Hunter* from Firenze (Contempo Records) revisited Mr. You're A Better Man Than I, the old classic, painting in LSD-hues. *Out Of Time* live in Brno, out in the country, and suitably adopted a folkish-Byrdsonian style in their only LP *Stories We Can Tell* (Mail Records).

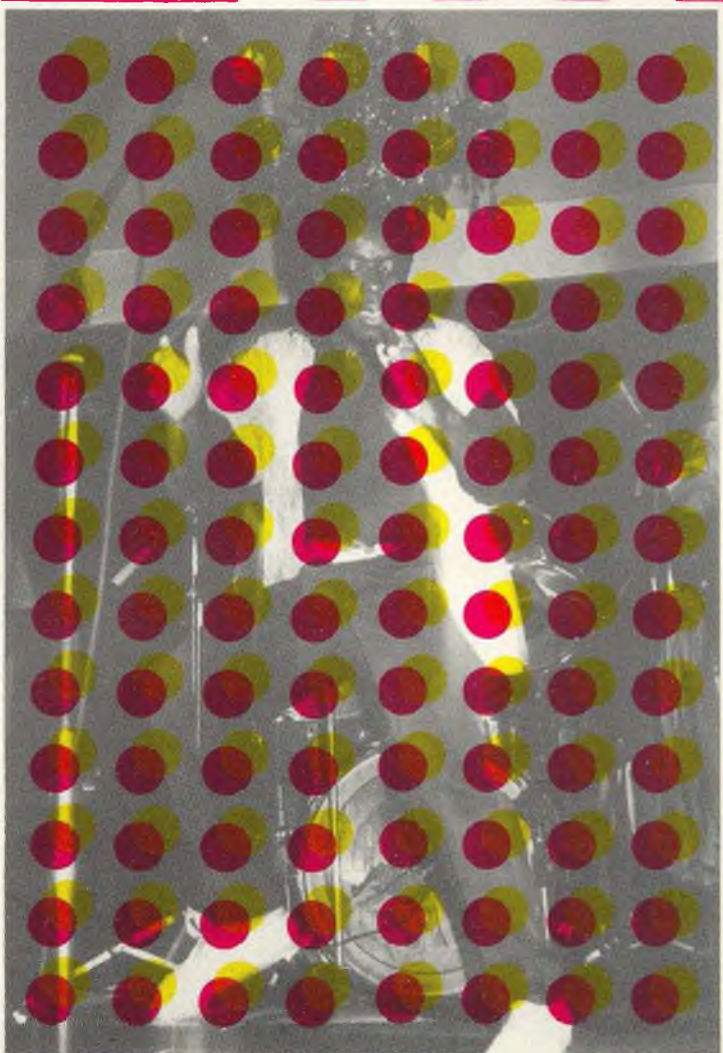
■ If now you want something wild and sexy, then look for the next three bands. *The Boo-hoo*' debut mini-LP, *The Sun The Snake And The Hoo* (E Eye), is an explicit homage to the raw power of *The Stooges* (including a remake of *Search And Destroy*). The opening title, *TV Krooeger*, must suffice for lovers of the splatter genre, who'll understand the general tone.

Follow that Crocodile!

JONAH MOYO AND DEVERA NGWENA

The smartest guitar steps I have seen this season have been those of guitarist brothers Jonah Moyo and Joshua Dube who produce a Bhundus sound, beefed up with brass and congas, and who dance like The Shadows on a hot tin roof. For this is Jonah Moyo And Devera Ngwena (which means follow that crocodile), probably the most sparkling of the African bands in Europe this summer, giving European pop a kick in the sensitive parts, except they're no longer sensitive, being in such a state of atrophy. Comparisons with the Brighthouse And Rastrick Brass Band and with Angie from *East End* may seem out of place but the origins of Devera Ngwena and The Brigs both lie in the same place. Both arose from the works band to increase industrial prestige, principle that was behind the rise of brass bands a century or so ago in this country. Jonah and most other band members were recruited in 1980 through newspaper ads to assemble a band affiliated with the local (Mashira) mine. A works band!

■ The *Angle connection* — Devera Ngwena have the distinction of having had an entire soap opera in Zimbabwe based on their most successful single, *Solo na Mutsai*, which tells the story of a young couple (*Solo na Mutsai*). This is one of two Devera Ngwena tracks featured on the Earthworks album *Viva! Zimbabwe*, still a good introduction to Zimbabwean pop and Devera Ngwena's only recording easily available in this country. Must try harder. Snap! John Lewis



Man chased by crocodile

■ Equally energetic, but with a *Crampsian* bend, are the indie veterans *Not Moving*, who have recorded for many different labels. Their recent mini-LP, *Jesus Loves His Children* (Spittle Records), captures well their mature surf-garage style, lead by *Dome*'s flawless guitar work. *Pikes in Panic*, from Siena, are possessed by the same demon that seized *Rudi Protrudi And His Fuzztones*; you can do the Mary Dance with their self-produced seven inch EP (distributed by Toast) and only wish for an explosive album as soon as possible.

■ Well, if you're tired of depressive existentialism in black and boring artsy pants, you'll enjoy these sounds. The uncertain mastery of the English language by some of the groups only adds to the outlandish and peculiar fun. Here we leave the time-tunnel, running out of space and breath, but just wait next time for another googolplex of occult and unheard-of names. *Vittore "Dizzy-on-Fuzz" Baroni*

NEW FROM

SST

BRIAN RITCHIE



The Blend. Giving up the bass he played with the Violent Femmes for guitar, conch shell, banjo, jaw harp and elephant tusk, Brian Ritchie achieves "The Blend" on his solo album for SST. Combining influences as diverse as Sun Ra, Son House and Sonny Bono, he has concocted the perfect blend for the global village. From the untraditionally traditional version of John The Revelator to the hard funk of Alphabet, these eleven songs are THE blend for the eighties.

MEAT PUPPETS



Huevos. Hot on the heels of their amazing Mirage album, the Meat Puppets have done it again with a brand spanning new album on SST. Closer in sound to their legendary live shows, this record has balls. Starting off with the kick in the head double blast of Paradise and Look At The Rain and ending with the brain-crushing I Can't Be Counted On, this record reaffirms the Meat Puppets' status as one of the coolest bands on the face of the planet.

ANGST



Mystery Spot. Like never before, the songs of Angst are suffused with a shimmering glow. On Mystery Spot, the remarkable interplay between brothers Joe and Jon is fully realized with their best-sounding record ever! With a bow to country and folk, Angst take off on a hell bent for leather electric train ride on Outside My Window, Colors Of The Day, Mind Average and nine more songs.

THE LEAVING TRAINS



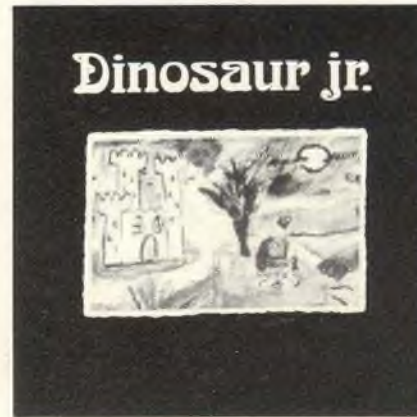
F*.** The second album from the Leaving Trains on SST finds them claiming the throne of true rock! From the "Exile On Main Street" punch of the guitars to the personal words of I Falling James Moreland, this record is the one to play for people who ask "whatever happened to great rock and roll?". Hear for yourself what F*** is all about.

Always August



Largeness With (W)holes. A cryptic title gives you the listeners the cipher with which to break the mysterious code that is Always August. Backwards, forwards and inside out, the lifecodes that Always August reveal on this album are the keys to a healthy psychic glow. From the stone groove of About Time to the triple-deadbolt lock of Rahsaan Rollin' Cat, the new album from Always August paints a startlingly whole picture of your life.

Dinosaur jr.



DINOSAUR JR.: Dinosaur JR. Hot on the heels of their amazing SST debut LP, Dinosaur Jr. releases an EP of mega-sonic proportions. Featuring a mind-blowing rendition of the Peter Frampton classic "Show Me The Way", along with J. Lou and Murph's own classics Little Fury Things and In A Jar.

P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA. 90260

Distributed by Pinnacle

UNDERGROUND

December 1987 Issue Nine

metal beat

hardcore

death disco

quiphobilly

psyche-surf

punk electro

£1

THIS ISSUE INCLUDES TOKEN THREE OF OUR WIRE RECORDS COMPILATION AND THE FIRST TOKEN FOR THE RED FLAME/INK RECORDS COMPILATION

★ SWANS

arguing for a better tomorrow

★ ICICLE WORKS

with a new sound and style

★ CHESTERFIELDS

with four teething problems

★ MEAT PUPPETS

on a strung-out tangent

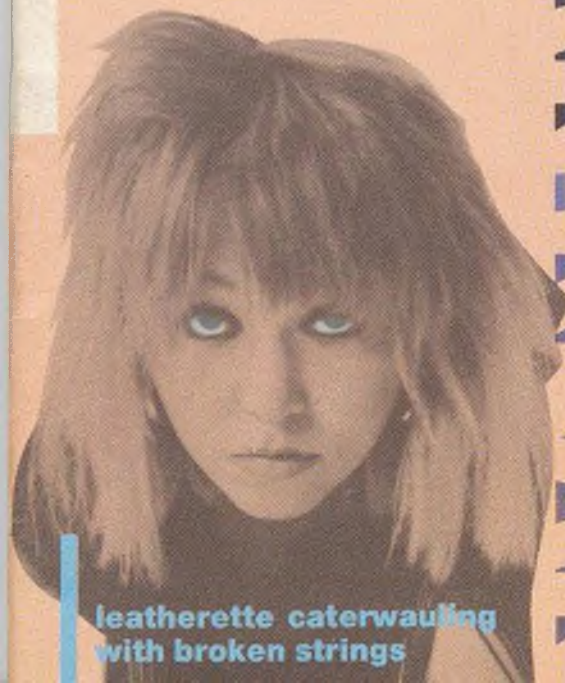
★ SPIZZ

on the town porno scandal

+ a few score and more reviews, Zappa, Pet Nevin reviewing the demo tapes, Raw Herbs, the story of Bam Caruso, CUD, Savage Republic and The Incredible Zombie Rockers



Code breakers with a pop angle



leatherette caterwauling with broken strings

WIN A PHILIPS CD PLAYER! GET A FREE WIRE T-SHIRT!! SCORE AN EXCLUSIVE LP!!!

Tune into the *Underground/Wire* Records spesh compilation.

WIRE ★ TAPPED

sample the delights of the Wire label and you'll have the chance to get a *totally free* collection of the **Wire back catalogue**, a **Philips CD player** and **Wire Records T Shirt**.

What you've got to do is get token three from the centre insert of this month's *Underground* and add it to tokens one and two from the last two issues. Then just add a cheque for £2.50 (made out to Spotlight Publications) and put the whole lot into an envelope and send it off to *Underground/Wire* album, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1. . . just one month later you'll get a copy of *Wire* ★ *Tapped* LP and if you're lucky you might have won one of the other prizes as well. Talk about value for money?

LET'S HAVE SOME DETAILS HERE. . .

- Side One** *Wire ★ Tapped*, the album features. . .
- The Leather Nun I Can Smell Your Thoughts (previously unreleased)
 - Sing Sing And The Crime Wasted Time (previously unreleased)
 - Man Kian Love For Pleasure (from November 1987)
 - Master Twins Squander (from October 1987)
 - Dirty Work Work Love You, Feel Me (from April 1987)
- Side Two**
- Thirteen Moons Night Parade (from April 1986)
 - The Leather Nun Desolation Avenue (from February 1986)
 - All That Jazz Banner Of Love (from May 1986)
 - Tony Curtis Arsenic (from April 1985)
 - Houses And Gardens Dead Days (from March 1985)

The first 50 replies we get for this dynamic historical artefact of Wire Records and the sound of swinging Sweden will also receive a free Wire label T-shirt! Wow!

Then, for selected applications (numbers 127, 163, 204, 281 and 333), there'll be a box set containing a complete set of Wire's previous releases (that's a mere 25 singles and albums).
Wow!!

If all that wasn't enough, if you answer the question on the third token correctly, then you could win a brand spanking new Philips CD player, plus a copy of *Force Of Habit* — the 15 track CD-only compilation of the *Leather Nun*, to kick off your collection. **Mega Wow!** (The winner will be drawn on Monday, December 21.)

So don't delay, get these tokens coming. . . and if you're short one

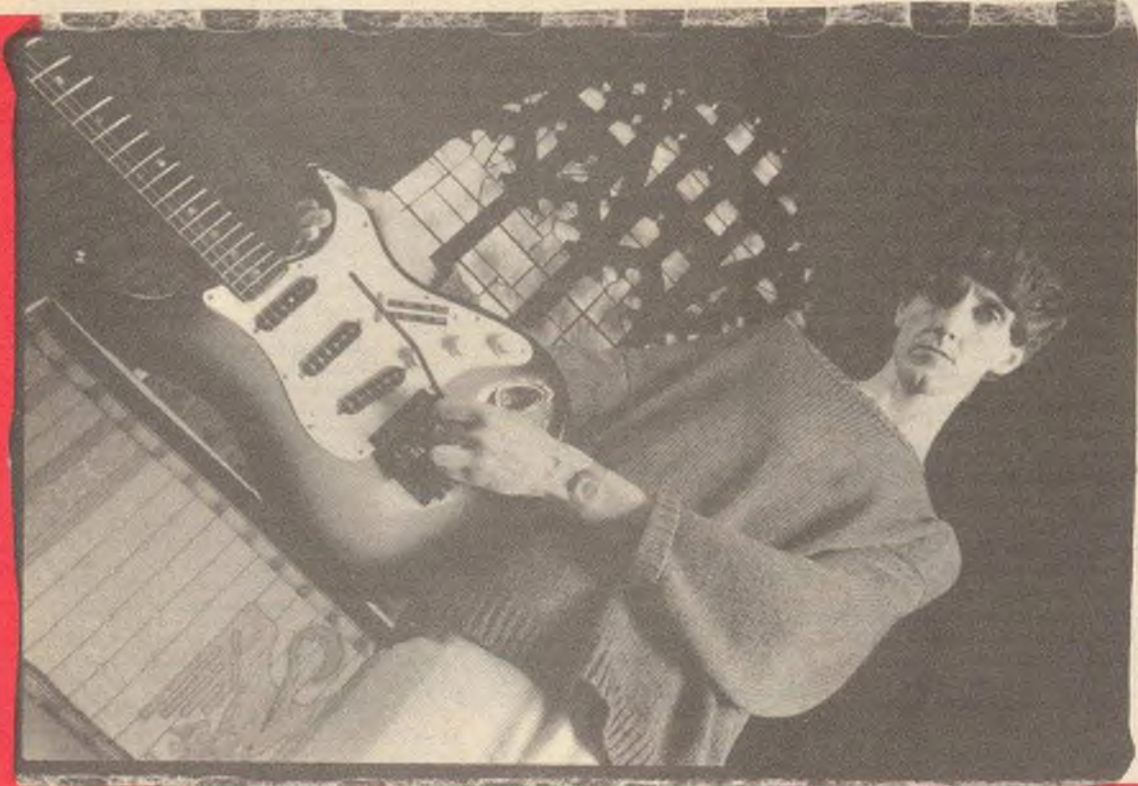
token, you'll have to see next month's issue to see if we're good enough to let you have another one.



YOUR CHANCE TO TOUCH VINYL AND BE CRED!

SO, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN INK MEETS RED FLAME? • Well, if you haven't had enough with the Wire Records/*Underground* compilation, this month also sees the start of a brand new offer where, yet again, you just have to collect three tokens (the first of which is in the centrespread insert) and in three months time we'll reveal the full SP on the *Ink/Red Flame/Underground* collection, which will feature **PHILLIP BOA AND THE VOODOO CLUB, RUBY BLUE, TACTICS, SLAB, C-CAT TRANCE, SEVERED HEADS, CHARLES HAYWARD** and **THE MOODISTS** among others. • So treasure that token and see what the next value-for-cash *Underground* compilation can give you in terms of terminal education.

Jes' like **DAT!** fact



Vinnie Reilly gets the full angle

FACTORY RECORDS become the first company to release product of a contemporary nature in the **DAT** format this month, when **The Durutti Column's** *The Guitar And Other Machines* hits the shops. Doubtless the shops themselves haven't even perceived a racking system for the new, tested medium, but label and group should reap enough press attention to justify the release.

With people still to-ing and fro-ing about the pros and cons of DAT and all its possibilities — and the one and a half grand price tag that the first units have — the question must be, can anyone afford such luxury, and if they can, won't their Durutti Column DAT cassette be a little lonely — the only other releases so far being a handful of classical ones.

The price for this debut DAT is going to be around 20 notes, too, and if you think that might be pandering to technology a little too much, there's a whole lot more in the way of the big sell going on around *The Durutti Column* as you read this very sentence.

In fact that DAT package is just one of **nine releases** that you'll be able to snaffle... and all before Santa loads his sled. The album will also be available on vinyl, cassette and CD too, and it'll be preceded by a single from the group, *When The World*, which will be in seven and 12 inch vinyl formats as well as a video single and video CD (another limited appeal technological development, mainly due to the lack of player units at this point in time).

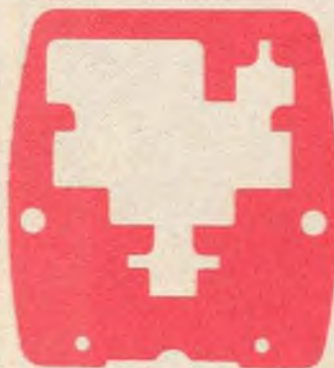
Following all this, if you've got any pennies left at all, Factory will be releasing a box set of four CDs featuring all of *The Durutti Column's* output so far. So, hey, let's hear it for Vinnie Reilly and his Durutti's!

Gobsmack special!



Tot get physical for Debris

Manchester's **Debris** magazine has taken to embracing the vinyl venacular with a compilation of specially recorded material entitled **Head Over Ears** (through Red Rhino and the Cartel). After a justifiably positive review last month, the slow-reading *Underground* staffers have had a chance to read the bonus "Best Of Debris" magazine (a 48 page collection of material covering the mag's 16 issues) and, my, my, it's pretty damn impressive. ● Transcending the dangerously narrow waters of pop/rock/art, *Debris* moves in mysterious ways through Manchester's backwaters with considered extracts on author **Raymond Carver**, **Bill Morley**, **Oscar Kokoschka**, someone called **New Order** and several other luminaries of life. For the weak-hearted, there's also that vinyl thing included, with contributions from **Tot**, **The Fall**, **The Railway Children**, **A House**, **Prince Kool**, **Big Black**, **Twang**, **Biting Tongues**, **Kit**, **King Of The Slums** and **Swivel Hips**. Miss it at your peril.



WHERE IS JAMES KIRK NOW?

Often I've pondered on what that special something is, that something that's missing from the rich tapestry of independent pop in the late '80s. After flicking through my record collection one rainy Wednesday afternoon I decided it was the lack of shy luminaries like James Kirk. James was the man/boy/wonder behind **ORANGE JUICE** classics like *Felicity* (which alongside *Teenage Kicks* is probably the greatest indie pop record ever), *Upwards And Onwards* and *Wan Light*. Later, in his own group *Memphis*, James gave us the breeze that is *You Supply The Roses* — which to this day still sounds like a chart contender. Sadly, *Memphis* was shortlived — just one perfect pop record — and nothing has been heard from him since. ● So come on James, where are you? Are you a dustman, a roddie, a journalist for *Health And Efficiency*? Wherever you are let us know, 'cos believe me you are missed. **Johnny Dee**

RHINO'S IN NONE CAPITALIST SCARE!

OK, Red Rhino, that groovy mail order company, are so good to people, that they've paid us a million quid to tell the world that they've had a letter from someone in the **Paisley** area with a postal order for a copy of **Laibach's** *Sub Rosa* double **A Baptism**, but the guy hasn't included his address. *Bad news!* So, if you're reading this, man from Paisley, get in touch with them and remind them of your name (which they know) and, this time include the address. Go for it and get baptised!

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UNDERGROUND: a nightmare in paper
ISSUE NINE: looking good, feeling fine
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Telephone 01-387 6611

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Distribution

Spotlight Magazine Distribution,

1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX

Telephone 01-700 4600

Typeset by Offshoot Graphics Co,

17-18 Great Sutton Street,

London EC1

Printed by

Chesham Press, 16-18 Germain St,

Chesham, Bucks

ISSN 0951-502X

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4 UNDERGROUND
Spraycans and Lipstick

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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...

- AK RECORDS, Savoy Centre, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow
- BEAT ROUTE, 5A High Street, Congleton, Cheshire
- EAR 'ERE RECORDS, 14 Market Entrance, Lancaster
- THE EUROPEAN SON, Unit F1, Kensington Market, 49-53 Kensington High Street, London W8
- HENDERSON'S THE VINYL WORLD, Fore Street Centre, Fore Street, Exeter 1 UP, 4 Diamond Street, Aberdeen
- JUMBO RECORDS, 402 Merrion Centre, Leeds
- THE LEFT LEGGED PINEAPPLE, 24 Churchgate, Loughborough
- LIZARD RECORDS, 12 Lowergoat Lane, Norwich
- MOVEMENT, Unit 7, Banbury Trading Post, Banbury, Oxon
- PICCADILLY RECORDS, 9 Parker Street, Piccadilly Plaza, Piccadilly, Manchester
- RAINBOW RECORDS, 80 Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, Shropshire
- ROCK SHOP, Strødem 1, Oslo, Norway
- ROUGH TRADE, 130 Talbot Road, London W11
- SELECTA DISC, 21 Market Street, Nottingham
- SIGNALS RECORDS AND TAPES, Shop Unit One, Cornhill Exch. Bldg, Cornhill, Lincoln
- SOUND WAVES, 18 Church Street, Monmouth, Gwent
- TV AND RADIO SERVICES, 123 Victoria Road, Horley, Surrey
- UGLY CHILD RECORDS, 162 Hoe Street, Walthamstow, London E17
- 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).



fact

fiction

GROOVY SIDES FOR SALE

Remember America? Remember when things were, well, cool? Well, US label **K** (yes, simply **K**) do, and they've released six seven inch 45s to celebrate the fact. "These are the first six volumes of our pop underground series," they mutter, "why don't you dedicate a whole issue to us?" Well, let's have a think on that one, but first let's explain to *Underground* readers that these classy discs are soon to be available through Fast Forward and the Cartel, and what's more, the new LP from **The Beat Happening** (who briefly rubbed parts of their body at Rough Trade last year) will be on 53rd And 3rd through Fast Forward.

**VOLUME I
BEAT
HAPPENING**
Look Around

(a deep throat vocal line that wobbles all over their bank account. Tear-sodden poetry)



**VOLUME II
GIRL
TROUBLE**
Riverbed

(gritty guitar roustabouts, with a gyrating pulse and a wayward tambourine)



**VOLUME III
THE FEW**
Rollin' Like The Tide

(a bashful bittersweet chirp along with an underproduced smoothness)



**VOLUME IV
MECCA
NORMAL**
Man Thinks Woman

(a three tracker with the distinctive upbeat vocals of Jean Smith over a strummed-out getar)



**VOLUME V
THE
CANNANES**
No-One EP

(another three tracker, this time an all girl bedroom strum with mistakes intact)



**VOLUME VI
GIRL
TROUBLE**
Tarantula

(heavy metal played through practise amps, that sounds like neat psychepop)



• So, let's look at these first six volumes and let the good people of UK land know what **K** really stands for.

So, now we know what **K** stands for... **KWALITY!**

COMPETITION (OF SORTS) TIME!

- Last month, we magnanimously gave away six copies of the Swans new double, *Children Of God* and the winners of these little trinkets are R Haswell from Coventry, Steve Fricker from Bournemouth, Jason Peacey from Lancaster, Michelle Gregory from Blyth, Bradley Davis from London and Colin Poxon from Derby.
- We also offered you five Wedding Present stand-up *George Best* promo t-shirts and they were won by Gary Todd from Bolton, M Brunt from Norwich, Steve Hewson from Goole, Mark Hovler from Weymouth and Anth Magrys from Damington.
- And finally three lucky people get *Leather Nun's Steel Construction* and an *LN T-shirt* because they were really clever too. They are Malc Miller from Lincoln, Matthew Rees from Hereford and Dave Radnedge.
- So, watch those letter boxes.

REMEMBER THAT ANARCHO — PUNK-PSYCHE METALLIC OUTFIT THE GAYE BYKERS OF EL CID?

Well, we do, and we've got three 10 inch copies of their last in Tape single, *Nosedive Karma*, and those Byker boyz have scribbled all over them. We don't want them, so if you do, just answer this question, and if you're drawn out of our purple paisley leopard-skin tiffers you could win one!

Q Which fine city do The Gaye Bykers come from?

Send your answer on a postcard to *Underground/Bykers, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1* as soon as you damn well can!

OH YES! Another month over, nearer to Christmas and finally, the release of the **Underground/Wire Records** spesh compilation.

"It's great, we love it," says everyone. Hooray! What's more we're putting together another tape to give away, but first we're doing another album, it's great, it's cheap, it's... well, did I tell you who was at the pictures when we went to see the preview of **Steve Martin's Roxanne**. Well! There was **Marie Helvin** and **Bungalow Bill**. Not very indie, I hear you say. OK. There was **Simon Bates** with three cheese sarnies. And he laughed in all the wrong places. No, seriously, though, what's happening in the world?

New Order are *not* splitting up, man! **Barney**'s doing a solo album for EMI, and they're on sabbatical. Like, the **Bunnymen**, you know?

Birthday time in the metropolis saw **Cooking Vinyl** book a tacky Tex-Mex restaurant for their "do", but hardly anyone could get in unless they were sardines, then **Beggars** had a post tour "iig" at The Fridge with a **free bar**. Everyone who was there pressed themselves against the bar in a strange press ritual.

Furthermore, **Jonathan King** rests his case m'lud. He's done a cover of *Wild World* that sounds like **The Pet Shop Boys'** *It's A Sin* to present in court as the East End Boys sue him. It's on UK through Pinnacle... pretty indie, pretty controversial.

Pirate TV is back... again. Well almost, as the **Network 21** name is being bandied about again. They had a party at the Fridge (with **Meat Beat, Nitzer Ebb** and **In The Nursery**), but still they haven't broken into the TV airwaves. Next year, they say. Next year?

Better still, **The Bachelor Pad** (we love 'em) have a new single scheduled on *Warholasound*, while **Blast First** have shelved all releases — like the new **Head Of David** LP and their label comp until next year. What is imminent is a compilation tape from *For All And None* called *In Motion* with tracks from **Son Of Sam** (their LP postponed till January due to sleeve and cut probs), **Psyche, Hard Corps** and more. Blah, blah, and

fiction

Welsh radicals, **Traddodiad Ofnus** have had their album on the West German Constrictor label seized at customs because it's *risqué*. Don't know how they can tell as it's in Welsh. But... snooker buff, **Steve Davis** turns out to be a big fan of **Magma** and he's paying for them to play in the UK in the new year, as well as hopefully getting them on at the UK Electronika fest.

The **Warhols** idea of writing their own features and submitting them has been followed by a Christmas card from the group while other labels try the same. **Waterloo Sunset** sent in a feature on **Eleanor Rigby** by one of her pals. Not constructively precise or in English, we cannot print any of it as yet. But we're trying. Similarly **Martin Aston's** near legendary **Adi Newton** feature — about **The Anti Group** and **Clock DVA** — is still at the translator.

Channel 4's **Famous For 15 Minutes** prog, is set to show off the lovely **Jack Rubies** among others, and further series are planned.

Back in tape-zine mode, **Head In The Clouds** are hawking a tape-zine featuring **Behest Of Ushura**, **Scraphead** and a bunch of other unpronounceables for £1.50 from 74 Monteth Crescent, Boston, Lincs.

JAMMS have edited out all the dodgy bits from their 1987: **What The F***'s Going On** album and have come up with a 25-minute 12-inch which they're selling as 1987: **The Edits**. Now, that is rock 'n' roll, isn't it?

Food (who brought you **Woodentops**, **Zed Mindperson**, **Crazyhead** and **Voice Of The Beehive**) have been offered label deals from **EMI** among others. And, **Medium Cool** have been elevated to label-of-the-year by the **Ugi** staff.



Mossa

Robert K Cohen's
Big Comment

after the fact

There's a lot of them about:

Smiths, I mean. Witness the severely sycophantic interview in a recent NME, where James Brown helps Mark E. Smith snigger at *The Smiths*, and Morrissey is branded as being "a professional Mancunian". If I interpret this snipe correctly, it's ironic to see the accompanying photo, where *The Fall* pose in front of four professionally-Northern-looking cooling-towers. A much more accurate exposure of *The Smiths'* preoccupations was, surprisingly, provided by *Melody Maker's* piss-take of the famous South Bank Show special — and the task was virtually achieved in one line:

"During the daytime we used to hang out at the local abattoir. It seemed a perfectly natural thing to do." *

And talking (via a tenuous link) of **Stiff**, the final nail in its coffin was the departure of **Dave Robinson**. The name lives on under **ZTT**, but not for **The Pogues**, who've been given their own label. The forth-

coming album will be released on 'Pogue Mahone', which, as we all know, was the original name of the band before **Radio One** got their sanctimonious claws in. ★ That leads us back to **Leon Rosselson's**

'Ballad of a Spycatcher'. Despite the **BBC's** granting of airplay approval, the **IBA** has distanced itself from such a decision by telling independent radio stations to get their own legal advice about the record.

Nothing to do with me, guv; I'm just the bloke who bans things.

Meanwhile, the home of Peter Wright, Australia, was recently the recipient of acclaim from *The Proclaimers*: **Craig Reid** told NME, "They're the best bastards going. *Dead straight*. The government might be a bit corrupt, but I like a nation where a working man gets some respect". 'Dead straight', huh? How about the working aborigine? So far this

year, I hear, there's been one aboriginal death in police custody every 11 days. In South Africa, they have a special phrase for racism: it's called maintaining the status quo. Or is it that *Status Quo* have a way of maintaining the apartheid? Either way, it helps if you play *Sun City*. It's also nice to know that apartheid is

alive and well and living in Britain — at **Leicester's Glenfield Lodge Hotel**, to be exact, where the **Bundhu Boys** were refused accommodation, despite having booked four days in advance. I wish them well in suing the hotel manager to death — or at least to bankruptcy, which will probably be more painful.

Now, I always think that letters pages reveal a lot about a music paper. Take *Melody Maker's* 'Pop! The Glory Years' — a slagging-off of everyone who's uttered a note in the last 20 years (except for **Lou Reed**, whose anal cavity is given a good polishing by the *Maker* nose). In response to a complaint about said feature, **Caroline Sullivan** explained that 'PITGY is intended as a tongue-in-cheek look at this rock thing'. In that case, the whole of **MM** must be 'tongue-in-cheek', because **PITGY** is just a highly potent concentration of all the bile usually expressed throughout the paper. "Why is it so difficult to accept that others' opinions may differ from yours?", asked **Ms Sullivan** of another correspondent. It's a good question, and one her colleagues should be made to answer. **Question of the year,**

however, was the one posed in *Smash Hits*: Would **Mike Peters** of *The Alarm* be buying any **BP** shares? No, he said, but hailed privatisation as "a good thing

for people on the shop floor". As to whether it was **Tory bribery**. . .? "I wouldn't know about that".

Nice to see him getting his head quickly back in the sand, in line with **S.HITS** editorial policy.

THE VIDEO



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Johnny Thunders

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THE BOOK



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7 UNDERGROUND



**TRADER
 IN DEATH**
 (RFB SIN 4)

ALSO

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 'O! AIN'T DEAD' EP
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ABSOLUTE ESSENTIALS FOR SUBVERSIVE LIVING

"IN THE SUMMER I WEAR MY TUBE TOP

**AND EDDIE TAKES ME TO THE
DRAG STRIP. . ." — Big Stick**

Eddie is Ed Roth and he'll take us all to the drag strip, courtesy of that filthy fiend of the freeways, Rat Fink. Ed Roth was the mama of all the hot rod customisers in their glory days, a master of making the goofiest idea into an axle-based reality.

The big car manufacturers weren't falling over themselves to pick up his ideas as Tom Wolfe predicted in his *Kandy-kolored Tangerine-flake Streamline Baby* profile, but what did Roth care, he was quickly becoming his own one-man industry.

When he wasn't sprayin' and weldin' machines he was churning out t-shirts and over-seeing merchandise. Ravell model kits of Ed Roth's Custom Monsters are still highly collectable (ask Big Black's Albini), the most popular of these was, yes indeed, a Rat Fink 3 million seller.

Now the nasty little grebo's got his own 3-D comic and it burns all cylinders, eyeballs poppin', tails lashin' and cam-shafts grindin'. Featuring: knockabout gag strips; an A-Z of custom/drag terms ("Z is for Zoomic Usplurge Headers" naturally); an interview with Ed Roth; a 3-D treatment of the cover he did for the Birthday Party's *Junkyard*, and best of all — the centrespread, with layers and layers of the gnarliest 3-D you'll ever see, but mind for the hound of Frankenstein sniffin' round the back of your eyesockets. You've been warned!

Rat Fink 3-D is published by 3-D Zone and can be bought for £1.75 (including 2 pairs of coloured specs) from all good comic shops.

Also in the series and well worth checking out — *Krazy Kat 3-D* and *Basil Wolverton 3-D*.
Vachel Booth



MAGAZINE WITH LONG HAIR

Bang! number 16 features loads of bands with long hair (**Red Kross**, **Das Damen**, **Thin White Rope** — not as long as others — **Swinging Erdites** and more). Written in American, it's full of jargon and reviews. A dollar plus an sae from 77 Newbern Ave, Medford, MA 02155, USA. Triv Tel



THE WORLD IN PLASTIC AND PAPER

Two confusingly daubed A5 'zines with large dollops of plastic are **But That's Downbeat And Ridiculous Sharon** and **Two Pint Take Home**.

Downbeat comes with a spiffy three-track noise from **Sperm Wails** plus a hard vinyl seven-inch in pic bag with tracks from **The Turncoats**, **Membranes**, **Dog Faced Hermans** and the **Wails** again.

Meanwhile, Two Pint has a few sentences on groups plus a flexi featuring the rather pleasant **Fat Tulips** and the angry **Rosehips** on a cover of **The Chesterfields'** Ask Johnny Dee.

(Prices are £1.50p plus sae for Downbeat from Elvina Flower, Keeping On Records, The Basement, 125 Wilton Rd, Victoria, London SW1 1JZ and 50p plus sae for Two Pint from Mark at 12 Chatsworth Place, Longthorpe, Peterborough, Cambs, PE3 6NP). Triv Tel

ART AND THE

ART THING

Rich Holden launches into the world of cooler than cool illustration with the **Green Bone Graphix** books entitled **Mesh**. Small doodles to some people perhaps, but life and death at the end of a pencil to the pure of eye. Don't miss this illustrated insight from Rich at 14 Woodlands Drive, Hawarden, Deeside, Clwyd, nr Chester, CH5 3LA. Dave Henderson





STARS

AND

THEIR

PETS

NO. ONE:

RED

LORRY

YELLOW

LORRY

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME!

Gimme donations, Shelter asks on behalf of its campaign for the homeless, and what better way than to swoop your loot for a massive 33 band sprawl of a video? If we're dropping names here, Shelter have reeled in the lot — **Shop Assistants**, **Mighty Lemon Drops**, **That Petrol Emotion**, the **Mary Chain**, **Wedding Present**, **Stump**, **Soup Dragons**, down to the likes of American entries **Sonic Youth** and **Big Black** (both live in London) and New Zealand candidates **The Chills**, **Bats** and **Verlaines**. Hand-held, hand-reared and handsome, some of the quality is D-I-Y-negative in the ideas department, plus the choice of bands conforms too easily to the idea that indiepop is white and guitar-based, but there is absolutely no reason whatsoever for not purchasing, because this is as good a document of the times as it is a cause. **Martin Aston**

CAT SCRATCH VIDEO!

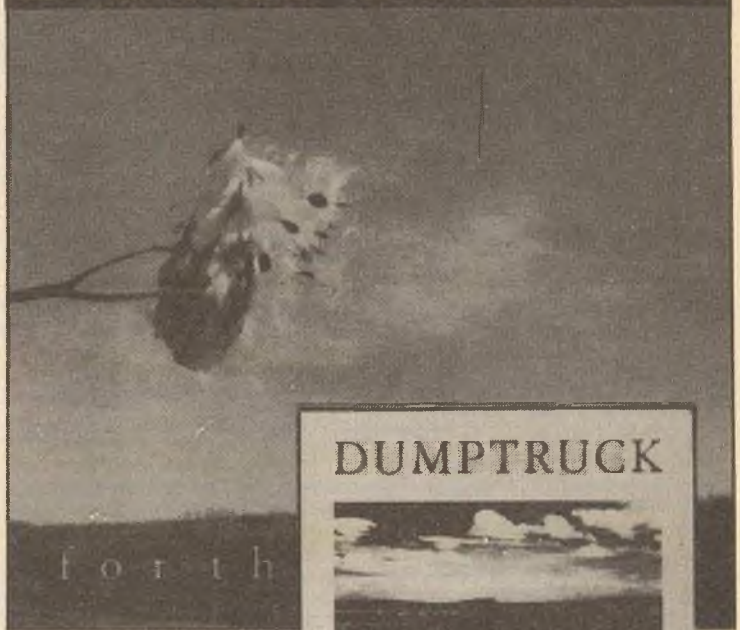
Jettisoundz release volume three of their **Blood On The Cats** series in the guise of **For A Few Pussies More**, a 12-track, 60-minute, collection featuring some of the more tattooed acts on the live circuit. A mix of shot and live footage, some of the acts come out better than the others, and **The Riverside Trio** and **Howlin' Will** both appear to be the kind of talent that crave a wider audience. **The Turnpike Cruisers'** visual escapades are quite commendable while **Bad Karma Beckons** make their anthemic **Six Brides For Jerry Lee** seem rather pathetic due to a less-than-inspiring filmic debut. With **The Meteors**, **The Wigs**, **Restless**, **Frenzy** and **Way Out West** all in *plus*-mode, it's a healthy collection overall, and it's available through Pinnacle. **Dave Henderson**

THUNDER READ!

Johnny Thunders' life and times are recorded in black and white for all to see in the 130-page **In Cold Blood** (Jungle Books). Written by gang-faithful **Nina Antonia**, it takes Johnny as King, and put-upon guy, rather than probing *too* deep into his drug problems, or exposing anything **New York Dolls** fans might not already know about his early days.

Worse still, if you wanted to lose any faith in the guy, just check the cringingly drab picture captions from the pen of JT. One-sided fan stuff that aficionados will swallow whole, it might choke the more thoughtful though. **Ripley**

DUMPTRUCK



DUMPTRUCK



going nowhere

going nowhere

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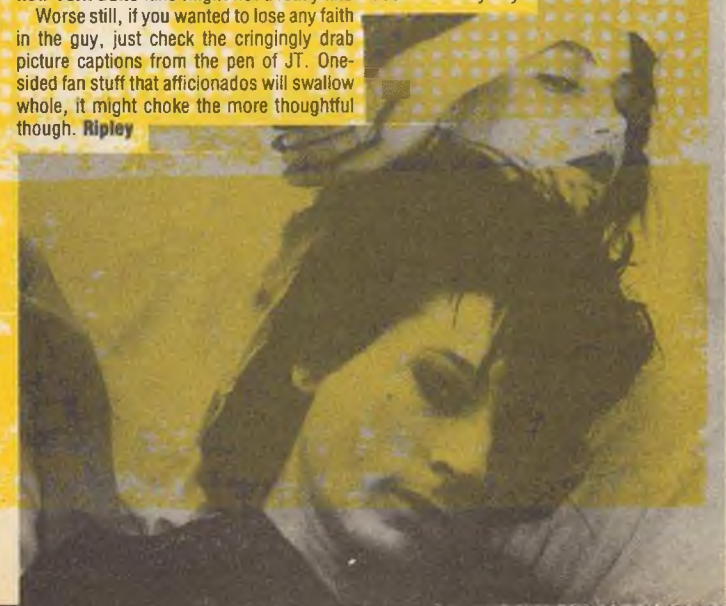
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EVOLUTIONS

Distribution initials are as follows:

- B** Backs | **C** Cartel | **Ch** Charly | **FF** Fast Forward | **Je** 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.)

BLITZOIDS

Stealing From Helpless Children

Mook Records (PO Box 1421, Lisle, IL 60532, USA) ●● Great album title, even better song titles (The Beard Of Percy, Lobotomy and Try And Stop Us), and what a weird album. It's hard to describe — 'unstitched, experimental jazzy pop that's had too much cheese to eat before going to bed' might be one third of the way there. It's quite Residents-like in its playful anarchy and submerged mayhem, if that's any guide. Maybe 'a protective musical box turning out truly psychedelic nursery rhymes that range from minimalist frenzy to simpering toy pop in the same breath' might be another third of the way. Actually, I think the remaining third better be up to your imagination. **Martin Aston**

THE BODHI-BEAT POETS

White Light

Dead Man's Curve DMCO!! **RR C** ●●● Manic funk-jazz fronted by Buddhist punk poet Craig Runyon, which makes the Last Poets sound positively tame. Side one is angry: Hard, funky rhythms and gruff vocals combin-

ing to particularly good effect on Peace and Drugs-Jack, two savage attacks on complacent *alternative* lifestyles.

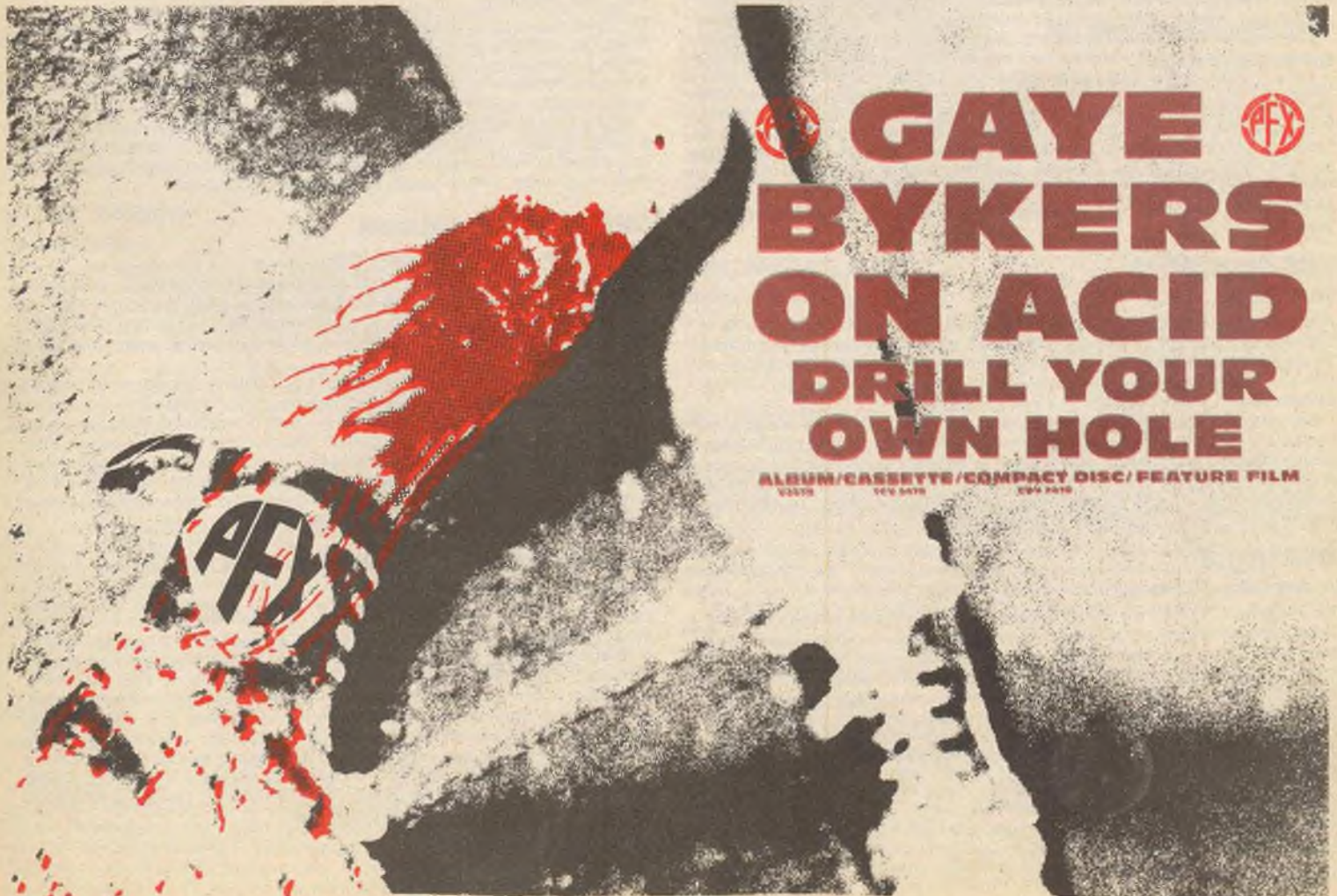
Side two is more jazzy and melodic with the words extolling the virtues of Buddhism in a way reminiscent of latter day Coltrane. There is some fine playing from the assembled musicians including Ian Caple on guitar, Lol Coxhill on sax and Ric Sanders on violin. Maybe some will find the Allen Ginsberg style of recitation hard to take in places but mostly it works surprisingly well, making this one of the most original and exciting albums I've heard for ages. **Frank Pigg**

THE BOMB PARTY

Liberace Rising

Worker's Playtime PLAY LP 2 ●●¾ Liberace Rising won't disappoint BP fans, it's loud, lewd and obnoxious in places, just as you'd expect. But, what I can't get to grips with is, how the latter tracks on side one and the beginning of side two sound like a totally different combo. For these tracks, the rock guard is down. After the obvious My Degeneration, can you handle seven tracks where the party gets close to Clock DVA's dance style — with steel toe caps — and sample Art Of Noise, with guitars emblazoned on their lapels? Probably

11 UNDERGROUND



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not, but that's what you get. Sadly Evil Eye goes down the sink, the unpronounceable El Savor Doo Dah is throwaway but the closer Metropolis gets back on the beam again. **Dave Henderson**

BREATHLESS

Three Times And Waving

Tenor-Bossa BREATH LP 6 **NM C** ●●½ There's a lot here that doesn't immediately filter into the thickness of your mind. Breathless are precious and at times sound remarkably huge, overblown, and a touch pompous. . . but they weave such a wondrous spell. Three Times And Waving could be seen as morbid, but at least it's mesmerising, it grabs you by the ears and massages you for a full 40 minutes, never attempting to bully, just to smother you in music. After the second and third play it gets even more intoxicating as it merges into one elongated wash of sound. It's a breathtaking suffocation, that'll leave you gasping for more. **Dave Henderson**

C CAT TRANCE

play Masenko Combo

Ink Records INK 33 **NM C** ●●● The progression of C Cat Trance through the tinkly market squares of an Indiana Jones film, through the portals of rock eclecticism and back to the table of ambient obscurity, has produced some fine music in the past, but never have they managed to get the chemistry to click to the level of play Masenko Combo. This new LP houses 50 minutes of intensely unique music, where slim similarities such as New Order in Calcutta or an Asian film soundtrack music gone pop, are the only phrases that can be spread over the proceedings. This is a finely honed and well distinguished LP that lapses into greatness every so often. . . while still suggesting that they have even more to come. **Dave Henderson**



THE CELIBATE RIFLES

Roman Beach Party

What Goes On Goes On 11 **Sh** ●●½ Gawd, this is boring. . . into the grey and pink mush that is my brain. . . and I like it! Doing the rock/surf/punk dance thing has become an institution in Australia, with, seemingly, thousands of guitar combo's churning out the same crashing waves of beach rock and seaside punk; a lot like the Celibates, but without the same amount of energy and adrenalin that is present at the Roman Beach Party. Jump up and down, spin around, slam, but for f**s sake move! Yeah, yeah, yeah, yahoo! **Daz Igmeth**

THE CRUCIF***S

Wisconsin

Alternative Tentacles VIRUS 53 **Sh** ●●½ The Crucif***s play protest songs in a variety of interesting styles; punky, trippy, folksy and jokey; and wait till you hear the vocalist! Singing, whining and shrieking such dreadful obscenities as "There's gotta be something really wrong here when pigs are allowed to reproduce"; well, really, did you ever? Hope so!

So, great music, good clear-headed lyrics and a vocal style that borders on the ludicrous; this is the formula that will, hopefully, boost this band higher into the field of your vision. Take a listen to Wisconsin; "This is not Disneyland. This is not punkland. This is Indian land. This is Indian land. You must be wondering how I know all these things. . . well, I'm God, so listen up, okay? My will be done." Amen! (Tee Heel). **Daz Igmeth**

DEATHWISH

At the Edge of Damnation

Metalworks VOV 667 ●● Deathwish are, claims the press release, the best British deathmetal outfit. On the evidence of this album I wouldn't disagree as they whip up a convincing brew of Sabbath-influenced heavy metal and hardcore thrash, that certainly leaves their English rivals standing. Their main asset is the superb guitar work of Dave Deathwish, who somehow manages to be faster than the speed of light, while avoiding the usual mind-numbing cliches. It's just a pity they seem to lack the sense of humour that gives their American and German counterparts the edge. Still, recommended if you don't like the lyrics too seriously. **Frank Pigg**

DD RANGED

Unfolded

Deranged Records 5D (660 Azalea Rd, Suite 121B, Mobile, AL 36609, USA) ●¾ A subtle rocky pop sound deftly nestles around some dodgier

than thou lyrical content here. Some of these DD Ranged folks seem to be busting to get deranged, to act as men in macs — living rock to the max — with more than a touch of self-conscious, self-destructiveness, bred into their music. To the general ear zone, Unfolded is pleasant enough, performed with spark and zest. Stuck tight in the "all lads together" marshland of deep south America, it's a little redneck at times, but it's disturbing enough to keep the interest. **Dave Henderson**

THE DEEP FREEZE MICE

War, Famine, Pestilence And Miss Timberlake

Cordella ERICAT 024 (8 Denis Close, Leicester, LE3 6DQ) ●●¼ The further developments, and unravelled mind-blowing brain numbness, of the Mice! Well, at least The Deep Freeze Mice can create something akin to originality with their eclectic blend of everything from Yes to Stockhausen — via The Beatles. This mouthful of a title doesn't contain as many of the group's commercially-structured "songs" as previous excursions have, but it's a fine musical montage nonetheless. Investigate and watch the cerebral fluid boil. **Ripley**

THE DIFFERENCE

Is

Contempo CONTE 115 **RR C** ●●● The Difference could easily have slipped through their own self-building process into a dodgy cesspit of vice, self-indulgence and psychedelic nostalgia, but no. Instead, this album is a pretty magnificent creation that sucks and blows fiery guitar pop, trips the light fantastic for the sake of art and its own good, and ends up with a collection of songs that are at first uplifting and eventually an absolute necessity.

It would be crass to say that through one LP, The Difference have introduced a kind of freedom in their sound that most groups never hope to manage, but there you have it. . . The Difference are *different*, they are passionate and emotive and they are essential ear fodder. Avoid at your peril. **Ripley**

DIVINE HORSEMEN

Snake Handler

New Rose ROSE 134 **D** ●¼ This is a pretty par for the course rock record from The Divine Horsemen. Cult popularity and the drab state of US rock might make this LP buyable, but there's nothing really here, other than the sound of Chris D and his cronies treading water. The whole thing is conducted on a low gas burner, and Julie Christensen's vocal lines never get the chance to be more than "supportive". **TC Wall**

DUMPTRUCK

For The Country

Big Time Records ZL 71492 (Distr BMG Records) ●● Dumtruck (hmm, dunno about the name) occupy that precarious American country-meets-rock arena, as conquered by REM. Occasionally, they reach similar heights (Going Nowhere, Particularly) and do it in fine style. But similarly they do occasionally stray too far towards the rock cliché to fully succeed.

All credit to them for attempting a bit of variety, though there is something of a surfeit of over-dramatic slowies. Certainly, this LP demonstrates their fine musicianship well, particularly on the guitar, which they seemingly bend to their every whim. One to watch, for sure. **Carole Linfield**

THE DURUTTI COLUMN

The Guitar And Other Machines

Factory FACT 204 **D** ●●● The Durutti testament turns over a new technological leaf and is available not only on vinyl, cassette and CD, but also in the new squeaky-clean DAT format. And, who better to break this new ground than the Duruttis — whose high-class guitar music has approached meteoric proportions of melancholia?

That Vinni "Mr Column" Reilly hasn't particularly moved mountains to diversify his talented beginnings matters not a jot, because The Guitar And Other Machines is just as unique as his first breathtaking finger-plays on Sketch For Summer from his debut LP. The Durutti Column's instrumental phases and phrases, shows the would-be classicist world of new age music for the thin and tacky nothingness that it truly is, while raising Reilly's work onto a level with of a Glass, Reich or Branca. Exceptionally good. **Dave Henderson**

EDWARD II AND THE RED HOT POLKAS

Let's Go Polka Vol 1

Cooking Vinyl Cook 006 **NM C** ●½ In which The Mekons and various other born again roots musicians take the listener on a tour of worldwide instrumentals, from the Scottish reel of The 79th Highlanders Farewell To Gibraltar to the more contemporary The Walls Of Butlins. That the instrumentation stays the same throughout — plenty of accordions and violins, though not a trace of vocals anywhere — contributes to a disappointing sameness that shouldn't be apparent in a collection of such supposedly varied numbers: the ace card of Dawn Run, distinctly cajun in flavour, is played first, and the record fails to then rise above it. But not to sound despondent, for taken in small doses, Let's Go Polka Vol 1 is a good time roots sound destined to entertain. **Tony Fletcher**

MAX EIDER

The Best Kisser In The World

Big Time ZL 71428 ●● Uncle Max gets into Byraves and Sinatra pose,

polishing his smooth larynx with a bar towel on this mouth-fresh set. A big production and some difficult tempos throw the proceedings into a dangerous world of all-embracing croonery, that only occasionally stops a second to upturn its collar. Max has taken his feet off the coffee table and laid his silky sweet sheet music there instead, a fluffy pop cloud, with dollar signs, hangs above the proceedings and you expect him to tap dance at the drop of a cocktail glass. This is sophisticated stuff, do *not* file under punk! **Ripley**

FLYING COLOR

Flying Color

Frontier FLP 1022 (Box 22, Sun Valley, CA 91353, USA) ●7/8 Flying Color's songs are bendy plasticine visions, coloured with light and dark reflections of life's happenings. Intriguing, interesting, cherishable tunes that brim with affection and drag a wry smile to cracked lips. Flying Color's only real problem, as they tell their story with a harmonious, almost Hollies/Beatles veneer, is their inability to develop the initial ideas they throw out on track one. Samey for sure, but lovable all the same. **TC Wall**



FRANK CHICKENS

Get Chickenized

Flying Records STIR 1 ●3/4 The Frank Chickens have enjoyed cult status for some time, yet so far have failed to capitalise on it, perhaps because their act can be interpreted as a rather twee, self-deprecating East meets West act which easily wears thin. It's true that such thoughts rear their Godzilla-like heads on this LP occasionally too. But, having said that, *Get Chickenized* incorporates some fine instrumentation, some excellent songs and some undeniable lyricism.

Steve Beresford and David Toop played on and produced this opus — they're an independent version of Stock Aitken Waterman, it sez here — so maybe it's more than uncanny that the Chickens look like an Oriental Mel & Kim on the back cover.

There's a nice twist of styles on here, some of which show off the girls' vocal capabilities nicely, and others, like the excellent *We Say You Say*, which blend a dance beat with interesting lyrics, tipping more than a wink at classics like Tom Tom Club's *Wordy Rappinghood*. And *Chicken Ondo* sounds like some kind of Indian chant set to a surrealist backing.

Someone once said that the great Japanese joke on the rest of the world was sushi. Likewise, you're best advised to take the Chickens as they are here — raw and juicy. You won't even get a bad stomach the next day, either — can't be bad. **Carole Linfield**

GHOST DANCE

Gathering Dust

Karbon KAR XL303 ●2/3 Ghost Dance continue to grind into their basic post-punk-pop style and, inevitably they manage to come up with some interesting sidelines. *Gathering Dust* features a brace of '86 recordings including covers of Golden Earring's *Radar Love*, Roxy Music's *Both Ends Burning* and Suzi Quatro's *Can The Can*. All are sweet pop and true to their roots, but it's in the group's self-penned output that the real test lies. The majority of it bodes well for the future, but they're still searching for that big one that might just break through to a few more would-be Ghost Dancers. **Johnny Eager**

HEADS ON STICKS

Second Feed

Dead Mans Curve DMC Q23 ●1/2 Not as promising as you might think; great name for a band, pity the music is so bleeding monotonous most of the time. Fine ideas and some spooky sounds get spun out far further than patience is willing to allow; what starts out sounding eerie or evocative becomes a nuisance through lack of change and, in the end, ends up going nowhere.

Experimentation with the existing sound that they already possess might yield something of real worth, though. Stick at it, Heads. **Daz Igymeth**

HURRAH!

Way Ahead

Esurient PACE 2 ● Worra bitch! Difficult to describe this live recording of *Hurrah!* which was specially recorded through one of the audience's sock while the soundman was in vodka heaven. The noise is not good, but the embittered pop of *Hurrah!* just about manages to shine through the mire. Fans would have forked out the cash on Camden Market for a live tape of this, but on LP the flaws become even more obvious. There will not be a simultaneous CD or DAT package. **Johnny Eager**

STEVE LAKE

So Cruel

Play It Again Sam BIAS 52 ●1/2 I feel so mellow listening to this album. Eight tracks from Steve that listlessly wander through the recesses of your mind leaving little to grasp other than the Kleenex. There's always been a difficult ground bereft from folk and country, on a road to The Eagles or Crosby, Stills & Nash, and Steve Lake's battered guitar case and sorry tales is slouched on the sidewalk with a dry throat. A commendable collection of sounds and ideas but not something that makes you bust to play it. **Dave Henderson**

DINO LEE

The New Las Vegas

New Rose ROSE 127 ●● This guy is weird. A touch of funky brass surrounds this Daii-esque crooner who gets throaty over such gems as *Wayne Newton Is A Dike?*, *Stud Pony* and *The Whole World Is A Hat*. Nightclub cabaret sounds with a gory, beefed-up, blood-spattered edge and you know what? Well, maybe not, and definitely don't ask me to explain this rowdy white trash, just open up your ears...and inhale. **TC Wall**

LOCOMOTIVE LATENIGHT

Centre Town Sunset

KDY Records KDYLP 3 ●● Hot from Kirkcaldy, Scotland, come the LL's with a seven track mini-album. And, despite taking the familiar rock road, there are two factors which separate this band from the rest of the mob; firstly, the downbeat Bunnymen vocal and secondly the gusto with which they perform — one suspects that live they are a truly rabble-raising proposition. This record has all the rawness of a first attempt, and promises well for the future. **Julian Henry**

THE LONG TALL TEXANS

Los Me Boleros

Razor ●7/8 A six track mini-set from the lads with a wry smile and a Clash cover in their pocket. Rockabilly that shakes and rattles in the perfect style of *The Clash's Should I Stay Or Should I Go?*, and manages to retain that barbed expression throughout the other five tracks that are on show. Succinct and *slightly* soiled, *The Long Tall Texans* holler up a storm, as well you'd imagine, and if they can regain the press interest that they had in their last two singles, this should do quite nicely for them. **Johnny Eager**

LOOP

Heaven's End

Head HEAD 1 ●2/3 Loop's peppered psychedelia has been acclaimed in the past as a God-head noise that's capable of all sorts of unbelievable excesses. Maybe first time around, their novelty was something to gag at, but even the summer of love, part 14, seems a little distant as the leaves are turning brown. Out of the magic mushroom season, it's unlikely that Loop will be able to turn heads like they did, but that'd be something of a shame. *Heaven's End* is a stylised platter in its own right, as it grinds and churns through unclassifiable rhythmic hues, leaving guitars to overload for the hell of it. By the end of side two, it's become part of your personality, and you just need another hit to get you through the night. Loop leave you wanting and, as a sales-point that's an ideal situation. **Ripley**

THE MACC LADS

Bitter, Fit Crack

FM Records WKFMLP 100 More songs about sexual fetish and drinking from the frustration/ale collective. The question is, though, does anybody buy this shoddy dross? **Johnny Eager**

MCCARTHY

I Am A Wallet

September ●●● Why hasn't this LP been raved about, why haven't people been screaming from tall buildings that McCarthy are the best band ever? I've had this album two weeks and it's already worn out, without hesitation — it's my favourite record this year. McCarthy give us songs of intensity, songs about politics, struggle and irony, coupled with the most accessible melody. There is beauty and romance hidden within this album's velvet glove, it's subversive pop in its rawest form, militant pop in splendour.

I Am A Wallet is an essential purchase not to be shyed away from. **Johnny Dee**

THE MIDNIGHT CHOIR

Trussed By Buddha

Probe Plus PROBE M16 ●3/4 This mini-album is best summed up by looking at the cover. An indistinct collage of *something*, which is either gold or a funny brown colour. The group's name is almost undefinable, and when you flip it over the story gets even *less* clear. Fact is, for the most part this terse, jerky, outburst is quite gold-like in its structure and delivery. The *Midnight Choir* are unfortunately faceless and will probably find it difficult to impress with their distinct driving sounds, but for those lucky enough to come across *Trussed By Buddha*, it's an ancient artefact that's worth catching hold of. **Dave Henderson**

CD

releases in the independent sector shock!

CABARET VOLTAIRE's recently-deleted past, on the Rough Trade and Crepuscule labels, gets a timely re-release — as they have their latest washing aired on Parlophone. CD purists can now sample **The Golden Moments Of** on Rough Trade (through the Cartel), an 11-track set which features Do The Mussolini (from their first EP), Nag, Nag, Nag and Seconds Too Late (from the RT seven inch catalogue), Sluggin' For Jesus (a 12-inch A side from Crepuscule) plus a handful of album tracks spanning their first self-titled affair to their last, 2x45, before the departure of **Chris Watson**.

The Wedding Present's **George Best** album is out on CD on Reception (through Red Rhino and the Cartel) with two extra tracks — a cover of **Girls At Our Best's** Getting Nowhere Fast being one of them. The Cartel seems to be moving frantically into the CD market, with all the major distributors offering material and quite a lot of it being what might seem like surprising choices for the medium. Still, what the hell, it's all about change. . . right?

From our recent history, **Jeffrey Lee Pierce's** Wildweed solo album from '85 is available on Statik through Pinnacle, while **The Fleshtones** have Fleshtones Vs Reality on Emergo (again through Pinnacle). As you might have noticed, all the Factory, Mute, 4AD and Beggars Banquet albums are available on CD, but did you know that most SST releases are now available here?

Distributed by Pinnacle, the label has catalogue items that you never even dreamt of. As we sit and wait for the new **Meat Puppets' LP**

Huevos, the group's back catalogue is available, and yes, that includes the self-titled first album, that's not even been available on vinyl in the UK previously.

What's more, it's excellent stuff too.

Successful ex-SST people, **Husker Du** have all their back catalogue on CD — including the excellent **Flip Your Wig** with the brillo Makes No Sense At All — the most recent addition to the list being their psychedelic nightmare double **Zen Arcade** — that one will knock your socks off.

Similarly all the **Black Flag** releases are available (and again, a lot of these haven't made it here in vinyl form). Listened to in chronological order you can see how they've changed and changed and changed again, and if you want to pick up on SST, the label, and their changes, check **Blasting Concept II**, a gory colour clash with tracks from the metallic **Saint Vitus, Black Flag, Gone, Minutemen, Tom Troccoli's Dog, Angst** and the rest of the crew.

Coming soon in the medium to make you gag, that **Durutti Column** massive package of all their work, plus a new album on CD and DAT from Factory (through Pinnacle), more back catalogue **Front 242** on RRE (through Red Rhino and the Cartel), **Pieter Nooten** and **Michael Brook's** collaboration on **Sleeps With The Fishes** on 4AD (through the Cartel), **Derek Jarman's The Last Of England** soundtrack on Mute and **Mark Stewart's** excellent self-titled LP on Mute (both through the Cartel). **Dave Henderson**



Mal Voltaire ponders over the Cabs back pages

MOTTEK

Riot

Starving Missile Records SMR 037 **P** ● Hardcore thrash from this German band, with roots planted firmly in the Killjoys' division of 1977. Occasionally the sound gets, as on the surprisingly poppy Torture, but mostly the songs sound as depressingly familiar as their one word titles Loneliness, Nothing, Riot *et al* suggest. Nice grey vinyl though. **Frank Pigg**

THE MULTI-COLOURED SHADES

Sundome City Exit

ABC LP14 **P** ● ● 1/2 There's something that doesn't quite add up here, and it's that lack of an understandable equation that makes Multi-Coloured Shades a lot more than just another post-'80s psychedelic outfit fresh from the garage. Their Stones fixation on the cover of 20,000 Light Years is really more akin to a search for what made the Stones tick than a forged, forced copy. Sundome City Exit boasts an airy independence that can only be praised, and what's more you might just enjoy it too. **Johnny Eager**

THE MYTH

The Myth

Midnight Music CHIME 003 3M **C** ● ● It looks like the fashionable heavy rock revival is wimpering out which is a shame for The Myth, who have the potential to be massive if only Zodiac and the Gaye Bykers hadn't got there first with their over-indulgent cabaret acts.

The music is no frills hard rock 'n' roll with the obligatory wailing guitar and growled vocals, more evidence that all you have to do to form a band nowadays is buy a Rockman and swallow excessive amounts of gravel. Still the music is undeniably exciting, get-off-your-arse-shitkicking-stuff, which only gets really embarrassing on the showpiece number Hard-Rockin', where vocalist Wooly D feels compelled to "introduce the band". **Frank Pigg**

NO

Glory For The Shit For Brains

Ultimate ULP 001 (152 Greville Street, Praham, VIC 3181, Australia)

● ● 3/4 My God! And you thought all the Aussies were into drawn-out sub-Ramones geezer boogie or jangling stuff! Little did we know. No are a boishy trio who fall somewhere between PIL, SPK, Cassandra-Complex-with-a-song and Sputnik (with some creds left). No play powerful music, screeching and throbbing with dancebeats, punctured with jagged guitar and a chanting, remonstrating vocal line that convinces you that left is right. The terminal end of rock, and don't it sound perfect! You bet! **Dave Henderson**

KATIE PERKS

Shine The Light

Plastic Head PLAS/LP 010 **B** **C** ● 1/2 Katie is caught in a strange flux. Respected by poets, purists and the like, her thoughtful prose lose effect through their delicacy on her second album. Sure enough she can sing, but the arrangements are too glitzy, too nightclub cabaret in parts, that some of these tracks end up as real stinkers. Most of it cuts like diamond and allows Katie's trills and tones to break free — alod by a funkier than thou rhythm — but there's always that nagging Toyah-on-tour dodginess lurking that tends to upset the proceedings. **Ripley**

THE PINK FAIRIES

Kill 'Em And Eat 'Em

Demon FIEND 105 **P** ● ● From the pub of 1,000 spill pints, the state for the Fairies rests on to of several beer crates. Pretty poetic moodsetter, eh? Well, the world revolves and Larry Wallia returns with the "never-ageing Twink" in another reformed PF line-up. Rockers to the last, these boys have an authentic late '70s drawl that puts them a few crates higher than their contemporaries and makes this LP a listenable foray of guitar rock — not loud enough to be Motorhead, too old to be punk-a-cred, but as Stiff as they come. Sweet, clear production too. **Johnny Eager**

POP WILL EAT ITSELF

Box Frenzy

Chapter 22 CHAP LP 18 **NM** **C** ● "F*** this grebo shit, HIT THE HI-TECH GROOVE," announces Box Frenzy, but you can f*** that as well if this is progress. Once upon a time, the Poppies affectionately parodied the indie guitar market and gave us a bit of shafty pop in the process, but by respecting the signs of the times and aiming to be a suburbanised, Midland poppy version of The Beatle Boys, the group have denied themselves any ingenuity. Instead, this is playdough fever, where sample after 'hi-tech' groove after sample is shoved together in between some vapid pop songs so that Box Frenzy is layered like a club sandwich but tastes only like hot air. All Box Frenzy goes to prove is that sampling is easy, the public are gullible and grebo is an anagram for "sham city, actually". **Martin Aston**

POPULARNAJA MEHANIKA featuring WESTBAM

Non Mexahnka

What's So Funny About... SF 57 **RR** **C** ● ● 1/2 Stranger still. This lot are difficult to track down and difficult to categorise. I'm not even sure if the title of this record is correct, but I can say that it's available through the Cartel and that it should definitely be lapped up. At a guess they're from West Germany and their individual mix of cut up scratch records, powerchord guitars and general artistic endeavour makes for a strange blend of very listenable dance-come-rock collage. This is a truly all consuming listen that really gets inside your flesh. Recommended, rash and ranting. **Hip! TC Wall**

PRONG

Primitive Origins

Split 10-7993 **SRD** ●● Lead and driving New York Hardcore from Prong on their debut album which briefly appeared Stateside a while back. The response was as vociferous as their music and the 2,000 pressing sold out before the dust had settled on the fretboard. Now available in the UK, it's plain as a pin prick that Prong haven't lost any of their energetic fervour in the meantime and a second thrusting surge of plastic, Force Fed, should follow before side one of this noisy bastard spirals to a close. Fine and exhausting. **TC Wall**

PETER ROWAN

Peter Rowan

Special Delivery SPD 1005 **NM** **C** ●● Bittersweet country tunes, cleansed with accordion and Tex-Mex flavour, leaving a lovesick aftertaste. Rowan has been seen with Seatrain, The Rowan Brothers, Earth Opera and numerous bluegrass groups and, for his first solo UK effort, he's come out smelling sweeter than a tray of chips and salsa. Rowan's bedraggled vocals, and some perfect instrumentation, pull this album close to the country heartlands leaving just enough accessible handholds for the tourist music class to grapple with a new sound. Music of magnificent proportions intoxicated with a Tequila-soaked scent. **Johnny Eager**

RUEFLEX

Playing Cards With Dead Men

Flicknife BLUNT 041 **R** ●● 1/2 Songs from the Irish revolution courtesy of Rueflex, on this five track mini-album which breaks their temporary silence. Following their independent number one, general acclaim, and a top 50 single in Wild Colonial Boy on Stiff, the group have finally got their grim-faced trimmed, but not truncated, on this uplifting rock record. Without falling back on the all too obvious folk roots of, say, The Pogues, Rueflex have adapted their rock colours into a powerful platform from which to speak, and in doing so have come up with some quality songs too. Excellent stuff. **Johnny Eager**

SAVAGE REPUBLIC

Live Trek

Fundamental SAVE 042/43 **RR** **C** ●● Savage Republic's live sorties from '85 and '86 are surveyed and laid end to end on this double album of disturbing noise. This is one of those records that begs to be played at full volume, as guitars wash through the lobotomy and the tinkling of the odd percussion instrument supplies the light and dark. Occasionally there are rough, gruff vocal lines, half obscured, shouted, whispered, as the relentless wall of sound casts a murky shadow over proceedings. Your neighbours may learn to hate this multi-layered cacophony, but your mind will seem larger with its presence. **Ripley**

SCREAMING TREES

A Fracture In Time

Native NTV 24 **RR** **C** ●● 1/2 Screaming Trees live in a twilight world which encompasses all manner of influences, from Pink Floyd to 23 Skidoo. There's ambient music, there's some excellent use of talkover and there's quite a variety of moods, from the eerie to the manic.

My favourites are those that use vocals; without, they sound just too much like so many other "atmospheric" bands that eke their way onto these pages. A prime example is the superb Colesium (sic), which would make a fine single.

Aside from a few indulgences — like having the album's title track run in three pieces throughout the LP — there's more than enough going on here to warrant further investigation and significant future interest. **Carole Linfield**

SEMINAL RATS

Omnipresent

What Goes On GOES ON 10 **RT** **C** ●● 3/4 Smell the petrol slog and burning rubber as Seminal Rats — now there's a street fightin' name! — drive their R'n'B-propelled twin-guitar turbo-rock out of the garage. The Rats drive well out onto familiar tarmac, because we're talking the Stooges-Saints-Ballo Birdman school of motoring. They occasionally slip into a knackered Deep Purple over-ride — F.U.S.T. is Smoke On The Water or I'm a driving instructor from hell — which halts Seminal Rats' concentrated spew and sprawl ride through the ozone layers like their tenses ancestral inspirations, but Omnipresent will still get you there. Seminal Rats smell authentic, and for some, that's plenty enough. **Martin Aston**

SHARKY'S MACHINE

Let's Be Friends

Shadowline SR 7807 **RR** **C** ●● An oddly-rounded disc from this US outfit who chop and change their guitarings at the least provocation. Sharky's Machine are bathed in humour, style and mayhem and their, quite carressable, tunes slip easily from heavy duty agro-talk to sweetly structured moodiness (usually bad moodiness). An inspiring set all the same. **Dave Henderson**

SHOCK HEADED PETERS

Fear Engine

Produkt Korps PKER 0200 **RR** **C** ●● 3/4 Karl Blake's life story gets yet hazier on this split-personality platter. Side one features some mean petering on a studio selection from hell, featuring Say No To Funk and a bag of other heavy-handed anthems.

The flip makes Karl even more of a celeb by showing off the Peters in live setting, during their visit to Switzerland earlier this year. This is gargantuan guitar-maniac stuff with a gritty spittle-soaked whisker gagging in the throat. Fine and fearful. **Dave Henderson**



SLAB
Dissension

Ink INK 32 **NM** **C** This a reverberating vacuum that rumbles and rolls through the backwaters of beyond in search of a better environment. Slab have become like a tarnished pump-action shotgun, loaded with tranquilisers, gritting their teeth and making their throats hurt when they talk. Slab make a gut-wrenching splurge of sound which squeezes its way into your field of vision through a barrage of greys. The secret is to realise that this is far beyond a slowed-Swans variation, it's more like it's rubbing shoulders with the sound of the last train on the Bakerloo line as it slows into the station at Baker Street. As it picks up speed again it makes your whole body vibrate, it takes you by the ankles and makes you do a silly 'dance of the commuters', reducing your feet, in the process, to the sound of a sanding attachment for a Black And Decker. Yeah, these guys really know how to rock out. . . **TC Wall**

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The stranger side of vinyl

something

A letter from the house of ill health by Ripley

I've had a bad week! Y'know? *Bad!* It all started when my hangover on Tuesday morning was disturbed by the postman delivering two (not just one, but two) albums by **Elliot Sharp**. Now Elliott's a daunting guy/guitarist at the best of times, and when your head feels like a **Spitting Image** puppet he's not the most handsome. But, duty calls.

plastic

The sleeves alone were mind-blowing cross-colour play offs, but *that* was nothing. As I sweated into my Shredded Wheat, the strains of **In The Land Of The**

Yahoos (SST through Pinnacle) dislodged huge mounds of wax. It's *weird!* A kind of scraping collage of sound that revolves around a funk bass and some disturbing vocal sounds. People screaming, people hollering, you know the kind of art-jazz-rock thang. Elliott's first body blow was swiftly followed by **Tessalation Row** (SST through

this

Pinnacle), a temperature-increasing wash of systems music that felt like 1,000 ants pin-pricking their way into my forehead. *Too much!*

A little light relief was briefly grasped with Re Records quarterly Vol 2 No 2 (which masquerades as an album and 64-page booklet), but the thought of being so inward-looking about music has always troubled me. Still there are some discreet noises on offer from **Robert Wyatt, Henry Kaiser, Intellectual Cabaret** from

way

Yugoslavia, and several others. But, compilations are hard work, unless they're unique.

At the moment there are plenty of oddball variations masquerading as compilations, none more stylised than **Geyser**, an Enigma 11 tracker (through the Cartel) which focuses on independent Icelandic music from the '80s. So, now that everyone's tuned into **The Sugarcubes**, we can cast a be-icicled brow back to their home country and ask, is there any more where that came from? Well,

comes

yes and no.

So what about another Shredded Wheat? And what about Iowa? In Iowa, according to South East Records (208 E Davenport St, Iowa City, Iowa 52240, USA), things are grooving in a particularly raucous guitar mode. I know this because I have heard the 13 bands on their Iowa Compilation. Maybe it was the earliness of the early morning, maybe it was an aversion to derivative guitars but it all sounded like one band, apart from a few notables. **The Hollow Men** were one of these, **Full Fathom Five** were another and I couldn't make my mind up about **Cursing Birds**. . . which is *good*.

More comps. . . And, Shadowline (through Red Rhino and the Cartel) have **The 20th Anniversary Of The Summer Of Love** with a fine roll call, including **Half Japanese, Shockabilly, Missing Foundation, Bongwater, Artless** and plenty more. Now these cats *are* alternative and so are the strange Japanese acts who supply the tracks for Cordelia Records' (8 Denis Close, Leicester) **Obscure Independent Classics Vol Four**. They have strange names and sound stranger than strange too.

Now *this* is an album that you won't believe until you believe it. Oh *you* know, like the person who ate *three* Shredded Wheat. Un-Be-Lievable! And not to be missed. What's more, along with a couple of Alka Seltzer it nearly cleared my hangover.

Is it junk mail, though? Or am I just lucky to get such a wide collection of noisy urchins who seem desperate to inform me of their every waking thought? Well, OK, the albums are good to melt down and make costume jewellery from, but what about the formless cassettes trundle into the pounding world?

This month's selection included **Cod, Peace And Greenery** from **Salad From Atlantis**. *Weird? Hell* no. The Salads are limp, rocky and a little uninspiring, but their tape is on Acid Rain, 50 Warmdene Rd, Brighton, E Sussex, and the label also boasts releases from **Culturcide, Flux** and **The Very Things**.

Gorwel Owen knows things are *better* in Wales. Soon he'll be releasing a second **Eirin Peryglus** single (and they're *good*), for now there's some commendable moodiness from **Plant Back Ofnus** on the short tape **Pydredd** (just £1.30 from OFN, Ty'r Stesion, Llangwyllog, Mon, Gwynedd, LL77 7HQ). Check that one out, and ask for a catalogue.

And then there was three neat packages from German label Amigo (Wiener Strasse 21, 1000 Berlin). They are of intriguing high quality, presenting things that really *are* different. For instance it was during the off-the-wall electronics and harmonies of **Fake Diskurs** that I first began to see some kind of, you know, form to life. Hey man, I thought. This is deeeeeeeep.

The other two sets were similarly inspiring. First up, **Schewefel** offered a retro of their career on the Detailed collection — they play uptempo punk-funk with a shout and scream. Finally, and just before I return to bed to see out the duration of the morning, let me say that the best of the three they sent over was C87: Space Pop — an all-encompassing compilation with contributions from **PLO, Charles Lemming, Freiwillige Selbstkontrolle, Camping Sex** and more. How strange the world is, eh?

THE SPACE MAGGOTS

Leave It!

Vinyl Solution SOL-6 ●●¼ A fine debut from this Ipswich five piece. The Maggots are produced by The Stupids' Andrew Fryer and on this brief six track show suggest that they're from a long tradition of stylish punk-pop outfits akin to The Undertones, Ramones and Vibrators. Brought bang up-to-date, their lyrical charm and positive sound has all the zip and throttle of '77 with an extra dollop of charm and chuckles. Billed as schoolboy hardcore, it's more soft and lovable than that, while still retaining that all important edge on its contemporaries. **Johnny Eager**

MARK STEWART

Mark Stewart

Mute STUMM 43 ●●● My God! This is a surprise. The only track from this phase of *phased* Stewpot. I'd previously heard *Stranger* and, out of context, it didn't do a lot. Here with a whole backdrop etched and colour-xeroxed by Stewart, Keith Leblanc, ex-Sugarhill Doug Wimbish and Ohio Player Skip McDonald, the story's totally different. This is a nightmarish soundtrack punctuated with radioplay, documentary TV, good near-commercial songs and all that kind of thing. Littered with all the right noises, this is the way forward, the Medusa string that a lot of discredited new musos will never find. Brilliant. **Dave Henderson**

THE STUPIDS

Jesus Meets The Stupids

Vinyl Solution SOL-7 ●●● The sub-standard mixing of Van Stupid's hardcore guitars must have redoubled their commitment to get it right, because Jesus Meets The Stupids eats amplifiers for breakfast.

This is the benchmark that all Brit-rock of all temperatures must measure themselves by. The album also marks another watershed for The Stupids, because who else is trying to ape AC/DC while keeping their 'future of hardcore pop' on ice? As metal 'core goes, this is premium grade; ragged, bulging riffs skate off Tommy Stupid's brat-bite of a voice, while all around every ounce of electrical tackle fights for attention.

The song titles are typical Stupid irreverence and sloganeering like *Dog Log, Bug Blood, Skid Row*, (a re-recording of a track off The Stupids' first album), *Pigman and Slit Your Wrist*, a hilarious full-pelt mauling of *Twist And Shout*. Not forgetting Ed Shred's input, Tommy's efforts as drummer, lead guitarist, vocalist, arranger and producer (at the hoary old age of 19), qualifies him as bona fide Boy Wonder. Serious brilliance. **Martin Aston**

THE JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET

The Money Spyder

Re-Elect The President Kennedy 1 ●●● The James Taylor Quartet are being hotly tipped in all sorts of quarters these days and, as Barry Norman would say, why indeed not? They possess all the qualities of a major club act, even to the extremes of looking like Italian bouncers on the back cover.

The Taylor Quartet are aiming for authenticity without stuffiness, and get it right. All of this album is self-penned, and sets the seal on an already burgeoning back catalogue of fine covers. They know their *Hamm* boys, and they know how to stop interest from slipping. There's real *spy* movie stuff, like *One Way Street*, and more atmospheric tracks, too, like *The Stroll*, which comes complete with birdsong and which begs to have one of those silent 60s black-and-white comedy films made to go with it.

Smart Swiss ski resorts should be queuing up for their services any day now. *Break a leg, kids!* **Carole Linfield**

THE THANES

Thanes of Cawdor

DDT Records DISP LP 11 ●● Tune in, turn on and wig out with The Thanes, Scotland's entry in the trans-Atlantic let's re-create the Pebbles LPs contest. What's more, they've done it extremely well. So what if The Chocolate Watchband, 13th Floor Elevators, Electric Prunes, Seeds, Roky et al were all in Baghdad before this lot were in their dads' bags — most groups of that ilk only had one memorable song in them. Of the nine self-penned numbers here, The Thanes could have, um, several. And they also knock out a host of covers for your further delectation. **Alex Bastedo**

THESE IMMORTAL SOULS

Get Lost (Don't Lie!)

Mute STUMM 48 ●●¼ Comprising of Rowland S Howard, his bro Harry, Epic 'the Map' Soundtracks and Genevieve McGuckin, these souls look destined to be raised to cult status before you can say *pass the Tequila*. An album's worth of inward looking self-denial, illustrated with compassionate disbelief and all round quality instrumentation, might seem like a totally self-indulgent experience, but These Immortal Souls more than justify their existence (quickly leaping over the cult trappings) by producing some commendable songs, which is arranged in an extremely enticing style. Sure, it's downbeat, druggy, late night music — when you're watching videos with sound down at 4am — but there're times when things like that (and this) are an absolute must. **Ripley**

THE THREADS

As Yet Untitled...

Unicorn PH2A 14 ●¾ The Threads' confusingly titled album is something of a box of sticky sweets. Some of the centres are exposed and

EXTRA!

have a kind of unconvincing sickly green colour, while others are rounded and rewarding, all chocolate coated and still physically intact. As Yet Untitled offers eight confections, that suggest a fine line in immediate maturity — but more than a smidgeon of confusion.

A strange problem you might think, but one look at the sleeve reveals that these *nouveau modernes* are teensters with new plectrums — who probably missed The Jam's first steps, and definitely never heard The Kinks or The Small Faces first time around. Suffice to say, that The Heads' future, although it's unclear which road they'll take, should be well worth following. **Johnny Eager**

THE TRIFFIDS

Calenture

Island ILPS 9885 ●●● It's a tough place to be, up there on the crest of a press wave, with everyone around waiting to see if you'll sink or swim. Perhaps that's why they've named their LP after an hallucinatory fever that strikes delirious sailors, who imagine that the sea is really rolling green fields, and try to leap into them. Apt, really, because The Triffids present fresh pastures of undulating, verdant music that has just that effect on the listener.

What they produce, very successfully, is heavily lyric-based, hard-edged music, akin to a more muscular Lloyd Cole. And it comes as no surprise, then, that this is a huge grower of an album, with songs that cry out for a few listens, and promise to make themselves comfortable, personal friends in return.

The Triffids know all those secret places where your thoughts go — to lost loves, broken promises — but never, never get maudlin or clichéd. David Mulamb's vocal is versatile enough to let him put strength into some of the songs without forgetting any of the tune, and violins, tambourines and other textured backing enhance rather than obscure the tracks. **Carole Lilfield**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Censorship Sucks (Jello Aid)

DDT Records DISP LP13 ●●● Where the Edinburgh-based DDT label shows its art is in the right place by donating all upcoming proceeds from the sales of this LP to the No More Censorship Defence Fund.

It's a pretty mixed bunch jostling for space in the actual grooves, with the likes of B.M.X. Bandits, Meat Whiplash and The Membranes rubbing shoulders with The Pastels, The Shamen, Fini Tribe and The Cateran. In all there are 16 would-be altruists taking part in this fund-raising extravaganza. Some of it's groovy, some of it isn't, but the cause should be enough. Buy this record and help make a stand against the new moralists. **Alex Bastedo**

VARIOUS

Diamonds In Darkness

Midnight CHIME 00.35 ●●● 1/2 For a mere 99p, this compilation of Midnight's crop of '87 is something of a bargain, even if you don't like a couple of the takes. It's an ideal opportunity to investigate a bundle of names that've been mooted but possibly not sampled so far and, without picking faves, there's one or two of the acts who you'll want to pursue. For me, The Myth and Spanish outfit Carmina Burana were impressive, but for 99p you can make up your own mind. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Dub Attack 1

Music Of Life MO DUB 1 ●●● There's something to be said for the version excursions, the dub excesses and the late night mix-ups that produce music that doesn't have to stick to the usual stipulations of pop/rock/dance/reggae or whatever. Dub Attack features the alternative mixes of some of the classier dance sides from '87 and it sounds pretty hot too. With Derek B, Spyder D, CJ Mackintosh and Vicious Rumor Club in the mix, things are decidedly upwardly-frantic, and that's just the bare bones. Here, the onus is on the feet, but there's some brain-numbing mixing that will give those ears a few problems in the balance department. This is a throbbing overkill selection that makes its mark in just the right place. Now, if only people spent their lives making these sounds as A-sides, then the spirit of adventure would never die. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

OST of Derek Jarman's The Last Of England

Mute Ionic 1 ●●● The sound of Derek Jarman's semi-autobiographical/futuristic/holocaustic new film suggests that there are a lot of things twinkling in the Jarman brow that *Sebastiane* and *Jubilee* never even hinted at. The film is a cross between his personal Super 8 tracts, flickering through without direction and the more authoritarian and scripted parts. And the two extremes are shown off by contrasting styles of music of this fine album, with Simon Turner's spacious efforts given room to breathe next to the more esoteric contributions of Diamanda Galas, Andy Gill and Mayo Thompson. It's an intriguing and quite intoxicating mix that makes you listen hard. An excellent production. **Dave Henderson**

WE FREE KINGS

Hell On Earth & Rosy Cross

DDT Records DISP LP10 ●●● 1/2 A very fine debut LP from these Scots folk-punksters, combining their traditional approach featuring fiddle, cello and reeds with more obvious rock conventions.

It's at once energetic and thought-provoking stuff, political and polemic. Singer Joe Kingman sounds even gruffer and angrier than Joe Strummer, and there is something of the feel (though most definitely not the instrumentation!) of early Clash in the more up-tempo songs, as well as the more obvious Pogues and Men They Couldn't Hang comparisons. But that's just easy pigeon-holing. We Free Kings have indeed succeeded, as the man said, in creating their own unique brand of high-octane rock and roll... with a twist. Makes me ashamed to be a Sassenach. **Alex Bastedo**

DAVID WESTLAKE

Westlake

Creation CRELP 019 ●●● A former member of The Servants, a Head label combo who were strangled just after birth, David Westlake steps out with several Triffids on this his first solo effort — a six-track mini-album. It's an effortless wash of tinkling chords, which floats tearfully by as David tells tales of his inwardly-searching life and times. It's the kind of spread that'll fit nicely into a mug of soup on a cold winter's day. A downhome by the fire affair, with a terminal depression not really possible. **TC Wall**

WHITE FLAG

Sgt. Pepper

Wetspots WETLP 001 ●●● 1/2 "Kill yourself, kill yourself, kill yourself, kill yourself", goes the chorus on yes, you guessed, a song called Kill Yourself; a punk-energised rocking thing that lays on the irony good and thick; something that White Flag are pretty darn good at it would seem.

Lyrically, we're talking disillusion, discontent and the resultant resolve while, musically the ride takes us close to the Buzzcocks and Hüsker Dü Counties but never actually near enough to detract.

According to the liner notes on Sgt. Pepper the Caboose was driven by H.P. Lovecraft and Philip K. Dick, acted as Brakeman; dig where these guys are coming from; back from the Dead Zone with a smile and a song! **Daz Igymeth**

YARGO

Bodybeat

Bodybeat BODY 002 ●●● 1/4 There's something quite magnetic about this debut album from Yargo. As a Mancunian outfit, who've been namedropped here and there, put in line with Afro-funk, called dancefloor types, been raved about as an alternative Manchester sound, they've got a lot to play up to... and they do it quite admirably on this slow building album, which contorts itself around as many padded corners as it can.

To say it's Afro-funk couldn't be more confusing. That term is such a transient phrase that's more associated with the likes of Osibisa than anyone else. Thankfully Yargo sound nothing like Osibisa, they do, in fact, sound very, very good. Sweet, enduring soundscapes, with a decisive dancebeat when the need arises. **TC Wall**

R.E.M.

THE ONE I LOVE

RELEASED IN THE UK NOVEMBER 1988 FROM
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FEATURES UNRELEASED B SIDES — LAST DATE
AND DISTURBANCE AT THE HERON HOUSE



17 UNDERGROUND

A BEATBOY The Honeydrinker Waterloo

Sunset **[P]** An odd single from this Belgian duo, where their lack of numbers enables them to come up with a minimal sound that seems to work. Guitar and drums for this duo, a sleazy accent attempting to be American and just finger clicks makes the top side ring out, while the flip moves along nicely in an R&B mode. **DH**

A HOUSE Heart Happy

Blanco Y Negro Eventhough there's something uncomfortable about the order of words when the title is sung, A House's third single — and first for the major-distributed Blanco — is a tempestuous guitar orgasm which sees the frenzied Irish folk flex their united throat muscles. **Keen. DH**

ANONYMES ?3986 no label

(tel: 01-450 6119) A strangely alluring disc that features three young French friends, and an English chap. Anonymes have a rather *big* sound that more than impresses on the title track, but it's

the flipside, the longer, more driving No One Feels, that really sets them apart. **TC W**

BITING TONGUES

Compressor Factory **[P]** The Tongues change course yet again, this time fondling their instruments in a swish explosion of sound that bounces straight from the chase sequence of *Bullitt* to your dancefloor. A toe-tapper with pulse on overload, moody, mean and meaningful. Great! **TC W**

BLISS Your Love Meant Everything Survival

[B] [C] Downbeat jazzy doodles from Bliss — who've been tipped to do everything from "make it" to cleaning the most stubborn of stains. Whitey soul that sparkles with a blue-eyed understatement. Expect to hear it on the radio too. **R**

BLOW UP Pool Valley

Creation **[R] [C]** Far more pop and less hippy than Good For Me, with multiple-orgasm harmonies and hooks. This single makes Blow Up into Creation's most commercial band, destined for better things. Pool Valley, incidently, is where we catch our buses down Brighton way — I never thought you could make it sound so "groovy". A hit and some sex symbols in the making — and you can mashed potato to this one. **JD**

PHILLIP BOA AND THE VOODOO CLUB Kill Your Ideals Red

Flame **[M] [C]** The first Leckie-produced slice of Boa aims for the large market stall of Europe on this pastiche/play off of Sonic Youth (with additional guitar by Membranes' John Robb). Loud and shattering, it further signifies that Phil is going to be one of the biggest German talents to escape the confines of Eurosludge for some time. Excellent, and a cover of Fire on the flip for good measure. **DH**

BOGSHED Excellent Girl

Shellfish **[B] [C]** Something's going on *chez* Bogshed, and it's not the sound of paint drying. This new 45 sounds more like Talking Heads after five pints of real ale — with a sparkling line in wit and wisdom thrown in for good measure. That Phil 'Shed has the nous to be an English David Byrne goes without saying, and this single offers the first signs of the group's width and ability while still retaining those rough edges and frantic interludes. **JE**

THE BOY HAIRDRESSERS

Golden Showers 53rd & 3rd **[B] [C]** First there was The Vaselines, now 53rd & 3rd give us some more "cheeky" perverts in the wonderful Boy Hairdressers. On first listening, this is a very sweet and almost angelic single, that is until you realise what's going on. Another curious note is

the obsession with using "Ambrosia" in the lyrics — have the boys got a fetish for rice pudding too, I wonder? Up yer bum! **JD**

CHRISTIAN DEATH Sick Of

Love Normal **[M] [C]** Black sheep with a deathly glare, Christian Death shake their chains on these two tracks which further enhance their cult status. A big production and a sound that really justifies their potential, it's a shame that one of the songs, The Loving Face, is so weak. Still half is better than none. **R**

CHRISTIANHOUND Not Guilty

Constrictor **[R] [C]** West German protest music with a punky backing and a Phillip Boa seal of approval on this pro-Biafra/anti-establishment disc. Frightening enough, Not Guilty hangs in there with melody, overdubbed effects and a taikover that's as sharp as a knife. And all proceeds to the defence fund! **R**

CLAN OF XYMOX Blind

Hearts 4AD **[C]** This must be the Clan's most commercial-sounding release to date as Pleter Nooten comes in from the cold to offer the world a bared soul, a simplistic sub-funk electronic sound, and a wheezingly fleeting guitar to finally lift the proceedings. And 4AD? The hits just keep on coming. **TC W**

THE COOKIE CREW Females

Rhythm King **[C]** Mean rap from the Cookies who've always threatened *something*. Previously restrained, this is by far their most convincing performance to date, but they're still in the stylised standard rap mode — a little more jazzy perhaps — and it makes you wonder where groups of this kind can go next. **R**

THE CRETINS Always On My Mind Saturn (Angelo Plate

Grefestr. 3, D-1000 Berlin 61) Up-tempo singalong pop in the live vernacular. The Cretins are much better than their name suggests as they float briskly through this made to order poptone. Nice but just not enough yet. **JE**

THE FACTION Listen Buddy

Crook Cassettes (tel: 0388 762262) Wild cut-ups of Maggie T on this near-danceable 45 from The Faction. Neat but not quite as impulsive as MARRS. **DH**

FADELA N'Sel Fik Factory

[P] Rai music from Algeria? The sound of people wailing and gnashing? Well, if you want musical education this is the meat. **TC W**

THE FAMILY Blumen Ohne Duft Scratch 'n' Sniff

[R] [C] A four-track ten-inch with a single track mind. Revolv-

Dave Henderson, TC Wall, Ripley, Johnny Dee, Johnny Eager, Alex Bastedo and Marlin Aston

ing around Charlie Manson's antics, The Family opt to croon-along in pro-Chas mode over powerchord guitars. Actually, it's pretty good in a funny sort of way, but where can they go from here? **DH**

THE FLATMATES You're Gonna Cry Subway **[R] [C]**

More perfectly-formed pop music from these excellent tunesmiths. The 12 features an extra two tracks which further underline the teamsters ferocious guitar forté. **JE**

PABLO GAD Who Is The Terrorist? Rhythm King

[C] Smoochie reggae with an electric snap, which makes this Gad single almost too catchy for words. Whether reggae purists can attune to this genre sideswipe is difficult to say, and it'll probably have even less success with mainstream ears. **TC W**

THE GARGOYLES The Magnificent Church

Reasonable **[R] [C]** The 91st best band in Hull seek re-election following another colloquial onslaught on the senses of the pop-buying public. A hint of reggae, a smile and the claim that they're in league with Frank Sidebottom can only further damage their hopes for next season. **DH**

THE GROOVE FARM Surfin' Into Your Heart Subway

[R] [C] Available in both seven and 12 inch, it's the latter that shows off the true prowess of these Farmers. After two singles on their own label, the six tracks on their debut Subway 12 inch provide more than a touch of barbarous balladeering steered by bolshy guitars. **DH**

GUERNICA Deep Sea

Diving Solid **[C]** Deep pop from Ireland's Guernica and the potential of a bigger deal is possible if they've got a couple more songs like this in their locker. Sweeter pop but there's a twist in the handshake that counts. **JE**

HAPPY MONDAYS 24 Hour Party People Factory

[P] Happy Mondays confuse by releasing a 12-inch with a similar title to their acclaimed recent LP. The track wasn't on the album, but is a strident rhythmic thingy with all its bits pointing in the right direction. Excessive and excellent. **R**

THE HEART THROBS Bang

Rough Trade **[R] [C]** Former In Tape signing, and constantly mentioned through a torrent of letters in *Ug*, the Throbs have certainly

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come on since their first shaky 45. Bang is uptempo, up in the emotional bits and sung in purely pureness of mind. A finely-rounded song, flowing straight to numerous bedrooms and broken hearts. Fine. **DH**

HOH/CURRENT 93

Crowleymass Maldoror

C Current 93 team up with Icelandic combo Hoh for a special Crowley Celebration, and it's all set to a neat disco beat. Special mixes and chanted vocals make the whole thing swing — suggesting that Current and Zoskia might be heading for a subversive dancefloor beneath your house soon. Keen. **DH**

THE ICICLE WORKS High

Time Beggars Banquet They're a strange bunch, The Icicle Works. Their dangerous Press Play about Neil Young, their loud guitar noise, their flirtation with the charts, and what do we have here? Well, High Time becomes not before time and, through the two A side tracks, bangs home the idea that they've suddenly become rather splendid at inking fine pop tunes. A touch of soul, a hint of "rock menace", but all in all the kind of anthemic delight that Big Country couldn't even begin to comprehend. **DH**



IN THE NURSERY

Compulsion Sweatbox

C Yes, please! What a strange hybrid. The Humberstone bros, based in Sheffield, display the kind of mix-down that makes rock worthy again. This track is a dead ringer for Laibach playing the John Barry songbook — with a touch of Yello for good measure. Everything in its place too. **DH**

JASMINE MINKS Pure

Jasmine Minks Esurient

Communications **RE C** For purists and jangle-frenzied only. This live recording is less than good quality, but spreads a touch of life into an aching heart all the same. **JE**

GREG KIHN BAND Jeopardy

Beserkley Kihn recovers from his absence and unleashes some more of his primetime pop, with that all-important US slant, onto the scene. The flipside has a rock-out version of Jonathan Richman's Roadrunner too. Nice. **JE**

KITCHENS OF DISTINCTION

The Last Gasp Death

Shuffle Goldrush (93)

Ravensbury Rd, London SW18) quite like this single — even though it reminds me of the Bunnymen a lot. The Kitchens have the obligatory silly name, play good rock/pop songs and have spirit. Watch this space. **DH**

THE LEATHER NUN Lost And

Found Wire **NM C** Culled from the Steel Construction album, this is Leather Nun in a reasonably haunting mood — with a commercial edge thrown in for the bigger market. Lost And Found works much better in the context of the LP, but this should keep their name on everyone's lips nevertheless. **R**

THE LEGENDARY PINK DOTS

Under Glass Play It Again

Sam **RR C** The Dots, now based in Holland, still play it in a strictly pre-glam brain-scraping mode, brimming with mind-expanding lyrical content and stuffed with more sentences than Ronnie Biggs can boast. With strings more concisely produced, LPD sound prim, proper but still totally out on a limb. Charmingly quaint. **R**

THE LIVING ROOM Big

Problem Dream Bleep (82)

Chancellor Street, Glasgow G11

5PW) Jazzy, loud and obnoxious, this raucous scraping sound comes as a tetchy flexi which is difficult to scratch out. Art in the making, well almost. **TC W**

M4ALICE Darker Than Fair

Genetic (tel: (0234) 215279) Dark and dingey goth splodge with a grinding guitar edge and little or no dynamics. M4Alice are going to have to try harder, and explain their name a lot. **JE**

THE MAGIC BASTARDS A

View Crook Cassettes (tel:

0388 762262) The MBs are a strange lot. This cassette-only four-track set features some rollicking rock music that should delight musos from bar stool to tape deck, but their image leaves more than enough to be desired (and imagined). This is rock music that deserves a wide audience but looks unlikely to do so through independent means, as the music itself isn't alternative enough to attract attention. **JE**

THE MAGIC BASTARDS

Strange Glory Crook

Cassettes (tel: 0388 762262) Mellow strumalong on seven-inch vinyl. The basses aim for the charts, get well produced, break into harmony and ask, can BBC2 do a documentary about us? **DH**

MAGNOLIA SIEGE All

Washed Up Primitive

JM C What a bloody noise that guitar makes as it scrambles to rip the tweeters from the woofers. Magnolia Siege are wrapped up too tight for rock 'n' roll, too lightweight and catchy for hardcore and not trippy enough to be hippy. A quandry, and a record that throws shards of plastic across the room as another plectrum breaks. Hmmm. **TC W**

THE McALLISTERS Too

Much Money Propaganda

Jolly Good **RE C** The McAllisters have lots of good ideas, lots of heroes, and love to rush themselves into oblivion to expose all of this on one piece of vinyl. There are five tracks here, thrown into the

Mcshredder, where they come out as a beaty sub-psyche nonsense, all sugar-coated and unripe. It's a struggle and no-one wins in the end. The rematch promises to be better, though. **JE**

MAN KLAN Wanting And

Waiting Wire **NM C**

Taken from the upcoming Flesh Machine album, Man Klan's second UK release is a spiky massage with hysterical guitar histrionics thrown in for width. Chunky. **R**

MASTER TWINS Squander

Wire **NM C** The femme duo that are the remains of Master Twins And Blond Jesus, play gutsy flesh music with an electronic slant, a big rock stadia throat and a certain pop sexiness that should appeal to perverts and DJs everywhere. **DH**

MEATMOUTH Meatmouth Is

Murder Factory **P** A tacky northern rap over a dangerous (?) rhythm that makes *Coronation Street* sound hip for NY dancefloors. Northern accents, talk of the Hacienda and all the predictable Bronx-a-thon out-takes make this record at best a joke, at worst serious. Yuki **R**

METRO TRINITY Die Young

Cafeteria **RT C** Pardon me while I mop up the bucket o'tears these four pained love-lonesome-lost lyrics have caused me to shed. The tugging electric and weepy acoustic, simmering organ and pleading voices don't help matters either (sob) neither do these plaintive folksy melodies (bawl) that could be Postcard, Kitchenware or just Bloody Melancholy Records. Heaven knows someone's miserable now (apart from me). **MA**

MINIMAL MAN Mock

Honeymoon Play It Again

Sam **RR C** A four-track 12-inch from Patrick Miller in cahoots with various Tuxedo Mooners. Bass-driven tales of angst and too much lager, the overall effect isn't too unlike a slowed down DAF with more going on, or a more minimal Moon. None of the songs are duffers, though my money goes on side two's offerings to win over the punters. **AB**

OF A MESH Broken 109

Records (109 St Marks Place,

NYC 10009, USA) A four-track EP that crosses the bizarre line between flailing guitar rock/Red Lorry Yellow Lorry and a kind of gothic New Order. Strange indeed, but very pompous with it, Of A Mesh do the kind of thing that could have been huge some time back, but with so many acts in the same cul-de-sac it might be a little harder now. **DH**

ONE THOUSAND VIOLINS If I

Were A Bullet Pacific

Pa The Violins have fallen into many an uncomfy bracket in their brief history. Orange Juice, The Smiths, well this, their most pop-orientated, and well-arranged, offering to date has more akin with Matt Monro than Matt MacMorrissey. A fine ballad with bitter re-

frain that just snaps the corpuscle line. Ahhh. **R**

OTWAY AND BARRETT Last

Of The Mohicans VMS

PRT Spirited new sound from this reprobate duo — who according to the scam couldn't get it together to tour and this was all, they could come up with for their new LP. Still, it's folksy balladeering and uptempo Lowe-meets-Costello beat. Ah, real indies, real style. Punky, too. **JE**

THE OYSTER BAND Rose of

England/Edward II & The

Red Hot Polkas Dawn Run

Cooking Vinyl **NM C** Compilation 45 featuring the Oyster's cover of Nick Lowe's Rose and a sample of Ed's polka LP. Pleasing in itself, as a disc, the Oyster's sideswipe is the vital track leaving the polk's to dance around their direction. **JE**

THE PALOOKAS Run Rabbit

Hollow Planet **C** The problem with The Palookas is that they don't know who to steal properly. Eclectic nightmares come alive as they mix bad fairytales with Doris Day soundtracks and Psychedelic

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From previous page

Furs noises over some half-decent song structures. It's a mess. A mess, mess, mess. And, until they clean up their room and get a little better at arranging their plunder they'll float in the indie wasteland sporting polo necks and pointy shoes. **R**

THE PERFECT DISASTER

Bluebell Glass **RM** **C** The Disaster continue their fuzzy rise to notoriety with Bluebell, a song with a decent enough melody line and a good chorus break. A classic new rock song that should appeal to everyone one from Pstels fans right through to those Mary Chain. All they need now is to pretend they're Scottish. **JE**

PINK INDUSTRY Don't Let

Go Cathexis **FF** **C** Yeah, Yeah, so it sounds a bit like the Cocteau's, no? So f***** what? This is also the real wonderstuff. Ian Broudie's production — glossy but hypnotic and hard-hitting — has given the band a big helping hand, showing off Jayne at her breathy and seductive best, allowing the bass to sigh rather magnificently, guitars to chime and keyboards to soar...oh sod it! Just buy the bloody record and see what I mean. **AB**

POISIE NOIRE Timber/White

Nights **Antler** **C** Poisie Noire's dance vision gets more relaxed on Timber — the most thought-provoking of these two erotic Euro slices. The more up-

tempo White Nights suggests that their techno cred and melodic squint can be teamed to great effect. This kind of music is too good to be just mindless dance fodder. **R**



POTATO 5 Gotto Go Racket

Re **C** Carrying a torch for Ska in this metal wasteland, Potato 5 wrap themselves around the commanding presence of Mr Laurel Aitken and offer a double A side 12-inch on their own Rackit label — the radio edit and extended mix of the rock-steadyish Gotto Go! and the magnificent Burning Fire. Dick Cuthell (Specials, Madness, Boothills) has produced a smooth mix that still contains the fire that makes this band so good live. Burn in heaven. **S**

THE PRESSURE GROUP Only God Is Perfect

Poltrou (tel: (0482) 26006) Another band from Hull, but no "wacky" tag, just some devilishly catchy tunes in search of a bigger production and a bout of grooming. Four tracks here that bode well. A decent sketch, now let's see the picture develop. **DH**

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY

Open Up Situation Two So the Lorries revert to their original name, leave Red Rhino and head for the metropolis. The result of their first recording bout is, inevitably, more of the same. High-powered rock that'll go down a bundle Stateside. The sound gets a little bigger but you just know they'll be strutting in the stadia for years to come. **TC W**

ELEANOR RIGBY Kiss Me

Quickly It's Christmas

Waterloo Sunset **P** Recorded in a shoe box, this Rigby romancer isn't bad in song creativity and ideas but the sound quality is dire. **TC W**

THE ROSEHIPS I Shouldn't

Have To Say Subway

Re **C** Stoke-on-Trent's Rosehips warble and just about keep in tune on this noisy blast. Not quite the most romantically intense of outfits, they play it breakneck most of the time, doing themselves few favours. Title track is best as the tempo slackens and allows a bit more room. **TC W**

SAQQARA DOGS World

Crunch Fundamental

RR **C** Now, this is *really* different. A New York combo who produce a musical noise that fuses all manner of ethnic elements, a touch of classical structure and brings it out to sound as fresh and immediate as any contemporary rave. There are three short tracks,

which have a unique intensity and a listenable edge, and one longer, just over nine minutes, piece which bulds and collapses with all its beauty unfettered. Exquisite. **DH**

SIGMUND UND SEIN FREUND

Sacred/Secrets **Antler**

Records **RR** **C** Two 12-inch singles sold separately but quite difficult to tell apart. Reverse graphics suggest that these chaps are schizophrenic, but their shouting, smoothly rounded with a grating backdrop, sounds depressingly similar on all eight tracks. Still, this kind of post-Throbbing Gristle, Cabs guitar sound, with a touch of Germanic exalating, makes quite enthralling listening. **R**

SINGLE GUN THEORY

Exorcise This Wasteland

Netwerk **RR** **C** Rhythmically intense electronic driving music from the Canadian Netwerk label. SGT play essential sequencers with a female vocal line drifting in and out like a badly-tuned car stereo. Atmospheric. **DH**

THE SMITHS I Started

Something I Couldn't

Finish Rough Trade

RT **C** Did EMI get bauked? Who gets the cash? Did the indie win? Who is the new messiah? Didn't Nick Kent look a prat on The Smiths South Bank Confusathon? Well, another great single, anyway. **DH**

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20 UNDERGROUND

SPIT LIKE PAINT A Happy Song Hollow Planet **C** A four-track EP from this new look Spit, and there's something odd about just how they're trying to do what they're doing. The production here is gruffly uneasy, all vocals and drum slaps, when you just beg for something great to break through. It doesn't, but their honky-fonk sounds neater on the instrumental take. **TC W**

STITCHED-BACK FOOT AIRMAN Shake Up In Tape

RR C A four-track 12-inch from SBFA — who've been remarkably quiet for a spell. There's something here that reminds me of The Godfathers without the heavily be-suited image and Epic contract. Instead, SBFA produce shaky pop, have worn elbows in their strangely-patterned shirts and they cut their own hair. Funny old world, isn't it? **JE**

SUDDEN SWAY 76 Kids Forever Rough Trade

RT C The Sway gets ever-more shaky as they attempt a newer than new line in contemporary rock operetta. Starting with neo-footie violence, wandering through a misspent Saturday afternoon, then ending up at Annabels' club... it's just like true life, and twice as entertaining. **R**



SURF DRUMS Black Tambourine Kaleidoscope

RR C A finely-crafted blend of belted-out vocals and twinkling, twangy guitar from Surf Drums. A regular thirstbuster, all wet with the perspiration and excitement of teenagers going ape. Yes, this is geeeeroovy. **DH**

3 ACTION A Breath Of Fresh Airgency Eidiesta

RR C Third 45 from Hull's answer to The Banana Splits. Punky roots take a squidgy organ drive and some "ba,ba,ba,ba,ba" outbursts and make a noise for best effect. Excellent. **JE**

THREE DANCERS Seventeen

Dilettante Disques **FF C** This is very reminiscent of something, with its pivoting guitar and spun-out vocal style, but I just can't place it. A real front runner in the left-field strum-a-pop stakes, Three Dancers could cut it if they get a few more hooks into their songs. **R**

TRADDODIAD OFNUS Hwyl

Constrictor **RR C** Welsh-speaking Trads offer a spesh limited edition sample of their upcoming Constrictor LP on this phlegmy-45. Braced and bolshy, it's got a sound all of its own, that's spikey and angry at just about everything. Great sound that's destined to break and persuade in a kind of harsher-than-harsh manner. **DH**

VARIOUS The Phase III Mod Bands Unicorn

NM C More variations from the grandchildren of mode, and as ever, different levels of performance are reached. The Key opt for Style Council city and sound good, too, The Sons Of Jet are "wacky Kinks" and suck, The 2nd Generation are authentic and hot, and The Switch sound like a Beatles B side. **JE**

WILD ANGELS She's Black And White Supreme

International **FF C** Twee pop ready for the charts by ex-members of Bourgie Bourgie, Jazateers and Flesh. All the cliches plus a bottleneck break. Drab out! **TC W**

THE WOLFHOUNDS Me Idea

P A rollicking return to form from The Wolfhounds as they embark on phase 17 of their career with the aid of Idea Records. Me is bracing pop with its sleeves rolled up and a verse/chorus exchange that'd bring a smile to Morrissey. Excellent. **DH**



STOP PRESS

ANIMAL CRACKERS Small Loud Song Wild Orange

(Herzogstr 88, 8000 Munchen 40, West Germany) This is a really strong debut seven-inch from this German outfit. A distinctive guitar sound that sounds quite "new", dare I say, wrapped up with a neat vocal style which really works. They have a mini-album soon, so look out for it. **DH**

GOOD AND GONE Methil Box Demon Ridge Records

FF C The result of 18 months arguing, Methil Box's four tracks has its fair share of pent-up aggression looking for a stoolpigeon, if not quite a final solution. Good And Gone's three-man assault is punky fervour topped and tailed by a gnarled sweaty blues feel and wayward rhythms, like a stripped-down Screaming Blue Messiahs. The aural equivalent of a snakebite. **MA**

The Triffids

'Calenture' is a work of almost consumptive conviction and monumental doubt. You, the consumer should have no doubt.
Roy Wilkinson **SOUNDS**

'It's a loud, almost blaring rock album, a classic of its kind, baroque, overflowing with exaggerated emotions, epic gestures. Everything about it is on a grand scale.'
Allan Jones **MELODY MAKER**

'Calenture' probably has few rivals among this years LP's for sheer confidence and bravado — there's no doubt that it's a veritable cathedral of a record.' Jonathan Romney **NME**

The Stunning New Album

'CALENTURE'

On Compact Disc (CID 9885), Cassette (ICT 9885) & Record (ILPS 9885)



spraycans & lip

22 UNDERGROUND



• Miaow haven't played things by the book during their sporadically-publicised history. But three singles in, it seems that they've traded their shaky hesitancy, the soulful slouchiness that made their first two singles, maybe hasty, but haunting, for a new superbly-choreographed minimalist sound. Maybe you've logged them as thrashing hopefuls or even hopelessly too small for their creative boots, but take a listen to the newie, *Break The Code* on Factory, and you'll have to rethink all those neatly-perceived convictions. And are they a typical Factory band? Well, what's a typical Factory band these days? That Northern label is fast regaining its status of creative launching pad and home of the constructive musical misdoers.

• All this praise though? The Walter Raleigh-style elevation of Cath Carroll also means meaningful men? Can such a heavy burden be bestowed offspring of Wire and throwing Muses, rest on their shoulders? Ah, shucks, you guessed. . . see them. What's more, I'll put my money on them turning your head inside out, if you'll give them a chance.

• Cath carries a glass of dry cider and looks bemused at the enthusiasm. But I'm not just trying to be nice. I really hate Miaow as something that's so far from living from a tremendous fraternal embryo. Don't you ever get that feeling about things?

• "Well, yeah, I suppose. Like with Big Black who I saw a lot when they were over here. I even went on the tour and sold merchandising as one of my enterprising part-time jobs. I was just amazed at what they could do live, at the way they mixed and layered rhythms. I don't think that really comes over on their records. And their drum machines, wow, I fell in love with it."

• Thus built the third phase of Miaow. The rhythmic intrusion, the sculptured sound, but we'll go back to that later, maybe. Suffice to say, the BB's approach, if not their gummy noise, was a teeny bit influential. But long before Steve Albini's sweat dripped over aging English enthusiasts, Miaow were in the first throes of getting catty. Their first single, on their own Venus label, was the highly underrated Belle Vue — a scorcher which played off guitars and first introduced the world to Cath's embracing vocal styles — which were further enhanced with self-sung harmonies, overdubs and the like. Of course, people couldn't listen to it with their ears immediately, it became necessary for rival music factions to expose her writing career (which was never hidden), and the inevitable snipes began. Politics in fish paper. . . who needs it?

• Surprisingly (the author winks in chuckles), the band got a little pissed off with this, and its continued occurrence — and now they don't bother with press chat, leaving Cath to do

the honours. So, what's all, those inkiies don't know what they're missing.

• Looking back though, what does Cath think of Belle Vue?

• "I've got to steal from people said about it really, really, like a '50s table. . . at least it's not what I think they meant. At least it's not made out of rock, that's how people referred to it."

• Mmmm, yes. And you once wrote, so poetically, Cath? Well, Belle Vue may have its imperfections, its limitations, but it goes with charm, it has a style all its own, it suggested, well, quite really.

• "But in a way we couldn't really follow it up. People said we were crap live. . . like, disorganised. We were too many different things after Belle Vue. We've moved to London from Manchester, Chris, the drummer had a jazz style that didn't really fit and the new bassist, Ron was developing into an intense dance style."

• Add to that the transient nature of fourth members who sported guitars and eventually keyboards and you sort of begin to wonder why Factory picked up on the group. But they did and it was Tony Wilson who fronted the money for the drum "thingie" which allowed Chris to switch to percussion.

• New member, Joe, was recruited (he's hurriedly likened to The Doors' Ray Manzarek as I try to impress the prowess of the aged ones' Soft Parade title track), and the line-up, at last became more stable.

• "Except Ron just sits in his room getting more complex bass lines, now!"

• By now the changes had begun to ring out, and although Joe wasn't on the group's second single (their first for Factory), it certainly showed a new found width which Miaow were keen to flaunt and eventually develop.

• "When It All Comes Down is my favourite of our singles so far, it's more competent than Belle Vue and it's more of a song, in the classic sense, than the new one."

• With musical maturity building through the assistance of new equipment, new managers and Factory's keenness to work more with the group, due to New Order's temporary sabbatical for one reason, the floodgates for Miaow-mania are obviously open, and the all new *Break The Code* is likely to be followed by a plethora of releases. But why is it so different?

• "Well, it was written on the night of the election and it's about the effect of America on the UK, but it's very tongue-in-cheek, illustrated as a love song between two nations. . . I dread to say it, but I suppose it's a very rosy spectacled view of things."

• "It's something that I've always been interested in, that whole East/West thing and this is just one of the ways it came out."

• And the minimal qualities, the sub-

stick

Two sides of the rock/pop explosion providing two varying sounds, and two diverse reasons for competing in the game.

MAN KLAN

duced performance? Is that a new angle, new sounds for a forward-looking band?

• "Sure, in a way, but that simplicity was to get the song over in a more effective way. It's a strange song that isn't immediately effective and it needed that kind of treatment to make it work. I'd never have thought of it before but we were beginning to experiment in the studio, look at gimmicks, try out sounds to enhance the song. In the old days, it was all different kinds of things.

• "For instance, there's a sampled tug-boat hooter on the record. Pretty good, eh? And before you ask, we won't be able to do it live, but that's what studios are for, isn't it?"

• Damn right. And a continuation of that experimentation, and development in the song arrangement department looks like a certainty for Miaow.

• "We're certainly thinking of an LP early next year, but first we're hoping to work on a couple of singles, hopefully with producers who've had some success already."

• And is the plan still to subvert through a pop-political statement?

• "Er, well I think we've learnt a lot in our brief history, I mean I know a lot more now. I mean, I'd quite happily wear a red nose and sign to Virgin if I thought it would advance the group. We tried the independent thing, played here and there, er, paid our dues, and just couldn't develop any grass roots support for whatever reason. We just got pissed off with all that and decided we had to move on from that."

• And the political facet of Miaow? Does that take a back seat in search of success?

• "Not at all. We've just learnt that you've got to win sympathy and empathy for things, you can't just force things down people's throats."

• And will you end up on *Top Of The Pops*? Will it trouble you about the under-skirt-camera-angles and the glitziness of it all? "No, I'll be wearing bicycle clips. We'll got on anything as long as we can play. We'd even present the acceptable face of perversion on *No 73*, if they asked us."

• Hmmmm. Can't wait.

Dave Henderson

★ **Man Klan play by the standard rules of rock, but how can anything from them be considered as vaguely normal, when the whole operation begins in Sweden and crunches to your heart through a brash gesticulation of leather and fur. Man Klan are, dare I say, "raunchy". They have difficulty in translating their thoughts and ideas into English speech, but their songs stand up for themselves, and as we head into the new year, it's those songs that'll become more plausible to a much wider audience, as they release their debut LP, *Flesh Machine*.**

★ **Having begun their career some seven years ago, when vocalist Carita Palmroos met Jackie Pazda (for the uninitiated, Carita is a streaky blonde steeped in rock glossaries, while Jackie is a guy with a tune in his strum. Between them they write Man Klan's material), it wasn't till about '83 that they met up with Harry McGee (Wire partner, in a pre-Wire mode), and recorded their debut single, a 12 inch for his fledgling Electric Gardens label.**

★ **Titled *Introduktion*, the four tracks included a cover of Led Zeppelin's *Immigrant Song* and some musical muscle that set down the group's intentions right from day one.**

★ **"Yeah, we were making music for ourselves," recalls Carita, "I suppose we still are now. But I sing in English, as it's important, even though it's for ourselves, that other people can understand what we're trying to say."**

★ **So, is it difficult to write songs in English, to get through the language barrier and get your feelings over?**

★ **"No, that's not a problem."**

★ **Of course, *Introduktion* soon became redundant as state of the art Man Klan ("We got bored with it very quickly. We can't listen to it now.") and Wire's initial circuit board was being installed with Narry still keen to get Man Klan in on the act.**

★ **"When Wire was formed, Harry asked us if we'd like to do something for him and, again, that became a four track 12 inch, *Boys Of This Territory*."**

★ **No Zep covers this time, but a dark and dingey sleeve with a back view of a scantily-clad Carita covering the proceedings.**

★ **"The music had developed by then, we'd become a lot more mature."**

★ **And the next step? An LP of course. The classic guidelines of progression, business acumen intact, and the gradual exposure of Man Klan is well in**

hand. But how far can they go? And is there enough depth beneath the obvious sexual rock titillation that the group, with Carita as figurehead, so readily exude?

★ **"We can go as far as we like, but I never want to become old in the spotlight. I want to retire before I get to be like Mick Jagger — not everyone can retain the personality of a BB King, you know!"**

★ **So which rock stars do you still appreciate. Who do you think has weathered the storm?**

★ **"Iggy Pop. I saw him earlier this year and he still looks good."**

★ **Oh come on, he's really frazzled!**

★ **"Well, maybe he's a little bit old."**

★ **And what's he got out of rock music, other than a few scars?**

★ **"I don't know."**

★ **So what do you want to get out of it? Are you willing to travel? Do you think you'll have to take Man Klan to the rest of Europe and to America, to get what you want?**

★ **"No, I don't need that. I had motorbikes and did all those kind of things when I was 16. Now I want a big house and an E type Jaguar."**

★ **Ah! The classic rock dream. But can Man Klan bring you that kind of lifestyle? Is *Flesh Machine* going to set you up and sell Man Klan for you?**

★ **"I think so."**

★ **Well, she could just be right. *Flesh Machine* is out at the start of next year, and it's a pouting, leatherette set, with Jackie's caustic guitar hanging**

over the rough edges. A pumping, driving music that's got rock stamped all the way through... Maybe it hasn't got an *Immigrant Song* just yet, but the preview single, *Wanting And Waiting*, which is in the shops just about right now, makes enough noise to knock the most cynical of musos off their stack heels.

★ **I can't see Man Klan breaking into the pop market, but the wider recesses of rock/stadia and the big money league seem well within their reach. Just plug them in, and zip up the jacket. Dave Henderson**



RE-REWIND

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

BRITISH NORTH-AMERICAN ACT

British North-American Act

Antar 007 **RC** A pop psyche classic, so the story goes, that's essentially rare, placed in the right time zone and begging your psyched-out attention. But the group's clumsy "undecided" name, gives it away. They really aren't that sure what they're supposed to be. . . and seeing as they disappeared into relative obscurity afterwards, it seems that things didn't get a whole lot better.

These are commercially-aimed songs that sound hopelessly out of date now. All humour is lost, although there are some quite intriguing arrangements and deliveries.

Wordplay and what it's all about also pose a lot of questions. Strange. Johnny Eager

COUNT FIVE

Psychotic Reaction

Edsel ED 226 **P** Perfecto mono sounds from The Count Five on this compilation which spans their finest octaves. No, it's not the original *Psychotic R* LP release which followed the success of the single of the same name, but the title track and a host of suitably acidic pop tunes are on show. A 13-tracker, it boasts several hands on Buffalo Springfield's plectrum, while exposing the group's rockier/off the wall side, too. There are, inevitably, variations on the title track included, but the majority of this palatable guitar-burnt onslaught sounds uniquely different. **Dave Henderson**

DR FEELGOOD

Be Seeing You

Edsel ED 238 **P** The Feelgoods' blast of Canvey Island rhythm 'n' blues went through a few interesting phases, but by the time of this '76 album they were swimming against some heavy water. It's an authentically tinny sound, but Wilko Johnson's dramatic tomfoolery on guitar is absent and the songs don't really bite. Even covers of 99 And A Half and the Homer Banks chestnut 60 Minutes Of Your Love don't add up to much, and the cover, in all it's sub-*Prisoner* pose doesn't help matters. In itself this isn't a bad album but compared to their Down By The Jetty (available on Edsel ED 160), it kind of pales. **Dave Henderson**

CHRIS KENNER

I Like it Like That

Charly CRB 1163 **CI** Chris Kenner's career, from primal howling and soulful crooning, had more than its share of ups and downs. These tracks are the majority of his most memorable cuts, including *Land Of 1,000 Dances*, of course. The majority come from the early '60s, the latest being circa '67, although he did record after that date, including a period between a prison sentence and his death, from a heart attack in '76. For me, the finest takes must be the earliest when his voice was still pretty raw, but ultimately soulful. Kenner's knack for carrying a melody line over and above the instrumentation sets him apart from many of his contemporaries and kinda suggests that he should have been a lot more successful than he was. **Dave Henderson**

ELLIOTT MURPHY

Apres Le Deluge

Fan Club/New Rose FC 034 **P** A singer-songwriter who's acclaimed as a neo-God in European circles — and even likened to Dylan and Petty. But, speaking as a prat, I must admit I've never been over-enthused with his glistening pop stubble and tooth-paste smile. This LP has some decent enough songs, but Murphy's wailing rockyness seems more than a touch dated. **TC Wall**

NRBQ

Through The Eyes Of A Quartet

Demon FIEND 57 It stands for New

Rhythm And Blues Quartet, but that really only tells the roots of this NY four-piece. This is a special set compiled by the group as their choice for 'best of' and it features quite a few memorable tracks. Real American driving music, like *Me And The Boys*, is more or less necessary fodder for motoring across the Atlantic and, if anything, this four piece were a little too early for their own good. Maybe a little bit unkempt to be seen as tunesmiths in league with Steely Dan or the Doobies, but close to *Big Star* — for a rock quota — and inspirational to many subsequent UK artists. **Dave Henderson**

GARY NUMAN

Exhibition

Beggars Banquet BEGA 88

CI Gary's back pages, as briefly hinted at recently through a repeated chart entry, is capitalised on with this 36-track collection of his finest, and *strangest* moments. Plugging into all things Numan, this set lets you know that Gary's had some pretty wee-yud times, why, he might even have lost it on occasion — like, *Stormtrooper In Drag* — but for the most part this is fine stuff which sounds even more authentic given CD clarity. Up next, his four BB albums will be submitted to the laser. The revival starts here. **Ripley**

ROBERT PARKER

Getta Steppin'

Charly CRB 1174 **CI** A strange compilation, from Robert Parker's past and *just* past, which puts his classics, *Barefootin'* and the



GIMME SHELTER

VHS VIDEO

- The Shop Assistants I Don't Wanna Be Friends With You
- Talulah Gosh Talulah Gosh
- 14 Iced Bears Balloon Song
- The Pastels Crawl Babies
- Big Black Fish Fry
- World Domination Enterprises Hotsy Girl
- The Sperm Wails Lady Chatterly
- The Dragsters I'm Not An American
- Laugh Paul McCartney
- 3-Action I Get Around
- The Close Lobsters Never Seen Before
- The BMX Bandits What A Wonderful World
- The Bats Made Up In Blue
- The Wedding Present You Should Always Keep In Touch With Your Friends
- A.C. Temple Ulterior
- The Wolfhounds Cruelty
- The McTells Virginia M.C.
- The Verlaines Doomsday
- The Mighty Lemon Drops Out Of Hand
- That Petrol Emotion Keen
- The Jesus And Mary Chain Never Understand
- The Membranes Kennedy 63
- The June Brides In The Rain
- The Chills Leather Jacket
- The Television Personalities The Painted Word
- Sonic Youth Schizophrenia
- Pigbros Excessive
- The Janitors Wall Star
- Pop Will Eat Itself Sweet Sweet Pie
- Bambi Siam Don't It Make You Feel
- Stump Buffalo
- The Soup Dragons Can't Take No More
- The James Taylor Quartet Blow-Up

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SHLTER

wonderful Let's Go Baby (Where The Action Is) next to two late '60s Silver Fox tracks, You See Me and The Hiccup, and 10 '70s cuts. It's all still prime dancefloor groovy, but that swampy neo-funk of the '70s tracks can't match the majesty of those two kick-off tracks (which re-charted earlier this year). Choppy dance steps all the way to the soulful farm. Get out the black-eyed beans. **Dave Henderson**

Treatment, Swallow My Pride and Carbons Not Glue (not credited on the sleeve and banned from Brit release before). A classic in ragged denim and leather jackets. **Johnny Eager**

THE SHOWMEN

Some Folks Don't Understand It

Charly CRB 1165 **CA** There's the beginnings of a great story on this album, and such a fine collection of harmony singing too. The Showmen give us 16 tracks, recorded in four sessions in '61 and '62, featuring special unissued takes, false starts and 45 cuts. Pretty flawless stuff with that vocal intonation of General Norman Johnson beginning to warble on Valley Of Love — suggesting the kind of thing he'd be going onto later as leader of Chairman Of The Board. Fine succinct recordings featuring the excellent It Will Stand, that some might remember as Rock 'n' Roll Will Never Die. Grooved! **Johnny Eager**

JUMPIN' GENE SIMMONS

Goin' Back To Memphis

Hi HUKLP 416 **P** A masterfully-compiled album featuring Jumpin' Gene, whose main claim to fame was the '64 hit Haunted House. A gimmicky track that didn't quite represent the man's fully country croon, boogie, soul and blues sound and general rock 'n' roll awareness. The subsequent LP, following Haunted House, supplies three of the tracks here, the rest is made up of unissued tracks and selections from his single releases over the years. All in all it sounds remarkably good, especially the rather arresting I'm A Ramblin' Man. **Dave Henderson**

HUEY 'PIANO' SMITH AND FRIENDS

Pitta Patti'n'

Charly R&B CRB1164 Huey 'Piano' Smith is the man best known for songs like Don't You Just Know It (massacred for an Amazulu hit a while back), Rockin' Pneumonia & The Boogie Woogie Flu (both included here), and Sea Cruise (which isn't, but which is apparently providing Huey with enough royalties for him to enjoy a happy retirement in Baton Rouge, Louisiana). But there's a vast amount of his relatively undiscovered New Orleans r'n' b material presented here, reaped from a variety of Huey's disguises.

The album traces Huey's work through the 60s up to 1970, presenting a valuable retrospective which deserves your attention. They really don't make 'em like this any more. **Carole Linfield**

THE SONICS

Live: Fanz Only

Fan Club/New Rose FC 033 **P** This has got to be one of the most tinny, tacky and badly-recorded albums ever, fans only, for sure. But on these six Prime '60s cuts, the energy of The Sonics claws into the air and hangs like a threatening hammer. Four covers and two self-penned tracks make up this crackling cacophony that's passionate if you can manage to stick with it. **TC Wall**

Total Zap-variation freak scene!

Dave Henderson digs Frank Zappa on CD, (awho!)



FRANK ZAPPA's name, and that of The Mothers Of Invention, has been mooted, lambasted and exalted through many a climactic pop change since his Orson Welles-styled excesses on his first album *Freak Out*, through to his more recent jazz-infested fusions, his classical sideswipes, and his guitar histrionics. The man is a legend, crazier than the Residents, more innovative than many of his contemporaries and a keen peruser of more law suits than *The Sun*.

Last year, after freeing his back catalogue — which hangs at close to 50 albums, he released *Grand Masters*, a box set of his work which included some of his rare early material (which changes hands on vinyl for £30 a throw), now remixed and remastered. Some said he'd ruined it, and with the nine album set retailing at around 100 quid, a lot never got the chance to find out.

But all that looks set to change now, for a dotting CD generation. Through a deal with Music For Nations (who're distributed by Pinnacle), 32 of Frank's albums are set to be released in their laser-tooled finery and new found explosive sound. On the Zappa label, the whole cast of this mammoth release schedule hasn't quite been finalised yet, but the first four releases are already on the streets, and there's a few surprises in store too.

The Mothers Of Invention's *Freak Out* (CDZAP 1) features the full 14 tracks of the initial double US release — the original UK version being slimmed to a single album — and through the wacko haze, the longer tracks still manage to sound as direct and radical as they did at their inception. With their Edgar Varèse influences, which have subsequently reared their heads in everything from Cabaret Voltaire to Philip Glass, new psychedelia to scratching arrogance, *Freak Out* is still something of a classic.

Frank Zappa's *Hot Rats* (CDZAP 2) was Frank's guitar showcase which arrived following the demise of the Mothers final "gigging" format. Always a popular one in the UK, *Hot Rats* is considered to be very dated by US audiences, but it shows the tingle of the latter day jazz-fusion music that became synonymous with Zappa around the late '70s/early '80s.

The Mothers Of Invention's *Uncle Meat* was originally a double LP for a film which the group hadn't had the funds to finish. It always boasted a different set of sounds, and it now contains an extra 40 minutes of music entitled *Uncle Meat Film Excerpts One And Two*, where the band doodle, and dialogue confuses the issue. Nonetheless enjoyable — in fact quite intriguing to listen to and try to visualise — these extracts further enhance the Zappa myth and legend, and make up the last recordings of the originals Mothers line up (the rag bag team who were replaced by *real* musicians).

Finally, **Frank Zappa** presents *Cruising With Ruben And The Jets*, a 13 track set from the Mothers (thinly disguised as a doo-wap band) which revolved around pastiche and parody of all those tunes that guys sang to their dates. Frank's attempt to become a household name inevitably convinced people that he was still a weird mother...

Anyhow, the next set of releases haven't been finalised yet, but they'll be ready around February time and could well feature such delightful albums as *Absolutely Free* and *Lumpy Gravy*. But beware, Zappa's career was/is long and diverse and if you get into *Freak Out* it doesn't follow that you'll thrill to *Sheik Yerbouti* or even *Weasels Ripped My Flesh*. Great titles though!

THE PRETTY THINGS

SF Sorrow

Edsel XED 236 **P** The world's first rock opera, pre-dating Tommy by about a year, gets a re-issue and pretty good it sounds too. The *Pretty Things* came from the UK rhythm and blues overdose and developed into a psychedelic trip of some note by the time they put this 1968 disc together. Guitars fly off the wall and overload, while harmonies rule the airwaves as the story unfolds, and little did we know that they'd sound as contemporary as they do today. Owing as much to The Beatles, Stones (guitarist Dick Taylor was a Stone in his previous shirt), as any new psychedelic sound, *SF Sorrow* is really good to have around again. Don't miss it this time. **Dave Henderson**

THE RAMONES

Leave Home

Mau Mau/Demon MAU 602 **P** Was it really so long ago? Huh? The birth of the Gabba Gabba chant, The Ramones' '76 flurry. A mouthful of glue dribbles back into the world and says, hey, 'nothing much has changed with da brudders'. This prime piece of headbanging power-chording sounds even more current than the group's latest, more dehydrated fodder, all the classic tracks — Suzy Is A Headbanger, Shock

listomania

NEW 101 DANCE CHART

- 1 **PRISONER TO DESIRE** *Psycho* New Rose
- 2 **SOMETHING CAME OVER ME** *Cassandra Complex* Play It Again Sam
- 3 **I DON'T WANT TO KNOW** *Data Bank* New Rose
- 4 **CODE** *Cabaret Voltaire* Parlophone
- 5 **DOOM ZOOM** *Cabaret Voltaire* Concrete

Top dance/floor sound from New 101, Ed Leiden, Holland

WJUL TOP FIVE EXPERIMENTAL OUTFITS

- 1 **Danielle Dax**
- 2 **Psycho TV**
- 3 **Psychones**
- 4 **Laibach**
- 5 **Variaz X**

Compiled by station WJUL from some of the weirder stuff

WORLD CUP 1994 ENGLAND SELECTIONS

- 1 **PAUL LAKE** *Manchester City*
- 2 **RUFUS BREVETT** *Doncaster Rovers*
- 3 **JUSTIN CHANNING** *QPR*
- 4 **MARCO GABBIADINI** *York City*
- 5 **VINNIE SANWAYS** *Spurs*

Compiled by the Ugly Man Records Selectors

Steve Martin gets into



some serious sport in Roxanne

STEVE MARTIN'S FIVE BEST FILMS

- 1 **DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID**
- 2 **ALL OF ME**
- 3 **ROXANNE**
- 4 **THE MAN WITH TWO BRAINS**
- 5 **THE JERK**

Compiled by the crew who know 'comedy is not pretty!'

BIG SINGLES AT CKLN

- 1 **NEVER AND ALWAYS** *Three Johns*
- 2 **BOB'S YOUR UNCLE** *Bob's Your Uncle*
- 3 **ISLAND PARADISE** *Jah Wobble*
- 4 **ADDICTION** *Skinny Puppy*
- 5 **DRIVE BY SHOOTING** *Henry Rollins*

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Abstract
Criminal
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Network
Texas Hotel

RADIO TEES ROOTS FIVE

- 1 **TRUE JIT** *The Bhundu Boys*
- 2 **SORO** *Sellef Kelta*
- 3 **EMPIRE BAKUBA** *Pepe Kalle & Nymoba*
- 4 **AFRICA** *Oliver And The Black Spirits*
- 5 **BHANGRA FEVER** *Various*

Compiled by Al Rhodes at Radio Tees

WEA (Zimbabwe)
Sterns (Mali)
Syllart Prod (Zaire)
Teal Sound (Zimbabwe)
Arishma (Punjab)

WJUL TOP FIVE RADIO PLAYS

- 1 **FLUTING THE HUMP** *King Missile* Shimmy
- 2 **HOUSE WITH 100 ROOMS** *The Chills* Flying Nun UK
- 3 **PSONIC PSUNSPOT** *Dukes Of Stratosphere* Geffen
- 4 **THE FAT SKIER** *Throwing Muses* Sire
- 5 **DOCUMENT** *REM* IRS

Compiled by WJUL from most played tracks

Throwing Muses number five at WJUL with The Fat Skier



92 UNDERGROUND

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Circuit Breakers

Weird desert shit!

The Meat Puppets dehydrate and get goopy!

"We're the only band to come out of that Phoenix desert region," Curt Kirkwood decides as he chews over a lumpy McNugget. What about Alice Cooper? The Tubes?

- "Sure, but The Tubes went to San Francisco and Alice Cooper went straight up to Detroit and played on that MC5 circuit. Everyone who ever made it out of Phoenix split straight away."
- Six years of desert-baked records; living in the perfect climate of Phoenix, Arizona (perfect for TB, asthma and allergy sufferers, cacti and geriatrics, they tell me) has done something to The Meat Puppets, drying out their heavy metal roots, forming a crust on their country boogie, simmering their West Coast pop airs, as well as burning and/or frying their collective minds. At least, so the story goes.
- Between Meat Puppets I and II, *Up On The Sun*, the mini-LP *Out My Way* and *Mirage* (all on SST), critics have been forced to work out the Pup's strange brew of... well, what? Country-beat metal buzz-sawing psychedelic implants?
- Putting your hand inside the Puppethood, you find that brothers Curt (guitar) and Cris (bass) will mention their teenage heroes, a whole line of weighty progressives, like Gentle Giant, Led Zeppelin, Black Sabbath, Grateful Dead, ZZ Top and various jazz people, before they met drummer Derek Bostrom, who dragged them along to see Iggy Pop at a time when ex-Damned guitarist Brian James was in Pop's band. The boys admit to British punk having a big influence on the band; groups like Slaughter And The Dogs, Eater, Johnny Moped, the grime at the bottom of punk's garbage pail ("some of the funniest, crankiest, most hilarious stick-it-in-their-lughole stuff," guffaws Cris), although Curt refers to Meat Puppets Mk I as "extreme heavy metal, like Iron Maiden on acid".
- Nowadays Meat Puppets sound more like Steve Miller on acid or ZZ Top on Miller Lite, and names like Chet Atkins, Joe Pass, George Benson, Ennio Morricone, George Jones and Glen Campbell are reeled off Curt's chicken-breath tongue, tasting of country and jazzy fusion.
- What did that heavy metal sound mean to you then, Curt?
- "Groovy-bitching-vibe sound, come-in-my-pants sound, finger-my-girlfriend sound, take-drugs sound, get-kissed-by-Mommy sound. Beauty!"
- "I just love Led Zeppelin, you know."
- "That's kinda like seeing *The Singing Nun* on TV... far beyond the stars."
- Out there under the Phoenix sun, imaginations obviously run wild. Space, the endless frontier, that kind of thing?
- Curt: "The land is also beautiful, the rocks, the mountains, the foliage, it's got its own ecosystem. Then you have Phoenix, the most plastic, garbagey..."
- Derek: "Mormons on one side of you, retirees on the other."
- Sun-punk, desert punk, cow punk, prairie punk, call it what you will, there's an undefiable stir to this doodling. At least that's what Cris calls it. He also calls it 'goop', as in, "the goop that we squeeze out has a lot to do with Curt and my natural guitar-doodling. We just have a real guitar language".
- Another reference to The Meat Puppets sound is Cris's comment about the "get that, animal thing that forced Elvis to jiggle. So people know what they can come to us for".
- The Meat Puppets can sure rock and they sure can roll, but what can people come to you for?
- Cris: "It's not happening here, but in America, a band that's really popular are The Grateful Dead,

and there's a resurgence in the use of psychedelics too. Suddenly, there's a lot more acid around. A lot of kids are getting back into music to sit around and get into, as opposed to just one part of their lifestyle."

- Are The Meat Puppets psychedelic then?
- Curt: "I don't think so really. I think that psychedelia is too integral a part of everyday life to set aside on its own. I think that everybody is completely manifesting their own trip at every time. Everyone is completely taken over by their trip. It's all mental. I don't take acid either." To go up another level of consciousness, you mean? "I don't need drugs to do that. You can do it with music... although I'm not knocking drugs either."
- The Meat Puppets' new album, *Huevos*, gets into the spirit of its predecessors. The record adapts influences, ideas and imaginations and makes it a living, breathing fungus that can survive in any marketplace.
- "Musically, it's a cross between the first album and *Mirage*," says Curt. "It's not willing to be as wilting or dependent on harmony or arrangements."
- *Huevos* is much closer to the current Meat Pups live experience — goops of choogling acid-rock, plenty of fast, hair-tossing doodling, dry-throated brotherly voices, a fat oven of boogie wah-wah rock, a feverish frying of the senses, baking right there on stage, all self-sufficient, these dust devils...
- Cris: "Huevos is eggs in Spanish but it's also slang for balls, a willingness to *hang*, to take a situation as it comes and deal with it or make it the way you want to. We called it that because we can do whatever we want."
- So if you can stand the heat... **Martin Aston**



The Pups get gooped!

From Leeds, with noise!

CUD break the post-industrial mould!



CUD survey the post-industrial void

CUD have been playing on and off for about a year, and like most bands with an eye on the main chance they have just released their debut single. It's a three track EP released on Reception records, which fact fans may recognise as being The Wedding Present's own label.

- So, are CUD just another dour-faced, post-industrial band from Leeds with several greasy chips on their shoulder? What about the name? Sounds a bit 'goth' to me.
- "No, it doesn't," protests bassist William. "We just wanted a three letter name that looks good on posters. Unfortunately it backfired a bit; when you see it in the press it looks so small. I also like the other possibilities of the name; that we might get chewed up and spat out by the record industry. In the beginning we had lots of cow references."
- Like the name, the band's artwork is big and their songs are bold. Check out You're The Boss (Out To Lunch Mega Mix) as a prime example of boot-in-the-face neuro-beat dance rock. Delicacy is obviously not a priority with CUD.
- "We just like the idea of our songs being short, sharp shocks," explains William. "The reason our sleeves are quite bold is because of the state of the music industry. These days, if you're trying to get on a major you've got to be professional about it. We're all artists and that helps. We don't want to do scribbly indie sleeves. We want it to look good in the window of the record shop."
- So are you just humourless men from the North? Can you pass the sense of humour test? Do CUD possess one?
- "Oh Yeah!" shouts William, "especially when you see us live. We don't want to be known as a comical band but if you saw us live you'd see what jolly fellows we are."
- Check out their first EP or see them live. CUD are a band who evidently owe more to Benny Hill and Tarby than they do to post-industrial Leeds. **Ian Dickson**

The big BANG!

Heart Throbs love the sound

The Heart Throbs and their history is short but sweet. Their first single, Toy, was released on In Tape, it was met with general indifference, and Rose — from the Throbs — forwarded a mildly angry letter, but forgot to insert the poison-soaked razor blade. That's life, you see.

- So why are we writing about them now? Why does their new single get a rave review? And why are they destined to be bigger than big, and twice as good looking? Well, they just are. OK?
- Better still, why have the two dyed-blond sisters, Rose and Rachael insisted on changing their second name to Carlotti?
- "It's about a character who destroyed men," enthuses Rose.
- You into that, then?
- "Well, we're not really into torture. . . although Mark," (he's a boy H Throb, as is Stephen); "confessed to having an interest in mental torture recently. But let's not talk about that."
- No, what we *should* talk about is Bang. The Heart Throbs new single on Rough Trade. How did you end up there?
- "We just went in and said 'Look, you need us. You've lost The Smiths, you need The Heart Throbs.'"
- Somehow I can't quite believe that Rose and co had the spunk to actually



do that, but after hearing Bang, you know it's not that far from the truth.

- Sure, the gory image still lingers beneath the group — which might seem a little strange as these pulsing Hearts come from darkest Reading — but the songs, the moodiness, the style and charisma of The Heart Throbs is real easy to tune in to.
- "I suppose our stuff is haunting, pop music with a distinct taste."
- Yes, I can hear that. I'm happy with that summation of Bang, too. The sleeve featuring a female crash victim lying prostrate and bloody through the window of her motor, is made more striking by the pink background colour which makes it look quite harmless.
- "Yes, it's almost peaceful, quite moving."
- Just like a heart throb should be. **Dave Henderson**

THE 'INCREDIBLE' ZOMBIE ROCKERS

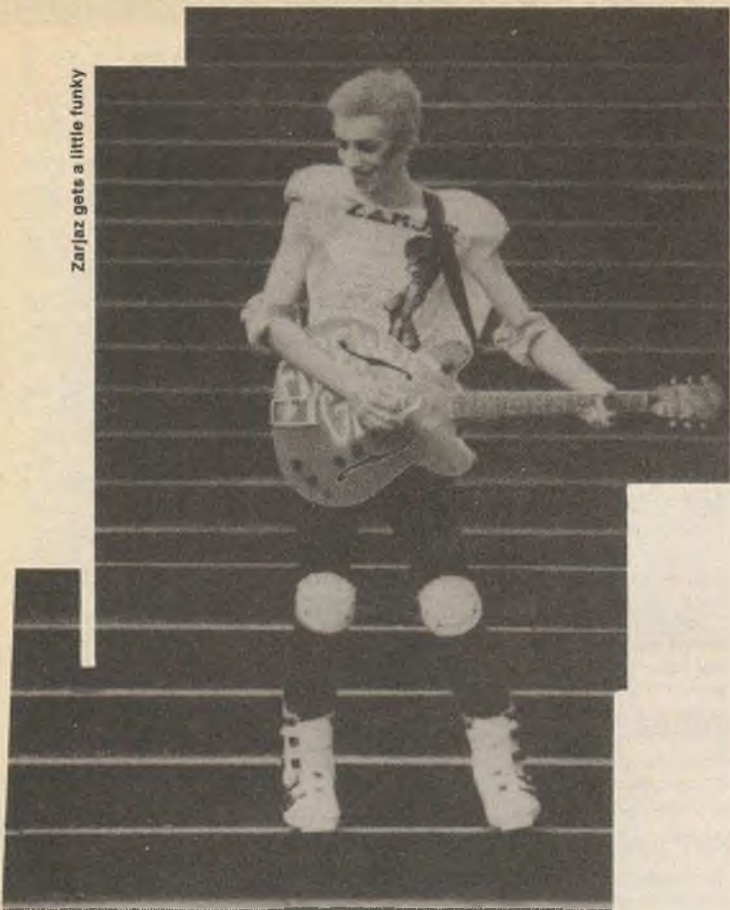
explode into the land of rock averageness!!!

- "The Zombies are ready for you now. . ." A Mr. Dave Formula, yes — that Dave Formula, ex-Magazine and Visage, leads me through a blackened passage to a disused ante-room beyond his Strong Room studios. "This is all very austere," I think, indulging in a little well-earned trepidation. The room is dark except for the floor which writhes with the light of tiny candles casting three ominous shadows across the peeling walls. There's one conspicuously empty chair; I assume it's for me, I also assume it's rigged! All is silent until one snigger and then three completely hysterical Incredible Zombie Rockers let up a roar of self-congratulatory laughter. Quite right too, they had me going for a while back there! "Make yourself at home," says a Zombie, little knowing the nemesis that awaits him — he fell through his own chair only minutes later! Confused? I was. I'll start again shall I? From the top then. . .

Trousers, haircuts and tennis racquets. . .

- Jason (drums): "I started playing the drums when I was 13 and when I was REALLY young I used to put on shows for my parents. I'd bang on cushions and my sisters used to play tennis racquets!"
 - Gavin (vocals and guitar): "Yeah, I remember putting on a gig in our back garden. Our lodger had this really smooth guitar and my mum had just bought me this microphone — I don't know why, I suppose she just thought it would be a good thing to buy me!"
 - The point I'm making here is that The Zombie Rockers are young enough to remember this like it was yesterday. Formed in '84 by brothers John (20) and Gavin (17) McClafferty, the band reached its final and present line-up in '85 with the arrival of the relatively mature Jason Wilkinson (21)!
 - John: "People *do* take the piss out of us for being so young like recently in an interview we did with Charlie Dick (who he?) in RM where he referred to us as a 'pre-pubescent power trio'. But I don't mind that, although, we're not presenting ourselves as an alternative Musical Youth — you know, here are some young kids, come and make some bucks out of us. We're just a band playing a style of music more competently than most other bands."
 - He's not wrong there and it isn't just the exuberance of their youth which make The Zombies special; it's that hard-edged rock hitting out with a tamed savagery which places them well beyond the experience afforded by their years.
 - Unlike contemporaries with whom they are bound to be compared, Gaye Bykers, Crazyhead et al, The Zombies' name belies their image. I have before me, here in this broken atmosphere, a clean-cut studious type, Billy Idol as the young, sharp-featured man he nearly was and what can only be described as a mellowed-out, bespectacled hippy with the most disarming smile ever!
 - Jason: "The lack of image is quite deliberate. We don't want to look how we sound — even down to the record sleeve which we did in blue and white which is quite passive and calm. We like that contrast — if we all looked wacky on stage it might detract from our sound."
 - John: "And our music is our prime concern."
 - Gavin: "Our music *is* our image man! We produce the music — it's the Zombie Rockers you're listening to, not a haircut or a pair of trousers!"
 - The divine irony, of course, is the fact that the sound which comes via The Zombies is profoundly heavier than most of the image-conscious noise which fuels those obsessed with grime and greboism. Just one listen to their Machine Stops 12-incher on Abstract Sounds is proof. The other irony is that while they live for rock and roll as much as the next chappie they all manage to find time to take degree courses at college — except that is for Gavin who's "Essentially dossing but learning pottery!"
- Muddy Waters, Cream, Creedence and Mrs McClafferty?!*
- Gavin: "Our music is everything we listen to but we're not into sounding like anyone."
 - There are some serious influences here: The Damned, Spear Of Destiny, but Creedence? Cream? Even I can hardly remember. . . and who's Mrs McC?
 - Gavin: "It's our mum — she's responsible for everything! Our mum is right on, she is!"
 - John: "We were brought up on that stuff 'cause our mum had all those tapes and used to play them when we went on long journeys in the car, but that's not our only influence."
 - Gavin: "Yeah, we've been through various styles. We played the garage scene but dropped out 'cause that's retrospective, then we were rockabilly, then we had a go at psychedelia. . ."
 - And now?
 - Jason: "Now we're a group that hasn't come to a head yet. It's a reaction against something. . . but I'm not sure what it is!"
 - Neither am I, but who cares, permission to rock out please!

Zarjaz gets a little funky



That Jaz feeling!

Zarjaz comes clean, in true Baroque fashion

- "Hi, I'm Jemima."
- I looked up and there she was, a raven-haired bombshell with looks that could melt ships and a body that launched a thousand ice cubes. . . her arrival had sent me into a spin. But deep down I knew we could never be close; she was a goth, and besides I had a job to do.
- "I'm Zarjaz Baby's official interpreter," she announced as she bundled me playfully into a waiting cab.
- "Huh?"
- "Yes, Zarjaz Baby speaks a mixture of neo-Roman, Tudor English and modern day language, all will be revealed."
- Who was this guy Zarjaz, and what did he want with the youth of our nation? I'd heard he was a bigshot in the Kaleidoscope Sound Organisation; a thinly disguised front for a certain Slaughter Joe Foster's designs on ruling the world, or at least regaining the Mary Chain production credit he still feels is owed him. Together Zarjaz and Foster had devised The Inter Block Rock, an unholy fugue of earth-shattering, futuristic guitar noises with a hypnotic beat and lyrics that owe more to Sigge Sigge Sputnik than they surely ought to. . . My God, I was beginning to talk like one of those *Underground* hacks.
- We reached our destination; a crummy wine bar in Wapping. It looked like some sort of sick tribute to Laura Ashley and it wasn't afraid to say so. . . in *neon!* To my surprise, the dame took me down a side entrance and into the basement of the joint. My knuckles whitened as I faced the gloomy darkness of my ever-nearing confrontation with HIM!!
- I mustered all my nervous energy and in a fit of not-inconsiderable bravery I hot-gumshoed straight into the interrogation room. The sight that I beheld in those pulse-racing moments stopped me dead in my tracks. There was Zarjaz Baby sat bathed in candlelight and dressed somewhat alarmingly in a 17th century gentleman's outfit.
- He was listening to some ambient music on a portable tape recorder; some schmuck he referred to as "Master Vivaldi," another Kaleidoscope hoodlum I figured. My mind flashed back to the sleeve shots on Inter Block Rock; padded shoulders, space age boots and pseudo-orthopaedic cod pieces. Then with a panic I remembered the 'probing questions' that I had with me, carefully designed to bring this sucker to his knees; "Why the Sputnik outfits?", "Aren't you a bit old for playing spacemen?", "Aren't you jumping on the futuristic bandwagon a few years too late?" etc. All worthless against the man's fiendish ingenuity. I had forgotten the first rule of my job, expect the unexpected.
- I decided to play it his way. I asked him where he was from.
- "Tu desna ray am I from another time," he said with a vacant stare.
- Oh shit, I had forgotten about the language barrier.
- "He says that many people say he is from another time," purred Jemima with a grin.
- What was going on? Was I being set up, were they taking the piss or was he a nut? Probably all three, I figured. Through his interpreter, he said he was a "Baroquably", a Roman, people's voices were living inside his head, people from all ages including the future.



gush

... an enthusiastic tirade from Prince Muso

Gush my way!!!! Such is the magnificence of all things rock this month that even the criminal **Bad News** are playing blinders all over Britain! Backstage, **Nigel 'Flu' Planer**, **Peter 'Hitchcock' Richardson**, **Rik 'Wanker' Mayall** and **Ade 'call yourself a real guitarist' Edmondson** were released — nay, joined, if the horrible truth be known — snaffling live — count them — bottles of champagne after one particular sell-out show in the Midlands. **That's how GREAT they are!!**

Bad News' ravaging all-out success is a great success for all. Because it means that any rock band with the slightest bit of and conquer the world! Look at grebo rock for a start! Look at **Queen** for seconds! At least the news signals the return of Rock in Excelsis and potentially the end of **Curiosity Killed The Point Of Music's** influence.

Nah, maybe that's pushing it a bit far, but rock has at least proved that it has a future, simply because it has a present. Did anyone catch one of **The Triffids'** latest orgasmic shows, or see **The Gun Club's** miraculous born-again concerts or hear their album *Mother June*? What about **Swans'** louder-than-God debacles around the country? There was **Sonic Youth** and **Big Black** and **Butthole Surfers** gigs in recent months — yards and yards of guitar string fever and inferred madness, twisting and coned like electrical snakes, writhing around the feet of gaping Brit-audiences, the poor dullards that we are. In America, this sort of stuff is compulsory! **Dinosaur** haven't even bothered coming to play here, because they're **TOO GOOD** for you! Instead, as a reader from AN Other paper pointed out, this week you can see and partake in **Cher, Joe Cocker, Bob Dylan, Donny Osmond, Shakin' Stevens, Marillion, Elaine Paige, Cliff Richard, Supertramp, Barry White, Yes** and **Eric Clapton**.

Did punk ever exist? "Thank God for Napsin Death", says the stupefied fan, but I say thank God for the new **Stupids** album, *Jesus Meets The Stupids*, where our only real rock band — our answer to **AC/DC**, don't you know? — knock old Jesus out and take his place as God's right-hand maidens. This LP won't meet its match all decade probably. Did guitars ever sound this good?

We could always mention the new **Dumtruck** album and tour around about new — at least they tried to be a good folk-rock **Television** — or the long-awaited return of **Echo & The Bunnymen** — may this be the future of stadium rock if it's here to stay — or the imminent arrival of France's rock-throttling geniuses **Les Thugs** who are like a lightning strike at your little firman. Then you have the fact that **The Jesus And Mary Chain** got thrown off *The Roxy Show* for not miming properly, like a sickly pierrat clone.

This is a GREAT SIGN, because in their own petulant way, the Mary Chain prove that it's the MUSIC that counts. Look at Bad News; do you think they'd get screaming children and the odd nipple-fed adult milling around them like rabid dogs if they just told jokes on stage?

Nah, it's the harmful and revitalising JOLT of ROCK music hurtling down from the stage. I never saw hysteria at a **Jasper Carrott** gig, did you? Put your Christmas turkey through your amplifier this year, and see what happens. It might well sound like the Bad News album, but then you can't have everything.

NEXT MONTH — GREBO DISCOVERS ROCK MUSIC SHOCK. TUNE IN

- I asked him if he was familiar with the drug LSD. He said it was like a brother to him. Of course, it was all fitting into place now. The guy was completely fried, a mutant from the '60s who lay sleeping until Kaleidoscope and the evil Slaughter Joe awoke him to undermine the moral fabric of our unsuspecting children.
- I made a quick getaway and caught the first cab down to the megastore. I rushed up to the singles counter and bleated out, "Zarjaz, Inter Block Rock, Kaleidoscope Sound."
- "It's out of stock," said the sales assistant, "we only ordered one copy, but we might order another one in three weeks time when the demand has died down a bit."
- I praised the Lord for Richard Branson; again he had saved the nation's youth from their unhealthy desire for non-chart independent music. But for how long were we safe from The Zarjaz? Watch this space. **Ian Dickson**

sharp plastic

03 UNDERGROUND

From Pebbles to Bam Bam

Bam Caruso rustic psychedelia explored by a poetic roady-weary Vachel Booth



The Walker Bros



The Prisoner

St Albans. A quaint little city in Hertfordshire or a playground for malevolent id monsters? Depends who you care to believe, the tourist guide or **Walking Seeds**. It does seem a perfectly normal place at first, the citizens mill around at ease, performing their day to day tasks! But take a trip down Ridgemont Road and as you twist away from the railway track it's hard not to notice that the houses are numbered in reverse order from the main road or that the dead vegetation makes the paving stones look like old **Small Faces** albums covers. (*Are you sure about this, Vache? — ed*)

- Little thing, I know, but enough to make you realise all is not quite right. The source of the disturbance is plainly an old house festooned with plum trees and with a car parked in the drive bearing a 6 of 1 Society (the Prisoner fan club to you) sticker in its rear window. This is the house of Bam Caruso.
- Up in the attic **Phil Smee** and **Richard Norris** are busy hatching more plans to ensure that St Albans remains the psychedelic capital of the UK.
- Bam Caruso launched its operations four years ago with the release of four albums, including two volumes of Rubble — madcap collections of forgotten mid-'60s psyche pop — and the start of an ongoing series that forms the hub of the label's *modus operandi*.
- **Phil**: "That was obviously a direct reaction to the American albums that had come out and that we'd all bought. Apart from a couple of dodgy bootlegs, there was no English stuff. So that was a prime target for us."
- **Richard**: "A lot of people that get into the '60s thing, get into the American stuff through compilations then they get to know a little more about it and discover the English stuff. There's a lot more going on, it's not all fuzztone guitar and garage vocals. There's a lot of arrangements."
- **Phil**: "It's a lot more experimental. It's also more of a pop thing than the American equivalent which seems to be more rock."
- Bam Caruso's pop intent was stated with their very first release by **The Left Banke**, the archetypal '60s psychedelia-tinged pop group. The recent **Walker Brothers** album, luckily scooped from Phonogram archives, maintains the tradition. The course of Bam Caruso's re-issue programme doesn't always run smoothly though and a lot of stuff they've wanted to put out has been denied them. The latest Rubble was to have featured material from the Morgan Blue Town label, including the (English) **Smoke's** banned-by-the-BBC single, *My Friend Jack* (Eats Sugarlumps), the ginchiest English psyche single ever. Unfortunately the deal fell through.
- **Phil**: "The bloke who was running that company has a very strong lawyer/accountant. We basically had a lot of fun talking to the guy who owned it, but his partner was a complete waste of time and saw it as an opportunity to make money. We tried to convince him that that's not what we're into doing and he wasn't going to make a lot of money whether he likes it or not and he just played the old game of trying to screw more money out of us. I think secretly he knew he wasn't going to make much money so he wanted to make sure that any money he got was upfront. He wanted something like 12 grand in the end so we told him to go boil his head."
- "RCA said, 'If you're going to get Bucks Fizz to do the TV adverts and come up with £10,000 in advance then we can talk about it...'"
- **Richard**: "That makes things complicated, you never know when stuff's coming out."
- Bam Caruso is much more than just a re-issue label, there's a roster of new talent that, though not necessarily revivalist, carries on the spirit of the old material. But, more of them in Phil and Richard's selected discography.

KIRI 021 THE LEFT BANKE *And Suddenly...*

Phil: "These aren't in any particular order but this has to come somewhere near the top of the list, all the Left Banke stuff we've done has been great. I'm a big fan."

KIRI 071 NICK HAEFFNER *'The Great Indoors'*

"One of the other biggies. He's one of the people who's definitely got his approach right as far as we're concerned. He's a slow worker it must be said, everything he does is the result of months of thinking about it but when it appears it's wonderful. He's not the biggest seller we've got but every single review has been complimentary. Unfortunately it's gone to his head."

KIRI 024 Rubble One: *The Psychedelic Snarl*

KIRI 044 Rubble Five: *The Electric Crayon Set*

"The first Rubble's still one of my favourites, and I think *The Electric Crayon Set*. When I was doing the four we took from Decca/Deram I tried to make each one slightly different. There was the Deram one, mainly pop, then there was this one which was like *Psychedelic Snarl*, a snarly one. It's got some good stuff on there that really works, the others are good but they're more floaty."

KIRI 046 HEARTS & FLOWERS: *'Now Is The Time'*

"I've got to single this lot out. As far as I'm concerned *Hearts And Flowers* are the true epitome of cosmic cowboy music. The epitome of country and bluegrass music with the electric edge. The Byrds are famous for but the *Hearts And Flowers* did much better. The songs are picked from all sorts of places — Donovan covers, songs by Arlo Guthrie."

Richard: "They're contemporaries of Buffalo Springfield and The Byrds who always get overlooked. They're just as good as the others but 'cause they've got such a silly name people don't really know of them. There's an old copy of Jackie... or an American equivalent, which has them all going ice skating together: The Byrds, Buffalo Springfield and *Hearts And Flowers*."

KIRI 052 PAUL ROLAND *Danse Macabre*

Phil: "A big seller for us and rightly so. We both wanted his new album to be something special so we forced him to leave his beloved eight-track and go into a different studio with musicians and strings. It really worked very well."

KIRI 066 THE PRISONER SOUNDTRACK

"The Prisoner is an oddity. We licensed it from the 6 of 1 Appreciation Society 'cause they were going to do a cassette only, but we decided we would love to do an album with them so we did it. In fact it was really popular. We had an agreement with them that we would delete it after a certain amount of copies, which we did. Which is a shame 'cause we could have sold thousands more."

KIRI 076 THE WALKER BROTHERS *Live In Japan*

"This one we put out as a sort of gamble not knowing if people would like it. But it turned out another piece of the Bam Caruso jigsaw, people really do like that sort of stuff when it's presented to them."

KIRI 095 JOHN'S CHILDREN *A Midsummer Nights Scene*

"This is coming out soon, it's a goodie. It's been bootlegged but it's never been done properly. There's all the singles here plus some very rare stuff including *Midsummer Nights Scene* of which there were only 50 copies ever made."

KIRI 077 THE GHOST *For One Second*

"I'm particularly proud of this and it's one of the 1st records Bam Caruso bought outright, we didn't just licence it like we did most of our things... and a fat lot of good it did us."

KIRI 058 THE PALACE OF LIGHT *Beginning Here And Travelling Outward*

"This cost us a small fortune that most people could record five or six albums for. It's one of those albums that does grow on people, there's lots of strings on it, a girl who plays for the Communards arranged it all. A lovely album, a lovely bunch of guys. They're a very, very introspective and serious bunch of people. They know what they want and though we've got to grit our teeth and pay through the nose for it, in the end they come up with the goods."

KIRI 047 THE KOOBAS *Barricades*

"This got written off at the time mainly because no-one had heard of it but we got a lot of mail saying how much people really like it."

MARX 075 ILLUSIONS FROM THE CRACKLING VOID MARX 085 MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANCH BIG DAN IS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE...

"A couple of samplers, retailing at about three quid, total loss leaders for us. We're gonna put out another one when we get to 100 records and that's gonna have some bonus stuff on it that's not on anything else. We realise there's a lot of records we put out that people aren't gonna shell out money for having not heard 'em, so let 'em hear 'em."

KIRI 082 THE SEEDS *Evil Hoodoo*

"The best of the Seeds. This should be out soon and we anticipate it's gonna be a good seller 'cause although the Seeds albums are not difficult to get, they're available in America and Germany in various reissue packages, there are four or five albums on the original catalogue plus a sixth or seventh if you count Sky Saxon's last one. To get 'em all means you're gonna pay out a lot of money and you're also gonna get about 30% listenable music and 70% hardgoing. What we're doing is putting together all the ace tracks on one album and it's going to be such a playable album. Can't wait till that comes out."

"What else? Dear old Plasticland, of course, who should be coming over soon. There's the Rabbi Joseph Gordon single which is now deleted and goes for a lot of money. It came as a total surprise to us but it turns out to be someone quite famous!"

Richard: "Luckily we saw the funny side..."
Phil: "And we decided not to sue Phonogram."

When Michael Gira wrote the title track of his glowing new album, *Children Of God*, he didn't discover until afterwards that there once was a religious sect of the same name that used young girls to seduce converts with sex. We only discovered that after the interview.

Extracting information from the mind of Gira proved just a little bit difficult. But Martin Aston and Liz Evans tried. Yes, they were very trying.

The setting: a dark corner in the Mute/Product Inc offices. We sit surrounded by cardboard boxes. At the desk in front of us is Michael Gira, singer and writer of Swans. He wears a ten-gallon J R hat and puffs a fat cigar. We look like the jury, he the accused (or vice-versa). It's raining hard.

Liz: "Gloomy in here, isn't it?"

Martin: "Is this the kind of atmosphere that's the perfect setting for Swans music?"

Gira: "No, not particularly. I don't consider us to be gloomy."

M: "Is your music entertainment?"

G: "Certainly — that's part of its purpose. It's certainly not educational. We entertain by making small dramas; by telling stories; by working certain emotions and certain states of mind."

L: "Depressed states of mind?"

G: "I suppose that would be a very easy and surface way to look at things, but people these days have a tendency to interpret anything that's serious, or that cuts through basic levels, as depressing, because they're used to vapid pop. Our music is serious. It's strong and it's powerful, but I don't see that as depressing. In fact, I see most of our music as ultimately uplifting."

M: "So you aren't trying to upset people?"

G: "Of course not! I'm trying to make something that I feel is relevant to my life and, ergo, other people's lives."

M: "It's just the nature of Swans music — the huge repetition, the sheer volume, the heaviness of it all..."

G: "Are you talking about the new album now?"

L: "It seems a lot softer now. There seems to be more of a feminine aspect to it: is that Jarboe's influence?"

G: "Well, I don't know, is feminine soft? I don't think so. There's a lot more harmony and melody in it, for sure."

M: "So, have you mellowed out at all?"

G: "Hhh..." (exasperated noise) "I've just become interested, and so have the band, in other things. We've just trans-muted, that's all. I don't know whether it's mellow. Probably some of the lyrics are more cynical than they've ever been. I'm more interested in songs and also in very hard repetition — but I have to move on."

L: "Do you ever feel you are being pretentious?"

G: "No, because I'm very critical of myself. I know I'm being honest. I never do anything that is strictly for the sake of effect, or promoting a certain image of myself."

M: "Beyond your image of yourself, there's a school of thought that sees bands like Swans as glamourising squalour. What do you think of that image?"

G: "Which bands are like Swans?"

M: "Well, I was thinking of someone like Nick Cave. He once said 'Life is a sewer and you have to crawl through it to survive'."

G: "What have we to do with Nick? Nick's a nice guy, I like him. What has our music to do with his?"

M: "Perhaps there is a certain attitude that could be shared."

G: "I don't have a certain attitude, I'm really a sort of blank sheet."

M: "Really?"

G: "Yeah! Besides which, we don't have a pre-occupation with squalour, or with doom. I'm not interested with doom so much as I am with honesty. I mean, would you say that Leadbelly was interested in doom because he sang the blues? So why, therefore, when I sing my own kind of blues am I grandified as being doomy? I'm just talking about the things that matter in my daily life and using them to construct structures that people can perhaps get something from. I don't see that has anything to do with doom."

M: "But do you feel 'Life is a sewer'?"

G: "I don't make any pronouncements on life, because I'm just a tiny little person who is barely able to survive. I just work with the kind of perceptual things that I've learned and so I can't generalise about life. It's a total mystery to me."

L: "Is there any humour in Swans?"

G: "A lot of irony. I don't know whether that's humour or not."

M: "Where's the irony? You don't poke fun at people, do you?"

G: "No, it's in the juxtaposition of images; in the *entendre* throughout the words."

SQUAD



Gira: makes mountains out of muscles

L: "What makes you smile then?"

G: "I don't really like that kind of question."

L: "Why?"

G: "Cos it's too personal, and that's self-indulgent in public..."

L: "What questions would you like to be asked? If you don't talk about you or the music what do you?"

G: "I have explained the music to you, but I'm not going to sit here and be an advertising machine and spiel out about Swans hoping to make good copy."

L: "Did you see the write-up in the *NME*, where James Brown claimed that you only make the music you do because you couldn't compete with the likes of The Pet Shop Boys?"

G: "Yes, it was a really snide, idiotic, naive, vulgar interpretation. The guy obviously has no life experience whatsoever. He's obviously got no brain, he's a journalist. He thinks that people make music consciously to be in some historical mode. You can't do it like that, you do it out of personal necessity and you do what you think is honest for you yourself to do. Basically he can suck my cock. I was quite angry when I read that, in fact I was thinking of beating his face in because it's really the ultimate insult, it's like saying 'They haven't the guts to buckle down and become an advertisement for themselves'."

"I see, but not nostalgically, that in the '60s there was a really vital force in music that was culturally very important and widespread. Music was breaking a lot of boundaries. Nowadays the record industry and media have become so expert at selling and moving product that they have no relationship whatsoever to culture. It's just that the structures have become so codified and claustrophobic that there's no room for us now."

L: "Are Swans commercial at all?"

G: "No, I just think we're the music that should be on the radio. I really resent, and think it's absurd, that we're really relegated to the category of independent alternative. I don't like the 'indie' world or the 'alternative' world, because, to me, people basically pretend to be pigs in any world they're in — they want to carve their little bit of power and self-aggrandisement anywhere they are."

L: "Anything else you want to add?"

G: "Yes, I hope you enjoy the music, because it is enjoyable. We don't want to hurt anybody."

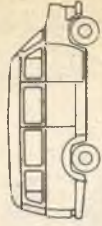
ROAD → SOMEWHERE!



One Chesterfield



Two Chesterfields



I clambered over sleeping bags, amps and guitars-with-names into the deep recesses of The Chesterfields tour van. I closed the door with the broken lock and off we sped; along motorways, highways and long boring flat bits; past towns and villages; over bridges and through illogical one-way systems, to faces, places and riders unknown. But before the driver puts his foot down let me introduce you to the West Country's premier pop boys:-

DAVEY PLAYS GUITAR AND SINGS — when he sings all his veins stick out and he looks like he's squeezing his body into a shell. Davey is most of the time puzzled, confused and bewildered but he has a theory on staying sane "on the road" . . . "I pretend we're still in Yeovil and we're playing different venues in Yeovil every night." Yes, Davey travels 1,000 odd miles to play in Yeovil.

DOM HITS DRUMS and is acknowledged as the good-looking one, he's got his head in a biology revision book — skipping school! Dom is always first and longest in the bathroom — he's that kind of boy.

MARK PLAYS GUITAR while standing on one leg and picking some fluff out of his ear. He's the newest member of the band — previously he sang songs about eating arms in a group called Pop Parker. To my disgust he's got sideburns. "I used to work in a petrol station," (that's his excuse). "Jimmy Somerville came there once," (poober), "on his bike, he bought a Mars bar."

SIMON BUMBLES ABOUT ON BASS AND SINGS TOO — he's the organiser, with a thousand bits of paper in his denim jacket. Simon is infatuated with pop — he owns over 3,000 records and one pair of trousers. He dreams sleeves and merchandise, bass-lines and videos where hot water bottles tumble out of suitcases.

The Chesterfields discover the worst route to circumnavigate Britain. Johnny Dee goes too!



Two Chesterfields playing Macbeth

Tell me about pop Mister Chesterfield.

"The Chesterfields are a pop band in the same way that The Beatles and The Smiths were pop bands. Pop is big, bold, commercial, bright and us!"

The Chesterfields play pop, guitar pop with strong melody and memorable tunes. On this tour they are previewing some of their newest and best songs — Better Smile, Last Train To Yeovil and Goodbye — these are songs that are instant, rich with pop's past, every bit as classic as Up, Up And Away or Pleasant Valley Sunday — songs that are gonna be HITS!

"I'VE GOT A PAIN IN MY CHESTERFIELD!"

Disaster struck the day before the tour commenced. Simon was walking through the streets of his normally tranquil home town, daydreaming about pop music, when a bearded thug elbowed him in the chest for no apparent reason. Upon a visit to the doctors it was discovered that he had a fractured rib. He was allowed to go ahead with the tour with the help of some very powerful painkillers, which made him feel 10 years old.

"I feel groovy," said Simon Chesterfield bobbing up and down, on Wednesday.

"ARRRRRRGH, don't make me laugh," he said clutching his chest on Friday.

By Saturday, the effect of the pain killers had worn thin and we had to drive him back home from faraway Newcastle.

"NO, I THINK YOU'RE THE WANKER ACTUALLY." — THE GIGS.

I only went "on the road" for four gigs — Bristol, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Newcastle — not as dedicated as you thought eh? But quite honestly touring takes so much out of you no-one would want to do it out of choice — unless you've got a gearstick fetish of course, or a dashboard fetish even (er, hi Mark!)

Bristol was a triumphant home game — a cinch. From loving Bristol we headed north to an overnight stop in Liverpool. In the morning we went to *Brookside* to spot some stars. Dom was a bit rude to Rod Corkhill.

"God, isn't he spotty," he chuckled, disgusted that he didn't know the wonders of Biactol, not realising the van window was open. All the same 'Rod the pld' waved us off to Scotland.

Glasgow wasn't exactly a wow (except for the extraordinary orange pizzas and red coke). The Chesterfields didn't go down too well in a pseudo, trendy nightclub called *Fury Murrays* — which had London prices and a clientele more into drinking till three than seeing a pop band from England. Edinburgh was better — only about 35 people turned up, but they were a good-humoured and friendly bunch. "They were all good looking," saus Simon, "did you notice?"

However, one "good-looking" member of the audience insisted on shouting "anoraks, anoraks" throughout the set — bloody weird some people!

They played Newcastle next, to a University hall full of sweaty, smiling, good-looking faces high on the sound of electric guitars. It wasn't until afterwards that Simon collapsed, eisematically, over a table and had to be taken to a hospital to be prodded by nurses.

Davey got so restless waiting he decided it was time to "do some drugs" — he subsequently crushed a polo mint on an amp and snorted it up through a Scottish pound note. All he could smell for hours was mint. "Doesn't this service station smell nice," he kept remarking. **MOTORWAY MADNESS**

Those road cones that litter our motorways for no apparent reason had an uncanny knack of hypnotising our van driver (bloody hippy)

"You just can't get the hired help these days," Simon told me, disappointed that we didn't have someone more "good-looking" behind the wheel.

As we drove through the night from Newcastle, those blue signs with knives and forks were the one thing we looked forward to — anything to get away from Radio Belgium.

"We've been to nearly every service station in Britain," Dom informed me as we drove into one, "we collect serviettes."



Two crazed Chesterfields

What strange, surreal places they are. Restaurants that sell dry, stale Danish pastries wrapped in six layers of Cellophane; middle-aged lorry drivers in JPS jackets slumped over plates of jumbo sausage and chips; gift shops that sell useless tat; and everyone that works in them has a Birmingham accent. I was convinced that these stations were run by aliens whose only conception of mankind was from one episode of *Crossroads*. But that's just the kind of stupid idea that goes through your head at 4.50am in a service station, it's called 'motorway madness' and we were all suffering.

Simon: "Oh, this is the one made entirely of matchsticks."

Mark: "No this is the seashell one."

Davey: "Shakespeare mural, that one."

Dom: "Isn't this the one where we saw Eddie Large."

Simon: "I'm sure it's matchsticks."

Journalist: "How many cuties does it take to change a light bulb?"

Simon: "It is the matchstick one."

Journalist: "Two, one to change it and one to write a fanzine about it."

Simon: "How do you know when a cutie's been in your fridge?"

Davey: "Oh f*** off."

Mark: "There's matchsticks everywhere."

WHERE'S DEAN MORIARTY WHEN YOU NEED HIM?

Now I know why so many bands split up, it's not musical differences after all — it's being stuck in the back of a stuffy Bedford van for years on end. Keeping hold of my sanity for a few precious moments more, I asked Brendan (their ex-guitarist) why he left the band.

"His farts mainly," was Davey's reply (known for rip-roaring botty burps himself).

These and many other wonders are things you discover "on the road" with The Chesterfields — a pop band, *not* a Hula Hoop!

We were back in Yeovil at last — after five sick, tired and drunk days. We said our weary goodbyes, Mark leaving me with this unsavoury question.

"Why do service station toilets always smell of cheesy smeg?"

I don't know, ask Jack Kerouac.



Chesterfield and hip flask

CRED NEW ACTS TO IMPRESS THE BOSS

CRASH



"Once I wished that our music was this car I saw in New York — an imported Mini covered in purple fake-fur — it was really great." So muses Mark Dumais, a tall, dark, fluffy-headed Baltimorean, a singer and songsmith, who, along with guitarists Kurt Ralske and Bill Carey, makes up the nucleus of Crash.

Yes, three all-American boys, who originally met in New York, but have now settled in London in order to delight the jaded taste-buds of us Brits with their throbbing blob of "bitter chocolate-covered lime sherbet" sound.

What are you really here for, then?

Mark: "We came here to escape from New York — because New York is a sucked orange. We don't want to talk about New York. There's no scene there, there's nothing going on there, it doesn't exist anymore."

"Now, what do we think about music? Well, I write all the songs, so they're all to do with my inner thoughts. As far as lyrical content goes, you can compare me to perhaps someone like... Harold Pinter — I don't write directly and I'm certainly not writing about common things."

Kurt: "I think your approach is more Russ Meyer-esque."

Mark: "Hmm,"... eyes rolling... "Well, I certainly do believe in a good dose of fun and sleaze..."

What do you aim for?

Mark: "Total guitar atmosphere. Right now we are going for a neo-bubblegum approach."

That sounds a bit sweet and sickly to me.

Mark: "Yeah, it could be. Hmm, I've always liked that kind of music, though. It's not contrived, it's not intellectual. My view of the greatest song is a song called Sugar On Sunday by The Clique, a '60s group, which is very garagey. It sounds very grungy, but the song is so sterling and clear — it's the height of perfection."

So, can Crash reach such peaks? Suck them and see! Liz Evans

THE KREWEN

The Krewmen have just released their third album, *Into The Tomb*. Hot on the heels of *Adventures Of The Krewmen* and *Sweet Dreams*, the latest vinyl offering is, in their opinion, by far the best.

"There's quite a mixture of styles on the new one," admits guitar-man Tony McMillan. "There's some heavier stuff and some songs that have mellowed down a bit as well..."

So The Krewmen — bold psychobilly adventurers — have mellowed out in their old age?

"It's just us trying to sound different instead of crash-bang-wallop at 90 mph all the time," says Tony. "Just something that happened naturally, it's the way it came out. If every song begins to sound the same, you get stuck in a rut and you lose a lot of enthusiasm."

The band recently completed a tour of Germany and were surprised at how well known they were on the continent. The next step in the plan for world domination sees them having their first television appearance on MTV in the States. Singled out as one of the lucky "up and coming bands" to be featured in an MTV special *Rock Over Europe*, The Krewmen were filmed in and about their local town!

"We arranged a gig in Basingstoke so they could come down and film us. They interviewed us about our home town and what it's like living there. One of the camera guys lives in Hawaii and he was going on about how he'd love to live in Basingstoke, saying it was a great place — and he comes from Hawaii!"

There's no accounting for taste. Chris Hunt

B-SHOPS FOR THE POOR

The rumble of wild elephants dancing? That's how the eccentric Bromley experimentalists, B-Shops For The Poor, would describe their sound — a complex mesh of bellowing saxophones, backing tapes and the odd vocal tossed in for added flavour.

The centre of activity revolves around the four sax-players — Dave Petts, Jon Dobie, Louise Jamieson and occasionally Steve Blake — at times augmented by Carol Jones' bass guitar and Andrea Morgan's squawks.

Having lifted their name from Brecht, does their anarchic sound carry any weighty message?

"We are political in a musical sense — gaining freedom through discipline — as each of us has a particular part to play within the group. All the rage that we might contain within us is really thoroughly eliminated on stage."

Attempting to catch the spirit of Sun Ra/Evan Parker/Globe Unity, with their "carefully constructed chaos", B-Shops have caught the attention of a diverse section of admirers. From shopping centres, to arty warehouse parties, to a session on Radio 3's *Jazz Today* — despite their anti-jazz stance — their most recent foray was to provide backing music to The Cholmondeleys

namedrop

TOTAL

dance company.

So do they deliver bilge or bargains? To which the B-Shops message is: "B-there or B-square!!!" Liz Evans

THE BRILLIANT CORNERS

What are the strengths of BRILLIANT CORNERS?

"Boundless energy, enthusiasm and stamina."

"Politics."

"Working class!"

"Not afraid to go from one style of music to another. Not afraid that if we don't use fuzz guitars, all our indie fans will leave us. Not afraid *not* to sign to a major for £30,000 and a shit deal, but we will sign for £100,000 non-returnable advance!" Hmmm!

Add to this shopping list; serrated pop tunes, wry and expressive lyrics, bristling guitars, a stumpy trumpet, brilliant corners, not-quite-there-yet brilliance.

Bristol's Brilliant Corners are strong enough to prise themselves out of a guitar-pop mire because they want to be pushy, stropic, articulate, independent and not routine. Their new single Delilah Sands may begin "ba-ba-da-da-da-da-da" but penman Davey — a man with a cherubic, bashful, golden grin — has more in common with traditional English art-pop than the newer indiepop breed: The Kinks, Small Faces, through to Madness and The Monochrome Set. Irony, cheekiness, jauntiness, discerning pop. ("I'd bite you if I had the teeth" — Delilah Sands).

After a bag of 45s, Delilah will be followed by an album in Feb. And how will people take it?

"When people hear the new album, they'll say, 'slightly eccentric English coalminers' sons, have they been listening to The Small Faces? too much, these lyrics are a bit social but far too personalised, let's have more songs about sugar and candy'..."

Yes, of course they will. Martin Aston



continued over

THE DARLING BUDS

"We've never played rugby, we don't shag sheep but we must confess to owning wellies and we do take the occasional walk over the hills!"

Andrea, Darling Buds' vox harmonical, attempts to dispel the misconception that beyond the Severn Bridge there lies a civilisation suspended in time, where modern culture stops and ancient mythology begins! It's a distinction which appears to be more apparent to the music industry than to the rest of us; The Darling Buds will vouch for this. Hailed by Peel as the best of the shambling bunch, the furore over their debut *If I Said 45* released on their own Darling label still thrives. They're now going to commit themselves to a third Radio 1 session — an achievement greeted by relative unanimity, you'll agree. Is it that aggressive Welsh curse at work again?

Harley: "Yeah, it holds back the art. If you do something and

THE WONDER STUFF

A short while ago a compact, brilliant record called *Unbearable* by The Wonder Stuff hit the shops, the accompanying video even got shown on *Night Network* and enjoyed coverage on Euro MTV (on a four hour rotational basis). Can't be bad!

"The single," admits Miles Stuff, "did as well as we'd hoped. . . the whole thing's really snowballed for us."

Within the first two months of formation, the band played with The Fall, New Order and That Petrol Emotion, attracting attention for themselves and that good, good single. So who or what is *Unbearable* about then? "Oh God! If I had a pound for every time. . . it could be about anybody at all; I mean, if you go round telling everybody what your songs are about it takes away the mystery, don't it?"

True, I s'pose. Okay then, what is The Wonder Stuff for?

"It started as a reaction against all the shit local bands; we'd just seen so many bland outfits — we just wanted to inject some character into the scene. . . but, basically we've got a few songs to sing and that's why we're here." Daz Igymeth



then don't get any attention it gets depressing. I'm not saying Wales is depressing, it's just that there's no attention focused on it. A&R people won't come to Newport, they all want to know when you'll be playing in London. And journalists don't come to Wales to review gigs either. Wales is easily forgotten. The only Welsh bands getting any attention are the ones who're singing in Welsh."

The experience of the past has meant the Buds' machine has to be an independent little one, but what about the future beyond the next Peel session?

Andrea: "Well, we'd love to release another single, what band wouldn't? But we've run out of money. We can't afford to publicise the record or to finance the label, and we're just not in the know. It's sad because there's a lot of good performers to have come out of Wales."

Shirley Bassey, Tom Jones, Bonnie Tyler, Shakey. . . Alex Kadis



MALCOLM'S INTERVIEW

On the one hand you've got indie-pop-punk, like The Fall, Josef K, Shreikback and Stump, and on the other you've got folk-world-greats, like Nathan Abshire, We Free Kings and The Louvin Brothers. Somewhere in between sit York pop folkies **MALCOLM'S INTERVIEW**.

Brought up on a diet of back room punk and tradi-rhythms, MI are the spoiled brats of a folk-singing generation, too stupid to tell them not to listen. The interview sound meshes folk song feeling with screaming guitars and a hipshake beat.

I don't give a damn what people think. The English roots thing has got it, though it's been driven underground, so it is down to people like Malcolm's interview to dig it out.

"There's a simplicity in folk song, a razor edge style of playing and a lyric which can turn a statement or situation on its head, examine it, make fun of it, or condemn it," says guitarist Jon Townend.

Jon lists The Watsons as influences, alongside Richard Hell And The Void-oids. He draws his inspiration from the hard political edge of folk song writers Ewan McColl and Dick Gaughan.

Finger in the ear — just say hey nonnie noe.

The band who once lost a guitarist to The Batfish Boys have their first album, *Breakfast In Bedlam*, out now and it's a cracker. Hitting off with a thrash version of Ewan McColl's *Moving On*, this piece of plastic

THE CORNDOLLIES



It seems that the name of this combo has been foisted around the recesses of wherever for some time. When *Underground* first breathed, they were gigging and sending out demos. We lerved the first 45, *Forever Steven*, then *everyone* said they loved it! Then they signed to Medium Cool and their latest single, *Be Small Again*, was released at the same time as a new Raw Herbs single and the best thing that The Waltoners have uttered so far.

Lead Dollie, Steve Musham has a bunged-up nose, but he's quick with the explanations.

"Well, we met in Kings Cross, although we're from Dalston, and we were sort of helped by HAMMA — a Hackney conglomerate who've attempted to promote gigs, help bands and all that kind of thing. The first single, on the Farm label was part financed by them and by Pyramid, a rehearsal studio we used, as well as by ourselves."

And, how has that done?

"Pretty good, it's still selling and I think it'll be out on 12 inch soon with an extra track. I mean, it got favourable reviews and we've sold enough to cover the costs."

But if that was a success, what made you move to Medium Cool?

"We sort of got to know The Raw Herbs through their club The Cool Trout, and they were impressed with our sound and the single because it had been produced by Robert from The Go-Betweens who they really like. We played a few times with them and Andy, from Medium Cool, thought we'd fit in with the other bands on the label, so he asked us to do a single."

The resulting release was *Be Small Again* and the response has been even more positive than that for their debut. So where to now?

"When Robert gets back from The Go-Betweens tour we'll be going into the studio to demo 12 songs which we'll record in the new year, hopefully with him producing, and that'll be our debut LP."

But that makes it all sound too simple. . . y'know no problems? Why's that, and how come other bands can't get into the same situation? "I suppose it's because we just try to keep it really simple and direct."

And, of course, they can write pretty damn fine songs too. That does help. Dave Henderson



displays the new indie folk at its best.

It's out on the Special Delivery label (SPD 1006) and is released to coincide with the single (taken from the album) *Finer Points Of Feelin'/Blow The Man Down* (SPEC 45002). Mike Hirst



ROTE KAPELLE

"Over the years a Rote Kapelle sound has developed. We have harsh rocky verses, which I sing, and then we go into a really good pop chorus which Margarita sings, so it's really distinctive. You get bands like The Membranes who do the harsh bit and anorak bands who do the sweet bit, but we've stumbled upon both," says Rote Kapelle's singer Andrew Tully.

Sometimes being in Rote Kapelle can be an ordeal. A series of less than memorable live appearances have virtually driven them from the stage.

Although they've been around, in one form or another, for almost six years, their first release was The Smelly Dinosaur EP in November 1985 — and since then they have only been producing records at a rate of about one a year.

But they generally prove worth the wait. Their last mini-LP, It Moves But Does It Swing, proved once again that they are one of the most innovative of Edinburgh's Kwik-Fit bands, with interchangeable members.

"The challenge is that Rote Kapelle take so long to do anything, but when we do get it together we can write really good, innovative songs. The other bands are, in a way, rehashing old rock and roll cliches, we're not. You can't buy a Rote Kapelle record by anyone else. If you want a Shop Assistants record you can buy a Primitives record, but nobody sounds like us."

If things go to plan the New Year should see an unprecedented surge of vinyl activity from the band, with two singles in relatively quick succession, followed by an album in the spring, possibly to be produced by Colin Newman of Wire.

"He rang up and said he'd like to do it, as long as we're prepared to totally re-think things and be really open about how we record it, which sound really interesting."

And perhaps a little risky?

"Well no, he likes what we do. I don't think he'll want us to sound like a Bulgarian male choir." Trevor Pake

THE DESERT WOLVES



When you meet a group, but you've never heard them play, you invariably ask the old question — 'What do you sound like?'. And often as not you get the vague uncommitted answer — 'sort of poppy, y'know?'. But anyone who describes their music as "The Four Tops with guitars" must get full marks and

HOW MANY BEANS MAKE 5?

Things began when Bob Lucas (vocals, guitar) practised a few tentative songs in his London bedsit with ex-Only Ones bassist Alan Mair, with Mair's son on drums. Things went well, so he moved to Brighton (as you do, like), where he then met up with some people of equal taste and drinking habits. After much debating, How Many Beans Make 5 were born. Apparently that name is a beatnik-come-Zen phrase from the '60s.

"It's one of those things you're meant to think about for about ten years, then understand what it means," says Jon Sands, their amiable lead guitarist.

"We like it," pipes bass man Mark Marabie, blowing the froth off his beer, "because you can't immediately put us into a category."

But that's where they're wrong — because How Many . . . (oh, what a mouthful) fit neatly into a 'minimalist-thoughtful-lyrics-Buddhist-guitar-sexpot-pop bracket of prose-filled artists'. They perform songs with hooks, wonderful fiddly guitar bits, un-fancy but sound drumming (provided by the band's heart throb William Cox), which could be sure-fire indie or maybe even major hits once discovered and unearthed by someone with an ear for quality. So far the only recorded work has been one track, Lilly, on a local compilation on HAG (nothing, unfortunately, to do with Harry Cross' Hole Action Group). But live performances more than compensate for this lack of output by being fun and filled with extraordinary angst-ridden love songs like I See You Every Day, My God It's Boring

my undivided attention. This is how Dave Platten describes The Desert Wolves, the new version, that is. 'New' because this is actually their second coming, the first having petered out a couple of years ago after they had looked odds on for success. Already they've gone a step further; their debut single, Love Shattered Lives, having been released on Ugly Man records.



and Just A Joke My Dear, all sung in a trebly tone, aching for a George Harrison harmony.

The Beans have no ambition to become A-Ha, but they feel it

would be an incredible injustice if a single never saw the light of day. Until then, however, they are content to carry on writing hit after hit in their bedrooms. Very Zen, I must say! Johnny Dee

The Wolves mark two includes new faces in singer Martin and drummer Craig, but the old nucleus of Richard, Nick and Dave himself remains. Listening to both sides of the single, it's obvious there's a thoughtful songwriting unit at work, with nods of appreciation to both Motown and Postcard. "Yeah, the new songs have a more 'crafted' quality about them. We're also look-

ing beyond exclusively guitar based songs — I think you have to."

Manchester is currently throwing up 'guitar bands' at the rate of one a day. The Desert Wolves stand apart from most in that they want to play music to make people dance — witness the single. That's a fairly modest aim which The Desert Wolves can easily achieve. Craig Ferguson

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36 UNDERGROUND

● This month's *Tip Sheet* sees veteran Chelsea fan Julian 'Osgood' Henry team up with 'Wee' Pat Nevin, of Chelsea and Scotland, for a dabble into the chrome bag. The event took place on the even of Arsenal v. Chelsea, a game in which Pat scored a throbbing goal but ended up on the losing side. Ah! That's life! The numbered system after each review refers to marks out of ten for content (of tape), delivery (in performance terms), presentation (of the overall package) and potential (as to whether they'll bend a cheque book or two). Any outfits wishing to have their tapes decimated, send them to Underground Tip Sheet, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1.

CELESTIAL ORGY (*Dennings, Walsingham Road, Kingsbridge, Devon*) sent us their cassette in a rather dreary looking brown envelope. Did the future of rock'n'roll lie inside? Pat seemed to feel so, so he plucked it from the pile, and thrust it across the room at me. How disappointing to find Celestial Orgy's offering to be a disjointed sub-Goth workout. "I didn't know Siouxsie was still sending her tapes around," joked Pat, presumably in reference to the singer's maudlin delivery. Perhaps a cassette of this nature would be better received amongst Pat's team mates? Kerry Dixon for one? "Oh I doubt it," said Pat. "Kerry's more into soul and Tamla stuff. I used to try and sneak on tapes and videos like this to get the rest of the team into music, but they weren't really into it. I remember when Frankie were first on *The Tube*, I videoed it and put it on. They liked it because of the girls, but you could tell they weren't really interested. . . then six months later the record was a hit and they were all dancing to it." For Celestial Orgy however, the immediate future does not look quite as promising. "I suppose people still like this sort of thing, and perhaps with time they will develop," concluded Pat diplomatically.

you can hear they sound quite good. Given time to develop, and presuming they don't get hung up on any one style, I'd think they could produce something quite interesting." Rummaging in amongst their handout Pat suddenly unearthed a review of the band by Steve Sutherland, a senior *Melody Maker* writer who is famous across the world for his prediction that *Underground* would fold within six months. Oh well, we all make mistakes. Anyway, on the subject of Uncle Ian, Steve can be considered an expert. "When I was younger I used to trust reviewers and actually go out and buy records that certain people would say was good. It doesn't really happen like that now, but if Steve says they're alright then I do still tend to trust his judgement a bit." Uncle Ian's tape meanwhile, some 15 minutes in, had become rather more obscure. It sounded like there was a huge bumble bee buzzing around the room.

6 8 6 8

5 5 5 5

BOATS NOT SHIPS (*114 Hanover Street, Swansea, South Wales*) kicked off the proceedings (sorry, no more football puns) with a likeable, if low key, stab at familiar guitar pop. "This used to be my sort of thing," said Pat. "It's very Orange Juice and very Josef K, and they do it quite well. It's relatively pleasant, though I'll bet someone like John Peel gets a lot of tapes like this. I can't say much more as it's hard to judge a band on just one listen, I find I'm always changing my mind about groups. When I first heard The Sugar-cubes I thought they were rubbish, but now I listen to their record the whole time." So, will Boats Not Ships be receiving the ultimate in critical praise, a rave review in Pat's column in *The Bridge News*? "Well, I don't tend to write so much about music these days, I'm more into things like the New York Art scene," replied Pat, revealing just one of the many diverse interests that have helped make him become the international cultural celebrity that he is.

THE PAKISTANI BROTHERS (*19 Lister Close, Beechdale Estate, Walsall, West Midlands*) romped home to win the Tape Of The Month award with a sound that had Pat likening them to Foetus. "This tape has the same sort of anger that you hear in Jim Therwell's music, and I really like that," said Pat. "They would be even better if their stuff was better produced." Do you buy many records of this type I asked him, or do you prefer to go to gigs. "Well, I do both really. Foetus is my favourite of this sort of thing, but I like bands like Swans as well." The Pakistani Brothers included a bold and well-produced *Emergence Sheet* which contained fierce graphics of guns and muscles, and informed us that 'the noise that came forth was that of the gods — uncontrollable, unpalatable and unapproachable'. Pat spent some time chuckling over this, and later, in order to demonstrate his liking for the band, actually requested to listen to the tape again.

4 5 6 6

UNCLE IAN (*0705.833021*) produce a sort of sub-Skidoo noise that teeters uncertainly towards pomp rock before collapsing just short of becoming horrible. Pat rather liked them. "From what

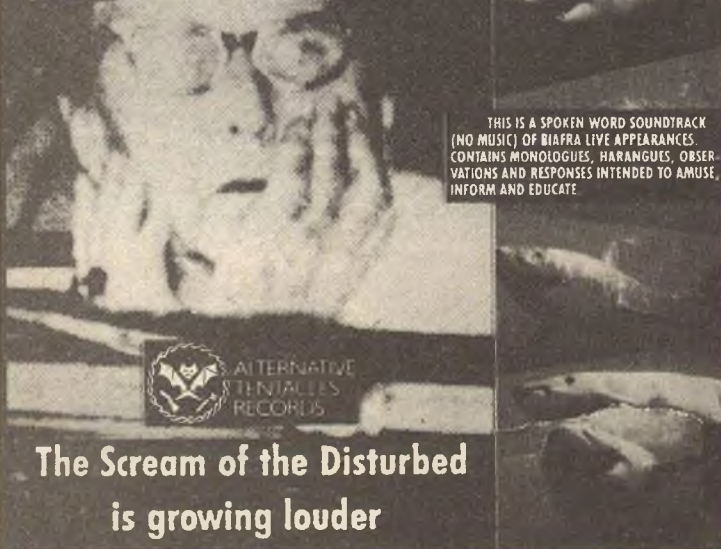


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The Scream of the Disturbed is growing louder

ACTION DIRECT (10 Cherston Road, Loughton, Essex) sent us a bomb with their cassette. It's not the first time. They sent one in before, though this time they include a letter saying don't slag us off or else we'll send you a real one. Well. Over to you Pat. "Well firstly I think the packaging is brilliant, only don't send me one! Reading their letter it seems like they're not completely happy with the tape, and speaking personally, I wouldn't send something off unless I was pleased with it. There are some good ideas in the music though, and I quite like the Indian

strain." Pat then went on to explain another occasion when he was reviewing records. "I was doing the singles for *Record Mirror*. Without really thinking, I slagged off a Depeche Mode single, and a couple of weeks later, I saw them on Breakfast TV being asked who their favourite football team was: They said it used to be Chelsea until they saw my review. It made me think a lot about commenting on a group's music." Action Direct therefore can take heart. There will be no more slaggings in Underground. We think your music is wonderful.



5 5 9 7

BRADFORD (0254.61235) had a promising debut on the *Tip Sheet* a few months ago, and this, their second demo, went down well with our present critic and Wizard Of The Dribble. "Hmmm, the songs are really quite pleasant. Their image is a bit surprising considering the music they make — I never used to be terribly impressed by the skinhead look, but that was all blown away by Chris Dean of the Redskins." Bradford, needless to say, do not come from Bradford. Why they couldn't call themselves Blackburn I do not know, but there you have it. However. Back to Pat, who was still chattering away. "Yes, they have definite potential, I can certainly see where a group like this could go if they got close to the charts."

7 7 7 8

GODSPEED (21 Roxbrough Park, Harrow-On-The-Hill, Middlesex) made Pat laugh with their handout which contained *Mad Max* style cartoons of the group adopting various manly poses. "Oh, they can't be serious," gasped Pat, as the tears started to well up in his eyes. "Look at their names like Jez and Pinto. . . why they should be called Rock Jockstrap or Dirty Overalls or something!" The music churned out in the background, a sort of Zodiac, Bykers, hm hotchpotch of indeterminate purpose. Having encountered this sort of thing fairly frequently since fulfilling my role as *Tip Sheet* Chief Executive, it was hard to muster much enthusiasm. Pat, howev-

er, obviously rated Godspeed's efforts as amongst the all-time comedy greats. "You can't take this sort of thing seriously," he said, "And I think it's a lot of fun." I looked at him sternly.

6 6 9 6

RACHEL'S PILCHARDS (63 Parkhurst Road, Holloway, London N19) described their tape as being a 'new phenomena in music'. The new phenomena we agreed with. The music part, we are not so sure. While listening to their cassette, which included spontaneous and uncontrolled whistles, shouts and various banging noises, Pat picked up some oranges that were lying on the table and started juggling them in the air with great expertise. How impressive it is to watch a real sportsman perform. It wasn't long before he dropped them however, and we both turned our attention to the music. "It's not an easy listen, is it?" commented Pat. "It's good that someone like Peelite will play stuff like this, but I find it a bit hard to handle. I think these people must live on a different planet to me." Perhaps they are Tottenham Hotspur supporters or something equally strange.

Later on, a full listen to Rachel's Pilchards cassette failed to reveal any hidden depths or meaning to their efforts, a fact that is borne out by their less than impressive points score.

4 4 4 3

THE BLIMEYS (0525.382624) have a name we both approved of and listed amongst their influences many of Pat's favourite bands. "We are back in the bedroom," the Chelsea no. seven commented as the tape began, in reference to the primitive quality of recording. The music was commercial and poppy. "It's a bit disappointing not to hear the voice a little clearer," said Pat. "The tape quality is rather poor so it's quite hard to make a reasonable judgement, but in the band's defence it should be said that we tend to forget the basic resources that are available when you first start recording." What a sensible thing to say. Why isn't Pat Nevin currently running CBS Records? Or for that matter the Government? Perhaps when the day comes for him to hang up his Puma football boots and Commodore-endorsed Chelsea football shirt, he may consider such a role. But for the moment, he is only our guest critic. Here are more reasonable comments: "We only listened to a couple of songs, and I wouldn't really like to sit in judgement until I'd heard some more." However, time was passing. Four hours into the reviewing session, the *Underground* side of the squad was visibly lagging. Despite a schedule that meant he had to be taking the field against Arsenal less than 24 hours later, Pat insisted on another tape to listen to, though.

6 5 6 6

ANOURAGRAN (01.735.6515) sing their tapes sometimes in French and sometimes in English. Their tape arrived in a funny pink mesh that had Pat puzzling and inspecting it for some moments before he turned his attention to the music. "It's not really my sort of thing," he admitted. "I seem to be listening to a lot of hip hop and classical music these days, and although I listen to lots of music, I'm not really as close to it as I was a few years ago. The vocal on this isn't bad, only it doesn't really reach out and grab you like it should." Then, suddenly and without warning, Pat treated me to the legendary wit that has made him such a colourful figure in the Stamford Bridge locker room: "Hey, it's not really breaking the barriers of rock music y'know?" he drawled in an American accent. How we both laughed. Anyway, Anouragan, who are apparently a two piece and are based in London, will not appreciate our fooling around at such a crucial point in their musical careers. We returned to our posts as professional reviewers and awarded the points.



5 5 7 5

SHEND
ON THE
RUN



CONFESSIONS OF A POP ICON NO 6: THE INSTRUMENT OF YOUR DESTRUCTION

When you've asked Slasher to join your group, because his dad owns the Twistaway mobile disco — and he can provide the big black boxes, that the sound comes out of, at either side of the stage — you have two main worries. **WORRY ONE:** What instruments shall we play? and **WORRY TWO:** How the hell does one write songs?

To solve the former, plump for the humble guitar, for, with a few little electronic boxes, with names like "Muff Grabber" and "Sludge Grinder" (sex sells everything, so it comes as no surprise, that the "Mr Perky What-a-Racket" effect pedal was a commercial disaster), even a complete novice can make a continuous three minute noise. These effect pedals can be expensive and even bands like The Cure and the Banshees have had to share the same one for years.

Then there's drums, which now come in handy box form. And, although most machines sound despicably biscuit-tin like, after a gig they will not have an argument with their girlfriend, say sphincter-clenching things to the *NME* interviewer, and they won't leave you to pack their equipment away.

Keyboards tend to be expensive, but they can make more noises than Roy Castle, yet rarely shout "Record Breakers", and never tap dance.

A bass guitar can be presented to the group member who has difficulty tying his shoelaces, as with only four strings, his dexterity will remain reasonably untested.

Then come saxophones and other screechy-blowy-things which are bloody annoying at rehearsals but may be worth putting up with if it's Slasher's chosen instrument. Trombones are by far the crappiest blowy-thing, unless you're compiling a Walt Disney cartoon soundtrack, when they're essential for the dancing broom scenes.

The AA Book of Roadside Musical Instruments carries a comprehensive list of other choices open to you.

Next up is writing songs, and that's a piece of piddle. Unfortunately, writing good songs is a different kettle of frogs entirely, and certain things are best known.

The word "subtle" is a bugger to rhyme, and "window" is not much better. If you are a psychedelic band, write songs about gnomes running up hills, whereas if you're a heavy metal band, songs about long legged, big breasted women from hell, who want it all the time are a safe bet. If, on the other hand, you want to be a chart success, your song must have a strong 'hook' line. This basically means that you must repeat three short words incessantly, until people name their babies after them.

Finally, lyrics about famous people are popular at present, and I think Mr Kipling the cake manufacturer, has been sadly neglected.

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the hip pocket guide to alternative listening

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Ug reader, Simon Birrel goes on the town with Spizz

When Spizz says he's taking you on a Big Night Out, don't doubt his word. I did, and the consequence was thousands of fallen trees, millions of homes without electricity, roofs blown away. Yes! It was the night of the Big Blow. Come the morning, TV commentators would be blaming the weather and calling it an act of God. Pah! More like Spizz God! I know, I was there, and you can read my world exclusive report on the carnage only here, now, in your super soaraway Ug!

Oxford psychology student **Simon Birrel** was the lucky (?) winner of the *Underground/Hobo Railway Records* Big Night Out, after he correctly named our hero's ever-changing moniker in 1982 as... well, I can't actually remember offhand, and to be fair, even Simon couldn't recall it on the night, but to be sure it was either Spizz '77, Spizz Oil, Spizz Energi, Athletico Spizz '80, Spizzles (*that's it, bozo — ed*), Spizz Energi Two, Spizz Orwell, Spizz & the Astronautics, Spizz's Big Business or Spizz Sexual.

Ten years on and the self-proclaimed Media Messiah cometh for a seventh reincarnation as a 100 percent pure, unadulterated, no additives included, Spizz, with a re-recorded version of his one time hit, *Where's Captain Kirk?*

What y' see is what y' get, slimmed down and hanging out in the Soho offices of Hobo. And the game was on immediately, as we settled down quizzily to a glass of the finest Australian champers we were rudely interrupted by the appearance of a rather ample and naughtily schoolgirl.

Decorum prevents me from relating what happened next, and Simon might find his love life on rocky ground. I do, but suffice to say *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, headmaster study and wobbly, wobbly, wobbly, was the order of the day. Still, it gave us all added vitality, so, after Simon had added a few extra backing vocals in preparation for the 1997 remix of *Where's Captain Kirk*, we were off, gliding through the steam-soaked streets of Chinatown. *Bluesman* constantly flicked at my wrist. Simon declined the invitation of a smutt, non-alcoholic half in the basement bar of Madame Kinky's porn palace, so it was straight into Spizz's local, the Crown Club Chairmen.

Our time in the Crown passed joyously as the sound system pounded out a constant diet of past Spizz specialities. The Messiah busied himself on checking if the landlord had a public broadcast licence and if not would he cough up some royalties on the spot? I think it was a joke. In true rack 'n' raw tradition, Sime was constantly plied with Coke, though he did seem to get rather the wrong idea by using the straw to suck instead of sniff.

Fortunately, at this point, the *Daughters of God* arrived in an extended Chevy, a 90ft long monster with all the trimmings which smoothly whisked us around the narrow streets of Soho for the remainder of the night.

In we drove, seven in the back, and a mere 10 minutes later we found ourselves 100 yards down the road at the Pizza Express.

(Well, it's a bit of a job making a U-turn in these cars.)

Luckily, it was just long enough to catch an episode of *Only Fools And Horses* on the colour TV, down a few cans, that Spizz had kindly liberated from the supermarket, and frantically jig to Madonna's *Causing A Commotion* on the stereo.



Spizz and Birrel jamming

The Pizza Express found Spizz vainly trying to convince the three secretaries on the next table that he, The Pop Messiah (himself), was in fact a bona fide star.

"Simon won a night out with me," he exclaimed. "Oh! Yeah! What was second prize, two nights?" retorted one of the girls.

And so on... Spizz, ever the man for the main chance, eventually dispatched the tiresome trio to Tower Records (open till midnight), with firm instructions to purchase three copies of his latest opus from the chart return bill.

Another hour passed in the back of the Chevy, looking for dossiers on which to unload our pizza doggy bags and milking the stores of the passing populus.

Suddenly, there we were, another 100 yards down the road and confronted by the fearsome *Limelight* bouncers (gentle giants in designer clothes).

Quickly we were herded into the VIP bar where we were able to rub shoulders with the likes of, well, ourselves *actually*. It was empty, but they told us that Alex Higgins had been drinking there the night before. Then again, he'd been drinking *everywhere* the night before.

The VIP bar is done out like a Victorian library, dingy, dark and dour. The ornate picture frames that cram every spare inch of wall space lack paintings, perversely containing mirrors to enable the famous and fortunate few to keep a constant watch on their hairlines.

After that excitement, we decided to take another 30 minute ride around the corner to finish off the night at the Wag Club. This breathing space allowed the mask to slip as Spizz and the girls proved their fallibility by porking out in the car. *Not* a pretty sight.

Once inside the club, Spizz lost little time in hitting the vacant upstairs dance floor to flail wildly to the only rhythms of his own re-recorded version of *Where's Captain Kirk?* much to the bemusement of an ultra-cool clientele. Downstairs Manchester's Yargo knocked up an efficient set but by then it was all over for me.

Henry, our chauffeur, had joined us in the club, outside the wind was beginning to howl and bite, and anyway, a girl asked me home. Hope you enjoyed it Simon. As you can see I kept my promise not to mention that naked stripogram who spanked your booty.

Ronnie Randall



Daughters Of God, Birrel, Spizz and limo's in Soho



FRINGE BENEFITS

Raw Herbs are not an American band. They are, however, absolutely brilliant, well, so says **Johnny Dee** anyhow. . .

There must be something in the water in East London — currently bands from that particular neck of the woods are popping up 10 to the dozen, on labels like Roustabout, Sombrero and Medium Cool. One such band is The Raw Herbs — a band that doesn't quite fit into the modern conception of independent pop sounds. They see themselves as a million miles removed from fads, polka dot anoraks and fanzines. They believe they fit into a procession of good, honest, rock 'n' roll from the '50s, '60s and, less so, the '70s and '80s.

The kind of music they play has its roots in the past, but they've brought it up to date. The "good, honest" rockin' sound of The Raw Herbs makes them unique in the current climate. The Raw Herbs have more to do with Jerry Lee Lewis than they do Edwyn Collins — they even drop Creedence Clearwater Revival nonchalantly into the conversation.

I'm getting ringing wet on my way to see The Raw Herbs, a band who just happen to be on an independent label — but want something better — who can blame them, they know that they're good. After drying myself I sit in their flat accompanied by Derek (vocals) and Kevin (guitar); Steve (bass) and Brian (drums) are conspicuous by their absence.

Kevin: "We want to be number one in the charts. With luck we will make it. It doesn't matter how great you are, you still need a degree of luck. It was luck that we got a Janice Long session — it's a vital ingredient.

But what happens if you don't get lucky?

Kevin: "You find yourself in a similar situation to someone like the Go-Betweens, in 10 years time, people are going to wonder why on earth they weren't massive. I don't want that to happen to The Raw Herbs."

But unless something radical

happens, it will. Independent labels are being treated with more and more disdain by major labels, and music critics. Even if, like The Raw Herbs, you feel you don't belong, you are destined to be tarred with the same brush (get dismissive, brief reviews, etc. . .)

Derek: "We're not an independent band, we're a band and we just happen to be on an independent label."

Kevin: "We are not snobs, we don't want to stay in our comfortable little area."

The latest single, Don't Bury Me Yet, is one step in the right direction towards pre-luck triumph — it's catchy, lyrically competent and (heaven's above) *commercial!* It tells the story of 'the boy that came home' — a song, almost American in subject and delivery. The first time I heard it (yuk, yuk, yuk) Green On Red and (yum, yum, yum) REM immediately sprung to mind.

Derek: "I find that disappointing. We're nothing like any of those American bands."

Okay, so why are you different?

Kevin: "All those bands, and most bands in fact, are beat-orientated, we've got swing."

You couldn't thrash to The Raw Herbs, it's more of a sway from side to side as opposed to a manic stomp in an oily garage. Also there is something more creative and structured to them — the guitars complement rather than destroy; the drums brush away at the back leaving plenty of room for vocal harmony.

Keeping with the American reference though, the vocals do seem to be that way inclined — if not a mid-Atlantic drawl, a Michael Stipe-whine does rear its fluffy head. However, it's just the way Derek sings, it goes with the swing!

On Don't Bury Me Yet that voice is so "hard done by" and charming — it wavers and flutters with bravado, almost as if John Wayne is singing it

from the saddle. All this, the harmonies and the sing-a-long possibilities make it a corker of a 45 in anyone's book. Frankly I couldn't give a hoot on Casey Jones' whistle if a vast army of aging cynics think otherwise — I recommend it with the conviction of Victor Kiam.

The Raw Herbs have other songs too — like Holland from the Janice Long session — where the vocals meet their true wild and woolly potential, it's sung with an abandon and a touch of hate missing from their vinyl contributions. Then there's the first single, with its arresting title, She's A Nurse (But She's Alright) — convincing me that, yes, The Raw Herbs are a band for everyone to love and let's paint that in *big* letters.

Live, The Raw Herbs, are a tonic. So many bands just stand there and it's all a bit of a chore, they'd rather be sitting in front of the telly.

Kevin: "We move about a bit."

Oh come on, you can do better than that. Let a fan tell you about it. . . "the loveliest guitar, everything gelling perfectly. . . something just GOES and

live there's PRESENCE. The way Derek MOVES, tosses his fringe (and what a fringe. . .) That's more like it.

Kevin: "We're also a friendly band, we talk to each other on stage."

Derek: "And we even talk to each other off stage too!"

Kevin: "Yes."

Derek: "The Raw Herbs is the most important thing in our lives and we enjoy it."

There is something just so right about this band, it would be appallingly tragic if they didn't make it to Saturday Superstore, Smash Hits, teenagers ripping off their shirts at airports. You can even pretend you're a pop star to a Raw Herbs record sing in the mirror with a tennis racket as a guitar. Whatever it is The Raw Herbs have got, it's something hot. That mixture of blues, country and rock 'n' roll, those songs, hooks, sex, swing and something in the water has just got to spell success. Be the first on your block to faint at a Raw Herbs shindig. Remember Elvis Presley started on an indie too!



Raw Herbs and building



2 PSYCHOBILLY/ROCKABILLY
STOCKIN' FILLERS
TO MAKE CHRISTMAS
GO WITH A

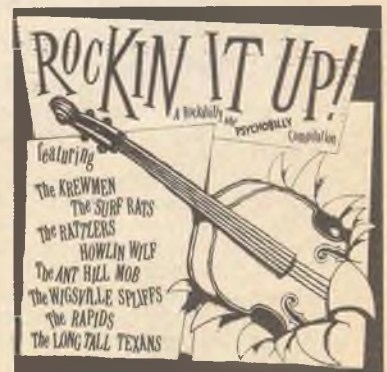
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Icicle Works change their pop socks and sound obscenely good

Work out in wonderland



● "Eh! Are you goin' down to the lavvy? My littlun's just gone down there, make sure she goes properly will ya loov — ta very mooch!" It's Liverpool all right and there's little room for that brand of southern suburban conservatism which sometimes leaves the average Londoner cringing with embarrassment over the most reasonable personal request! We're in the heart of the city centre, sitting in one of Lime Street's less salubrious cafés. There are no Bunnymen eating sardines here and no Beatles paraphernalia adorning the walls. It's fitting. It's real. It's apt because I'm here with The Icicle Works vocalist/guitarist Ian McNabb and bassist Chris Layhe. The Icicle Works have always, it would seem, been one step beyond the realms of acceptable behaviour which indicates that a rock band is precisely that. Both socially and musically they are a band who refuse to toe the line and have even been known to flirt with non-conformity under the shrewd gaze of fame itself!

It all happened in '83 when the Icicles had their biggest hit ever with *Love Is A Wonderful Colour* which reached slot 15 in the national charts; and then. . . nothing — well, nothing much. It was just confirmation for that section of the music press who take delight in sniffing out the latest one-hit wonders. Britain deemed The Icicle Works fit for the graveyard and ceremoniously buried them to boot!

Now it's almost 1988 and they may just happen again; had the band ever really gone under I'd say that this could be their most powerful resurrection yet. I WILL say that the Icicle Works' new 45, *High Time*, has all the blatant commercialism of an Evangeline with the added angst and urgency which completes the formula for a well-crafted chart giant.

Ian: "I always thought it was quite catchy but it was never written as a single." With a tour to promote and an album to follow in the spring on *Beggars Banquet*, the Icicles prepare to talk shop and discuss the total-pop-experience and the impending occupational hazards that are part and parcel of life as upwardly mobile young demi-gods!

Occupational Hazard No.1 — The Dreaded Promotional Party!

Ian: "We dread those!"

Chris: "The trouble is that the industry thrives on that sort of thing so we just have to put on our trendiest jacket and make the best of it. We usually end up in a corner and get drunk, then we leave early and everyone says, 'Oh, what a boring bunch they are!'"

Ian: "I once had to go to a Cult party because my record company said there would be a lot of media people there and I thought, 'Bollocks!' The last thing I want to do is stand around with half a lager talking to some bleedin' journalist about my latest album — I'd rather discuss something that interests me! Once I got stuck with this bleedin' twit from the NME who I had to be nice to. He said, 'You know, I don't like your music at all but I think it's good that I can say that and you don't hit me,' and I was thinking, 'Well, really I should hit him!'"

No.2 — Night Network!

Ian: "Once you have a hit you have to go on chat shows and do all sorts of horrible promos — it happened to us with *Love Is A Wonderful Colour*. I keep thinking that if *High Time* is a hit we'll have to go through all that again. I mean — I could never go on that bloody awful Night Network thing and pass comment like I was some sort of oracle — that's kids' stuff. You're just doing a job so why should you be held up as a voice of authority?"

Chris: "The thing is they're only interested in you until someone else comes along."

Ian: "I know that some people think we're being deliberately awkward but we're not and I know that I come over as incredibly world-weary at times — but we're still excited about being in the band and we still want to be successful."

Chris: "It's just that we've learned an awful lot about the music industry and most of it is very superficial."

Ian: "We're a band, not a performing circus act!"

No.3 — The Press (naturally!)

The Icicle Works have never catered to the press — at least not in recent years, consequently, they'll never be good copy and although that's bad, it's good for obvious reasons.

Ian: "Most bands will tell you that they're God's gift to popular music. Obviously we think we're good but we're not going to turn around and tell you we're the best band in the world because there's no such thing."

Chris: "It's just that we're really down to earth. That's the trouble."

Ian: "I agree it's an attitude that comes from living in Liverpool but we weren't always this way. We used to be really cool 'cause everyone else was! We used to say, 'don't say blah blah blah 'cause they won't like it and don't do this or that 'cause they'll say that about us,' and then we suddenly realised that it didn't matter anyway. Whatever anyone says about you doesn't make the slightest bit of difference in the long run — at the end of the day it's how many records you sell that's important and anything else just confuses the issue."

No.4 — Categorisation

Whilst we're on the subject of confusion, The Icicle Works have always defied satisfactory categorisation but Ian and Chris can't see the problem!

Ian: "I never understand why the press have so much difficulty categorising us. I think they should just see us as a er. . . a group! A group who write songs — it's as simple as that."

But is it? The Icicle Works never stand still long enough to tell! They disagree that they play Americanised music:

Ian: "It depends what you mean by 'Americanised' — I always think of Bruce Springsteen or Bon Jovi. I suppose I sing in an American accent a bit but not like say, The Waterboys — It doesn't offend me but I don't really think that we're Americanised in fact I think that some of what we do is incredibly English."

And whilst their eponymous debut LP was pure pop counterbalanced with a lyrical obscurity, *The Small Price Of A Bicycle* was a rougher-edged affair. Following the compilation album, *Seven Singles Deep*, came the third *PROPER* album, *If You Want To Defeat Your Enemy Sing His Song*, which seemed to embrace all sides of the band. Whilst reflective of past styles it was by no means retrospective and glanced in a direction that would indicate that the forthcoming LP, at present entitled *Blind*, would logically be a more definitive work. Thankfully not so. True to form the band have thrown the proverbial icicle in the works once again and this album is more fractious, essentially more beautiful and diverse than ever.

Ian: "I know you'd have expected a more 'they've settled down now' type of album but what's the point? If something isn't going to evolve and change what's the point in doing it?"

Still, it must be said, something is emerging — be prepared for an album which sounds more confident and, dare I say it, more ICICLE WORKS?

Chris: "Yes, well that's because we produced it ourselves this time and also we are very good at what we do. I know it sounds big-headed but we're not kids anymore, we've been together a long time now and it all gels so much easier these days."

It's always been an issue but even more evident than ever is the odd coupling of subjects within the album itself. 223, a mouthpiece for a new McNabb persona — a sleazeball with a lust that would shame Mr. Mindwarp's warbling antics into impotence is found to be juxtaposed with the aching pathos of *Starry Blue-Eyed Wonder*.

Ian: "Well, people do it in books and films, don't they? Why should an album have one kind of image or personality? *Starry Blue-Eyed Wonder* is a nice reflective song and 223 is a dirty blues song, but why shouldn't you do that?"

Indeed. And why not have optimism posted on sentinel duty opposite pessimism and where do the harrowing images of social injustice in *Blind* come from?!

Ian: "Well, *Blind* is about someone who sees things that he knows aren't right but the issue is too big for him — he isn't prepared to do anything to change them — someone a bit like me I suppose."

And what of the sentiments of unresolved love in *Little Girl Lost* and *High Time* — where are they from?

Ian: "Well, my lyrics are usually other people's lyrics! *Little Girl Lost* was written because I Liked The Doors song *Lost Little Girl*! I'm not very good at realising situations — I like them to be half-realised so that I can make them better! I do a lot of stealing indirectly!"

Wouldn't it be easier, simpler to conform once in a while?

Ian: "The minute you starting bowing down to what's expected of you, your days are numbered because your heart's not in it."

The magic word. I'm suitably confused and reassured, it's good to know that some things never change and never stay the same. . . (?)

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Tony Fletcher develops the US picture

Like that beautiful girl you once mischanced to go out with, **Princeton, New Jersey** is on the surface exquisitely charming yet insufferably boring underneath. With the choice of salad dressing being the extent of nightlife variety and crime so insistent the police deem it necessary to hand out \$60 fines for U-turns, it can be surprising to find the local college radio station playing the Sex Pistols and the Butthole Surfers back to back in the middle of the day.

College radio has been almost singlehandedly responsible for the growth of the American underground over the last few years — without it, **REM** would not currently be in the Top Ten here, The Cure and The Bunnymen would be without the foothold they cling to and such diverse types as Sonic Youth, 10,000 Maniacs and The Replacements would have nowhere to grow, develop and be seen in the enormous American marketplace.

Such is the growth of the college radio genre that several trade papers exist to report on the trends and playlists of the **1,500-odd stations**, and the biggest of these, CMJ (College Music Journal), recently held its seventh annual 'Music Marathon' in New York City. Such seminars are of course curiously American and business-orientated: booths are rented not only to major labels throwing their latest young hopefuls at all and sundry but to young hopefuls throwing themselves at major labels, showcases occur at all clubs in town (any date performed to less than 2,000 people in New York is generally considered a "showcase") and stars are brought in purely to be seen (as in the case of Mike Peters, who got three sentences in for his 7,000-miles round trip but in the week of The Alarm's third album release, it was still a worthwhile trip).

But this time round there was a healthy political undercurrent to the whole shebang, with **Abbie Hoffman** and **Billy Bragg** providing keynote speeches, Nicaraguan musicians performing live and the likes of Jackson Browne, Little Stephen, Graham Nash and Nona Hendryx joining Hoffman, Bragg and Peters on a well-attended "Politics Of Dancing" panel. The assembled college and indie label reps got in on the act with frequent assaults on major labels and commercial radio, whose reps could take solace from the fact that the real biz gathering, the New Music Seminar, generally excludes such riff raff.

This politicisation should be welcomed. As Abbie Hoffman observed, "student activism is an oxymoronic term equal to 'military intelligence' and 'educational TV'" but even so, the facts are that on campus demonstrations against apartheid, American imperialism and the moral majority are on the rise, and that enough support has been drummed up for the Sandinistas for Reagan to have to seriously question an invasion.

Yet for all the rhetoric and idealism, a **Metal Marathon** was allowed to run parallel at a convention supposedly set up for "new and experimental" styles, while the alternative artists got bogged down in arguing whether you could do what the f**k you wanted to on a major label if you were strong-willed enough (Metallica), whether or not you could do what the f**k you wanted to on a major but that you should get £10,000 non-recoupable on the video anyway (Stevie Nicks) or whether anyone who really did what the f**k they wanted to, gave a f**k anyway (Lydia Lunch). This language reminded the assembled DJs to play the Big Black album when they got back to campus and the rest of us that there's a real world out there somewhere. . . It's just that you rarely find it in New York.

Vote Republican!

One of the most startlingly original and graphically individual labels in the States is Independent Projects. After bringing the world a selection of strange and wondrous fruit, in the shape of **Camper Van Beethoven**, **Ten Foot Faces**, **For Against** and more, figureheads **Savage Republic** greet the world with renewed vigour, newer plans and something of a plethora of new music, too. The group themselves have recently had their back catalogue, two albums — **Tragic Figures** and **Ceremonial** — re-issued on Fundamental, their mini-set, **Trudge** is available on Play It Again Sam and a new collection of live recordings, a double simply titled **Live Trek**, hits the shops this week, *again* on Fundamental.

- A fine set of guitar-scrubbed recordings, it tells little of the next move from Independent Projects, but when Savage Republic toured Europe recently, **Bruce Licher** and **Phil Drucker** revealed that IP is soon to transmutate into **Nate Starkman And Son** (named after the building in which the IP label and Licher's trusty printing press are housed). • So what's Nate going to be up to?
- "Well, we plan to release quite a bit of material," admits Bruce, "and Fundamental Music in the States have given us *carte blanche* to do whatever we want, so we'll be plundering the underground scene to unearth new acts."
- "First up," continues Phil, "there'll be the third LP from LA's **Party Boys**, and that's called **Daddyland**, then that'll be followed by the debut LP from **White Glove Test** from San Marcos, which I produced, and a double LP from **Drowning Pool** which consists mostly of recordings from cassette only releases." • With warnings of further releases in the new year and claims of "no onions in the bunch", the duo were soon off on another trek. Ah, these must be the real explorers of life's strange recesses. **Dave Henderson**

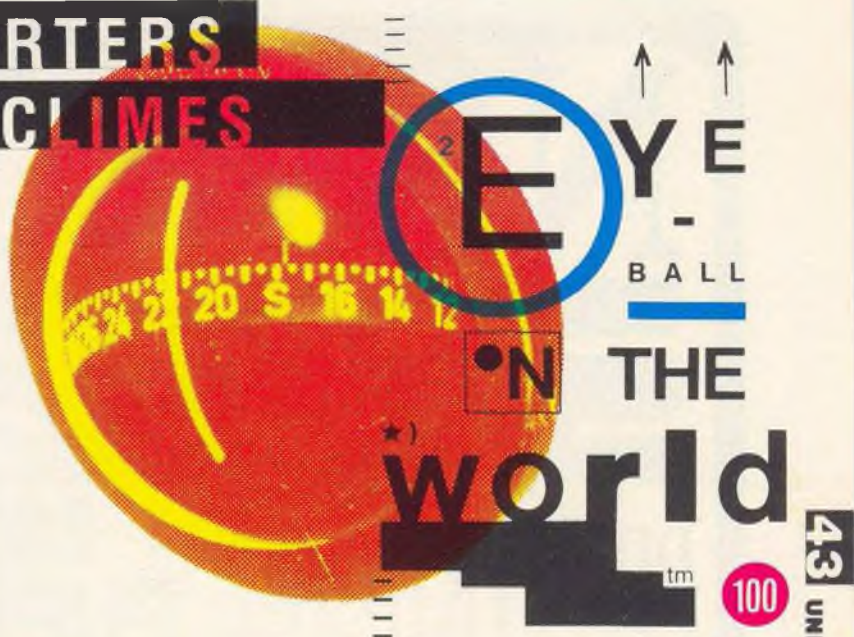
(All releases mentioned will be available in the UK through Red Rhino and the Cartel)

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INTERNATIONAL REPORTERS TRENDS IN TROPICAL CLIMES



Trash Groove Girls sport the latest post-industrial schlock look



Go-Go Valkyries

The Trash Groove Girls are on the Düsseldorf-based What's So Funny About... label. They are pop art, teenbeat, sugar pink go-go Valkyries — a product of their time! Playing Hohner and beatbox while Düsseldorf burns, they are currently hip-stepping (rather than goose hopping) through gigs at sex clubs in der fatherland with Eine Kopulationsshow as support, and at the New Music Seminar in NY they exploded onto the European and East Coast scenes "with loads of press/TV etc and bags of notoriety and controversy and scandal... it's been great fun". John Lewis

ITALY

They're really rockin' in Roma

■ In previous issues of UG I introduced some Italian psyche combos, but this does not mean that we do not have our share of reelin'-and-a-rockin' bands down here. Some of them are even good.

■ To start with, you can go for Shock Treatment, which is the title of the debut



album from the **Party Kidz** (above), an energetic five-piece from Turin who play basic beat-rock with the rapture of angry teenagers. Expect clashing guitars and swinging Vox organ, with shouts alternately in Milton's and Dante's idioms. The name of the label tells it all: **Super Beat Mess** (distribution Toast — Via Duchessa Jolanda 13A, 10138 Torino, Italy).

■ **Rebels Without A Cause** is another group with a straightforward "classic" rock attitude. Just hear Rock Me Baby, the first track on their mini-LP Naked Lunch, and you will understand that this time the tribute to Uncle Bill

Burroughs has nothing to do with cut-ups and weird electronics. These James Dean devotees offer you five original cuts of juvenile urban rock-blues, sharp and simple. From the label of Italian psycho-renaissance: **Electric Eye C.P.144, 27100 Pavia, Italy.**

■ What happens when an American student with a Greek surname, George Koulermos, settles down in Bologna, central Italy, and still wants to play his guitar? He might put together a group of natives and call them **Wild Strawberries**, get a nice lady to play sax and cast tarot cards, then record a whole album and title it Resistenza: eleven ditties depicting the joys and horrors of America from the detached eye of the exile. The sound shifts from rock-ballads à la Tom Robinson to exotic influences of salsa, reggae, funk, fusion and R'n'B. Not a band you can easily stick a tag to, pleasantly unpretentious though. On **SubRecords** (distr. MaSo, Via Roma 20, 52027 S. Giovanni V.no, Italy).

■ And now a true curiosity for Zappophiles. **Sandro Oliva (And The Blue Pampurios)** in fact sound like a perfect clone of Hairy Frank. Of course, the lyrics are in Italian so you will miss all the dirty jokes. But to be fair to not-so-young-anymore Oliva, I must add that the music is very well played, with all the doo-wops and flashing guitar riffs in the right place. The man seems de-



Cudù have a rollicking good yawn

cisively capable of escaping the role of Zappa-spoof and obtaining personal praises in his own right. The album has an ultra-kitsch cover and is called Aria Malsana (Unhealthy Air) on **Spittle Records** (distr. Toast, as above).

■ Last but not lost comes the free-jazz-rock-punk mixture of the Tuscan ensemble **Cudù**. Just in case you're wondering, Cudù is the name of a horned antelope. Their mini-LP Neck on **Urgent Label** (distr. MaSo) still had the old five members line-up, and sound like Captain Beefheart meets the Contortions in

four tracks sprinkled with sax and guitar improvisations. Cudù, now reduced to a trio, are all veteran and crafty musicians, led by Paolo Lotti, who had his first free-form solo LP out in 1978. Cudù now play a more condensed version of their self-concocted "acid jazz" style, and aren't beneath doing a Velvet cover now and then. On the way to the presses now are a limited edition sculpture-cassette (!) and the first full-size album. Vittore Baroni

NEW FROM

SST

44 UNDERGROUND

BRIAN RITCHIE



The Blend. Giving up the bass he played with the Violent Femmes for guitar, conch shell, banjo, jaw harp and elephant tusk, Brian Ritchie achieves "The Blend" on his solo album for SST. Combining influences as diverse as Sun Ra, Son House and Sonny Bono, he has concocted the perfect blend for the global village. From the untraditionally traditional version of John The Revelator to the hard funk of Alphabet, these eleven songs are THE blend for the eighties.

MEAT PUPPETS



Huevos. Hot on the heels of their amazing Mirage album, the Meat Puppets have done it again with a brand spanking new album on SST. Closer in sound to their legendary live shows, this record has balls. Starting off with the kick in the head double blast of Paradise and Look At The Rain and ending with the brain-crushing I Can't Be Counted On, this record reaffirms the Meat Puppets' status as one of the coolest bands on the face of the planet.

ANGST



Mystery Spot. Like never before, the songs of Angst are suffused with a shimmering glow. On Mystery Spot, the remarkable interplay between brothers Joe and Jon is fully realized with their best-sounding record ever. With a bow to country and folk, Angst take off on a hell bent for leather electric train ride on Outside My Window, Colors Of The Day, Mind Average and nine more songs.

THE LEAVING TRAINS Always August



F*.** The second album from the Leaving Trains on SST finds them claiming the throne of true rock! From the "Exile On Main Street" punch of the guitars to the personal words of Falling James Moreland, this record is the one to play for people who ask "whatever happened to great rock and roll?" Hear for yourself what F*** is all about.



Largeness With (W)holes. A cryptic title gives you the listeners the cipher with which to break the mysterious code that is Always August. Backwards, forwards and inside out, the lifecodes that Always August reveal on this album are the keys to a healthy psychic glow. From the stone groove of About Time to the triple-deadbolt lock of Rahsaan Rollin' Cat, the new album from Always August paints a startlingly whole picture of your life.

Dinosaur jr.



DINOSAUR JR.: Dinosaur JR. Hot on the heels of their amazing SST debut LP, Dinosaur Jr. releases an EP of mega-sonic proportions. Featuring a mind-blowing rendition of the Peter Frampton classic "Show Me The Way", along with J. Lou and Murph's own classics Little Fury Things and In A Jar.

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UNDERGROUND

January 1988 Issue Ten

'87

REVIEW OF

SPECIAL

£1



The Stranglers

"louder than God" claim!

Gayle Bykers on Acid

ridiculous haircuts at your flea-pit soon

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS

still raucous after all these beers

THE TRIFFIDS

sing the songs they have loved

SON OF SAM

the rhythm, the soul and the rest of the noise

+ THE BOMB PARTY, C-CAT TRANCE, THE LA'S ALEX CHILTON, HENRY MOLLINS, EUGENE CHADBOURNE, BITING TONGUES.

Reviews, news and more

TOKEN TWO FOR THE INK/RED FLAME/UG LP



UNDERGROUND ISSUE 10 FACTOID-FRENZIED (and round the bend)

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UNDERGROUND: bleached and blitzed-out
ISSUE TEN: stapled-in frenzy
EDITOR: David Henderson
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WIDE-PEOPLE
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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT SALES
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ADVERTISEMENT PRODUCTION MANAGER
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PUBLISHER: Eric Fuller
MANAGING DIRECTOR: Mike Sharman
 Published by Spotlight Publications Ltd
 Greater London House
 Hampstead Road
 London NW1 7QZ
 Telephone 01-388 6611
 Telex 29946 Music G
 Fax 01-388 6610
Distribution:
 Spotlight Magazine Distribution,
 1 Bowyer Road, London N7 7AX
 Telephone 01-700 4000
 Typeset by: Phoenix Graphics Co,
 17-18 Great Sutton Street,
 London EC1A 3DF
 Printed by:
 Chesham Press, 16-18 Gernane St,
 Chesham Bucks
 ISSN 0951-802X
 © Spotlight Publications 1987

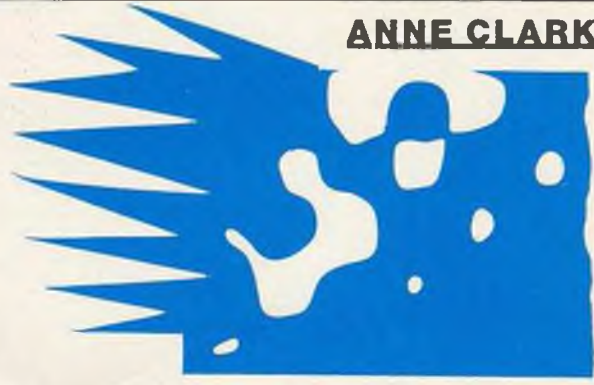
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Full track details and special bonus prize offers will be listed next month. So save that Chrissie cash! And locate the token on the ugly Subs card in the centrespread.



2 UNDERGROUND

WHAT A YEAR! WHAT A YEAR!

AS you probably know, the majority of deaf musos claim that there's been nothing good in the music scene all year. . . apart from Dylan coming over, oh yeah, and Clapton on *The South Bank Show*. But what the hell, we know what's going down and *Underground* will continue to tell you all about it through '88

Selected recollections from '87 can be found on page 20, along with our writers top five singles and albums (overall *Underground* charts are printed below), and on page 24 our brave pundits predict what will happen in '88. • For me, '87 was another year of discovery and a widening of scope in music. The

success of third world music, *The Bhundu Boys*, the folk revival and *Michelle Shocked's Texas Campfire LP*, the coming of age of bands as diverse as *RS Mearns*, *The Wedding Present*, *The Bomb Party* and *The Very Things* all made life worth living. While new acts continued to amaze and names like *Frazier Chorus*, *Zarjaz*, *1*, *Ludicrous*, *Traddodlad Ofnus*, *The Heart Throbs*, *CUD*, *The Raw Herbs*, *The Corndollies*, *The Sugar Cubes*, *The Waltonones*, *Children In Adult Jails*, *Saqqara Dogs* and *Slab!* all made a mockery of the mainstream's tunnelvision. From America, *Dinosaur*, *The Meat Puppets*, *Fluid Waffle*, *Three Colours*, *For Against*, *Negativland*, *Big Dipper* and *Tiny Lights* all impressed. . . and still the hits keep on coming. • Next year promises to be even better with new albums from *The Woodentops*, *Icicle Works*, *New Order*, *The Mighty Lemon Drops* and *The Soup Dragons* all set for February, but that's just the acceptable tip of the iceberg. The best thing about it all is that nobody really knows what's around the corner. . . but if you keep plugged into *Underground* you'll have more idea than most. **Thanks for your support, Dave Henderson**

UNDERGROUND TOP TEN LPS OF '87

- | | | | |
|----|----------------------------|------------------|-------------|
| 1 | DOCUMENT | REM | IRS/MCA |
| 2 | BRAVE WORDS | The Chills | Flying Nun |
| 3 | SISTER | Yo Youth | Blast First |
| 4 | ESCAPE FROM NOISE | Negativland | Rec Rec |
| 5 | STRANGWAYS, HERE WE COME | The Smiths | Rough Trade |
| 6 | CALENTURE | The Triffids | Island |
| 7 | LOCUST ABORTION TECHNICIAN | The Hole Surfers | Blast First |
| 8 | IN MY TRIBE | The 90 Maniacs | Elektra |
| 9 | MUSIC FOR THE MASSES | Depeche Mode | Mute |
| 10 | I AM A WALLET | Madchat | September |

UNDERGROUND TOP TEN 45S OF '87

- | | | | |
|----|------------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| 1 | BIRTHDAY | The Sugar Cubes | One Little Indian |
| 2 | SLOPPY HEART | Frazier Chorus | 4AD |
| 3 | WHEN IT ALL COMES DOWN | RS Mearns | Factory |
| 4 | UNBEARABLE | The Wonder Stuff | Far Out |
| 5 | CHAINS CHANGED | Throwing Muses | 4AD |
| 6 | BYE BYE PRIDE | The Go-Betweens | Beggars Banquet |
| 7 | LOLLITA | ARKane | 4AD |
| 8 | PUMP UP THE VOLUME | MARRIS | 4AD |
| 9 | HIT THE NORTH | The Fall | Beggars Banquet |
| 10 | THE ONE I LOVE | REM | IRS/MCA |

fiction

QUESTIONS, QUESTIONS, questions. . . Paul from Zinger is trying to trace a combo called *The Murrur Troop* who submitted a tape to Hybrid many moons ago, unfortunately he lost their address but would like to "do something with them" now. Their tape was recorded at the Flying Pig 8-Track, apart from that he knows *nothing*. If you're out there, contact him at (01) 371 0326.

The SAF publishing house — who brought the world a convoluted *Cabaret Voltaire* book some aeons ago — have a new product imminent, it's a 256 page look at less than normal artistes entitled *Tape Delay* by Chris Neal. Contributors include *Nick Cave*, *Genesis P Orridge*, *New Order*, *Laibach*, *Lydia Lunch*, *Tibet*, *Test Dept* and more more more. It'll be £8.95, and can I have one for Christmas, mam?

What the world needs now is *Adverse Drivel*, a 'zine for 10p plus a sae from 1 Seagull Close, Kempshott, Basingstoke, Hants, RG22 6QR. Inside there's lots of scribbling, things about individualism, a guide to the planets in *Blakes 7*, comment, poetry and reviews.

The magazine trade must be the one to be in at the moment. There's a glut of entertainment, and some shaky also-rans out there, not least of all being the rather long drawn out prose of *Sniffin' Rock*. On the bright side, the new ish has a fine flexi featuring *Crash*, *The Sting-Rays* and *Fixed Up*. Better still, but just on the horizon at the moment is a double issue of *Flipside* and a new *Chemical Imbalance*, which features a four track hard vinyl disc (with tracks from *Firehose*, *Leaving Trains*, *Slovenly* and *Opal*) in a pic bag. All three are through Shigaku.

Mutations is quite a bracing read for all the synthy-types. They rave over Mute, list the best labels, B sides and stuff, then feature *Black*, *I Start Counting*, *Erasure*, *OMD* and more. Bracing, indeed, and there'll be a new issue any minute from *Jim Baboon*, 41 High View Road, S Woodford, London E18 2HL.

Away from the paper and ink, let's look at some scandal. . . *The Wonder Stuff* getting arrested under suspicion of stealing a mortuary nameplate (Gak). And, what about *The Shamen* splitting up for a night while in Italy? Seems they were so stoned they couldn't find their own hotel rooms and one of them thought he was a member of *The Mekons*. Ugh! What?

Frank Sidebottom offspring *Little Frank* and his cohorts *Little Denise*, *Amoeba Frank* and *Little Buzz Aldrin*, who go under the name of *The Beastie Puppets* have had an injunction slapped on them by Def Jam. It seems their version of *No Sleep Till Brooklands* was deemed dodgy. So the newly named *Yo! Discs* (daughter of *Go! Discs*) can't release it. And to think, the year started with

Charts compiled from top five selections from the *Underground* scribblers, as featured in our record round up of the year on page 20.

3 UNDERGROUND

continued over

fiction

Michael Jackson stopping The Beastie Bobble Hats using The Beastie Beatles' I'm Down. Ah!

The Volunteers, who were drubbed by **John Peel** in a recent *Tip Sheet*, dropped us a line with their telephone number (0744 892110) so that anyone who wants to hear the inadequacies, or otherwise, of their singer for themselves can give them a call. Maybe he's going to sing down the telephone. Who knows?

I suppose it's been a sad month *really*. You know, we haven't heard from **Wreckless Eric! The Warhols** from Sheffield have stopped writing to us! But then again, there is a letter from **Mousefolk**. Bristol's best "punk" band sent us a really doomy photograph and promised they'd improved. Bearing this out was their flexi (which is 30p plus a s&e from 54 Treefield Rd, Clevedon, Avon, BS21 6JB). Wow, **what a bargain!**

Every Friday from now on, you can catch up on **Sudden Sway's** '76 Kids Forever soap by telephoning (01) 223 8991, where the whole thing will be updated and a world of Angie and Den excitement can be yours.

For a more detailed and intriguing train of thought, you could catch **Mike Keane's** *The Genetic Journey* — a collection of **The Royal Family And The Poor** person's writings and art since whenever. Very enlightening and quite challenging, it's in a limited edition of 300 and details can be had from Mike at GAIA, 10B Cathedral Mansions, Husskisson Street, Toxteth, Liverpool 8.

Mike is currently working on a compilation called *Kaos Magick* which should materialise around March with an LP featuring **Coll, Chris And Cosey, Sleep Chamber, Bourbonese Qualk** and others, and a booklet with cover designed by former **Pistols'** artman **Jamie Reid**. So keep watching the skies.

Issue five of **Skate Muties Of The Fifth Dimension** is a real hoot as usual. It takes a mere month to read and has more humour than your average copy of *Pravda*. An excellent read that can be had through *Revolver* and the *Cartel*.

The second coming of **Viz** is upon us. Their annual (yes, it's much better than **The Beano**), **The Big Hard Number Two** is carefully lining up in the "Toilet Humour" section of your fave bookstores at this very mo. Recommended for maximum guffaws.

There's been a shake up with the ranks of the increasingly popular **Flatmates**, with **Joel** replacing the departing **Rocker** on the drum stool. It seems that **Rocker** has decided to concentrate on his day job as a dentist, while the group reap the rewards of their successful new groover *You're Gonna Cry* on *Subway*. Next up for the **Flaties** will be a new single from the group and that'll be overseen by **Wedding Present** producer **Chris Allison**.

after the fact

Robert K Cohen's
Big Comment

I stepped in a copy of **The Sun** the other week, and **Gary Bushell** slithered out of the T.V. page, moaning about 'Cagney and Lacey'. His main objection to this undeniably crap show was that Lacey and "her drip of a husband" disapproved of their son's fixation with militana and war films.

"Presumably if he'd been wearing make-up and listening to The Communards they wouldn't have batted an eyelid".

No, I don't suppose they would, Gary, but don't worry your pretty little head about it: if he *had*, it never would've got on American T.V. **The Sun**, of course, is all about sexual stereotyping, so they should take note of **Timbuk 3's** *'All I Want For Christmas'*, released in aid of the Stop War Toys campaign. **Danny Baker**, in *NME*, called them **"sour brooders and nosey interfering crusaders"**,

but I think he was joking. In fact, I'm not sure **Danny Baker** exists: I mean, he made **Pet Shop Boys** 'Single of the Week', say no more. Would I, then, be right in thinking he's the alter-ego of

the *NME* staff, sending up the management's 'depoliticisation' policies, e.g. don't swear and possibly even don't slag off singles

for fear of offending someone. It's odd that while *NME* is

being slowly throttled by its masters, **Melody Maker** — also owned by **Holborn Publishing** — continues unscathed with its boring, spiteful preoccupations. Maybe it's because they spend more time knocking the readers than artistes. Every week, the letters page is half-full with impotent complaints about 'unfair' reviews — for instance, the recent accusation that an **All About Eve** gig had been assessed by someone who had no knowledge, let alone liking, of the band. **Simon Reynolds** replied that most *MM* staffers had "dismissed them at first whiff as appallingly winsome **Fotherington-Thomas** waffle".

In that case, I wonder who commissioned the full-colour cover treatment accorded **A.A.E.** *only a couple of weeks previously?* Unfortunately, I can't think of any witty suggestions. Nor, I'm sure, could **Melody Maker**, in the circumstances: the brief spark of humour that hit the **T.T.T.** pages recently has faded and died. ● The inspired **'Ten Ron Wood Masterpieces'** (very bad pictures of **Bob Dylan**, **Shane MacGowan**, **John 'n' Yoko**, etc.) has given way to **Top Ten Punctuations** ('**Van Der Paragraaf Generator**'), **Ten Animal Noises** ('**Michael Quackson**'), and **Ten Skin Afflictions** ('**Pimpily Red**'). Yes, ha ha. Well worth 50p. Which is all you'll need (plus £17) to see **'Quacko'** at **Wembley** in July. **Mikey**, in announcing his schedule, took the opportunity to lambast record pirates, whose occupation "hurts us all... Criminals should not profit from our love of recorded music". **Why not? They already do, even without the pirates.** By the way, **Michael**, I notice your tour is being sponsored by **Pepsi**: it must be awful not to be able to afford to finance your own gigs. ● The **Pogues**, alternatively, have no need for sponsorship — or if they do, they're too proud to admit it as they take off on a quick trip round America with **Joe Strummer** (replacing the laid-up **Philip Chevron**). Or have they already *been* to America? This is, after all, the January issue, but it's on the streets in mid-December, and written at least a fortnight beforehand. **Why, I don't even know who'll be No.1 for Christmas.** At the moment, **The Proclaimers** could have a chance with their watered-down masterpiece, **'Letter From America'**, though in truth **Rick Astley** is more likely to make it: he's already a **No.1**. ideally, it'll be **The Pogues** and **Kirsty MacColl's** **'Fairytale of New York'**. But then, **Pogues** might



Joe Strummer and Shane Pogue compare dentures

Perhaps to tell of the whirlwind of feelings that once took me by surprise. Maybe to unbridle the horses and saunter home through silent moonlit lanes. Definitely to tell off Sally and the look in her dark brown eyes that thundery Thursday.

Supper at **Maulynvia** - 32 minutes of music from **Mervyn and the Meringne Bears** on cassette with colour pictures and 9 story fragments. To order cut out This ad. and send with your name, address and £5.25 (£6.00 overseas) payable to "Summer Studios" at No. 8 Upstall St. London SE5 9JE. *First 50 orders with this ad. will receive a free furry cassette cover.*



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6

UNDERGROUND

SNAPPING AT THE HEELS OF THE INDUSTRY!



Fierce Records is a label with a difference. . . they have a couple of Jesus And Mary Chain records and a couple of Charles Manson releases. Confused? Dave Henderson listens in. . .



Charlie M sez: "Have a better one!"

and the latest releases from Sky Saxon and Angus McLise. The Fierce reputation and family has grown. The Fierce House band, Shame — featuring Kid Broken bits Charles has recorded extensively and a new single (just 100 copies) should be with the world soon.

This can't be the route to massive expense accounts, record company-style success and what have you, but Steve doesn't seem to mind. More importantly, Fierce is the spanner in the works that the current music scene is lacking. More power to Fierce. . . but don't tell anyone I said that.

Already the locks have had to be changed twice at Fierce HQ, but the subversion continues. Plans for the new year include a whole host of new singles. . .

- "Yeah, Sonic Youth"
- But aren't they as first First?
- "Manson"
- And
- "Manson" — Fierce Family."
- No doubt modelled on Charlie's collection of young girls. . .
- "Yeah, it's such hard work. And then there's The Kray Cherubs."
- What? Savage Pencil's band?
- "Yeah, and the Pooh Sisters. They're the best indie anorak band of all time, and their single's called I Know Someone Who Knows Someone Who Knows Alan McGee Quite Well. Then there's JAMC, Aleister Crowley and The Beastie Boys."
- Er, well I can see the solicitors rolling up their sleeves already.
- "But they don't know how to get at Fierce. They don't know where we are. . . and neither do you."
- But what will you do if they *do* get to you? What could you do as your swansong?
- "Well, there's the compilation, Now That's What I Call A Bootleg to come yet."
- Right! See you in court.

• FRIGHT 001 THE LOVE AND TERROR CULT Charles Manson (LP) £15

• A real sweet one, allegedly an original release of Charles Manson's LP which he recorded before he was sent down for the Sharon Tate murders. It features the legendary Cease To Exist which the Beach Boys "stole off" according to Charlie. What's worse, he's really pissed off about *that* and he'll be bringing Foster Steiner down on the Wilson boys if he ever makes parole. This record is supposed to have sold 200,000 copies and the authorities, for some reason, won't give Charlie a platinum disc. **£15000**

• FRIGHT 003 REAL TEARS Shame (45) £15

• "Shame are an actual group who featured Kid Chaos in his pre-Zodiac Mindwarp days — you know before he started splintering bits off his body skateboarding."

• FRIGHT 004 RIOT The Jesus And Mary Chain (45) £40

• The legendary MC arty fact with the sound of a group leaving the stage early and having the PA trashed by angry kids. The package, limited to just 100 copies, as are all the other 45s, also contained a torn piece of fabric purporting to be from Bobby Gillespie's shirt, a badge, some USB chocolate which looks suspiciously like a Milky Bar, a postcard, a syringe and various other bits.

• FRIGHT 005 SICK CITY Charles Manson (45) £15

• A single culled from the album which amazingly didn't make it to *Our Tune* on the Simon Bates' programme.

• FRIGHT 008 SLEEP TERMINATOR Photographed By Lightning (45) £10

• Another single by an actual band. PBL are acclaimed as a progressive psychedelic band from the Swansea area.

• FRIGHT 009 INTERVIEW Sky Saxon (45) £15

• A rambling, bumbling overdubbed chatathon with Sky Saxon that's been done over the telephone. A lot of thinking, thoughts on life, and what have you follow, while the happy punter can sit and fondle a piece of Sky's shirt, a bag of 'Sky' cubes, a Dog-God badge and a Sky Mail Order list. The list itself has some real beauts, including Sky lovebeads for £20 and a lock of Sky's hair for a mere one million dollars. Hmmm, a snip!

• FRIGHT 010 TRANCE Angus McLise (45) £25

• Angus McLise was the original Velvet Underground drummer and this 45 is his only commercially available recording. In time-honoured Fierce style the record is one-sided and comes with sundries including an Angus chocolate bar (which looked distinctly like a Coffee-flavoured Club biscuit), a pack of scented ciggie papers, an incense cone, a "Far Out" badge and an Angus mail order list. The list included such things as a set of three Krsna Mantra albums for £20 and the meaning of life (for a mere £3.75).

• So far, there's just one other release to add to this list and that's the limited edition (10 copies only) LP Searching For The Mary Chain album which has been offered for around £90. The catalogue number is, rather sweetly we thought, ALAN 1

- "Hello"
- Hello.
- "Hello, is that *Underground*?"
- Yes.
- "This is Steve from Fierce. . . you know the Jesus And Mary Chain Riot record."
- Oh, yeah, how's it going?
- "Alright. I thought it was just *Underground* wrote a bit about us. I mean, we're really alternative, we've got lots of records out, they change hands for a fortune and we've got lots more coming."
- Right. But aren't they outsiders, like you're illegal?
- "Not really."
- But you've done a Mary Chain single, haven't Alan McGee tried to sue you?
- "Well, he tried, but my partner's lawyer is the same as Madonna's and I think that scared McGee off."
- Steve's partner in Fierce is Kid Chaos, ex-Zodiac Mindwarp guitaro, and currently infiltrating The Cult. A man who's broken seven assorted bones in three different skateboarding accidents. Could it be the power of Alan McGee getting revenge?
- "Nah."
- Anyhow, in its brief history, since that debut Manson album, the Mary Chain Riot single



The Mary Chain: shady or ferocious?

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7 UNDERGROUND

ACHWGHA NEY WODEI

Triptyque

NIR NIR872 **RR** **C** ●●¼ Achwgha Ney Wodei present a mystery fit to give fellow countryman Monsieur Pierrot a headache. Here is an art box (each painted as part of a huge canvas), inside are three records and no information, on the back there's *artchat*. In the grooves (at 33 there's sprawling untogetherness, at 45 there's quirky noiseplay), there are sounds and squeaks... a few people resort to playing "instruments". But what's going on? They're still hard at it on side six (if a little more rhythm-orientated, but what do you do next? And, is that a timebomb ticking?)

Triptyque is a great concept, an enthralling listen and a bugger that asks more than it tells. Now, where is Miss Marple's number? **Dave Henderson**

THE ADAMS FAMILY

Sometimes I Wonder

Spiv Records Spiv 3 **PR** **C** ●½ An interesting debut from this self-confessed 'six-piece power/pop/rock band'. Well, what it lacks in power it certainly makes up for with ample doses of pop and rock! While tracks such as *Of You and Memories* demonstrate a serene aspect in the band, *Sometimes I Wonder* and *Back Street City Life* are catchy ventures into the backwaters of the town they call Gothsville!

It's a look we've all seen before and the sound, at times, is no less familiar, but for all that The Adams Family use it well. Vocalist Jaki Florek insists that she's not a singer at all — more a performer. Despite the inevitable Slouxsie-isms, if her live act is something as good as her 'coming out' vinyl, she should be received with Munstrous applause!! **Alex Kadis**

THE ADICTS

Fifth Overture

Fall Out FALL LP 042 ● A meagre, motionless Munchkin noise from punk's grandchildren. The Adicts have grown up and realised that they'll have to sell out to the pop squidge to make the big bucks; unfortunately this banal 12 track collection is highly unlikely to get them *any* cash action — more likely to provide a few raised eyebrows from the writers of *Feeling Groovy*. Lads, stick to what you're good at, or jack it in! **Johnny Eager**

AGNOSTIC FRONT

Liberty & Justice For...

Rough Justice JUST 8 **PR** ●●¾ Thrash, thrash, energy, riffing, noise and the vocalist is looking to score a hernia judging by the sound he's making. Yes folks, it's hardcore city and another angry bunch of chord-infested songs is flung violently to the floor like a cancer-ridden goblet of sour phlegm. Splat! Looking around it's hard to distinguish this one from the rest already curdling on the pavement.

But... If it's alive and induces those adrenal glands to secrete the sacred juices then all is not lost. *Anthem*, *Hypocrisy* and *Crucified* are the cream of the eleven tracks, the rest being good-ish but a tiny bit familiar. **Daz Igy Meth**

GG ALLIN & THE HOLY MEN

You Give Love A Bad Name

Homestead HMS069 **C** **SH** Why Homestead would want an artist on their label who languishes in a pit of his own excreta is a mystery, but here it is...

Trashrock and punky distorted guitars back Allin's vocals which sound as though emerging from a slashed throat, or maybe that's wishful thinking. The sub-moronic rantings deal with sex, violence and violent sex; things come to a head on the typically pathetic *I'm A Rapist* — "*You ain't shit to me but just a piece of meat.*"

Allin needs castration not record sales; the best thing about this album is written on the cover; 'Warning: this record sucks' — how apt. **Daz Igy Meth**

ANNIE ANXIETY BANDEZ

Jackamo

One Little Indian tlp 4 **C** ●● The sound of a dehydrated needle, the jazzy Parisienne sleaze and sampled-sludge of techno development, the grind of the '80s and Annie Anxiety's crackling larynx make Jackamo a little something of special proportions. Annie gets anxious and croons with soulful brashness over some of the most enlivening arrangements and creative treatments this side of debagged dub and beatnik swaying. Jackamo is a huge, spacious album that lulls you into its intense epicentre with a smooth and wholesome action. Moving and magnificent. **Dave Henderson**

A POPULAR HISTORY OF SIGNS

Taste

Jungle Freud 17 **RM** **C** ●½ A Pop His O'Signs were always a little less than successful in the achieving department, usually due to lack of recording funds, poor finishing and the difficulty in getting their politico-pop to sound tactile enough in a fast-widening pop marketplace. In retrospect this LP shudders rather than flows with some fine tracks playing off against some fine sentiments. In the end mix, no-one really wins, but at least the Signs kept their credibility intact. **Dave Henderson**

THE ASTORIANS

Guffahw

Peg In Hole PDI 9008 (167 12th St, Brooklyn, NY 11215, USA) ●● The Astorians come shrouded in a cartoon cover, throwing seven finely-formed pop tunes to the wind. American and unabashed they wander through Beatles-esque guitarplay, dabble with the SST *uptempo* branding iron and please the ears with their astute lyrics and charming delivery. Not the future of rock 'n' roll, but a chiming noise fit to blast from any open-top chic-mobile. **TC Wall**

- **MEGA** A godhead uprising
- **HOTSY** Tasteful and tenacious
- **TACKY PLUS** Lacking in finish
- DRAB** No bullets, means no hope

AUTOMATIC DLAMINI

D Is For Drum

Idea IDEALP 001 **PR** ●●½ The first album from Idea displays the width and songwriting potential of Automatic Dlamini to its full extent. With a couple of singles already in the bag, this selection develops their rhythmic interests, colours the events with some affectionate harmony lines and reaches classic status with some exceptionally good songs. Automatic Dlamini sound as if they're already veterans in the professional market, just slotting in another classic album to enhance everyone's record collection. **Nick Brody**

MARTYN BATES

The Return Of The Quiet

Cherry Red BRED 81 **PR** ●¾ It takes time to get into former Eyeless In Giza front person Martyn Bates' strange nasal drone, but if you're willing to wait then this first solo LP should please. *Return Of The Quiet* mostly sounds like a grand singer/songwriter LP, liberally splashed with soulful aftershave, sounding sleek and desirable like an ad for Cadbury's Ripple. The problems come when the synths sound like synths, making the simplistic arrangements sound hollow. For the most part, Bates wins through, but it is going to be love or hate in the vocals department. **Johnny Eager**

JELLO BIAFRA

No More Cocoons

Alternative Tentacles VIRUS 59 **PR** ●●¾ Your legs will turn to Jello after you've sat back and taken in this double-album's-worth of spoken word Biafra. This could have been a mega-yawn but the key here is humour and, even though some of the characters mentioned might mean little to us Brits, the assassination is fascinating. *Censorship* is the main fare, but there's also room for Vietnam, the Space Shuttle, Reagan and more. This is something you shouldn't miss, a perspective that's worth focusing on. **Dave Henderson**

BIG DIPPER

Heavens

Homestead HMS086 **C** **SH** ●●¼ Big Dipper have blossomed into a fine pop concoction following the success of their mini-set *Boo Boo*. *Heavens* is a more accessible version of the Dinosaur-brand of rock 'n' roll, with plenty of open spaces and bags of healthy air. Big Dipper face the world with an authority akin to Talking Heads and an armoury of tunes that're fit for kings. Don't miss this classic album. **Nick Brody**

BLACK TAPE FOR A BLUE GIRL

Mesmerised By Sirens

Projekt (8951 sw 53rd Street, Cooper City, Florida 33328-5135, USA)

●●● Once, when I was young, I got a really bad cold, well flu actually, and after partaking in multi-vits, Sanatogen tonic wine and liberal doses of Night Nurse, I drifted into a stupor while John Peel was playing some ambient partnership between Eno and Cluster. Momentarily waking, dreaming of falling down huge chasms and then floating over my school, there was a kind of affectionate safety in the sounds. The dream seemed to last forever and became indefinable from reality. Similarly, this album induces the same set of emotions, and I'm sure I stayed awake throughout. BTFABG play seedy sexual fantasies and background music for films that get explicit on Channel 4, it floats... and clears the mind. **Dave 'I wear my loons with pride' Henderson**

THE BODEANS

Outside Looking In

Slash SLAP 22 ●● Not to be confused with the dreadful Bodines, this three piece hail from Waukesha, Wisconsin, and present a clean, effective rock 'n' roll that's sort of REM meets Steely Dan. Which means to say there's lots of voices, some insistent songs, and a clean, uncluttered guitar.

Occasionally, it's true, the spectre of American AOR rears its ugly head which could alienate those who get hooked by the purer raunch.

If there's finally going to be an injection of a more harmonic rock into the charts, the BoDeans are the sort of band to cross over and provide it. Let's just hope they don't wear towelling headbands. **Carole Linfield**

CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN

Vampire Can Mating Oven

Rough Trade RTM 205 LP **RM** **C** ●● The Van's produce their last seven tracker for RT before departing to that great Virgin warehouse in the sky. More country folk and strange-blankets-for-jumpers-music, with a reel and a roll thrown over their shoulders for good measure. Musically it's as insane and off-the-wall as ever, but you never can tell, just what Camper VB are up to, as they wend their way through life. The sleeve notes' forced humour can't raise a grumble, but I bet you'll be whistling along to the classic opening cut, *Good Guys And Bad Guys*, before the end of the track. It's just that kind of album, from *that* kind of band. **Johnny Eager**

3 UNDERGROUND

EVOLUTIONS

Distribution initials
are as follows:

B Backs | **C** Cartel | **Ch** Charly | **FF** Fast Forward | **Je** 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.)

THE CONNELLS

Boylan Heights

TVT Records 2540 (59 West 19th Street, Suite 5B, New York, NY 10011, USA) ●● $\frac{1}{3}$ The Connells follow last year's *Demon* album with a US domestic release which further develops their pop bent. Still rolling beneath a sea of strummed guitar, Boylan Heights resounds to more powerful melody lines, more distinct arrangements and the kind of coy commercial awareness that could soon introduce them to a much wider audience. There's huge potential here, and it's only just begun to be realised. **Dave Henderson**

THE CREEPERS

Rock 'n' Roll Liqueur Flavour

Red Rhino REDLP 82 **RR** **C** ●● $\frac{1}{2}$ The Creepers continue their trad rock slam dance, with the inevitable touch of northern humour ending up with an enjoyable — but less challenging — album. On their last set, *Miserable Sinners*, it seemed that they were destined to create a much bigger sound, a more powerful workhorse on which to launch their ideas, but here we have 12 tracks that somehow lack the continuity and delivery that you might expect. Now things are more subtle, more choreographed and their jokey laugh-in style doesn't really suit. **Johnny Eager**

THE DAMNED

Mindless, Directionless Energy

ID NOSE 18 **P** ●● Vintage Damned from '81, caught live at the Lyceum when Rat spat, the Cap'n played guitar and Smash It Up was more than just a rule to live by. Well, you know the score... this is fast and frantic, with Dave Vanian gobbling the classics from *Fall to I Feel Alright* and *Love Song*, all rounded off with Paul Gray's pumping bass and an irreverent cover of *Ballroom Blitz* for good measure. Ah! They don't make them like that anymore. **Nick Brody**

ANNA DOMINO

This Time

Les Disques Du Crepuscule TWI 777 **P** ●● $\frac{1}{2}$ As time goes by, you'll find Anna Domino still sitting in the shade of pop's glaring crassness, when she should be one of the firmament's brightest stars. This *This Time* is aptly named because if we don't notice Anna this time around, she might as well think about going out with a Rolling Stone bassist or investing in some upper silicone inserts. Her third album finds Anna even more accessible, spinning on cool, sophisticated, fragile surfaces, swimming from a gloriously free electro-pop to a precise but luxurious blend of soul, funk and torchlit balladry. Tugging melodies glide by as though on a cushion of hot air. If you think Anna is playing at pop styles and ice wouldn't melt in her mouth, stick with the record because by the third play, the textures and tones are such that you could perceive Anna as a female equivalent to a David Sylvian — cool, but elegant dreampop with a questing heart. This time then! **Martin Aston**

THE DROOGS

Kingdom Day

Music Maniac MM011 **RT** **C** ●● $\frac{1}{4}$ Somewhere on a strange closed-down train link between hard rock, The Cramps and psyche-pop (you can see why it's closed down), the stirring noise of *The Droogs* is beginning to disturb passers by. *Kingdom Day* has the unnerving energy of a lost soul searching for its final resting place, brought to life by stinging guitar forays and interjected with abominable tirades. For all that, the sound is tempered in a way previously unheard, and the end result is a sound pattern fit to pop (well, just about). **TC Wall**

THE DURUTTI COLUMN

Live At The Bottom Line, New York

ROIR A-152 **RR** **C** ●● $\frac{1}{2}$ Exceptional quality on this live tape, as Vinnie Reilly flexes his fingers yet again and creates an enthralling ambience on an eleven track set. The Durutti Column always seemed to be a touch too tight to last — their musical prowess almost strangling their ability to progress — but through a string of intriguing releases the grass hasn't grown under their feet and even live, as this tape displays, the songs are powerful enough to succeed. **Nick Brody**

THE ELECTRIC LOVE MUFFIN

Playdoh Meathook

Buy Our Records BOR 12-012 **RIS** ●● A ten track debut, from Philadelphia's "best undiscovered band", which suggests that they'll soon be on more than a few lips in the nearness of time, despite their ridiculous name. The Electrics play Husker Du-paced gut-rock with bravado and fast-thrash wrist action, all they need now are a couple of beefier pop sounds — they're almost there already — and they could break into the big league and give up the Philly bedsit.

Playdoh Meathook is instantly likeable and signals to high level notoriety. Buy it and see. **TC Wall**

ETON CROP

And The Underwater Music Goes On

Ediesta CALC LP 33 **RR** **C** ●● Headf***ed-pop from Holland's Eton Crop who could, within the confines of a single album's worth of material, be compared to the likes of anyone from the B52's to the Smiths, from PIL to Talking Heads. We're talking off-the-wall and *strange* when the going is good, as admirably demonstrated by at least half this record. **Daz Igyemeth**

FAITH NO MORE

Introduce Yourself

Slash/London SLAP 21 ●● Faith No More's second LP (their first was on Mordam in the US) turns up on Slash with the kind of power and finishing that you'd expect from a metal combo. Better still, Faith No More have the old rock adages in their back pockets, leaving their playing hands free to explode into a taunting tirade of guitar noise that fits snugly around their lyrical strangeness. Faith No More have a touch of nastiness in their make-up like a blob of chewing gum stuck under a table, but they're consistent in the performance, leaving you groping for more. **Dave Henderson**

FORTUNATE SONS

Karrezza

Bam Caruso KIRI 093 **NM** **C** ●● A competent and heart-warming album that falls somewhere in an American heritage between Springsteen and Creedence. The *Fortunate Sons* are fortunate indeed in that they have some fine songs to their name, added to their obvious ability to deliver these songs *incredibly* well. A dingy slice of filmic US, from dusty backroads to blitzed-out bar rooms. Recommended. **Johnny Eager**

FRACTURED

No Peace For The Wicked

ID Records NOSE 17 **RR** **C** ●● $\frac{3}{4}$ Smiling rather than screaming rock-abilly for all the Klub-goers in the audience; catchy toons played at a fair pace and if that's all you want then this'll suit you fine and dandy; what this means is that although feet tap and fingers snap, it's a sure bet that you've heard it all before. Sure enough, by track seven it's very thin and looking down in the gob... but wait! What's this? A cover of Big John (live rendition) saves the trapped miners and the record from a horrible fate. Not a brilliant disc but, hey man, who cares about that? If you have to do the Chicken then this is as good as... **Daz Igyemeth**

FUEL

The Back Of This Beyond

Nightshift NISHI 203 **FF** **C** ●● $\frac{1}{2}$ Forfar muso, Hamish Mackintosh has put together something of a fabby album in *The Back Of This Beyond*. Singing and playing all the instruments might lead to parallels with that man who wore paper clothes, Todd Rundgren... and in hindsight you wouldn't be far wrong in your assumption, because this sumptuous platter has something of the depth of a Rundgren recording. Obviously steeped in psychedelia, dragged through a commercial treadmill and plucked from obscurity, Fuel (or Mackintosh) is an emotionally consuming listen. **Nick Brody**

GAME THEORY

Lolita Nation

Enigma 3280-1 **P** ●● This *Game Theory* album looks totally confusing, starts in a radio-fried haze and eventually breaks into a collection of finely-

NEW RELEASES FROM RED FLAME AND INK RECORDS



RUBY BLUE
LP 'GLANCES ASKANCES'
RF 53



PHILLIP BOA AND THE VOODOO CLUB
NEW 12" 'KILL YOUR IDEALS'
RF 1255



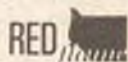
CHARLES HAYWARD
FIRST SOLO LP 'SURVIVE THE GESTURE'
INK 31



SLAB!
FIRST LP 'DESCENSION'
INK 32



C CAT TRANCE
NEW LP 'PLAY MASENKO COMBO'
INK 33



COMMUNIQUE NO.2



New Releases now confirmed from Red Flame and Ink Records for October, November and December 1987.

On the Red Flame label, the first LP 'Glances Askances' by new Scottish signing **Ruby Blue**, is now on release. A wonderful blend of melodies and styles. A sheer delight and a must for the autumn nights. The new 12" single by top German band **Phillip Boa and The Voodoo Club** 'Kill you Ideals', has the voodoo percussion in full flight matched by some mean guitar from Herr Boa. Two tracks on the B-side include a great cover of Arthur Brown's 'Fire'.

On the Ink label, the three heavyweight LP releases are now finished and ready for release. **Charles Hayward's** first solo LP 'Survive The Gesture' is an inspired and deeply original record. Powerfull songs and lyrics speaking volumes about our individual and collective state. The first LP by **SLAB!**, 'Descension', features some of the heaviest music made this decade. Funk is turned on its head, hip hop on its end and fused together by some stunning noise. The fourth LP by **C Cat Trance**, 'Play Masenko Combo' is their best yet. Now up to full

strength as a six piece band, the new line up has produced a sizzling fusion of Afro-Arabic rhythms welded together by pumping funk patterns.

The Ink Tour in Europe featuring C Cat Trance and SLAB! begins in Holland on January 21st and finishes in Germany on February 4th. Exact dates and venues will be announced shortly.

The new mini LP by Australian band **Tactics**, has been postponed until January 1988. The title will be 'Holden Interview' and release is projected for the last week of January.

Red Flame/Ink Mail Order Service. Send SAE to PO Box 927, London W3 6YB, England.

Red Flame and Ink are distributed in the UK by Nine Mile and the Cartel (0926-499899).

from previous page

constructed melodic building blocks. Game Theory have a distinctive lead vocal style with Scott Miller, and a quite unique line in backing vocals which picks out the two girl/two guy harmony/disharmony idea really well. This is the kind of album that'd be coffee table-essential if it were on Warners, as it is, Game Theory will probably still have to sweat it a little to gain their quota of success. **Dave Henderson**

GEINS'T NAIT

L'Or'n Cat

Permis De Construire (26 rue St Julien, 54000 Nancy, France) ●¾ The second album, from these slow ambient French people, is an all-enveloping splurge of colour — on ghastly red vinyl too. With little in the way of hand-holds for the majority of the record, it bubbles and troubles into the background, occasionally breaking free to clatter a few pots and pans and demand attention. Aspiring to be awkward but having a penchant to be friendly nevertheless. **TC Wall**

GREAT PLAINS

Sum Things Up

Shadowline SR 1087 ●¾ Great Plains play the all-American story, wrapped neatly with ribbons and bows, sparkling behind a thousand celluloid images that Brit TV throws out as the small screen version of the land of the free. Sum Things Up sees the boys looking inward, breaking through musical styles and ending up with a blitty, but biting, picture of life in wragged jeans. With tongues firmly in cheek, there's enough brightness on display to blind the meakest of musos. This is an album to live with, to take out in the car and eventually to take home to mom. **TC Wall**

THE HAFLER TRIO

A Thirsty Fish

Touch TO-9 ●½ This gets one and a half stars not because it's average, but because you'll either love it or hate it. Lovers will hear the ambient noiseplay of the *Eraserhead* soundtrack, the cohesive obscurist constructions that make up "difficult music", the things that have been explored for aeons by Nurse With Wound and lesser mortals. Haters will think it sounds scary. They'll think it's crap and will opt for the next Rain Parade album. You take your chances... **Ripley**

HALF JAPANESE

Music To Strip By

Bad Alchemy BAAL 11 ●● Just 22 tracks here from Half Japanese, a virtual cesspit of inventiveness, surrounded by the slings and arrows of the modern world. Using up the American musical variations from jazz to beat, from folk to soul and all points in between, Half Japanese are a classic collection of lunatics who more often than not succeed in making excellent music — faltering just now and again into a dodgy mistuned uptempo splash of uncontrollable frenzy. **Dave Henderson**

THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN

Can't Help But Shake

Resonance 33-708 (Box 213, 1740 AE Schagen, The Netherlands) ●● The Horsemen's gritty vocal lines and bittersweet pop-psyche makes for authentic Byrds-cut and Beatles jacket music. Deep down, they're a long way down the nostalgia tubes, paddling against progression while they hum and strum some meaningfully bizarre pop tirades. Alluring and remarkably embracing. **Johnny Eager**

HITCHCOCKS

Skinny

Nightshift NISHI 204 ●½ The Hitchcocks have some rather pleasant songs that could quite easily stand them in good stead with major label support. The seven tracks here are more akin to an underproduced Spandau Ballet than the Smiths/REM tag they've been emblazoned with. Whether they're pretty enough, or bland enough to succeed in the paltry pop market can't really be measured yet, as they certainly still need time to grow. **Dave Henderson**

IN THE COLLONADES

In The Collonades

Joker ITC610 (Box 200 99, s-104 60 Stockholm, Sweden) ●¼ A growling six track set from this Swedish outfit, who log in as part of the Westernised leather splurge. In The Collonades are hot to trot, but they add little to the already developed UK/US chunky guitar axis... they need time to develop further. **Johnny Eager**

THE JETSET

Vaudeville Park

The Dance Network Stereo Work 6 ●¾ The Jetset's rather designer-designed image of Monkees/Dee Time and all things good from the swinging '60s is a nostalgia point that you'll either love or hate. Even though they've already moved far beyond their plagiaristic beginnings, it's easy to see why people might not be overtaken for this new album, but they'd certainly have missed out if they chose to ignore it.

The Jetset have matured into a harmonious, well-structured, perfectly-arranged, and well orchestrated team of youths who wander from The Hollies' grating vocal style right through to The Beatles' anthemic utterings. It's fine stuff with an irreverent waltz to The Kinks and a cherishable aura through every plastic plea. **Ripley**

THE KINGS OF OBLIVION

Big Fish Popcorn

Bam Caruso KIRI 064 ●● The scam says that Bam got this album instead of an Accents' LP from some Hollywood label. Reputed to have been lost for years, since '67 in fact, it is half of a double set by a group who claim that Zappa ripped them off. Supposedly recorded on a 15-track machine, it has all the hallmarks of Freak Out Zappa with a bit more clarity as well as the weirdness of Zappa's later work, plus a touch of the Mothers' Ruben And The Jets. Whatever, it's a great listen, really mind-expanding (man), but the authenticity of this dippy trippy hippy stuff is still unproven. What the hell, enjoy it anyway. **Dave Henderson**



KMFDM

What Do You Know, Deutschland?

Skysaw SAW 4 R ●½ Germanic wit and wisdom over a thumping dancebeat makes What Do You Know, Germany? into a scholarly exercise in self-discipline, a kind of sub-industrial funk — with just enough to make it accessible. Most of the tongue-in-cheek "rock" humour which is spiralled into the songs shows up the band for the cleverly orchestrated act they are, but on occasion, like on the all-too-obvious Zip, they suffer the indignity of novelty laughs that really wear thin before the said offender is finished. For the most part, KMFDM have the caustic edge of a pidgen-English Foetus, and a driving production allows them yet more scope for their chunky tirades. **TC Wall**

LAIBACH

Baptism

Sub Rosa SUB 33006/7-9 ●● A lavishly presented, and thoroughly enjoyable, experience on this hugely anthemic double set from Laibach. The full colour gatefold sleeve resembles a classical album and the sound inside doesn't detract from that image. Huge slabs of dull string-music — intoned with chanted verse, taped introductions and climactic expletives — makes them so far removed from their contemporaries and admirers that Laibach are in danger of a huge backlash when Joe Public realise that they are in fact classicists and, above all, artists. When the day of realisation comes, this cacophony of sombre music will be the ideal funeral march... and then, perhaps someone will try to explain why Laibach are so good. **Dave Henderson**

LAZY LESTER

Rides Again

Blue Horizon BLUH 002 ●¼ Legendary Baton Rouge bluesman, Lazy Lester refuels his harmonica and voice box for this album's worth of tunes, which was recorded earlier this year when Lester visited the UK. Relaunching the Blue Horizon — which threw up the likes of Fleetwood Mac during its first inception, Rides Again looks set to keep blues enthusiasts and students of gritty vocal lines happy for some time to come. **Dave Henderson**

MARIE & THE WILDWOOD FLOWERS

Marie & The Wildwood Flowers

Radium RA 028 ●¼ There's something of the Nico in Marie, as side two trails to a halt with an accordion-accompanied waltz. She croons in a jazzy beatnik-style with her perfectly throaty pidgen-English slur making the whole show go up in a puff of Sorbonne cigareete smoke. She is in fact from Sweden, and this LP suggests that there's still more music to come from Sweden that can challenge the staid UK scene. Investigate. **Dave Henderson**

MEN 2ND

Red Tape

Antler 070 ●● A hybrid concoction made in Belgium and produced by ex-Hula Mark Albrow, Red Tape is an infuriatingly dense mass of guitars, electronics and effects which breathes through its lighter moments — exploding into frantic action when you least expect it. This is a promising debut from Men 2nd, a name that should be loaded in the memory banks for later. **Ripley**

MERVYN AND THE MERINGUE BEARS

Supper At Maulynvia

Summer Studios SS101C ● A cassette-only release, which does little for the braincells as it tries desperately to produce good pop muzak without the spit and slobber of the real world, and the slings and arrows of technology. Mervyn wants to be contemporary and populist a la Tot Taylor but ends up sounding like a crusty rice pudding. **Johnny Eager**

MEAT PUPPETS

Huevos

SST SST 150 **P** ●● The Pups are a pretty difficult triad. What's going on here, on their latest consolidating album, is difficult to say. Previously they've moved this way and that through country, punk, thrash, rock and pop, but Huevos shows no new direction, no new persona, merely a more mature, considered sound — still essential, rewarding and commercially conscious, but somehow just waiting for the next move. Huevos will guarantee them a bigger reputation, a greater following, but you can't help but feel that their next release will be the most important, and possibly the most impressive thing they've done. **Nick Brody**

R STEVIE MOORE

Teenage Spectacular

New Rose ROSE 132 **P** ●● 1/2 R Stevie Moore is one of those American oddities that people hail or dismiss as "eccentric". Of course he's eccentric, but he also writes very good pop songs, and on Teenage Spectacular he manages to edit a touch of humour into those songs, by way of intercut "wackiness", various effects and the breadth of styles which he adopts. R Stevie should be sponsored by the American people as one of the few realistic pieces of rock 'n' roll history they have left. . . and you should pick up on this album to complete your education and give you something to whistle in the bath. **Dave Henderson**

MUTE DRIVERS

Lighten Up Vol. One

Irradiated MD001 **P** ●● 1/2 Now this is where we came in, isn't it? The Mute Drivers have a little something that's been missing from the independent rat race. These people aren't hoping to hear the sound of cash registers clinking, but neither are they adamantly demanding to be obscure and totally independent for the sake of it. Instead, the onus here is on making music that's challenging, angry, angst-ridden (if you must) and inspiring. Outspoken and choking on spirit, The Mute Drivers have produced an album's worth of personalised faves, wrapped neatly in a silk-screened and hand-written bag, smudged, bruised and bom from pressure. The end product is not clean cut, Wet Wet Wetter, Dire Straits or difficult, just pop with flaws, rap with venom and noise with feeling. **Dave Henderson**

NEGATIVLAND

Escape From Noise

Rec Rec Music Rec Rec 17 **Rec** ●●● This is the album that all future "strangely odd" records will be judged by. Beyond Cabaret Voltaire, TG, The Residents, and the plethora of descendants throughout the world, Negativland's third LP is released in Europe on Rec Rec from Switzerland, but should also be available soon on SST. . . and what an album it is.

Like a radio show nightmare, fusing popular music with self-questioning doubt, Negativland, have produced a contemporary work of conceptual genius that's basically beyond description. Fuelled by the group's work in live radio broadcasting, and their exploits in creating soundtrack and popular music, an album of magnificent proportions is lurking inside the beckoning and bizarre sleeve. Do not miss. (The answer to the question is; No! There is no escape from noise.) **Dave Henderson**

THE NEON JUDGEMENT

Horny As Hell

Play It Again Sam BIAS 78 **RR** **G** ● Whether this machismo diatribe and tacky inner sleeve is supposed to be tongue in cheek, funny, or whatever, the musical offering on Horny As Hell fails to improve the shoddiness of the event. They used to be a reasonably average "new rock" act, but now the Neons have discovered a few dance beats and have attempted to rap, while adopting a pidgen English street jive, only to fall off their Nike platforms and land flat on their faces. Unsexy drive! **Ripley**

THE OLYMPIC SIDEBURNS

Dixie Truck Stop

White Label L38755 **G** ● Songs from under the ocean, more Antipodean fodder from this fivesome whose "rock-out" button is stuck in the on position. Leathery and lathered, the Sidles play in the classic goodtime rocking mould but add little in flair. They look and sound gritty and unshaven and Dixie Truck Stop is as much a US B film soundtrack, showing on the back of a broken down diner car, as the title might at first suggest. Rock with all its roots showing through. **Johnny Eager**

OVERSOUL SEVEN

Fool Revelation

Edge Records 001 (2692 Main PO, Vancouver, BC, Canada V6B 3W8)

●● 1/4 What a confusing name. I tried to enthuse over the telephone to someone, you know, about how good this bunch are, but they couldn't even take the name in. Still, who cares, this can be our little secret. Oversoul Seven, from Canada, are a three-piece outfit who trim their sound to make it sound close to a full-scale orchestra. This is melancholic melody music, with tongue-in-cheek charming lyrics over a guitar strum that's fit for everyone from Medium Cool to REM. Soulful and surreal. **Ripley**

PANKOW

Freiheit Fuer Die Sklaven

Contempo CONTE 113 **RR** **G** ●● 1/4 The crop of Italian acts that have emerged have been, rather inevitably, strung out on US/UK influences, but not Pankow. About five years ago they were developing a quite unique dancefloor variation, fostered in industrial percussion and brimming with punky prose, now they have a brace of releases, centred around this album, to fully expose their talents. They shout loud, sweat and generally outflank Front 242, they hit harder than Test Dept and they have a dub understanding which is helped by the mixes of Adrian Sherwood. This is certainly an album to live with. **Ripley**

THE PARANOIACS

We're The Teenage Lovers

Play It Again Sam **RR** **G** ● Tight Oz-style "swamp rock" from, um...Belgium. While sounding spectacularly similar to the Lime Spiders, The Paranoiacs lack that band's manic edge, and that's the drawback. Although musically competent, there is none of the pure desperation that underscores the best of the swamples. Only three of the six songs (strangely all on side 2) work up to any kind of fever. As for the lyrics? They're *incredibly* uninspiring. They may be teenage lovers, baby may have said goodbye, but there's no hurt there. Songs without blood. **Scarlett**

PARANOID VISIONS

Yob

FPOAD FOAD2U2 **P** ● 3/4 Unkempt gob-gargling live shot from Paranoid Visions. A seven-tracker which liberally assaults the inadequacies of U2 with lead vocals taken by a reasonably pissed-off (and inevitably pissed) Vono Pox. Straight and hard, thrashing all the way to the final cut of (I'm Not Your) U2 Clone. **Johnny Eager**

THE PLAGUE

Naraka

Immortum Records PL001 (P.O. Box 7070, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10163-6026) ●● Here is the news; Gothic shlock horror rock! Get these titles; Murder, Vampire, Suicide Queen, Paradise Of Pain and the best one of all, nay a near-classic, Never Die! "I have the mark of Cain, I am one of the special ones, Don't give me the last rites, I'll live forever in the afterlife... I know that I'll never die..." Poetry!

This is tacky fun for those of us who don't mind a female vocalist who has a range that starts with cutesie Slouxsie and ends with a stuck pig. Sorry Margot; don't put a spell on me! Okay, she's not bad! **Daz Igy Meth**

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Seven (mystical number, that) songs of death, doom and disaster in the darkness, pierced through with (I think) humour that is BLACK! Oooooooooerrrr! Daz Igymeth

THE PLASTIC DOLLS


The Morning Lasts Forever

TV Records TV 5680 (Marnixstraat 67m, 1015 VC Amsterdam, Holland)

● Morning after taste rock from this guitar-toting Euro team. With more than a tip of the tuning fork to the distant Americas, The Plastic Dolls' eclectic sense from blues/R&B/country through to punkorama/neo-metal makes for many lagers and general staying up late music. Nothing new here, but a noise that leopard skinned toe-cap wearers will just lerve. Ripley

PRETTY GREEN

Pretty Green

Netwerk NTL 30014  ●●½ More than a touch of Byrds-circa-Sweetheart Of The Rodeo is brought to mind by this promising debut album from Pretty Green, but that isn't at all a bad place to start. Pretty Green leans banjo next to dobro guitar, it offers a Gram Parsons-meets-McGuinn vocal embellishment from Ed Blocki, and wins through with some fine playing and arrangements from the assembled Greenies. If at first the *nouveau* country tag puts you off, you must persevere, as this is a really rewarding experience. Nick Brody


THE PLEASURES PALE

The Pleasures Pale

Heresy (PO Box 19492, Cincinnati, Ohio 45219, USA) ●● When the man talked of an American Smiths, I didn't think he meant a four-piece who — from 5,000 miles away — had studied Manchester's sons so closely and perfected the sound so studiously, that they at times make Raymonde appear positively original. If titles like Monday Mourn or All About Men do little more than hint at The Pleasures Pale's major influence, then the distinctive riff of Barbarism Begins At Home that is hammered out on Uneasy's Disease or the carbon-copy Morrissey vocal nuances displayed on But She Didn't, ram the point home. This is a shame, because when they concentrate on their own talents, as on the closing, acoustic It Could Be Heaven Just As Well they prove to have a perfectly promising talent of their own, while No Joy is a strong enough song to stand up to any comparisons. When they get over this Smiths fixation, The Pleasures Pale will be worth watching. In the meantime, I remain astounded. Tony Fletcher

BILL PRITCHARD

Only Half A Million

Third Mind Records TMLP 23  ●●● Only six months after his debut offering, the Walsall wonder returns with a vastly improved brand of guitar balladeering that proves less is more. Bill's dropped the synthesiser and stripped to a deceptively simple guitar, bass and trumpet, aided by a sweet female backing hum that recalls the Prefabs (Sprout, not Beatles). Yet it's a remarkably full and melodic experience. The multi-lingual bard lets Francis take a backseat to a swinging '60's bedsit London brought up to date. Up The Junction seems the perfect filmic reference point. Ronnie Randall


RHYTHM PIGS

Choke On This

Konkurrel Records K 001/105 (P.O. Box 14598, 1001 LB Amsterdam, Holland) ●●½ Great combination of hardcore, country rock and jazzy bits too. The words come via the school of hard reality; no walking in the perfumed garden for these Pigs, the Censorshit lies too deep to be avoided. That's not to say they wallow in it though; check out the black humour of Malboro, Man or the thrashed emotion of Elegy. Throbbing energy from one of those American bands that have evolved along a line that starts with MC5 and a penchant for flag burning. Distant cousins make good. Daz Igymeth


THE RHYTHM SISTERS

Road To Roundhay Pier

Red Rhino RED LP 87  ●●½ Compulsive harmony music from the Laek sisters who utilise brother Billy plus a herd of folkies for instrumentation. The resultant album is a beautifully succinct and immeasurably individual albums worth of close harmony songs that split sides and let the tears roll. The Rhythm Sisters were on the recent *Famous For Fifteen Minutes* Channel 4 prog, if you didn't catch them then, don't miss your chance with this marvellous LP. Ripley


ZOOZ RIFT

Water II: At Safe Distance

SST SST 137  ●½ More from the endless mid-life crisis of Zoogz Rift, as the domestic disaster area of his life spreads even closer to home, while the central laugh lines get ever cloudier. Sure, Zoogz is a grin, but at best he'll never break it, apart from on a novelty ticket. After so many albums, the whole story gets a little dog-eared. Still, he's definitely one of life's real eccentrics. Johnny Eager

PAUL ROLAND


A Cabinet Of Curiosities

New Rose ROSE 135  ● Gosh! What a theatrically tricky platter! Paul Roland's latest offering sees him reverse yet further into the land of nod, taking his self-indulgent meanderings and string-driven things with him. Hailed as Barrett-esque, supported as a true pop-psyche spirit, this Cabinet Of

Curiosities is little more than a trite selection of hammy nursery rhymes sung by someone who has little or no dynamism in his voice. Nick Brody

ROOM NINE

Voices... Of A Summers Day

C'est La Mort CLMLP002  ●● Room Nine's debut album is a stylish stab at post-psychedelia with more than a touch of primetime pop-orientated Buffalo Springfield thrown in for good measure. Not content to balk at that starting point, the US three piece have developed the sound into a much bigger, more contemporary sound, that washes over the listener in wafts of spine-tingling noise. Exceptional. Nick Brody

THE RUMBLES

Jump To Confusion

AFM MC20825 (Box 18449, Rochester, NY 14618, USA) ●●½ Wow! What a great name... what a great album! The Rumbles are a three piece with a pure pop vision. Played out in rock's new post-Talking Heads land of "anything goes" — as long as you can wrap it around a melody line — The Rumbles stumble into a simplistic set of arrangements which are elevated to God-like proportions by the three pieces' obvious understanding of each other. All singing, all strumming, Lanay Depalma, Jim Hule and Denise Wearne make music to make your mouth water (and your knees wobble). Dave Henderson

THE SAPPHIRES

The Sapphires

Swingin' Door SWN 001 (Last Time Round, Box 14645, Chicago, IL 60614, USA) ●●¼ The Sapphires brand of guitar-powered pop-arama, fuses some quite abrasive overloading next to some effectively fluid verse/chorus creations. Assembled on the wax dummy of new rock, The Sapphires opt to stab their way into your senses with a fine line in comment mixed with some uplifting playing. Sceptics may don the 'another American guitar band' hat, but this debut suggests that there's much more lurking behind this swingin' door. Ripley



SEX CLARK FIVE


Strum And Drum!

Records To Russia (1207 Big Cove Rd, Huntsville, AL 35801, USA)

●●¾ Wouldn't you just guess? There are only four in the Sex Clark Five. Still, they're pretty damn good at making a row. If these cats were English they'd be endorsed by everyone from Subway Records to 53rd And 3rd, they'd get a gig at The Beatles reunion do, they'd give Thee Mighty Caesars a run for their money... and probably buskat Euston Station on their nights off. This is good time summer music with its shades on, a romancing glint in the eye and a glass of New York Seltzer (serve ice chilled) in its hand. Wah! Just right for facing the fifteenth winter of discontent. Dave Henderson


SHERIFF JACK

What Lovely Melodies

Midnight CHIME 00.34  ●½ Jack is a lad. No? And this, the man's second album, further illustrates how he falls flat on his face into the "quirky song quagmire". You see, Sheriff Jack writes some good songs, some decent "melodies" but he has to add a line, a trick, a joke at the most impromptu part of the proceedings. This makes his albums *not* funny after the first play. All that's left is the memory that Jack was the lad who farted during the mayor's speech. Johnny Eager

SON OF SAM AND THE GOOD SHEPHERDS

Rich And Famous

Rouska CONCORD 27  ●●½ So here are Son Of Sam, at last, with that all important album. Held up for cover inaccuracies, sound sadness and general production difficulties, Rich And Famous has been well worth the troubled brows and beads of sweat. Past the frenetic monosyllabic sound of their youth, SOS finally sound like they're making the noises for factions as diverse as the beat-pop renegades, dancefloor dilettantes and post-industrial serious haircuts. Rich And Famous sounds like the perfect pitch has finally been reached. Whether a culled 45 can break them to the whole world is an important question, but while we wait we can be convinced that they've definitely got the sinew-flexing muscle to win through. Ripley

New sounds of intensity

Dave Henderson samples something new from Dossier Records

• IN A swiftly groovy move, Red Rhino distribution in York (through the Cartel) have picked up the full catalogue of Dossier Records from West Germany. Amid a flutter of excitement, the first batch from the catalogue throws up more than a few surprises, and several pleasures too. For those who couldn't get hold of the excellent **Chrome** box set on Subterranean (now deleted), one of the albums exclusive to that set, *The Chronicles I* is available on ridiculous multi-coloured vinyl. Containing four abrasive play-offs of fuzzed-guitar and growling vocals, it more than underlines their cult-like reputation.

• Less accessible, perhaps, is **Rhys Chatham's** *Die Donnergötter*, a collection of three pieces treated as if they were classical compositions. With namechecks for Varèse and Boulez, it's a sound somewhat like Zappa on a tangent with Glenn Branca's multi-guitared couplets, or even Philip Glass getting down with The Ramones.

• From **Robert Previte** comes *Dull Bang, Gushing Sound, Human Shriek*, a six track set taken from the soundtrack of a video entitled *Bought And Sold*. Without visual stimulation it lacks a certain something, but the compulsive rhythmic patterns are quite inspiring after a while.

• **David Fulton's** *Don't Ask* moves more jazzwardly AWOL than Previte's soundscapes. With the assistance of Chris Vine, Jim Fryer and Glenn Jubille, this second part of his trilogy moves in a controlled minimal circle while the guys "really express themselves". Very intense.

• Still reasonably intense is **Research's** *Social Systems*, a nastily abrasive set of guitar mayhem and sampled keyboard sounds that verge into rock, pull out and get *avant*, then sound more than a little chunky at times — with a touch of horns and what have you. Six tracks on offer and tastefully perverse they are too.

• There's more of a palatable twitchy electronic hue to **Frontline Assembly's** *They're a Canadian band focused around ex-Skinny Puppy member Bill Leeb*, and their eight track album, *State Of Mind*, has the inherent background tapes and pulsing beats that you come to expect from selected electronic *genre* stylists. It's a fine album that deserves further listening.

• . . . As is, **Het Zweet's** self-titled album. A mixture of deep murky tape loops, explosive rhythmic outbursts and effected chorale humming, it builds into a powerful monolithic noise that's fit to burst. Intensity without self-indulgence.

• There are three further Dossier releases currently just at the test pressing stage and all of these should be worth looking out for. First is **Stano's** *Daphne Will Be Born Again* — a highly coloured neo-funk affair, with a few ambient interludes — which shows the Irishman off to his full potential. A junior Sylvian in the making.

• From New York there's the quasi-classical multi-layered sounds of **Controlled Bleeding**. Moving yet further away from their brazen beginnings, they offer a highly tasteful set of sounds, while, finally, **E Chadbourne** and **J Rose** team up for *Kultural Terrorists*, a kind of mish mash of string instruments, found sound and general frantic strumming and bowing. Chadders don't let the weird tag slip for a second.

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 . . .

AK RECORDS, Savoy Centre, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow
BEAT ROUTE, 5A High Street, Congleton, Cheshire
EAR 'ERE RECORDS, 14 Market Entrance, Lancaster
THE EUROPEAN SON, Unit F1, Kensington Market, 49-53 Kensington High Street, London W8
HENDERSON'S THE VINYL WORLD, Fore Street Centre, Fore Street, Exeter
1 UP, 4 Diamond Street, Aberdeen
JUMBO RECORDS, 402 Memon Centre, Leeds
THE LEFT LEGGED PINEAPPLE, 24 Churchgate, Loughborough
LIZARD RECORDS, 12 Lowergate Lane, Norwich
MOVEMENT, Unit 7, Banbury Trading Post, Banbury, Oxon
THE OOZE, 2190 W. Burnside Street, Portland, Oregon 97210, USA
PICCADILLY RECORDS, 9 Parker Street, Piccadilly Plaza, Manchester
RAINBOW RECORDS, 80 Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, Shropshire
ROCK-A-BOOM RECORDS, 17 Malcolm Arcade, Leicester LE1 5FT
ROCK SHOP, Strandem 1, Oslo, Norway
ROUGH TRADE, 130 Talbot Road, London W11
SELECTA DISC, 21 Market Street, Nottingham
SIGNALS RECORDS AND TAPES, Shop Unit One, Cornhill Exch. Bldg, Cornhill, Lincoln
SOUND WAVES, 18 Church Street, Monmouth, Gwent
TV AND RADIO SERVICES, 123 Victoria Road, Honey, Surrey
UGLY CHILD RECORDS, 162 Hoe Street, Walthamstow, London E17
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).


STICKDOG

Stickdog

Smudged Septone S01 (833 Broderick #5, San Francisco, CA 94115, USA) ●● 1/2 Stickdog split themselves in two on this dynamic debut album. One side they're quiet, peaceful but haunting, laying thick streams of sound on top of the stagnant air, while back to back they're an anguished scream spiced with some remorseless gritty ambience and silt open by a searing guitar. Stickdog are at the moment a psychotic cocktail of oppressive perversion with axe-wielding homicidal tendencies. Family music, indeed. **Dave Henderson**


NIKKI SUDDEN AND ROWLAND S HOWARD

Kiss You Kidnapped Charabanc

Creation CRELP 002  1/2 Is it ill-conceived to suggest that this album is nothing more than self-indulgent jamming from two tanked-up rockers who sound only marginally able to comprehend what's going on? If Sudden and Rowland Howard were not the cult figures they are, would this album even warrant a second listen? It's difficult to say, but this one-dimensional downbeat moan, has little to do with songs and performance. **TC Wall**


SWAMPTHRASH

Don't Make No Never Mind

DDT DISPLP 12  ● 1/2 The thought of this rampant procession of *Benny Hill* themes, littered with paralytic back-slapping good time banjo breakdowns isn't as appealing as it should be, but the music itself is a powerful enough earwash. As a gimmicky noise, Don't Make No Never Mind will reap remarks about spittoons and sawdust and disappear into the void of good fun while it lasted nothingness. They can always use it as stock western background music for *The Two Ronnies* though. **Johnny Eager**

TALULAH GOSH

Rock Legends '69

Constrictor 26  ● There's an idiot at the *NME* thinks the Talulah's Testcard Girl is a Swell Maps cover. It's not, it was written by bassist and arch-Black Sabbath fan Chris way back in his early punk daze in a band he shared with Angus Not-A-Razorcut-Anymore. And though it's ace-fab, it's still no reason to buy *Rock Legends*.

The main meat of this disgraceful sell-out stroke/rip-off is torn from the flesh of the singles. Spit these out and you're left with *My Boy Says* (featuring ex-Talulah Liz Price), *Way Of The World* and *Testcard Girl*. Of these, the first is on the last *Shelter* LP and the others are soon to be combined on a quicksilver follow up to *Bringing Up Baby*.

Just because you're the greatest pop band ever is still no reason to release a record like this to keep up a profile while you swot for your exams. Come the revolution, pop stars like these will be first up against the wall! **Holly Wood**

TAR BABIES


Fried Milk

SST SST 101 ●● 3/4 This is even closer to the psychedelic nightmare that SST once had — before they lapsed into heavy metal and came out smelling all new age. Tar Babies are intense. They have pop handholds, they step over melody lines with hob-nail boots and pay their dues to the pop excesses of the Stones, before breaking into a churning morass that's closer to jazz in construction. Tar Babies seem to occupy a musical dimension that has no rules, even then they seem to be breaking the code at the least possible opportunity. A fine LP. **Dave Henderson**



TEST DEPT

A Good Night Out

Ministry Of Power/Some Bizarre MOP3  ●● Broad as they are, it must get wearisome at times attempting to carry the weight of the whole world's struggles upon your shoulders. To listen to Test Dept is to feel guilty about not being brought up with an outside toilet and tin bath on a cobbled street. Most of the punters Test Dept appeal, nay, plead to/for can't afford five or six quid from their dole or redundancy for a bit of plastic.

On the other hand, this record wants to identify with every working class activist between here and Vladivostok. Bagpipes, brass bands, jigs, rolls, Russian raves, military pomp. . . and all this on one track. Humour isn't a commodity they deal in, the same fault that makes communism seem such an unpalatable option to the British. At times Test Dept sound more like the government propaganda they po-facedly mock. **Ronnie Randall**

THEE MIGHTY CAESERS

Punk Rock Showcase

Hangman HANG 7UP [R] [C] ●●● Raucous, tacky, tinny, squeaky, noisy, fluff on the needle boisterousness from Thee Mighty Caesers, who whip through 14 punky out-takes from their past for no other reason than they're there. Mad, bad, glad, and frantic, another for the archives only to be consumed after six cans of Hoffmeister. **Nick Brody**

THIN WHITE ROPE

Bottom Feeders

Zippo ZANE 005 [P] ●● 7/8 I wasn't overkeen on this American mini-set from the Ropes, but it sure grows on you after a while. Licensed from Frontier, it shows Thin White Rope to have more than a few different attitudes and approaches as they mix their drawl and scowl with some decent enough strummed pop and a slice of country-come-R&B Influences. Thin White Rope sound like they're on the road to somewhere and their next should be even better. **Johnny Eager**

13 ENGINES

Before Our Time

Nocturnal NOT 1 (Box 19550, Detroit, MI 48219, USA) ● 1/4 A confection, coated liberally with Only Ones-styled vocal dollops, made in Michigan that ultimately transcends its oh-so-obvious rootsy trappings. But, like Peter Perrett had his hand in Lou Reed's pocket, the Engines version of the shady side of town, relies a touch too heavily on its predecessors. It's rock 'n' roll territory though, and this near-groovoid vision drifts close enough to the real goods from chord to chord. More soon we hope. **Dave Henderson**

THIS SCARLET TRAIN

Fimbria

Nightshift NISHI 202 [FF] [C] ●● 1/4 On a Feltist plateau, a trickling Vinni Relly guitar sound and some bittersweet lyrics make This Scarlet Train stand out from the twang-hungry crowd. The light glints against their sharp-steel strings, they offer just six songs and get away with murder in the name of art. OK, in simple terms, this is a finely paced, well-polished set of songs which suggests that we should all have heard of This Scarlet Train before... or at least claim we had. **TC Wall**

THRILLED SKINNY

Piece Of Plastic

Hunchback HUNCH 001 [R] [C] ● There's not much in the way of information with this disjointed 90mph thrashout from Thrilled Skinny. The songs are reasonable enough, and that guitar sounds like the frets have been toned down with a sanding block, there's even a hint of piano now and again to provide some contrast, the problem here is it's all a little bit too undefined because of the total lack of production, arrangement and polish. **Johnny Eager**

TMA

Beach Party 2000

Jimbo (c/o ILA, PO Box 594m, Bay Shore, NY 11706, USA)

● 1/2 Appearances can be deceptive. While the lavishly-illustrated sleeve would seem to suggest a post-apocalyptic experimental project at work, reality brings us 14 prime slices of US hardcore. Hard to believe at times that this furious wall of sound is the product of a mere three pairs of hands, but nevertheless they charge through songs with such harmless titles as Ode To Clancy, like men possessed. There's hardly a single let-up in pace, energy and aggression, rarely a chance to catch more than a chorus line or two of lyrics, and hard-core fans worldwide will love it. The rest of us — we must be content with the sleeve. **Tony Fletcher**

THE TURNPIKE CRUISERS

Sleaze Attack At The Edge City Drive In

ABC ABCLP13 [P] ● The Cruisers try so hard to be American that their vocalist, Richard King, has probably done his throat some permanent damage in straining to reach those low notes. This is barroom rock (with a rockabilly veneer only just showing) with cheap toilet humour thrown in for effect. As pastiche it may be funny, but for kicks it fails to impress. **TC Wall**

THE UV'S

Crayon Jungle

Zinger ZINLP 3 [P] ● 3/4 Gritty guitar pop with a classic verse/chorus construction allowing The UV's to weave a sultry spell over the proceedings. The UV's have a leather-jacket arrogance and a crinkly smile on their faces. . . like The Ramones getting lyrical instead of the usual deadpan slur. Crayon Jungle is a colourful exercise that could quite easily impress the millions of Aussie acidic rock casualties. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Out Of Our Idiot

Demon Records X FIEND 87 [P] ●●● The various artists in question all have Elvis Costello in common — ie, this is a collection of 'rare and unreleased cuts' featuring Elvis Costello & The Attractions, The Costello Show, Elvis Costello & The Confederates, Napoleon Dynamite & The Royal Guard. . . see?

And a fine collection it is too, cramming in a stupendous 17 tracks (count 'em!) sweeping together classics like Black Sails In The Sunset, the magnificent Turning The Town Red (as featured on TV's Scully), Imperial Bedroom,

So Young (that's the previously unreleased bit) and a superior version of Yoko's Walking On Thin Ice.

Forget the socks or deodorant — any Elv fan will want to see this gaudily packaged goodie at the bottom of their bed come Christmas morn. **Carole Linfield**

VARIOUS

Rockin' It Up

Lost Moment Records LMLP 12 [R] [C] ●● They call this 'the ideal rockin' stockin' filler' and that's a description I would struggle to better. Contained are contributions from Howlin' Wilf, The Krewmen, The Long Tall Texans and The Surf Rats among others. Anyone who has ever visited The Clarendon in West London will be familiar with the majority of these performers, they do what they do at 100 mph and stop just long enough for a refill and a trip to the toilet. **Julian Henry**



Buzzcocks: Yeeps, primal punk, Seeds-style

VARIOUS

Seeds IV: Punk

Cherry Red BRED 80 [P] ● 1/2 This is the weakest of Cherry Red's collection of music from the bygone independent new wave days, which is surprising as punk was one of the motivating forces behind the boom. What we have here is a mixture of classics, from The Buzzcocks, Dead Kennedys and The Flies, plus a handful of also rans and less eloquent descendants. As record buyers of the time discovered, not everything that sported the correct graphics, played by people with the correct attire was worth saving up for. I mean, do you remember Stinky Toys? **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Surfin' In The Subway

Subway SUBORG 4 [R] [C] ●● End of term compilation from the Subway stable and the reports vary. . . but the standard is pretty high. It's pointless to pick and choose here, everyone will have their own faves, but what the hell, I reckon The Flatmates and The Chesterfields win hands down on what's a rather hip-wagging collection. The Groove Farm sound promising, Razorcuts, Rodney Allen and Bubblegum Splash all have their own worthwhile variations and The Rosehips dig themselves out of the relegation zone with the best tracks I've heard them do. All in all, it's surf's up! **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Sweat

Trance Records TRLP 4.00384J (Line Records, Box 605220, D-2000

Hamburg 60, West Germany) ●● A compilation pulling together some of the most cherishable pop music that is fuelled by guitars. With sounds culled, mainly, from the last few years, you get the chance to hear Camper Van Beethoven rubbing plectrums with Billy Bragg, That Petrol Emotion, The Doctor's Children plus older cousins Richard Hell, the dB's, Ed Kuepper and Willie Alexander. Filling in the gaps are some tuneful types who won't spring to mind as easily, but the potential and character is certainly on show. **Nick Brody**

JAH WOBBLE

Psalms

Wob Records WOB 7 [SRN] ● 5/8 Close, but not as close a shave as it should be. Jah Wobble's temporary sabbatical ends with an itchy bitsy album that's scraped together from time gone by and filled in places with threadbare diversions. There isn't enough holding Psalms together, but there are enough pieces of quality to make this an album worth hearing. Alcohol steadfastly stands as the best track, while Bim Sherman's lovers-croon holds up well, for the others there isn't enough going on, but they have their moments. **Nick Brody**

YO LA TENGO

New Wave Hot Dogs

What Goes On GOES ON 13 [SRN] [C] ●● 1/2 The Yo La's are in a semi-clad middle-distance, well, at least that's how this album seems to be as it rolls off the deck. It's a fine album, a loveable set of tunes — all put together with the greatest of ease. Fine arrangements, a great performance, and those songs, too. To the uninitiated it could be mistaken for an above-average collection of Peter Astor songs. . . steeped in rock history, but moving closer to your heart, shaving inches from the passion-o-meter. Better still, it has its unique qualities, too. Yo La Tengo are the natural songs of rock 'n' roll's heritage, the guitar tune for your bottom drawer. Well, apart from all that, away from the microscope, Yo La Tengo are a smooch (does that need any explanation?). Love it to death. **Dave Henderson**

A CHUD CONVENTION Patient Sorrow Circle **RR C** Criminal union of A Grumh and Skinny Puppy which results in a lot of gobbling noises fed through an echo machine. It can't be healthy. **NB**

ALIEN SEX FIEND Stuff The Turkey Anagram **P** The Fiends don't quite top Slade for Xmas banality, but it's a nice stab at Bernie Matthews and a chirpy enough tune. **JE**

AUTOMATIC DLAMINI Me And My Conscience Idea **P**

My God! This is a great single. A fine slice of new pop from the Auto's which sounds as if it's destined for the warmth of many a heart. Simplistic, repetitive guitar lines are topped with percussive elements, a great near-spoken vocal line and a superb chorus break. **DH**

THE BACHELOR PAD Do It For Fun Warholasound **RR C** Another warped and wonderful evocation of noise and the way it af-

fects the world, from everyone's fave Scots outfit. The Bachelor Pad seem to have no reason to exist other than to make explosive sound anagrams that stick in the ears and make you feel good. Hooray! **DH**

BAM BAM AND THE CALLING Scraping Off The Shine **Great Pa**

The Bam Bam's play a finely-tuned version of upbeat rock pop with all its dimples grinning. Crunchy, like a good wholesome noise should be. **JE**

BLUE AEROPLANES Bury Your Love Like Treasure **Fire P**

I hate to sound rash but I have to say it, the Aeroplanes simply get better and better. Bury Your Love is a commercial treat which manages to avoid the pitfalls and clichés that would so easily classify it as just "another" indie single with mainstream potential. Its distinction is quality. That and the most luxurious harmonies and acute lyrics effecting a gritty vocal intensity. **AK**

BLUE FOR TWO Stay Casey **Radium RR C**

A touch of the growling Tom Waits dies a *Dragnet* style-orchestration, makes for a hugely embracing slab of film noir plastic. A Swedish duo — one's a Leather Nun, you know — who make contemporary jazzed-out soundscapes for the keen living generation. **DH**

THE CHESTERFIELDS The Janice Long Session Night **Tracks P**

Successfully strummed pop sounds from the very precious Chesterfields. When will these boys be the bizarrely big hit band they deserve to be? Four fun-filled frolics from '86, all singing, all smiling, all waving kettles. **JE**

CLOSE LOBSTERS Let's Make Some Plans **Fire P**

In these subterranean waters the fish who love the Lobsters seriously outnumber the fish who don't, I know. Personally, I've never been fussed one way or the other really — until now, that is. This rather glorious 45 may just be the essential tonic needed to buck up the don't knows and don't cares among us. Let's Make Some Plans is an infectious jingle which grows with each verse and jangles its way to a most sumptuous climax. Proof that you don't have to be loud to be heard after all! **AK**

THE CROWS Takayama **Survival P C**

Plastic cock rock with screeching and pouting as the main pastime. The Crows have the sound of a big band in the Cult/Mission mould, the question is...do we need another one? **DH**

THE DAMNED The Peel Sessions **Strange Fruit P**

A frisky five tracker from way back when the safety pin was art, and The Damned were at their most destructive. From late '76 this pack of worrying headbutts still sounds as fresh and pertinent today, and you know you'd be daft to miss it. **NB**

DINOSAUR JR Little Fury **Things SST P**

A psychopathically groovy 45 from the Dinosaur camp, with an accessible draw, a sharp hook and some devilishy tasteful lyrical content. The flip even features a dangerously impotent reshaping of Peter Frampton's Show Me The Way. **JE**



DISCO 2000 I Gotta CD **KLF**

Communications **C** Dance-floor beats from the house of JAMS. You can just about hear Bill Drummond encouraging us all to "Drop the bomb" on this essentially straight uptempo track. Could easily crossover and the hand-crafted skateboard-distracted-leads-female-front-persons could make it into a top ten hit. My, it even out-hypes Alan McGee's Baby Amphetamine nursery rhyme. **NB**

ELECTRO HIPPIES Peel's **Session** **Strange Fruit P**

A nine track thrusting from the Hippies. Colled from July '87, which lets the world and his conscience do some politically-sound thoughts, if you can strain to hear the words through the breaking guitar strings. Sentiments intact, but frantically disappearing up their own horse power. **JE**

ENGLISH BOY ON THE LOVE **RANCH** The Man In Your **Life** **New Rose P**

Featuring Dave Ball on soundtrack and Jamie Jones on voice, this exceptional single is an incredibly fine epic, busting in leatherette **NRG**, boasting a sexless mix and displaying danger around every rubber corner. Fascinating and fluctuating. **R**

FIFTH COLUMN Steel Town **North West RR C**

The Column rock out in a near-commercial vein, dropping a jaw in amazement at their cooler than cool Americanised honky dance-floor sound. Shaking the boundaries of pop iconoclasm and introducing a touch of social comment, Fifth Column are potential movers. **DH**

FRONT 242 Masterhit Wax **Trax RR C**

A US maxi-12 from

Belgium's hardest electronic outfit, which further enhances their gravel-scratched image. Three versions and some more apocalyptic hand waving from the discordant dancelloor. **R**

JESSE GARON AND THE DESPERADOES The Adam Faith Experience **Velocity RR C**

A more grim, trim and proper sound for the Desperadoes on their third single to date. Swinging pop with a comment in the backteeth and a smack on the nose. Desperately grand. **NB**

GENE LOVES JEFFREY **Gorgeous** **Beggars** **Banquet**

More pouting pop that should see the Jezzies rise to chart infamy if we weren't in such torrid semi-pop times. A ballad with bounce, beat and a fine style in chorus breaks. **DH**

INCA BABIES Buster's On **Fire** **Constrictor RR C**

Another indie classic from Constrictor in their limited edition series. This time, the much maligned Inca Babies prove that their musical verve has moved some way away from the typecasting they suffered in an earlier life. Rollocking guitar music with a commercial turn of phrase. **NB**

KING OF THE SLUMS EP **Debris RR C**

My God, this is different, and good with it. King Of The Slums have been prepped by *Debris* magazine and present four demented slices of guitar grunge scratched to pieces by a manic fiddle screech. Excellent and slummy! **NB**



BRIAN LADD Hammerhead **RR** Records (151 Paige Street, Lowell, MA 01852, USA)

Two elongated guitar adrenalin-rushes from Psychones man Brian Ladd. Bridgegoing and bushwacked, Ladd rattles through the history of contemporary guitar, spiralling like a nuked-out mega-hero who's hang-gliding into oblivion. Yeah? Weird? **NB**

THE LAST CRY EP **A Day Like Today** (11 East Hill Drive, Portlago, East Sussex)

Big production, fording the shoulder of Simple Waterboys and the U2 connection. Stopping briefly to mention A Flock Of Seagulls. The Last Cry could be huge, but are ultimately empty. **NB**

LOVE TRACTOR Party Train **Big Time** **Chunks**, funky rock music, with a dancey beat and some gimmicky slinging, on one of the few redeeming factors from their pretty uninspiring *This Ain't No Outerspace Ship* album. **DH**

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THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS

The Janice Long Session

Night Tracks **CD** The Drops, from early '86, with four thrusting guitar pop sketches — including a cover of The Teardrop Explodes' *When I Dream*. Exceptionally pristine considering the speed these sessions have to be completed in, and full of emotive strum, too. **NB**

MKULTRA Immobilise Mute

CD Oh bear, is it going to be incredibly uncool and very Emperor's new clothes to admit that I can't hear what's going on here? A bulbous beat, some man shout in the background, a vase falls off my shelf and Frank Tovey is involved. Yipes! No it did nothing third time either. **R**

NAGAMATZU Lift Off

Motorcade **CD** Nagamatzu's left-field charm and dance-orientated weirdness has matured with the development of new technology and, on this multi-faceted 45, they display two diverse and products in the brace of *Lift Off* and the dream-like *Flipside Sunlight Home*. Fine stuff indeed. **DH**

NASA Boy King And The Lizard Girl Fun After All

CD Colossal metallic rock, glam make-up, pondy tape background, Eastern-daylight market noises and four diverse tracks from Nasa. Wavering into the passing pouch, Nasa opt for a more meaningful, well-arranged noise which works best on the two Eastern-influenced songs. Ones to watch. **DH**

NEW CHRISTS The Black

Hole Citadel **CD** (Import) Maelstromatic, charismatic, cinematic. The New Christs' rock 'n' garage is about as new as J. Christ himself, but it smoulders with style. Doors overtones swing in and out of a tightly wired R'n'B-stained surge. If rock has a colour code, the New Christs would be black and blue. **MA**

NEW ORDER Peel Session

Strange Fruit **CD** Four more from the vaults as New Order get intense and moody, circa '81, culminating in a calm after the storm on the exquisitely delicate *Dreams Never End* — with Barney's vocal line sounding more like a tortured choir boy than his usual angst-ridden prose. **DH**

NEW ORDER Touched By The Hand Of God Factory

CD More Germanic-orientated electro-beat from Manchester's finest. New Order will chart, become even more of a household name and make everyone's evening better with this marvy slab of Euro-toot. **NB**

THE NOODLES Dead For

Nothing Gougnaf Mouvement (140, rue de theatre, 75015,

Paris) Harder than the Hard-Ons, spunkier than the Spunk Bubbles, The Noodles — probably unintentionally — recall raving Nouveau Australia Guitars-Wave, throwing up an epic wall-of-sound that manages to stick, while on the flip, they nail down 1987's sharpest pop hook-tack. An irresistible

name, an irresistible way of negotiating the 60's garage-beat. **MA**

OFRA HAZA Galbi Globestyle

CD A specially remixed slice of Eastern promise from Ofra as Galbi gets cut-up and truncated by The Cold Cut Crew. Truth of the matter is, it sounds pretty damn neat and should enhance the lady's reputation and introduce her to a new audience second time around. **TCW**

OH'DEV Hundred Times A Whole Constrictor

CD Limited edition, coloured vinyl, and a grating guitar noise that's fit to squeeze pimples. Oh'Dev blast it like they're set to sign for SST, coughing up the prose with a neat line in self-depravation. **NB**

PANKOW Boys And Girls

Contempo **CD** A superb Adrian Sherwood-production, as Italian hardcore dancebeat fundamentalists, Pankow cover Prince's *Boys and Girls* with brazen sexuality, thumping, pumping and erotic. **NB**



PANKOW Gimme More

Contempo **CD** Marvy seven-inch from Pankow's new LP, *Freiheit Vier Die Sklaven*, that skips and trips manically into the stogy bits of the brain. **NB**

THE PASSMORE SISTERS A

Safe Place To Hide Sharp

CD The Passmores get closer and closer to the poppier-than-pop sounds that deliver them the bags of cash they deserve. Not as immediately vibrant as their former bedsit hits, but appropriately loveable, and major. **R**

PIONEER CORPS Pioneer

Boy Nightshift **CD** Big pop drongo-land, with a thumping keyboard tirade, a dancebeat and the smell of bomber jackets. The reason and relevance of pushing such a record on independent terms seems strange as this begs for big label exposure, a plugger and a request on the Simon Bates show. **NB**

THE RAMONES Merry Christmas (I Don't Want To Fight Tonight) Beggars

Banquet Run of the mill Ramones. A chunky guitar, tap-tap drums and throbbing bass behind that Brudder-rap. Christmas with the Gabba Guys! Phew, what a concept. **JE**

SCHOOLLY D Parkside 5-2

Jive Schoolly switches to Jive but keeps the rap bubbling on this typical slab of unconscious sloganeering. Best bits are on the flip with the exceptional *Dis Groove Is Bad* and a cut and scratch explosion on *Housing The Joint*. **DH**

THE SEA URCHINS Pristine

Christine Sarah **CD** At the crux or central pivot of bubble-blowing pop? Incisive anorakorama? Well, whatever neat cupboard that The Sea Urchins get locked in, it's sure to have "twee" stamped on it. Hopefully, though, the perpetrators of such a deed will have the sense to listen to this fine single before they pass final judgement, because these Urchins have some fine songs. **NB**



SEVERED HEADS Hot With

Fleas Network **CD** Aussie Heads in pop shock! Hot is a track from their soon to arrive new album, and, in its original form, it sees the group getting close to commercialism. The extended explosion is, of course, more exploratory and testing...still crazy all the same. **TCW**

SANDIE SHAW The Janice Long Session Night Tracks

CD A revived and revitalised Sandie Shaw with four tracks from May '86 that act as a giant thank-you to Morrissey for coaxing and coaching — why there's even a charming piece of kitsch '60s pop in Steven (*You Don't Eat Meat*), a Shaw/Langer tribute to *someone* or other. Better still is Sandie's cover of Patti Smith's *Frederick and Lloyd Cole's Are You Ready To Be Heartbroken*, plus the added bonus of a trickling *Girl Don't Come*. Superb. **DH**

SH DAUMUR Killed A Man With A Shovel! Lakeland (Tel:

(0702) 612256) This Icelandic outfit offer three taut and testing punkette diatribes on this musically tempered single. Shoestring enterprise with reason but unlikely result. **NB**

638:938 Atavistic View...

Ediesta **CD** The sound of gyrating Wakefield? Well, this should neatly knock the varnish off the northern stereotype in all its post-Sputnik finery. A synth hard-core explosion that doodles all over Roxy Music's *Re-Make Re-Model* and adds a few glittering ideas of their own on the surrounding four tracks. Exceptionally good! **R**

THIS POISON The Fierce Crack EP Reception

CD Reception certainly seem to be turning out some fine records, and This Poison look likely to keep the ball rolling with this abrasive guitar flurry which wraps itself snugly around a strapping arrangement on a commercially-honed set of tunes. **NB**

THE UNDERLINGS Centurion

Midnight Music **CD** The third vinyl offering from the Un-

derlings — who were born from the remnants of S-Haters — sees the expansion of their sound into a huge, emotive wash which intoxicates the air in the same way that primal Cure and their grumbling Germanic A Forest recordings did. Loud and proud, with a splash of bigger potential. **NB**

GENE VINCENT The Last

Session Night Tracks **CD** This one's been talked about for ages...the final radio recordings from Gene Vincent, which were done just 11 days before his untimely death. It'll be no disappointment either. Be *Bop A Lula*, *Say Mama* and *Roll Over Beethoven* are joined by the deep ballad *Distant Drums* in this 1971 set which is destined for many a collectors pillow. **NB**

THE VULTEES Kick It Out...

Waterfront **CD** (Import) Ultra-frantic, ultra-yearning, high octane modish garage pop from Australia with overtones of soaring Anglophile stomp-pop a la Kinks, Jam and Undertones. In The Vultees' own words, an "adrenalin shove". Essential for collectors. **MA**

WIRE Peel Session Strange

Fruit **CD** Exceptionally grand session from Wire, as they parade through a box of guitar effects units and even summon up one track, *Culture Vultures*, which never made it to any of their albums. There's something refreshingly new about Wire, and this recording is ten years old. **DH**

THE WYGALS Passion Rough

Trade **CD** Finely fashioned American pop that could pass for either Lone Justice or Salem 66 without many problems. The WYGals, in fact, have much more to offer with the voice of Janet Wygal making them sound like a hot tip for '88. **DH**



YEAH JAZZ Sharon Cherry

Red **CD** A stirring, and oddly dated-sounding, single this. It could be late '60s, it could be late '70s power pop, whatever is it doing here in 1987? Sharon is welcome however, partially due to the singer's impressively nasal drawl and partially because it smells so strongly of the real world. Good stuff. **JH**

Y LLWYBR LLAETHOG Yo!/Tour De France

Anhrefn **CD** Pulsing impulsive and impetuous, the second single from Welsh howling, rap, scratch hip-hop merchants, Y Llywyr Llaethog is a slice closer to the edge. More refined than their debut EP, *Yo!* dubs out, while *Tour De France* reaches scratch-out frenzy. Marvy. **TCW**

RE-RE-REWIND

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

THE CHAMPS

Tequila

Ace CH 227 **P** Now that Tequila has established itself in the Enalish pubs, and Tex-Mex food has become the staple chew for the rock paparazzi, it was only a matter of time before this re-issue appeared. The Champs "novelty" hit charted again earlier this year, and here it's surrounded with similarly-paced sax-driven instrumentals with the occasional word like, "Sombrero" thrown in for good measure. I could have lived without La Cucaracha, but tracks like Experiment In Terror — with its exotic swaying *film noir* hue certainly make up for a few indiscretions. **D Henderson**

THE FUGS

Refuse To Be Burnt Out

New Rose R56 **P** This live album from '84 snook out briefly a couple of years ago and created a touch more interest in this '60s angst-ridden beatnik duo — who poetically linked peace, hippy, CIA, Nicaragua, banning the bomb and the like. Music with comment played like Jefferson Airplane before they discovered success or Country Joe And The Fish when they knew how to swear. What they're saying is fine, but some of the musical excursions — like the reggae outburst — we could live without. **Nick Brody**

JESSE FULLER

San Francisco Bay Blues

Ace CH226 **P** Jesse Fuller is one of those gritty gravel-tongued singers who's made unique by the fact that he's a one man band who backs himself on a selection of instruments, including a 12 string guitar and something called a fofdella (which is played with the big toe). Pretty strange eh?

Culled from '63 this album's an intimate experience with Jesse chatting away in downhome style between each track, and a delivery that's a cross between Lonnie Donegan, Val Doonican and those old classic blues obscurists. Yeah, well strange! **Nick Brody**

AL GREEN

Greatest Hits Volume Two

Hi Records HIUKLP 438 **P** Al Green's story reads like a perfect film script for hapless desperates. A full cycle from gospel beginnings to the

bad side of town and back to the church for salvation. His vocal style is unique and those distinct horn arrangements from Willie Mitchell really make the whole thing cook at the right temperature. Heartbreak soul with all the right emotions flowing forth, the original of Take Me To The River, the exquisitely Painful Living For You and more besides. **Dave Henderson**

ISAAC HAYES

Hot Buttered Soul

Stax Records SXE 005 **P** Hayes first gold LP in the States, this is a seriously weird late '60s concoction of, erm, psychedelic soul, I suppose.

Rumbling through in a seemingly stoned haze, Isaac breathes, broods and grunts his way through a 18 minute and 40 second version of *By The Time I Get To Phoenix*. All rather tedious excepting the smaltzy *One Woman*, and the early Marvin Hagler hairstyle Hayes models on the LP cover. **Jim Reid**

JESSIE HILL

Y'All Ready Now?

Charley Records CRB 1169

Ch Jessie Hill was a native of New Orleans during the late '50s, and had a hit record with *Ooh Poo Pah Doo*. That single is included here, in addition to 15 others that were recorded prior to his departure for Los Angeles in late 1962. The result is at times striking, though Hill's prowess falls short of being one of the truly great black voices. There is, however, enough variety and colour to make this record a worthwhile purchase. Incidentally, Hill is now, according to Jeff Hannusch's sleeve notes, an occasional cab driver back in the city of New Orleans. **Julian Henry**

CHUCK JACKSON

A Powerful Soul

Kent 073 **P** Chuck Jackson has the kinda sad eyed, booming vocal that's made for pop melodrama. And that's just what you get on this value for money 16-tracker.

Well crafted R & B, plenty of 'angels in heaven' female backing and Chuck's soulful, growl in his throat, protestations. Stand out number is *Don't Believe Him*, Donna replete with aah — ey, "*Don't believe him, he's lying*", chorus-pleading from the gals and straight down the line crooning from Chuck. Real pop romance. **Jim Reid**

JERRY LEE LEWIS

Keep Your Hands Off Of It!

Zu-Zazz Z2003 **Ch** A complimentary shoulder-rubber to Charly's Jerry Lee Sun Box Set, is this 12-track set taken from Sun recordings between 1959 and 1962, which have previously been unreleased. The man's in fine form, the tape rolls and you even get the engineer talking, making this historic artefact more than affectionate in its presentation. For fans and the mildly quiffed everywhere. **Johnny Eager**

THE McPEAK BROTHERS

The McPeak Brothers

Fundamental SAVE 34

RR G Licensed from the County label in the States, the McPeaks play a pushy blend of guitar, banjo and



BB KING Across The Tracks Ace CHD 230 **P**

JIMMY 'T - 99' - NELSON Watch That

Action Ace CHD 228 **P**

LITTLE JOHNNY TAYLOR Part Time Love

Ace CH 229 **P**

NATHAN ABSHIRE Pine Grove Blues Ace

CHD 217 **P** The Ace catalogue has become a reference library for anyone interested in the genesis of R&B and the blues. These four albums are beautifully packaged slabs of history, dusted, documented and brought fresh to a new audience. Yet while Johnny Taylor — strong and powerful — BB King — majestic shafts of guitar — and Jimmy Nelson — rootsy and swingin' — are fine examples of the blues, Nathan Abshire's cajun music is the real revelation here.

His Pine Grove Blues set has the taste of the Louisiana swamp about it — a genuine folk music powered along by deliciously upbeat accordian and fiddle. If you liked the soundtrack to this summer's hit film *The Big Easy*, you could do worse than hunt out Pine Grove Blues. **Jim Reid**

fiddle music that's topped with the neat harmonies of the three brothers, and the inevitable downbeat lyrical content on a fine selection of songs. **Nick Brody**

THE MILLION DOLLAR QUARTET

The Complete Million Dollar Session

Sun Records CDX20 **Ch** A special double album set featuring all the known recordings laid down by the Million Dollar Quartet on December 4, 1956. The team involved happened on each other in the Sun studio and were comprised of Elvis, Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis and Carl Perkins — hence the price tag name. The resulting set of recordings is a gentle jam-session-run-through of 40 tunes, some in part, some as suggestions, some in full. Mostly first take material, although there are three cuts of *Don't Be Cruel* included, the atmosphere is intoxicating even if Jerry Lee is trying too hard at times and Elvis gets deeply into *Spitting Image* style parody. Why, there's even requests for gospel faves and suchlike, which the boys gladly oblige. Not a perfect collection of classic material, but an intriguing insight into the personalities and memories of the assembled quartet. **Dave Henderson**

THE NEW ORDER

Declaration Of War

Fan Club FC 031 **P** The New Order were an offshoot from The Stooges circa '74, featuring Ron Asheton and Scott Thurston, plus former MC5 drummer Dennis Thompson. *Declaration Of War* was recorded while Iggy and James Williamson were laying down *Kill City*. Hardly the greatest of recordings, in

the quality department, but The New Order obviously had some forceful ideas in their repertoire as they show on this gritty upbeat rock-out. Sadly the group disappeared just a year later and this album is the only remnant of their brief career. **Dave Henderson**

RUTS DC AND THE MAD PROFESSOR

Rhythm Collisions Dub Volume 1

Roir A-151 **RR G** Originally released back in 1982, this comes from a Ruts line-up post Malcolm Owen (heroin overdose, 1980) and is dedicated to his memory. A collaboration with Reggae engineer/producer Mad Professor, it's a heavy dub record with very little about it that could be called punk, other than its rebel-roots, but that's not to say that it's not an excellent record, it is. Reggae riddims and elastic basslines skank along, and the Prof throws in some echo, reverb, loops, delay and all sorts of trippy bits to keep you on your toes. Altogether a bloody fine swansong for the Ruts. **Daz Igymeth**

MONGO SANTAMARIA

Mongo's Groove

Beat Goes Public BGP 1001

P Mongo is not from Chester. Yes, he's in the Latin groove, he has a cool hat and his big hiteroonie was Watermelon Man. That slinky jazzed-fusion sound develops through this album and works best on the instrumental takes which soon develop into a kind of bigger than big band sound that's perfect for any gangster flick. Of course there's more to Mongo than soundtracking, but that essential edginess in his music is the thing that really makes this LP work. **Johnny Eager**

THE STOOGES

Rubber Legs

Fan Club FC037 **P** Legendary sessions of The Stooges recorded between their Raw Power and Kill City albums. They lack a lot in clarity and delivery (they were recorded in rehearsal) but Iggy and the Stooges collectors will love this. A free seven inch supplies one of the best tracks in I Need Somebody, while the album's stand out cut is Johanna. **Dave Henderson**

CAL TJADER

Cal's Pals

Beat Goes Public BGP 1003

P Cal Tjader plays the vibes like he's totally zonked with the whole thing. This is an album of Latin meets sleaze, collated from some of the man's most frenetic beats since 1954. In a time when striped t-shirts ruled the world (well, according to celluloid documentation), this music would have been rife in coffee bars where men stopped to prune their goatee beards. Authentic enough and twice as satisfying, Cal's Pals kind of slips the carpet from beneath the Blue Rondo/Matt Bianco connection...and in the process gives the whole genre a little more cred. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

The British Psychedelic Trip Vol Four

See For Miles SEE 206 **P** The trouble with these all encompassing timespan collections is that you really have to live with what's going on, a good 20 tracks here, for quite some time. When this collection was going on, between '65 and '70 I was more intrigued by Lou Reed and missed out on a batch of home grown talent that still sound bizarre to this very day. This is a good album, but it takes work to get into it and to become fact-hungry about The Timebox (who featured Mike Patto and Ollie Halsall) and Double Feature (who offer the wonderful Baby Get Your Head Screwed On). Still, what are you going to do through the winter? Invest in See For Miles and get a different kind of Open University course. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Do It Fluid

Beat Goes Public BGP 1002

P Listening to this six track collection of rare grooves from this new sweeter-than-sweet label, it really brings back the feeling of how we've been duped in the UK. What did we get? Well, we got The Style Council and their bastard buddies giving it a neo-'70s funk angle, an underplayed and underproduced averageness which somehow managed to chart. But now we have BGP, so let's hope that Paul and the bozos will jack it in for good. Do It Fluid mixes and matches between Patrice Rushen, Blackbyrds and more, supplying the kind of uptempo dance music that you need to hear. Latin influence, string-driven and bouncing with emotion. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Whole Lotta Drinkin' On The Block

Folk-Star GFCL-104 **Ch** A cohesive collection of deep south blues-come-folk recorded in the mid '50s in

southern Louisiana. Culled from Eddie Shuler's Goldband label, it features a superb set of wailing sounds from such diverse luminaries as King Charles, Left Hand Charlie, Clarence Garlow and Charles Sheffield. They may sound like the cast of a '50s cop series, but they sure can holler and strum. Some of the recordings haven't quite attained the digital clarity you might like in today's techno age, but there's plenty of soul sitting in these tracks. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Zydeco Birth

Folk Star GFCL-103 **Ch** This collection of early '50s cajun/blues is available for the first time in the UK, thanks to Charly Records. Three artists are featured — Boozoo Chavis, Clarence Garlow and Thaddus DeClouet — and although the quality of recording is primitive, the album works as far more than just a reference point for early cajun fans. The sleeve notes tell of Eddie Shuler (the label's original owner) working in his TV shop, and building his own studio for the bands to record in — it was soon to become the focal point for musical expression in southwest Louisiana. This record is crammed full of great music and history. **Julian Henry**

DIONNE WARWICK

The Original Soul Of Dionne Warwick

Charly R&B CDX 18 **Ch** This is the definitive collection of '60s recordings by Dionne Warwick. A total of 32 songs are included, all of them produced by Burt Bacharach and Hal David, and packed with loving attention to detail by Charly. Walk On By, Are You There, Wishin' And Hopin' and so on and it all still sounds — some 20 years on — just as potent and evocative as the day they were recorded. For once, here is a record that deserves the description of 'Classic'. **Julian Henry**

BUCK WHITE AND THE DOWN HOME FOLKS

Buck White...

Fundamental SAVE 33

RR C Exceptional strumalong country music that revolves around the beautiful harmonies of the White family and Buck White's impulsive mandolin. Recorded in '72, these tracks are timeless, floating above any categorisation, sounding as old as the hills but still able to pluck at the heartstrings. If you ever wanted to dabble into the world of bluegrass, get out the black-eyed beans and tune in. **Dave Henderson**

THE YOUNGBLOODS

Point Reyes Station

Edsel ED244 **P** A baker's dozen from latterday Youngbloods, culled from late '69 through to their swansong recordings in '72. From the period after their much-acclaimed Elephant Mountain album of '69, these recordings reveal The Youngbloods after they'd transgressed the post-folk R&B sound, introducing a more plaintive strummed sound which works best on tracks like the traditional Will The Circle Be Unbroken. With four live tracks included too, this is a bitty but enjoyable album, that still sounds remarkably fresh for its age. **Dave Henderson**

BEST SELLING US POST HARDCORE SINGLES

- 1 TURN OR BURN *Jesus Chrysler*
- 2 VANNILA BLUE *Naked Raygun*
- 3 SOLID ACTION *U-MEN*
- 4 FAST FOOD *Blisters*
- 5 SO BLIND *Dragnet*

Compiled by Shigaku Trading

BEST BAND NAMES AND BEST LABEL NAMES

- 1 SLOPPY SECONDS on *Alternative Tentacles*
- 2 ELVIS HITLER on *Wanghead*
- 3 IOWA BEEF EXPERIENCE on *Smudged*
- 4 IMPULSE MANSLAUGHTER on *Freak Accident*
- 5 HALO OF FLIES on *Amphetamine Reptile*

Compiled by Shigaku Trading

NEW 101 DANCE CHART

- | | |
|---|----------------------|
| 1 SOMETHING CAME OVER ME <i>Cassandra Complex</i> | Play It Again Sam |
| 2 CODE <i>Cabaret Voltaire</i> | Parlophone |
| 3 TRANSFASCIST WMTID | Rouska |
| 4 PRISONER TO DESIRE <i>Psyche</i> | New Rose |
| 5 AMERICA <i>Throwing Muses</i> | Underground cassette |

Compiled by Micky Verhoeven, Ed Leiden, Holland

BEST SELLING IMPORT MAGS

- 1 CHEMICAL IMBALANCE (with free hard vinyl) EP featuring *Firehose, Slovenly, Opal and Leaving Trains*
- 2 BLACK MARKET
- 3 MOTORBOOTY
- 4 FLIPSIDE (special double issue for 10th anniversary)
- 5 OPTION (Adrian Sherwood cover)

Compiled by Shigaku Trading

WORLD MUSIC DOMINATION ENTS!



Get those sampling machines warmed up!

The National Sound Archive has teamed up with Rogue Records (through Nine Mile and the Cartel) to make some of their valued recordings available to the general public. Through a series of well-researched, well-presented and well-documented releases, the label and archive hope to remove some of the mysteries of music from other parts of the world, and the first two releases look likely to let the game take shape immediately. • The first platter is a six track collection of **Manding Music From Mali** entitled Ba Togoma. Performed by Sidiki Diabate And Ensemble it features kora and bala (a wooden xylophone) instruments plus various vocal interludes.

And that's closely followed by **Music Of The Takano And Cuna Peoples Of Colombia**, which was recorded in 1960/61 and has since been digitally remastered. Probably the most amazing of the first two initial releases, it features such exotic instruments as a wing-bone duct flute, a snail-shell flute and a deer-bone flute. **Nick Brody**

LUCKY COMPETITION WINNERS!

Yahoo! Yes, these three honchburgers have all won an autographed ten inch copy of *Gaye Bykers On Acid's Nosedive Karma EP* on In Tape. They are... **John Pinnington, Lorna Doherty and Marvin Hanks Moor**. Awhooo!

The year that was . . .

1 9 8 7

Dave Henderson, taking a fractured tumble through the year of the big gale, Vanables' return to Spurs, the demise of Eammon Andrews and Gorby's chess game with Ron, asks, what ever happened to good music?

JANUARY 1987

A kind of void ran through the independent world (a Christmas hangover), releases were still trickling through, **Throbbing Gristle** released CD1, a CD would you believe, through Mute. . . the floodgates of a new medium opened. Strange Fruit's Peel Sessions were beginning to bung up the charts, **Big Flame** decided to call it a day and their closing salvo, Cubist Pop Manifesto on Ron Johnson, finally hit the stores. The world waited with tongues wagging, for the new album from **The Pastels** which arrived just as the month closed. . . allowing the group the chance to be the first flavour of '87.

FEBRUARY

Miaow released their first Factory 45, the finely rounded When It All Comes Down, and still the Peel Sessions kept on coming. . . with **Spizz** being revived and the world not realising that by the end of the year his wonder-youth treatment would have sent him back to his teens. The hip-hop groove was well worn in by Feb, and **Schoolly D's** Saturday Night was met with a touch of censorship, while the first rumours of **Alan McGee's Baby Amphetamine** hype began. **Age Of Chance** got some serious cheque books waving after they remixed their cover of **Prince's Kiss**. They beat **The Primitives** to a deal, but the Prims got raved about generally with their You're Killing Me single on Lazy. **The Bambi Slam** came out punching for the new Mute partner Product Inc, while hot cultists were gagging over **Wiseblood's** Dirdish album and **Coil's** Horse Rotorvator LP. **The Soup Dragons** toured, with **My Bloody Valentine** in tow, deals were touted, **The Railway Children** released their second Factory platter and ended up on Virgin.

MARCH

Erasure got chart-handed with their It Doesn't Have To Be, raising much chatter about **Andy Bell's** voice and its similarities to **Alison Moyet**. Yawn! **Vince Clarke** slept through it all. **The James Taylor Quartet's** cover of Blow Up reaped much praise throughout the press, **Laibach** took to covers too and "did" **Queen's** One Vision, leaving **The Vicious Rumour Club** to run out dancefloor hep with their Whole Lotta Love retread. **The Throwing Muses'** 12 inch, Chain's

Changed impressed Sire enough to court the group for their autograph. Cherry Red announced a series of compilations featuring prime new wave singles that have long since been lost. . . and a special preview issue of *Underground* was given away with *Sounds*. Boasting a cover featuring **Voice Of The Beehive** — who were soon snapped up by London, it featured reviews of the best of the year's LPs so far, and these included **Phillip Boa's** Aristocracies (the group have since signed to Polydor in Germany), **Chumbawamba's** Starvation, Charity And Rock 'n' Roll, **Michelle Shocked's** bittersweet Cooking Vinyl set Texas Campfire Tapes and so on and so on.

New acts focused on included **JAMS**, and **The Stitched-Back Foot Airman**. The Subterranean label of San Fran was profiled and we asked the burning question, whatever happened to **Vic Godard** and **The Subway Sect**?



APRIL: UG ISH ONE

The first issue proper of *Underground* hit the streets in a riot of overprinted colour, and tacked on booklets about the history of independent records. **Big Black** revealed that they hated audiences, **Rose Of Avalanche** told us their fave covers, **Slab** took cover honours, **Skin** got deep, deep, deep and we welcomed the return of Beserkley Records (sadly, a week later their distributors went bust). **Firehose** were touted, having risen from the ashes of **The Minutemen**, **The Butthole Surfers'** marvy Locust Abortion Technician was liberally showered with praise. **Laibach's** Opus Dei established them as Yugoslavia's most soulful outfit, and new acts exposed included ex-**Easterhouse** people **The Cradle**, plus **A House**, **Crazyhead** and **The Stupids** and their skateboard fixation (yes, and then everyone wrote about them). Oh yes, some rag said we wouldn't reach issue six.

MAY: UG ISH TWO

A split cover between

Renegade Sound-Wave (those naughty dancefloor types), the reformed **Wire** and the groovy **Pulp** thinly disguised an issue crammed with rave reviews for **The Meat Puppets**, **Lowlife**, **Yo La Tengo** and **Thee Mighty Caesars**, while **Laibach** were grilled, **AR Kane** were introduced, and **Tackhead** and **The King Of Luxembourg** got a look in. **Stephen Edney** from London Records reviewed the demo tapes... and he showed quite a bit of enthusiasm for **The Tier Garden**, while **Julian Henry** searched haplessly for **APB**.



JUNE: UG ISH THREE

Erasure hit the *Ug*

cover, as they were on the road in Nottingham, while **McCarthy** and **The Wolfhounds** shared a Transit with **Martin Aston** through Europe. **The Cramps** revealed that they were to release a live album from their last tour, **The Band Of Holy Joy** reaped maxi-press with their *More Tales From The City* album and **The Shamen** were similarly enthused over for their Drop LP. **Sonic Youth's** *Sister* surprised everyone by being dangerously commercial and new bands embraced by *Ug* included **D&V**, **Son Of Sam**, **The Blooduncles** (who immediately went off and signed to Virgin) and **The Raw Herbs** (hooray!). Both Anrhefn and Cooking Vinyl labels were looked at, and **Pete Astor** revealed that some of his favourite things included **Bob Dylan**, **Nick Cave**, **Van Morrison**, **Iggy**, **Syd** and **Hendrix**.



JULY: UG ISH FOUR

Another ne'er do well

claims *Ug* won't make it till Christmas. Oh, you of little faith. The New Music Seminar in the States sees people who *do* like the mag, **The Chills** get a rousing reception over there and we get the **Bunnymen's** approval and an interview... sadly their following LP, *The Game*, doesn't live up to expectations. **Schoolly D** gives a totally unpunctuated flow of consciousness and tells the world the problems he has with his gun inside his suit. 4AD release *Lonely Is An Eyesore* as an LP, CD, cassette and video and got a total thumbs up, **Josef K's** history got revisited on their excellent *Young And Stupid* LP and **Rosemary's Children's** *Cherry Red* mini-LP was superb. **Portion Control** signed to London only to be dropped in October, **The Panic Brothers** gave folk an even *better* name, **The La's** got raved about in the *Tip Sheet* by **Andy McDonald** who was reviewing the tapes... he later signed the band to Go! Discs. **The Shend** started his monthly column by revealing how to move to London and start a band, **The Jack Rubies**, **The Dustdevils**, **Surf Drums**, **Dub Sex** and **The Waltones** all got a look in and **Jon "Bionic Beat Box" Beast** enlightened us all with his wit when he told us that he once created a collage called "You Made Me Fart! In His Blue Movie". To think he went on to fame and

continued over



VACHEL BOOTH TOP FIVE LP's

- 1 **LOCUST ABORTION TECHNICIAN**
Butthole Surfers Blast First
 - 2 **SISTER**
Sonic Youth Blast First
 - 3 **VERMIN OF THE BLUES**
Eugene Chadbourne Fundamental
 - 4 **SONIC FLOWER GROOVE**
Primal Scream Elevation
 - 5 **ALL-NIGHTS LOTUS PARTY**
Volcano Suns Homestead
- ### TOP FIVE 45's
- 1 **SUNNY SUNDAE SMILE**
My Bloody Valentine Lazy
 - 2 **MAN OVERCOME BY WAFFLE IRON**
Children In Adult Jails Buy Our Records
 - 3 **BYE BYE PRIDE**
Go-between's Beggars Banquet
 - 4 **CONTROLLING THE EDGES OF TONE**
Great Leap Forward Ron Johnson
 - 5 **COMIN' THROUGH**
The Pastels Glass

CAROLEE INFIELD TOP FIVE 45's

- 1 **THE ONE I LOVE**
REM IRS
- 2 **LETTER FROM AMERICA**
The Proclaimers Chrysalis
- 3 **PUMP UP THE VOLUME**
M.A.R.R.'S 4AD
- 4 **APRIL SKIES**
The Jesus And Mary Chain Blanco Y Negro
- 5 **LOLLITA**
AR Kane 4AD

TOP FIVE LP's

- 1 **CALENTURE**
The Triffids Island
- 2 **DOCUMENT**
REM IRS
- 3 **THE MONEY SPYDER**
James Taylor Quartet Re-Elect The President
- 4 **MUSIC FOR THE MASSES**
Depeche Mode Mute
- 5 **OUT OF OUR IDIOT**
Elvis Costello Demon

ROBERT COHEN TOP FIVE 45's

- 1 **PEEL SESSIONS**
Billy Bragg Strange Fruit
- 2 **IT THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT (AND I FEEL FINE)**
REM IRS
- 3 **BIG DECISION**
That Petrol Emotion Polydor
- 4 **I STARTED SOMETHING I COULDN'T FINISH**
The Smiths Rough Trade
- 5 **THE IRISH ROVER**
The Pogues Stiff

TOP FIVE LP's

- 1 **DOCUMENT**
REM IRS
- 2 **DEAD LETTER OFFICE**
REM IRS
- 3 **THIS IS THE STORY**
The Proclaimers Chrysalis
- 4 **BABBLE**
That Petrol Emotion Polydor
- 5 **THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN**
The Smiths Rough Trade

RONNIE RANDALL TOP FIVE 45's

- 1 **HIT NO. 1**
The Christmas Bunch The Christmas Bunch Recording Company
- 2 **KRAY TWINS**
Renegade Soundwave Rhythm King
- 3 **ALLIGATOR BAIT**
The Flowerpot Men Compost
- 4 **BIRTHDAY**
The Sugar Cubes One Little Indian
- 5 **FEMALES**
The Cookie Crew Rhythm King

TOP FIVE LP's

- 1 **OBSESSIONS**
Beautiful Pea Green Boat Third Mind
- 2 **GET OUT OF MY FACE**
The Christmas Bunch The Christmas Bunch Recording Company
- 3 **VOICE**
Hula Red Rhino

from previous page

4 MORE TALES FROM THE CITY

The Band Of Holy Joy Film Flam

5 GOING TO ENGLAND

The Cleaners From Venus Ammunition Communications

DAVE HENDERSON

TOP FIVE 45's

1 SHE'S A NURSE

The Raw Herbs Medium Cool

2 SLOPPY HEART

Frazier Chorus 4AD

3 BREAK THE CODE

Miaow Factory

4 BANG

The Heart Throbs Rough Trade

5 IRON GURU

The Screaming Trees Native

TOP FIVE LP's

1 GEORGE BEST

The Wedding Present Reception

2 LOCUST ABORTION TECHNICIAN

The Butthole Surfers Blast First

3 CUBA

The Silos Ediesta

4 ESCAPE FROM NOISE

Negativland Rec Rec

5 IT'S LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE

I, Ludicrous Kaleidoscope

DICK MESCAL

TOP FIVE 45's

1 UNBEARABLE

The Wonder Stuff Far Out

2 LOLLITA

A R Kane 4AD

3 SLOPPY HEART

Frazier Chorus 4AD

4 MAGIC GIRL

Circus Circus Circus Sweatbox

5 PAUL McCARTNEY

Laugh The Remorse Label

TOP FIVE LP's

1 STRANGWAYS HERE WE COME

The Smiths Rough Trade

2 UNSEEN RIPPLES FROM A PEBBLE

The Wolfhounds Pink

3 SONIC FLOWER GROOVE

Primal Scream Elevation

4 LONG LIVE THE NEW FLESH

Flesh For Lulu Beggars Banquet

5 I AM A WALLET

McCarthy September

MARTIN ASTON

TOP FIVE LP's

1 BRAVE WORDS

The Chills Flying Nun

2 DRUM

Hugo Largo Relativity

3 THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS

They Might Be Giants Rough Trade

4 DOCUMENT

REM IRS

5 RAGIN' FULL ON

Firehose SST

TOP FIVE 45's

1 CHAINS CHANGED

Throwing Muses 4AD

2 BIRTHDAY

Sugarcubes One Little Indian

3 MURDERERS, THE HOPE OF WOMEN

Momus Creation

4 LOLLITA

A R Kane 4AD

5 GIRLFRIEND IN A COMA

The Smiths Rough Trade

JULIAN HENRY

TOP FIVE 45's

1 FAR AND AWAY

Friends Summerhouse Records

2 PUMP UP THE VOLUME

M A R R S 4AD

3 PRISTINE CHRISTINE

The Sea Urchins Sarah

4 ASK JOHNNY DEE

The Chesterfields Subway

5 BUILD

The Housemartins Go! Discs

TOP FIVE LP's

1 SUPER ALL STAR

Super All Star Globestyle

2 MUSIC FOR THE MASSES

Depeche Mode Mute

3 THE ORIGINAL SOUL OF DIONNE

WARWICK

Dionne Warwick Charly

from previous page

immorality as a Timebox meglomaniac, (but sadly that little beer-spilling venue closed at the beginning of December after just 32,000 groups had performed there – on one night).

AUGUST: UG ISH FIVE

Finally, **Primal**

Scream released their debut Blanco album... and to a good response too. **Depeche Mode** were on the cover of *Underground*, and inside they revealed the secrets of their new album, *Music For The Masses*. Sadly, **Snakefinger** died while on tour. **Save Sex** from Belgium gave away a condom with their new disc on Antler, **The Chesterfields'** Kettle came in as a perfect pop sweetener, **Crazyhead's** second single, *Baby Turpentine*, was released and lodged itself at the top of the independent chart, and **Ronnie Randall** took to the road with the Third Mind Roadshow. Inevitably, he missed the bus. ROIR, the NY tape-only label, was officially launched in the UK and we asked the burning question, is there life after cuteness for **Talulah Gosh**? We also exposed **I, Ludicrous** as being *ludicrously* good. Finally, the current banned product list at one of the UK's largest retail record outlets was printed, and it turned out that anything punky, especially **Jello Biafra** — who ended up in court a mere month later on a censorship charge — was *definitely* taboo.



OCTOBER: UG ISH SEVEN

So we made it past ish

six, yeh, boo, sucks... and *Underground* dived headlong into the chromaholic market with a free cassette featuring eight tracks of magnifico proportions from the history of contemporary rock music. Lining up next to each other on Rhythm And Noise were **Cabaret Voltaire**, **Sonic Youth**, **Throwing Muses**, **Depeche Mode**, **The Normal**, **The Shamen**, **Lowlife** and **Clock DVA** and on the



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cover were **The Wedding Present**. Rumours about the future of the confusingly-split **Smiths** came and went, and **Red Harvest's** Murder 45 foretold the Hungerford massacre. **They Might Be Giants** opened their own dial-a-tune line and **Big Black** split after covering **Kraftwerk's** The Model. Albums of note, apart from the **Pressie's** George Best, were **The Chills' Brave Words**, **I, Ludicrous's** It's Like Everything Else, **The Smiths' closing shot** Strangeways Here We Come, while single of the month was by **The Sugar Cubes** — who subsequently made it to the cover of everything from Icelandic News to the weeklies. Inside *Ug*, we talked to **PTV**, **Gene Loves Jezebel**, **Virus** and **Mal** from the **Cabs** (who recounted those early releases). The Homestead label was profiled and new acts talked about included **The Wild Angels**, **The Doonicans**, **The Dead Milkmen** and **The Purple People Eaters**.



4 WHAT DO YOU KNOW DEUTSCHLAND
KMFDM Skysaw
5 ESPECIALLY FOR YOU
 The Smithereens Enigma

PETER PERTURBED
TOP FIVE 45's

- 1 THE GAME**
 Echo And The Bunnymen WEA
- 2 DEEP AND WIDE AND TALL**
 Aztec Camera WEA
- 3 SHINE ON**
 House Of Love Creation
- 4 BRIGHTER**
 The Railway Children Factory
- 5 GENTLE TUESDAY**
 Primal Scream Elevation

TOP FIVE LP's

- 1 IN MY TRIBE**
 10,000 Maniacs Elektra
- 2 LOVE**
 Aztec Camera WEA
- 3 TALLULAH**
 The Go-Betweens Beggars Banquet
- 4 BRAVE WORDS**
 The Chills Flying Nun
- 5 ESPECIALLY FOR YOU**
 The Smithereens Enigma

MICK MIDDLES
TOP FIVE 45's

- 1 CARRYING MINE**
 Yargo Bodybeat
- 2 COMPRESSOR**
 Biting Tongues Factory
- 3 WHEN IT ALL COMES DOWN**
 Mlaow Factory
- 4 HIT THE NORTH**
 The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 5 INTO THE GROOVY**
 Ciccone Youth Blast First

TOP FIVE LP's

- 1 BODYBEAT**
 Yargo Bodybeat
- 2 SISTER**
 Sonic Youth Blast First
- 3 BUGS ON THE WIRE**
 Various Leghorn
- 4 SQUIRREL AND G-MAN**
 Happy Mondays Factory
- 5 THE GUITAR AND OTHER MACHINES**
 The Durutti Column

CHRIS HUNT
TOP FIVE 45's

- 1 SOFT AS YOUR FACE**
 The Soup Dragons Raw TV
- 2 IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT (AND I FEEL FINE)**
 REM IRS
- 3 SNAKES AND LADDERS EP**
 The Direct Hits Forbidden/Fire
- 4 BABY TURPENTINE**
 Crazyhead Food
- 5 BRIAN RIX**
 The Brilliant Corners SS20

TOP FIVE LP's

- 1 VAUDEVILLE PARK**
 The Jetset Dance Network
- 2 THE PEOPLE WHO GRINNED THEMSELVES TO DEATH**
 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 3 ENJOY**
 The Times Artpop
- 4 THE BIGGEST WAVE**
 The Surfin' Lungs Beat International
- 5 TIME, TROUBLE AND MONEY**
 Makin' Time Re-Elect The President

ALEX KADIS
TOP FIVE 45's

- 1 HIGH TIME**
 The Icicle Works Beggars Banquet
- 2 THE MOTION OF LOVE**
 Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
- 3 NOTHING IS FOREVER**
 A Cast Of Thousands Fun After All
- 4 NEVER AND ALWAYS**
 The Three Johns Abstract
- 5 KILL YOUR IDEALS**
 Phillip Boa And The Voodoo Club Red Flame

TOP FIVE LP's

- 1 THE HOUSE OF DOLLS**
 Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
- 2 BRAVE WORDS**
 The Chills Flying Nun



NOVEMBER: UG ISN EIGHT

An exclusive preview of **The Fall's** Hit The North smasheroonie sat smugly next to the revitalised **Gun Club** — talking about their excellent Mother Jobs LP — and while **John Peel** reviewed the comic tapes, we looked at **SNAP TV**, **The Bils**, **Laugh**, **1,000 Violins**, **The Risk**, **Bleed From The West**, **Kill Devil Hills**, **The Bolshoi**, **Frazier Chorus** and **The Three Johns**. In more depth, **Love And Rockets**, **The Leather Nun** and the One Little Indian label got the once over. Medium Cool fever hit the world with powerful new singles from **The Raw Herbs**, **The Waltoners** and **The Corndollies**, and there were fine elongated album shots from **The Pixies**, **The Close Lobsters** and **Blue Aeroplanes**, as well as the news that Bam Caruso were launching a film soundtrack label, **Disques Noir**.

...to make it to Chris ... hooded. And, in a cram-packed issue last month, **Minow's** third single, *Break The Code*, won cover honours, **Man Kian's** *Wanting And Wellint*, and a preview of their soon to be released *Flesh Machine* album on wire. **The Durutti Column** released the first DAT package — featuring their new LP *The Guitar And Other Machines* — and **The Meat Puppets**, **Icicle Works** and **Raw Herbs** all explained why they're so groovy. **The Fall** released Hit The North, **The Icicle Works** new single, *High Time*, proved that they really are that good and **Chelsea's Pat** **Havin'** reviewed the demo tapes. News features included **The Stupids**, **Jesus**, **Angst's** *Mystery Spot*, **Slab's** *Descension* and **The Bomb Party's** *Liberace Rising*. **The Swans** did some serious arguing with *Ug* staffers, **Johnny Dec** went on the road with **The Chesterfields**, and we introduced the world to **The Incredible Zombie Rockers**, **CUD**, **The Corndollies**, **Zarjaz** and **The Heart Throbs**, while simultaneously offering a compilation of *Wire Reports*, greatest tracks and artists for a mere £2.50. What's more, we also made a second offer for a compilation of *Red Flame/Ink Records* greatest, and that's become a reality by next month's issue. ...so keep tuned.

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- 3 **THE COWBOY DREAM**
Living In Texas Big Beat
- 4 **LINDY'S PARTY**
The Bolshoi Beggars Banquet
- 5 **DRILL YOUR OWN HOLE**
Gaye Bykers On Acid Virgin

DAZIGYMETH
TOP FIVE 45's

- 1 **UNBEARABLE**
The Wonder Stuff Far Out
- 2 **SUNSHINE MINER**
The Zodiac Motel Swordfish
- 3 **BIRTHDAY**
The Sugar Cubes One Little Indian
- 4 **SOMETHING ABOUT YOU**
The Shamen Moksha
- 5 **RESTRAINED IN A MOMENT**
Royal Family And The Poor Gaia

TOP FIVE LP's

- 1 **WITHIN THE REALM OF A DYING SUN**
Dead Can Dance 4AD
- 2 **INKY BLOATERS**
Danielle Dax Awesome
- 3 **ANIMAL LIBERATION**
Various Wax Trax
- 4 **FLOODLAND**
Sisters Of Mercy Merciful Release
- 5 **DROP**
The Shamen Moksha

JOHNNY DEE
TOP FIVE 45's

- 1 **WHEN IT ALL COMES DOWN**
Miaow Factory
- 2 **FRANS HALS**
McCarthy Pink
- 3 **DON'T BURY ME YET**
Raw Herbs Medium Cool
- 4 **THANK YOU**
The Wallflowers Mantra
- 5 **WHAT A PERFORMANCE**
Bob Sombrero

TOP FIVE LP's

- 1 **I AM A WALLET**
McCarthy September
- 2 **STRANGWAYS HERE WE COME**
The Smiths Rough Trade
- 3 **KETTLE**
The Chesterfields Subway
- 4 **WESTLAKE**
David Westlake Creation
- 5 **SONIC FLOWER GROOVE**
Primal Scream Elevation

CHRIS MELLOR
TOP FIVE 45's

- 1 **THE GODFATHER**
Spoonie Gee Tuff City
- 2 **VIRGINIA**
The McTells Frank
- 3 **FEMALES**
The Cookie Crew Rhythm King
- 4 **WHITNEY JOINS THE JAMS**
Justified Ancients Of MuMu KLF
- 5 **SLOPPY HEART**
Frazier Chorus 4AD

TOP FIVE LP's

- 1 **ESCAPE FROM NOISE**
Negativland Rec Rec
- 2 **PAID IN FULL**
Eric B & Rakim 4th & Broadway
- 3 **THE MONEY SPYDER**
James Taylor Quartet Re-elect The President
- 4 **RAGING FULL ON**
Frahose SST
- 5 **BABELOQUE**
Raymonde Blue Guitar

The year that would be

1988

Underground prophets stare grimly into the air and predict much ado about all sorts for the coming months — so just keep this close at hand and check if they were spot-on in a year's time!

PETER PERTURBED 3 4 88

Birmingham lights back! Three hopes for '88:

- 1 **Sun Drums** — Two gorgeous records in '87 and a whole lotta good vibes ahead of us.
- 2 **The Atom Spies** — Idiosyncratic beat-boy space cadets with a Bid-esque frontman.
- 3 **The Capitols** — and out of the ashes of The Nightingales rose something even greater, complete with accordion player!

JULIAN HENRY 3 4 88

- 1 **The La's**, from *Underground Tip Sheet* to world glory.
- 2 **Any Rhythm King** release, the best record label in the Harrow Road.
- 3 **Are You Scared To Be Happy?** fanzine.

JOHN BEST 3 4 88

I'll see God in a **Dead Can Dance** live coruscation; regress through previous states of consciousness; brutally disembowel the chit-chatters at the back in a primal blood orgy; suffer incarceration at the hands of a society frowning on ritual slaughter but eventually find freedom via a successful law suit against the video shop that rented me *Altered States* in the first place.

VACHEL BOOTH 3 4 88

The Reversibles — God-damn genius racket!
Awesome Grooves — A TOTAL sound experience.
O-oh Chango — Olive Dog with his soft shoe shuffling sister, one or two ex-Ruts and a couple of girl clarinet hooters. Frst single. Fraternise, very soon.

CAROLE LINNARD 3 4 88

REM will conquer the world. **AR Kane** will emerge as a supreme force in British music but will remain tantalisingly enigmatic; other names to drop at trendy parties are **Smart Wolves**, **Happy Mondays** and **Ruby Blue**. **The James Taylor Quartet** will undertake a country-

wide tour of Pontins to rave reviews and will be subjected to a few zwd suggestions from old ladies. A record company will send me a T-shirt that doesn't shrink in the wash.

RIPLEY 3 4 88

Noise as a commodity will return in force. **Throbbing Gristle** will reform, teenage youths will perform a homage to **Einsturzende Neubauten** and everyone will catch up with the now defunct **Negativland**. Actually, '88 will see the usual old rubbish happening, the dreamers will meet in bunkers, **William Burroughs** will probably peg out and **Nurse With Wound** will sign to Virgin.

MARTIN ASTON 3 4 88

They Might Be Giants will be loved for their folk-pop, weird-pop, art-pop, chart-pop, polka-pop and for pointing out the humour in seriousness.

Dorothy, (that's Gina and Vicky from **The Raincoats**, a quality as yet untested, but sure to prove one of Britain's most sublime textures.

Les Thugs, French rock 'n' roll greats who go beyond the usual garage-rock grunge to a rock that's as sleek as it is combustible.

DICK MESCAL 3 4 88

The Wonder Stuff have the right sort of rebellious attitude that should give them super stardom.

The Jack Rubies, with two excellent singles under their collective belts and a live show that has now been honed to perfection, will move upwards towards national acclaim.

Bam Bam And The Calling; on the heels of **That Petrol Emotion** comes another Northern Ireland band who burn and splutter on a short but powerful fuse.

ROBERT COHEN 3 4 88

1988 will be the year **REM**, **That Petrol Emotion** and **The Pogues** either make it massive or disband in disgusted despair. It'll also be the year **Thatch** sells off shares in Great Britain. Think I'll buy Chelmsford

NICK MIDDLES 3 4 88

A precocious arrogant brat named **Johnny Dangerously** will, armed with a songwriting talent that would turn **Elvis Costello** green with envy, begin to make waves before the summer. **Yargo** will sign a huge deal and begin to attain legendary status. **The Waltonones** will meet **Simon Bates**.

CHRIS HUNT 3 4 88

Cambridge United in a 4th Division

promotion race, love, peace and understanding for all. **The Jim Jimlines** will take their infectious enthusiasm far, **The Sandkings** will do something delicious with harmonies and **The Moments** will set a lifeless indie scene alight with their hard, sharp guitar pop. Dead crucial!

CHRIS MELLOR 3 4 88

Morrissey will make a cut-up dance track with **Derek B** called **Hang The DJ**, and get the number one he always wanted.

A new ten year rule will come into effect — all famous musos who have been working for longer will be forced to stop — farewell **Mick Jagger**, **Paul Weller**, **U2** etc etc.

A new radio station called **Noise FM** will start broadcasting feedback, white noise, and other mayhem — all in glorious stereo.

DAZ IGYMETH 3 4 88

The bike boots of **Kill Devil Hills** will stamp all over your spotty, poppy backs, **The Zodiac Motel** will be applying a psychic, sonic scalpel to the fatty tissues of your brain and, lastly, **The Wonder Stuff** will polish up your dancing kneecaps to a fine sheen. Resolutely ripping!

ALEX KADIS 3 4 88

My money's on **Abstract** dead certs, that despicably young and talented groove thang, **The Incredible Zombi Rockers**. Another safe bet should be **The Low Gods** who are conveniently featured in this issue's TND. Given sufficient airing their excellent songs will be temptation enough to prise open even the rustiest of A&R cheque books! Watch out for rank outsiders **Faster Pussycat Kill Kill** who could be in with a chance provided they can find a haircut upon which they all agree!

JOHNNY DEE 3 4 88

Reserve: My favourite brand of sentimental guitar pop.
The Doris Days: Scrummy acoustic melodies for romantic intellectuals;
North Of Cornwallis: excellent vocals and a shopping basketful of smashing, catchy songs.

All three heartbound and chart-bound, for sure.

MATS LUNDGREN 3 4 88

Probe Plus is taking over the dirty noise trash; just listen to the **Walking Seeds LP Skull*****, or **Cyclic Amp's Ugly As Power** and **The Midnight Show's Trussed By Buddha**.

The Great Leap Forward debut album will stun the world.

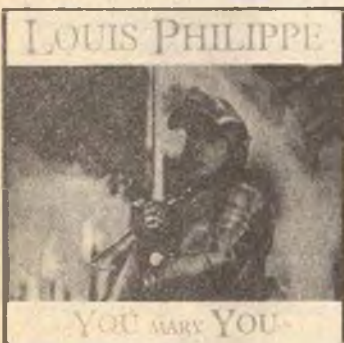
Age Of Chance will reform with the remains of **Big Black**.

DAVE HENDERSON 3 4 88

Miaow will record and release a glorious debut album and the press will promote them as the "new" **Pretenders**.

Medium Cool will get in the national charts with any one of **The Corndollies**, **The Waltonones**, **The Raw Herbs**, **The Siddleys** or **The Rain**.

The **4AD** share floatation scheme boosted by incredibly groovy **Frazier Chorus** debut LP.



ROD CLARK'S TOP 5 BAGS

- 1 **THE NEXT DURUTTI COLUMN**
12 INCH Factory
- 2 **YOU MARY YOU Louise Phillips** el 12
- 3 **WAY OUT The La's** Go! Discs 12
- 4 **A SOLUTION CCP** Rhythm King 12
- 5 **KETTLE Chesterfields** LP

Party poopers!

The Bomb Party

have come of age with *Liberace Rising*. Let the world of rubber rise up in praise!

"Oh, really? Are you prepared to commit yourself to that statement?" Did I really just tell Hispanic sex God and Bomb Party joke man Andy 'Jesus' Mosquera that his lyrics are observant, contemporary and relevant?! Hardly a fitting statement when considered in the light of past press condemnation, I know, but nevertheless an appropriate description and judging by his reaction, a rather tender subject.

I know what you think: The Bomb Party are another bunch of dipsomaniac beer-swilling bozos, hooked on trad grebo sexism and inverted snobbery; controversialist champions of the thrash ethic, catering for a minority of nomadic goths feeling short-changed and disillusioned after The Cult got wise to a situation! Of course, the band themselves have done little to rectify the image. Their 'alternative' interview technique leaves a lot to be said in favour of stuffy old protocol! I'd hate to dispel a good myth — after all we thrive on them don't we?

So I'm pleased to be able to confirm that I found the band in the local watering hole where Andy was demonstrating his vast repertoire of bottom anecdotes and *faux pas*. Indeed, Sarah Corina (bass), Leszek Rataj (guitar) and Steve Gerrard (guitar) all seemed equally well versed in tales of the nether regions and there was much talk of projectile bananas and willies in matchboxes. A right old rumpus, there's no denying it! But get The Bomb Party in conference and it's a different story. Perhaps it was the sedatory effect of the Ug drinking chocolate, or possibly a certain justified pride in their excellent, recently released, *Liberace Rising* LP on Upright, who knows? Either way, the touch paper had been set alight and the grebos were ready to explode into serious conversation!

WHAT'S A BLOODY GREBO?

Well it's as good a start as any!

Andy: "What's a bloody grebo? It's just a word someone invented — it means nothing."

Sarah: "The thing is that no-one is prepared to put us into a category — to really commit themselves to a statement."

Andy: "I think that's 'cause there's nothing really obvious to latch onto with us. We're not grebos and we're not bikers or any of that shit."

Andy: "I don't know why people have attempted to put us into this grebo thing. Whenever I've liked a group, I've liked them for what they gave me, not what they were. When I used to sit in my room and listen to Iggy Pop and Lou Reed I liked them because they gave you something special — themselves. They didn't say, 'I'm a junkie, I'm a transvestite, I'm a grebo'. At the end of the

day I'd rather have a small minority relate to us for what The Bomb Party is, for *real* reasons, rather than a large mass of people who like you because your hair is long or your zips are broken."

That takes care of what they're not. So what *are* they?

Andy: "We're experimental. But we don't feel that we have to keep saying it. It's like the difference between The Butthole Surfers and The Swans; The Buttholes don't have to say they're experimentalists to be taken seriously, whereas The Swans say they are experimentalists and they're about as *risque* as a bloke wearing underpants in a nudist colony! What I'm saying is that of course we're not just bloody grebos. We are experimentalists but we don't have to say we're political and we credit our audience with enough intelligence to suss it out for themselves."

AND IT'S GETTING BEYOND A JOKE...

Reactionary words from the humorous one, eh? It's not the first time that the BP's intentions have been doubted or misunderstood: In fact, one critic went as far as saying that there was no danger of taking them seriously at all!

Steve: "Saying that you can't take us seriously is like saying that you can't take Woody Allen seriously. You have to see beyond the joke or you're seriously missing the point."

Andy: "It's so frustrating. We're all qualified and capable of doing £500 a week jobs, but we choose to do music because it's the most important thing to us."

So why cloud your sensibility with comic presentation? Andy: "I think people flock to comedians because life is tragic and life is wonderful and the best thing to do is to laugh at it. If you can laugh at the most gruesome things in life then it's a salvation, but what happens is that through journalists and lazy people and ourselves not presenting things in the correct way the meaning gets lost and people miss the point."

Steve: "I think that we just have a healthy cynicism."

Sarah: "We don't go on stage to be deliberately wacky and jokey, we behave how we feel and that's just us being natural."



Bomb Party with token erection

Andy: "I think we're people who stand back and look at the world, for us it's not a matter of life is being born and dying, it's what goes on in between, that's important, the process involved and not the end product."

Presumably, it's dangerous talk like this which results in the BP being branded as anti-social, amoral animals!

Andy: "No, I think it's 'cause we don't accept dogmatic values and we say 'create your own values'. We try to be honest and to be true to the essential things in life. To get the best out of life. The best doesn't mean money in the bank it means to have lived your life and before you die to have become a better and wiser person. All the taboos about sex and drugs are just shit. I feel that to kill someone in anger is more justifiable than going to war and killing someone in cold blood just 'cause the state justifies it. You're right, it's dangerous talk but it's our attitude and because of it we've been seen as immoral."

THROWAWAY? LIKE HELL WE ARE!

Shocked yet? I wasn't. Sure, there's always going to be that cock-eyed view of the world as seen through the learned eyes of The Bomb Party, but listen beyond the dense layers of *Liberace Rising*'s construction and it falls into place quite succinctly really. Quite some progression!

Steve: "I think we've come a long way in

the way that we say things. I think we've grown up a lot since *Drugs*, our first album."

Andy: "I think our situation in life has changed too. Different things have happened and we've become more sophisticated in our approach. I think we were late developers."

And have the critics noticed that development at long last?

Andy: "There's a Spanish song on the new album *El Savor Del Amor* — the taste of love — and that song has been totally overlooked simply because people don't understand Spanish but I'm actually very proud of those lyrics — they're the best thing I've ever written — it's poetry."

Steve: "Yeah, they're so good he won't tell anyone what they mean!"

Andy: "It's just a straight love song, really. But we didn't put it on the LP as a gimmick which seems to be the opinion — I mean, I'm Spanish so why not sing in Spanish — there's a few Spiks in England."

Steve: "Perhaps they'll buy the album then!"

Perhaps they will. True rock revelations or sophisticated bullshit? The choice is yours. I know what I think and what the hell, as they say in Andy's home town, *yo se que solamente rock y roll pero yo ciera* — now there's profound for you! Alex Kadis

M K U L T R A
 FRANK TOVEY
 MALCOLM POYNTER
 SIMON STRINGER

IMMOBILISE
 1 2 ONLY
 1 2 MUTE 6 8

Circuit Breakers

Four's company

The James Taylor Quartet get organ-ised!

With the prevailing indie trend for anorak-clad-shambling-despondency and sub-Buzzcocks riffs 'n' romanticism, the success of The James Taylor Quartet is nothing short of phenomenal. A year ago it would have been inconceivable for a Hammond organ-based group, with a hip line in Booker T/ Ramsey Lewis-style instrumentals, to be challenging hard at the head of the indie charts. But challenge they did, and following the Blow Up single and the Mission Impossible mini-album into the indie charts is the first JTQ long-player, *The Money Spyder*.

"It's an album in the true sense of the word because it was recorded over a period of a year in different studios, in different towns, in back gardens, in bedrooms, all over the place," says the man with the Hammond. "The whole thing is to present an album of instrumentals and for it not to get boring — which is a rare thing with instrumental albums."

The mini-album saw the JTQ arrange a selection of songs as diverse as the *Sale Of The Century* theme and Simon and Garfunkel's *Mrs Robinson*. The new album is bnmming with self-compositions.

"Our own songs are much more challenging and draw from all angles of inspiration, you can show what you're

really into a lot better, it's not just a jazz thing or a film theme thing."

Jumping to conclusions I would have thought that the JTQ had driven themselves into a very brave, but nonetheless narrow, dead-end with their jazzy organ approach to pop. Aren't they going to find their avenues of progression restricted?

"No, I've thought about that," explains James. "If you think about it really, what we're doing is the bare minimum, there are no rules. We've started using singers, we can use brass, we can use a whole orchestra. We can go where we want and how we want with the basic idea of making good music using Hammond organ. There are so many possibilities. . . We're good, but I want us to get better and better, none of us are ever satisfied with what we've got, we always want to push further."

Immediate plans include a trip to Germany to do what the Quartet enjoy doing best: "playing in small cafes and bars with the audience around you." Vinyl plans include a single that sees the band utilising the services of a French girl voice for the Taylor arrangement of *The Girl From Ipanema*. And if that doesn't storm the staid bastions of the Radio One playlist then. . . well, I'm lost for words! **Chris Hunt**



The La. means we're moody, man!

The La's earn 'totally normal' tag!

Ask The La's why they signed a recording contract with Go! Discs and they'll all start chattering away in broad Liverpool accents: "Aw, it's that Andy y'know. . . he's just got it. . . he really seemed to mean it y'know. . . and like, all the others seemed keen, but you could tell that Andy was into it more. . ."

- The Andy they refer to is of course Andy McDonald, the self-styled Mr Nice of Pop and chief executive of "West London's Hippest Record Label" (his words, not mine), Go! Discs.
- Six months ago The La's were based in Liverpool and playing regularly to enthusiastic crowds, and the usual gaggle of dithering A&R persons, when their manager sent a demo tape to the *Underground* Tip Sheet. The guest critic was Andy McDonald and he was so bowled over by their cassette, he didn't just demand a copy to take home, he actually went off and signed the band up. Eat your heart out Victor Kiam.
- Now their debut single, *Way Out*, is receiving flattering critiques from DJs, journalists, Stephen Morrissey even, and the band are installed in a West London flat where they are free to lounge about drinking beer, and reflect on the twist of fate that brought them and Go! Discs together.
- "We're really pleased with the way things are," says bassist John Power from beneath his mop of curly hair. "It's not like it's any big deal with Andy, or a big thing to try and get through to him about stuff we want to talk about. He only lives up the road so it's dead convenient."
- "I think scousers have got a talent for telling if people are genuine or not," adds drummer John Timpson. "There was a lot of other people around telling us we were brilliant and that, but we could tell that Andy meant it. He's not really into it for profit margins, it's more like he actually gets a buzz out of seeing a band make it, and that means something." Trying to talk to guitarist/singer Lee Masters is not easy, partially due to a taxing recording schedule which he says has left him fatigued, but also due to the surrounding roomful of people.
- Questions about songwriting are answered with an aggressive stare that other journalists confirm as being par for the course.
- Suffice to say his songs manage to combine enormous chart potential with the finest pop/rock heritage. We are talking Pete Townshend, Peter Perrett, John Lennon, Buddy Holly, Ray Davies here. . .
- I leave the La's drinking beer and arguing with their manager and soundman about different types of studio. They all get up and politely shake my hand as I depart, and like the owner of their record company, seem such nice people. It makes you begin to wonder if they really are completely normal. Soon the rest of the UK will have the chance to decide. The La's deserve to be absolutely massive! **Julian Henry**

Fit to pop!



James Taylor: a thinking guy

Hearts made of glass!

The Waltones go totally ga-ga!



"People laugh behind my back, I can see their smiling faces." (She Looked Right Through Me)

I had a dream the other night, James Knox (vocal and harmonica of The Waltones) was walking through the streets of Manchester talking to himself. "Oh shit, I'm talking to myself," murmured a blushing James. He then tripped up and landed on his face in the middle of the downtown shopping centre. A crowd of shoppers gathered around him, grannies clutched their Morrisons bags tightly as they stared down at the young man. James laughed loudly, picked himself up, wiped the gravy off his jumper and ran away singing a Shangri-las song. (*Are you feeling alright, Johnny?* — Ed.)

- The thing that makes the Waltones stand out, is the strength of their songwriting — they've got more than a couple of good songs (they've already had two singles this year, Downhill and She Looks), why, they've got a shopping trolley full!
- James: "Essentially we are a melodic, British beat group."
- Mark (guitar): "It's pop..."
- But not bland.
- Alex (drums): "No we've got good, strong songs. They're not whimsical in any way."
- The Waltones write love songs — love songs where girls are taking the piss out of you, where you are knowingly making a fool of yourself — but most of all they're pop songs. Meaty, beaty, big and bouncy. Voice, guitar, bass, drums and blues-wailing harmonica — early Rolling Stones with grins and plimsoles. (eh?)
- Smiling's a pretty damn un-hip thing to do onstage, but James does it with style. It's corny, it's a 1957 Colgate advert, but it's loud and infectious — nothing like the kind of sick-inducing "I'm a horny Glaswegian" zip-emblazoned-on-the-faces of Wet Damp Moist. This is a loveable smile, a brighter smile, a better kind of smile.
- Cheeeese?
- James: "The first time we played, I just smiled, it just seemed natural. Now I do it without thinking."
- Manny: "People think you're an eccentric, James. They come up to me and say 'I saw your lead singer the other day singing to himself in Oxford Road'."
- Eccentric or not, James is a bit of a calendar boy, I can see Waltones glossy poster mags in the sweaty palms of disco dollies. Better buy some Blu Tack before the demand gets too much. **Johnny Dee**

Tongue twisters!

Biting Tongues spit out the vinyl!

I used to hate Biting Tongues. It wasn't a wild, casual kind of hate either, but a vicious irrational hate. The kind I'd normally reserve for the likes of ELO or Leslie Crowther.

- They were so irritatingly pretentious. I'd see them literally invent an entire live set prior to walking on stage. The result would be half an hour which sounded like Dennis The Menace constructing a garden shed and yet passed, amazingly, for spirited white boy funk.
- But thankfully, Biting Tongues have softened over the years. While normally this would be considered as a gradual relinquishing of ethics, to be followed by a hasty scramble for the readies, with Biting Tongues it is to be wholly encouraged. They are now eminently listenable and yet manage to sound quite unlike anything else on this planet.
- "We used to enjoy confusing people," states the Biting Tongue called Howard, rather confusingly, before adding, "We would deliberately produce an unlistenable noise just to upset the audience. I think we found it satisfying."
- "I found it immensely satisfying," claims another Biting Tongue, this time called Graham. He seems to relish the band's esoteric past. But Biting Tongues are out of the closet. Their new flagship is a brilliantly evocative single, Compressor, which sits proudly in the centre of their Ikon video compilation, *Wall Of Surf*.
- Howard: "I think it's fair to say that *Wall Of Surf* is a genuine extension of the music. It isn't flashy. It isn't trying to sell anything. It's taken us 18 months to compile and I think that is represented by quality, although it's very much quality on a shoestring. The point is, if you are not sympathetic towards what we are doing then you could quite easily label it as pretentious or self-indulgent and justify those criticisms. It does need to be viewed with an open mind although it is far more accessible than anything we would have done a few years ago."
- Biting Tongues have become filmmakers. This new title suits them. Maybe their wilderness years were spent helplessly splashing about because they had yet to stumble across their true medium. The Compressor segment of *Wall Of Surf* is the finest piece of creative video I've witnessed this year, in fact it's the ONLY creative video I've seen this year. Granted, with a relative shoestring budget, Biting Tongues have managed to step aside from the promo video norm, independent or otherwise.
- I don't hate them anymore. Their self-indulgence, which still fuels their every movement, has become interesting, invigorating even. The only problem they face now, is how to choose the correct road from the network of possibilities they now face. After spending 18 months with their eyes glued to the viewfinder, Biting Tongues will now have to regress to the position of playing live gigs in order to promote *Wall Of Surf*. Ironic really but, then again, with gigs in America beckoning, the prospect of playing live has become an oddly desirable option once more. **Mick Middles**

IKON PRESENTS THE U.K. PREMIERE OF
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Biting Tongues
 on Friday 6th November at 9.45pm
 Cornerhouse, Oxford Road, Manchester
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27 UNDERGROUND

Ruby's in the dust!

Pure Mcpop from Ruby Blue

- Like most *nouveau artistes*, Ruby Blue are pretty sure where they're going.
- "Even though there's major label interest, we're never going to compromise our feelings or music," says Rebecca Pidgeon. "We'll have to have something written in to say that we'll at least co-produce our stuff, that's an important part of our music. We don't want to be pressurised into becoming a commercial machine."
 - You know how it goes. . . Good looking actress goes home to Edinburgh in the holiday from RADA, meets up with old school chum Roger Fife, and they make wonderful music in the bedroom. Next thing you know, their demo has been waved enthusiastically in the air by Ink's Dave Kitson. The result is Ruby Blue, a band who blend classical ideas with rich production, to make supremely sophisticated pop music.
 - Influences? Let's say Joni Mitchell, Kate Bush, The Beatles, Peter Gabriel. . . the culmination of which is the dauntingly good debut LP, *Glances Askances*.
 - "We don't try to think about what everyone else is doing, just concentrate on ourselves. In time we want to develop a style which is just Ruby Blue," says Roger.



- For a band with such obvious chart potential, they're not big fans of today's "scene", man.
- Rebecca: "The current music scene is desperately upsetting — the charts and the things you hear on Radio 1 — especially compared to what you used to be able to watch *Top Of The Pops* and see something you actually liked. . ."
- Them were t'days. . . and Ruby Blue just might bring them back. **Carole Linfield**

Ruby Blue: two's company (etc. etc.)

Scratching frenzy!

C-Cat Trance extend the eight minute barrier

John Lewis, main-man of 'Afro-Arabic fusionists' C-Cat Trance, did not greet me in his vaguely famous Arab head-dress. In fact, he seems to have forsaken it altogether: certainly, he hasn't worn it for any of the past year's gigs. Mind you, there's only been *one* of them.

Still, almost as famous as the head-dress are the C-Cat cats, one of which sits on my lap as I ask John why he's moved to Brighton, leaving his band behind in Nottingham. He tells me he's attending Sussex University.

Your starter for ten: what are you reading?

"African and Asian Studies".

Of course.

"and Psychology."

Psychology. That reminds me to ask about C-Cat Trance's hypnotical connections. John says the 'Trance' bit is coincidental, but anyway, he's soon to release "a sort of relaxation/hypnosis tape," which is, "music by me, and script by a doctor acquaintance of mine who uses hypnotherapy a lot."

He seems suitably relaxed about the fact that the C-Cats are in two camps, 200 miles apart. The resultant problems are, apparently, "not insurmountable."

"People will come for the weekend who perhaps wouldn't have bothered coming across Nottingham for an evening, so in terms of recording the new album, it hasn't presented any difficulties so far."

Said album is **Play Masenko Combo**, and it was recorded in nearby Eastbourne — well, why go to Montserrat when the 'Showpiece and Suntrap of the South' beckons?

It (the album) seems deliberately less 'westernised' than the last one, Zouave. The vocals are well down in the mix (as we say in the biz), and with four of the seven tracks extending beyond eight minutes, it's about as far as you could get from a collection of traditional pop songs. John affirms this as a conscious manoeuvre.

"I've never felt particularly comfortable ending a song after four minutes or so because one felt one ought to. So I haven't bothered this time". Fair enough, but while most pop music is a bastardisation of some kind of folk music, C-Cat Trance often present their chosen genre in a concentrated, almost pure, form. This must render it inaccessible to many Western ears, and it has earned them accusations of trying to 'ghetto-ise' themselves.

"I'm glad you think it's pure. . . It's not deliberately aimed at being inaccessible. It's the kind of record that I would buy if I heard it, therefore to me it's accessible."

Which leads me to wonder whether the lack of British record sales has been of great concern. The answer seems to be no.

"The pleasure that I derive from doing it is in making the records. Selling the records is something I don't particularly involve myself in. I could spend all day, every day, phoning shops to make sure they were stocked, and hustling people, saying, 'You've gotta write about our band', and 'You've gotta give us some gigs', and 'We really should be on your TV programme, because we look really wacky', but it probably wouldn't make any difference in the long run, anyway." Robert Cohen

Shoot out at cool trout!

Jesse Garon And The Desperadoes tell crap jokes!



There is something about Jesse Garon And The Desperadoes that just makes you smile. Maybe it's those groovy bass-lines, the friendliness they exude, or it could be because they are "a pretty goddam well-connected band". Yes The Desperadoes are *fun*, but not *tacky* fun! *With it* fun.

THE JESSE GARON AND THE DESPERADOES GUIDE TO... JESSE GARON AND THE DESPERADOES

Margarita on Bruce: "Bruce is the boss, he used to have long, curly hair. He keeps trying to put Led Zeppelin riffs in our songs."

Bruce on John: "John is very, very old. We try to keep him on his feet. We just about keep him ticking over."

John on Fran: "Thank you, Bruce. Fran is the singer with the band, she opens her mouth and she sings. She's quite a good singer."

Fran on Margarita: "Margarita is our colourful, opinionated, self-styled drummer. She's the tower of strength in the band."

Margarita on Angus: "Angus plays bass. He's quite messy — he leaves the sink dirty in the morning."

Angus on Andrew: "Angus is the big ears of the band — the loving couple. He's very understanding and listens to all our problems. He formed the band, so we kind of worship and look up to him, like a dad."

THE JESSE GARON HIT FACTORY

Andrew: "There's two kinds of love song. There's — "oooh the flowers are growing, the sun is in the sky, I'm so happy and I'm in love". Then there are the ones where the boy, or girl, in question breaks your heart."

Margarita: "The new single's about Andrew's heartache as usual."

Fran: "I sing a very meaningful chorus that goes — "la, la, la, la, la" — a bit like Bobby Gillespie."

Are all your songs about love?

Angus: "Not all of them."

Margarita: "We used to have a song called Cemetary Of Jews which certainly wasn't a love song. A bit goddam gothy actually."

Andrew: "I find it difficult to write political songs, because you're either ambiguous and people don't know what you're talking about, or you've got to mention big words like 'Nicaragua'."

Margarita: "And you sound like Sham 69."

Andrew: "We're all pissed off that Scotland voted Labour and we're under a Tory government. I thought I should write a song about it, because it's pertinent, but I couldn't because it's too important."

Angus: "We are really a very socially aware band."

Andrew: "We are The Style Council."

How do you feel about people dismissing you as just another superficial and twee guitar band?

Margarita: "Surely anybody with a bit of taste can see through that. We're pretty goddam commercial though."

Why?

Margarita: "There's nothing obscure about us we write really melodic tunes."

Angus: "We think quite a lot about labels. We don't want to stay on an independent forever."

Margarita: "We want to be snapped up."

NO BLEEP 'TIL THE COOL TROUT BASEMENT

Live, Jesse Garon And The Desperadoes are very appealing and likeable. Andrew tells awful jokes that embarrass the rest of the band. Generally they enjoy themselves.

Andrew: "Last time we played in Brighton this guy rushed up to me in the middle of the set while I was backstage tuning up, snorting coke, etcetera. I think he was Australian. He goes: 'Get back up there immediately, you're so talented'. All I was doing was breaking strings and telling crap jokes."

What do you do on tour between gigs?

Margarita: "Angus and I have a travelling gynaecological roadshow in the back of the van. We have stirrups and a pointed stick. It finances the tour. Angus does the stirrups and I do the pointed stick."

DISCOTHEQUE FRENZY — JESSE RIDES 'EM RAW

The Desperadoes are not startlingly original but they are pretty goddam *well connected* at what they do — basic guitar pop.

Margarita: "Something you can dance to and that reminds you of things. Something that makes you feel brilliant."

Angus: "We try hard."

Andrew: "We're not Black Lace yet."

Fran: "But we're thinking about it." Johnny Dee

SON OF SAM

SONGS, MURDER, STARCH and FAME!

Son Of Sam on the pop spiral with blood on their hands...

OK, what's the easiest way to categorise Son Of Sam? They're a group with the name of a murderer — a bizarre murderer who was instructed by his neighbours' dog. They kicked off playing inaudible dance music, they did a feminist 45 called *Dangerous Age For A Woman*, they're from Leeds, they're three guys and they've just released an LP, with *The Good Shepherds* in tow, called *Rich And Famous* (subtitled *Eight Songs Of Greed*). That's pretty much it, I suppose.

"Actually," pipes up Chris Bishop, centre-stage Son, "there's more to the name than that. When we originally thought of it, it was like England being the son of Uncle Sam image, but people tend to grab the obvious thing."

And that seems to be the thing with most of Son Of Sam's visual nuances too. The obvious photographs of guns and eastern bloc regalia looks, at first trendy, then a little threatening when linked to the name. Why, their label's even pseudo-Russian with it's red Rouska logo and constant stream of marketing devices, like badges, political pamphlets and the like!

Rouska tsar, Martinski looks bemused at the idea... "What?" he mutters in Leeds cityspeak.

But let's get back to Son Of Sam and their strange progression from obscurist throbbing noise to today's plausible pop for all people.

The first faltering steps were released on the Leeds label Final Image with a simplistic cover and the grand title, *The Golden Age Of Disco*. The noise was hostile, the album was cut at 45 and decidedly low-fi as a result. In total, little happened, Chris moved to London, and to all intents and purposes Son Of Sam had been strangled at birth.

"I was in the process of trying to do things in London and totally by surprise there was a knock on the door and there was Richard," Martin of Rouska's partner, "suggesting that I should get back to Leeds and resurrect things."

Martin: "Me and Richard had heard the Son Of Sam record again and we'd forgotten just how good it was. We just thought, you know, these lot are better than the rest of the rubbish that's about, what are they doing now?"

"And we were doing nothing," continues Chris.

The resulting union came to fruition last year when Son Of Sam provided a stand-out track for a Rouska four-track ten-inch compilation called *Profane Nine*, that was followed in March of this year by the chunky dance sound of *One KBPM*.

Hot on its plastic heels came *Dangerous Age For A Woman*, a surprisingly different sound that saw SOS mellow in construction, while becoming more outspoken, in this case on feminist issues.

"I think people could easily say that it was just a token gesture, but I think it goes beyond that. It baffled a lot of people too as they only knew us as the band who did *One KBPM* and this was so different."

And the new LP follows the same route, being more song-orientated, more soulful, less obvious, say. Chris has done his studies into song construction well. He knows how to put things together for the best effect and how to exploit his co-Sam's. The other two current members, Robbie on keyboards and Slim on guitar and other things, were augmented by *The Good Shepherds* on the album, a unit that now boasts a female singer, who Chris claims will enliven English music and generally allow people to shed some of the wax from their ears. Chris and Slim's involvement in creating new songs for her will culminate in a, dare we say, commercial mini-LP in the new year through Rouska, allowing Chris in his mantle of Son Of Sam to get more edge into SOS and allow them to be harder again.

"Well, that's on my mind at the moment but that may not happen when it comes to it. The idea behind Son Of Sam is that we change with every release, so people don't know what we will do."

So how does Chris see Son Of Sam ending up? In which direction will they go?

Chris: "I dunno. I mean when I say we'll be getting harder, that's what I feel like at the moment, but I've always really liked slushy things like John Barry, that string sound, it would be impossible just to exclude all that."

There isn't a definite plan and easy box to put Son Of Sam in and Chris' self-criticism, coupled with his desire to write good songs has made him a discerning character who won't take second best —



Chris (Son Of Sam) proves that white washes whiter

and who isn't totally satisfied with anything the group have done yet.

"I suppose the happiest I've been with anything is 80 per cent, it's just taken so long to learn how to do everything, you know going through *The Beatles'* songbook from front to back to learn how to do it, then when you've grasped that, you find out there's another way to do it, then it's a question of balancing the two."

The strangest thing in this equation and re-education is that Son Of Sam are so close to a point when they can tell the name, and the music, back to the Motherland — America. But will that name be a problem, similarly, will the imagery make it difficult? As Son Of Sam get bigger, and closer to the bosom of a generation still hungover from the lip of Mary Whitehouse and the moral majority, Son Of Sam, the guns, the hardcore image is going to hit some brick walls.

"I hope that people can see through all that, can see the irony in it, but you can never tell if people will. In a way it's even funnier because being a group we're just like the rest of the industry who are basically going out and demanding money from people with menaces."

Well, perhaps Mark Knopfler *et al* don't quite see themselves in that way, but I can see your point. So Son Of Sam are there for the challenge!

"Yes, rather than dealing with easy subject matters, we tend to work more in the dark and hope that people will understand the implications, we hope that we can make something out of the grey areas."

People groping for answers through music could do worse than follow up the Son Of Sam experience. It isn't cut and dried, it's not a simple way to understand the complexities of life, but it'll make you happy and sad... and pose sufficient questions.

The name may not be a simple pastiche of the original Son Of Sam, but the group's bizarre approach to life is nearly as irrational as Sam #1's idea that he was instructed by his neighbour's dog to dispose of courting couples, then spraypaint his name across their cars, like an artist signing his work.

Woof! Dave Henderson



CAMERA. LIGHTS

Gaye Bykers On Acid have made a celluloid version of their brill *Drill Your Own Hole*.

Alex Kadis wobbles a shaky lens. . . **take** **take**

AD LIBITUM AND. . .

Mary: "Right, Alex, this is a quote. OK — get this down — we'd like to just say the film industry is full of more shit than the music industry and the music industry is full of shit!"

Robber and Kev: "Yeah, we'll go with that!"

Mary: "It was filmed on location in London, Essex and Kent."
Robber: "Actually, it was the Gobi desert. C'mon Mary, let's be a bit exotic about this, please. Right, it was filmed in Bahrain, Vietnam, Chernobyl. . ."

take

Mary: "We wanted to document what was happening to us, the whole thing is basically the story of our situation. We're not so pretentious as to say it's a comment on the music scene but it is a comment on what happens to bands like us. A satire? Yeah, it is a satire. We're a satire band, we've always been the sort of satire that people can't dispose of or ignore because it's not a throwaway satire like *Zodiac Mindwarp*. . ."

Kev: "It was a good way of enabling us to live out our fantasies which we were able to do because we were given a lot of money!"

Robber: "Basically, it was us making a film about us making a lot of money and overspending by about £100,000! That's what it was about!"

Kev: "We spent £200,000! We now owe about £50,000 and we now have no money. THAT'S what the film was about!"

Mary: "Obviously, we'd never done a big budget film before so we didn't really know what to do and certain people did take advantage of us."

Robber: "Namely Debbie Mason who had champagne dinners. Namely Mike Pike who edited it and who f***** us off and David Bartram who took the piss out of us even though he was our friend. But I'm not squabbling about it. THE FILM WAS SHIT!!!"

Mary: "Basically we signed to a major and we wanted to make a product and *Drill Your Own Hole* is a 1960's early '70s philosophy concept which is a dreadfully unfashionable thing to do."

Mary: "It wasn't shit but it wasn't how we had envisaged it."

Robber: "The next one will be a thousand times better."

Kev: "May I remind you that you are talking to two people here who are more pessimistic than someone waiting on *Death Row*!"

Mary: "Well, it's the old case of learning by your mistakes. When you delegate things you're bound to lose a bit of what you originally intended — that's what happens."

And folks, that's what happens when you invite Gaye Bykers On Acid to participate in a little improvisation! These recently initiated thespians are sitting behind a steadily growing pile of empty glasses, it's several rum and blacks into the evening and it's probably not the best time to ask them about their brilliant new *Drill Your Own Hole* film released on Virgin's subsidiary Purple Fluid Exchange. "You can't say that interviewing us isn't exciting can you?" says vocalist Mary as Robber stuffs another flatful of Twiglets into my mouth. No Mary, always exciting, always a pleasure but never an easy task, and now there's this celluloid repository of wit and wisdom thing with which to contend!

Directed by the, hem hem, aforementioned David Bartram, and written by *Alas Smith And Jones*' Paul Davies, *Drill Your Own Hole* is, superficially, a visual ode to the wacky-byko-humour and cynicism. Theoretically, it's the story of a naïve young rock band who are unwittingly drawn into a game of chance and endeavour — that's rock and roll! A jucious red-lipped oracle invites the boys into the shrewd world of commercial success and all its wranglings with the immortal line, "Hello boys, would you like to play with me?" An offer not to be refused by any normal, healthy, hot-blooded young Byker I'm sure you'll agree! Once hooked, the ball is whisked, *Lion, The Witch And The Wardrobe*-wise into the world of *The Game*. *Very War Games*, and very intriguing. What follows is a series of confrontations which our heroes must deal with correctly in order to gain maximum credit points and achieve the ultimate goal—PAY OFF! In actual fact it means much more as the stars of the silver screen explain — only this time we'll stick with the script! Let's start around the middle of the film, which is as good a place as any; the beginning never seems to be a logical outset with these people!

The band have just gone down like 'a pork trough at a Bah Mitzvah' at a redneck bar in the back of beyond. Suffering essential loss of points, the oracle advises them on their next move.



Bykers face Python: passing-off charge

Mary's Top Five Films

- 1 *Head*, The Monkees
- 2 *Eraserhead*, — because it had a profound influence on my life.
- 3 *Doubledeckers*, movie
- 4 *Batman*, the movie
- 5 *Time Bandits*

Robber's Top Five Films

- 1 *Witches Of Eastwick*
- 2 *A Clockwork Orange*
- 3 *Conquest Of The Planet Of The Apes*
- 4 *American Graffiti*
- 5 *Animal Farm*, porno fantasy

Kev's worst five films

- 1 *Creepshow Two* — absolutely the most nothingness film ever!
- 2 *Lovers And Twiddlers (I)*
3. . . *er. . .* (countless G&T's with ice and slice had finally got the better of him.)

Tony's Five Fave Actors

- 1 *Gordon Honeycombe*
- 2 *John Noakes*
- 3 *Arthur Askey*
- 4 *Herbert Hogfish*
- 5 *Billy Dainty*

ACTION!

And here I quote: "As you may know, music journalists are a sub-human life form just below tape worms on the evolutionary scale. Your task is to persuade these pitiful retards to give you some good press."

OK, I'll rise to that bait!

Mary: "It's a cliché! The whole thing's a cliché! The band's a cliché! Basically, it's the age old thing of thinking that most journalists are full of shit — which they are!"

Except that Gaye Bykers On Acid have always done very well out of the music press. They've been one of the few bands intelligent and sharp enough to realise that they have to be endearing before they can be shocking! Whatever the technique — and it's always changing, they've managed to capture the attention of scribblers everywhere!

Mary: "Of course! That's why we called the film and the album Drill Your Own Hole. We knew it would get bad press."

And any press is good press...

Mary: "Some of the quotes that you hear in that scene are actual quotes. The thing is that we've been seen as unintelligent and mindless individuals but we're as complex as The Sisters Of Mercy and they're seen as some kind of well of wisdom!"

HEY! HEY! WE'RE THE MONKEES!

After a disastrous appearance as The Lesbian Dopeheads On Mopeds on *Credibility Knox*, the band continue their search for credit gain and board The Zen Express to Vegas. They have a choice of two buses; the 1968 and 1976. The occupants of both indulge in various rock and roll shenanigans indigenous to their respective species. And in the true tradition of exquisite Bykie irony, each ends up taking on the other's characteristics.

Mary: "That's because they did, basically! That Zen Express scene was very Lowryesque, actually. Everything that's in his cartoons, politics aside, seems to be about shifts in culture. In fact, most of the scenes in the film were Lowry cartoons brought to life which is why we asked Ray to help us visualise the script, which he did very well. The Zen Express scene showed that everything we wanted to create was a recouard fantasy, and it's the media who've killed off those fantasies. It seems that everything that happened before 1977, people just want to close the door on it, but it's relevant."

In what way?

Mary: "I was talking to Steve Mack from That Petrol Emotion the other day and he said that we were all hippies. He's a hippy. He said to me, 'You know your problem, Mary, is that you should admit to being a hippy'. And I said, 'I dunno, should I?'. But he's right. Anybody who thinks about their surroundings and what's going on must have a sensibility and a good idea."

Is that your favourite scene then?

Mary: "Yeah, one of them anyway. It's a good song isn't it? It sounds like The Beatles — it actually sounds like The Beatles!"

And The Monkees...

Mary: "Yeah, well, you know we like The Monkees anyway. There's a lot of indie bands who say they're like The Monkees and so they wear red polo-necked sweaters, but you don't have to look like a band or sound like a band to have the same sort of energy as them, and I think we have the same sort of energy as The Monkees."

Just how much was Drill Your Own Hole inspired by The Monkees film? And what about Zappa and The Beatles?

Mary: "Oh yeah, it was influenced by all of them — very much so. They were all great and I do think they've stood the test of time."

Will people be watching DYOH in 20 years time?

Kev: "In 20 years time who are people gonna be watching? They're gonna be watching Boy George or Cure videos or are they gonna be watching GBOA films? I'll leave that up to the Integration (presumably a neologism! — AK) of the average church-goer. I'll say no more."

Mary: "There should be more things like this really, it's needed, although I am pleased with some of the new literature that's emerging at the moment — especially comic literature which is what this band's about really. I think that people will watch our films and say, 'Why did we ever lose those attitudes and those ideas.'"

Would you ever consider doing a Monkees style TV serial?

Mary: "Yes, we'd do it! You know, our film doesn't even really differ a lot from those other films. It's just as naive."

But sharper, surely?

Mary: "Well, it's naive and sharp in the same breath. The technique is just as naive, but the comment it's making is a lot sharper, yes. It's like golf really."

Really?

Mary: "If you address the ball properly and hit it properly it'll go where you intended, if you hit it incorrectly you may slice it or cut it. We're quite fond of golf — always have been..."

Was making the film a way of escaping the conventions of normal promo vids?

Kev: "I must say that that is a very astute comment at this stage — I have no idea what you mean by it but it sounded very nice anyway."

Ah, yes. Which reminds me, the band fail ultimately because they don't take the game seriously. Will that be the real fate of GBOA?

Mary: "Yep! That's probably the reason why we'll all fall in the end! The funny thing is that people will probably think we've taken ourselves seriously from now on but we actually haven't at all!"

And how near to achieving pay off are the real Bykers?

Mary: "We're pretty close to pay off. We've made some money. We told you that we were bread heads and this is the proof! We're not ashamed to say that we want to make money and we have and we'll make more!"

So why the daunting ending to the film then?

Mary: "We don't deserve to succeed do we? We didn't want to end on a high note because life's not always like that. We'll end up back where we started because you are what you begin with. Whatever happens to you you're left with the bare essentials"

Kev: "Did someone say bare? Ooer, that sounds a bit rude doesn't it! Let's get to the real point shall we? When was the last time you were roddered by a firm buttocked young drummer from a real rock band?"

Gasp! Call for censorship and critical loss of points! I think that's what they'd call a wrap!



Faster

Blammer!

not deviate from this
The Stupids chew gum!
few minutes over seven
deviate from this

inherent rhythm by more
Clash of the Icons! The new Stupids LP, *Jesus Meets the Stupids*, comes shrouded in a sleeve that's liable to whip up a little controversy. Madonna and child are pictured surrounded by angelic hosts and approached by the three (wise) Stupids humbly offering gifts. Their choice of gifts have been specifically selected to give the baby Jesus a taste for the good things this temporal world has to offer; Ed Shred brings a six-pack of root beer; Tommy Stupid, a box of Animal Crackers (only the generic brand though and he has to hide his shame with a big bubble of gum); Stevie Snacks has no qualms about The Stupids cap he places on the head of the sacred infant.

I talk to Tommy in Burger King, on the next table a couple of women pore over a gruesome book of skin diseases that turns out to be *A Pictorial Dictionary of AIDS*. Over a cheeseburger and coke, Tommy tells me, in all seriousness, that the record cover is meant as a mark of respect.

"I hope it's not taken as blasphemous or sacrilegious but I'm sure some people will take it that way. We're not a 'religious group' as such but we all have some degree of belief. I can't dismiss Christianity because there must be *something* behind life... it can't just be explained away by science. I don't have any faith in science at all."

Tommy does have faith in the 'American way' or at least their way of producing food. He and Eddy take a trip across the Atlantic whenever they can, visiting their friends in California and Washington. This allows them to sample an extraordinary variety of bubblegum. *US* fanzine, *Flesh And Bones* recently did a feature on new bubblegums, among their favourites were Rambo Black Flak, Hawaiian Punk Rocker and Hot Dog (a meat flavoured gum!).

What'll you have Tommy?

"I like the ones with soft centres, there's some with wheat inside and some with root beer! These are real nice."

"The good thing about food in America is it's all geared towards kids. Everything's packaged so brightly and they give great names to everything. A swiss roll is called a Blammer! Over here it's just 'Swiss Roll', 'McVities Swiss Roll' or something, but over there it's a 'Blammer! Great!'"

'Cereal's', America's favourite cereal, championed in the '80s by a cartoon Moose and rodent, Rocky and Bullwinkle, are now endorsed by The Stupids on *Jesus Meets*. It's the only love song on an LP that's typically downbeat, but musically inflamed. Tommy considers it a return to form after *Retard Picnic* and *Van Stupid* and their best recording since *Peruvian Vacation*. Particularly impressive is the instrumental that ends side one, *Pig Man*.

"That's based on this book... it's our first pretentious song! I can't remember the name of the story but it's about those dorks that live on Staten Island, they pick names out of the phone book and call them up for a joke. They get through to this old man and end up chatting to him for ages. They all end up meeting him and it turns out he's dying."

And he's the Pig Man?

"Yeah, his name's Piggleten, or something, the kids all call him Pig Man."

"We did the LP real fast," boasts Tommy, "it took three days to record and mix, I read that the last Metallica album took 'em six days to record. We don't like to spend such a long time in the studio." Vachel Booth.



Tommy Stupid: a true-life dandy

KILL YOUR IDEALS!

IF YOU NEED TO.

THE NEW SINGLE BY PHILLIP BOA & THE VOODOO CLUB
PRODUCED BY JOHN LECKIE
ON RED FLAME. DISTRIBUTED BY NINE MILE/CARTEL

TOTAL namedrop

THE LOW GODS

Ken Scott: "Do you really want to know how we got our name?"

Well, now that you mention it. Ken Scott: "Well, originally, we were going to call ourselves — this is really naff — Scott Temple And The Low Gods! It's our surnames all put together you see, but we thought it made us sound like a Chevalier Brothers-type band. We needed a name real quick though 'cause we had a gig, so we just settled on The Low Gods and it stuck."

And let it not be said that *Underground* fails to recognise a deity when it comes our way! Previously recipients of the highly desired Demo Of The Month award in *Tip Sheet*, The Low Gods are destined to be higher Gods of a sort in 1988. Somewhere, amid their threatening thunder and rich, melodic ballads, there's a depth of character and experience which makes this a band with some serious appeal!

It's an unusual and winning combination, rather like the per-

sonalities involved: The Gods themselves are Daniel Goddard (bass and businessman), Alan Temple (drums) and Aussie guitarist Kenneth Anderson Low. Each has served unfulfilling apprenticeships in various combos of one sort or another. It's a solid threesome, based on personal affinity rather than musical compatibility, and it provides a perfect stabilising force for the reformed wrecklessness of vocalist/guitarist and ex-Wasted Youth, Ken Scott, who eventually joined the group. A simple enough sort of history. Or is it?

Ken Scott's stage performance consists of one part serious objective to three parts audacity. Inspired by his own taste for sensationalism and an uncanny empathy, he spills forth his past!

"Well, I was a registered junkie for some years and I was in prison for two years for possession of drugs. But I haven't touched hard drugs for three years now. This lot keep me on the straight and narrow!"

Alan: "He just gets pissed a lot nowadays but we'd kill him if he went back to drugs!"

Very interesting, but what has this to do with the music? You may well ask. It's a good question; the past is relevant. It's this unlikely mix of characters that fires The Low Gods' excellent brand of rock/pop. (Take your pick, it's all there.) It's a diversity which works beautifully,



creating real strength and a unique kind of power. It's a music that feels... *big*... IMPORTANT almost. At any rate, it's persuasive enough to prise open even the rustiest of A&R cheque books and should propel the band chartwards in '88! Is that how they see their future?

Alan: "Well, it would be good if that happened — of course that's what we want but we don't want to rush things. This is a strange combination of people and it works so well, that's a very rare thing to find."

Dan: "We don't want to ruin that. We'd prefer to wait and do it properly — find a record company that really wants to push us."

Let the bidding commence. Alex Kadis

JESUS COULDN'T DRUM

Are JESUS COULDN'T DRUM the future of modern music, or just eccentric pop experimentalists out of step with the '80s?

"I think they sum up the '80s," says Jonathan Staines. "I like to feel that Jesus Couldn't Drum were a band who weren't actually involved in any kind of movement, or any kind of era of music, but just sat on the outside making notes and commenting on how absurd it was and how it affects people."

JCD are the only band I know that are a couple of solo projects masquerading as a duo with four members. When it comes to it, Jonathan and his chum Peter Pengwyn, who form the creative core of the band, can never get together to record... so they do it separately. But instead of being an obstacle to the maintenance of a group sound, it proves to be a means to an end.

"We actually try and make the whole JCD sound as unidentifiable as possible," admits Jonathan.

The third JCD album, *Ruttlng Orange Peel And Blind Lemon Pie*, is due out soon, collecting together a selection of the band's best material to date, and giving a preview of their forthcoming album of '60s TV theme tunes.

"It's a round-up of what's happening, sort of the end of phase one. But it's also a taster of



what's to come. We've actually got around to researching the TV theme thing properly and I'm sure it's not going to be a straight copying of theme tunes, it's going to have the feeling of the programme, perhaps we'll even write new passages."

JCD experiment with sounds as well as tunes and cartoons, they live in a world of their own. But luckily for Peter and Jonathan, there is a queue of punters waiting to visit! Chris Hunt

SPACE MAGGOTS

They say that boys just wanna have fun... "incredibly young, virile and handsome rock group from Ipswich in six-track goodie-bag fiesta!" they might also say, too.

Leave It!, on *Vinyl Solution*, is the first piece of product from the Maggots; sorted by ex-Stupids producer Andrew Fryer, it's a cheery, raucous combination of punky guitars and catchy chorus lines. Check the vibrant verses and *Rocky Horror* bits of *Lost Love* and the trash-thrash pop of *Wasted Life*. It's a fine debut from this five-piece bunch of poptots; that's John 'Wild Johnny Rosco' Ruscoe on lead guitar, Clive 'Stagedive Clive' Watling on rhythm, Andrew 'Runny Brun' Brunning on vocals, Toad 'Poo Poo Idol' on the drums and Mickey 'Handsome Studbutt' Trenter on bass. And they're all really good mates too — *aaah!*

Mickey and John gob off down the phone and into the tape machine whirring away in the *Underground* portaloo-style office.

And why are you called the Space Maggots? That's the first penetrating bullet fired at the Maggoty psyche... "Well, Scruff from Perfect Daze thought of that," says Mickey. "I



don't know where he got it from... before we knew about it, he'd put posters up and told everybody that was what we were called; luckily people liked it and so it stuck."

So it doesn't actually mean anything?

"No." Okay... er, what about yourselves, tell me something really interesting. "Um, I," (Mickey confesses), "pick my nose all the time and belch, and Toad looks exactly like a toad, and Andrew can fart on cue; you ask him to fart and he will — he'll carry it on for a quarter of an hour if you ask him..."

Yeah! Space Maggots plan to visit Italy in '88 and will, no doubt also be performing in and around the U.K. too. You know what to do... Daz Igyeth

THE REVOLUTION GOES ON + ON

THE LUCY SHOW

No, it isn't the return of the scatty red-headed one! Originally a four piece based in South London, *this* LUCY SHOW are a band comprised of Canadian duo Rob Vandeven and Mark Bando-la. All the same it's a pretty wacky name for a group isn't it?

Mark: "We were drunk one night — it wasn't our fault!"

Rob: "I have to be honest now because I've told so many different stories! We were talking one night — I don't think we even had a group at that stage — and it struck us as extremely funny that The Lucy Show would make a good name for a band!"

Oh, I can just imagine them clutching their sides in raucous raptures, can't you readers?

Mark: "You had to be there to appreciate it, I guess!"

But is the title the only '60s influence?

Rob: "I think a lot of our influences, and the music we choose to listen to, does originate from the '60s but we're not striving to be a '60s band at all. NOT AT ALL!"

Originally signed to A&M, The Lucy Show released their debut album in '85. Just as they looked set for mass adulation and world domination... the rot set in, as it tends to in this volatile little trade. 'Due to company politics' (i.e. "A&M got rid of us." — Mark), the boys found themselves out on their ear, as it were.

The following deal with Big Time, their present label, meant big changes; Determined to rid their music of its squeaky-clean feel, their second album, Mania, was an attempt to return to a more rootsy, live feel.

John Leckie, called to their attention through his work with The Fall, was brought in to produce and The Lucy Show turned into a duo. Mark, master of the mixed metaphor, explains:

"Basically, it had become sour grapes. The steam had run out and no-one was putting any energy into it."

Rob: "The first album was created as a four piece but Mania was more Mark and I sitting in the director's chair with John, while the others seemed lost for ideas. It just seemed like the natural thing to do, to start working alone. It's an awkward situation for us but there's no regrets."

Mark: "I think this could be the best incarnation yet." Alex Kadis

TWELVE 88 CARTEL

I.G. is one third of Twelve 88 Cartel, two and a half years into their mission to explore strange new worlds, to boldly go where no band from Portsmouth has gone before. (Un-interesting fact number one. A new Star Trek TV series is currently being filmed in Hollywood, set 88 years after the original stories).

So far the Cartel's epic jour-

THE SINGING RINGING TREE

If you want a job doing well, do it yourself. Who said that? Norman Fowler? Possibly! Simon Broady must have thought about it very seriously. For it is he who is, more or less, THE SINGING RINGING TREE — he is singer, songwriter, guitarist, plugger, PR man and the brains behind Sample Records, the label on which the group have their debut single Good Day Good.

"The main pitfall of trying to get on in music is the fact that you have to rely so heavily on other people."

There speaks the voice of experience. Simon, and the three other members of the Stockport group, were part of the highly touted Live For The Weekend who came oh-so-close to signing with the little known back street label Virgin. But any bitter feelings have subsequently flowered into those of purpose and resolve.

"We're giving ourselves every chance."

This entails promoting the single — pestering the press and every known radio station — and putting the thought of the telephone bill right to the back of the mind.

"Ideally, I'd like to do everything right here in the house — recording, the lot."

And there speaks ambition.

Good Day Good is a country-based song, shuffling and catchy. Plans are already afoot for the follow-up, which may have a version of Last Train To Clarksville included in the package. From the very same era

ney has taken them over the water to Gosport, and even as far as Bournemouth. ("Bournemouth is quite hip, actually.") But now, at last, they've descended upon Mega City One, the Big Cit, the Cap, well almost. For, while the Mean Fiddler is perhaps the best small venue in London, it is sadly situated in an almost obscure suburb in the back of beyond. No problem for a starship commander, but a slight handicap to a fairly unknown provincial band who've yet to gain much media recognition, and who are trying to pull a new audience. Still, media attention is what the venue is all about. Welcome.

Twelve 88 Cartel are a raucous, throbbing cacophony of sound. Aggressive, action-packed, noise and melodic, an impressively regimented rhythmic mix. Oh! and visual! Very, very visual. Their vast slide screen is a blur of mangled bodies, butchered babies and ripped-off heads. It's very sick, er, I mean, slick.

Twelve 88 Cartel would like to be about spontaneity. Unfortunately the confines of a repeatable live performance restrict them. They admit to having studied environmental design at art

TOTAL

namedrop!



comes the name The Singing Ringing Tree.

Jim The Sax explains: "It was an old TV serial made in Ger-

many which told the story of a prince who was turned into a bear by a dwarf."

I missed that one. Craig Ferguson

school in the not so distant past, and confess that experimental German theatre is an enduring influence. They quote Erwin Piscator, as saying "It doesn't matter what the professional quality of a performance is like, it's the spirit that matters."

This statement, the band claim to live by.

But whatever they claim to live by, the fact is that their spirit is willing and their flesh is strong. There is nothing woolly about a Twelve 88 performance.

"We use slides and videos to counteract the lack of hardware, they're much more interesting than looking at guitars and drum kits. They also sum up our ideas, relate to what we're about."

But aren't the images rather bloody and violent? Is it necessary?

"There's an underlying frustration in what we do, this is our outlet."

Is it frustration with the government? With the pop charts? With the lack of first division success? Or simply brewers droop? Do you crave popularity, fame, money...?

"We'd like to attain the success of New Order, but retain a

cult following, which is a tall order. You seem to either make it quickly in this business, and from then on sell the product regardless of quality or ideals. Or you can struggle on for years, bubbling under, always improving, yet never making a breakthrough. People aren't allowed to like you unless they're in your tribe."

(Un-interesting fact number two: Twelve 88 Cartel aren't very well known yet. But with their debut vinyl about to appear alongside the tape only album on Bite Back, things should get far more interesting by the minute).

Transmission ends. Earthdate 12.88.87. Ronnie Randall



THE BIRDHOUSE

"The one thing that had to be in common with everyone in THE BIRDHOUSE was a real wildness. The feeling for rock and roll has got to be *so wild* — to the edge of insanity almost." So says Founder Bird man and real *wild* child Mark Nichol!

Absorb the opening quote and think on this: The Birdhouse are a multi-cultural, multi-faceted amalgam of Detroit punk, thrash metal, dirty, dirty Australasian rock and *then* some! Hard to the core and soft therein, it's a band of violently honest characters. They lend their personal ethics to the sound they achieve and it works. An obvious tribute to Antipodean rockers, Radio Birdman, this home-grown version has deeper connotations; In Mark's native New Zealand, a chap who finds himself not quite the full shilling is referred to as having gone 'to the birdhouse'. Sick of playing the game of social acceptance that we call normality, Mark went in search of like minds and formed his own Birdhouse. In the light of the evidence it's an appropriate name — it's appropriate too that he came together with Kathy, Billy and Max during the turbulence of the Brixton riots, because everything about this band is violent, urgent and vital.

There was still a missing link and they found him slumped, characteristically, over a whisky at the *Cafe des Artistes*. That was vocalist Johnny. The final piece in place, the band were gigging within three weeks and haven't stopped since.

Mark: "There was a real need to get out and do it live. It was like we were busting our guts to get out there and do it in front of someone." The stir caused by their recent *Burning Up* mini-LP on Vinyl Solution pleases the band but it's not as important as a live response. See them live and it all makes sense; while others in this genre are busy robbing graves, The Birdhouse catch you unaware and rob you of your senses and inhibitions! Alex Kadiš

THE NOSEFLUTES

Oh Gawd... look what the NOSEFLUTES have gone and done now! They've released a four-track 12 inch on Ron Johnson, they've called it *Heartache Is Irresistible*, and the title-track sounds just like The Bhundu Boys being a bit perverse. They've been plugging away for absolutely years doing things not unlike what Stump are doing now, and they regularly play to audiences of over four people. One of them looks like a *Play School* presenter, the other one looks like the sergeant in *Juliet Bravo*, and the rest? Dear oh

dear oh dear...

So why is *Heartache Irresistible* then?

TheOneWhoLooksLikeNo-OneInParticular: "It was originally a doo-wop '60s number, but we changed it and the lyrics mean absolutely nothing."

The Sergeant: "Yes, it's not very irresistible, is it Martin? Can we make our own question up please? Do we think we're going to be the sex-symbols of next year?"

The rest of the band: "No."

The Sergeant: "What is a noseflute?"

MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO

After the success of M | A | R | R | S, we await a flood of dreadful cash-in cut-up records, but if you haven't heard them yet don't flippantly put Meat Beat Manifesto into this category. They are more than a little special, a little more... well, *hard* actually.

MBM are DJ Greg Retch (production & scratching, originally from an LA club called 'Rat'), Tequila Tocana (pumps iron, works with dancer Michael Clark, and is part of the *live* experience), Jack Dangers (west country vagrant turned rapper, a sort of yokel Beastie Boy) and Pirahna Jones (films, dancing & Ballet Rambert, also the proud owner of a snake called Marcus).

MBM are into 'creation through destruction' — they wanted to put a very quiet tune at the end of their record so people would innocently turn up the volume to see what it was, then, *blam!* A top volume scream would blow their speakers and their eardrums. Then, to add insult to injury, the needle would fly off a specially scratched groove wrecking the turntable. The idea was eventually shelved because nobody would cut it and it sounded a bit too close to destruction through destruction.

MBM do have a single out on Sweatbox Records called *I Got The Fear* — a glorious cut-up/hip hop/hybrid — six minutes of (controlled) mayhem. The b-side, according to Jack, contains the 'noisiest thing ever put on vinyl', or as Greg would have it 'the MBM noise is like an addiction, once you've heard it nothing else is hard enough'.

Christopher Mellor



THE CATERAN

Trimmed to a four-piece by the departure of their original singer, Edinburgh's THE CATERAN have taken the opportunity to re-think their sound.

"We can have a lot more guitar now without having a bored vocalist lighting a cigarette and getting his book out while we run riot round the stage."

And with their love of American post-hardcore bands coming strongly to the fore, The Cateran are playing faster, brasher, denser and unashamedly more frenetic and aggressive guitar music. Great stuff. Only, not everyone understands. A few, one ear half-cocked at the fast guitar, reach, unthinking, for the thrash/skate-board/speed metal tag. That has guitarist/vocalist Cameron clawing the table and muttering despairingly into his pint.

"Nothing I listen to, nothing I like, nothing the music's rooted in is metal. It's not structured like that. The songs aren't about the size of my cock. Devil worship doesn't figure strongly. I haven't danced naked round *many* stones..."

"... Hardcore is still simplifying it too much, but at least it's more accurate. But nobody thinks that because there are no hardcore-bands in Britain. Every week I hear a good record that's come out of America, but Britain?"

The only all-new Cateran on vinyl, so far, is a track (the wrong track since Cameron lost the original master tape) on the Jello Biafra benefit album *Censorship Sucks*, but they should have a single out on *Vinyl Solution* by the new year. There'll be a lot of guitar, but *no* hm riffs. And no cocks or necromancy. Trevor Pake

TheOneWhoLooksLikeNo-OneInParticular: "Erm..."

TheOneWhoLooksLikeA-PlaySchoolPresenter (swiftly changing the subject): "We played a great gig in Coventry recently, five people came. At the end

of each song we could personally discuss with the audience what they thought of it."

The Noseflutes are not your average band. In fact, they're not your average anything. Peter Perturbed

THE GROOVE FARM

There are four 'beach bums' in THE GROOVE FARM — Michael (bass), Andrew (voice), Darren (drums) and Jon (guitar) — together they whip it up with their fast and 'groovy' surf-punk (or should that be "new wave"). But do they really surf?

Darren: "Yes, any excuse to wear rubber!"

Jon: "I'm a surfer at heart, that's what counts."

Andrew: "There's too many groups around these days pretending to be surf bands, we started it! Most of these posey groups wouldn't know a surf-board if one was rammed down their throats."

They have plenty of songs about the subject; *Surfin' Impossible*, *Hawaii 5 Seconds* and the current *45, Surfin' Into Your Heart* — all lasting as long as the average surfer can remain standing. This said, however, it's hardly Jan And Dean. The Groove Farm give us a 'raving pop blast' reminiscent of The Dickies, *Rockaway Beach* by The Ramones and *Rip Her To Shreds* — period Blondie. The tide is high?

Darren: "Blondie was 1979, glossy lips, a frizzy head, someone who could sing and she's my mum."

Andrew: "Debbie Harry means nothing to me..."

What's your inspiration, then? Andrew: "The Barracudas, black rabbits, trains."

Are you going to be big?

Andrew: "I'm quite happy the size I am."

Darren: "I've stopped growing, but Jon just keeps getting bigger and bigger, he's a fat slob."

Andrew: "I had a rabbit, once, called Benjy. He was very big."

Was it good for you, Andrew? Andrew: "Pardon?"

Well it's all happening for The Groove Farm, they've been mobbed by teenage girls after every gig and they've got an indie hit on their hands. Ambitions...

Darren: "To impregnate Patsy Kensit."

Andrew: "Oh God! You can't print that."

Be serious, for God's sake.

Andrew: "I want to drive a train, have lots of money and be on the cover of *Underground*."

Live, The Groove Farm are exuberant, refreshing — "in a word brilliant, in two, very brilliant" — and groovy.

Incidentally, Bermuda shorts are out — this year they're wearing guitars. Johnny Dee



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UG! ISSUE 14
ON SALE
JANUARY 22



Lemon h e a d s

phase two

As we step into 1988 you can be certain of one thing at least, the men in black are returning with a new single and album. Once heralded as "the indie band most likely to," The Mighty Lemon Drops have yet to conquer the upper echelons of chartdom. But at least they're still alive and kicking, principles intact. The Mighty Lemon Drops sell out? Not while there's a breath in Tony Lineham's body.

The band's thoughtful bass player, and one half of the Newton/Lineham songwriting partnership, sees the band's progression as the steady build up the Lemon Drops needed to avoid the "five minute wonders" tag. The Lemon Drops intend to be around for the duration.

"Every single we've brought out has sold more than the previous one — so we're building onto solid foundations. We're not interested in being one of those bands that suddenly appear in the charts and are here today and gone tomorrow. A lot of audiences are very fickle but then there are bands that develop a crowd who grow with them and stay with them — the audience respect what they're doing and the band never does anything which the audience considers to be selling out. I know there's going to be pressure on us from the record company eventually, they want us to have hit singles, to get in the top 30, and obviously we'd like to do that, but we want to do it on our own terms."

After a year that has seen the band consolidate their growing following in Britain and win over legions of new followers in the United States, the Lemon Drops launch themselves into the New Year with a new single and album. Their last single, *Out Of Hand*, was both their best selling and best charting attempt to date — shifting in excess of 20,000 units and reaching number 66 in the charts.

The new seven inch will be *Fall Down Like The Rain*, which should come as no surprise to all devoted Lemon Droppers, as it's been a favourite for quite a while, and was the band's unanimous choice for a single.

Many people claimed that the *Happy Head* album didn't fully live up to expectations, that it was inconsistent, patchy even. The Lemon Drops accept the criticism, but have made amends with their latest recordings and are pleased with the contribution made by former Mission producer, Tim Palmer, who it would seem has added a great deal to the songs.

"We were happy enough with the songs on the first album," admits Tony, "but this time we wanted to be a bit more careful, we wanted to make sure that the songs came across better than they did last time. The way we had visualised the songs and the way they turned out was very different. This time we've got a lot closer to how we imagined the songs should sound, we're really pleased with it."

"On the first LP there was either a fast Lemon Drop song or a slow Lemon Drop song, there was nothing in between. But this LP has got more variety, there's a lot more depth to it and it's a lot easier to listen to."

The songs on the new album, so new in fact that they haven't got a title for it yet, are relatively recent compositions. All were written this year and only three or four will have been heard live before. So have there been any startling changes in the Lemon Drops' lyrical style?

The Mighty Lemon Drops release their second album in February, it's obviously their most important release to date. Chris Hunt asks Tony Lineham about the atmosphere in the Mighty camp. . .

Tony pauses for a moment and lends off the inquisition: "We always say we never like talking about our songs because if I say what a song is about, people are going to have an idea fixed in their mind when they listen to it. Our songs are deliberately written in a non-specific sort of way, so that everybody can get something out of them, and not everybody gets the *same thing* out of them. I don't really enjoy songs that spell things out in black and white, I like things that are more non-specific, things that just create a general impression, or a mood."

Since the demise of The Smiths, the Lemon Drops are left out as one of the champions of the 'indie' cause, an icon of all that's alternative to the mainstream, while having access to that mainstream. The Lemon Drops have neither asked for the mantle nor shrugged it off.

"We look on the indie thing as a mixed blessing. When we first started, there was a lot of attention focused on groups on independent labels, but I don't think any of the groups saw themselves as 'indie' groups. We were just a group who were starting out and wanted to make a record, and the only way we could do it was on an independent label. The good side of the indie scene was that a lot of new talented groups — groups who could write good songs — were getting attention. And because of the resources available to them, and because they were just starting, the records they made were pretty cheap and the playing wasn't of that good quality."

In these days of the big video sell, the Lemon Drops find little sympathy for the 'production line' video makers. You know the sort — people who base their career on the most possible variations of a single theme. Put an infinite number of monkeys in a room with an infinite number of video cameras and a limited number of ideas and they'll come up with all the videos in the top 30. After working with Derek Jarman's alternative production company on the *Out Of Hand* video, the Lemon Drops would like to give further indie film makers a chance.

And, as they step into the lower reaches of the charts, steadily heading upwards, the Lemon Drops' alternative approach, unique sound, and different look should see them right for developing their reputation and reaching yet more potential Lemon-heads.



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83 UNDERGROUND

In this month's *Tip Sheet*, popular media celebrity and man-about-town, Julian Henry travels west to Rhythm King to the opinion of James Horrocks and Martin Heath (King Rhythm Kings) on the latest bag of demos to reach Ug Towers. The numbered system after each review refers to marks on a ten for content (of tape), delivery (in performance terms), presentation (of the overall package) and potential (as to whether they'll bend a cheque book or two). Any outfits wishing to have their tapes decimated, send them to Underground *Tip Sheet*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1.



Rhythm Kings James (left) and Martin: "Yes, we heard a tape once that we liked!"

THE ICEMEN (c/o 13 William Street, Blackburn, Lancs) produce a loud and raucous guitar based sound that had Martin and James likening them to Crazyhead. At this point various other Rhythm King personnel started drifting into the room to add their comments which ranged from "Sounds like The Larkers," "What a horrible noise," "This sounds very fast and very loud," said James. "If we were to turn it up, it would be louder still." We chose not to eject the cassette from the machine.

4 5 1 1

HERMAN (c/o 26 Cambridge Gardens, London W10) are another band who have recently impressed Rhythm King. Their single song features a very strong female vocal sitting on top of a slightly off-beat jazz background. "We couldn't really put this out because it's not immediately poppy or dancey enough for the label," said Adele (another R King mainstay). "That said, her voice is really good and it's recorded well so it gets the thumbs up."

9 8 6 8

MILK MONITORS (01 248 5485) sent us a cassette that had been recorded at the BBC's Maida Vale studio, and was produced by Dale Griffin. We concluded from this that they have recorded a John Peel session. "Rather average songs," said the Rhythm King critical panel, "however, the production is good; you can tell these BBC people know their stuff. Unfortunately, the singer — Mark Monitor — owns about the worst voice we've heard so far. I suspect that their original demo must have sounded better than this because it's hard to see John Peel being impressed by this."

5 4 6 6

OPERATION HOUSE BOY (12 Hilton Crescent, Sedgeley Park, Manchester M25 5NQ) were one of the cassettes supplied by Rhythm King, after the general comment that there was nothing 'black and dancey' in the *Underground* pile. How did this come to your attention? They called us up and said the song on our answer phone. "We liked what we heard, although this isn't as strong as we'd hoped." The tape revealed some good ideas — such as chopped-up and sampled vocals — over a house beat.

7 9 5 7

TRIBAL GATHERING (c/o 2 Kennedy Close, Farnham Common, Slough SL2 3NB) open their tape with a piece of classical music that we suspect is Vivaldi. From there on it is a non-stop punk rock assault. The three of us sat blankly staring into space while the ferocious din went on and on... "Stop it," Martin eventually pleaded. How does Rhythm King interpret this sort of thing?

VALERIE AND THE MALCHICKS (Well House, Bishop Monkton, North Yorks HG3 3QU) drew cheers from the assembled mob by painting their cassette various bright and gawdy colours. "They sound like early Buzzcocks with Howard Devoto," commented Carl from Renegade Soundwave. "We very much approve of the wailing guitar flavour, and looking at the pictures they appear quite young." So, may I suggest that Valerie And The Malchicks get on the phone to Rhythm King records (telephone number in the book under Mute) and demand a large recording contract asap.



6 7 5 5

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CONFESSIONS OF A POP ICON NO 7: BLOWING YOUR MIND

No informative column for the popular musician, or "would-be's", would be worth its salt, without Harry Hedonist rearing his sunken-cheeked head. Yes, the pursuit of pleasure and playing a tune, have gone hand in hand, since Greensleaves praised the psychotic qualities of Henry VIIIth's herb garden. So what should you do if you want street credibility, but cough and splutter if someone so much as lights up a Rothmans in the next room.

FACT 1: Being pure and healthy is a big tick in the pop book of life at present; so eating huge vats of vegetables, drinking soil-flavoured yoghurt and jogging 27 miles every morning, could get you on the panel of Nancy Reagan's celebrity *Blankety Blank*.

Alcohol has always been an excuse for falling over in public, with spirits being essential for serious wild men, and beer sufficing for the proles.

FACT 2: A gin bottle half-filled with water, will fool most of the credulous pop press (it's also a good tip for 'bring a bottle' parties). While toothpaste rubbed in the eyes creates that, 'I am sozzled' look.

Heroin screws you up, but singing about it, can make you a bloody fortune as long as you call it something to do with sweets, as in the *Willy Wonka Chocolate Factory*-sponsored *Some Candy Talking*.

Cocaine is well beyond the price range of anyone honest, but a bludge of talcum powder on your upper lip will allow you to get away with being a blithering idiot in most clubs.

Vitamin tablets in an unmarked pill box can be passed off as crushed Peruvian ju-ju berries and cries of, "Wow! Look at the purple octopus eating that bus shelter," will draw admiring glances from fellow deepmadoses.

Pot is a bit old hat, but, a Rizla stuck around the filter of an international cigarette while hanging it from the corner of your mouth and playing the seven minute guitar solo will improve anyone's Keith Richard impersonation.

Proclaiming yourself to be "Tripping over Jesus", can do wonders for a flagging career, but it is a powerful narcotic and can lead to *Songs Of Praise*.

God, cigarettes and drink are the only stimuli encouraged by society. While the rest are encouraged by some cash-waving journalists from oily rags.

So, as the man who ends up fashionably wasted in those terrifying government TV ads, says: "Dip, don't Dazzle."

"Well, I suspect they are just blokes having a good laugh. They might be students which rather takes the edge off things. I wonder why they bother sending tapes out — this sort of music is just for them and their friends to listen to and have a laugh over."

2 7 5 2

THE F* CITY SHITTERS** (0742 587169) amused Martin and James with their Boots cassette and revoltingly scrawled letter. This is the worst tape we've ever heard," they said. "Their presentation though is brilliant; I imagine this being made either by a 40 year old retard or a 16 year old student. God, the music is horrible." Meanwhile the group thrash away in the background in the fashion that their name suggests. Does a major hit single lie just around the corner for the F*** City Shitters? Perhaps not, but they have, without doubt, carved their own small but impressively vile niche in the History Of Popular Music.

1 2 9 3

JASON SMART (161 Elm Grove, Brighton, East Sussex) is a friendly-faced fellow who makes tapes himself, and from time to time sends them to *Underground*. "I feel sorry for him already," said Martin after a glance at his picture. "So very vulnerable, just like his music. He looks like he's dead, or that he wishes he was dead, run over in a car-crash, perhaps, so people could listen to his music and it would have a sudden new value."

Meanwhile, Jason's likeable strumming trickled from the loudspeakers. "There's a lot in this package, despite the fact that he's just sent a picture, a short note and the tape. He has succeeded in getting across to us."



4 6 7 4

BIG BIG RHYTHM (Flat 6, 33 Grove Park Road, London SE9) have a professional sound that had Martin and James pondering over a suitable description. "Let's call it tinkly-tinkly music," they eventually concluded. By the second song we were comparing them to Dire Straits and Middle-Aged-Rock. "This suffers from politeness and it sounds contrived. I suppose some of the major record companies might like it as

they could marry the band to a suitable producer and do something they think is commercial. It's an odd name, as this group are particularly lacking in rhythm." A later perusal of the group's credentials revealed that they have a lead guitarist named Mark Thatcher. *How curious.*

2 5 4 6

THE CHARMS (01.622.3451) have a good name according to Martin and James. What's more they actually appeared to like the music. "Yes, this fellow can play his guitar alright, and the singing, despite being a little too Edwyn Collins, isn't bad." Does this mean you will be signing them up? "Errr, no, because we specialise in black music." But how do you know they're not black? No reply.

Martin concludes: "This is definitely above average; it's simple, unpretentious, well-produced and not over-ambitious. I wonder if they're playing live?" So perhaps we should be watching out for The Charms.

7 7 7 6

THE REFLECTION 7 (41 Hall Lane, Upminster, Essex) must get very bored with people comparing them to Dexys Midnight Runners. But what can we do? "Why he even sings in a Birmingham accent, despite coming from Upminster," said Martin and James. "They've played with Geno Washington, they've got a great brass sound, and by the looks of their biog, they appear very determined. It's good that they manage to come across as actually caring, and they are easily competent musically to do well in places like Spain and Norway." There was no picture of the group to examine, though their sound suggests that they may well sport woolly hats and donkey jackets.

6 7 8 4

THE POP GUNS (36 Preston Road, Brighton) have already brought gasps of critical acclaim from UG's "Pop Music Correspondent" Johnny Dee. Do they find favour at the House Of Rhythm King? "We've heard all this sort of thing before," Martin and James comment. "You can almost hear their anoraks rustling in the background, and it sounds very like The Marine Girls. Personally I don't find it very challenging, and would go so far as to say that this sort of music represents a cultural vacuum. Edwyn Collins did it OK, so did Haircut 100, but this does absolutely nothing!" How upset The Pop Guns will be at these words! Perhaps they can draw heart from the *Underground* critique which suggests that they ignore those hard comments and press onwards. With an international celebrity such as Johnny Dee on their side, fame and glory cannot, surely, be too far away.

3 4 2 4

HEARTLAND (c/o 100 Ash Lodge Drive, Ash, Hants) drew knowing smirks from Martin and James. "Oh how very Chicken-In-A-Basket, how very Hippodrome," they said, as the band's aggressive funk efforts filled the room. "I can guarantee that this bassist holds his bass right under his chin. He's a plucker you see. The music reminds you of 1981, of Funkapolitan, ABC and all that. It's very macho and strutting, all sweaty and leathery. That said, the bassist is competent, but oh dear, just look at this picture." Both Martin and James pull faces. "Well, I suppose Level 42 made it, so there must be hope for this lot."



3 4 3 4

DUMB POP HEARTBREAKS (c/o *Underground*) was the name I'd invented for a tape that I'd recorded personally, not two weeks earlier. Would the Rhythm King critical panel guess its identity? How would they respond to my own laborious and amateur talents: "There is absolutely no confidence in this person's singing," they immediately declared. "Why does he have to put on that ridiculous voice? You can also tell that he does not have the foggiest idea of how to write a song." How embarrassing to have one's own efforts so mercilessly savaged. "I suppose it's vaguely interesting as it sounds like a cross between Prince and Lloyd Cole, but it's little more than how you'd expect a 40 year old session musician to make a record." Deciding to keep the origin of the tape to myself, we moved quickly on.

5 6 0 7

THE CUDGELS (142 Coronation Road, Great Barr, Birmingham) sent us a small black and white photograph with their tape. The band are seen lounging around in a slightly embarrassed fashion, and the extremely polite tone of their letter suggests that they are normal God-fearing souls, as yet untainted by the hurly-burly world of rock 'n' roll. "Very English and very charming," said Martin and James, "and for that reason they appear a bit like aliens. They will, without doubt, appeal to the people at Rough Trade. In fact you can picture them dancing up and down in their knitted jumpers when they listen to this. Then they'd go outside and jump in their Citroen 2CV's and rush to Birmingham to sign them up."

6 4 8 6

I'll name that tune in four!

Triffids' David McComb selects his faves for the jukebox in the sky...

40 UNDERGROUND

Should you be winging your way across the pines and the sand (born devotional of course) of Perth, Western Australia, you might be fortunate enough to catch a Triffids home-coming concert. The group are now resigned to living half a globe away from base camp in order to further their careers, especially now they've signed to Island Records. Their new album, *Calenture* pushes the imagination meter well into the red, even more so than all the previous Triffids recordings: dark, stormy and cry-in-your-beer tales of rootlessness, unmade love, alcoholic tramps who might shout f*** at the traffic, suburban isolation, *Us* against The World resolutions and massive tropical deliriums and delusions — the kind that make sea-voyagers mistake the sea for the green fields of home, and so jump overboard (called *Calenture*).

• But back at Perth on one of those homecoming trips, you might chance one of their rare covers sets. Without style or image, The Triffids are a real songwriter's band, with singer/

songwriter David McComb's list of self-penned songs numbering over 300 and the group's list of attempted covers hovering around 150. Two have made it onto record; *St James Infirmary* (on *Raining Pleasure*) and *I Am A Lonesome Hobo* (from *Treeless Plain*).

- So welcome to David McComb's "Top 12 Covers As Played By The Triffids (in no particular order, arbitrarily chosen)."
Can't Help Falling In Love: "Just a beautiful heartbreaking song. I love Elvis. Doesn't everybody? We've always been fans of the fat Las Vegas Elvis — you see such a personal tragedy there, when Priscilla left him, and he did all those incredibly pain-wracked songs about little girls and "Daddy, please don't cry", all that stuff."
Blue Monday: "We did this once because we liked the song. We did it virtually like the *Bonanza* theme (proceeds to sing it) with a Duane Eddy

guitar. It was hard to remember the words because they're just utter crap and they go on and on. It sounds good when *New Order* do it though."

Into The Groove: "It wasn't as good as Sonic Youth's version but we did it as soon as Madonna's version came out, 'cos we were so in love with the song. It's hard to remember the words to that too because they're so meaningless — I really admire people like Madonna for remembering them. Mine are easier because they tell a story. There are a lot of words here but they don't really say anything. I guess that's what normal pop music is like, isn't it?"

LA International Airport: "This was really hard to do because it had so many words! A beautiful heartbreaking song from the early '70s: "LA International Airport, where the big jet engines roar/LA International Airport, I won't see him anymore". It's actually the girl who's going and the guy staying, but she keeps bursting into tears in the plane, forcing down drinks, trying not to think about it."

It Hurts Me Too: "Another beautiful, miserable song. It's by Elmore James. Crying in your beer is a national hobby as far as I'm concerned. It should be made the national sport."

Theme From Dallas: "This was just to make sure that people are awake when we're doing a covers night. You become the local bar band when you get home — it's very difficult to convince the audience that you're an art band! We also did the theme from *Gilligan's Island* ('60s Yankee TV show). It was like World War Two — it seemed like a good idea at the time."

What Goes On: "Part of The Velvet Underground scrapbook. It hardly counts, you have to do it, it's like learning your job. You're not a real band until you do the Velvets. They don't really belong to the Velvets, do they? They're just like common inheritance property really. . . ." (*Pale Blue Eyes*, *Sweet Jane* and *I'll Be Your Mirror* are in there as well.)

Satisfied Mind: "A really old song, like a Rambling Jack Elliott song, but he didn't do it, so it's possibly a traditional blues song which is also a Christian song — "How many times have I heard someone say, if I had his money, I'd do things my way/how little they know, it's so hard to find one rich man in ten with a

satisfied mind". A really good anti-materialist song."

Best Part Of Breaking Up: "I just love anything that Phil Spector went within 20 miles of — absolute genius. We would do a lot more girl group stuff because I think that if I had to choose one type of music as the highest form of art created yet by man beyond Shakespeare and Chaucer, I'd say the girl group sound. It's like an Everest of man's achievement."

• **No Fun:** "We did quite a good version of this. The song (by The Stooges) to me is an anthem of my generation. We also used to do *I Wanna Be Your Dog* and the first Ramones album, things like *Beat On The Brat*. We were a punk band back in '77! We only wimped-out and went country a few years down the track. We also did The Stranglers' *London Ladies*, one of the great sexist songs of all time, but we were only 14 at the time and we didn't realise. . . ."

• "When you're in your home town, and you've been playing there on and off for about eight years, it's very difficult to shock people who see you play. You really want to bring a smile to people who have seen you 30 times!" **Martin Aston**



The Triffids in bracing country surrounding



David McComb and Spot



★ COMPETITION TIME

Yes, it's time to WIN OUT with **The Bomb Party**, as we single-handedly, well with the help of **Wild Bill Upright**, offer you, the reader, the chance to win a spesh Bomb Party T-shirt emblazoned with "Make Way For My Motorbike, Baby", a definitive LP version of **Liberace Rising**, in glow-in-the-dark vinyl, a customised **Bom-Dom** and a special numbered, limited edition one-sided 45 of the group's **Pretty Face** (limited to just 500 copies). **Wahoooooooooooo!** Hmmm, yes, all you've got to do to win this lucky bag is mail us the answer to this question. . .

Q Which label were the Bomb Party on before they joined Workers Playtime?

Answers on a postcard to *Underground*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1, to arrive before the ink dries.

Story of the snake!

Phillip Boa invades the Copperfield



Boa donates flower children joe

Phillip Boa is the first to admit that he's fanatical. Perhaps that's what prompts the seemingly fanatical response to the work of Phillip Boa and The Voodoo Club — West Germany's biggest indie sensation alongside Einstürzende Neubauten.

- Perhaps it's the fact that the Voodoo's produce a meticulously constructed sound — a sort of violent mesh of Boa's tragic and unhappy childhood. First there was the Philistrines LP, which conveyed Boa's essential philosophy, then the Aristocracie album, a turgid representation of a sense of life, politics and the afterlife viewed through the shattered Boa lens. And now, following the release of the Kill Your Ideals 45 on Red Flame, Spring sees the emergence of the long awaited Copperfields LP. Preceding the inevitable press explosion Boa puts it into perspective for **Underground** and predicts the light at the end of a depressive's tunnel. . .
- **"Since I was ten I loved a little acid/my interest for chemistry was really strange/and when my mother came back/I poured it into her beautiful eyes to make her look a little strange."** — When My Mother Comes Back.
- Boa: "I still feel hatred for my mother. She left us when we were very young. If she did come back, I wouldn't feel like that, but I'm like a child, I guess everyone is a little, but I'm too much like a child because I'm really ruined by all that shit, you know, my mother leaving and the trouble between my parents."
- Is that what characterises the emotive quality in your music?
- "My mind is my music anyway. I'm what you call a manic depressive and I'm a little confused and that's the music. When I'm depressed I'm writing depressed and I play the guitar in a depressed way. When I'm high the opposite is true. I get the guest musicians to play how I feel, so on the one hand our music is natural and on the other hand it isn't because it's constructed. It's schizophrenic."
- **"I don't understand the future/as an element of heaven."** — Don't Pull My Whole Life Away.
- Boa has often expressed a dim view of the future but how much has this been influenced by his past?
- "Maybe it is because I had an unhappy childhood and then I went into the army where I was unhappy. Maybe it's just written down in my mind, this angst, is that the word? "I'm really frightened about things that happened, but at the moment I'm really happy anyway. I want my songs to be more positive."
- Has this change of attitude been a result of your work with The Voodoo Club?
- "I think a psychologist would say that! But I often think about things and wonder if the whole state of things isn't set by fate, or God, or whatever, if it's on purpose, or meant to be. Exactly what I'm trying to do now is to show the happy side of unhappiness — I don't only want to write depressed lyrics now, I think that people should have a little fun listening to our music and that's what I hope to improve on for the fourth LP." **"Many times it hurts you bad/you learned to hate your love/you was born to explain your existence. . . sometimes you understand it. . ."** — My Sweet Devil In The Sky.



R Stevie: a wild and crazy lunster

- Isn't it painful, sometimes, to remember the past and bare your fears to the public?
- "Sometimes I feel pain, yeah, but I haven't really thought about where the pain comes from."
- Is it a way of rationalising your fear and coming to terms with the past?
- "Yeah, I think it is really. I've never thought about it too much because I'm doing my poetry and some of it is in my subconscious. What is hidden I try to make obvious, I try to express my feelings."
- **"I can destroy your visibility/make some notable discoveries/I renegade my education/until I've plundered all your poetry."** — I Dedicate My Soul To You.
- Will this new found happiness be reflected on Copperfields? Does this indicate a new direction for The Voodoo Club?
- "As a musician I feel more like a painter so I do want to change and develop as I sketch each new album. On the first LP we used classical music and on the second it was more jazz. This time it's guitar music, very much inspired by a lot of good new English guitar bands, we've also started using a lot of Eastern influences."
- And is the evolution of each song still as complex?
- "Yes, we still start by recording on cassette and eventually it's taken from there to a four-track, then to a 16-track and finally 24-track. It's a very long process but it's a way of avoiding clichés. We're a pop band, so we love to use some of the clichés but we do try to be different. But it's very hard to do something new these days. A lot of bands try but if you analyse it, it's very hard. For example, recently I bought a lot of Beatles and Rolling Stones albums because I wanted to analyse how it all started and my opinion now is that after The Beatles and the Stones, 1970, after that everything has been done."
- **"I don't wanna kill myself/I don't wanna kill my fun/I just wanna clean my mind."** — Kill Your Ideals.
- It's been an issue for some time, the Voodoos have held out against pressure to sign to a major company for fear of losing artistic control. They've recently hit upon the perfect compromise — economically speaking — by striking a unique bargain between Polydor Germany and their own independent Constrictor label for the release of the forthcoming album, but what of the British arrangement?
- "We are talking with companies at the moment and we have refused one. If they don't want to accept that we must have power then they can f*** off! I won't do it if they say we have to sound more like daytime radio material. Daytime radio is even worse in England than in Germany! It's crap! It's like Stock Aitkin And Waterman, who are just using one computer and then putting a vocal over it. People who don't realise that this is crap are stupid and they have to kill their ideals — they have no ideals and I think that is their problem. That's a little of what I wanted to express in Kill Your Ideals actually."
- So how do you intend to overcome the problem of getting mass exposure in the face of, admittedly, some pretty terrible adversity?
- "Our music is uncommercial for the normal listener, in Germany at first only one thousand people bought the records, now we sell about 20,000, if we carry on with our marketing — and we do have some big ideas — then one day we could sell 100,000, then maybe we will have changed something on the German music scene."
- And possibly break into the English scene?
- "Yes, I very much want to do that. I love England, I'm a real fan. We're going to come there in May possibly. But we don't want to do any gigs before then because if you play a different town every day, you start to lose your ideas and it becomes like a normal job, a factory. But we really want to do it in England this time. We've got more promotion and the funny thing is that we forced our German major company to pay for the promotion of the record which is being released on an independent label in England! For Germany that's very extraordinary!
- Plan B (for Boa) is working already. Now, who said there was no room for idealism in music? Alex Kadis

A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO R STEVIE MOORE

- It's difficult to say where R Stevie Moore's showbiz career went off the rails. Somewhere along the line this guy who, as a child, duetted with Jim Reeves, played guitar for Perry Como and whose father sessioned for Elvis (Presley, that is, dummy!) rejected the whole damn thing, preferring the company of a couple of tape recorders in his bedroom.
 - Although Stevie's had a good half dozen LPs of excellent pure pop madness released, the man's main medium of output remains his own, eponymously-named cassette club, which over the past five years has issued some 200 cassette albums (that's NOT a mis-print!). So, Mr Moore, are you a rampant exhibitionist, or what?!
 - "In an aural sense I guess it's true, I am, but I just want to make a complete picture. Being a record collector and something of a historian hungry for any unreleased alternative sides or takes, I wanted to be completely honest and make EVERYTHING available — most of the tapes are filled up, as well as released, chronologically, so it's like opening up a diary."
 - Cassette club activities have, though, had to take a back seat recently due to the preparations for his new (vinyl) LP, Teenage Spectacular. New Rose, the label responsible, take a dimmer view of Stevie's home-recorded excesses, preferring to concentrate on his not inconsiderable ability to write a good tune: they've sent him a few bob to record it in a proper studio, and, wait for it. . . they're even putting it out on compact disc! Isn't this going to alienate die-hard RSM fans?
 - "Some people said I was trying to sell-out on Glad Music" (Stevie's other "proper studio" LP), "but as people won't have heard these songs on home tapes, they won't be able to bitch! . . . Well, they probably will, 'cause it's a hi-tech production" (he grimaces) . . . but it's still basically R Stevie Moore!"
 - And a quick listen to some of the new mixes reveals that it certainly IS! Don't waste a minute, invest in this man today!
- R Stevie Moore Cassette Club, 429 Valley Road, Upper Montclair, NJ 07043, USA.
Yukio Yung

We asked 20 loaded questions to three infamous Americans. Here's what they said . . .



QUESTIONS . . . HENRY ROLLINS EUGENE CHADBOURNE ALEX CHILTON

42 UNDERGROUND

- | | | | |
|--|--|--|---|
| <p>1 Full name</p> <p>2 Age and date of birth</p> <p>3 Previous bands</p> <p>4 What do you think you're most famous for?</p> <p>5 If you weren't such a famous mega-star, what would be the job you'd least like to do?</p> <p>6 Favourite hobby</p> <p>7 Favourite album of your own</p> <p>8 Favourite album of all time</p> <p>9 Who would you most like to collaborate with (alive or dead)</p> <p>10 If you could see justice done in one situation in the world, where would you choose?</p> <p>11 If you don't believe in reincarnation, what do you believe in?</p> <p>12 Favourite time of day</p> <p>13 Favourite waste of time</p> <p>14 What do you love most about America?</p> <p>15 What do you hate most about Britain?</p> <p>16 What do you hate most about what journalists say about you?</p> <p>17 What would you like to eat tonight?</p> <p>18 What records are you currently listening to?</p> <p>19 Next release</p> <p>20 Predictions for the future</p> | <p>1 Henry Rollins</p> <p>2 26; 13/2/61</p> <p>3 Black Flag, SOA.</p> <p>4 I play hard, I scream loud. Black Flag, a band that might have influenced some people to form a band.</p> <p>5 Have a boss and work from 9 to 5. The straight thing.</p> <p>6 Doing this, writing and being on the road.</p> <p>7 My new one, Lifetime.</p> <p>8 Funhouse by The Stooges.</p> <p>9 I am collaborating with Lydia Lunch already, so maybe Wagner, because he was into <i>crash-bang-boom!</i> Also Nietzsche.</p> <p>10 I'd like to see policemen and police forces brought to trial and exposed for how much they break the law they're supposed to obey. As Nietzsche said, <i>'with much justice, comes a sense of revenge'</i>. Cops brought to trial for beating up women, smacking kids, flushing '15 year old boys' heads down toilets, stuff like that.</p> <p>11 Life and Death.</p> <p>12 Early morning, because when I can wrench myself out of bed and can get an early start on the day and see the sun come up, I usually have a very productive day.</p> <p>13 Daydreaming, like you're riding to a show and you just space out. I've made my head a very nice place to go.</p> <p>14 Probably the convenience aspect — everywhere stays open all the time and I don't have to walk a mile to a phone that works, like in Britain. Also the geography — if you want desert, or swamp, or forest, you've got it.</p> <p>15 What the geography has done to the people in it. You lot don't get enough sunshine, fresh air, fresh fruit and vegetables. You can't stretch your arms here. Also, in the urban parts, it's very hellish and depressing. I'm surprised you don't have more youth gangs, youth murders and youth suicides.</p> <p>16 When they say I'm negative, which is the last thing I am. To me, The Cure or Sting are negative because it's so artificial and takes you nowhere. When I write a song about feeling like I wanna blow my head off, and dealing with that feeling, I'm seen as negative, just because I don't believe in hope, but in going out and making things happen.</p> <p>17 A righteous vegetarian meal.</p> <p>18 A, Lightning Hopkins, John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters, Madonna, Sonic Youth, <i>Handjob</i>, Velvet Underground, Gun Club.</p> <p>19 This collaboration with Lydia, and many more.</p> <p>20 A general swing to the right in America. We're going to go back to Lenny-Bruce-in-handcuffs times.</p> | <p>1 Eugene Alexander Chadbourne</p> <p>2 33; 4/1/54</p> <p>3 The Moslems, Daytop Village, Colorado Boys, The Chadbournes, Western Music Improvisation Co, 300 Statues, 400 Statues, Twins, Shockabilly, Son Of Shockabilly, Psychedelic Basement.</p> <p>4 The invention of the electric rake.</p> <p>5 The army.</p> <p>6 Gardening.</p> <p>7 My next album, Camper van Chadbourne.</p> <p>8 <i>Bitches Brew</i> by Miles Davis.</p> <p>9 Willie Nelson.</p> <p>10 I'd like to see Eastern European countries have an open economic exchange system, plus have the American government apologise to Fidel Castro.</p> <p>11 No believe in reincarnation. This lady said to me that I had been executed in the French revolution in a previous life.</p> <p>12 Fresh dock in the morning because if you're awake, no-one else is.</p> <p>13 Going through immigration and custom and passport control.</p> <p>14 Probably the landscape in the West.</p> <p>15 Probably Margaret Thatcher, she's pretty loud and snobby. Immigration control reflects her attitude.</p> <p>16</p> <p>17 My own cooking, because I've been away from home. Nice fresh vegetables and such.</p> <p>18 Polish Country & Western records; a portable radio, the sound of USSR and USA jamming each other's broadcasts. Great montages of sound.</p> <p>19 A record, called Kill Eugene, plus an album of half my songs and half Tim Buckley's; recorded with some Camper Van Beethoven.</p> <p>20 That home taping will not destroy the music industry.</p> | <p>1 William Alexander Chilton</p> <p>2 36; 28/12/50</p> <p>3 The Devilles, The Box Tops, Big Star, Panther Burns.</p> <p>4 Singing The Letter.</p> <p>5 I've probably done it — janitor, dishwasher and cab driver. . . I don't think I can go much lower than that.</p> <p>6 Reading.</p> <p>7 The new one, High Priest</p> <p>8 The genius of Ray Charles</p> <p>9 Wreckless Eric. I just love his live stuff on that Live Stiffs LP.</p> <p>10 South Africa.</p> <p>11 Astrology</p> <p>12 The morning — you wake up in the morning and feel fresh and the air is clean.</p> <p>13 Hanging around the house.</p> <p>14 The sprawl of the place, plus the variety, so many different kinds of climate. The fact that it's not so crowded.</p> <p>15 The fact that English people in general can be so fully snotty and snobby to Americans.</p> <p>16 When they use the words 'shimmering' or 'layered' or 'textured' when talking about Big Star records — their lack of being able to write about music without using those terms. The way that if you're working with somebody, and you decide to work with someone else, writers tend to make it into a big hassle or falling out, like when Chris Bell left Big Star. It's so often not the case at all.</p> <p>17 <i>Shadows</i>.</p> <p>18 Nelson Riddle's Theme From Route 66, the TV show, and nothing to do with the other song: Chanson D'Amour by Art and Duddy Todd. No favourite album though.</p> <p>19 Good question.</p> <p>20 California will fall into the sea; nuclear war; economic disaster.</p> |
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10 THINGS THAT MAKE THE CHILLS ESPECIALLY WORTHWHILE

by Peter Perturbed



The Chills: not hot!

- 1 **THEY'VE JUST RELEASED A "GRAND" ALBUM**
Brave Words took 37 years to make, and sees The Chills moving to London in order to escape a country whose population consists mostly of ex-Chills members. In the process they've ended up with an album chock-full of rolling majestic tunes that reel off anxious chants with tremendous grandeur. . . "Yeah, I suppose 'grand' isn't a bad word really," ponders Martin Phillips. . .
- 2 **MARTIN PHILLIPS (HEAD HONCHO)**
Martin Phillips is sat in the barely lit dressing room of a sleazy Birmingham pub where 25 people are to see The Chills play their sweaty back-sides off. He looks depressed and sounds barely audible.
"Most people get surprised with me as a person, you know, being really quiet and then, how I change on stage, but I save up a lot of aggression for that."
Indeed, one hour later he's having a minor coronary and entering his eighth nervous breakdown somewhere in the middle of a guitar solo.
- 3 **HE'S A BIT MODEST. . .**
Do you feel like a genius when listening to Curiosity Killed The Cat?
"No, I never feel like a genius. I get pleased with myself sometimes. . ."
- 4 **BUT NOT THAT MODEST**
Do you ever feel extremely humble when listening to something a bit good?
"No, I don't feel extremely humble either!"
- 5 **THE CHILLS ARE UNIQUE**
"We had no conception of what overseas music would be like, and even in 1985 when we came over we thought there'd be 50 bands like The Chills — all as good as The Chills, or better, but there were none. I've heard probably every single Chills song named at some stage by someone as their favourite."
Do you think that's because all the songs are so diverse?
"Yeah, well that's always been a big point, making sure they're different; I can't understand why bands don't do that rather than sticking to a formula."
- 6 **THEY'RE NOT VERY PSYCHEDELIC**
Where on earth did you get this psychedelic tag?
"Well, there's Kaleidoscope World and Rolling Moon which both have quite colourful lyrics, but it's just people's desire to tag you, and it's a destructive tag because you might get seen as *passé* or revivalist, which we're not."
- 7 **THEY'RE THE A-HA OF NEW ZEALAND!**
Well, they regularly hit the New Zealand Top 10. New Zealand teenies are obviously game for the odd angst-ridden thrash or misty ballad, or jolly pop trick or. . . well, as we know, there *isn't* a typical Chills song. And so it follows that there isn't a typical Chills fan.
"When we play, it's a mixture of students, skinheads, the odd biker, heavies. . . it's *really* neat. We saw a disturbing amount of yuppies in our last audience but we're not sure how they got on to us in the first place, perhaps we'll change them. . . or they *might* change us. We just want to play to as many people as possible and I hope they *all* like us."
- 8 **AW, COME ON! THEY DESERVE SOME LUCK!**
It's not quite the same story here. . . "It's a pretty tough life being in a band at the stage we're at. You finish a gig and then you have to drive for four hours, loading out in the rain. . . it's not much fun."
- 9 **WE COULD DO WITH SOME HONESTY**
Cock an ear to Brave Words and you'll be struck by the overwhelming susceptibility running through Phillips' lyrics, from the hammy angst of Sixteen Heart-throbs to the sorely repentant Look For The Good In Others And They'll See The Good In You.
"That's really what I'm trying to do most. For one thing, I think it's my *forte*. I don't think I'm very good at holding together a false persona. And I see a real lack of honest music around. It's no longer commercially viable to be human and that's a real worry."
- 10 **ERM. . . SORRY, I CAN'T THINK OF A TENTH REASON**



letter from america

Tony Fletcher develops the US picture

There's a sense of achievement in the air among rock fans who savvy out here at the moment. It's because a long snore just there has finally been formed for all the right reasons, but it's hard to get used to the expectations of record company or radio, and went out on the road for seven years to build a following the hard way. REM currently have a top ten album in the States with Document, and more surprisingly, an enormous hit single with the One I Love. Everyone's favourite cult band of the last few years are close to being public property.

In a land where quality is judged on a pro-rata basis with success, Rolling Stone this month stuck REM on the cover under the acclamation, 'America's greatest rock 'n' roll band'. Honourable indeed, but why not make such a move four years ago when anyone who had ears already knew that? Sometimes we have to be grateful for the British music press and its championing of new acts.

But as the Georgia's favourites are riding off into the golden horizon, it's time to look under the hood of their tails and see what they've brought down the road with them. REM's influence on the underground American music scene took hold many moons ago, and now we can examine the contenders should, heaven forbid, Stipe and co. fall into the pitfalls that might now be too large for them to avoid.

Take **Miracle Legion** for instance. Miracle Legion will be pretty pissed off to see their name here, because this four-piece from Connecticut have been going almost as long as their spiritual cousins in Athens. But with an identical line-up and a debut EP, 'The Backyard' that, its excellence aside, owed just too much to REM for comfort, they were quickly branded as clones.

But after a lengthy absence, a new, more individual Miracle Legion emerged. The Rough Trade album 'Surprise Surprise Surprise' was a record of restrained bitterness, gentle and sad yet always threatening to break loose. Onstage however, they have taken on the full fury of the four-piece rock band, singer Mark Mulcahy, face hidden in an avalanche of hair, striding in circles round the stage like a bedevilled tin soldier, with guitarist Ray Neal, short hair spiked up in contrast, visibly smiling and lurching side to side. At a recent CBGBs show, anger boiled over for no apparent reason and drummer Jeff Winterschall took the Keith Moon test (and failed: nothing was broken). On a bigger stage at The Ritz supporting Aztec Camera, Mulcahy occasionally fooled himself by trying to act the star that he isn't yet close to being, but otherwise all the signs of a magnificent rock act were there. And nobody mentioned REM. In fact, nobody at The Ritz mentioned Miracle Legion much at all, but then that's their loss.

Then there's **The Connells**. Named after brothers Mike and Dave, but a pretty democratic bunch joined by singer Doug MacMillan, guitarist/keyboardist George Huntley and the jazz drums of Peele Wimberley. The Connells do not just have to answer for their Rickenbacker fetish, their Southern roots, and their penchant for subtle melodies amidst jangly rock 'n' roll. They also have to answer for Don Dixon co-producing their first album, and Mitch Easter taking control of their second, the excellent 'Boylan Heights'.

Huntley admits that it was 'stupid' not to expect the comparisons that using REM's production team would lead to, but otherwise remains unperturbed. The Connells don't deny their REM influences, but would sooner see it described as a form of kindred spirit. "We're not all that unique," he proffers. "We're just trying to make enjoyable music."

When they do 'Boylan Heights', initially samey, takes on an air of independence over excellent plays the cyclic melodies of 'Choose A Side' and 'I Suppose' lodging in the brain; the brass trumpet on 'Over There' hinting at a future pop potential that could be enormous. If they want it to be.

"The tendency is to not want to be massive," says Huntley when asked of the band's intentions. "We were just friends at college who played together, had some fun and decided it would be nice to take it a step further. We've all got University degrees so I don't think we'd be too devastated if we had to find a job." Unlike the majority of today's careerists, he evidently doesn't consider his vocation as anything less than pleasure.

This attitude could yet be their strongest point, taking the view that REM never planned their way to the top. And judging by a recent show in Boston, The Connells, a band three years young, are in for some good times.

But the road ahead is not going to be easy for Miracle Legion, The Connells or any of the other countless quality acts fighting for a slice of the apple pie. Which is why the road is still most likely find them. 'Home Today' from Boylan Heights is about going on long enough for your girlfriend to ditch you, explains George Huntley, but it hasn't happened yet. Likewise Miracle Legion. After their show at The Ritz, Ray Neal was ecstatic that the band was now almost constantly touring. "We just had a week and a half at home for the first time in months," he explained. "And I didn't know what to do with myself."

NEW FROM

SST

BRIAN RITCHIE

BLACK
FLAG

MEAT
PUPPETS



The Blend. Giving up the bass he played with the Violent Femmes for guitar, conch shell, banjo, jaw harp and elephant tusk, Brian Ritchie achieves "The Blend" on his solo album for SST. Combining influences as diverse as Sun Ra, Son House and Sonny Bono, he has concocted the perfect blend for the global village. From the untraditionally traditional version of John The Revelator to the hard funk of Alphabet, these eleven songs are THE blend for the eighties. SST 141 (LP/CA \$7.50 CD \$15.00)



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 (LP/CA \$7.50 CD \$15.00)



Huevos. Hot on the heels of their amazing Mirage album, the Meat Puppets have done it again with a brand spanning new album on SST. Closer in sound to their legendary live shows, this record has balls. Starting off with the luck in the head double blast of Paradise and Look At The Rain and ending with the brain-crushing I Can't Be Counted On, this record reaffirms the Meat Puppets' status as one of the coolest bands on the face of the planet. SST 150 (LP/CA \$7.50 CD \$15.00)

DESCENDENTS



BL'AST!



DESCENDENTS: Liveage. The last blast in the saga of the "Dents" comes in the form of this incredibly bonus live record. Feel the bone-crushing power of the Descendents. If you want it "ALL", this is the first step you will need to make. SST 163 (LP/CA \$7.50 CD \$15.00)



Human Rights. The firebrand vocalist of the world renowned Bad Brains steps out with his own record. With a lush background and a unifying spiritual message, this record shows H.R. in the role of healer and teacher. From the world beat hip hop of Human Rights to the soft love vibe of Acting So Bad, this record cuts across all boundaries in its quest for one-love. SST 117 (LP/CA \$7.50)



The Power Of Expression. The first burst of the sonic salvo that is Blast! came in the form of the album The Power Of Expression. Forcing their way into the maw of pure, hard power, Blast rages on Surf And Destroy, Fucking With My Head and nine others. SST 148 (LP/CA \$7.50 CD \$15.00)

These new SST releases and the entire SST catalogue are available and on sale from the Rough Trade shop or mail order 130 Talbot Rd., London W11 1JA.

Distributed by Pinnacle

P.O. BOX 1, LAWNSDALE, CA 90260



44 UNDERGROUND

GARGANTUAN

ALTERNATIVE

NOISE

INTERPLAY

EXPOSÉ

UNDERGROUND

FEBRUARY 1988 Issue Eleven

metal beat

£1

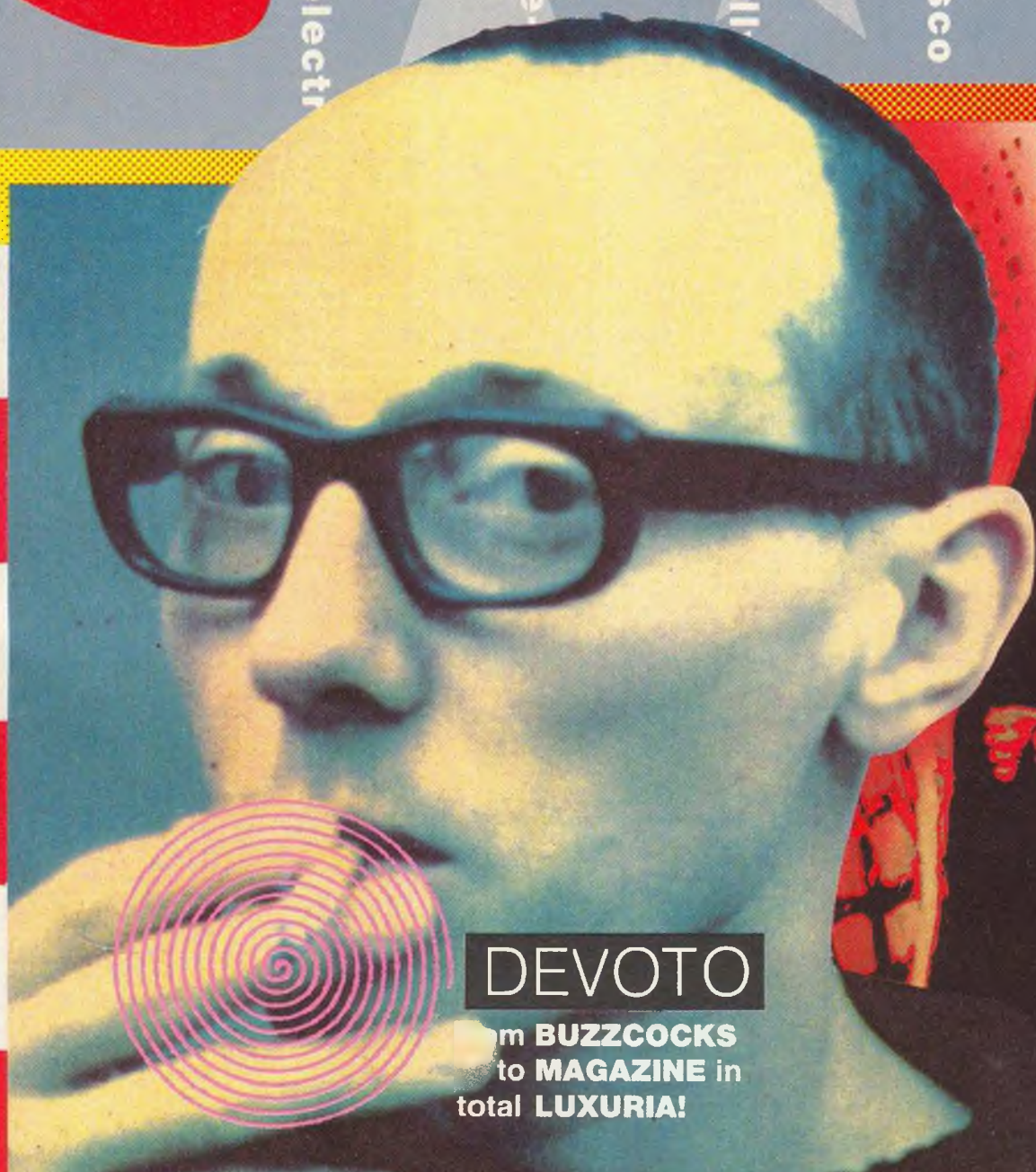
hardcore

death disco

quiphobill

psyche

punk electr



THE WOODENTOPS

chunky
mega-frenzy
in Rolo-land!

DEVOTO

from BUZZCOCKS
to MAGAZINE in
total LUXURIA!

DURITTI COLUMN an introduction to guitars and other machines!

THIS ISSUE CONTAINS TOKEN THREE FOR
THE INK/RED FLAME/UG COMPILATION!

LUDICROUS with the Bob G guide to diet!

+ YO LA TENGO, MARK STEWART,
ALL THAT JAZZ, DUMPTRUCK,
FRONT 242, NASA, THE BELOVED, BOB,
DIG VIS DRILL, the story of SST,
reviews, drivel and
X-rated themes!

DINOSAUR JNR almost speak and spell sensation!

BLUE AEROPLANES send Jim Morrison back to school!

TUXEDOMOON from San Fran to Belgium via brainstorm!

NEVER IN THE FIELD OF WHEREVER HAVE THREE SUCH GREAT NAMES BEEN LINKED ON SUCH A SMALL PIECE OF PLASTIC ● YES, IF YOU'VE COLLECTED THE TOKENS FROM THIS ISSUE AND THE LAST TWO (YOU KNOW THE ONES THAT APPEAR ON THAT TACKY SUBS FORM) THEN ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS SEND THEM TO US — ALONG WITH A CHEQUE FOR £2.50 MADE PAYABLE TO SPOTLIGHT PUBLICATIONS — AND THIS FINE 12 TRACK ALBUM COULD BE YOURS!!!!!!!!!!!!

UNDERGROUND

RED FLAME

INK



SO
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FOR YOUR 250 PENNIES?

on side A, from the RED FLAME catalogue

- THE ROOM** New Dreams For Old
- PHILLIP BOA & THE VOODOO CLUB** I Dedicate My Soul To You
- THE MOODISTS** Swingy George
- TACTICS** Frozen Park
- RUBY BLUE** Wintry Day
- PATRIK FITZGERALD** Drifting Towards Violence

and on side B, from the INK catalogue

- SLAB!** Dolores
- C CAT TRANCE** Two Words
- CHARLES HAYWARD** That Distant Light
- PINKIE MACLURE** Different World
- SEVERED HEADS** George The Animal
- ANNE CLARK** Killing Time

all nicely packaged in a hand-sculpted sleeve and sounding as loud and brain numbingly groovy as you can imagine. So doncha miss it!

fact

3 UNDERGROUND

page 3 boys

RHYTHM KING release the third single from **Three Wise Men** on February 8, to tie in with the hunky hip hop boys' spring offensive. A revamped version of their Cruisin' For A Bruisin' with a "filthy, dirty and utterly debauched" guitar solo from **Matthew Asman** (the ex Bow Wow Wow and Chiefs Of Relief guitaro), appears on the label to pre-empt their debut album GB Boyz – which looks set to enhance the outfit's reputation and further remove them from the pack of part-time MY copyists ● By way of flag-waving self-promotion, the Three Wise Men's **Jemski Rah** underlines the group's perspective on UK events with the off the cuff remark that "Peckham's just as pertinent as Parkside!" ● The album itself won't be any disappointment as the group's sound has developed immeasurably as they retread the former stomping ground of Urban Hell and Refresh Yourself, while opting new angles like the pseudo-sex pant-a-long Hardcorp Lover. One not to be missed . . . more news as it breaks. **Dave Henderson**



SKINNY PUPPY DOGGY BAG!

Canada's existentialist industrial funksters **Skinny Puppy** are about to have their excellent LP from last year, *Cleanse Fold And Manipulate*, domestically released on this side of the pond, and to promote this amazing feat their American and British record company, Capitol, have sent over some rather fab 'doggy' bags. The contents of these rather special bags not surprisingly connects with the title of the aforementioned and rather wonderful LP in that you get a face mask, a Skinny Puppy emblazoned, paper theatre smock and a lump of plasticine inside a plastic egg plus, of course, a tape of the album. *Cleanse Origami and Manipulate* — Geddit!!!

Hopefully this rather enterprising idea will not only draw attention to the wild and weird mutant rhythms of the ever menacing Skinny Puppy, who at this very moment have import copies of a fab Adrian Sherwood remix of *Addiction*, from the LP, entering the country to slake the thirst of slavering Puppy fans, but also create more interest for their Canadian label, Nettwerk, who also have *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Pretty Green* and *Moev* on their roster, all of which feature on an excellent Nettwerk Sound Sampler entitled *Food For Thought* along with *Chris & Cozey*, *SPK* and *Severed Heads*. Maybe Capitol will now have the good taste to release the rest of the Nettwerk catalogue over here so you can put in less of the search and more of the destroy!

Dick 'always gets his man' Mescal

WIN OUT! Yes, Capitol Records has donated five **Skinny Puppy** press bagettes, and you could win one if you can answer the following question . . . **Q From which country do Nettwerk labelmates Severed Heads come from? Answers please on a postcard to Underground/Puppy, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1, to arrive no later than February 10. Go some!**

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UNDERGROUND: bleached and blitzed-out
ISSUE ELEVEN: stapled-in frenzy
EDITOR David Henderson
DESIGNER Rod Clark

WIDE-PEOPLE
 Alex Bastedo, John Best, Nick Brody, Vachel Booth, Johnny Dee, Ian Dickson, Johnny Eager, Tony Fletcher, Anthony Fragos, Julian Henry, Daz Igymeth, Alex Kadis, Carole Linfield, Mats Lundgren, Christopher Mellor, Dick Mescal, Mick Middles, Ripley, Ronnie Randall, TC Wall, Holly Wood

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London NW1 7QZ

Telephone 01-387 6611

Telex 299485 Music G

Fax 01-388 5010

Distribution

Spotlight Magazine Distribution,

1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX

Telephone 01-700 4000

Typeset by Offshoot Graphics Co,

17-18 Great Sutton Street,

London EC1

Printed by

Chesham Press, 16-18 Germaine St,

Chesham, Bucks

ISSN 0951-502X

© Spotlight Publications 1988

4 UNDERGROUND

WIRE WE WAITING!

Just a brief word of panic-abating grovelling here from Ug Central. Thanks for the millions of letters and cash for the **Wire Tapped*Underground** compilation. We've just got back from the **Bahamas** and the records should be with us by the time you read this, and in the post soon after ● **Seems the Christmas rush delayed the pressing and special embossing of the sleeve, but the discs should be arriving any second n...**

PRE-fact

BOB'S Your Uncle

The Mail-Order-Flexi-Old-Boy-Network has just added another name to its glittering list of honour. The name is **Bob**, and it represents the latest in a long line of bands who've made it out of the flexi ghetto and into the land of the independent stiffie (ooh er).

No don't titter madam; Bob are a London-based four-piece, they released the obligatory flexi-disc to 'get on a bit' and then, in Sombrero, found the perfect outlet for their near-perfect tunes.

But won't people feel that Bob are just another graduate of the spotty-pop academy? Even the name suggests something decidedly anti-image.

Richard (guitar, keyboards, and vocals): "It's just because it's very easy to get labelled with the name you have. The more pretentious the name, the worst it is. But having 'Indie' wrapped around our necks is a real curse."

Jem (bass): "If bands thought of names to fit the music it'd be really difficult to find a name to fit our music."

Too right, mate. Take a listen to Bob's new five-track 12-inch EP. The three main songs shout variety as well as quality: There's What A Performance, with its African lilt, then Deary Me, which wouldn't sound out of place on Radio 2, and Piggery, with its cow-pop Texan-swing. Is there a 'Sound of Bob' as such? Or is it all pretty random?

Simon (guitar and vocals): "It is random to a certain extent because when we first started to demo our songs we had a real diversity of material and songs that we had to narrow down into snappy pop songs for Bob. We wouldn't dream of doing two songs that would sound the same."

Richard: "Yeah, there's a small hardcore in our set which we can present as a sound as such. For the single, we chose those songs by doing a quick poll of our friends."

There's that value-for-money democracy again. Of course it's commendable but wouldn't it make more commercial sense to release one song as a single; it being the focal point for a press

campaign or a set of dates? Jem: "Initially, we wanted a double A side with one of Simon's songs and one of Richard's which would have been ideal. But our distributor had lost a lot of money doing seven-inch singles with unknown bands, so we decided to do a five track EP."

On stage, Bob are a lively prospect; swapping the role of front man, singing in joyous harmony and generally putting out some good karma. (*What? ed*) Are they fearful of becoming known as a "wacky" band?

Jem: "There's no problem there, our music is good enough to over-ride all that nonsense. When you go to see a band, you don't wanna see them standing around as though they're playing in their bedrooms, which a lot of indie bands do. I don't wanna see bands posing all over the shop but I like to see bands enjoying themselves. It's infectious."

Watch out for their next single; it may well be a **Blockbuster**. Gold to gold in 60 seconds, please Bob. Ian Dickson

fact

fiction

WHAT'S IN A NAME LIKE, ER, SHADOWY MEN ON A SHADOWY PLANET?

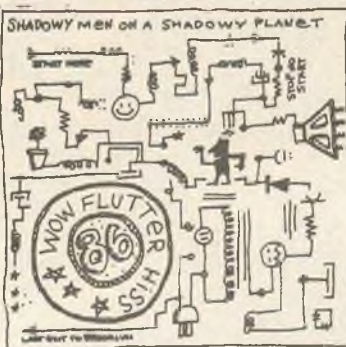
Er, well, **Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet** are a three piece from Toronto (that's in Canada) and they have three fine slabs of seven inch vinyl just waiting to be snapped up and played to your friends to show how hip, groovy and cool you are.

Having come into this world in 1985, they're recorded four singles (the first of which has sold out) and toured with such "rock idols" as **The Ramones**, the **Mary Chain** and **Husker Du**. They've been aligned with **REM** and **The Searchers**, but they play instrumental music with a twang that's unbeatable. They could make **The Rapiers** ditch their suits for sweaters and give **Duane** a run for his tremolo arm, all this and more.

The Three EPs are Love Without



Words, Wow, Flutter, Hiss and their latest Schlagers!, and if you write to the group at 334 St Johns Rd, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6S 2K4, you'll be able to hear why everyone likes them



so much. Future plans include a fifth 45, a soundtrack to a documentary about comic books, a Euro jaunt, then a "big record with lots of songs". Better still



they're the only group I've ever heard of who've made a 47 second video, "which has been shown much more often than it should have." So there! **Dave Henderson**

LOOPY



Hello everyone, I'm **Steve Davis** and I used to wear an Afghan coat!★ Yes, little did the snooker-loving world know — when they tuned into **Steve's bottom** — that he was a secret fan of **Magma**. For all you young and intrigued socialites, let me explain, **Magma** are a German combo who were big in 1066.★ Steve says: "I have all their records and tapes."★ What's more, Davis — the man — decided to bring the Mags to the UK so he could go and see them live again! Wah!★ Steve says: "They are very popular on the continent."★ The gigs were at the Bloomsbury Theatre in January, and news of **Dennis Taylor's** desire to stage a **Dubliners** night at Wembley have since been publicly denied.★ Steve says: "I have had tremendous pleasure listening to **Magma**."★ OK, right Steve, thanks. **Brad Magma**

4 TAKE THE FLOOR!

Channel 4 has a new head of Young People's Programmes in **Stephen Garrett**, and the man with the bit in his teeth has already begged the **Underground** masses to enthuse over various mega-chunky acts, with regard to them being in line/included in a new 4 prog that's set to replace/update/out manoeuvre/etc The Tube ● All budding alternative tantalisers and potential popist combos should contact Stephen care of Young People's Programmes, Channel 4 TV Ltd, 60 Charlotte Street, London W1P 2AX, with regard to being the next big muscle spasm, and a giant relief to the man's enforced incarnation in the world of **Pepsi Hates Wet**. Go it! **Dave Henderson**

There's a new concise and in-depth issue of **Smiths Indeed**, a typically groovy A5 thang — with plenty on the vid for I Started Something I Couldn't Finish. For fans and freaks alike, catch it from **Mark Taylor**, 132 Sylvia Avenue, Knowle, Bristol BS3 5BZ for 70p and a suitably sized envelope.

Another mag of vitriolic stuff comes from **Gareth** — a man from Belfast — and it's called **Mere Pseud. Nasty**, and outspoken, it's got a bag of oven-chips on its shoulder and you can get bolshy with it from 3 The Crescent, Carryduff, Belfast, BT8 8DW, Northern Ireland.

Another groovy "thing" is the three track EP flexi from **St Christopher** on **Veston**. It's fine stuff and the group — and their sound of the moment — can be tracked down at **Rowes Cottage**, Stockton Lane, York YO3 9UB.

More zines with paper and ink... well there's **one**, **Pot Plant Party** is a mean(ish) anorak frenzy and it comes from **Daniel** at **Garden Cottage**, Langham, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk. Features? They've got features, mate... including **Biff Bang Pow!**, **McCarthy**, **Great Leap Forward**, **Laugh**, **The Bodines** and lots more.

Someone wrote in and said "Why don't you have a letters page?" Well, it's because no-one writes letters other than to say that we're incredobrill.

Furthermore, people are more into sending flexi's of themselves. **Farley 708** did such a thing with their two tracker, **Andy Wilson's Trousers** and **Andy Wilson's Coat**. The absolute insult... it was just too cute.

Believe it or not, **Sub-Cultists** as we are, we printed the wrong address for **Premonition Tapes** last month. They in fact reside at 69 Langdon St, Sheffield S11 8BH. Their next issue of **Prem'speak** (number four) features exclusive interviews and tracks from **The Noseflutes** and **The Bland**.

Raving and ranting, **Andy McDonald** from **Go! Discs** is enthusing on the phone about **Doncaster's No Man's Band** who he's signed, while **Dr Death**, from **Baker, Louisiana** phoned to say he's signed **Kindergarten**. Right, looking forward to that!

Turtle Breeder Four, from 5 Ingleby Rd, Dagenham, Essex, is a mere 30p plus a large self addressed envelope. It features the jolly old **Shamen** (whose new single is really gggggreat!), **House Of Love**, **Bolshoi** and lots of other stuff.

Another small sized zine is **Slumber Party** and that's five pae cheaper from **Markki D**, 75 Estive Crescent, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow G64 1EY. Featured haircuts and rollers include **Anthrax**, **Cro-Mags** and **Sabbat**. The word is LOUD!

5 UNDERGROUND

continues over

fiction

Also from Scotland, but less noisy, is **Summerhill's** demo. Featuring ex-members of the excellent **Snakes Of Shake**, it boasts some fine pop outbursts. Prospective record company moguls should contact the group immediately on (01) 736 9864.

Underground scribe in death threat! Yes, **Johnny Dee** was "set about" by a woman with a handbag the other day following his remarks in his recent **Chesterfields** piece — that their van driver was an "ugly hippy". It seems the lady in question was the mother of the "u hippie".

Mr Dee maintains that the aforementioned "ugly hippy" is still a *hippy*. We are taking him some fruit in hospital.

The Guttersnipes, who appeared in the *Tip Sheet* recently, have just finished recording their debut LP. Now they only need someone to release it. Interested parties should contact **Andy Kline** at 30 Rydal Way, Enfield, Middx EN3 4PQ. For their sins they're about to tour with **Max Splodge**.

Arriving during late March will be the new **Fall** album, the **Frenz Experiment**. Featuring **Mark E** and team in full flow, with the latest single, *Victoria*, in there, plus other bedraggled Smithisms like *Carry Bag Man*, *Get A Hotel* and *Oswald Defence Lawyer*. Good to hear that none of the commercial success for the group has tempered their outspoken stance. But did you ever think it would?

The Fall snook into **Peelie's** Festive 50 at number two with *Australians In Europe*, just breathing down the neck of **The Sugar Cubes'** *Birthday*. Hot on their heels were four **Wedding Present** tracks in the top ten and 12 or so **Smiths'** tracks in the 50. The **Sugar Cubes** are set to release two more 12 inchers before they bung the whole lot onto an album for *One Little Indian*, while the **Wedding Present's** next 45 will be *Nobody's Twisting Your Arm*, another **Gedge** classic riddled with bitersweet memories.

Also on the horizon is a new LP from **Attaco Decente** who've signed to **Red Rhino**... so that should certainly be worth looking out for.

In the rumours department, the immediate demise of **Talulah Gosh** seems likely, with exams looming for at least one of the academics. The new year sees two albums planned on **Blast First** from the wonderful **Big Stick**, plus a **Ciccone Youth** LP, and inevitably, the **Crazyhead** LP has been delayed. Still that's rock'n'roll, however greasy it gets.

Robert K Cohen's
Big Comment

after the fact



Bono

Melody Maker spent most of 1987 telling us how much they despise **U2**, so it was no surprise to see who were the festive cover-stars of the Christmas issue: that's right, **U2**. I guess **U2** sell papers; **NME** and **Sounds** also carried extensive interviews, making **Bono's** boys the band every journo hates to love. Personally, I love Bono like the son I never had, after his reply to a question in **MM**: asked what he'd do if approached in Tesco's by someone who claimed to be **Jesus**, he answered that

"If Jesus was on Earth today, he'd be in a gay bar in San Francisco," working with AIDS victims — "the new lepers."

The obvious possibility of this must be a disturbing thought to the worshippers of everyone's favourite Christian, **James Anderton**.



James A

Anyway, **Laibach** — the lads with the swastikas on their records labels — recently sailed into quite a storm over the question of their apparent Nazidom: the general opinion expressed in various reports was that **Laibach** are merely a bunch of publicity-seekers, who extol the virtues of Communism but dress like Nazis. *"We use both wings to fly — both left and right,"*



Laibach and deny it

Ivan Novak told **Sounds**. Apparently the fact that one French gig attracted card-carrying Nazis was *"a problem of western democracy,"* through the lead singer, **Milan**, said he actually *"hates fascists and wants nothing to do with them."*

Well, if you hate something, you shouldn't lie down with it, because you can get tarred with the same brush, not to mention spoiling the broth. And talking of broth, Scotland's most famous flasher, **Jerry Sadowitz**, has become the latest band-wagon for the music-press to jump on, clamouring to defend the man who is **Bernard Manning, Tarby** and **Jim Davidson** all rolled into one, with a sprinkling of naughty words no-one's allowed to print (including **Underground**). The official line is that he's an alternative Alternative Comedian, and only bleeding-heart liberals should take offence. Wrong. It's bleeding-heart liberals that allow

Sadowitz's reactionary obsessions to go unchallenged, such as the statement in **Sounds**, *"I think women should be f**ed at every turn and then made to abort on the deadline."*

Tony Mitchell imply suggests that "This man *cannot* be serious," and I fear that's the key to the situation: if Tony and all the Sadowitz fans at **MM** and **NME** should take offence, who's to say Jerry won't turn round and say, *"But I was only joking?"* That would mean the person concerned had failed to GET the joke, and would therefore appear **STUPID** (for a change).



But on to **Stock, Aitken, And Waterman**, another current pin-up at **NME** in the Christmas edition. **Sean O'Hagan** gets inside their souls, thus proving they've got them: it seems they 'agonised' over whether or not to produce a *Divine* single, for fear of "leading young boys astray." Luckily for their wallets, the producers of **Sammy Fox** overcame their qualms.

They *do* draw the line somewhere, though, in their strong disapproval of political music: "Style Council, **UB40** — they should write pamphlets instead of songs," says Mr **Stock**. Thank God **S.A.W.** write songs with an "emotional strength":

*"Even Toy Boy.
Even in that,
there's a built-in pathos.
A sadness in the melody.
It isn't totally superficial."*



Stock Aitken And Waterman: Jes toy boize, rilly!

Sean's a bit of a fan, really: he concludes the interview by saying that **Respectable**, **Roadblock**, and **Never Gonna Give You Up** are dead fab, *"And if you didn't cherish at least one of those records, you're dead from the neck up."*

Er... Sean, could you come round to my place and finish this article for me? My head's got rigor mortis.

THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS

OUT NOW NEW LP(08-3525)

THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS

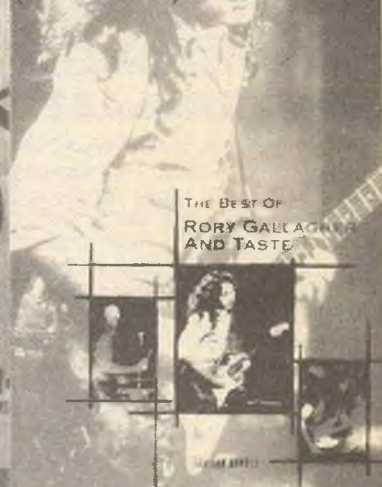


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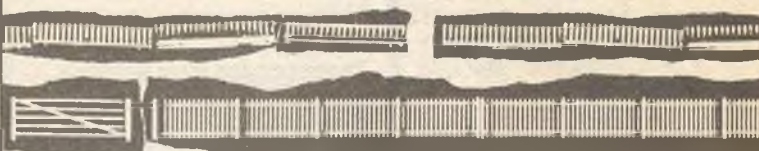
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MASTERBLAST

It's Sunday at 7pm, and Britain's bland number one fades away, but all is not lost, it's replaced by a Sonic Youth jingle and a Chesterfields' track, another *Turn It Up* is underway.

• *Turn It Up* is a youth access programme. That means if you're between 15 and 25 you can get up, get involved, hit the studio, and broadcast to a whole county.

• The team is constantly changing, but each week two people present, and about 10 people are involved, in putting the show together — and they're drawn from a pool of over 30. How an organised programme appears out of the chaos I don't know. There are people rushing around — doing gig guides, press reviews, answering the phones, or frantically finishing taped interviews. Anything from Gaye Bykers smelly socks and electric cheese graters to the Cookie Crew's brushes with traffic wardens and the new abortion bill.

• The most important element is the music, team member Michelle explains: "Because we follow the top 40, we don't have to play anything mainstream, but we don't slavishly follow the indie charts either. We will play anything new and exciting, whatever it is, wherever it comes from."

• The programme also features a lot of local music, including demos.

• Debbie, another presenter: "It's the only way local groups can get their tapes on the radio and it's important to give them that chance, we've played early demos by The Housemartins, Frazier Chorus, 14 Iced Bears..."

• The list goes on and on.

• *Turn It Up* does stand out from the rest of the output of its mother station, BBC Radio Sussex, which is aimed at the over 60s (honest, no exaggeration). So, how do they get away with playing Napalm Death five minutes before *Songs Of Praise*?

• Mike: "We have total control over our programme, and judging by the number of competition callers and letters we get it proves that it's a success."

• *Turn It Up* features a gang of young enthusiasts playing things people want to hear.

• Nick: "Sometimes the show almost falls apart, but it works in the end because we all love the music."

• And new-boy John's comment on being a broadcaster: "It's not what I expected." That just about says it all.

TURN IT UP — EVERY SUNDAY — 7-8.30pm — **BBC RADIO SUSSEX** — 95.3/104.5 FM

Chris Mellor

TURN IT UP TOP 5

- 1 **At Home With The Grooveyard**
Playroom Discs EP
- 2 **If-In Firehose** SST LP
- 3 **Raw Big Daddy Kane** Prism 12 inch
- 4 **Hwyl Tradodiad Ofnus**
Constritor LP
- 5 **Human Error Unseen Terror**
Earache LP

SUB culture

GET OUTTA MY SPACE!

Bi-Joopiter tame The McTells!

Well, actually, **Bi-Joopiter** don't really tame **The McTells**, but they do have another neat package called *Expecting Joe* with 13 tracks from everyone's fave group called **The McTells**. Who else could sing about feeding the cat and stuff like that? **Johnny Eager**



TAV FRENZY

New Rose have a special limited edition **Tav Falco** release (available through Pinnacle) which comprises of four seven inch singles in colour bags, all neatly cocooned in bigger Tavbag. Eight tracks feature the talents of **LX Chilton** on guitar occasionally, or even in the producer's chair. Limited to a mere 5000, this is one not to be missed by collectors, music fans and Tavophiles everywhere. **Dave Henderson**



WEIRD HOTEL STUFF!

Three comics from Babylon

Neat Stuff, *Heartbreak Hotel* and *Weirdo* are three alternative comic magazines currently battling for attention in the specialist shops, among an unhealthy plethora of traditional superhero publications. It would be nice to recommend them all, if only for their lack of superhero content, but only Peter Bagge's *Neat Stuff* is wholly successful at presenting any really interesting alternative to the mainstream.

Now in its tenth issue, *Neat Stuff* is a collection of the ongoing sagas of various wacky characters including *Girly-Girl* and *Chuckie-Boy*, the Bradleys and my own favourite character, the thoroughly wonderful *Studs Kirby* — whose rude, cynical, arrogant and totally impatient nature should appeal to any sensible person. Bagge draws all his characters with a brilliantly exaggerated cartoon style which is better than anything seen since *Harvey Kurtzman* in *Mad's* heyday.

Heartbreak Hotel is English, it calls itself 'the lifestyle comic magazine', it tries to be trendy, with interviews, features and music-related strips all taking their titles/inspiration from '50s rock'n'roll ballads. It would seem to be put together by people who earnestly worship *The Face* and *Love And Rockets* — the most overrated 'adult' comic on the market.

The strips themselves range from the puerile to the unreadable, and there are two totally pointless interviews, with *Jonathon Ross* and *Paul Gambaccini*, which tell us nothing of interest save for the mindblowing fact that, wait for it, they both like comics! At £1.75 it's expensive bog paper, but at least it can only get better.

The unfortunate thing about *Weirdo*, from America, is it's frustrating mix of genius and banality. Maybe it's just that *Robert Crumb*, who started the magazine, sets impossibly high standards with his own



strips which appear in every issue and are usually the highlight. But *Weirdo* does seem good at finding original new talent as well and most issues contain at least one interesting newcomer. In the latest issue, no 20, it is an artist by the name of *Zingarelli*, with a very '50s-inspired crime story which reads like a two-dimensional film noir, which alone is worth the price of the magazine.

All comics are available from *Mega-City*, 18 Inverness Street, Camden Town, NW1. **Frank Pigg**

16 UP!



Sheffield, the breeding ground for more than a few quality acts in recent times offer another 16 outfits to the world via BBC Radio Sheffield's **Sheffield Calling: Hits From The Hard Stuff** cassette. The styles and performances are inevitably varied, from tedious rock to aggressive electronic experiment courtesy of **The Icons Of Noise**, there's some keenly arranged pop from **Nick Fish And The Seahorses**, some thrash from **Death Trash** plus bona performances from **The Midnight Choir**, **The Gallery** and a brainbusting debut from **The Bland** on **Here Comes Jesus**.

The *Hard Stuff* is the local radio station's Sunday night show and for a mere two quid you can hear what they're going on about. For further info try **Nick Reynolds** at BBC Radio Sheffield, Ashdell Grove, 60 Westbourne Road, Sheffield S10 2QU. **TC Wall**

STOP MAKING

SENSE!

Underground writer in book shock!

Yes, **Tony Fletcher** has written a book on **Echo And The Bunnymen**. A mere 128 pages in colour and black and white, called **Never Stop**, it's published by **Omnibus** and should blow away some of the strange inadequate tales that have lapped up against the *Echo* boys. • A reputedly difficult outfit to interview (unless *Mac* is in the right mood), our *Fletcher* managed to fill a legendary 62 notepads and overwrite the book by 20,000 words. Still, some sensible editing has left all the good words in and any *Bunnyfan* seen without said publication should do themselves a favour immediately. **Triv Tel**

THE SOUND OF PEOPLE THINKING!

Tape Delay and the humble opinion!

Charles Neal has put together a collection of reasonably intimate writings featuring the best of the avant generation in the **SAF** Publication **Tape Delay**, but still the question remains, why didn't **Charles** challenge some of these mystical guru's a bit more. It's not easy to crack the whip and get the grit all the time, but in some of these cases it might have been interesting if some of the pointed prose hadn't been so awestruck. • Still, *Tape Delay* is a fine read and features chatter and suchlike with **New Order**, **Nick Cave**, **Lydia Lunch**, **Cabaret Voltaire**, **Dave Tibet**, **Mark E Smith** and a host of other ne'erdowells. **Nick Brody**.

BETTER READ AND WHAT HAVE YOU!

FORCED EXPOSURE



The winter issue of **Forced Exposure** (that's number 13) features some marvy gear including **Steve Albini's** last tour of **Big Black** diary, **Eugene Chadbourne's** guide to life, **SST/Black Flag** illustrator **Richard Pettibone's** secrets plus lots of other vital gear from the States.

Available from Shigaku or Vinyl Solution at 39 Hereford Rd, London W2. **Dave Henderson**



gush

... an enthusiastic tirade from Prince Muso

Ain't it bizarre how some people have such short memories? Well, yes! You'd think that **someone** would have drawn a line between the outspoken cut-up barrage of new hip-hop sounds and the kind of thing that **23 Skidoo**, **A Certain Ratio**, **Last Few Days** and even **Funkapolitan** (they played with a drum machine first, y'know) were doing before they got lapped up by the public. You'd think that some of these scratching Johnnies had invented **splintered vocal aberrations**. What about **William Burroughs**, mate? What about his **Nothing Here Now But The Recordings** album on Industrial, and **Cabaret Voltaire's** early outbursts, those gorgeous disjointed singles that they released before they dropped the vocoder. And **Throbbing Gristle? Clock DVA? New Order? Non?** It's like the hip hop scratch and boogie generation gets closer by the release to those echoey backwaters...not to mention the reggae excesses of **The Mad Professor?** or even **Mikey Dread** (sampled for **Eric B And Rakim**).

Of course, to your man in the street, **Sigue Sigue Sputnik** started it all off...and he's right you know! And, the **Mary Chain** were the first people to use feedback, you know, man! Well, apart from the fact that they sound exactly like the B-side of **PiL's** first self-titled single. Oh, you know the track, er, **The Cowboy Song**, that's it. Well, they did sound like that...when they were good!

I think **Hawkwind** have got a lot to answer for on this one, you see. I mean, if it hadn't been for Silver Machine, there wouldn't have been anyone using **vacuum cleaners** in their act. I'm sure some art bore like **Philip Glass** would have sequenced and multi-layered the sound of the humble vacuum cleaner, but, let's face it...it's Hawkwind who hold the **golden dustpan** when it comes to vacuum cleaners.

Nurse With Wound, **Current 93**, **Nocturnal Emissions**, all these "so called experimentalists" probably tried to get their hairdryers in on the act, but it was Hawkwind who were there first!

And what have we got today? Eh? Well, I'll tell you, sampling. Yes, sampling. **Jack Beanstalk** and his dog **Rodney** can get a cheapo unit and turn pro at the flick of a switch. All manner of kitchen appliances, strange ethnic noises, and what have you, will be cropping up everywhere. Look at **Miaow**, they used a tugboat hooter, **SPK** did a whole album of insects, and it wouldn't surprise me if a few new fangled blenders cropped up in a **Pepsi And Shirley** hit soon. But never mind.

What we need to do, fellow **Underground** faithful, is to instigate a sound and performance all of our own, an alternative, a different angle, a new variation on the old Hawkwind theme. And do it live.

So, what I propose is that next Saturday, right, every **Underground** reader gets his favourite kitchen appliance, plus his radio (and whatever else they have at hand) and we all switch them on at 4.40 in the afternoon. You know, just when the final results are coming through. It'll be great, it'll be brill...like rocking the walls of Jericho. The whole country — well bits here and there — will become a mass of uncontrollable noise. And once it's all going, just get your guitar out and we'll all sing **Blue Monday**. Fantastic! Er, fantastic, fantastic!

HUMOUR MOST FOUL!



Issue 11 of Grim Humour gave me a headache!

Yes, the world's number one **SPLATCORE** mag is back and looking yet more complicated as it goes on. the Pen of **Richo** writes and is aided by **Wolffie Retard** and various other Pastoral scribes. Featuring **Sonic Youth**, **Wire**, **The Stupids**, **Butthole Surfers** and more, it has nearly 2 million pages and is a snip at 50p. Why there's even a chart of the top ten bestest horror flicks of all time. Don't miss, send 50p and an A4 sae to Richo at 7 Wentworth Gardens, Bullockstone, Herne Bay, Kent CT6 7TT... and make him rich!

ART FOR ART'S SAKE!

Be An Artist And Win Friends!

John Yates/Jellybean have a wodgeful of graphic collages available through **Alternative Tentacles** (71 Collier St, London N1). That's the people who did the newspaper for **The Dead Kennedy's** last LP, plus **Jello's**

spoken word set, and now you can get **THE PUNCHLINE** — a witty assault on everything and everybody for just a quid and a large envelope. Touching, harsh and politically aware, it's the kind of outspoken graphics that says more than a thousand words. Buy or die! **Dave Henderson**

The Punchline NEWSPAPER OF THE HOUR AWARD

Booze, Drugs and Nuclear Weapons
The Sounds of Silence
A Mistake Remembered

REAGAN
'Haunted by drugs'
RAMPANT
SEEING IS BELIEVING
MURDER. IS IT MY TURN TO DIE?
'Deaths will be in the millions'

Today
Helicopter gunships over Jaffna

Tomorrow
THE WORLD



Reagan Declares War
World's top scientists rush to disaster scene

A SPANNER THROUGH MY BEATBOX

A Spanner Through My Beatbox

Earthly Delights EARTH 003 **RR C** ●●²/₃ A Spanner are the antithesis of techno advancement, a challenge to luddites and a noise worth savouring. Through this endless morass, A Spanner cut-up and indoctrinate 100 wayward drum-machines, producing a hap-hazard rhythmic collage which is just as danceable as it's haunting. Now if there really was an alternative to pop-faced structured pop dance, then this is it! **Dave Henderson**

THE AUBURN AIRES

Roomful of Monkeys

New Rose ROSE 136 **P** ●¹/₂ Debut LP from this six-piece Ohio outfit whose pedigree is evident from the opening bars of track one. A titillating 'n' roll verve - steeped in hereditary chunky post-Stooges guitar with more moderne vocal embellishments - explodes as the group's personalised saxophone-angle makes Roomful Of Monkeys sound at least different from the current mess of leatherette rock posing. You feel that The Auburn Aires have a lot more to offer, but so far Monkeys only flippantly suggests that there's more to look out for. **TC Wall**

BABY SNAKES

Impudent Reptiles

Unicorn Records PHZA-15 **NM C** ●³/₄ Baby Snakes are a game of two halves (Brian)! First and foremost, their instrumental ideas and delivery is excellent, but they have a knack of clouding a skillful presentation with some haphazard, sub-standard lyrical interludes. That they're Swedish could have something to do with it, but surely someone could have afforded a little quality control and stopped, what could have been a fine "mod" styled LP, sinking into a bottomless gorge. **Nick Brody**

BLACK FLAG

Wasted... Again

SST SST 166 **P** ●●● The Flag still flutters over SST HQ, with this bedraggled and distorted collection of 12 BF faves. Dragging its heels through such classic neo-punk explosions as Six Pack and TV Party, leading to the metallic overdrive of Loose Nut and Annihilate This Week, it only stops off to headbut Louie Louie and to scream Slip It In.

Black Flag's tally of releases since SST's inception in '78 has been wild, crazed and at times confusing. There are no boundaries with Black Flag and Wasted... Again tells enough of the story to suck in the most brain dead from blandland. Let's play it...again. **Johnny Eager**

BLACKHOUSE

Holy War

RRRRecords RRR 017 (151 Paige Street, Lowell, MA 01852, USA) ●●¹/₂ If you ever wondered what a Christian industrial band sounded like, then here's your chance to tune in and have your soul cleansed by the sound of scraped back lead piping. Holy War is an infected post TG/early Cabaret Voltaire-styled hum that shouts and screams for attention - praising the Lord as it slowly grinds itself into plastic shavings by the end of each side. A ringing noise of violent change, thrown against a challenge to accepted boundaries. Now this will make Rev. Cliff think again! **Dave Henderson**

THE BURNING SKIES OF ELYSIUM

The Last Revolving Door

Crisis EL3 **P** Pompous, overheated pap. Long-winded, near-sighted and unpronounceable. **Johnny Eager**

CANNED HEAT

Boogie Assault/Greatest Hits Live

Bedrock BEDLP 5 **P** ●● Canned Heat's leading lights, Wilson and Hite, had both died some time prior to this reconstituted line up taking to the road in Australia, but you can't deny the quality and natural 'boogie' power of these recordings. Sure, fans will be satisfied, youngsters may see it as a more bristley Status Quo, and purists might point to the lack of clarity in the versions of Going Up The Country and On The Road Again, but on face value this is something of an accomplished set. **Dave Henderson**

CHAMBRE JAUNE

Blessings Of A Hatchman

Jigsaw jigprod 3 (Jigsaw, Vedistraat 18, 7557 SE Hengelo, Holland)

●● Jagged and alarming beat music from Holland. Vocals are spat out with venom, guitars break free at every angle, the rhythm is claustrophobic and at times thunderous. Chambre Jaune are like a gothic nightmare brought to life with the stench of death still in their hair. I bet their teeth are black too. **Dave Henderson**

CHRISTIAN DEATH

The Scriptures

Normal FREUD 16 **NM C** ●³/₄ This is, inevitably, heavy going. An intense mixture of rock catastrophe in the funky-rock-sleaze-style, thrown against a barrage of effects and almost undetectable tape interjections. The beef is that the collected concoction gets yet more claustrophobic due to the ever-changing sound levels and tonal adjustments. Like a flu-induced hallu-

- **MEGA** A godhead uprising
- **HOTSY** Tasteful and tenacious
- **TACKY PLUS** Lacking in finish
- DRAB** No bullets, means no hope

cination, you know, just like falling from a tall building with your hands tied behind your back. **Dave Henderson**

THE CLAIM

Boomy Tella

Esurient **PAGE 3** **RR C** ●¹/₂ The Claim's third release sees them further enhance their songwriting skills, but they still sound so undernourished. What this pop combo need is a good meal, something with iron in it, then their odes to girls gone by would have a little more of the muscle that they're crying out for. Underplayed, but loveable all the same. **Johnny Eager**

CONCRETE SOX

Whoops, Sorry Vicar!

Manic Ears ACHE 11 **RR C** ●¹/₂ Anarcho veggie thrashers of the world unite! Yes, its another earful of speeding chords, raspy vocals and raging words about what a load of shit today's society is. The world's headed towards oblivion and the band is pissed off that people are content to be numbeheads when they could be making existence that little bit nicer - and me, I couldn't agree more, it's just that this noise attack is nothing new and the numbeheads aren't going to hear it? Oh well I suppose that a few bods might 'pervert' their ears along to the sound of Concrete Sox's latest and that's a tiny pace in the right direction - wish it were a more interesting listen though. Probably **DRAB** in the Grimethorpe Conservative club... **Daz Igymeth**

THE DENTISTS

Beer Bottle And Bannister Symphonies

Antler ANTLER 07 **RR C** ●●¹/₂ Ah, The Dentists! So young, so groovy, so, where have they been? This Belgian best-of-so-far certainly prickles the taste buds and claws at the braincells. Pure pop, pert plectrums and a jangling Gillingham groovathon that sparkles in the eye, all the way from the classic Strawberry's Are Growing in My Garden from '84 to last year's Writing On The Shagpile. Bone, chunky, whizzo gear! **Dave Henderson**

THE DESCENDENTS

Liveage!

SST SST163 **P** ●●● A frantic live collection from The Descendents, featuring the cream of their material, which builds into a climactic frenzy on their classic Clean Sheets from last year's gripping All album. Liveage features 18 short, sharp shocks to the system that leave your stomach feeling like it's had a live wire thrusting at it for 40 minutes or so. Played with breath-catching intensity, Liveage! is gripping stuff. **Dave Henderson**

DRAMARAMA

Box Office Bomb

New Rose ROSE 138 **P** ●⁵/₈ More American rock filtering through French megalomaniacs New Rose to satisfy the continental urge for flailing guitars, strutting bass players and lesser-tainted rock 'n' roll. Dramarama also have a keenly honed melodic edge slashing through their heads-a-reeling barrage. A quirky and quaint noise that should win Dramarama a few pro-Bomb explosions from erstwhile rockists. Nice one. **Dave Henderson**



DUB SEX

Push!

Ugly Man Records MAN LP 1 **RR C** ●●● Lotsa tongues are wagging about this lot, and not surprisingly so, since their debut LP on the consistent Ugly Man label is a powerful mulch of guitar over raw vocal, which always retains a discernable melody while insistently building a relentless, maniacal fervour.

Tracks are long, long, long, but cleverly segmented up, like the opening Push! which sounds like Leather Nun colliding head on with Joy Division. Elsewhere, Kristallnacht (wot?) continues the aggression, while the gruesomely named Kicking The Corpse Around truly twists the knife... and it's their best shot on here.

The sound of '88? Dunno, but it's a mean one to follow. **Carole Linfield**

10 UNDERGROUND

EXTRA

EVOLUTIONS

Distribution initials are as follows:



- B** Backs | **C** Cartel | **Ch** Charly | **FF** Fast Forward | **Je** 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.)

DU VIN DU PAIN ET DU B

Earthpeople

Subway/Antler 003 **RR C** ● A pretty disappointing mini-LP constructed of drum-machine, a heavy metal guitar and someone intent on shouting throughout the proceedings. There are no songs and little in the way of cohesion on this album, although there are a few explicit doodles on the cover. **Ripley**

ELECTRIC PEGGY SUE AND THE REVOLUTIONS FROM MARS

You Tell Me That It's Evolution

Gaga Goodies (Box 361, 00121 Helsinki, Finland) ●● The operative word here is **RAUCOUS!** This Finnish combo, with the rather longer than life name, offer us a healthy dose of Inca-Birthday-guitar-fuzz with some common (or garden) squeaking and hollering in the background. Electric Peggy Sue could be bracketed in the sub-psyche cupboard, with tentacles flexing and tonsils twitching. An acquired taste. **Nick Brody**

ELVIS HITLER

Disgraceland

Wang Head WH004 **Sh** ●●● These guys have a few screws loose, right? They're mad, OK? No? They *mean* it? OK, I can get next to that one.

Elvis Hitler play loud, sometimes fast, vitriolic rock music, they always leave room for the vocals to reel through, their guitarist breaks out of his cell from time to time to deliver madcapiaff solos... they are *different*.

Elvis Hitler rip the pages from the *Rolling Stone* book of quotes. Dodge out on Hendrix, kick over the statues and turn the wah-wah up full. Disgraceland is guitar music with no regard for moral values. Love it to death! **Dave Henderson**

THE ESCALATORZ

From The Garage Straight To Your Heart

Smanx Records EFA 04241 (Crellestrasse 25, D-1000 Berlin 62, West Germany) ● The Escalatorz mean well as they attempt to slip into the rocky

backwaters of uptempo new wave rock, but their influences are all too apparent as they struggle to speak "the good English". They're begging to be American and they end up scraping a few raw nerves at times. **Nick Brody**

THE FALL

Palace of Swords Reversed

Cog Sinister COG 1 **RT C** ●●● Mark E resurrects the Rough Trade Fall tapes (circa '80 to '83) to make up this exceptional compilation of The Fall at their most boisterous. No holds barred, heads-down ranting Smith played off against a rough and ready combo racing to reach awegasm. Palace Of Swords Reversed is just the first chapter in Cog Sinister's tempered travels through The Fall's old bank statements and, on this evidence the next episode can't come too soon. **Dave Henderson**

FIREHOSE

If'n

SST SST 115 **P** ●●● There's something dangerously worrying about just how good this record is. I mean, everyone said that Firehose's debut LP was *brill*, and this is *better*, so what happens next? Firehose seem more mellow here, no weakening of stance, just they're a lot more accessible, a lot easier to shake hands with. If'n pokes fun at REM, gets beaty and brooding with spoken lines broadening the knuckles for the full punch. Still hardly commercial in *pop* terms, but all consuming and embracing. **Dave Henderson**

FRENCH FRITH KAISER THOMPSON

Live, Love, Larf & Loaf

Demon FIEND 102 **P** When you get ex-Fairport Richard Thompson, original Beefheart drummer John French, ex-Henry Cow Fred Frith and new SST discovery Henry Kaiser (a seasoned guitarist) together, it's got to be intense! But does it have to be so mind-numbingly well played, well balanced and underwritten? It seems the four of them have no song ideas, just an ability to perform, and an urgency to complete. This album is incredibly self-indulgent and immensely disappointing. **Dave Henderson**

continues over

FT UNDERGROUND

TWO NEW RELEASES FROM MINNEAPOLIS

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listomania

KSPC, POMONA, CALIFORNIA BIGGEST FIVE

- 1 **SKULLF***** Walking Seeds *Probe Plus*
 - 2 **ESCAPE FROM NOISE** Negativland *SST*
 - 3 **THREE DAY STUBBLE** Three Day Stubble *Fartblossom*
 - 4 **THE HARDER THE EDGE...** Various *Jayram*
 - 5 **TREK** Savage Republic *Nate Starkman*
- Compiled by KSPC from airplay survey

COMICS OF OUR TIME ZONE FIVE

- 1 **EXCALIBUR** *Marvel Comics*
 - 2 **THE X MEN** *Marvel Comics*
 - 3 **NEW MUTANTS** *Marvel Comics*
 - 4 **X-FACTOR** *Marvel Comics*
 - 5 **MIRACLE MAN** *Eclipse Comics*
- Compiled by Martin at Mega-City, Camden Town.

BIZARRE/ELECTRONIC/EXPERIMENTAL FIVE

- 1 **SHOCK ABSORBER** Playgroup *Cherry Red*
 - 2 **FEVERHOUSE** Biting Tongues *Factory*
 - 3 **PULCINELLA** John Lewis *Atlantic*
 - 4 **RESPIGHI'S BIRDS** New Koto Ensemble *EMI/Angel*
 - 5 **MISHIMA** Philip Glass *Nonesuch*
- Compiled Noiseland Radio, New Jersey

JACK MACMAD'S FIVE FAVE RHYTHMS

- 1 **BIG FAT 45** JAMMS/Eric Morecombe *KLF*
 - 2 **A SPANNER THROUGH MY BEATBOX** A Spanner Through My Beatbox *Earthly Delights*
 - 3 **DRUM SOLO** Musicians From The Nile *Bop*
 - 4 **CRASH** Coco, Steel & Lovebomb *Instant Video*
 - 5 **ALL NIGHT PARTY** A Certain Ratio *Factory*
- Compiled by Jack MacRhythm

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 . . .

- AK RECORDS, Savoy Centre, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow
- BEAT ROUTE, 5A High Street, Congleton, Cheshire
- EAR 'ERE RECORDS, 14 Market Entrance, Lancaster
- THE EUROPEAN SON, Unit F1, Kensington Market, 49-53 Kensington High Street, London W8
- HENDERSON'S THE VINYL WORLD, Fore Street Centre, Fore Street, Exeter
- 1 UP, 4 Diamond Street, Aberdeen
- JUMBO RECORDS, 402 Memon Centre, Leeds
- THE LEFT LEGGED PINEAPPLE, 24 Churchgate, Loughborough
- LIZARD RECORDS, 12 Lowergoat Lane, Norwich
- MOVEMENT, Unit 7, Banbury Trading Post, Banbury, Oxon
- THE OOZE, 2190 W. Burnside Street, Portland, Oregon 97210, USA
- PICCADILLY RECORDS, 9 Parker Street, Piccadilly Plaza, Piccadilly, Manchester
- RAINBOW RECORDS, 80 Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, Shropshire
- ROCK-A-BOOM RECORDS, 17 Malcolm Arcade, Leicester LE1 5FT
- ROCK SHOP, Strandem 1, Oslo, Norway
- ROUGH TRADE, 130 Talbot Road, London W11
- SELECTA DISC, 21 Market Street, Nottingham
- SIGNALS RECORDS AND TAPES, Shop Unit One, Cornhill Exch. Bldg., Cornhill, Lincoln
- SOUND WAVES, 18 Church Street, Monmouth, Gwent
- UGLY CHILD RECORDS, 162 Hoe Street, Walthamstow, London E17
- VIRGIN MEGASTORE, 14 Oxford Street, London W1
- VIRGIN RECORDS, 327 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).

FRENZY

Sally's Pink Bedroom

ID NOSE 19 **Re C** ● 1/2 Frenzy come clean on the inner bag, revealing that this LP (half covers, half originals) displays their origins and explains how they got to sound like they do. It also signals a new phase for the group as they shroud their rocking past in a cloak of sampled-horn and squishy keyboard layers. They're desperate to be a pop band but their songs just aren't good enough. As for the covers, they're delivered with such a straight face that they inevitably pale against the originals. Frenzy may be a great live act, a bona bunch of lads, but they're not got the charisma to carry Sally's Pink Bedroom to the daytime radio they so obviously crave. **Dave Henderson**

BRENT HOSLER

The Secret That Lies

New Rose ROSE 131 **P** ●● I reckon it's going to be either really trendy or incredibly dumb to like this LP. The first solo effort from ex-Plan 9 person, Brent, is a wedge of American schlock-horror-film sideswipes, with *Blood Feast II* and *She Devils On Wheels* both getting a look in through the southern-fried harmonica-wailing haze. Brent is deep, and probably has a gaggle of hipster-wearing young ladies gyrating at his every whim. Yes, it sounds *that* dated. The Secret does have numerous redeeming factors, it is very listenable and inevitably psychedelic, but Brent is a man out of time caught with his trousers down. **Johnny Eager**

ONIE J HOLY

God, Guns & Guts

Au Go Go ANDA 51 **Sh** ●● 1/4 In Australia things don't necessarily take shape as you'd at first imagine. Onie J Holy sounds like a preacher on a drunken bender — and once he lays into such country-tinged mind-numbers as *The Rubber Room*, *Wicked Path Of Sin* and *Repo Woman* — you can tell that not all is as it should be. Conversely, this six tracker is actually quite listenable once your chin has scraped on the floor following the shock of the numerous stylistic changes. *I Strum While I Share A Laugh And A Beer With God* might have been a more suitable title. **Dave Henderson**

IMPULSE MANSLAUGHTER

He Who Laughs Last... Laughs Alone

Underdog LP02 **Sh** ●● This carries a sticker claiming that it's about to be banned. It careers into the room at breakneck speed and further perusal of the sleeve reveals that it's set out to prove that speed metal doesn't have to be mindless. Sure, you can hear that, but I'd defy anyone to work out what the hell Karl Patton is getting down to saying as Impulse Manslaughter hammerhead through their set. Fast and furious there's a spirit caught in time here, a feeling that something is 'right' as these noise kids keep their foot down on a steady 70 all the way home. **Dave Henderson**

IT FIGURES

12

Prospective Records PRLP527 **Sh** ●● New Hampshire's It Figures have broken their baby teeth on *The Jam* and the subsequent mod revival, and now appear to be transcending those slim barriers by writing some finely-crafted tunes of their own. Riding roughshod across the great America's in search of a bar to play at has firmed and formed their sound into a more refined, while still amiably commercial, noise that should be savoured. **Dave Henderson**



JAZZ BUTCHER

Fishcoteque

Creation **RT C** ●●● Named after a real life fish'n'chip shop, this, an LP which well-demonstrates the Jazz Butcher's keen observatory songwriting. Most of side one has the Butcher carving up Lloyd Cole, and clean pop and wry lyrics, yet occasionally headily veering towards new folkisms with the entertaining *Live In A Village*, bemoaning the fate of abiding in a remote country hamlet.

Side two sees the lightheartedness getting dangerously funny, with Chickentown taking the piss out of rap'n'sampling'n'stuff with a brilliantly ridiculous ode to the culinary delights of the chicken. But, just as you think perhaps this LP is going to get a little too mirth-riddled, there's a fresh injection of pop sensibility and craftsmanship, like the love-stricken tones of *Susie*, that saves the day.

In short, then, nicely balanced and well constructed; fun, firm, and finely tuned. If 1987 was a quiet year, I doubt '88 will follow in the same vein. Fishcoteque is a good place to be. **Carole Linfield**

THE JEAN PAUL SARTRE EXPERIENCE

The Jean Paul Sartre Experience

Flying Nun UK FN057 **C** ●● 1/2 Yes, the JPS Exp finally get this five-track mini-thing out, and the wait, it's been just about a year, has actually been well worth it. Straying between the post-punk pop sounds of a new-rock Wire and the near commercialism of fine ear-fodder of timeless description, this set should allow these down-under types a much wider audience (if they can get past the name). **Dave Henderson**

BRUCE JOYNER

Hot Georgia Nights

New Rose ROSE **P** ● 1/2 Quite an enjoyable package from New Rose, featuring Bruce Joyner in two guises. The album offers the guitar of REM's Peter Buck and shows off Joyner as a compleat rock luminary in the mould of Springsteen or Cougar. It's a strangely superficial gloss though, as the enclosed four track EP, featuring Joyner's '78-'79 recordings, delivers a shakey minimalist with a creative songwriting edge, and an odd line in arrangements. After that, the album sees little more than a polished wax copy — not as emotional and not as dynamic. **Dave Henderson**

MAGIC MUSHROOM BAND

Bomshamkar!

Aftermath AFT 3 **P** ●● 1/2 My goodness, what a rollickingly good album this is! The Magic Mushroom's might sound like a bunch of old hippies, they may even look like a bunch of old hippies, but they sure can groove-out in a truly stack-heeled-fluid-guitar sound — akin to many a mid-'70s Island signing. This marvellous excursion into post-Hawkwind posi-thought rips through the air and makes the Byker bravado sound devoid or drive (in futuristic neo-Silver Machine terms). Wow! **Johnny Eager**

MEKONS

New York

ROIR A154 **RR** **C** ●● 1/2 Excellent live tape from The Mekons taken from recordings made over America, and punctuated with some bizarre interludes — including Jon Langford's descriptions of the deteriorating state of his body, strange introductions and some great songs, too. The Mekons are essentially great fun, they can twang a good tune and even muster a cover of The Band's The Shape I'm In. A package not to be missed, that's guaranteed to raise a smile as your Walkman lashes your ears with every Mekondote known to man. Brill. **Nick Brody**

STEVE NIEVE

Playboy

Demon Records FIEND 109 **P** ●● 1/2 Steve Nieve dons formal evening wear and assumes the Ferry attitude — the very portrait of debonaire repose! Or rather, old hat visuals for New Age music? As the playboy persona, Mr Nieve pretty much wears his heart on his album sleeve: Bowie's Life On Mars and 10 CC's I'm Not In Love are dug up and dusted down once again, this time restored and renovated to classic grandeur, memorable, moving and quite magnificent. Not so the rendered melodrama of poor George Michael's Careless Whisper, which suffers a sadder fate in the strangle-hands of sophistry! For real passion, languish in the soporific Shadows Of Paris or the richness of El Rey De Sol — they *communicate*. An essential piece of equipment for any seducer and the perfect cock-tail back-drop for aspiring lounge lizards everywhere! **Alex Kadis**

NO MAN'S LAND

Savage Brides

Au Go Go ANDA 53 **Sh** ●● No Man's Land's debut mini-album is a strange hybrid of styles which wanders into a New York Dolls alley, pulls out into heavy rock traffic and then opts for a more refined US-guitar tirade. A five tracker, Savage Brides has more than enough of the integral pumping plasma dodging through its veins to make it count, with an option to totally lose your marbles in the excitement of it all, too. **Dave Henderson**

NUMB

Numb

Lively Art ARTY 3 **P** ●● 1/2 A New Rose subsidiary label, Lively Art has picked up on this electronic barrage from Canada: Numb's first cassette only release has been developed into a nearer-to-the-knuckle cacophony that grooves, then falters, as it relies on explicit tape backings of torture/murder or what have you, to get maximum effect. Quite enticing, but a little old hat for the TG/SPK generation. Still you've got to get your pent-up emotions out somehow, haven't you? **Brad Manson**

PHILIP PERKINS

Hall Of Flowers

Fun Music FUN 1005 (171 South Park, San Francisco, CA 94107, USA) ●● Philip Perkins' brand of layered, experimental music really defies description. On side one, Hall Of Flowers runs for over 20 minutes and features various affected/effected background sounds to everyday life built into a sidewalk symphony. The flipside reveals a more regular musical approach. It's intoxicating stuff, but where it's headed is difficult to say. Whatever, Philip can't be accused of being a copyist or a chancer in any dangerous cul-de-sacs. **Dave Henderson**

THE PLASTIC PEOPLE

Midnight Mouse

Freedonia 1436 **Rec** ● 1/3 Eastern bloc rock on a Dutch label. Jazzy and chugging, Midnight Mouse is earthy and hand-rolled, but ultimately it fails to give any real relief or insight. A nice record, but really that just isn't enough. **Nick Brody**



RAZORCUTS

Storyteller

Creation **C** ●●● For the past year the music press has prattled on about C86 whenever mentioning an independent band — as if it was some sort of monument of greatness to aspire towards. Such laziness cannot be wasted on The Razorcuts, whose Storyteller LP is a fine indication that not everything going under the moniker of 'indiepop' is worthless.

Here is an LP of ten giant sized baby things — high-sex, high-art, high-pop, hi-honey. From the pure, commercial hooks of Storyteller and A Contract With God, to the killer romantics of Brighter Now, The Razorcuts have made an LP to love and keep. **Johnny Dee**

RED LONDON

Pride And Passion

Gougnaf Movement GM015 **P** ● 3/8 A memory, uncalled, comes to mind. It's the memory of riffs gone by and I can't quite place them. OK, they're called Red London, that's Red London AND they openly admit to their influences; The Sex Pistols, Clash, Jam, Ruts, Angelic Upstarts, Chelsea and Stiff Little Fingers. Ultimately you *know* what to expect and it's all here in one form or another. This, and impassioned lyrics affected by the demise of Northern industries and Thatcher's Britain in general, makes Pride And Passion a pretty tough package. Red London call it honesty and real life. Whatever, it bites hard and that's a fact. **Alex Kadis**

THE RHYTHMAIRES

Losin' Out

Nervous NERD 030 **P** ●● The Rhythmaires could easily be misconstrued as a bunch of Mancunian plagiarists, were a lesser mortal to happen across this LP. Fact is, that couldn't be further from the truth as the sharp collar and tie on the cover so neatly suggests. Far from the general inadequacies of a "rockabilly copyist" combo, which they're likely to be lumped in with, The Rhythmaires have a much better constructed sound, and a well researched ambience that should see them through to attention from a much wider selection of pundits. Losin' Out heralds a near-commercial slant that's tripped with harmonica — swaggering with a swing-influenced veneer. The Rhythmaires easily transcend the repetitive backbeat option and instead present a clean-behind-the-ears noise that owes as much to early blues and R&B as it does to Jerry Lee and descendents. Recommended. **Nick Brody**

JONATHAN RICHMAN AND THE MODERN LOVERS

Modern Lovers '88

Demon FIEND 106 **P** ● 3/4 A mild'n'mellow blend of rock'n'roll, melodious pop and gentle pop tales. The Modern Lovers in '88 aren't too discernable from the ones of a decade ago, so there are no big disappointments in store for fans — nor, for that matter, any great surprises. These are play-safe tunes about root beer stores and Harpo Marx, blemish-free get quirky, happy-sad and still in love with love, if not also the modern world. The peace of The Theme From Moulin Rouge is the only indicator of the time passing.

Unadventurous may be too harsh a criticism, since surely a reputation for a type of song is no bad thing, but a few aces would have been nice. **Carole Linfield**

SEVERED HEADS

Bad Mood Guy

Netwerk NET 001 **RR** **C** ●● 1/3 Without doubt, this is Severed Heads' most commercially-viable release to date. Only available through the Canadian Netwerk label, the Aussie Heads have shaved their sound, inserted a more audible vocal line and varnished the showpiece to expose maximum accessibility. Severed Heads were already along the way to creating a massive worldwide cult following and this platter should certainly increase their popularity. Don't miss this one at any cost. **Nick Brody**

continues over

SINGLE GUN THEORY

Exorcise This Wasteland

Netwerk Records NTL 30010 **RR** **C** ●● Disjointed but commendable set from this Australian trio, mixing high impact disco and a little new age rock 'n' roll with a few ambient touches, while constantly maintaining that heavy, heavy beat. It's all hypnotic stuff, recalling at turns both Art Of Noise and Modern English, while the dreamy little-girl-lost vocals take the band into a different territory altogether. A hi-NRG Delta 5 anyone? **Alex Bastedo**

SNEAKY FEELINGS

Sentimental Education

Flying Nun FNE 14 **RT** **C** ●½ The Sneakies hail from Dunedin, New Zealand, home of The Chills, amount others, yet they unfashionably (for the area) eschew the post punk values for a folksy, plain, wholemeal jangly pop. They're busy tearing out Kinks influences by the roots, and, had they had a discernable amount of *tongue* in their cheeks, would have succeeded in making a valid slice of indulgence.

As it is, though, only Trouble With Kay gets close to having enough sparkly to dust off the mustiness of their chosen direction. Nice bit of guitar in Backroom, too, but, as in all the best football matches, it's too little too late. Build on those pluses, though, and they may be worth seeing live when they come over later in the year. **Carole Linfield**

SOUL ASYLUM

While You Were Out

What Goes On ON 16 **Sh** ●●● The third album from this US combo whose pulsing guitar sound and moody, melodramatic melodies, recall Husker Du at their most popist. I'm sure they're totally miffed at constantly being bundled in with the Du, but they can rest assured that their stylish delivery is already well on the way to becoming something quite unique. Set for UK release through Shigaku, While You Were Out should attract new legions of enthusiasts as soon as the needle hits the opening of Freaks.

Painting a world of fluorescent melodrama, Soul Asylum seem intent on locking themselves away, with only the basic instrumentation to keep them company... and don't you just wish you were in there with them? Why, sure you do! **Dave Henderson**



Sponge

Born Under A Bad Sponge

Underdog NO 1 **Sh** ●●● Arg! As they say somewhere or other. These guys are real cool and they can rock out (and probably kick ass). What's more, they've got a sense of humour, they write brilliant songs, and they made my cat laugh. Sponge are three guys from another planet who sound like they should like down your street. They play with a style and sound like they've heard all your fave records through the wall. This album is the greatest record so far this year and it's only January the eighth. Whew! **Dave Henderson**

TOT TAYLOR

Menswear

London Popular Arts TOTAL 6 **C** ● Tot continues to attempt a post-Sinatra croon but fails due to lack of throat projection. I can't quite see who this album will appeal to, with its clinking-cup orchestration and arrangements smacking hard and painful against the less-than-embracing vocal embellishments. Somewhere between Nat King Astley and the dole queue. **Dave Henderson**

NICK TOCZEK

Intoczekated

Bluurg FISH 19 **C** ● Nick Toczek's historic poetry, culled from time and memory between '79 and the present day, is an acquired taste. Nick's heart and lyrics may point in the right direction but the delivery, through a series of musical styles, certainly lacks in both continuity and delivery. The words fall foul of muso-styled reggae work-outs, uptempo punkiness and honky funk bass-play. Somehow, for all Nick's energy and enthusiasm, his words don't carry against a backing that's basically cumbersome. **Johnny Eager**

TRISOMIE 21

Million Lights

Play It Again Sam BIAS 76 **RR** **C** ●½ At the beginning we walk The Hazy Ridge and the synthetic symphonies swirl - an atmosphere conducive to expansion of boundaries in mind and location - the walls recede as the song fades and Sunken Lives begins. Strange things phase in and out, and just as

the music approaches a heady peak, a Mogadon vocal dirge appears in the dream, shattering the tranquillity and grating on nerves... Oh crap!

This could have been so good too; recall the best bits of Tangerine Dream, Jean Michel Jarre and Tomita, bring them up to date and you have Million Lights. As for the singing... ugh! **Daz Igyemeth**

TUXEDOMOON

Pinheads On The Move

Crambo CBOY5050 **NM** **C** ●●● A beautifully packaged double album extravaganza that retells many of the forgotten moments from this temporarily reunited group's chequered career.

This won't win a generation of new followers, but the now quaintly low-tech presentation of much of the material on display will delight collectors of their earlier material.

Dating largely between '78 and '82 this set contains enough gems of genuine rarity for even the most ardent fan to consider this a worthwhile purchase. Full marks too for not copping out and including material that is frankly much better but still otherwise easily available. Nice one. **Alex Bastedo**

UT

In Gut's House

Blast First BFFP 17 **C** ●●½ The memory is a funny thing and it's more than likely that Ut will suffer because of that. Their earlier releases ran slipshod through a time when clinical perfection, funk and the search for pop was running wild, and few people realised that what seemed like blatant self-indulgence was merely a learning process that wouldn't fulfill itself until some years later.

Through the time gap, In Gut's House is something of a culmination of those early wayward slants - more akin to Raincoats' hazy fiddle and Slits feminist stance than anything contemporary. Ut may still seem a little deep to some people, but those who hold their nose and refuse to dive into the deep waters don't deserve the essential strength and originality of In Gut's House. Be warned, strip to the waist and hold your breath. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

An Der Schonen Blauen Donau

Home Produkt GTO11 (P Stas, rue de Joie no 112, B-4000 Liege, Belgium) ●½ Hearing is believing, and the packaging on the multi-layered 30 track compilation will take some digesting too. It's art, but can you listen to it? Do you need the sound of water flowing, bedraggled anthems and the like? I think some of us do, and Bene Gesserit, Rainer Linz, FAR, Fuoko, Monty Cantsin, Lieutenant Caramel, Dead Goldfish Ensemble, Morgan Fisher, Bourbonese Qualk and more and more and their pals, certainly seem intent on giving us all and everything for the cause. This is an experience that you won't forget in a hurry. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

It Came From The Garage II

Wanghead WH005 **Sh** ●●● An 18 track verbal assault from the great America's that makes you want to emigrate right away. Do you know how boring this makes the UK garages, back sheds and bedrooms sound? Well, give it a listen and you'll get the drift. The tracks here are mad and dangerous, the group names are stupid, there's no attention paid to technical quality, it all just hangs together on spirit and dynamic performance. On the strength of contributions from Termites Of 1939, 52 Devil Babies Born With Tails, Elvis Hitler, Nine Pound Hammer and more, there's something brewing as an alternative to Reagan conservatism... and ain't it just about time! **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Medway Powerhouse Volume 2

Hangman HANG 8 UP **RR** **C** ●● A selection of 16 unreleased tracks from a variety of diehards, like The Milkshakes, The Prisoners, The Delmonas, plus a few more from the leafy suburbs of Kent. Eleven bands in total, all mighty incestuous at best, all pervading that thrash rock that occasionally hits sincerity and authenticity and sometimes takes the piss, though telling one from t'other gets increasingly difficult.

If you have the stomach for a whole LP of this, it'll be a gourmet's delight to you. Others may have to take it a bite at a time and chew well. Just as a quick dip in, The Prisoners hit it spot on with Joe 90; The Discords grate with 2nd To No One (Part 2); The Delmonas sparkle with I've Got Everything Indeed and Uncle Willy; The James Taylor Quartet are as cool as ever with The Cat; Timmy Tremelo trips out with Johnny Guitar, and The Mind Readers have been listening to early (Zappa influenced) Alice Cooper (circa Pretties For You) and produce the star track, Hurt Me.

Ups 'n' downs, but mostly ups. Helter skelter! **Carole Linfield**

VARIOUS

No Age

SST SST 102 **P** ●½ It's hardly enticing, the prospect of wading through SST's instrumental fodder, but, hey this ain't such a bad task after all. No Age is a double highlighting the best of SST's instrumental out-takes, and although at times it can get a little self-indulgent, for the main part the assembled noise-mongers work their toys in the best possible style. The range of music - from Black Flag to Elliott Sharp, Lawndale to Lee Ranaldo - seems to work well too, as it's that difference in character that makes it such a continuous and conducive selection. Luxury zone. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Part Of A Whole

Antler 071 **RR/C** ●●¾ A compilation featuring the current crop of hopeful dancefloor people who've graced the offices of Belgian label Antler. Of course, this varies in style and performance with Alien Sex Fiend's Get Into It standing out as a fine cut, with a glut of Eurobeat alternatives hot on its heels. You pay your money and spit out what you don't like here, and with A Split Second, Poesie Noire and Men 2nd on display, there should be something to please the most discerning of punter. If you like it pumping and persuasive then this set's for you. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Swamp Surfing In Memphis

Au Go Go/Frenzi FZ 6000 **Sh** ●● An Australian licensing, featuring a wide range of talented swamprats as diverse as you could imagine. The cajun blues of She Wolf, rubs shoulders with Tav Falco's Panther Burns, The Hellcats get lo-fi and screeching, while Odd Jobs sit at the back of the class and the excellent Paradoxical Babel offer the best two cuts of the set. A strangely hypnotic selection that suggests that there's life in that thar swamp. **Dave Henderson**



VOLCANO SUNS

Bumper Crop

Homestead HMS 087 **C Sh** ●●½ When Jeff and Jon left the Volcano Suns a year ago to form Big Dipper, Peter got himself a coupla new sidemen and this, the group's third album, is the first fruit of their labours. Prescott's singing and drum pounding trademark remain, in fact the sound's not too different from the previous records, it's just got weightier, even more overpowering. Imagine the aural equivalent of those huge big-as-a-house harvesters the wealthy mid-west corn farmers use, the blades churning and cutting away while a great grinding undercurrent continually pushes on. Back to nature was never like this, it's not a place you'd want to live but it's a fershlugginer place to visit. **Vachel Booth**

THE WINDBREAKERS

A Different Sort...

Zippo ZONG 022 **P** ●●½ The Windbreakers' unfortunate name may mean they'll never be accepted without a smirk in the northern reaches, which is a shame. The finely balanced harmonies and simplistic guitar lines should be embraced by as many as possible. After the seemingly inevitable demise of Rain Parade and Green On Red, it's the 'breakers who manage to succinctly avoid the narrowness of that original bracketing, arriving in a downbeat mood, swishing back their fringes and opening their soul. This is a fine album that deserves your attention. You'll be converted after one listen. **Dave Henderson**

WONDEUR BRASS

Simoneda Reine Des Esclaves

Recommended Records RR/C 29 **RR** ●● An all-girl four piece with touch paper lit! Joanne Heut leads the way with a selection of brass bravado, while keyboards, bass and drums cajole the listener - with some neat noise gimmicks, plus off-the-wall arrangements. The whole show goes with a swing and a thumping blurt! Songs of the new revolution from French-speaking Canadians. **Dave Henderson**

THE WOODENTOPS

Wooden Foot Cops On The Highway

Rough Trade ROUGH 127 **RR/C** ●●½ A name that's been threatening to be big for some time, so what's the hold up? Are their pegs too square for round holes or what? I think so, since this (pleasingly) is neither irritatingly jangly nor pop-orientated, and the acclaim that they built up with Giant looks set to be surpassed.

This is basically dancefloor stuff, with an edge that makes it also intensely listenable, from the gyration of Wheels Turning to the blissfully luxuriant Heaven and the exuberance of What You Give Out.

See, The Woodentops accredit their audience with a capability to dance and think at the same time, and their songs gain by the multi-dimensional tangents they exude. The 'Tops are ready to soar - here come the planes! **Carole Linfield**

istomania

CKLN IN CANADA & ITS HOT FIVE

- 1 **SIMONEDA** Wondeur Brass *Ambiances Magnetique*
- 2 **THE UPLIFT MOFO PARTY PLAN** Red Hot Chili Peppers *Manhattan/Capitol*
- 3 **SPEAKER SWINGING** Gordon Monahan *Marginal*
- 4 **DEEPER** Copernicus *Nevermore*
- 5 **HAPPY?** PiL *Virgin/A&M*

Compiled from most played LPs on CKLN

RVW 92.7 TOP FIVE FROM FRANCE

- 1 **BEAVER PATROL** Pop Will Eat Itself *Chapter 22*
- 2 **I LOVE THE THINGS** Balaam And The Angel *Virgin*
- 3 **WHITE COATS** New Model Army *EMI*
- 4 **CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW SAYS** The Shamne *Moksha*
- 5 **I CLOSE MY EYES** The Shifters *Teenage*

Compiled by Felix at RVW, Lille, France

BEST SELLING LPS BY GROUPS WITH BEST NAMES

- 1 **HE WHO LAUGHS LAST, LAUGHS ALONE** *Impulse Manslaughter*
- 2 **SCREECHING WEASEL** *Screeching Weasel*
- 3 **AIN'T WE A WISHIN' BUNCH?** *Precious Wax Drippings*
- 4 **DISGRACELAND** *Elvis Hitler*
- 5 **MOTHER OF GOD** *Expando Brain*

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we're hear! where are you?

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sounds of intensity SPOOL'S GOLD!

More than a bracing batch of tape-only pranksters are heading your way, and **TC Wall** unleashes his razor-like tongue in search of something punchy for his Walkman.



• IF YOU'VE found it difficult to keep track of the world music scene and only clutched at releases from **Real Sounds** and **The Bhundu Boys** so far, a good introduction to the outside world comes with Bop Cassettes' 90 minute **The Pocket WOMAD** release. Featuring tracks from WOMAD's collection of record releases plus recordings taken live at WOMAD festivals, the tape boasts 20 finite illustrations which smudge-out some of hazier boundaries of contemporary and alternative musics. A recommended listen that's available through the Cartel featuring tracks from **Kanda Bongo Man**, **Real Sounds**, **Bhundu Boys**, **Flaco Jimenez**, **Shivan Perwer**, **Asha Bhosle**, **Vermenton Plage** and many more.

• **Cloth Ears** issue four (from Andrea, 62 Mill Lane, Woodhall Spa, Lincs LN10 6QZ) has features on a selection of tactile turncoats — including **Salvation**, **All About Eve** and **First Among Equals** — and the first 100 copies come with a four track tape featuring **First Among Equals**, **Fiest of Friends**, **Splashpool** and **The Ghost Train**. Hardly hi-fi quality but **Splashpool** show some promise through the haze.

• **Jon Newman** (Instant Classics Ltd c/o Split, 4540 Laurel Canyon Blvd, Suite 6, Studio City, CA 91607) offers the world an inspiring four track tape that's well recorded, raunchy and, surely, destined for **Demon** or thereabouts if he can only stop screaming. The man is a songwriter of some style (raunchy and **Richman**-esque are words which come to mind).

• **Grisialav Plastic** are Welsh and they have a four track set of tinny pop noise available from 10 Heob Stanli, Aberystwyth, Wales. They sing in Welsh and trounce their drum machines with empty kitchen roll holders. Wild!

• **Ausgang-A-Go-Go** have their demos from '83 to '86 plundered for (In Retrospect Out Of Our Minds), a C45 which you can probably get details on from 19 Alton Rd, Selly Oak, Birmingham B29 7DU. It's an interesting noise that sounds like it's dirty behind the ears and searching for a better sound. If you've got their records, you won't be disappointed.

• **Mr Happy Men** have a C60 on Wellman (7711 Lisa La, N Syracuse, NY 13212, USA) and it's called **Dead Judy**. Basically, it's bizarre. A cross between **Beefheart**, **Pere Ubu**, **Zappa**, **The Residents** and all points west. Humour and brain tumour.

• **The Mushrooms** appeared on a flexi in *Underground* some time back and they now have a limited edition cassette, **Too Wrecked For The Revolution?**, on Matrix Productions. It's available for £2.50 from Linden House, London Rd, St Ives, Hunts, Cambs PE17 4EU, and in its own swirling way it cracks a scant glance at psychedelia, throbbing rhythms and general mayhem. I like it! It has five tracks. Story ends...

45 REVOLUTIONS

analysed by

(in order of appearance), Dave Henderson, Alex Bastedo, Nick Brody, Johnny Eager, Johnny Dee, Ripley, Holly Wood and Daz Igmeth!

ASYLUM Leopards

Waterfront [S] This record drives into the inner sanctum of twangdom. A barrage of liberating guitar noise doesn't explain why this is called **Leopards** and the cover has fish on it. Well mixed up...and well worth searching out. A motorbaby! **DH**

THE BATFISH BOYS Purple

Dust GWR You get a brilliantly haunting full colour pic disc, if you get in quick enough, and it features an amalgamation of **Hendrix's P Haze** and **Queen's Another One Bites The Dust**. It's a headache, but not as much as the reasoning to why they actually bothered to do this in the first place. A piece of whimsey that **Mike Smith** might like too. **NB**

THE BIG MAYBE Some Things Never Change

Picture Book (Box 61, Barrington, IL 60011, USA) Jangle-frenzied pop with a commercial edge and a downbeat vocal slur. **The Big Maybe** could be big real soon. **DH**

THE BIKINI VALLEY SUNDAE Down And Out In Formby And Southport Pelham

Grenville [R] [C] This bunch are perverse. They don't write new songs, they just change the group's name and try again. As 16 Again, **Down And Out** was a flexi which borrowed heavily from the **Spiral Scratch Buzzcocks** and spat down the throats of **Razorcuts**. This time, **The Bikini Valley Sundae** have sampled the fall of civilisation and the end of the world. I don't know what they're up to, but they're not trying to win friends, that's for sure. Next year, jazz-funk. **HW**

CHOO CHOO TRAIN This Perfect Day Picture Book

(Box 61, Barrington, IL 60011, USA) There's a lot of the **Beatles** and **Byrds** in this strumming pop opus. **Choo Choo Train** seem to have exceedingly long hair and are swaggered in pop finery. Still, it's a pretty ridiculous name, don't you think? **DH**

CHRIS & COSEY Exotika (remix) Play It Again Sam

[R] [C] Further pleasantries from the **Peters And Lee** of indie electro-dom, remixed from the LP of the same name. You can tell this artefact has been lovingly created

and packaged, but they still need kicking up the ass and convincing that they are capable of so much better. **AB**

COMRADE 9 These Boots Are Made For Walkin'

COM333 (Scott Bentley, 1800 7th st #8e, East Moline, IL 61244, USA) Yes, the old **Lee Hazelwood** chestnut, with a neat pace and a wispy female vocal line. More powdered and provocative (if you can believe that) than the original! Accept no substitute. **R**

DANGERTRIPPERS

Incantation South East (208 Devonport St, Iowa City, Iowa 52240, USA) Twangy **Byrds**-style foreplay with some lyrical style thrown in for good measure, leading us back to that tell-tale **McGuinn** strum. A timeless single that's worth your cash. **NB**

DEPECHE MODE Behind The

Wheel Mute [C] [S] A remix from the **Music For Masses** album that has the essential pop width of **Depeche** in focus, while on the flip-side, the transport theme is continued with a bizarre rock-out version of **Route 66**. Yes, that one. **NB**

ANNA DOMINO Lake Les

Disques Du Crepuscule [P] The best track from **Anna** from a disappointing new album, this sees our fave siren getting soft and seductive at her piano, like **Mathilde Santing** without the hype of **David Sylvian** in typically reflective moments. **AB**

EMILY The Iron EP Creation

[C] Hardly modern, but then we shouldn't hold this against people. Especially, as in the case of **Emily**, when they've made a very fine record. Comparisons are dull, so instead, let's welcome the all new surreal review... orange, leaves, **Fine-Fare**, toothbrush, handbag, chimneys, **Buckinghamshire**. Get the picture? **JD**

THE FALL Victoria Beggars

Banquet **Mark E Smith** opts to cover this **Kinks** chestnut and adds a little bit of **Dickensian** tragedy with his stylised vocal delivery. A character perchance, and a little bit of a taster for the late **March** release of their excellent new LP. **DH**

FFLAPS EP Anhren [R] [C]

Angry Welsh pop punk with a bustling drumbeat and taped voices in

the backgrounds. Crackling and creative. **DH**

THE FLUFFIES Kidding Myself From Chorley

PC The Fluffies is a dreadful name, but their Kidding Myself is a fine ballad that should be cherished. Even worse, they share this record with another group, Dash Rip Rock — and they're as bland and short-sighted as The Fluffies' chosen name. **NB**

FRANTIC FLINTSTONES Bedrock Raucous

RC Authentically unkempt rockabilly straight from the hip. Frantic Flintstones sound like they've just stepped out of an all-night hoe-down after sweating up a storm...what's more they're intent on recreating the experience. From Loughborough with strange hairstyles! **JE**

THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD A Peck On The Cheek A La Politique Ron Johnson

NM Hmmm, the best thing that could have happened! Yes, something just as rewarding has started to emerge from one of the former tentacles of Big Flame. This three track 12 inch is a magnificent "near experimental/ almost accessible" slice of music that suggests greater leaps forward. Patented pop. **DH**

GRIMM DEATH & JOZ ONE Too Tuff To Rip Vinyl Solution

P The Vinyl Solution mould gets broken to take in UK hip hop that's emerging from bedrooms throughout the country, and the first release features some of the craziest cut-ups to be heard for some time. A bonafide weird one — and all with a dance beat. **DH**

THE GROOVEYARD Peter

Playroom Discs **RC** In 1988 The Grooveyard will become recognised as the weirdest bunch of musicians since the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band. This, their first step onto vinyl is not as wild, spectacular and ecstatic as their live shows — but groovy all the same. Four very strange, beautiful, freaky songs that could have been written by Wendy Craig on acid. **JD**

HAPPY HATE ME NOTS Salt, Sour And Brighton

Waterfront **SN** Best of the current bunch from Waterfront with a scorching rhythmic onslaught aided by some popist sidesteps and a great arrangement. The biggest sound to come out of Australia since Les Patterson's victory speech. **DH**

THE HEADSTONES Love

Songs Waterfront **SN** There's something very reminiscent of some great God-like rock riff in the sky here...but I can't quite place it. The Headstones need to gargle and fuzz-out some more, to get the picture in focus. **DH**

THE HILL BANDITS Hotrod Buckboard Boogie Ediesta

RC The Hill Bandits play the kind of late-night dancehall swing that could break in novelty pop terms. Focusing around the sweet lyrical refrains of Fiona McMillan, they'll more than likely end up in a country-swing tale of L'pool clubland written by Al Bleasdale. **NB**

HOUSE OF THE LARGE SIZES

EP South East (208 Devonport St, Iowa City, Iowa 52240, USA)

Four tracks from darkest Iowa, that cook with a scalding intensity and a histrionic guitar flutter. Approaching metallic rebounds, House Of Large Sizes have their moments on side two's cuts, but maybe that was just me getting used to their whining drawl. **JE**

THE HUMDINGERS A Little Love On The Side

Waterfront **SN** You can't help feeling that these boys aren't a singles band. The 'dingers just haven't got the material to cut it on a three minute segment, but hey, lots of people don't...Let's reserve judgement and wait for something more endearing. **DH**

INSTIGATORS Full Circle/ The Sleeper Double A

Records **RC** Miles better than their last live release, Full Circle rocks along quite nicely, thank you very much, but it's The Sleeper that takes the silver star and big tick; slightly reminiscent of something I can't quite put my finger on but, anyway, my toe tells me what's what; tap, tap and tap again. **DI**

I START COUNTING Lose Him

Edit Mute **CS** I Start Counting's brand of electronic pop hasn't really made the dent that they originally deserved. Very much in the school of effect and performance occupied by Art Of Noise, their symphonic style of chirpy commercialism emerged at the wrong time for them to be lauded as leaders. Lose Him won't gain them many new compadres, but it's a rewarding enough excursion. **DH**

JUSTIFIED ANCIENTS OF

MUMU Big Fat 45 KLF

Communications **C** Another

sampling OD, this time JAMMS manage to cover their tracks so well (well, just about) that they've created quite a unique slurry from the washed up world of musical history. A bracing release that will, no doubt, be banned in time. **DH**

LUXURIA Redneck Beggars

Banquet Howard Devoto makes a welcome return with a sparkling little number that recalls Magazine circa Correct Use Of Soap/Upside Down in terms of production, and serves as an appetiser for his new album. Backed with Bob Dylan's previously unreleased She's Your Lover Now, this is powerfully strident guitar pop that should please many old fans and deserves to win new converts. **AB**



MASS APPEAL The Bar Of

Life... Waterfront **SN** Two full-cock thrashes from down under. A plectrum-breaking performance as the Appeal crash downwards, revolving around the floor, knocking over unsuspecting members of the public like ten pins. Yes, if you like it fast and quick, then this is loud enough for you. **NB**

THE McCLUSKEY BROTHERS

She Said To The Driver

DDT **FE** Floating pimple-busting pop from the pens of ex-Bluebells. Treading water and clutching for radio play and a major deal, it wimps-out with the greatest of ease. Julian Henry will love it! **JE**

MEHEAD Brain Collages

Makerite **NM** Difficult jazzed-out art music which builds some strange structures. Dishevelled Stump-esque patterns and cubist manifestos, the end result is OK in small doses, totally undecipherable and strangely provocative. **NB**

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS

Inside Out Blue Guitar The Drops' most certain and direct outing to date rips a leaf from The Teardrop Explodes' handbook and sounds destined for airplay and chart attention. A melancholy vocal line and a fine arrangement makes it their finest yet! **DH**

MOEV Capital Heaven

Netwerk **RC** A groovy slice of electro-sequencer disco that's not quite hardcore — but by no means lightweight fluff either. Destined for alternative club play all over their native North America, this won't sell by the lorryload over here, but shouldn't do any harm to the Netwerk/Capitol Records alliance either. More power to the corporate giant for continuing to take chances on non-overtly commercial groups. **AB**

THE MOTHERS Drive Me

Wild Waterfront **SN** A superb onslaught of frantic guitars festooned with a female vocal spat out with spleen-curdlingness. What's more, Fiona turns out a temperamental geetar solo which strips paint midway through. Gripping! **DH**

MOTTEK Torture Starving

Missile Records **C** A reasonably smart promotional platter taken from Mottek's Riot album. The earthy fuzzed guitar and Margaret Mottek's slaveringly slavish vocal line make for dark and eerie post-post-punk-positivism, if you know what I mean... **JE**

NO MAN'S LAND I Need More

Au-Go-Go **SN** Culturally abrasive lead guitar lines distort and shake loose from this storming rock-out. No Man's Land are squirming and vitriolic as they break free from the rigours of everyday chunkiness and demand the impossible. **NB**



NYAH FEARTIES Good, Bad

And Alkies DDT **FE** The folk/punk bar room brawl continues and the Fearties' Scots twang gets yet further into the cerebral zone. Strumming until their watchstraps catch fire and banging cardboard tubes for effect, it all makes for a tremendous racket. **DH**

continues over

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** ● **ANNE CLARK**

SHORT SHRIFT AND BIG PLASTIC

Grasp this opportunity to get a copy of the **UNDERGROUND** ● **RED FLAME** ● **INK** special compilation by cutting out the token in the centre spread and reading the details on page two. If you haven't got all the tokens, a suitably crawling letter or bribery could allow you a copy of this bona chunky album with tracks

from previous page

PARADE GROUND Strange World Play It Again Sam

RR C Suburban electro-pop without the depth of throat or width of imagination. Beaty but not brawny enough. **NB**

PENTHOUSE PAUPERS EP

Grown Up Wrong **Sh** A four track excursion into the rock-infested backwaters of your mind, with a token cover of Route 66 to give the pundits an idea as to the rock vision of this Aussie five piece. Forcing the issue, chuckling at their roots, the Paupers cut a fine silhouette as they disappear to the bar. **DH**

CROOK CASSETTES

would like to apologise that **THE MAGIC BASTARDS** Album and **THE FACTION 12"** will now not be available until February.

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PIG BROS Just Call Me God

Cake **NM C** The Bros regress to a state of late '70s white funk-manship, where the sounds that rocked the house, so to speak, were Funkapolitan, Skidoo and A Certain Ratio. Brum's answer has sparkle and wit but lacks that off-the-wall nuttiness that pointed their ancestors into either nothingness or change. Commercially viable but what moves next? **JE**

THE PRIMITIVES Crash Lazy

Now distributed by RCA, The Prims have secured a more immediate, accessible and chunky sound, which flies through the air embraced with a throbbing guitar and an excellent arrangement, supporting a prim Primitive lead vocal line. Possible hit and a must to behold. **DH**

PSYCHE Uncivilized New

Rose **P** Firmly ensconced in the Depeche Mode school of pop electronica, Psyche have the potential for Euro success in pop quarters, but this new 12 inch is a bit sluggish at times through its sequenced plod. **NB**

RENEGADE SOUNDWAVE

Cocaine Sex Rhythm King

C The long awaited follow up to the superb Kray Twins sees the Renegades touching on a couple of other alternatively taboo subjects. The end result is another colossal rhythm creamed with some flakey humping noises and a drug-induced gyration that should be welcomed to every household. Stick this! **R**

ROYAL FAMILY & THE POOR

Restrained In A Moment

Gaia **RR C** Three tracks (synths, vocals, beats and bits) available only as a 12 inch, and well worth shelling out for. Restrained In A Moment (I Love You) floats ethereally in a higher realm where beauty isn't a dirty word. When The Shadow Falls marries a beatier groove to a passionate vocal and Behind The Veil moves through the air slowly at first and accelerates its particles to form a lovely sphere of atmospheric pop that will leave you humming for days afterwards. Worthy of praise indeed. **DI**

THE SKOLARS Time Of Our Lives/Love Of Loves

Waterfront **Sh** Not every beat out of Oztralia kicks over tower-blocks. The Skolars dig deep into the foundations with a fast side and a slow side of their haunting rock groove and over-she-goes anyway. Sensitive, considered and splendid. Are you sure they're from Oz? **HW**

THE SUNSET STRIP Going Home

Au-Go-Go **Sh** The sound of The Byrds when they grew beards (Byrdmaniax), discovered God (just before that) and got heavier (later on). The Sunset Strip have a more melancholy turn of phrase which makes Going Home into an embracing empty feeling that's depressingly good. **DH**

SWINGING LAURELS Push

And Shove Happy **C** This is a nicely packaged 45 that's primed for the pop market, presenting a tale of irksome self-abuse for love (Pumpin' iron to you, mate). Somehow there's not enough to hit paydirt, but the Laurels provoke a feeling that they might just be on to something. **NB**

TEST DEPT Victory/Cha Till Sinn Tuille Some Bizarre

C It seems Test Dept are so far out on a limb that they at once sound militant then immediately whimsical. Victory reminds all too much of Woody Allen's *Love And War* Russian spoof, while Cha Till's Scottish reel may be the first Hogmaney single, but it's an experience hardly worth repeating. A logical progression perhaps, but a systematic narrowing of support. **R**

TOT TAYLOR AND HIS ORCHESTRA The Wrong Idea/The Compromising Life

LPA **RT C** Oh, Tot! This is so difficult to write about, a schmaltzy double-A that sounds like a parody of Sinatra, while at the same time becoming slimly contemporary. On face value, The Wrong Idea is the better of the two with its big band noise, but Tot's vocals just aren't dynamic enough to carry it off. **DH**

TWANG Snapback Ron

Johnson **NM C** Bizarre funk offshoot from Twang which makes up in rhythm for what it lacks in depth. Snapback could have appeared eight years ago and been seen as too straight, but with no new funksters straddling the dancefloor these days, it sounds quite unique. **NB**

VAZZ Pearls CRV

FE C Vazz's progress through seven, 12, album and cassette, to this new 12-inch disc, has been a blossoming worth noting. Now, the Glasgow duo seem to have reached a perfectly pitched, and unmistakably original statement that deserves much wider attention. Floating with muscles ready to flex. **DH**

VIVA LA MUERTE It Ain't

Easy Kentucky Straight (Spykerlane 4, 6828EC Arnheim, The Netherlands) If there's one single you're going to put pen to paper for this month, then this must be it. A post-Wire/sub-Bomb Party wash that throbs and churns as it rushes in at medium pace. Exquisite, obnoxious and alarming. **DH**

WASCH! Cocaine What's So Funny About... (Glashuttenstr 113, 2000 Hamburg 6, West

Germany) A rockist, sequenced cover of JJ Cale's Cocaine, which owes a touch to everyone from Duane Eddy to Chuck Berry and Sique Sputnik. The pace is just a little too slow to make it count, but the graphics and presentation are right. **DH**

WIDDERSHINS Now You

Know Waterfront **Sh** A wavering female vocal line floats in and out of this seemingly harmless tune. However, after a couple of plays the hooks are in and Widdershins have plucked another pundit from pop obscurity. Watch these W's, they've got the beat. **DH**

**NEXT MONTH
IN UNDERGROUND**

**THE FLATMATES
ATTACO DECENTE
PRIMITIVES
NEGATIVLAND
THE SHAMEN**

RE-REWIND

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

LAVERNE BAKER WITH JACKIE WILSON

I'm Gonna Get You

C5 Records C5-510 Many people think there would never have been the great soul singers of the '60s, like Aretha Franklin, without the groundwork laid down by Laverne Baker, and certainly the material here shows a more soulful quality than had been evident with the blues-cum-spiritual music which pre-emanated it. Two tracks out of 16 here feature Jackie Wilson (Please Don't Hurt Me and Think Twice from 1966) which indicates something of a selling ploy, yet the best are Laverne's kitsch numbers, like the excellent Batman To The Rescue which utilises *that* theme tune.

Justifiable retrospection, and more for the likes of Elkie Brooks to plunder, no doubt. **Carole Linfield**

ELKIE BROOKS

The Early Years 1964-1966

C5 Records C5 506 **P** How strange that Elkie should be such a soulful youth circa mid-'60s. What's more she had a fine hairdo then — not all wispy and bedraggled like today. This set features some quality blue-eyed soul that varies from Lulu soundalikes to Northern soul-esque, and eventually travels into early evening wear. She sounds desperate to be Cleo Laine at times, but manages some fine moments along the way on this 12 tracker. And to think she went from this to Dada, Vinegar Joe and a dangerously popular solo career. Hrrmph! **Dave Henderson**



THE CHILLS

Kaleidoscope World

Flying Nun FNE 13 **RE** **C** This Chills' tale of earlier days first appeared on Creation, but has now found its way back to Flying Nun,

with the addition of a bonus seven inch too. With eight monster-sound symphonies on the album, this platter will not disappoint anyone who's embraced their most recent Brave Words LP, and will enhance their God-like status within the rock press of the world yet further. **Dave Henderson**

THE CONQUEROO

From The Vulcan Gas Co

Four Hours Back TOCK 008

RE **C** Some joker had led me to believe the Conqueroo were prime Texas punk psychedelia, the rediscovered lost cousins of the 13th Floor Elevators. Thick sliced baloney! Where the Elevators snag you up in their whirlwind power these bluesy meanderings just potter about describing little circles, the Conqueroo are more akin to the Doors at their dreariest. They left Texas for San Francisco and they could never go home again. **Vachel Booth**

THE ERECTORS/ THE NIPS

Bops, Babes, Booze and Bover

Big Beat WIKM 66 **P** Featuring Shane MacGowan and Shanne Bradley back when punk was lean, mean and meant something to somebody. First up on the Nipple Erectors side of the album is King Of The Bop; their first release and a cross-bred mix of punk and rockabilly, which was, at the time, an original sound. Later, as The Nips, comes Gabrielle; mellower and almost Lou Reedy in its texture. Both these and assorted punky oddments appear on this low-price release; an interesting, albeit not that exciting, look at what a Pogue and a former Men They Couldn't Hang'er got up to in their youth. One for fans and collectors and irrepressible spikeys. **Daz Igymeth**



THE SAINTS

Eternally Yours

Fan Club FC035 **P** Classic second album from The Saints circa '78. After the speedpunk thrash of their debut I'm Stranded, this album began to show the prowess of Ed Kuepper's writing ability, proving that there was a softer underbelly to the Australian buzz-saw. The opening cut, Know Your Product with it's Soul Man horns showed the way, but there's still enough of the aggressive chunkiness to satisfy even the spikiest of muso. **Dave Henderson**

continues over



VARIOUS

Six Disques Bleu

Abstract AABT 500 **P** A limited edition six record box set, tastefully presented in blue and yellow (yes, even blue vinyl), which features some of the best material to have emerged from Abstract towers in recent times.

Included is New Model Army's seminal Vengeance LP, The Three Johns' classic Atom Drum Bop, compilations Punk and Disorderly (with tracks from The Adicts, Vice Squad, The Dead Kennedys etc) and They Shall Not Pass (the CNT lable comp featuring tracks from other Abstract releases.

The featured artists on the additional platters enhance the leather and stud veneer of Abstract, perfectly spiced with the correct amount of social awareness. On show, there's Big Zap, The Janitors, Moodists, Howard Hughes, Into A Circle, Bomb Party, 1,000 Mexicans, The Gymslips, Five Go Down To The Sea and Hagar The Womb. There's

of course more, but those names alone should give you some idea of how Abstract have fitted into the scheme of things since 1983...and hopefully how they'll continue to do so in the future. **Dave Henderson**

WIN OUT!

And what's more, we've got two of these box sets to give away to Underground readers who can answer the following three questions.

- 1 Who was the bass player on New Model Army's Vengeance LP?
- 2 Which Beggars Banquet artiste did Howard Hughes write and produce for?
- 3 Which group was Barry Jepson's first endeavour before he ended up in Into A Circle?

Answers, please, on a postcard to Underground Abstract Competition, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1, to arrive by February 10.

★ BOMB PARTY WINNER!




Yes, it's you...
Anthony Bird from South Benfleet! You


knew that **The Bomb Party** were on **Abstract** before they made it to **Workers Playtime**, and you win a glow in the dark copy of **Liberace Rising**, plus a one-sided promo and a dodgy T-shirt for your pains.

RE-REWIND

from previous page

TUBEWAY ARMY
Selections From The Albums
Tubeway Army, Dance
 Beggars Banquet BEGA 4 

GARY NUMAN AND
TUBEWAY ARMY
Selections From The Albums
The Plan, Replicas
 Beggars Banquet BEGA 7 


GARY NUMAN
Selections From The Albums
The Pleasure Principle, Warriors
 Beggars Banquet BEGA 10 

A cornucopia of Numan! Like him or loathe him, old Gal's certainly stood the test of time, battling through the changing tides of music with his own inimitable brand of electronic pop.

Thus, Beggars have produced a bumper value-for-money overview of the Numan career with these three CDs, each of which is "extended play", producing around an hour and a quarter's worth of music on each disc.

As a way of collecting the Numan meisterworks without having to resort to the bland 'Best Of...' routine, it's a winning combination, all of which just goes to prove you can be ignored by the Beeb and still make it. **Carole Linfield**

VARIOUS
Bayou Rhythm And Blues Shuffle


Goldband GCL 111  Fifties southern-fried R&B with that ever-present slowed boogie rhythm leading a selection of Goldband artistes into the listening booth. This is no-frills soul music with a tale of hear-

tache in every chorus and a vibrant instrumentation sounding like Van Morrison. All quality stuff, but for my money the two tracks from Shelton Dunaway And The Boogie Ramblers take the cornbread. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS
Beserkley Chartbusters
Volume One

Beserkley BZ0044 PRT Beserkley's show of force circa '75 gets a timely airing — reminding one and all of just how good Jonathan Richman was. Roadrunner is featured alongside the bizarre tale of The New Teller in Richman's bank plus two more cuts. The supporting cast boasts some fine material from Greg Kihn and some average to less than desirable remarks from The Rubinoos and Earth Quake. Hardly a unified display, but at least a sturdy launching pad. **Johnny Eager**

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Lookin' For Boys

Roxy XSLP 102  From the good folks who brought us Mayhem and Psychosis vol. 1 & 2 a superlative collection of some of the lesser known '60s girl groups. On a 16 track compilation you'd expect a few fillers but, strike me down if I tell a lie, there's only one track that doesn't deserve inclusion and some of these are real doozies. Earl Jeans rendition of Goffin and King's I'm Into Something Good (the original version of Herman's Hermits no.1 hit) is positively revelatory, almost too gorgeous to be real. Lagging just a little distance behind come Tracey Dey, The Cinderellas and The Whyte Boots singing about true luv, dating your sister's boyfriend and murdering your rival, there's even an answer record to the Beach Boys' Surf City, with a great spoken intro and backing vocals that chirp "yeah, yeah, yeppity yeah!". **Vachel Booth**



Gary Numan with Pepsi And Shirile

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VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Best of Pebbles Vol. Two

Ubik TAKE-2  A misleading title, this is, in effect, a brand new volume of the gonest album series of 'em all. Some of the selections have appeared on Psychedelic Unknowns and other hard to find compilations but, for the most part, can't be found on the original Pebbles series. There's no strict theme this time around. What you get is a choice grab-bag of mid-'60s US teen madness, from brooding psyche back through stomping garage pop spite, each cut a cinch to mess your mind. As if that's not enough they've pressed the thing in the hard indelible bubblegum that everyone discards from their Garbage Pail Kids cards. **Vachel Booth**




The Lovin' Spoonful's Jon Sebastian takes time out from What's Shakin' for some heavy petting

VARIOUS

Loaded Down With The Blues

Charly Records CRB 1170

 Isn't it about time that the entire staff of Charly Records were knighted, or something? They go about their dally trade, releasing records like this — it's a bloody masterpiece, of course — with such modesty and obvious care, it makes you feel quite ashamed. Here you will find Eddie Lang turning out a raw and soulful version of I'm Gonna Make You Eat Those Words, Boogie Jake weighs in with the 1959 Baton Rouge recording of Early Morning Blues plus Polka Dot Slim, Nolan Pitts and Edgar Blanchard. A fine record. **Julian Henry**

VARIOUS

What's Shakin'

Edsel ED 249  From the backyard of '66, this compilation traces some of the earlier Elektra recordings which heralded the arrival of the label in the UK. Released at the same time as Love's debut set it boasts recordings that were at the time unavailable elsewhere. Featured are The Lovin' Spoonful, Al Kooper, The Paul Butterfield Blues Band and Eric Clapton And The Powerhouse among others. Still quite unique in its bluesy R&B veneer, you can almost hear the psychedelic hues beginning to take shape. A valuable artefact and a must for purists. **Nick Brody**

YO, DUDES!

Home runs and headbutts with Yo La Tengo



Yo La Tengo's short promotional jaunt 'round Europe at the end of last year turned out to be a catalogue of disasters; diverted planes, missed gigs, cancelled gigs, late interviews (oops) and all the while they were missing seeing some "crucial" baseball games.

- ★ Baseball is central to the Yo La Tengo ethos. Ira and Georgia, the nucleus of the group, play in Sunday little league games at home in New Jersey. Ira's a self-confessed baseball brat.
- ★ "Baseball and basketball were the only things that made going to school bearable. I got hooked then and I've never been able to give up. Baseball, at least, with basketball it's harder to get a game together."



Yo La Tengo: baseball and beatnik

- ★ So you can relate to Jim Carroll's *Basketball Diaries*?
- ★ "Well that's a good book but there's far too much attitude for my liking, too much attitude and not enough basketball."
- ★ Jim Carroll, one time member of the Patti Smith Group, is said to be the guy who utters the infamous "go get me a double Pernod" on the Velvet Underground's *Live At Max's, Kansas City LP*.
- ★ "Probably the high point of his whole career," reckons Ira.
- ★ Ira loves the Velvets with a passion and doesn't get hung up that the soft fractured sounds of the Yo La Tengo LPs have repeatedly been compared to the Velvets' third album phase. Yo La include several VU songs in their large repertoire of covers (which also includes stuff by Love, The Feelies and, more improbably, Big Black and Sonic Youth). New Wave Hot Dogs, their new LP, features one of these Velvet anthems, *It's Alright (The Way That You Live)*, a song originally recorded as a demo before the sessions for *The Velvet Underground And Nico LP*.
- ★ The song, because of its lo-fi nature is only available on a bootleg, so Yo La Tengo's version is something of a public service.
- ★ Chris Stamey, ex of the dB's and a sometime Yo La member, suggested using a different arrangement.
- ★ "If it was just us," says Ira "we'd have left it like it was, but Chris isn't overawed by that stuff like us, he wasn't afraid to mess around with it, put the middle eight further back in the song. I do think it sounds much better for what he did."
- ★ Ira used to be a rock hack for **New York Rocker** and **Village Voice** and still writes the odd piece now and again, he's littered New Wave Hot Dogs with rock history references and he's not frightened of being unfashionable.

- ★ The LP kicks off with Clunk featuring an intro swiped from Blue Oyster Cult, which isn't so bad, but three cuts later Ira's listing and playing tribute to "all the hit songs America ever wrote."
- ★ Now come on! At least the mid-'70s trad rock sounds that skulked around their first album have all but disappeared, this nerve is more taut and cleanly woven.
- ★ The Story Of Jazz namedrops some heavyweights like Cheetah Chrome, Doug Yule and Steve Albini, it's one of the few places on the record that Yo La actually rock out, not that they ever get real gone. Talk from America though is that their live shows are wall-to-wall wildness, you and I will have to wait until the early summer to find out for ourselves.
- ★ Yo La Tengo were to play Dingwalls the Sunday night they were over here, borrowing equipment and doing a 20-minute set slipped into 'amateur night'. This was one of their disasters. When the soundman finds out Georgia is left handed and needs a couple of drums changing round he decides it's too much bother. So, while he's at the bar Yo La plug in and start up a fine squalling racket over the Billy Idol record playing on the sound system. At the end of the song a lady climbs onto the stage and asks them to leave. Georgia, whose natural expression is a dimpled smile, creases up her face, gives the hi-hat a good kick and exits with the rest of the group. It's not how they're used to being treated, it's certainly nothing like Maxwells in Hoboken, NJ, Yo La Tengo's second home.
- ★ Maxwells is just three blocks from where Georgia lives with her cat, Egon. It's a medium sized venue that recently packed out for five nights of Jonathan Richman. Not only do they play there regularly but they go just to hang out and sometimes to work; Ira mixes groups' sound and Georgia DJ's.
- ★ Georgia's got more strings to her bow, she designs the group's record sleeves and also works as an animator. "Last thing I did was a *Coco Pops* advert with this cuckoo bird and a rock'n'roll group, that was fun. My whole family's into animation, it's like the family business. My sister and brother-in-law are doing an animated film at the moment. . . ."
- ★ Ira: "It's going to be brilliant, I've seen some of that. It's about William Blake, kind of explaining the ideas in his poems and paintings but it's all couched in baseball terms! It's called *Blakeball!*"

Vachel Booth

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From Buzzcock

Soon after releasing his solo album *Jerky Versions Of The Dream* in July 1983, Howard Devoto seemed to disappear forever, his only other vocal performances catalogued thereafter being a couple of songs for Euro *avant-gardist* Bernard Szajner, and an adequate rendition of Alex Chilton's *Holocaust* for the first *This Mortal Coil* LP in 1984.

It seemed as if 'the insect' of countless classic Magazine recordings had been well and truly squashed.

But this month brings news of a welcome return to the music business, in cahoots with Liverpoolian guitarist Noko (pronounced Knocko). Together they form Luxuria, and have just released their debut single, *Redneck*, on Beggars Banquet, to be followed by an LP, *Unanswerable Lust*, at the end of February.

But more of this later. Let's kick off our thrice re-arranged interview by probing the lordly dome about his past, starting with his formation of The Buzzcocks with Pete Shelley.

"The stuff we did sounds too fast to me and a bit weedy now. I like it, but it doesn't really count for a great deal in my thoughts. Whenever I see interviews these days with people who claim to be influenced by The Buzzers, I never know whether they're talking about Spiral Scratch and the other stuff I did, or the later chart records. It's just how music affects people at a certain age. The Magazine records were worlds further..."

Agreed? Well, so did everybody else. *NME* were exclaiming 'Devoto — the most important man alive', as they do, and not many were disappointed when Magazine's debut album 'Real Life' appeared on Virgin.

"I still think that record has a great breadth to it, but I now hear a band settling, still trying to pull itself together with the necessary weight that it's trying to muster. If you listen to something like *Parade* on that LP, I much prefer the version on Play (their live album from late 1980), it seemed by then as if the song had worked itself out a lot more, and was less aloof than on *Real Life*."

Devoto's startling lyrical imagery and detached vocal technique was proving to be the perfect foil for John McGeoch, Barry Adamson and Dave Formula's dazzling instrumentation, creating an album that, despite modest sales, remains a classic of its time. This was 1978's answer to Low and The Idiot from the two years previous. However, critics change, as critics do, and by the following spring the knives were out for *Secondhand Daylight*.

"A lot of people panned that album, and I must admit it sounds a little excessive to me now, though I mean more that we had really decided what we were about and really plunged into it. I think some of it's overwrought, but then again it really plumbed the depths and scaled the heights on some tracks, more than anything else we did." I remember Garry Bushell's review in *Sounds* as being particularly vitriolic.

"Yes, that man works for *The Sun* now, doesn't he? Don't you think the years have done a little telling? Oi, Oi, cap'n... Did the excesses you mentioned have anything to do with bringing Factory Records producer Martin Hannett in to produce *The Correct Use Of Soap*? To redress the balance, perhaps?"

"Yes, I suppose you're right. It was

recorded a lot quicker, and there was more emphasis on guitar. That's my favourite record, definitely the most consistent thing we did."

They passed through the dreaded third album syndrome with flying colours, gaining unanimous praise throughout the press. But as before they failed to take up residency in the charts, although their eighth, and penultimate single, *Sweetheart Contract*, came closest to denting the Top 40 since the awegasmic *Shot By Both Sides* debut.

When John McGeoch left to join Siouxsie And The Banshees, replacement Robin Simon (late of Ultravox) was quickly given the chance to show off his talents on the Play live album that winter. But he didn't last and when Devoto announced in May '81 that he was splitting the band, just weeks before the release of *Magic, Murder And The Weather*, that record came as a real anti-climax.

"There was a good half an album there, but some of the strain at the time showed itself. A lot of it was obviously down to losing John McGeoch, and some due to the mixing desk, which was economically designed so that very few hands could interfere with it!"

After the split, Devoto signed a solo deal with Virgin, but it was two years before *Jerky Versions Of The Dream* appeared.

"In retrospect, I wasn't very happy with much of that and decided that a solo career wasn't for me. So I stopped. Simple as that."

Which is where Noko comes in. Not quite as steeped in historical reference points as his partner, his band, The Umbrella, had split in 1986, since when he had been playing hysterical guitar into Devoto's ansaphone at every given opportunity in an attempt to coax him back into the biz.

Noko: "I'd always liked whatever Howard had done and considered him to be a major force in whatever he did. I knew what made him tick musically..."

Devoto: "Besides, we were both about to read Proust's *A La Recherche De Temps Perdu*..."

Which, of course, contains handy hints for formative duos and is believed to have been instrumental in the later success of The Krankies, Mike And Bernie Winters and Roger de Courcy And Nookie. Will Devoto and Noko be as successful as those awesome couples?



Devoto: "Phenomenally."

A fair percentage of Magazine fans are bound to buy your new records, if only out of curiosity. What about new fans?

Noko: "I see no reason why there shouldn't be new fans. I mean, I look down the charts and I don't really see a great deal there!"

Devoto: "We just do what we do."

Noko: "And we do it well."

Devoto: "It's been a long time to a lot of people. But there is a common thread between what we do now and the past. I still recognise myself in the sound."

While the *Redneck* single is an instant slice of neat guitar-pop, the promo four song taster from the upcoming album that currently monopolises my tape deck is

slightly harder to assimilate, a track such as the brass-driven *Pound* taking a few listens before really sucking you in. The gentle but moving *Lady 21* being more immediate, and showing that Devoto still has the gift when it comes to classic lyric writing:-

"Watch yourself now, the lino's greasy/It could surely kill/Ever since they fixed the light in here/This place has gone downhill."

And I didn't know he used my local! There will be inevitable comparisons to Magazine, but Luxuria are a lot different. Sure, the Gaye Bykers fan will probably realise that this is not a sight for his sore eyes, but the man with the Midas touch seems to have done it again. Nice one H. Alex Bastedo

to Luxuria

Howard Devoto recalls the early days and looks forward to 88

The groovily-clad Magazine (Devoto second from left)



Howie (left)



In Buzzcock mode

LUXURIA Unanswerable Lust Beggars Banquet BEGA 90 Release date: February 22, 1988

Historians may draw some pretty disjointed lines and strange tangents between Howard Devoto's singing debut on vinyl to today's partnership with the enigmatic Noko as Luxuria. Being firstly associated with Pete Shelley and Buzzcocks, appearing on the seminal *Spiral Scratch* EP from the group, immediately established him as a cult figure. Having departed the group before Shelley and team inked a deal with United Artists, moving headlong into the punk maelstrom, he was allowed more room for manoeuvre in Magazine.

From their debut single, *Shot By Both Sides* on Virgin, the magnitude of the Magazine sound could quite easily be measured. Subsequently, Magazine developed through their album and single repertoire for Virgin, into the kind of outfit who you couldn't help but take note of. The various offshoot projects and wayward directions that the various members went on to, underlining the creative heart that ticked within the group. Even in their demise their popularity continued and Devoto's virtual disappearance fuelled the legend. So does *Unanswerable Lust* answer the prayers of a devoted Devoto generation? Well, in many ways it does. The vocal style is as ever distinctly Devoto — you either love or loathe it, and if you're part of the former then the instrumentation supplied by Noko — some sparkling guitar — and the production by the duo and Gavin McKillop won't disappoint. With more or less one word titles, *Unanswerable Lust* appears to be a collection of sketches, filled out with Devoto's succulent wordage, including his true forte for travelogue and atmospheric creation. Furthermore the arrangements and additional interjections of noise, effect and spoken parts makes the LP a much broader experience than Magazine — while creating a selection of possible lines for Luxuria to pursue.

One thing's for certain, *Unanswerable Lust* is a long way removed from *Spiral Scratch* and Mr Devoto leaves yet more topics open for debate. **Dave Henderson**

Woodentops' Rolo reveals

boxer shorts fetish!



Rolo the yellow brick road

"I am the boy with a bag of jumping beans for you."

The boy is Rolo, The Woodentops dynamo, whirling dervish, singer and songwriter. He stands at the door in his 'Eat Me' boxer shorts clutching a fluorescent pink skateboard. We're off. With more words-per-minute than a top class temp, he drives me through The Woodentops story, on the road from rags to riches — the best idea he ever had, driving lessons, the demise of his car, and the recording of their new LP *Wooden Foot Cops On The Highway*.

"The best idea I ever had was asking this guy if I could borrow his flat for the afternoon. I sat down and started recording things using my Walkman, a little Casio keyboard and his stereo, that's when I wrote *Do It Anyway*, my first song, then *Plenty*, our first single. If I hadn't done that, maybe I'd never have started writing."

So, you discovered you could sing?

"Oh no, that only happened about four days ago."

The rest is history — a string of wonderful singles (*Move Me*, *Well Well Well*, *It Will Come*, and *Good Thing*), then a disappointing first LP (*Giant*). The last we heard from The Woodentops was *Live Hynobeat Live* in April last year. Since then they have been travelling the world, and creating a new record.

"That's why we haven't been around, we've been globe-trotting — Europe, America, Japan, we've played everywhere."

The Woodentops are still one of the most successful 'indie' bands, but have never had that illusive crossover hit. Still, Rolo, with his new found ability to sing, is now more confident than ever — "It's like it was four years ago when we started. Here we are fresh as a daisy, crazy as hell."

Since the demise of The Smiths that hit has become more important, at least for their record company, the ultimate 'indie' Rough Trade — "Last time we played in Manchester there was some wally at the front, and apart from screaming 'Dustin Hoffman' he kept shouting 'Rough Trade'. I knew he was saying it as a joke, Rough Trade have got the reputation for being a complete and utter joke. One reason is because they're skint because they're the only f---ers who have continued churning out no-hope records. But somebody has to put out records only a few people want, and if the Woodentops were mega famous we'd stay with them, because I believe Rough Trade's the only place where I know all the profits aren't going to go up in a pile of cocaine."

"No other record company would have let us develop in the same way, we didn't know anything when we started, they let us grow up."

Rolo isn't sorry to see the back of The Smiths either!

"I'm so pleased they've gone, they were making the same record over and over again, and they were just terribly boring. Johnny Marr told me "officially" that The Woodentops scared the shit out of The Smiths because every time we brought out a new single they couldn't believe it, because they were stuck in their little rut, and we were putting out much harder more vital records than they were."

And, with the exception of *Everyday Living*, the fast songs on *Wooden Foot Cops...* are the hardest they have released.

"It's dance music, that's what we're always trying to do, make people dance."

But watch out world because according to Rolo, "the album is like jack shit to what we'll be doing soon, we're real now."

The Woodentops are learning to control their headlong rush for the end of the song. This tightening up was helped by the replacement of keyboard player Alice — with Ann Stephenson — "I thought Alice would be hard to replace, but it was a doddle. Alice only did anything herself if I was there. But Ann is great, she's like a new driving force,

and it's given Frank, Simon, Bennie and me new enthusiasm too."

And the other important thing about her?

"She's so tiny, she's an ant."

Which probably explains why...

"I've got no weight on my shoulder, I'm not worried about it being crap anymore."

But it's in the live show is where The Woodentops really get hard.

"The last time we played they were expecting a little indie band, looking a bit shabby, kind of nervous, and we just bowled them over completely."

This power and energy doesn't always come across on the records, sometimes the slowies sound a bit twee Rolo?

"Yes, maybe, but why not just enjoy the laidback relaxed attitude of the records — you see the studio's not always conducive to that heavy thing, you have to take a huge amount of the right kind of drugs to forget that you're in a studio, and we've done that too, but not all the time. I like the idea that those tracks jump out of the hedge at you when you're not expecting it."

But life in The Woodentops isn't all glamour, even Rolo sometimes has to break up his artistic muse.

"Most of the songs were written at a time when I was really depressed, after I split up with someone I'd been living with for seven years. I did two months locked in a room all day and all night, the only other thing I was doing was driving lessons."

Hence the line — "*When I'm driving in my car I make believe you're the passenger*", or even "*She could have sat in the back seat while I was doing my lessons, it would have been lovely, but it couldn't happen, which is why I was so down.*"

At one point I thought I would never write another song but maybe I needed something like that to happen — I

finished the writing, bought a car, and passed my driving test first time."

But the car, like love, bouts of depression, and recording sessions, was destined not to last.

"On the last day of recording I drove back from the studio with smoke pouring out of the engine, I just made it home and it stopped dead, it's never moved since."

"Then of course when I played people the LP they said — 'It's about your car' — but honestly it's *not*, though it is driving music — and there is a big parallel between travelling and living, they're both moving forward and things get left behind and things that you wish you didn't lose, and do."

Stop this car.

Rolo has grown up a bit, lost his childhood sweetheart, bought a nice flat in South London, and is not unused to jetting off to exotic locations like New York and Zurich for a bit of mixing. But if a great artist is supposed to be someone who can grow up and still keep the mind of a child, perhaps Rolo is still in the running. He remixed *Stop This Car* for an epic 12 inch at Yello's studio in the Swiss Alps but seemed most thrilled with a day spent sweeping the leaves in the grounds when the studio broke down, and, what's more, there is little danger of him turning into a yuppie.

"There's yuppies living next door and I don't look anything like them. I don't think you'd get many yups taking their clothes off at Labour benefits."

Everyone says, to be successful, you have to sell records to yuppies nowadays, and you would certainly have to be young, free and rich to buy a Woodentops CD. Though Rolo is not going to go along the Lloyd Cole Mainstream road, he doesn't *care* who buys his records.

"The only people I don't want buying my records are murderers, racists, and diamond smugglers... on second thoughts, I don't even care if diamond smugglers listen to them."

The Woodentops are like the aural equivalent of a bumper car ride.

"It has always been exciting and good fun but never quite convincing, now it's exciting, good fun AND convincing. I wondered if we'd left it a bit late but I don't think we have, I think people are just waiting for us to come through. Everything they're listening to is just about to be completely blown out of the window by this group that they'd almost completely forgotten about."

It's like he's just had some revelation, the group have found 'the groove', he has discovered he can sing, The Woodentops have made their best record yet, and what they do next will be even *better*. Rolo is so sure he's right you can't help believing him. Chris Mellor



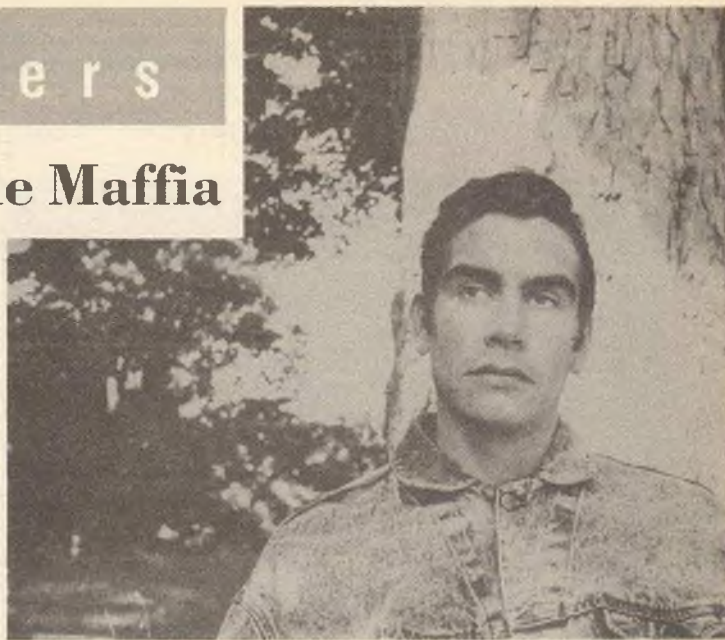
Circuit Breakers

Don't mess with the Mafia

Mark Stewart cuts up the depression

For the record, Mark Stewart was the formidable character who fronted The Pop Group way back in the halcyon, post-punk days of the late '70s and in his time has been labelled as a paranoid, an eccentric and not a little weird. Now he is teamed up with the dub master general, producer Adrain Sherwood, as well as the Tack-head team of drummer/programmer Keith LeBlanc — he of Malcolm X fame — bass player Doug Wimbish, of the inimitable Rappers Delight and other Sugarhill Gang faves, and former Ohio Players' keyboard and guitarist Skip McDonald. They are all illustrious names in their own right and together they make an impressive force.

- So, how did it all start?
- "Well, Adrian mixed the last Pop Group thing which was from the big rally in Trafalgar Square for the re-birth of the CND. Then I did some New Age Steppers stuff for him."
- Is that where the reggae influence came in?
- "No. I'd been in love with heavy dub music for years. My favourite thing ever was the Shaka Sound System. If you ever went to any of their concerts, there was just piles and piles of speakers surrounding the room. The bass would rip your stomach out. It was kinda like a mystical experience! Then one of the first rap clubs in London was the Language Lab, and a friend of mine was running it and I heard one of these tapes from America with all these drum machines going off like rockets! I loved it so much, I just had to track down Keith and the others."
- The new, eponymous, LP features myriad musical references that weave in and out, like the odd slice of Munich Machine Disco and the Satie that forms the basis for the track Stranger.
- Aren't there quite a few steals in there?
- "It's not really stealing, we credited Satie." (Actually they didn't!) "It's just like re-arranging things and cutting things up."
- Is this sampling as legitimate art then?
- "They're not samples, they were just things taken out of context. It's like watching television and suddenly you have something about Biafra followed by Rolf Harris. Cutting between things, cutting Satie with a beat, and Donna Summer cutting into something weird. The cutting between things that are heavy and happy."
- It's hard to imagine your songs being written in any conventional form, so what's the process?
- "I write the songs and then we get together and record them but after that there's a long process of disassembling them. We turn the song inside out and convert it into something else. What I like is taking quite a pleasant song and destroying it. On one



Hey! Don't call me Stewpot

25 UNDERGROUND

song we had 78 pieces of tape on the wall and I thought I knew what they all were. So we stuck them back together and it was like pieces of feedback going backwards and it sounded brilliant.

- "So we threw out the song, it had taken months to record, and started re-composing it from pieces of tape like some sort of concrete sculpture. Out of a mistake you get a brilliant sound!"
- Previous albums have had strong themes, like the Big Brother and democracy theme running through the second LP, As The Veneer Of Democracy Starts To Fade. Is there a theme for the third LP?
- "They're all individual songs about despair."
- Oh, I thought this one wasn't quite as desperate as the others.
- "I think this one is more desperate in a personal sense."
- It's been mentioned before that you're rather paranoid?
- "When people say you're paranoid, it's just that they don't want to think about what you're talking about. With the last LP, people were saying I was paranoid, talking about things like surveillance, the miners strike and stuff, but they were things that were happening."
- Are the LPs going to get more and more depressing?
- "Yeah. Definitely."
- Well, let's hope he is paranoid and his predictions are not as good as his records. And so we leave him, still there on the couch, chuckling to himself in a most disconcerting way. A way that suggests he knows something I don't. **Dick Mescal**

My Bloody Valentine

weep for you



Last summer got off to an early start with the release of My Bloody Valentine's euphoric Sunny Sundaes Smile single in March. But no sooner was the record in the shops than David Conway, the group's singer/lyricist, decided to up and leave. He was disillusioned with the current state of pop and had been suffering for some time with a gastric illness. No longer able to keep up with the group's drinking habits, he decided to devote his time to writing stories and his first book, a science-fiction/horror exploitation novel, *The Extermination Gap*, is even now being mailed to publishers.

- The rest of the group, meanwhile, soldiered on; Kevin, who had previously co-written the songs assumed the role of vocalist and with Belinda, who met the group through her boyfriend, who was tried out as a backing vocalist and was given the job on condition that she learnt guitar, they were ready to fulfill their obligations to play... almost.
- I saw them a couple of months after the break, at the Astoria. Colm was the focus of the group, drumming centre stage, flinging his Brian Jones cut 'round in great sweeping arcs as he hammered away, and helping to detract attention from Kevin's

nervousness and a growing uncertainty as to whether Belinda's guitar was plugged in.

- Kevin: "That was because she stepped on her lead and it came out, she hadn't been able to hear herself anyway so she didn't know. That was really bad, it was bad enough that she was only playing on a few songs then but when people see that they think it's an image thing..."
- Belinda's now fully integrated into the group, Kevin's become a more confident vocalist/front man and their voices mesh well on the new records, a simultaneously released 12-inch EP and mini-album on Lazy records. The first fruits of My Bloody Valentine's new incarnation show a fine depth and breadth of material, ranging from the layered folk-rock of the Strawberry Wine single to the Sonic Youth-influenced maelstrom of Clair. In the past they've been accused, quite wrongly, of being a third rate Jesus And Mary Chain, and one of the new songs, The Things I Miss, isn't going to stem those accusations.
- Colm: "God! That wasn't supposed to turn out like that at all..."
- Kevin: "Did you ever hear Einsturzende Neubauten do Sand? It's a Lee Hazelwood/Nancy Sinatra song."
- Colm: "Yeah, Kevin tried to do a Lee Hazelwood-type of voice but it ended up sounding exactly like Jim Reid: Never Say Goodbye on the b-side of the 12-inch is probably a better attempt at Nancy and Lee."
- How did Kevin feel about stepping into David's shoes?
- Kevin: "Well, I've always sung anyway in the rehearsal room, I've always made up the melodies, humming or going 'ba ba ba'. When David left it was, in a way, no big deal, for each song he'd write about 3 pages of lyrics and usually me and Colm would pick out the bits we liked and David would sing that. He wasn't that bothered really, he just did it because he was good at it."
- Was it a good idea to keep the name for what was virtually a new group?
- Colm: "Originally we were going to get rid of it and just become a new band, which would've been the thing to do. But what happened was we had these gigs and we were going to do them and announce the new name at the gigs but we never could think of a good enough name."
- Kevin: "Sometimes I wonder if it's always going to keep us down on an underground level, business people aren't going to be prepared to put money behind a group with a name like that, even though you hear words like 'bloody' on *Eastenders* all the time. It might work to our advantage all the same, you look at all the indie bands who've moved on to major labels, they haven't succeeded really. It's all been a bit of a disappointment." **Vachel Booth**

Junior tales and stuff!

Dinosaur kids get minimal, at least!



OK! Dinosaur, which one digs Frampo

- Frampton disinterred! Can you bear it? Dinosaur Jnr (née Dinosaur) have the bare faced cheek to exhume the old Peter Frampton conker Show Me The Way and turn it into something approaching a masterpiece. Lead into gold? Phaw, these boys are alchemists of the first order.
- J Mascis' playful couldn't-give-a-damn vocalising is a million miles from Frampton's aching sincerity and that stooped voice tube gizmo is shot to hell by Dinosaur Jnr's swirling gnarl of wah-wah. They can afford to be cocky, the recent SST EP on which Show Me The Way appears and its parent record, the LP You're Living All Over Me, have a clear confidence etched right the way through them.
- J and Lou Barlow formed Dinosaur a couple of years ago from the ashes of their hardcore group Deep Wound, roping in Murph to drum and complete the line up. Their debut album on Homestead was issued perhaps a little too soon — it's a damn good record, but the group are caught on the lam from their past and don't have a real strong idea of what they want to do, picking up ideas from their fellow post-hardcore travellers.
- Individual songs like Repulsion and The Leper stand out but the SST recordings are something different, marking out their own turf, somewhere between Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere period Neil Young and recent Sonic Youth. A damn fine place to be.
- Two things the record companies said about Dinosaur; the advert for You're Living All Over Me says they're "Known for some of the loudest performances known to man"; the sleeve notes on the Homestead compilation, Wailing Ultimate, says they're "famous for answers like 'yes' and 'no' in interviews."
- I can't testify to their loudness, their Clarendon show last November was loud but not *that* loud, in fact it was a tiny little noise compared with the unbearable overload I'd witnessed from Loop a week or two before. I met the group on the afternoon of the show in a freezing 'dressing room', empty except for a couple of chairs, one of them occupied by a big silent biker, his head tucked into a book of underworld murder atrocities. Of course the Homestead no comment legend was right, most of my questions were met with "I guess so," or "it just kinda happened."
- "We hope so," was popular, and those hoary old chestnuts "yes" and "no" got a look in. What was that J?
- "We've not done many interviews back home but we come to do this tour of Europe and suddenly there's journalists all over the place. After a while you can't think of anything to say so you just end up giving one word answers and you come across like a real cretin. If you do say something it usually ends up being twisted round or just plain misquoted, like when I was charged for possession of drugs in Germany, 'cause I had a bottle of ****in' migraine tablets that contained something like a fraction of a percent of amphetamine. It was reported in the *NME* and I was quoted as saying 'Don't they have long hair in Europe?'. What's the sense of that? What I said was 'Don't people have headaches in Europe?'. This guy was obsessed with haircuts, I'd like to put the record straight here — I *never* have had a mohawk!"
- Whew! I'm glad that's off your chest. Lou?
- "Our biggest problem at the moment is getting our records to people. All these interviews we've done lately, you stop and think 'what's the point?' You can't even get our records over here. We played in Munich last week and the response was terrific, the place was packed. When we went to look around the record shops we couldn't find our record anywhere."
- J and Lou didn't want to talk about their music and were more interested in grilling me as to the best record labels to approach with a view to a European deal and which record shops they should be visiting in London.
- The next day out on the Notting Hill record trail my mate Bob, down from Hull for the weekend refuses to go home till he gets a copy of You're Living All Over Me. At Rough Trade he manages to secure the last copy in the shop and as we leave who should walk in but J clutching a bag of old punk rock records. Life's like that sometimes. *Vachel Booth*

Drumming for effect!

Automatic Dlamini hit the full beat!

"It's like a spherical object with bits. (!) Imagine an orange with pieces carved out of it and left like an imperfect circle."

- Animal, vegetable or mineral? Instrumental! A sound sculpture actually. One of the many belonging to Scott Tracey, founder member and one fourth of Automatic Dlamini. It's this weird collection of percussive instruments which gives their debut LP *The D Is For Drum* on Idea Records, it's distinctive clamour and tone.
- "It sounds really posh, 'Sound Sculpture', and some of them can be massive structures with water coming out of them but most of mine are just things that student friends have made. I like them to look good as well as sound good." Automatic Dlamini, much like their instruments, defy any comprehensive description! The clatter of Castrol cans and various kitchen utensils is suitably combined with Scott's conversational pragmatism, lyrical intonations, and offset by the smoother, more conventional vocal of co-founder Rob Ellis. What results is a unique and compelling brand of very finely crafted pop.
- "Yeah, that's a good description actually! That's what I think we do, pop in a slightly unusual way. We've had problems from people in the past who've said, 'Are you a pop band or an art band?'. We've never set out to be either. We *do* like our songs to be accessible. Both Rob and myself are interested in melody and so we wanted to play songs that people could sing but that didn't sound like everybody else's pop songs."
- Seems like a pretty good idea to me — and inoffensive enough. Apparently not to some.
- "So far we've come up against a surprising amount of hostility for trying to do that, like when we released our first EP, *The Crazy Supper*, there were a lot of people saying, 'It's very clever and very interesting but there aren't any songs on it', which I couldn't understand because the songs were very strong."
- That's an accusation which certainly can't be levelled at the Auto's fabbo new single *Me And My Conscience*. Whether it's art or pop, it's undeniably catchy and probably the wittiest subjective analysis this side of Woody Allen!
- "It's quite a serious song done in a tongue in cheek way so that people don't say, 'Oh God! PRETENTIOUS!'"
- "I'm an optimist so I'm constantly depressed by life's evils. I try to see the bright side of things and convey them in my songs. I do think that *Me and My Conscience* is more accessible — not the song itself but the sounds used on it are more identifiable with the sort of sounds that you're used to hearing on records. I think we could have made a more comprehensive LP but this is a collection of our recordings made from 1984 through to 1987 and I think it will introduce people to our sound. When you hear something that sounds different you tend to focus on that sound rather than the song behind it. I just think it will take people a few listens before they know what to think!"
- Buy *The D Is For Drum* and you'll find the message clarified. A warmly perceptive and gently mocking visualisation of the human condition — there's no escape — if the music alienates, the subject matter will identify! Of course, none of this answers the *real* question I know you're all dying to ask — well, I was.
- What, pray tell, is an Automatic Dlamini and would we recognise one if we saw it?!
- "Dlamini is a Swazi surname. It's very common, the equivalent to Smith. A friend who was working there as a soil scientist had lots of people working for him who were called such and such Dlamini. And this one guy was called Automatic! His parents had wanted to give him a western name because it's very prestigious, they must have read it on a fridge or something! By now he was in his mid-20s and as far as he was concerned he had a perfectly reasonable name!"
- Be grateful for small mercies, readers, the band could have adopted the name of either of Automatic's brothers, Somerset and Torque-wrench! **Distributor Cap Kadis**



Après Dlamini holocaust

Baby teeth chatter!

Junior Manson Slags suck and blow!



CONTROVERSY? Junior Manson Slags? One and the same thing, really. Banned from certain venues purely because of their name, ejected or carried from others because of a natural propensity for the demon drink and a fondness for removing clothing on stage, they have just released a single, *Hounds Of Filth*, that amply restores a nation's lost faith in the art of skullduggery. But, can they dispose of all grebo opposition with a vicious sweep up the indie charts? (Could anybody actually sweep up the indie charts?) Only time will tell.

- Of the three mainstays (Karl and Michelle — vocals and different organs, plus Finn — guitar) it is the former that shiver on a cold Kentish Town street, peering at the tape-recorder. Twenty yards away a grizzled creature staggers along the road, bellowing.
- Karl: "Finn's Dad, I think. Like father, like son..."
- "Why are we the most exciting band to watch?" Michelle ponders, leaving Karl the chance to flaunt his ego.
- "We're the best to watch, very good looking, we've got a bird with a big, er, well, there's always the added excitement as..."
- Michelle: "PIG!!!"
- Karl: "We are the most exciting things around because...em...come on Michelle!"
- Michelle: "We're 'sex on stage.'"
 - Karl: "I find it very hard to disagree with that."
- Others would *not* be so reticent. Junior Manson Slags are uncontrollable bursts of seething guitar, jumpily bitter choruses and hair everywhere. A welcome change from the miserabilists and weeny-dancers that coagulate on general stages.
- "What are the songs about?" Karl virtually wonders. "The things we find interesting, which is, er, women and drink..."
- Michelle: "We follow the example of other bands and turn it backside first. Like a silk purse out of a sow's ear, you could say."

- "Eh?" Karl splutters. "Better re-phrase that!"
- "No," Michelle insists. "It's a well-known saying. A Chinese proverb."
- "Oh, it is!" he gasps. "We get the non-nativity bands, we're not naming names, we get their ideas, pep them up a bit, turn them round, sort it out and give it a more powerful sound and do it ourselves. We don't nick it, we 'borrow', adulterate and make it a better thing altogether."
- "Got to get your ideas from somewhere," Michelle decides. "We've all got our own personalities on stage. Finn who wants to drown everyone out and be this big '60s R&B merchant, Gordon who's always tripping up and down over his legs..."
- Karl: "Then there's the two big poseurs at the front, going all out for the centre-fold. If we make anything out of this, maybe we'll go and buy a motorbike which we're supposed to have anyway, instead of getting a bus-pass all the bloody time."
- Do you see yourself getting much out of this?
- Karl: "Can't see it!"
- He's being modest. (There's a first time for everything). **P Ninja Esq**

Emotional blueprints!

Red Lorry, Yellow Lorry reveal their shyness!

Chris Reed, the lead singer of Red Lorry Yellow Lorry doesn't have to worry when he wakes up in the middle of the night with a song gnawing in his brain.

- It could have come from anywhere: The thousands of albums he's listened to, the songs he was writing at 14, heck, it might even be a remnant from The Beatles' concert he saw with his Mom way back when he was seven. Where it came from doesn't matter, what happens to it after the nagging brainstorm does.
- So, maybe he'll go down early the next morning to the four-track which lies in the basement of an old Leeds pie factory. There, he'll lay down a guitar track which blisters with the "intensity" of a characteristic Lorries tune. There aren't any shortcuts or compromises. When Dave Wolfenden (guitars), Leon Phillips (bass), and Chris Oldroyd (drums) walk in, the workday begins.
- It really began five years ago in 1982. Reed and Wolfenden started the band which has always been propelled by a dual guitar and drum onslaught. The latter almost came to a halt when their last drummer went to The Mission, but that was solved with Oldroyd, a veteran of several local bands, decided that he could compete with a drum machine.
- "The drum machine is an integral part of our sound. We want the power of two drummers."
- But once you start talking about drum machines, Wolfenden (nicknamed "Wolfen") thinks that "there's bands who have a lot of press heaped on them who have copied our sound."
- Oh yeah, like who? Then there's a curious silence which is almost like an unwritten motto of the band.
- Never point fingers or make assumptions, just do what you set out to do. Maybe it's the lack of finger-pointing or making of waves which has given the band a low profile in Great Britain.
- Reed: "We've never been clever at selling ourselves. We've always been quite shy and guarded."
- Wolfenden: "A lot of people have said to us, 'Oh, but the reason you haven't had the press that you deserve is because there is no angle that the band can be sold on, and I think we see that as a compliment because the only angle to us is the music.'"
- Perhaps that's why The Lorries remain so apart from their music.
- But the music! Well, emotion is the key word there.
- Reed: "Our music hits you in a strong sensory way. It's not dark, like people say it is, it's intense, kind of like the human existence right now."
- Which leads him to another thought.
- "It's scary to think that there are some people who refuse new ideas. It's mind-blowing. Some people just refuse to take in new information."
- Although the Lorries can't be accused of that statement themselves, having just signed to a new record label (Situation Two) and claiming that the band's greatest reward is travelling (with the intent of meeting new people), their idea of emotional music is hardly "new".
- Reed: "We like a lot of Tamla Motown because that emotion just shines like a beacon. The pure injection of music back then without the advanced recording and production techniques are the best records ever made."
- Wolfenden: "Motown said more for coloured people's rights — America at that time — than Martin Luther King ever did."
- Oldroyd (amid laughter): "You can't just dismiss Martin Luther King like that."
- You can't dismiss Red Lorry Yellow Lorry either. Their new 12-inch, *Open Up* is like setting your entire body in a clothes dryer and spinning around for a quick three minutes.
- Relentless, stream-lined, and filled with what sounds like a guitar orchestra. The Lorries let their music do all the talking.
- The pork pie factory sure hasn't been abandoned, it's just the sight of a new product altogether: shearing intensity. **Scott Murphy**



A Lorry lorry laughs

sharp plastic

SST was originally formed in 1979 by Greg Ginn and Chuck Duwalski of Black Flag in order to record and release their group's output. With money borrowed from Ginn's previous company, SST Electronics (which developed, manufactured and sold Ginn's designs for radio equipment), SST started to grow. The fact that they linked up early on with Minutemen and Husker Du defined the primal hardcore scene in America, and gave the label an identity, and a trust, that has never left them. The suburban police forces and disturbed communities around SST's office, rehearsal and living spaces tried to put a stop to it all — destroying business records, locking premises, making the team distribute stock among friends and parents. Somehow they survived.

● With a label catalogue of nearly 170 releases, SST are now one of the most prominent of independent labels in America.

● Labels like Enigma and Twin/Tone are as well respected in America, but both use major distribution (Capitol and A&M respectively), SST represent the real underground, totally independent. They put an enormous amount of their efforts into advertising as part of what SST's Chuck Duwalski calls "aggressive marketing."

Also, when SST bands tour — a constant factor in the breaking of bands in America — they're always supported by other, less known SST acts, or offshoot friends-and-collectives, bands formed out of the headliners' personnel. This way everyone is kept constantly aware of the label.

● "When we wanted people to hear Black Flag," Duwalski remembers, "it meant getting the word out. We did the same with Minutemen and Meat Puppets, too. We wanted to take the music to people, because I think the business people have slightly different interests to the people who actually listen. Journalists are often social trend people — not that they're trendy, but they're concerned about the sociological implications of it all, the idea that they can build the next wave by controlling where it goes and who listens to it. That is limiting — we just want to let people know about the bands and we continue to market that philosophy aggressively."

● "People are more interested about our new stuff than in the past, which is good for SST. People are interested in groups like Das Damen and Dinosaur, who are truly new bands trying to come out and do something special. We

sign groups who have great market potential but we have some who have a negligible one, so we have to create a new market for them. So often, people invent categories and if you aren't part of it, you're plumb out of luck. Like Minutemen and Black Flag, they initially didn't have a market and it took a while to find it, and then they became popular." ● SST have proved that you can consistently release uncompromising and innovative music and not call in the receiver. By simply releasing what they like outside disregarding trends that are commercially viable or fashionable, SST have disposed of categorising. ● What typifies the current SST 'sound', if there is one way of looking at it, is the fact that their bands have mixed the 'lost' languages that punk suppressed — psychedelia, acid-rock, hard rock, improvisation, jazz-rock, instrumental and experimental musics have all been brought back from exile — with the aesthetical experiences punk taught to music: the simplicity, the velocity, if not always the brevity. SST bands, like Homestead bands, are fusing past with present, jostling around all ideas. ● "We aren't putting these groups into corners. We just like people to take them for what they are. People should figure it out for themselves. Things have to be kept open and new things allowed to come in. When you have a strict rule as to what can and what can't be allowed, and what the end result should sound like, you create the same problem that people were reacting against — in the late '70s, when things became boring and predictable and people wanted to hear something exciting and different. This was how we felt at the time, and still do." ● Of course, when I ask Chuck to give me a few words on each of the SST bands, he declines: "I like all the groups but I don't want to review them. The thing about SST bands is that there are no, simply stated, boundaries of reference. It depends out of which window you look."

S

The SST directory of lesser spotted combos

ALWAYS AUGUST: "lyrical and evocative," says the press guide. Hmm, more like a snoozy Grateful Dead jamming with Gentle Giant. Progressive jazz meanderings with a few groovy chord changes and an occasionally neat desert-dry feel, but Freedom Flight and Spacin' Out from Black Pyramid (**SST 078**) are not a good place to roadtest SST, or my idea of a good time. Hear also Largeness With (W)Holes (**SST 135**).



Always August: hair today

BAD BRAINS: One of the original hardcore sonic firm of architects, welding the high pitch and hi-life of reggae fire to that of punk. I Against I (**SST 065**) is a savage, spiritually intense experience. When asked, SST didn't know what was up with BB now, but it looks like they've got their own label.



Bad Brains: eye, eye!

initial response hardcore hats

ANGST: Recently in the UK with Dinosaur, Angst were disappointing live and the records still sound only half way there. A three-piece, Angst play a warped and muffled folk 'n' countryish stumble-rock that is addictively downbeat, but too often out of focus, like a blurred photograph. Still, the harmonies, Wild-West tones and hypnotic trails get to you each time you'll return. Lite Life (**SST 054**): Mending Wall (**SST 074**): Mystery Spot (**SST III**).

BLAST: A hard, heavy, dense, brutal guitar blast. Intense, except on Sundays when they're probably evildoers. More steamrollers than songwriters, they make a tunnel of concrete sound either way. It's In My Blood (**SST 106**): The Power Of Expression (**SST 148**).

BLIND IDIOT GOD: Their influences are meant to range from King Tubby to Black Flag to Stravinsky. Woah! BIG are a heavy instrumental guitar-led three-piece with some quite ecstatic guitar chorals that makes you imagine a classical composer writing a rock symphony. No, not a concept album! Blistering music, BIG are the best of SST's instrumentalists. Blind Idiot God (**SST 104**).

DAS DAMEN: Tightly and tensely wired guitar gruel that rises and falls like the temperature, throwing worried harmonies against some amazing hard rifting that builds up like Husker Du cloudbursts of noise. If only progressive rock had gone this way instead of Budgie... Das Damen (**SST 040**): Jupiter Eye (**SST 095**).

DESCENDENTS: Famous for their one-second title track of 1986's All album (**SST 112**), and that's not all. Descendents used to be strictly hardcore-fast but All is more like fractious pop with worms in it's stomach and froth on it's lip though still with hardcore-attitude in it's brain. Caffeine-fuelled, as the label says. Naturally, the new live album Liveage! (**SST 163**) is more rough 'core, like early Replacements.

Descendents: all



DINOSAUR: Proof that rock can have a change of heart inside one and half seconds. Dinosaur come from sleepy Massachusetts, and often sound like they're about to drop off in a fever of inertia, and then lift off with a hurricane of molten, ragged guitar storm formations. A visceral thrill, like Neil Young strapped to a De Lorean. Dinosaur were last seen carrying seven wah-wah pedals through customs. The first album is on Homestead, but... You're Living All Over Me (**SST 130**): Little Fury Things 12 inch (**SST 152**) as Dinosaur Jr (name change due to some legalities...)

FIREHOSE: Two-thirds of Minutemen plus Ed from Ohio makes one of 1987's most spirited, keen guitar-based

combos around. Beautiful, nimble pop-jazz, with gorgeous twists and turns and tender harmonies. You can say innovative and for once, mean it. Last year's Ragin', Full On (**SST 079**) is unique, and you should stop reading NOW and go and play it. Then buy the new Firehose album, If'n" (**SST 115**).



Firehose smirks

GONE: Greg Ginn's own baby; a minimalist hard rock powerhouse without the silly vocal interruptions. Guitar riffs and slapped bass lines battle it out in a neat 'n' jazz-orientated way, but over whole albums, I'm real gone, as in, gone out the house. "Gone did more for the advancement of alternative music in their short career than most bands do in a decade," says the SST press guide, but then it is Ginn's label... Let's Get Real Gone For a Change (**SST 061**) Gone II: But Never Too Gone (**SST 086**).

LAWNDALE: A real curio, this one; something like a cross between cool surf music and knee knockin' riff boogie-ing, each method invading the other's party. Instrumental from end to end too. Beyond Barbeque (**SST 087**): Sasquatch Rock (**SST 125**).

LEAVING TRAINS: More Husker Du-ish climes, but played a bit more like a bluesy mortal rock band than astral combine harvesters. Leaving Trains are a bit closer to Pere Ubu or Wire, or a punk band circa 1978-79, prone to experimenting with tempos, atmospheres and details. Groovy rock at the very least. Kill Tunes (**SST 071**): F*** (**SST 114**).

SAINT VITUS: Predating speed-metal, SST's press guide calls them, "the heaviest band in the world." True, this is heavy, Beelzebub, no getting over albums like Hallow's Victim (**SST 052**) and Born Too Late (**SST 082**). Saint Vitus confirms Ginn and Duwalski's love for oblivion-tasting metal and the sheer beauty of losing your hearing. Hear also the Thirsty And Miserable EP (**SST 119**).

St Vitus and palm trees



SACCHARINE TRUST: Ignore Joe Baiza's Universal Congress of... (really indulgent jazz-rock doodling without the ideas) and go back to Saccharine Trust, where his guitar, sharp (like Joy Division gone jazz??) and inventive, helps take the group somewhere worthwhile. Saccharine Trust sound like they've made it all up on the spot, but that they knew it all the time anyway, which means they were patchy but ppeaky and inspirational. Jazz, poetry, rock, blues, clashes that went places. Improvising doesn't ruin your health, but Saccharine Trust could sure lead you astray. Surviving You, Always (**SST 024**): Worldbroken (**SST 046**): We Became Snakes (**SST 048**).



Trust in us

SCREAMING TREES: The border crossing post where Meat Puppets and REM meet for a chat. S-Trees are probably the closest SST get to a trad guitar-group, but even then it's one that burns frets and chews the marrow out of their songs. S-Trees harness psychedelia and Merseybeat pop melodics which makes them a hell of a concept. Even If And Especially When (**SST 132**).

ELLIOT SHARP: Tesselation Row (**SST 129**) is candidate for the worst SST sleeve of all time (orange and turquoise zig-zagging...) and the music is a bit unsettling too. Apparently, if you have a serious ear for music, Sharp will thrill you. Well, thanks, SST guide. Sharp's avant-ish systems music for strings on T-Row is strangely unsatisfying, but In The Land Of The Yahoos (**SST 128**) is better.

SLOVENLY: Probably SST's most unrecognised giants. Imagine something close to a melancholic Ian Curtis singing for a drifting, thoughtful twin-guitar band like Television. Misty, reflective, often majestic, like the San Francisco bay area that Slovenly live around. Incidentally, they're also the most English sounding of SST groups. Thinking Of Empire (**SST 067**): Riposte (**SST 089**).

TAR BABIES: More weird boundary breaking and entering. Fried Milk (**SST 101**) can be psychedelic blues or a looser rock freak-out, with much jostling about around the idea of providing a tune or two. Many SST bands have this idea, but Tar Babies do it more excitingly than most.

ZOOGZ RIFT: Truly on his own little patch of turf, cuddly, hairy Zoogz has been favourably compared to Zappa. There's plenty of madcap, drug-raging experimental jazzy loon-tunes here, with mucho surrealist angst, if you get my drift. Distorted, rabid, satirical, and after two sides of one record, not to be encouraged. You only have yourselves to blame. Island Of Living Puke (**SST 077**): Water (**SST 099**): Ipecac (**SST 120**): In-

terim Resurgence (**SST 121**): Amputees In Limbo (**SST 122**): Idiots On The Miniature Golf Course (**SST 123**): Water II (**SST 137**).

On its way



Zoogz baby

HR: Human Rights (**SST 117**). Lead singer of Bad Brains solo outing. **SCOTT COLBY:** Slide of Hand (**SST 151**).

VARIOUS ARTISTS: No Age (**SST 102**). Double album of SST instrumentalists.

PAPER BAG: A Land Without Fences (**SST 170**).

FRED FRITH: The Technology of Tears (**SST 160**). Double set.

SEMANTICS: Bone Of Contention (**SST 167**).

PELL MELL: Bumper Crop (**SST 158**).

STEVE FISK: 448 Deathless Days (**SST 159**).

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I, Ludicrous re-discover British culture

Were it not for I, Ludicrous, William Hung and John S Proctor would be desperately trying to hang on to grim sanity without much success. The two, upwardly mobile, *youngish* men that sit before me talking about "TV celebrities" Derek Batey, Lionel Blair and naff footballers of the '70s have to be back at work tomorrow; in the city, in their offices, being sensible, wearing suits. Preposterous...

- The rest of the time they're performing songs concerning dinner with the Geldofs, the resurgence of the word 'ludicrous' and their friend Ken. Now then, you seem to possess quite a preoccupation with the tackier manifestations of British society...
- William: "Lionel Blair's a great man. I was a big *Give Us A Clue* fan, I used to love it when he got excited and jumped off his chair."
- John: "He's a man's man is Lionel."



"I'm In
 M A R K E T
 R E S E A R C H
 Actually"

It's quite obvious that I, Ludicrous aren't all that passionate about telling the world about their music. Their greatest moment, however, is A Pop Fan's Dream, a tune from their debut *It's Just Like Everything Else* LP, where the story tells of how they win a day as guests of Bob and Paula Geldof (she speaks of one thing only; rock stars in their underpants and Bob "talks about there being no snow in Africa").

William: "It was one of the happiest days of my life actually, you know, it was a bit embarrassing because I started laughing a lot."

John: "You've got to watch your manners as well, you know."

William: "I noticed Bob kept putting his knife in his mouth."

Didn't he have a guilty conscience about eating, what with the third world crisis?

William: "Naaaah...No conscience at all. Paula stuck it away as well."

John: "Well, she needs feeding up really...so does Bob."

William: "They were playing footsie under the table."

How was Geldof junior, Fifi Trixibelle?

William: "She didn't say a lot, actually."

John: "It's very embarrassing really, isn't it? It's so sweet the way she calls Bob 'daddy'."

Did any other guests pop by while you were there?

William: "Well, a few people phoned up, but I dunno really. I think it was Paula upstairs. He was saying, 'Yeah Mick, you know, I'll try and get down for the video Mick...'"

John: "By the way, we're doing a new charity song. It's called Feed The Rich and all proceeds go to... well, er, the rich."

William: "Food parcels round Henley, you know?"

John: "A lot of the proceeds will go to Bob."

So who do you work for then?

William: "I'm in market research, actually; it's a dull office job..."

Is I, Ludicrous instrumental to your sanity?

John: "Yes, I couldn't survive without I, Ludicrous and I don't think most of the population could either."

What do your colleagues at work think of I, Ludicrous?

William: "They say they like it."

John: "I work with two people; one of them is very enthusiastic and the other one says, 'John, it's time you grew up and forgot all this nonsense!'"

Perhaps he'll be immortalised in a song like the legendary Ken McKenzie whose *Preposterous Tales* comprise I, Ludicrous's popular beat anthems. He is the archetypal bullshitter that you meet in the pub who, "went out with a famous DJ's sister's friend," and "unearthed a bomb," while working on a building site.

William: "We used to work with Ken, that's where we met, and we used to get pissed with him quite regularly. He used to tell us these amazing stories. They were all true, no doubt about that, but it was just the way he told them."

John: "He was always in the right place at the wrong time. I remember when the last Brixton riots started, he was just coming up the top of the escalators...and recently he moved to Seven Oaks in the week of the hurricane and six of the seven oaks blew down."

Does Trevor Barker (another Ludicrous song character), really exist?

William: "Ooooh...well we'd rather not say actually...He does."

Has Steve Davis ever been to any of your gigs?

William: "Yeah, he was the one that was pogo-ing at the front."

Okay then, let's get serious. These I, Ludicrous people have an LP out called *It's Like Everything Else* and it's the most glorious study of the nation's popular concerns that's hit your local Branson Megastore.

As William Hung so eloquently put it: "There was a great *Mr And Mrs* where Derek Batey was asking about shoes, and the question was, 'If your husband was going to buy a pair of shoes would he buy a brown brogue, or would he buy a zip-up boot or would he buy a Hush-puppie', and the woman answered 'Well I'm sorry Derek, but my husband's got one leg shorter than the other; he's got a club foot and he has to have them specially-made' so Derek had to write that in and of course the bloke came back and chose the brogue."

• "...It's like everything else."

Peter Perturbed



Some excellent candid shots of I, Ludicrous by Denis Healey

Vini Reilly and the simple guitar parts

Vini Reilly is the "before" in a chest-expander advert. His whole body looks as if it's been constructed entirely out of pipe cleaners. He has a strange beauty, he looks delicate, but kick sand in his face and you'll suffer the consequences. Give Vini a guitar and a stage and he becomes Durutti Column.

The music of Durutti Column is a dainty sneeze in a musical world full of convulsions, splutters and coughs. As Durutti Column, Vini Reilly and a few associates perform wispy, subtle, little tunes. Gregarious, clumsy, loveable arrangements that slumber on the borders between pop, classical and arty-farty mood music. This will probably sound ridiculous but Durutti Column are a punk band. Their graceful delirium annoys the shit out of the establishment — you can't pidgeonhole them, the contradictions are too many. Durutti Column go against the grain.



Vini and chair

The man from Granada, he say 'yes'

Vini, you've been a naughty boy for quite a long time now — nearly a decade. How did it all begin?

Vini: "I jumped on the punk bandwagon. My first record was with an imitation punk band called The Nosebleeds with a song called Ain't Been To No Music School. It was a total joke, a farce. Yet it got me on to a TV pop programme (So It Goes) hosted by Tony Wilson — who later went on to run Factory Records — which is how it all happened."

Tony Wilson, along with McLaren & Grundy, was as much a part of 1976 as the bands themselves.

Vini: "Tony was the first person in the media to realise punk wasn't a joke and he lost his job because of it. He was the first person to screen the Pistols, knowing while it was happening he was going to be sacked."

After Vini's debut TV appearance, Tony Wilson suggested Vini start a new band with himself as the manager and general guardian angel. This situation still continues to this day.

On Factory Records, Durutti Column released their first record.

Vini: "The first album — I didn't know it was going to be an album. At that point I was very ill — seriously ill. Tony Wilson said 'what are you doing?', but I was just concentrating on being ill, I used to sit in bed playing my guitar, making up little tunes. So, he said, well we'll record your little tunes. I went into the studio and played about 30 songs, went away and concentrated on being ill. The next thing I know I'm presented with an album, a piece of vinyl."

Next came LC, one of my favourite LPs ever. When it was released I naively believed it had taken months to record, that it was a labour of love, a lifetime of sketches. Not so.

Vini: "I was awake at two in the morning with a tape recorder, my mum was asleep next door. LC was recorded from two til five that morning."

Perhaps all records should be made that way. That personal, that special, that spontaneous.

"Trendy interval music for sub-titled film festivals"

Vini: "Promoting, advertising, hype — doesn't work for Durutti Column. A good review doesn't sell records, a bad review doesn't stop people buying the records. Durutti Column doesn't get affected by any of that."

Who buys the records then?

Vini: "I just make records — just throw them out — whoever buys them, buys them — I try not to think about it."

How would you describe the music of Durutti Column?

Vini: "I haven't the slightest idea. People call it 'ambient' sometimes — which it isn't. It's just me playing a few nice tunes — no big deal."

It must be offensive when people describe it that way, as "lift" music or something to push your shopping trolley around a supermarket to.

Vini: "I don't get offended, I just get a bit sad. If people are able to describe it that way I know I've failed. You can't possibly put a bit of Beethoven on in a lift. If a piece of music is good enough it can't be used as background. That kind of criticism indicates to me that my music isn't quite there yet — which is why I keep on trying."

You also get compared to new age people, like Phillip Glass.

Vini: "I hate and detest him. He's pretentious, vacuous. It's got no substance — it's real trash, a joke. Beethoven is good tunes. A good tune communicates more to people than anything else. You can be Phillip Glass and have your trendy little, enlightened cliquey audience — it doesn't communicate f*** all to anybody. A good tune communicates all sorts of things to all sorts of people."

What are Durutti Column all about?

Vini: "Me indulging myself, playing my little tunes."

Does it mean anything?

Vini: "No, who gives a f*** about statements."

Is it sexy?

Vini: "I don't think so. Is it?"

It's as horny as hell.

Morrissey's hairdresser

Vini: "The guy who cuts my hair, also cuts Morrissey's hair. I'd been trying to establish a dialogue with Morrissey through this hairdresser for 18 months — but he's a bit of a weird bloke so it didn't happen."

The original idea was to work together without releasing it, Vini would hate anyone to think he was using Morrissey's fame to get acclaim and attention for Durutti Column. He is happy, but he is also a big fan of Morrissey's, so when he was asked to work with him on his solo album — naturally he accepted. Stephen Street, who produced the latest Durutti Column LP and isn't a hairdresser, was the matchmaker.

Vini: "I wanted to work with him because he's a major talent, his words are fantastic and he's got a brilliant sense of melody. So I was always very interested and he's a Manchester boy."

Surely fans of The Smiths will become curious about Durutti Column.

Vini: "No way, no way on this earth. Because they're not my songs, it's Stephen Street And Morrissey. None of it is remotely like Durutti Column."

My mind begins to wander, I start to wonder why Morrissey's hair is so groovy and Vini Reilly's is so odd. I have a sudden desire to be trivial.

Do you play football?

Vini: "I used to play for the school team, but I got very fragile so I can't play anymore."

People are always calling you fragile, it's as if you're an insect.

Vini: "All this fragile/ill business — it's a load of crap. It was just an angle for journalists when Durutti Column first started. No-one knew what to say about us."

They still don't. But if weight was measured by genius Vini Reilly and The Durutti Column are fat. Fatter than fat. Johnny Dee

How I left the Moonies!

Tuxedomoon recall the early San Fran nights. Alex Bastedo chews on the punk noise that didn't dissolve . . .



Tuxedomoon try to remember just how many albums they've released

- Blaine L Reininger, Steven Brown and Peter Principle, not forgetting the ubiquitous Winston Tong, once meant as much to some of us as the names of Strummer, Jones, Weller and Costello did. And for the same reasons — they were exciting and they had conviction. They were *different!*
- "We definitely started with political motives," recalls Peter Principle. "When music started getting more interesting in the late '70s, I came into the business as a promoter, organising concerts for The Dead Kennedys, The Avengers and other San Francisco bands. Through that I became involved with Tuxedomoon. There seemed to be a political reasoning behind everybody's music in those days. Groups like Talking Heads had decided that making music was the easiest way to gain attention and promote your ideas."
- Formed originally out of the late '70s San Francisco punk explosion, Tuxedomoon, along with Ralph Records labelmates The Residents, Chrome and (via Europe) Yello, provided the perfect antidote to our own post-punk *malaise*, playing their own unique brand of powerful music, a music that saw the violin, keyboard and rhythm box become as important as the usual vocals, guitar and bass.
- Principle: "When we started the only other rhythm machine band were Suicide and we both suffered at the hands of live engineers who wanted to know where the hell the drum kit was!"
- "In the early days," continues Blaine Reininger, "we used what was available, and that's why the drum machine sounds so primitive now."
- But still charming in its simplicity!

- Reininger's drawl is so laid back he makes Helen Keller sound like Marc Almond — though he does possess a certain sleazy charm that fits in with the European underworld imagery of his solo records and contrasts neatly with Principle's more direct answers. I think he might be drunk. Or something.
- "We also had a lot of equipment made for us back then," he continues. "Our ideas, I think it's fair to say, were somewhat ahead of their time."
- Principle: "Because we also stuck to the acoustic elements — vocals, violins, saxophones — we've been able to straddle many *genres* that have now become completely isolated."
- Via singles such as No Tears and Scream With A View, as well as the debut Half Mute LP in 1980, they acquired an enthusiastic following. By 1981 they had released what many hold to be their best album, *Desire*, and had relocated to Brussels, via Rotterdam.
- Principle: "We wanted to leave San Francisco and couldn't all agree on anywhere within America to move to, so in typical Tuxedomoon fashion we did something unsuggested and moved to Europe!"
- Reininger: "Also, we'd done a ballet with Maurice Bejart (which was immortalised on the *Divine* LP) and a number of record companies were interested in us because our earlier records had sold quite well over here."
- Principle: "Just prior to that, we were also linked to Charisma Records in the UK, and they gave us quite a good profile. We did a British tour with This Heat, which was great."
- Reininger: "Yeah, we did okay around

- then. We were the shit-hot boys in old London town, sold out the Venue, got all our equipment stolen. Nice place."
- Principle: "But then that deal fell apart with the confusion over our video for Jinx (a song from *Desire*).
- The record company mistook it for satire on the then-sensitive IRA H-Block protests, interpreting Reininger's smeared-with-mud appearance for something a bit less pleasant. Jinx never appeared as a single as planned.
- Reininger: "It was only mud, but the mud was brown..."
- Principle: "And that was the wrong colour for mud in 1982!"
- Since their move to Europe, output has slowed gradually, but the group have still officially released six further albums through labels such as Operation Twilight/Crepuscule, and more recently, on their own Cramboy label through Crammed Discs. The expanse of styles displayed throughout this catalogue, as well as on several 12 inch releases, has been impressively vast, though perhaps the most successful, (certainly commercially) of their more recent output was the *Holy Wars* LP of 1985.
- Principle: "I think the slowing down of releases was directly related to our concept of professionalism. As we got involved with more labels and the licensing of records to different territories, it became less possible to remain so prolific."
- Reininger: "After I left the group in early '83 to concentrate on my solo work, there was a definite lull."

- Sceptics claim Tuxedomoon lost themselves in an oblique artistic cul-de-sac around this time and are still trying to find their way out.
- Principle: "I don't agree with that. After Blaine left, we just worked less together. Winston (Tong) stays in America a lot, I spend a lot of time in Holland, Steven (Brown) in Italy. We all have our own solo projects..."
- Reininger: "It's been more like a loose collective the last few years rather than a band."
- Principle: "We come together to accept offers we couldn't resist!"
- This month sees the release of a double LP archive set entitled *Pinheads On The Move*, containing a number of genuine rarities from the early years. The fact that this will be followed by a reunion tour featuring the old line-up (as well as original drummer Paul Zohl and *newer* old hands such as Bruce Geduldig) will please the old fans but add more weight to the sceptics theory.
- Principle: "The album and the tour don't really have a lot to do with each other except by convenience, whereby one is promoting the other. After being parted for quite a while the only thing left to do seemed to be to reunite."
- Reininger: "There were also sentimental reasons for doing this. It's the tenth anniversary of the group, and it gives us a chance to have some fun reproducing the older material with better equipment. Not in a funky, slick way, but in a different manner than before."
- Principle: "We also saw our reunion as being completely out of phase with the times of the music business now, and that's often an interesting position to take."
- Is *Pinheads On The Move* an album for old fans?
- Principle: "Definitely. There are many people who pay a lot of money for our rare early material, and this was a good way of saving them a fortune as well as tying up a few more loose ends from our early history."
- Their Cramboy label has also re-issued many of the other old classics in the last couple of years. But which do you think are your best records?
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TOTAL
namedrop

THE SUBTERRANEANS

It sure is tough being a brand new band with only a demo tape, and having the likes of Jerry Harrison, T Bone Burnett and Stephen Street coming to your door. If you're The Subterraneans, Ireland's latest export, it's just another day.

When Colm Coughlan, the drummer of this young band (all 21), tells the story of how he slipped the tape to Larry Mullen of U2, it's not hard to picture him discreetly standing against a post as Mullen goes to get a bag of chips in Artane, a neighbourhood of Dublin.

Colm: "Larry was from the same area we're from. He was home from the U2 tour, they were interested, they thought it would be great for us to be on their Mother Records label.

"I was introduced to him by a friend of mine who works in a supermarket. I said to Larry, since I thought Bono was the main man, 'If I give you a demo tape will you give it to Bono?'. He said 'No problem'."

Even though U2 have been passing their demo tape around while on tour, it certainly hasn't been easy for the band who were friends first and later reluctant musicians at the age of 16.

Colm: "There's no way a 16 year old teenager can sit down and explain to his mother and father that he wants to be a rock and roll man. Oh, you don't get any money. Then you start getting the write-ups, and the tapes played. Then they realise that you must have something."

What Derek Barter (lead vocalist/bass), Paddy Brady, Brian Murphy (keyboards), and Coughlan have is a sharp blend of Celtic roots with a Doors-type influence whirled quickly in a blender until it's poured out with a frenzy that their new 12-inch maxi-joy can't match on stage (just don't mention that Doors influence too loudly).

As Murphy says, "We're an acquired taste. We're like Guinness, ya know?" If it's brewed like it has been, folks'll be coming back for more. Scott Murphy

SAGITTAL SUTURE



It's a *strange* partnership! Paul Rodgers, a shaven-headed Aleister Crowley-lookalike, attends St Martin's College Of Art in London, applying his warped imagination to the study of film and video techniques. His collaborator, Steve Richards, on the other hand, lives and works over 150 miles away, piecing together weird audio-collage tapes from a basement flat in the heart of Doncaster (of all places!).

Together, Paul and Steve are known as Sagittal Suture - a name well-suited to their pseudo-mystical preoccupations (actually it's a medical term denoting an area of the skull). And, despite the distance involved, their collaboration has proved surprisingly fruitful.

Formed in 1983, Sagittal Suture now functions as a hardcore independent communications system specialising in film, video and musical treatments. Both Richards and Rodgers are dedicated researchers whose activities are always varied and imaginative. Exchanging ideas and tapes by mail, they treat each piece of music as an organic unit to be shaped and sculpted in sound.

"A lot of our stuff was written as film music," Steve explains. "That's why the vocals sometimes seem incidental. We wanted to get right away from the usual electronic, or synth-pop format and create something different.

"The next step is to get a record out. We already have enough material for a whole string of albums, so it's the next logical thing for us to do."

Having consolidated their initial territory with a series of limited-edition audio and video tapes, Sagittal Suture stand poised to assault new frontiers of creativity. "We're working to a fixed schedule," they say, "and if everything goes according to plan, you'll be hearing a lot more of us in 1988."

Yeah, it's a strange partnership. But it works. Ian Blake

continues over

14 ICED BEARS

It's a rainy, Sunday afternoon - no better time to do a mini-interview with the greatest double act since Cannon & Ball, Rob (vocals) and Steve (bass) from the seminal space rock combo, 14 ICED BEARS. The 14 Iced Bears have so far been likened to Primal Scream, T'Pau and a packet of biscuits. They have released two singles and recorded several sessions for John Peel.

You're very much a boys band aren't you?

Rob: "What are you talking about? It's ridiculous, we've tried to get a football team from the blokes that come to see us and we can't."

Steve: "We've got loads of hockey and netball teams."

So there's something about you that appeals to girls?

Rob: "Everything about us."

Something within the lyrics maybe?

Rob: "No, it's the bodies."

Something within the bodies?

Rob: "No, on the bodies?"

1987 was a bad year for The 14 Iced Bears. Apart from their successes on the hockey pitch and being mobbed by the entire population of Roedean girls school, they're tagged with images of shambling, anorak, scruffy, crap indie-pop. No-one took them seriously last year. 1988, though, is the year of the Bear. My faith in them was restored by an accapella version of their new single on Sarah records.

Steve: "The 14 Iced Bears are back, mate."

It's a comeback!

Steve: "Honestly, we've lost weight and *everything*."

What are you all about?

Rob: "We're the kids from the dump."

Kids from the dump?

Rob: "Yeah, having sex on a dump, getting dirt in all the crevices." At this point Sue, their manager, explodes in a fit of "Stop, Stop, you can't print that!" Oh yes we can..."

Rob: "Kissing dirt."

Steve: "It's true. Dirty sex. The 14 Iced Bears - dirty sex. With or without an anorak."

Rob: "Anoraks are symbolic, the hoods especially."

Steve: "You have to get wet sooner or later."

So why not get wet with the 14 Iced Bears?

Rob: "Exactly."

Steve: "Wearing anoraks is a perversion, like wearing rubber."

The eroticism of the canvas.

Rob: "The feel of the toggle."

How do you feel about sex?

Rob: "It's okay as long as you don't do it."

How do you feel about The 14 Iced Bears?

Steve: "I like them."

A lot of people think they're crap.

Rob: "Jealousy."

14 Iced Bears - they're a band, not a packet of biscuits.

Johnny Dee



from previous page



MIRRORS OVER KIEV

Holy Cow, those Manchester guitar bands just keep on coming! But there can't be many with a worse name than Mirrors Over Kiev. Any contrivance suggested by the name is completely at odds with their music — straightforward pop songs tinted with country and the obligatory jingle-jangle. The group themselves are so down to earth, they are positively, er, *underground*.

Their debut single, Take Me Down on Imaginary Records, has been getting airplay and equally pleasing reviews, yet these guys don't seem *too* impressed. Which is strange, since they reveal that they are easily pleased — "we've been down in the gutter so long that anyone saying that they like our stuff is a bonus."

Down in the gutter? Are these guys for real? Nick Jackson, the singer, and Phil Abraham, the lead guitarist, give the impression of people in love with the idea

of "Rock 'n' Roll". And in the appropriate fashion, their single came about somewhat by accident.

"The guy from the label was at our last Manchester gig, he came backstage and said he'd put us out," explains Nick. That's the stuff that legends are made of.

When they tell you that they're still searching for that ever-elusive originality, you don't need a lot of convincing — "we've been compared to every guitar band that's ever existed." Not such a bad thing I suggest, complementing Phil on some of his Johnny Marr-esque playing — what did I say?

"That's just your opinion, I don't think it sounds like him at all."

The objective listener is put in his place. If I'd said that he sounded like Robbie Robertson or Keith Richard, well, it'd have been large teas all round. See, these boys are more influenced by the likes of Dylan and the

Stones than by Costello and The Smiths. And they're maddeningly reserved. There's no bitchin' to be found here — "there's no point in slagging-off people you don't know personally."



Funny, most other Manchester bands find time for it, but Mirrors Over Kiev aren't really a Manchester band. They don't fit that bill and that fact will probably do them more good, however much Nick likes the idea of being associated with the rainy city.

"There's no shame in coming from Manchester," he shrugs. Discuss. Craig Ferguson.

36 UNDERGROUND

THE DORIS DAYS



Sex changes, pop hybrids, incest and necrophilia abound, perhaps The Doris Days have the perfect parents.

"We're a cross between Sibellius and The June Brides."

Although they haven't released a record yet and only played a handful of 'offbeat' gigs (parties, kitchens, boats), a lot of people are beginning to talk about The Doris Days. They have fans in Japan and Hawaii and have had a demo broadcast on Belgian radio.

The Doris Days sound fresh and natural, in a way journalists have presumed bands have sounded throughout the '80s. They mix traditional themes like arrangement with classical richness (cello replaces bass) and modern technology such as samplers — arriving at something very commercial *and* accessible. Where others using this technique have merely become "avant-garde", The Doris Days have maintained pop sensibility *and* melody.

"What a lot of people forget is that all those stuffy, old composers from centuries ago were innovators. They were using all the technology they could get their hands on. Montiverdi used quadrophonic sound. If Sibellius was around today he'd be using drum-machines."

Guitar and vocal are still at the fore and in many ways they are a traditional pop band — they write pop songs, they want to move people. They believe that most guitar bands are luddites, they despair at their backward looking mentality and the way they desire a second-rate production.

The Doris Days don't look back (except in anger). There is nothing past, pretentious or puppiesque about them. They are special, but I don't know why — they're just unique I guess. You can't pin them down and compare them with anything else (which in times like these is a relief). In short, their parents would be proud of them.

Doris — an odd sort of day.

For more information send a sae to 25 Roundhill Crescent, Brighton, East Sussex. Johnny Dee

DIG VIS DRILL

Dig Vis Drill make a habit of getting up people's noses. Their brash politics and born-again-atheism has brought them more than their fair share of notoriety. However, according to Ogy McGrath, playwright, singer, ex-boxer and rampant egotist, the bad press is undeserved.

"Actually, I'm probably the nicest person you'll ever know... anyone will tell you that."

Unfortunately not everyone shares this belief in his angelic qualities. The Bishop of Sheffield and the Salvation Army, among others, have cautioned their flocks against entering Dig Vis Drill's godless territory.

Says Ogy: "To tell you the truth, I'm bored with atheism now. In fact, I'll never say another word about it."

Unsurprisingly, Dig's new single, Spell Survival on FON, isn't about the joys of Scrabble. It is an intense and searing indictment of Britain today.

"I hate everything. I hate bands, TV, theatre...*everything!* I admire no-one in music except, perhaps, Irene Handel. I was writing plays for years and no-one took any notice until the band became notorious. I use the band to further my writing career... any jerk can be in a band."

A few years ago, ABC had a vision of a glittering, superfit, superficial, style-conscious north. For Dig Vis Drill it's all dark satanic mills and bible-thumping Methodists. Dig Vis Drill are a disease eating away at the heart of pop. Their crashing rhythms and crunching synths push the ears to breaking point. They seem set to make anger fashionable again... God forbid! Steve Morris



THE SANDKINGS



Enoch Powell, and a once great football team aside, pop bands have been the only thing that has succeeded in placing Wolverhampton on the map. After Slade, Makin' Time and The Mighty Lemon Drops, the next Wolvo outfit in line for a shot at the big time are The Sandkings, a refreshing pop band who are currently being pursued by more than one major label.

Their youthful guitar pop could easily become the sound of '88, if they're given half a chance and a bit of time. The Sandkings are ambitious — after recording the delicious Primrose Avenue for indie release, they scrapped the idea of 'signing our lives away for £400' and are currently in the process of selling their publishing to London for the kind of *big* money figure that will give them time to develop without pressure.

The Beat's Dave Wakelin numbers among the band's admirers — he even expressed an interest in managing them. After meeting him, The Sandkings eventually turned down his offer because he was *too* nice, settling instead for the former Dexy's management. But what of the music? Bodines meet Beach Boys? Housemartins without sugar?

"It's just pop music isn't it?" says guitarist Glen. "What else could you describe it as? It's just energetic pop music, I suppose."

The songs are pop, but what's the inspiration?

Glen: "The songs are mostly personal, about relationships. There's nothing about politics."

Dave: "As Roddy Frame says, 'the greatest thing in the world is love'."

And what of the future for The Sandkings.

"Well, it would be nice to be as big as the Beatles!" Chris Hunt

GROOVY LITTLE NUMBERS

From Holytown, Motherwell, Scotland, comes the flavour of this month — the acid-sweet smack of THE GROOVY LITTLE NUMBERS.

A duo, armed with comprehensive backing tapes of their own devising, The Groovy Little Numbers are a timely reminder that pop music is still the most exhilarating beat on the block. The Burton and Taylor of Scottish pop, Joe Numbers and Groovy Little Catherine have been toying with the idea of superstardom for a couple of years now.

"But every time we get ready to do something, something else always crops up to stop us," Joe explains, "For example, a couple of weeks after Catherine and I formed The Groovy Little Numbers I joined the BMX Bandits too."

"I've got another band on the go as well, The Boy Hairdressers. And I've got a job in the Civil Service while Catherine's busy studying in Motherwell. So we find it difficult to make time for everything."

So much so that until the fanzine *Are You Scared To Get Happy?* tried to persuade them to record a flexi for the celebrated Sha-La-La label, The Groovy Little Numbers had all but disappeared under their own differential calculus.

No fools, the chaps at 53rd & 3rd, Joe contributes every instrument under the sun and a voice of roguish pop charm, while Catherine (an exceptionally groovy little number) sings like a choir of teen angels. Pop music has seldom shone so bright as the light in Catherine's eyes. And the first fruits of this groovy little relationship can be found on their debut EP, *You Make My Head Explode*. Holly Wood

NASA

Appreciate, if you will, the incongruous scene: A confused, stifling Tottenham Court Road and in it's midst The Iraqi Cultural Centre, clean, peaceful and serene, almost obscene for its stark contrast in cultural reflectiveness. Now hold the image; It's the chosen setting by the dashing, flamboyant duo which constitutes Nasa, Fun After All's newest prodigy, and perpetrators of the prophetic Boy King And The Lizard Girl EP. Our Iraqi host is wringing his hands in anguish for he's just deciphered the obscure religious chant used on the EP's premier track, Serophia, and fears that one ill-timed radio play will send Muslims everywhere into spontaneous religious frenzy!



Visually, this oddest of couples would look more comfortable peddling costume jewellery in a bazaar than whizzing about London's capital in a black cab. Musically, Nasa is an 'illicit affair' between eastern and western cultural influences. While Mo's guitar plays host to an array of eastern sounds, Cash's lyrics are an amalgam of the classic western poetic form and the fantastical richness which characterises eastern philosophical tracts.

Mo: "England has a very narrow, TV broadcast image of what's going on in the east — the politics and fighting. But we stem from the majesty of the east, the decadence, the bustling streets of Cairo — it's an untapped culture."

And one that is portrayed vividly on the aforementioned EP. Intriguingly divided into a West side and an East side, the former appears as a brash, superficial scheme while the latter is seen as a sensual, fervent and spiritually elevated civilisation. Is that how Nasa differentiate between the two?

Mo: "No. But I think that we both have a subdued spiritual side to us which we deal with on the East side. The West side is our wild side where we deal with the prostitution of science and sex — but not sex in a macho, sexist kind of way but from a sort of...horny point of view...does that make sense?"

If Eastern promise was ever a persuasive instrument, I shouldn't think they'll need to hint *too* heavily! End of scenario, exuent interviewer in search of navel jewel and yashmak! Alex Kadis

THE BELOVED

Since 1986, South London three-piece The Beloved have released a number of excellent singles, all of which dented the higher echelons of the indie chart. It's not until now, that they've seen fit to unleash an LP. *Where It Is*, is a compilation of previous singles, assorted b-sides and remixes. Possibly this might seem a pretty strange and rather presumptuous thing to do.

"To be honest," muses Jon Marsh, vocalist, songwriter and *Countdown* fanatic, "it's purely aimed at the European market. We have had good response in France and Sweden in particular, and it's just a way of getting our profile a bit higher. If you're just discovering the band for the first time, instead of forking out for all the singles, buy the album. It makes sense to me."

Listening to both sides of the LP, you'll hear quite a marked progression in style and sound. The initial guitar sounds of *A Hundred Words* (their debut



single) having been replaced by sequencers and drum machines. Their last offering, *Forever Dancing* showed a significant nod towards a dance-orientated feel. So, was that a conscious effort to change? To get away from that indie 'shambling' sound?

"We never actually get called 'shambling' much to my great relief, probably because our records were better produced, our guitar

sound wasn't *crap*, it sounded strong. Changing our style really comes down to a change in what we listen to. I like dance music, Prince, Janet Jackson, and a lot of our newer material is danceable stuff. It's just a natural progression."

Presently, they're halfway through recording new songs, which Jon describes as "blatant commercial pop music," and it's likely future releases will be with a major recording company and *not* Flim Flam.

"I've nothing against independents, but you can only go so far. The possibilities and boundaries on a major are endless. I'd rather have the vast weight of some horrible corporate company behind the group, 'cos I want the band to be highly successful. Anyway, most of the majors have great back catalogues, and it would be fantastic to delve in and pick any record you want."

Peter Mash

NEW TAPE DEMOS

● Annie Bristow is a popular music producer at the World Service, BBC. She produces three Sarah Ward Programmes a week which are broadcast on 463 metres medium wave, and reach 120 million listeners world wide, 40 million of whom are English speakers.

Most of the music Sarah Ward plays is 'new or left field' and often includes unsigned groups. She sometimes has these bands in to be interviewed in the studio. The numbered system after each review refers to marks out of ten for content (of tape), delivery (in performance terms), presentation (of the overall package) and potential (as to whether they'll bend a cheque book or two). Any outfits wishing to have their tapes decimated, send them to Underground Tip Sheet, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1.

POP, DICK & HARRY (27 Wolseley Gardens, Jesmond, Newcastle) describe themselves, boldly, as The Kings Of Western Swing, and their tape charges the listener like a herd of rogue buffaloes. Despite their Newcastle roots, PD&H play cowpunk, and they're busy larking about in their picture like they're lads who know how to have a laugh. What do you think Annie?

"Kind of rockabilly, aren't they? The trouble is they sound a bit tame. With this sort of music you really do need an



edge to stand out, but this doesn't strike me as being much more than a feeble Stray Cats. I'll bet they're great fun live but I feel they've got to work much harder on record."

5 4 6 3

HOW MANY BEANS MAKE FIVE? (49 George Street, Brighton, Sussex) come recommended from the peppermint-sucking guru of the pop generation, Mr Johnny Dee. What Johnny gets up to in Brighton we can only guess at, but the *Tip Sheet* is now constantly being harrangued by his hordes of jangley warblers. How Many Beans Make Five? is apparently a beatnik/zen phrase from the '60s, but the group show little respect for such lofty origins, and come straight for the listeners' throat with a cheeky brand of sugar-coated Monkees-sounding songs.

"Actually, I think this sounds more like Herman's Hermits," says Annie. "The drummer sounds good, but the singer sounds as if his voice hasn't broken yet. A bit on the weedy side I think. Give them a bomb up their backsides."

3 5 4 4

ROSEGARDEN FUNERAL (1 Harleston Close, Longhill Estate, Hull, North Humberside) attracted Annie immediately with a rather unusual matt black envelope. Of course it had to be something slightly goth or

psychedelic inside, and Annie spent some moments snickering at the group's photograph. "I like this quite a bit actually," she said. "They've got a slightly Germanic sound, it reminds me of Laibach, though I'm not so sure about the way he's singing about executions. It's odd the way some people like singing about executions. It's odd the way some people like singing about killing people. Anyway, the vocal delivery isn't quite there, I'd like to be able to hear more, I like the feel. Popular music shouldn't always be happy and up, and this is definitely good mood music."



6 6 7 5

THE PICTURES (Flat 6, 26 Wilbury Road, Hove BN3 3JP) succeeded in prompting Annie to sing the merits of Lloyd Cole. "When I started listening to this, I thought it sounded really raw," she said, "but after a bit the singer and the song becomes quite appealing — it's just how I'd expect early Lloyd Cole to sound."

A discussion then ensued on the new Lloyd Cole LP, which is, according to Annie, a sound investment. The Pictures of course, will not be interested in this. What do you say to them Annie?

"Err, send us another tape in 1990 boys, as I think you need to work at it a bit yet." So take courage, there is still hope!

5 4 7 7

HUDSON GIANTS (c/o 488-490 Old Kent Road, London SE1) open their cassette with a confident and striking female vocal. Who can it be? Alison Moyet? Nina Simone? Ken Dodd? No, it's Jenny Jones, a young lady with definite ability. The rest of the band know their stuff too, and play with skill and expertise. "This is professional sounding," says Annie. "The voice and the band are great, and I feel that the only thing that lets it down is the song which could be stronger."

Is this the sort of thing that you can imagine interesting a major record company?

"I'm not so sure, as the material lets it down a bit. Also the photograph and the 'look' doesn't really go with the music. Not bad at all though."



4 8 6 8

SPIELSET (44 Station Road, Bearsden, Glasgow G61 4AL) sent us their cassette in a book that they had hollowed out. We were quite taken with this, and Annie spent some time examining the book to see what it was, where it had come from and what relevance it had to the band. Suddenly her concentration was disturbed by a horrible crunching sound. The tape had become munched up by the cassette machine. Tut tut!

It must be the poor quality tapes these young and starving groups are sending out these days. The music though?

"I think they've listened to too many U2 albums," decreed Annie. "I like the singer but it sounds like two different recordings as the band sound like they're down the hall or something."

Then, in a moment of inspiration, Annie flicked open the book to see what

HEET

divine message lay inside. She read: 'It is sometimes the strong women who stirs up the boy and makes a man of him'... "Well," she said, "If I can do that to Spielset, it will be for the best."

1 1 7 2

THE LEGENDARY KICK (Flat 9, 3 Hawes Road, Bromley, Kent) can be said to make an unholy rockin' din. Their singer sounds a bit like Billy Idol... "Yes, it's a bit on the macho side for me," said Annie. I drew a comparison with Zodiac Mindwarp, which resulted in vague nods of agreement. "The problem is that I find this sort of rock music a bit predictable, so it's hard for me to get particularly worked up about it," said Annie. "That said, I am quite certain that the group know how to pull in a good live crowd who enjoy a few pints and kicking a few asses."

3 5 5 4

PINEAPPLE (19B Bayswater Road, Plymouth, Devon) made some effort to sound different with their tape, but fell foul by coming across as a little too primitive. "A good vocal, but the background mob sound just droney to me," said Annie. "They refer in their hand-out to bands like The Fall and Wire, and you can hear those influences coming through when you listen to their music. Oh listen to that! It's a Frank Zappa song," she suddenly cried as Why Dontcha Do Me Right? began to fill the air. The Pineapple biog meanwhile was the source of some amusement: 'looks like a lot of pricks from the outside, but once you get through the tough skin you can't get enough'... Well really lads, how very, err, rough you seem.

3 3 4 2

THE LONE-SHARKS (67 Chichelle Road, Willesden, London NW2 3AN) enclosed a very pro looking snap with their tape. You know the sort of thing, a bit blurred so we can't see the spots and wrinkles. It reminded Annie of Duane Eddy and it reminded me of The Damned. "There's certainly a lot in there," she said. "It's fine if you're going to steal loads of ideas, but really you've got to do it with verve or great style if it's going to sound interesting. That said, it does sound quite commercial and I like the girl's vocal contribution a lot." So are great things just around the corner for the Lone-Sharks? Well, our view was unlikely, but you know this wild world of pap music... anything's possible! Anything!



5 5 6 5

OUTER LIMITS (18 Aisgill Drive, Chapel House Estate, Newcastle Upon Tyne NE5 1AR) tell us in their letter that they will not be sending us a bribe as they are a 'no bullshit' band. Well blimey! Play the game lads! Why on earth should we write lots of nice things about you if you can't be bothered to send us a packet of Polos as the bare minimum? Hmmmm. What do you think Annie?

"This is the sort of thing I would pass on to Nick Freeth who produces Tommy Vance's spot on the World Service. Nick used to be in a band so he knows all about this sort of thing." In case you hadn't guessed, Outer Limits play hard rock. Their lyrics go on about 'wild women and loud guitars, nothing else I crave', so we must presume that they are probably cavemen, albeit 'no bullshit' cavemen. Outer Limits! We rocked with you!

5 8 7 6

THE GLASS DISPLAY (33 Alyn Road, Buckley, Chwyd) seem to be poised on the brink of some great philosophical breakthrough: "Let me know the truth about myself" the singer pleads as their song, Walking Away, starts. Annie and I look uncomfortably at the floor. "It's a bit too ploddy for me," said Annie. "Also, the chorus isn't terribly memorable. Their producer appears to have worked with the Shamens, and it does sound a little bit like them. I would like to hear a little less angst, though. Being completely sexist, they are quite good-looking which can only be a good thing in these days of hype." So it seems that The Glass Display win Pin Up of the Month if nothing else.



5 5 7 6

THE WOOD CHILDREN (295 Archway Road, London N6) tell us to 'scratch the surface' if we wish to uncover some interesting facts about their tape. Well, we tried. First of all Annie had a good scratch and scrape. Then I chewed and nibbled the cassette but all to no avail. No! Scratching was useless!

We listened though and were greeted by a fabulous Smiths-soundalike that was quite stunning to behold. What a fine attempt at plagiarism.

"They are trying to be different in an odd way, and they almost succeed," said Annie. "They definitely deserve ten out of ten for bravado, but please go away and develop." We both liked their singer's yodelling efforts.

5 7 4 7

TIP out

These are tapes that have been spooled and de-chromed — or bagged and passed on — from Ug! HQ. Dave Henderson, the invisible editor, presides over this incisive report on the cassettes that live "in the cupboard"...

RED OVER WHITE from Huntingdon (0480 412036) are Pro-animals which is good, but their four track tape lacks production. A touch of Cure/Members, post '78 new wave make it OK, but it lacks in finish and arrangement.

POP GUNS from Brighton (0273 684060) have a charming female vocal lead that doesn't faiter but needs to belt it out a little more. (Turn the mic down and let her sing.) Songs and arrangements are on the right track, image and delivery on the way!



BOWEL BAND from Leeds (9 St Johns Close, Aberford, Leeds) recorded their tape on second-hand spiritual cardboard. It sucks/is superb. Songs last less than 30 seconds or over five minutes...they are destined for immortality.

MELAROONY DADDIES from Huddersfield (0484 541727) are essentially a live band. They could rock out with The Screaming Blue Messiahs and bring a tear to an Elvis P fan. Their demo was loud and forceful but lacked the dirty finish of a live bash.

BALLOON (01 647 6169) are based in London and strike the Uggers as good blokes. Their tape, although woolly, definitely ragged-out in the Monochrome Set/Split Enz/Deaf School art-esque department of suave rock. You never know, but Balloon might just pop out! (Ugh! Terrible pun, terrible name...but a weird demo...passed to el).

THE DESIRED EFFECT play twango-pop with a pop edge that should be snapped up by major labels. A mix manager would embrace the dual-guitar sound, and an image stylist would give the boys a shave, stop them smoking and get them to smile. Good songs with pop potential, big bucks possible and the address...171 Staveley Gardens, London W4 2TA.

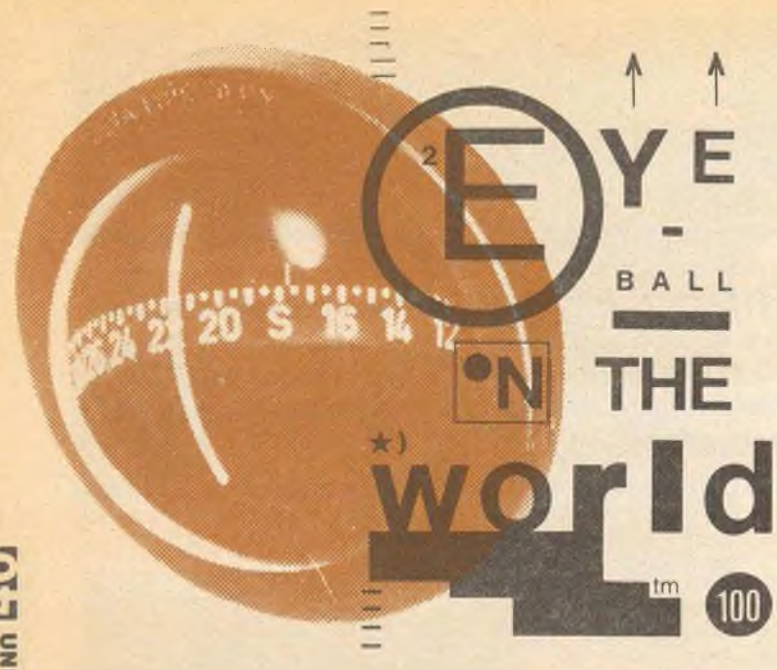
YEAH YEAH, from Canvey Island (0268 697023) scrawl "rock 'n' roll" on their tape and wander into the grim world of "street" banter for four songs. A good live experience I'd bet, but above that you'd be clutching.

REBEL WITHOUT APPLAUSE (01 845 7138) is a terrible name! Having released an LP called Akimbo, these people should have realised that universal deliverance wasn't around the corner with such a moniker. However, this five tracker features the kind of bedraggled funk that's been spat out and slowed for a generation who're almost ready to dance again. A moving listen, but marketable? Who knows?

CATCH THE BOMB (0509 504635) have grown from their shaky Shepshed roots to become a positive (but raunchy) post-punk outfit. They write neat songs that are catchy and reasonably moving. This must be their tenth demo and it's getting better. What they need to do is decide on the tempo, ditch the novelty kitsch and develop their best songs.

FEAR OF DARKNESS seem to be from Bristol (0454 310615), and I must say, they come recommended. Already people have grooved to them, and their demo (recorded live onto a 16-track) has a consuming thingy that tickles the good bits. Destined for much bigger things and a certain major label, Fear of Darkness deserve your attention.





All That Jazz and the Merseybeat

Five years ago, All That Jazz spent an afternoon in Portobello Road. The Swedish band was convinced that their demo-cassette was pure brilliance. But the Virgin Records representatives shook their heads to every beat. Today, signed to the indie Wire Records, All That Jazz are back in the Virgin office. A licensing deal with Virgin America also means that their debut album is finally put out in Britain the way they initially planned it.

- "Somehow we knew it would happen all along," says singer Peter Leaf, "and the deal was perfect timing, because last fall we were on the verge of breaking up."
- All That Jazz hail from Karlstad. That's far west from Swedish capital Stockholm, and countryside activities always have a problem with exposure. But the main reason for All That Jazz meandering, is that they never really seemed to fit in with the general formula of Swedish pop. Oh yes, you've guessed it; their name was taken from an early Echo And The Bunnymen song. But since then, refining it into their own version of epic pop, you can hardly hear that initial influence on All That Jazz's self-named LP.
- The adoption of the Merseyside tradition was somewhat crowned when Clive



All That Jazz in Virgin experience

Langer and Alan Winstanley (Elvis Costello, Madness, Dexy's, Lloyd Cole) were brought in to produce the album. They focused on the band's melodic power and brought harmonic oxygen to the sound. All That Jazz could've made use of that exactly two years earlier, when Wire put out their debut EP: a pale version of The Beatles' Norwegian Wood — yet another Liverpoolian connection.

- "Yes, recording that song was a mistake," Peter Leaf now admits.
- Holy Sea on the album, exposes a different attitude towards the influences. The spinet, the cello and the rest of the strings are playful interpretations of The Beatles' psychedelic period. And the lofty ceiling of All That Jazz's music is close to that trademark of what the world identify as the secret of the Mersey River.
- "This is our own Please, Please Me," bassist Patrik Willard states, "but now it's just self-penned songs."
- Spending almost every day of the past two years in rehearsals, All That Jazz also contemplated what went wrong. And finally their enormous power, that was sneered at by Swedish musical dropouts, has been correctly directed.
- The fear that the songs might be too long and the melodies too ambitious, was something they had to live with, to put down the final note and face the feedback. A brilliant move was to include that angelic backing vocal of Mari Lindback, in the line-up alongside Per B Bjnelind, guitar, Pontus Värmhed, drums and Niklas Hellberg keyboards. Since the band's strength is to transmit moods and atmospheres, they quickly realised that her glittering voice was necessary to get the emotional points across on the album.
- "Our music is about ardour and longing, although the lyrics aren't that obvious," Peter confesses. "And Mari's voice really fits with that." **Mats Lundgren**

It's the Right Time Treat Her Right get hotter than *that!*

The ongoing success story of Boston's Treat Her Right reads like a catalogue of accidents, disasters and failures, all of which are helping propel one of the most unique proponents of the blues in many a year towards international fame.

- For a start, there was originally no intention of forming a band, the quartet of Mark Sanderson (vocals/guitar), Dave Champagne (vocals/guitar), Jim Fitting (harp/harp) and Billy Conway (drum/cymbal) finding themselves between gaps and choosing to jam on some blues for the fun of it. The idea took off.
- "We started doing this Muddy Waters song and it sounded pretty good," explains Mark. "So we decided to take that same style and do all our originals in the same way."
- The group took to the clubs, but at an acoustic venue their drumkit was banned; sneaking in just the one drum they liked the sound so much they simply adapted it with a couple of percussion extras and, with a fair imitation of a busker's one-man-band drumkit, halved their gear requirements overnight.
- The next step was to make a record, which would turn out to be a self-titled album full of some esoteric blues, the best of which was Jesus Everyday and the laconic lead track I Think She Likes Me. Wanting to handle the record themselves but without the hassle of starting another new label, Treat Her Right effectively kidnaped Soul Selects from Three Colors and did both bands a favour when the record topped the local chart for five weeks.
- Disaster then supposedly struck when their gear was burnt in a fire at a local club. The fire — officially not arson, although the whole block burned down three weeks later and a huge new building is now going up in its place — had its positive side in that 27 bands played a benefit for the three groups that lost out that night, and the resultant publicity was almost worth the calamity.
- Next stop, The Rumble, a Battle Of The Bands on a scale unseen in Britain, sponsored by the major Boston radio station and with the final held in the city's main concert theatre. Treat Her Right, tipped to win, instead lost in the semi-finals to The Rain, who, like eventual winners Childhood, were a group of suburban unknowns.



Treat Her Right: legendary action shot!

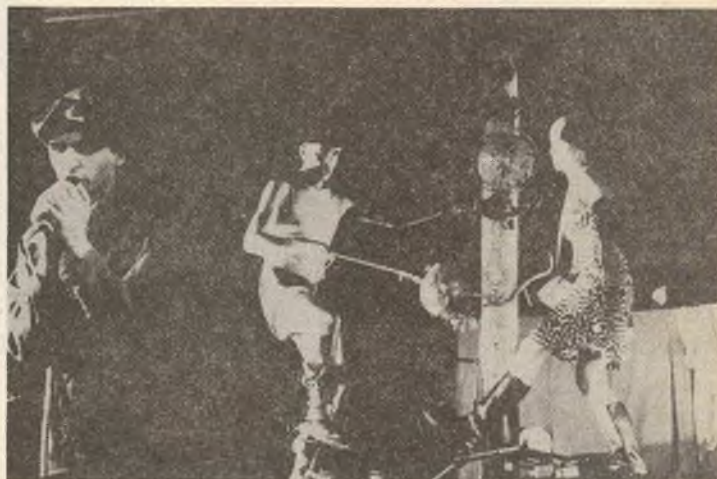
- The press and the public howled their complaints, and the A&R man who had witnessed the semi's got ready to pounce. After several months 'negotiations', Treat Her Right are now in the process of becoming RCA recording artists.
- Not that this throws them back in the studio. Their debut record, with additional new tracks, will be released by RCA and perhaps this will help spawn interest in the British edition, released a couple of months back by Demon but apparently not setting the world alight. "They don't keep us informed, so we've just sort of forgotten about it," explains Mark.
- They might have, but you shouldn't. It's time to get this deadly live show over the water, and fast. **Tony Fletcher**

The Reds Are Coming!

CCCP Are Here!

They are the most talked about Italian, or, Emilian band. They play pro-Soviet, melodic punk. They have a new LP out on Virgin but refuse to learn English, so we sent VITTORE BARONI to track them down.

- I recently saw CCCP play live, their show is something of a theatrical happening: while Giovanni Ferrett recites disconcerting texts to the accompaniment of two punkish guitars and a semi-human rhythm-section, Fatur ("artist of the Italian People") and Antonella Giudici stage a quick succession of sketches that include savage dancing with a board full of nails hung around the neck, strip (Antonella changes at least 20 dresses in a single performance), adopt grotesque costumes made out of old agricultural tools, offer impersonifications of nuns and nurses, wave large red flags and present a disquieting pagan totem.
- Five years ago, CCCP used to play their unique mixture of rough, basic punk and traditional melodies (Italian, eastern, middle-eastern) at summer festivals organised by the Italian Communist Party, for the ears of astonished militants who could not tell if they were being jeered at or not. Today, CCCP almost fill the stadiums, though their music has not basically changed, the elements, instead, have been refined and perfected.
- The complete name of the group is CCCP — *Fedeli alla Linea* (Faithful to the Line), their explicit pro-Soviet attitude attracted from the very beginning the curiosity of all the media, not only music papers but also news weeklies and trendy magazines, as always eager to catch the different and unusual. The band managed to avoid any rigid and mono-dimensional categorisation. They love to provoke and surprise their fans, like when they signed to the Italian branch of Virgin after four records with *Attack Punk*, one of the more active Italian alternative punk labels. The first move after signing the long-term contract was to release a single, *Oh! Battagliero*, that contained a song in traditional waltz style!
- The new album, *Socialismo e Barbarie* (Socialism and Barbarism), is a welcome addition to their first LP *Affinities-Divergences Between Comrade Togliatti And Us*, and the picture-disc *Comrades Citizens Partisan Brothers*, plus the EP, *Orthodoxy*.
- How would you introduce yourself, briefly, to readers who never heard about CCCP — *Fedeli alla Linea* and know very little about the Italian political climate?
- "CCCP make modern music. We are tied to our place of origin, that is not Italy, but Emilia Romagna (a region in central Italy, *NdR*). It is our region that limits our choices, the most pro-Soviet area in the Western World in living history, and the most pro-American as regards daily habits. Our imagery gets over the Berlin Wall, the Mediterranean Sea and the Ural mountains, to include the East and the Arabian countries, and ends up as neither transparent nor folkloric."
- Would CCCP have existed even without the punk movement?
- "No. It was punk that revealed, in the '70s/'80s, the possibility to play music concentrated on the human condition and not on technology or the market. The further developments are not interesting for us, whether they end up in the sewer or in the bank. From punk we take what we need, in order to live as well as play."
- Will you ever tour the UK or USA? And, if you did, would you still use the Italian language?
- "We would like to play in the UK or USA, but we're not over anxious about the possibility. USA and UK are not the centre of our world, neither cultural, nor political. The songs of CCCP are in Italian and our singer does not speak English."
- Which of your records have been or will be released in UK?
- "Three years ago Attack Punk Records released a mix, *Ortodossia*, now, we hope, to release the new LP, *Socialismo e Barbarie*, through Virgin Records."
- How much has changed, in terms of sale figures, with your LP on Virgin?
- "In terms of real sales, the situation hasn't changed. The first 15,000 copies were already assured by our old audience. Now we just have to make other potentially interested people aware of our existence. We are not addressing only the "young", on the contrary we are interested in the whole complexity of the human condition. CCCP is, also, music for mothers, factory workers, children, religious people, outcasts."
- Are there other groups that you respect, in Italy or elsewhere?
- "We are not music experts. We respect all those who make music and do not create too many problems to themselves, nor bother about music papers, critics, techniques, trends, marketing. And, moreover, do not care about ideologies, be them punk or yuppie."
- The difference between how indies and major labels operate seems more and more elusive: is it pure utopia the survival of completely independent and un-commercial musical experiences?
- "Commerce is a gift given to mankind, it develops knowledge, it broadens frontiers, it promotes interests. It is nothing to be afraid of. Truly independent and lowly commercial musical experiences can surely survive. But if they want to live, they have to become moderately commercial and then highly commercial."
- In London I saw a lot of T-shirts with the monogram CCCP, pro-Soviet clothes have become a fashion...
- "The Western World is characterised by cycles and counter-cycles. After America, Russia. From the T-shirts with F*** or University Of Yale to those with CCCP. This means nothing to us. We were pro-Soviet under Breznev, we still were under Andropov and Cernenko, we still are now under Gorbaciov. All the rest is contingent."
- What will be your next move?
- "To play outside of Italy, possibly in the East."
- It is still to be seen if CCCP's appeal will spread and take root outside the native borders, but I wish them good luck with their second Five Year Plan. If you want to find their old records, try directly Attack Punk (Via Lama 57/3, 40122 Bologna, Italy), or Toast Distribution (Via Duchessa Jolanda 13A, 10138 Torino, Italy).



CCCP: live and direct

Flower Children!

The Honolulu Mountain Daffodils have the last laugh!



The Honolulu Mountain Daffodils' world is a dangerous one. Their debut LP, *Guitars Of The Oceanic Undergrowth*, was a stunner. Dark, troubled and spiced with a touch of menace, it is guaranteed to blow the cobwebs from the most timid bank clerk's ears. I check the door in case I need to make a quick exit: I like my face just the way it is.

- Joachim Pimento is the band's mentor and driving force. His body is soaked in Jack Daniels and marinated in tequila.
- He lectures: "There are two types of people. Those who like Lou Reed and those who like Paul McCartney. We like Lou Reed."
- Like many of today's bands they are heavily into sampling.
- "We sample, we mutate. The greatest honour any band can have is to be sampled by the Honolulu. It started out as a tribute, but now we've found our sound from it."
- Lord Sulaco, the band's singer, has a voice trained at the Jack Hawkins' school of vocal excellence.
- He says: "Like Captain Scarlet, I am a citizen of the world. I have nothing but compassion for my fellow man, but I'll be damned if I'll give him any money."
- The Honolulu are the ultimate cult band. Their true identities are shrouded in mystery and their motives are hard to define.
- DJ Wright confides: "We want to be totally obscure so that in 20 years time someone will discover our records and say, 'Who were those guys?'. That was the idea of the first album cover. It deliberately looks all faded as if someone has left it in a shop window, ignored and unsold."
- Up till now gigs have proved something of a problem. Could it be the 'lulu's demands on their audience?
- Sulaco: "When I'm singing, I insist my audience kneel."
- The band snigger. Zoe Zettner sneers, "He has a terrible height complex."
- Sulaco snaps back, "I'm five foot eight... I don't consider *that* short."
- We compose ourselves, trying to ignore the rumour that Sulaco is taller laying down than standing up.
- The new LP, *Tequila Dementia* seems set to bring them the success they have struggled to avoid. Their joyous obscurity is starting to fray around the edges. One of the LP's highlights is *Deathbed Bimbo*, a shocker of a song about that great taboo subject AIDS.
- DJ Wright takes up the story: "It's about a guy with AIDS who finds a girl with AIDS, and they decide to keep the disease to themselves."
- The Honolulu make music for the end of the world.
- Says Joachim: "We are the final joke. The whole of the last 25 years is crammed into us. It's a tribute, with a sense of humour."
- Rock and roll is dead! Long live the Honolulu Mountain Daffodils! **Steve Morris**

continues over

Vittore Baroni with the new plastic passions from Italy's Independent Label

● At the beginning of November, I was at the 4th annual Meeting of Independent Music labels, in Florence, an international festival with loads of frenzied chatter, warm handshakes, cool drinks, many stalls of unusual records and various miscellaneous concerts (yours truly helped to set up a schizoid Halloween night featuring Cudù, The Legendary Pink Dots and the elusive Current 93). It goes without saying that I came back from the meeting with a trunk of promo discs and tapes, so here's a selection of new tasteful releases. I have to clear out my desk, you know... ● **The Doubling Riders**



FP And The Doubling Riders

is that sort of networking-music project where a guy recording a trumpet solo in his living-room in Saskatchewan ends up on the left channel of a track mixed in Piacenza, Italy. Strangely enough, the result here is classy and very coherent, with no loose parts, an aristocratic collection of songs that stand half-way between Tuxedomoon and the Penguin Café Orchestra. Praise must be granted to lyricist and Master of Ceremonies, Francesco Paladino, who, together with keyboardist Pier Luigi Andreoni and sampling wizard Riccardo Sinigaglia, forms the stable core of the group, who were able to mix down the different contributions into an homogeneous style. The second production of the Doubling Riders is an attractive boxed set with 2 LPs and texts, *Doublings and Silences Vol. II*, on **ADN** (Piazza Segrino 6A, 20159 Milan, Italy). ● The most impressive stock of new releases came this year from the pro-'60s circles, that are really enjoying their 15 minutes of fame. The **Electric Eye** label leads the dance with the second volume of '80s Colours, including the best of the "second wave" of Italian psychos (Acid Flowers, Avengers, Keep Away From Children, Psychomotor Pluck, etc.), plus the new LP of garage thrillers from **The Booohos** and the first album of the lisergic **Effervescent Elephants**, called *Something to Say* (E. Eye, C.P. 144, 27100 Pavia). **Allison Run**, with their favourably received debut mini-LP *All Those Cats In The Kitchen* (**Mantra Records**, Via degli Etruschi 4/14, 00185 Rome), prove that the "neo-psychedelic" label makes less and less sense for bands that employ the '60s influences only to evolve modern and original pop songs. Another delightful mini-LP with poppy sweet'n'acid songs comes from **Peter Seilers & The Hollywood Party**, whose singer, Magic Y, also released a couple of interesting compilations on his own label **Crazy Mannequin** (Via Monte Nero 5, San Giuliano Mil. se, Milan). The first, *Lucifer's Friends*, is a "chaotic, funny and wonderful" collage of Italian subterranean bands with incredible and very long names (like **Kim Squad and Dinah Shore Headbangers**) plus special guests from abroad (Jazz Butcher, Membranes, Jacobites, etc). The second is called *Andy Pop* and will surely become a collector's item for Velvets' completists: the legendary first LP of the Velvet Underground, the one with Warhol's banana on the cover, has been re-made piece-by-piece by a wild array of new Italian groups, as a homage to Dada Warhol in the sky. The vinyl is appropriately banana-yellow and the first 200 copies include a fruity T-shirt. The cover versions, with Bowie's Andy Warhol as a bonus track, are all unpretentious and highly listenable. ● Relax now with some "serious" stuff. **Giovanni Sturmman** is a guitarist and songwriter, but he turned to piano for his third album *Comics*, an instrumental soundtrack of soft improvisations and melancholy moods, in the vein of certain progressive outfits in the Recommended Internationale. More ethereal sounds in *Knot Music* by **Luigi Maramotti**, another keyboards-based LP, albeit computerised in this case. Sub-titled "music for absent-minded listening", the album adds a lovely romantic edge to the Eno-esque ambientism you rightly expect after such a definition. Both records are distributed by **Supporti Fonografici** (Viale Coni Zugna 63, 20144 Milan). ● The Italian sounds that will surely encounter more difficulties outside the national borders are those that do not belong to any faithful little tribe, but fall into that vague galaxy that floats between mainstream FM rock, ready-for-video techno-pop, post-dark, post-post-punk, or anything you can safely play to your Mom and Dad, yet without going totally into the Middle of the Road. Very difficult to pick out titles from this crowded area, anyway start with *The Favourite Toy* by **Art Boulevard** (**Toast** distribution, Via Duchessa Jolanda 13A, 10138 Turin), a captivating and multi-flavoured mini-LP, then proceed with **Future Memories'** untitled 12 inch on **Cave Canem** (dist. Supporti Fonografici), just plain nice songs with rich melodies, and continue by looking for these other names: Redox, Novalia, Cargo, Overload, The Bateau Ivre, Hot Riviera, Plasticost... ● Ugh! Enough marketable pieces of plastic! Will it be next time that we visit the Unforgettable Noise Crypts of Pastaland?



Future Memories

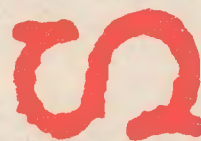


The numbers game!

Front 242, the Masterhit and the masterplan

If this is Tuesday it must be Belgium. Brussels in fact, and a rendezvous with crack European electro-terrorists Front 242. Hot on the heels of the Masterhit import 12 inch remix from their Official Version LP — one of the best of '87 — and a European trek in tow with Depeche Mode, they're here... alive... and stuff.

- The thing that immediately strikes me when talking to Richard (sawn off Mohican, previously also a Revolting Cock) is how committed he is to what his group are doing. He's excited and animated with every facet of the band's existence.
- "After nine years of working with electronics, I finally became a professional 'musician' last year, and I love it, even if only five per cent of the music industry is good and the rest bullshit. But you have to be constantly changing — there's no point in continuing otherwise."
- Hence the apparently absurd reasoning behind turning down the chance to continue the jaunt with Depeche Mode into the UK, where their profile is zilch compared to the rest of Europe and America.
- "Yes I know, but we just did 17 gigs in 25 days with Depeche, straight after our own European and Canadian tour. We're not averse to touring but not for months at a time. We were bored with our old show and decided the time would be better spent rebuilding our studio and working on new material. The next record MUST be better than Official Version."
- But Britain is still important?
- "It used to be a dream to be number one in England, but not anymore. Germany is much more important now I think. Basically, you must choose to concentrate on the areas you are already doing well in — we've toured Germany many times, North America three times, France, Sweden twice, but only one gig in England. We're really not that bothered — a group like Yello never play gigs yet still sell well all over Europe and America."
- Finally, were you happy with the Masterhit reworking?
- "No, not really. What happened was that we recorded a new 12 inch for release in the autumn but scrapped it. Then, for the first time in our careers we compromised and went back into the studio and remixed Masterhit. But none of us were 100 per cent happy with it. That's why it's only available on full release in North America, and import only for Europe."
- Check it out and make their distributors Red Rhino rich. Alex Bastedo



Tricolor touters!

Les Thugs look for trouble!

So, why hasn't France produced any good rock 'n' roll bands? "Ah, there are good bands in France, but you just don't know about them in England," reply Les Thugs, four men from Angers with something quite vital to impart — the least of which is that they're finally in England with a British release on Vinyl Salvation, a mini-album, *Electric Troubles*.

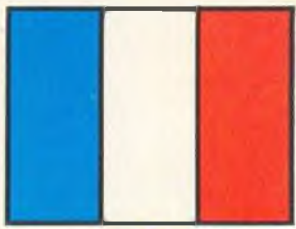
- "Most of the bands sing in French so the British record industry aren't interested," explains elected spokesman, Eric. Les Thugs sing in English, but you can't really hear the words in their accounts until the wall of electric guitars spiralling and looping around things make it difficult!
- Electric troubles, Les Thugs?
- Eric: "There are different meanings of the word 'trouble': It's not just the problems of a plug, or an amplifier, it can be lights in the street, or trouble you can feel."
- In the lyrics, we fail to see what we feel about the world around us, the problems in daily life, or between two people. We have a bleak vision of the way the world turns."
- Les Thugs' experiences back in France haven't cheered them up; despite fanzine and local radio interest around the country, the national music press are in Paris!
- "They don't talk a lot about rock 'n' roll bands like us. We don't like Paris — the scene, the people, the journalists, in Paris, they talk mostly about fashion."
- Les Thugs don't talk much about fashion; neither do they fit into one. "We're not a punk band, or a '60s band, or a rock 'n' roll band. We're something in the middle."

Martin Aston

The vinyl vulture bites hard!

42

UNDERGROUND



art



● Ah yes, art! And music! Some might murmur something like “arty-farty”, some could pluck a word like pretentious from their catalogues, some others would possibly even call it interesting...

● Achwgha Ney Wodei (pronounced Ash-ga-ney-vo-day if you're asking) might perhaps comment “au naturelle”. Being of a decidedly French nationality, the group share a lack of inhibition as regards mixing music with art — a freedom of self-expression which dates back to earlier French experiments with aristocracy and that art machine the guillotine...

● January of 1986 saw the first fruits formed in the shape of 40 minute cassettes, encased in handmade, hand-painted, plaster replicas of the Citroen DS cards — the only problem being that you had to smash or chisel your way in to get at the music. Gigs were played, and a contemporary ballet scored in the ensuing months (what else?).

● More recently another art package has been released in collaboration with London-based New International Recordings. Tryptique is in a limited edition of a 1,000 copies; the front of each box being a section of one of ten giant paintings by ten different artists. Inside are ten colour postcards of said work along with three 12 inch maxi 45's. I ask Didier (band member, vocals, words and instruments) and Riton (who describes himself as “the fifth wheel on the Achwgha car”) to tell us what the project, the band are about.

● “The music, the instruments, come first; with us it's spontaneous, then come the words — we sing in French and use onomatopoeia for effect and even nonsense words... for the new record we also sampled lots of sounds, we travelled to the mountains in France to a bell factory, used the natural reverb provided by a grotto; using percussion and throwing stones into the water, we sampled sounds of the Paris markets... we also used computers in the studio to compose — mathematics to build structures around which we could improvise.”

● Tryptique? “Three records, a triangle, three kinds of music; the first has lyrics and a jazzy/dance/traditional style similar to our earlier work, the second is instrumental; we used piano and percussion mostly. The third record is experimental music based on natural sounds. All four of the group (the other three being Eric, Francois and Woody) tried playing anything and everything possible.”

● Their enthusiasm is quite infectious, and their sincerity commendable.

● What form do the live shows take?

● Riton: “In the past they've dressed up as insects and Al Jolson; they want to make something more than just a concert; a show.” Didier continues: “We improvise our songs live, play different instruments, have fun — the audience laughs *with* us and because we are not rock stars we can, after the show, discuss with everybody present and make new contacts, get new ideas... our music is like a story, not a closed story, only chapters; the music goes on...”

● Not in the least bit guilty of being art bores in my opinion. What do you make of it? I wonder as Achwgha's “quirky noiseplay” (as reviewed in last months ish) swirls around my head...

● Didier: “Use your imagination.” Daz Igmeth



The black and white Wodei show

Truckers, yo! Dumtruck get journo-lag!



Dumtruck with Peter Sellers lookalike (extreme right)

During Dumtruck's short debut tour of the UK, I was politely informed that there had been 5,000 interviews before me. Minds are fried, it's the type of day where relatively new guitarist Kevin Salem has a serious question: “Who do you get to play Barney?”

- In case the thought whizzed by, the discussion was about the proposed *Flintstones* movie. Slumped in the corner, having talked himself into oblivion, lead vocalist Seth Tiven pipes up, “I'm having a serious insomnia problem.”
- Understandably. The night before was spent singing into deaf ears — the industry types who “had three burritos in one hand and a margarita in the other.”
- “They knew that as soon as we'd stop playing the alcohol would stop being free. I hate the business side of the record industry. Over here it's a lot better than in America. When we come over things are taken care of. In the US we get taken out for an Okie dog when we're in LA.”
- “It's a bad business with *some* good people,” adds Salem.
- But before they get tossed out on their ears, it's important to note that their Big Time label has been behind the Boston-based band every step of the way. The first step began in 1984, when Tiven started the band with friend Kirk Swan.
- Tiven: “I had a four-track and he came up a few weekends and we decided to get something together.” That something was D Is For Dumtruck, a raw, unpolished album that became a college favourite due to concert standards Swirls Around and Repetition. Two years later came Positively Dumtruck, an aggressive but moody album that quietly made the point that Dumtruck was off and running.
- Then the detour. Swan decided to leave. Salem, in between brutal 6AM-4AM work days of teaching in high school and installing cable systems, watched it all from a distance.
- “Lyrically, they,” (Tiven and Swan), “came from two different places.”
- Tiven quickly interjects, “He was of the opinion that he'd write a new song and that was it. And the lyrics... he'd write something like this: “*I would eat but my stomach would probably reject food.*”
- Um yeah... Swan's moved out to Los Angeles.
- So the history is taken care of. Now the present, and everybody gets excited.
- Seth: “We're a louder band now.”
- Salem: “It's much more a band of extremes now than before. I think that's good. Otherwise you'd sound like middle-of-the-road Bon Jovi.”
- Aside from Salem and Tiven, Tom Shad (bass), the youngster of the band, and Shawn Devlin on drums make up the musical 'truck. Shad, who gets praise for being the first “real” bass player of the band, as well as Salem, were auditioned first by telephone, a process which weeded out more than a few stadium dreamers. Dumtruck was ready to roll...
- From there, demos were passed around until Hugh Jones of Echo fame started calling. Then it was off to the studio in Wales, a far cry from Beantown.
- Seth: “Hugh said to us ‘Do you want a slick record or a real raw record?’ We didn't want a slick record.” The result is their third release, *In the Country*, filled with emotion and range. The same goes for Dumtruck in concert — one minute sounding like the inevitable comparison of “those f***heads from Athens,” the next, like lost souls run amuck.
- Yeah, Dumtruck sure doesn't have any slimy cargo. Right now, they're doing 70 in their quest to be demons of the road. **Scott Murphy**

NEW FROM

SST

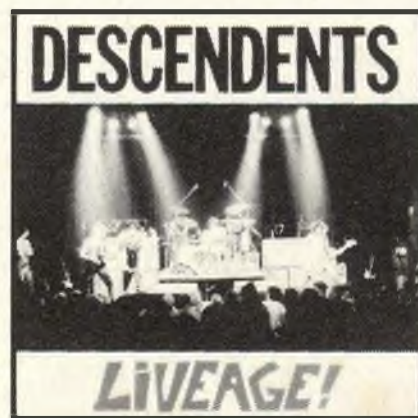
FIREHOSE BLACK FLAG III DESCENDENTS



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Pat RuthenSmear

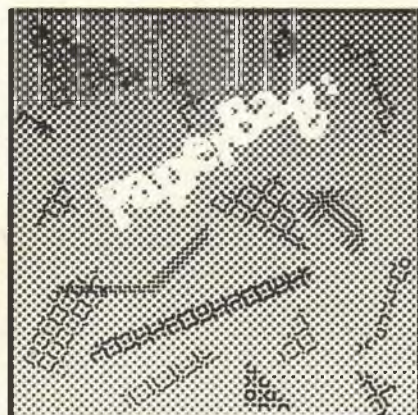


RuthenSmear. As a founding father of punk, Pat Smear should need no introduction. From his patented guitar grungework with the Germs, right up to now, Pat RuthenSmear is the severed edge of modern guitar playing. Pat RuthenSmear however, is a whole new kettle of fish. Glam, slam, blammo, a whole new way of life. SST 154



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PAPER BAG:



PAPER BAG: A Land Without Fences. A new phase in the sound of Paper Bag has come out with their second record for SST, A Land Without Fences. Recorded direct to digital, all live, no overdubs, this record truly captures the essence of Paper Bag. Completely improvised, the music on this record shows a grasp of melody and intuitive playing never equaled. SST 170

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The FRENZ Experiment



fact

Do the Murphy

PETER MURPHY celebrates a decade of pop notoriety this year with his second solo album *Love Hysteria*, released through Beggars Banquet on March 28. No doubt ardent Murphyites will already have purchased, cherished and ingested the sampler of the LP which took shape this Feb as a rather gorgeous 45, titled *All Night Long*. Penned by the hollow-cheeked one, together with his keyboard player **Paul Stratham**, this bridges the two year gap since his last single, *Tale Of The Tongue*, and proves indisputably that there *is* growth after maturity! ● Only those, however, who were able/willing to fork out the extra for the 12-inch will have been privvy to the bold (and better!) cover of The Stooges' classic *Funtime (In Cabaret* – a Murphy embellishment). And watch out for *Indigo Eyes* – guaranteed to squeeze emotional repose from even the most stoic of pop voyeurs. ● Produced by **Simon Rodgers**, erstwhile **Fall** keyboards man, *Love Hysteria* will result in the first Beggars/RCA America link up on Murphy's behalf, following the success of the USA tour which occupied most of his time last year. ● Tempering necessary publicity with his usual style and exclusivity, Peter will be appearing once only in England, at Sadlers Wells Theatre March 27, with an impressive new line-up featuring **Peter Bonas** on guitar, **Eddie Brach** on bass, **Terl Bryant** on drums and, of course, the aforementioned Paul Stratham on keyboards. Electrifying inside story in next month's ish! **Alex Kadis**

Peter Murphy lends a helping hand

EMERGENT NOISE Hottest sounds to bury their talons into the Underground office this month!

Preceding two single releases and a nationwide tour, **Microdisney's** latest four track cassette taster comes spinning in pop finery from Virgin Towers. The new single will be *Gale Force Wind* which sounds like it'll quite easily top the antics of their previous *Singer's Hampstead Home* 45.

The much travelled and tormented **Cradle** look set to impress — after rumours of **Ivor Perry** joining **The Smiths** — their eleven track *Portastudio* demo sounds like the kind of thing that'll have everyone from **Triffids** to **Bunnymen** fans interested. Already, producer **Gil Norton** has offered his services and a couple of majors are interested.

With the demise of **The Housemartins**, Go! Discs have been on a signing

bender, the first fruits of which will be a single from **The Blue Ox Babes**. With a fiddle sound keenly bowed and **Dexy-**orientated, the Babes boast a flexing vocal style and a neat songwriting style. UK post-folk soulsters, anyone?

Planet Wilson are a union forged through the demise of **The Red Guitars** and they are toting a four track demo which Virgin look set to release in one form or another. Well structured, haunting pop in a truly minimal mood with an elongated sound that drifts from Bowie-esque to ethnic simplicity and back again.

Also from Virgin is a four track selection from Irish band **Something Happens** which rocks out in a rather undistinct way, unlike the rather raved-over **Church** who've inked a new deal with Arista. Their

first single will be a rather moving acoustic strum titled *Under The Milky Way* and it's one of those rock sounds that's paced just perfectly enough to transcend the usual nonsensical blandness of the medium.

The next single from **Coco, Steel And Lovebomb** looks likely to break them into the spotlight-bedraggled centre stage. Titled *The Sound Of Europe* it's a sample heavy, brass driven talk-in, with the whole symphonic climax blowing speakers off walls and redressing the balance of cross-cultural US/UK dance music.

Giant Sand's next album, *Storm*, sounds like it's a winner. Set for release through the portals of *Demon Mansions*, it has that predominant guitar buzz thrown against the simple strum and Howe's Americana vocal drawl.

The Corn Dollies have four tracks demo-ed up in preparation for a new album that they're set to "lay down" for *Medium Cool* and they suggest that they'll be proud fathers of a bouncing guitar strum, punched out with vocal glee. *Med Cool* also plan a cheapo compilation featuring all of their fabby acts real soon . . . so look out!

Finally we were warned about the strange popiness of **Wire's** new 45 for Mute, but *Kidney Bingos* is even closer to the charts than we'd imagined. **Collin Newman's** vocal runs rife on a pop-psyche style ballad that's supported with usual *Wire* aplomb in the guitar department. A classic case of verse/chorus m'lud!

THE TWELFTH BATTALION HAS LANDED

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Telephone 01-387 6611
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Fax 01-388 5010
Distribution
 Spotlight Magazine Distribution
 1 Benwell Road, London N7 2XG
Telephone 01-700 4600
Typeset by Offshoot Graphics Co,
 17-18 Great Sutton Street,
 London EC1
Printed by
 Chesham Press, 16-18 Germaine St,
 Chesham, Bucks
ISSN 0951-502X
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 - THE RAW HERBS**
 - THE VANDALS**
 - and **ALEX CHILTON**



Don't miss this mega-treat, get on down to your newsagent's on **Friday, March 18!**

UNDERGROUND

fact

DON'T SPLIT IT!

A new year and the seasonal crisis hits the music biz. It's split city and rumours are rife...

After **The Smiths'** demise last year, and the ensuing rumours – with scenes played between **The Cradle's Ivor Perry, Morrissey, Vini Reilly, Johnny Marr, The Pretenders, Paul McCartney, Steven Street** and **Aztec Camera's Roddy Frame** – **The Housemartins** were the first name to peg out in '88, but still rumours are running wild about other departures, possible new unions and the state of everything groovy.

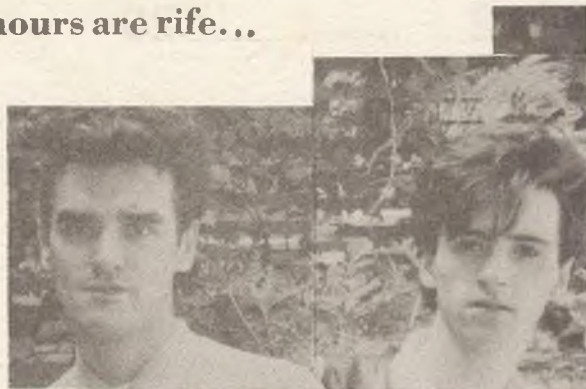
New Order's press count increased at the tail end of last year when split rumours were fuelled by the release of a best of set, but the official statement read 'Up yer bum' and a new LP is set for quite soon. Meanwhile, about the same time, **The Folk Devils** split and they didn't even bother to tell their record label. . . opting to announce it to the press themselves. . . so who would be next?

From America, news of the demise of **Green On Red** has drifted in, while last week split rumours about **Gaye Bykers On Acid, The Wedding Present** and **Miaow** were all found to be slightly left of the truth, while **The Creepers** announced their final chapter after a "stabbing incident in the band" at new year. Well, that's better than musical differences. As for the Bykers, well, the truth of the matter is that they split with their management, while The Wedding Present story had a whisker of truth, but could have been much better put down to a re-arranging of personnel rather than an end to a beautiful friendship. But Miaow? Well, there again, personnel changes have secured a new career for singer **Cath Carroll** ("possibly with a new band name, too") following her sad, but inevitable, parting from the other members of the combo.

Worst of all is the news that **Cabaret Voltaire** – a primal influence from their earliest days for our editor – have called it an edit. **Mal** has opted to "do it" with **Dave Soft Cell/English Boy On The Love Ranch Ball** while **Richard Kirk** looks set to stay in Sheffield where he's recently released an LP with ex-**Box** vocalist **Peter Hope**.

And, as **Alan McGee's** Elevation label – featuring **The Weather Prophets, Edwyn Collins** and **Primal Scream** – has severed links with WEA, the question must be, will this rapid activity bring up any new conglomerations and combos and just who will be the next crew to call it a day? Even, can the world live in the house of rock after the divorce?

If only a few more people could restrain themselves and quit while they've got their dignity, rather than drag it all through the papers. . . it makes it all look so cheap. I mean, **Big Black** were refined and restrained about it all, weren't they? Hmmmm, Songs About F**ing, indeed!



The Smiths: they split



Miaow: they fractured



The Cabs: they divorced



Big Black: they did it with style



The Wedding Present: they shuffled

fiction

SO WHAT'S **Cathead** all about then? Well, **Matthew Eaton** of **Friends Of The Family** – a man who admits a burning lust for **Culturcide** – is doing a fanzine called **Cathead**, as well as making the fabby **FOTF** debut single, plus a free badge, available for a mere £1.20 from Flat 1, 31 Wake Green Rd, Moseley, Birmingham B13 9HF.

Bourbonese Qualk, that bizarre combo from South London, are using a selection of dead insects sealed inside the two sides of their next LP. They reckon they need 40,000 dead insects and would appreciate your help in getting them (oh, by the way, you can't actually kill them yourselves, natural causes only). Send the corpses to Box 244, London SE1 5A2.

Felt have just emerged from a breathless time in the studio with **Slaughter Joe Foster** . . . the end result being a new album that sees them flaunt a tag called 'anti-technology'.

Rumours are rife that the latest **JAMS** single – **Big Fat 45** – was in fact not even anything to do with **JAMS**. Yes, those kings of sampling say they know nothing of the record, which boasts **Zep** licks and **Eric Morecombe** dialogue, among other things. The fickle finger of accusation points to the **Fierce Records** conglomerate in Wales (as featured a couple of months back in *Ug*). The **Fierce** ones are not answering their telephone at the moment.

Mike Cobley has been doing collages with his back issues of **Underground**, the end result – with more than a tasty line of fabword for effect – is a xerox sheet of great heat-inducing quality and suchlike, so, if you want to comment about his comments, write him at 18 Athole Gdns, Hillhead, Glasgow G12 9BA and enclosed a sae for better results.

Mick Todd, the ex-bass player of **Basczax** – who turned up on **Fast Product's** **Earcorn 2** with **Joy Division**, is forming a new independent label called **Animation Records**. With members of **Basczax** departed for shores anew as part of **Jank Mamba** and **The Flaming Mussolinis**, the first release on **Animation** will be a timely look back at some of **Basczax's** unreleased material.

More action up north surrounds **Premonition** of **Sheffield** (**Freepost**, **Sheffield S11 8TE**) who release a four track cassette EP from **Pick Meter** – who feature **Mike Keane** from **The Royal Family And The Poor**. Already, it's being acclaimed as a mix of **New Order**, hip-hop and house and it can be yours for £1.75. The label are also looking out for bands who are in the mood to get down with **Public Enemy**, **Severed Heads**, **Psychoterrorists**, **Suicide**, **Foetus** and the like.

continued over

fiction

More from the world of small-scale fanzine (A5 that is) ... and **Charming's** debut issue comes for a mere 50p plus a stamp. It comes with love (sorry uuuurve) and has a free tea bag, bubblegum and features on **Baby Lemonade**, **The Primitives** and **The Smiths**. Fit to pop, no less! Hic! Get it from Stephen Charming, 57 Dove Crescent, Dovercourt, Essex CO12 4RD.

Across the great sea, you know the one on the left, the start of '88 looks likely to be ultra busy for SST. They pledge more diversification and the onslaught will be headed by the strange guitar of **Everett Shock**, the funk of Minneapolis' **Run Westy Run**, the Pan-cultural depths of the Lower East Side's **Mofungo** and reggae boff **Ras Micaheal**. Watch the ports!

The February edition of **Sonic Life**, that groovy xerox-edition with scribbles from **Savage Pencil**, candid photos and general porn from **Albini** and all the Sonic types. All this and more can be yours for a mere 80p (cheques made payable to Sonic Life) from Pat at Blast/First, 429 Harrow Rd, London W10 9RE.

Believe it or not, Factory sup-remo and occasional mini-marathon commentator, **Tony Wilson** is currently traipsing the streets of Hollywood in an attempt to raise two and a half million quid from US sponsors for a film called **Mad F**ers**. According to **New Order's Peter Hook**, it's "a really Factory thing to do but, the script is great. Very like **The Sweeney**, very English." We live in fear!

There's a pretty hot skinzine called **Backs To The Wall** that's currently surveying the ska/post-mod/northern soul scene, and it caters for the fashion hungry, fact hungry (with A to Zs of skinhead reggae and other such things). Strictly anti-national front and pro-skin, it's a good read that's well worth checking out from **Dudley**, 86 Ninian Rd, Roath, Cardiff CF2 5EP.

Legendary punkers, **The Apostles** have put together a limited edition of 666 art packages entitled **Cartography**. Featuring 10 double-sided posters and a C90 cassette in a special wallet, it's only available by mail from **BBP Records** at 90 Grange Drive, Swindon, Wilts, SN3 4JD.



The M&M's in top ten

after the fact

Robert K Cohen's **Big Comment**

SURPRISE SURPRISE!

EVERY BAND IN THE WORLD WAS INFLUENCED BY ENNIO MORRICONE (not Velvet Underground as you may have thought) said every music paper in the world exclusively. "High-tech helped **Holly Johnson** hit the high notes" (*Daily Wail*). . . **Morris Minor** And **The Majors** reach Top Ten amid disproportionately huge press coverage. "This year's *Star Trekkin*", suggests *rm*.

A more pleasant surprise: **The Pogues** take *If I Should Fall From Grace With God* to number three in the album charts.

Most surprising, though (to anyone stupid) has been the re-release of **Eddie Cochran's** C'mon Everybody, due to its featuring in that jeans advert. Thank God for the advertising companies, say I!

If it wasn't for them, we'd never discover these quaint little nonentities like **Sam Cooke** and **Marvin Gaye**. Three cheers for the ad persons, and at least one for *Smash Hits*, who recently informed us that "The Housemartins are 'dead'", a mere two weeks after most Marshians had got the message. OK, *Smash Hits* is published fortnightly, but that doesn't justify the treatment of a piece of ancient history as a hold-the-front-page exclusive. Still, these are the people who surround every other word in inverted commas, and provide "helpful" explanations "of" difficult "topics" in brackets. For instance, did you know that "anorexic" means "suffering from the slimmers' disease anorexia"?

Like many passings, The Housemartins' demise produced less than

unanimous mourning. **Paul**

McGee, writing to *NME*, said he would miss "their

derivative, pedestrian records" and "their stupid

videos... Yes, I shall miss The Housemartins; but only fractionally less than I'll miss Thatcher."

I hope he'll get the chance to prove it very soon.

The February issue of *Q* contained an interview with **Derek Jameson**. He boasted of having been the man who put tits in the *Daily Mirror*, saying he didn't think that female readers objected: "I'm not talking about feminists on the *Socialist Worker*, I'm talking about women out there in the land." Personally I reckon there's a lot of women outside of the SWP who miss the luxury and privilege of being able to walk around after dark without getting raped and told they were asking for it.

Anyway, stand by for the '70s Flare-Up - that's what the *NME* orders. When the music press have nothing to do of a week, they fill their pages with 'exclusive' and lengthy info on some new - or very old - trend. Apparently, it's now time to dust off your flares and platform soles - though I personally have never had any (due not least to a case of extreme youth in the early '70s). Nevertheless, it's only a matter of time before *Anarchy In The UK* is re-released as the soundtrack to an advert for bell-bottom Levi's.

Actually, of all the celebrities grilled on the subject, "Where were you in '72?", only **Paul Weller** refused to play ball. He steadfastly maintained that he was in school at the time.

"Where were you hanging out?" they persisted. "In my trousers, which were in the science class."

Not to be outdone, *Melody Maker* the same week featured an interview with **Robert Plant**, informing us that **Led Zeppelin**, "the supergroup of the '70s", have become "the inspiration of the '80s". It's not clear whether that means the under-80s or the over-80s. Meanwhile, back at *NME*, the one redeeming aspect of all the embarrassing nostalgia was a chart of the 'Top 20 Naff '70s Catchphrases'. Straight in at Number 20 was "I am a silly old Hector", from *Hector's House* - a classic TV animation surely ripe for revival.

There was one fatal omission, however:

"That's all we've got time for, Basil."



Eddie Cochran: ain't no cure for the Levi jeans blues...



Housemartins: Thank God it's over!



Robert Plant is Big Loggy



9 UNDERGROUND



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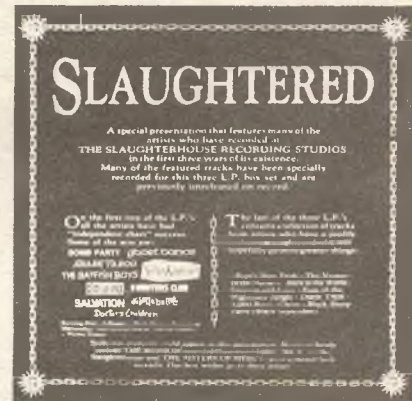
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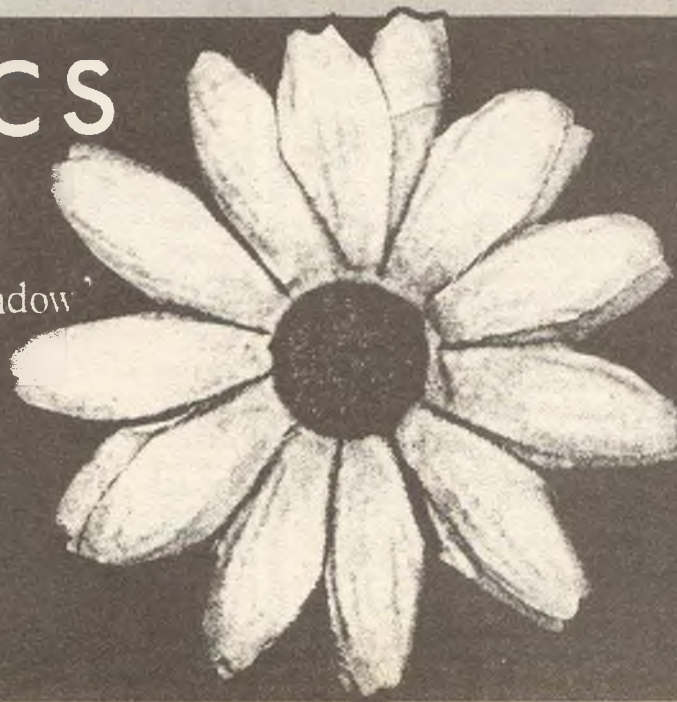
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MASTERBLAST

ROCK ON SCOTLAND: EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT 11.30-12.30 ON BBC SCOTLAND AROUND 94.5 FM OR 370m/810Khz MEDIUM WAVE.

During the week, **Stuart Cruikshank** and **Sandy Semenoff** work in the record library of BBC Radio Scotland, a National Region station, with output something like a cross between Radio 2 and Radio 4. But for an hour every Friday night (11.30-12.30), they really come into their own. They produce a show called **Rock On Scotland**, presented by **Peter Easton**, who sounds typically BBC but does manage to steer clear of inane DJ-speak.

Stuart: "We only have an hour to cram in masses of stuff. We average 51 minutes of music with a bit of informed comment, plus music details like record label and distributor. We don't often do interviews because there's so much good music to play."

But what sort of music are we talking about?

"We steer clear of the white-sock brigade, so no **Hipsway** or **Wet Wet Wet**, and we don't play heavy metal, but we'll play anything else from anywhere."

About a third of the show is Scottish music, including on average two demos a week.

"We've played early demos by **Soup Dragons**, **Bachelor Pad**, **We Free Kings**, but I don't want to give the impression that we're here just to please the anorak brigade, we do try to play stuff not covered by Peel, like more Scottish groups and the STT/Homestead sort of material."

Sandy: "It's pretty much solidly guitar-based, from folk to thrash, we all go for good guitar sounds."

And, the good news is that you don't have to live in Scotland to hear the show.

Stuart: "You can pick it up on medium wave almost anywhere in the UK — in London, even as far south as Southampton, and you can hear it in Eire."

So send records and demos and, if it's north of Newcastle/Carlisle, news for the weekly gig guide.

Stuart: "People think the BBC has men in suits telling you what to do, but we don't. The problem is getting airtime, once you've got it you can have a lot of freedom, and I'd rather have an hour of freedom than two hours of someone sitting on top of me."

Sandy: "Some people don't like everything we play, but they like the feel of the programme, they can tell that we care."

Christopher Mellor

SUB culture



TONGUE-PLAY!

Biting Tongues wash in the Wall Of Surf

Manchester's fragmented sons **Biting Tongues** have their back pages smudged and revisited on a new Ikon video release entitled **Wall Of Surf**. Featuring eight filmic episodes, it varies wildly from subliminal live jazz-outs to systematic sound-system destruction. Along the way the three Tongues, with associated cheeks, launch into ethnic play-offs, look beatnik and enter the open air for some stilted and spaced time-editing. Cuit collectors and obscurists will be impressed, new friends will be rewarded. **Dave Henderson**

READING BETWEEN THE LINES

The level of fanzine production, their chosen subject matter and the end result — and its place in the world — inevitably vary for all manner of reasons. At the end of the day, as sports types might like to phrase it, you can only really go on what's thrust in front of your eyes. If you don't like it, if you've been duped into spending 30p on the "word from the illiterati", then you'll just have to put it down to experience. Being a tad selective, though, let's eat Xerox . . .

SHARP CUTS (Rich Clarke, 24 Thorpefield Close, Thorpe Hesley, Rotherham South Yorks S61 2UT.) purports to be modernist, and its feature ideas — *A Clockwork Orange*, rediscovering *The Negatives*, *Long Tall Shorty's* family tree and *The Thanes* — are good, but the quality of writing and the wide-of-the-mark assessment of *A Clockwork Orange* falls rather flat on its face. Included are reviews, news and suchlike.

PEACE AND FREEDOM issue five is 20p, A5 sized, and comes with a tape and badge. The tape is lo-fi, but with some very intriguing lyrical ideas thrown in. A mess of poetry, underground comment and general free spirits, P&F is a brisk read but not something that's *that* convincing as a life force. From Paul Rance, 17 Farrow Road, Whaplode Drive, Spalding, S Lincs PE12 0TS.

DREAMS FROM WITHIN (Darren, 74 Monteth Crescent, Boston, Lincs PE21 9AY) is another A5 taster that's crammed with stuff and delivered in a tatty hand-written, typed — but endearingly enthusiastic — manner. At 30p, it's ideal if you're smitten with a love for *Into a Circle*, *Tragic Venus*, *Hagar The Womb* and the like.

JUMP AWAY . . . (386 Forest Road, London E17 5JF) reaches issue number four with a 45p A4 which comes resplendent with a free unravelled contraceptive. Cue cries of 'I never knew there was so much in it!' Meanwhile, the mag runs with all the humour that a couple of excitable enthusiasts can muster. Featured are *Hurrah!*, *The Bodines*, gossip, fabrication and some out of date reviews. The idea here is right and it's well put together, especially for the piss-take on *Spock*, *Aitken And Waterman*.

BABY BITES BACK issue four (30p from Eleanor at 125 Twickenham Road, Isleworth, Middlessex TW7 6AW) is bursting at

the staples with things on *Close Lobsters*, *The Dentists*, *Brilliant Corners*, *The Rover Girls* and *The Price*. Written with cheeky style, this is well worth cherishing.

YOU CAN'T HIDE YOUR LOVE FOREVER breaks into its first issue and gets serious right away. From the US (16910 New Hampshire, Southfield, Michigan 48075, USA), *You Can't . . .* dips into *Throwing Muses*, *Sonic Youth*, the *Bunnymen*, *Smiths* and some neat reviews etc. It can all be yours for two pound notes sent to the above address . . . and it's well worth it too.

UN SOUND reaches its final issue this month, and what a package it presents. A four piece

publication, it has a cassette with some excellent out-takes plus an A3 mag (plus additional A5 pieces). Featured is a selection of writing on the sounds and performances of a variety of acts including *The Hafler Trio*, *Karen Finley*, *Neil Stewart*, *Blackhouse*, *Asmus Tietzens* and plenty more. The tape itself has tracks from *Die Todliche Doris*, *The Meters*, *Hunting Lodge*, *Smersh*, *Glorious Din*, *Negativland* and many more. This is a listening experience you don't want to miss . . . write for details to Unsound at Box 883202, San Francisco, CA 94188-3202.

Dave Henderson





Harrier is an independent British publisher that has been releasing comics for over three years and this year sees the launch of their Harrier New Wave initiative, an attempt to get more widespread interest in their comics.

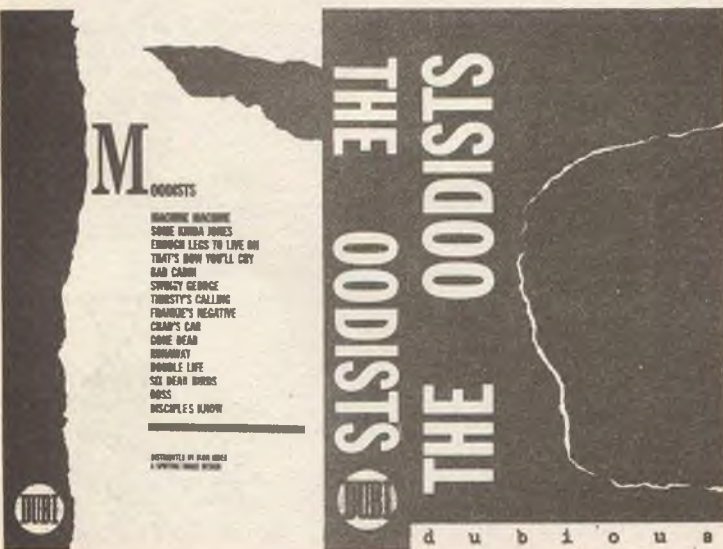
Their present catalogue contains an impressive range of talent although much of their output relies heavily on the now quite familiar work of **Eddie Campbell** and **Phil Elliot**. These two have cropped up in numerous publications ranging from their own Fast Fiction comics to music papers such as *Sounds* and *NME*.

Elliot's **SOME TALES FROM GIMBLEY** are bizarre semi-surreal recollections of a lost youth in an indefinable time and place, as related by the now middle-aged, balding hero of the title. If you can imagine TinTin with a Little Richard hairdo in some *Young Ones*-style black comedy then you get the picture of Gimbley.

What makes it so readable, apart from the nicely understated artwork, is that Elliot uses the kind of convention of the innocent hero of children's books such as Winnie The Pooh or Rupert Bear, wandering naively into bizarre events that are beyond their control. Definitely a modern classic.

Eddie Campbell's strips rely more on realism and irony than the absurdism of Elliot's work. They are mostly nicely observed little episodes, with a quintessentially English dry humour about them which I think could make them less interesting to most comic fans expecting a kick in the teeth on every page. It is similar to *American Splendor* in this respect with less emphasis on artificial excitement and more on real human behaviour which can be a lot more interesting than superheroes if given the chance.

Other Harrier comics worth mentioning are **GAG**, a best of British compilation including work by **Glenn Dakin** who does the wonderful *Temptation for Escape*, and a new one **SINISTER ROMANCE**, which is a kind of tribute/pastiche of the '50s romance-style comics. They are all worth investigating, and are all available from Mega-City, Camden Town. **Frank Pigg**



DUBIOUSER AND DUBIOUSER

There are three new video packages set to fall from the skies on the new **Dubious** label, via **ikon** (120 Manchester Road, Altringham, Cheshire WA14 1PY or distribution through **Pinnacle**). Of varying style and interest to Joe Punter, the high quality, hi-fi live footage features **The Chevalier Brothers** (swingy), **Danielle Dax** (psyche-

pop) and **The Moodists** (ah, yes, The Moodists, now they were rather underrated weren't they?). Best of the bunch is that Moodists set which rolls in with 15 tracks topped with typical Moodists aplomb, including cutesy play and fine versions of their excellent Frankie's Negative and Machine Machine. **Dave Henderson**

UG WARNING

As if you didn't already know, next month's issue of *Underground*, which is on sale in a newsagent's near you from March 18, has a free cover-mounted chrome, Dolby, glorious stereo cassette entitled *Strum & Drum*,

with tracks from The Housemartins, The Go-Betweens, The Wedding Present, Stupids, Miaow!, The Vandals, The Raw Herbs and Alex Chilton. So don't you miss it, y'hear!



gush

... an enthusiastic tirade from Prince Muso

My God! It's not good is it? What with the BPI awards rolling downhill into a bottomless pit of talentless nonsense! I mean, who in their right mind could vote **Rick Astley**, **Wet Wet Wet** and **Terry Trent D'Arby** into top notch positions with any kind of straight face? And **Stock, Aitken And Waterman**? Well, their productions are about as feeling and thoughtful for the original artists as someone throwing a blanket over the mixing desk - at least that way they always press the "hit" button. But talk of remixing, I wouldn't trust them to change channels on the TV!

But, after the bland mix, remix and international mix, the endless, continual repetitive radio play, the multi-formated release schedule (seven inch, 12 inch, double single pack, CD single and what have you) what do we get? What do we get? We get the pouting primadonnas trying to move their cardboard limbs on the video of the single. Yes, the video, the curse of modern man, the death of performance.

The fact that most of these three-minute slices seem to be extensions of things first envisaged in adverts, as a means of selling washing-up liquid, condoms or jeans, really takes the biscuit. After all, these so-called cinematic technicians have the whole world - and most times a sizeable chunk of cash - in their hands. But what does it all mean, all these over the shoulder glances, dippy attempts at miming, strange under garment shots and the heaving breasts of **Bananarama**? Surely they were the gals who complained about Page Three when their career was flagging a few years back, but the only reason they've made it into the financial drinking bracket that they now perspire in, is because they got scanty and learnt how to funk it. Don't get me wrong, I'm not pro-Page Three, but there's surely not that much difference in the Brama flaunt - and that's in steamy 3D too. But what the hell, it made the records sell. As did the Plasticine man epic for **Jackie Wilson**'s Reet Petite, now a suitable array of follow-ups have charted other records, but none as trashy and psychedelic as the gem that supported the bracingly indie *Star Trekkin* of last year. Now that was a classic in both musical and animation terms.

But what are the alternatives? Well, there's a live video, abstract video (currently being offered as art by **Elio** for around 40 quid a throw) and the tacky, under-budgeted Super 8 realism of your independent partners, from **Hula** to **The Soup Dragons**. Whether your favourites manage to expand their career or not depends heavily on this new visual format - even more so than a feature in your dodgy weekly rag - but let's be tasteful about this! How about some more pastiche pieces along the line of **Morrissey**'s post-Smiths flick 'I Started Something I Couldn't Finish', where a cast of thousands donned Morrissex and cycled around the back streets in search of celluloid fame? That worked, and I dare say it cost a fraction of the price that its high-slapping contemporaries came in at.

What's more, let's re-introduce humour! **Gaye Bykers Drill Your Own Hole** and art (quite a few of the ikon vids) next to live action (**New Order**) instead of being dragged down the road for another blast of blanket sexuality that's about as thrustingly provocative as a stale custard tart.

FULL SCAM

Feeling Butch



Butchie breathes in

What's in a name? The Jazz Butcher (aka Mat Fish) doesn't play jazz, he doesn't eat meat... So stop ignoring him! Like all, as with other great British guitar bands of this decade — such as The Monochrome Set and The Smiths — he does have some nice tunes and a great sense of humour.

- After eons of LP's and singles for Glass Records there seemed to be a lull last year before The Jazz Butcher finally switched to Creation, who have just issued the new Fishcoteque longplayer. A logical career move or just an easy cop-out?
- "I've always liked Creation and it turned out they had been interested in me for quite a while, but it wasn't until last summer that we were contractually able to sign anything. We then recorded the album and spent a bit of time getting a new band together. The old band seemed to fall apart all by itself after two years of almost constant touring and I wanted to get it right this time around. However, don't think of the others as just a backing band. If they weren't contributing their own ideas they would just be wasting *their* time as much as mine."
- In a way, perhaps moving to Creation from Glass might be perceived as a sideways move — as both labels are dogged by the indie tag.
- "I hate the word 'indie'. It's like 'nappy', or something. Why instead of 'indie' can't it be 'not very famous'? I'm 'not very famous' in several countries but still manage to scrape a chip allowance from writing songs."
- The Jazz Butcher: a not very famous none meat eating, Fishcotequention with double chips. Tasty! Alex Bastedo

Mutant moments The Mute Drivers rev up!

"We're the Drivers, The Mute Drivers."

- Ah, yes, the group who broke Max Ernst's heart. No Dada connotations here, though, merely the fact that Dave and Steve drive for the Mute label to make a living. But they do a lot more than that.
- "We'd been in bands before... I'd been with Fad Gadget," admits Dave, "but we'd never really been happy with what we were doing. You know how you just go on and on? One day we just thought, let's do a record ourselves and see what happens."
- They did. The result was an album recorded in two days entitled *Lighten Up Volume One*. Recorded in the wee small hours, replete with a hand painted/etched sleeve and a catalogue of disasters. The bass broke, the van keys were dropped down the toilet, the headphones fell apart, the drum machine wouldn't work. You know, the *usual* things. But they did it. And it sold out, 1,500 copies.
- *Lighten Up*, is currently being repressed, but Steve and Dave, tired of the fallacy of the music business, aren't really pleased with what they've achieved.
- "We're glad it's sold," reckons Steve, "but it doesn't make anything any better. It doesn't right any wrongs in the world, in the country. It just means that 1,500 people will have a copy of the record."
- But that's good, maybe it'll change their lives.
- "I don't know, they'll probably hate it," exclaims Dave.
- But any reaction's a good reaction, claims the interviewer.
- The Mute Drivers aren't tomorrow's flavoured toffee, they're more likely to be the peanut butter stuck in Margaret Thatcher's teeth. They may not change the world either, but they'll make a bloody row about it along the way. Dave Henderson



Mutes Dave (left) and Steve

HOUSEHOLD

45

THE CHESTERFIELDS
NEW 12" EP
'GOODBYE GOODBYE'

RELEASED 7th MARCH

DISTRIBUTED by REVOLVER/THE CARTEL

(HOLD IT)

Close shavings!

"First of all we've got to buy her into the charts, right, then we've got to sweeten the disc jocks and manufacture the image, then we've got to sell that image, now for all that 10 grand isn't really enough bread, but given a bit of luck & knowhow, could happen."

- That's a bit from *Smashing Time*, a '60s movie about swinging London. It also appears on the Screaming Trees' debut LP — *A Fracture In Time* — a mish mash of dance rhythms, strange almost-pop songs, ambient soundtracks, like Big Black in a new *Shaft* movie or James Brown playing with Cabaret Voltaire. It's all there, filtered through the minds of Mark and Sean who make up Screaming Trees.
- "We're influenced by everything. When we're recording we go out to clubs a lot and watch loads of television, then if we hear a good bassline in a dance record or a good line in a film, we use that as inspiration."
- Like the *Smashing City* clip?
- "Yes, everybody seems to like that, it just fits in really well with what's happening."

- Nothing that Screaming Trees do is planned or structured.
- "We love all those tacky '60s things; *The Avengers*, *Lost In Space*, bad science fiction, things with a lot of imagination. They're from a time when anything was possible, before there had even been a man on the moon. Now everything's too calculated — in entertainment and in life, but we don't work like that."
- And they're not worried about stealing bits from TV, or other peoples records?
- "I'd be really pleased if someone took a bit of our record, it's like an accolade. All those '70s funk people like Bobby Byrd and James Brown have been repromoted by hip-hop artists using their material, and now they're moaning that it's theft. It's actually done them a lot of good."

- The 'A' side of the new single, *Asylum* is one of the most exciting bits of rhythm and noise so far this year, a good song plus bits of The Jacksons, LL Cool J, and loads of others, but the 'B' side totally rips off the bassline from Grandmaster Flash's *White Lines*, isn't this going a bit too far?
- "Some people take things and try to cover them up, we just took the whole bassline, threw down the gauntlet, just to say — what are you going to do about it? It's still a different song."
- But there's more to Screaming Trees than samples and stolen basslines.
- "People have to use samples with more imagination, more like another instrument than a gimmick. The current cut-up style will probably peter-out over the next few months, Gary Glitter will become trendy again or something, but creative sampling with continue because the possibilities are limitless."

Screaming Trees In knowing looks scare!



- And how do they make that noise? Well, if you're thinking of doing a bit of cutting-up yourself, here are Screaming Trees recommendations.
- "Use *When I Think Of You* by Janet Jackson, because it's got a good beat, and lots of sampled heavy metal guitar, distorted so it sounds really horrible."
- Screaming Trees can't fail. **Chris Mellor**



FUN, LOVE AND POLITICS Attacco Decente on the danger trail

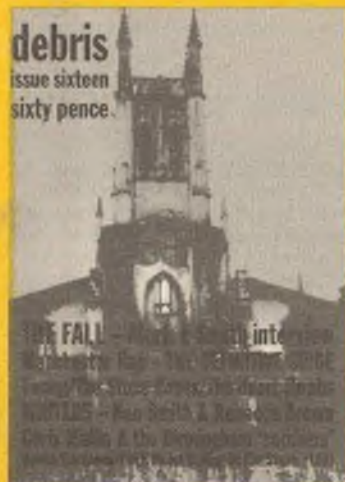
Attacco Decente are a three-piece acoustic pop/folk group from Brighton. About a year ago they released an EP called 'UKA', short for United Kingdom Of America. After acclaim from the music press and Billy Bragg, the usual major label scramble to sign a hot new property began, and so the problems began. "The majors were all worried about the lyrics. It was all, 'we'd love to have you, but can't you tone it down a bit?'"

- What makes Attacco dangerous and different is both their political commitment and their instruments. They are all acoustic, some like 12 string guitar, ordinary, some rather unusual — hammer dulcimer, giant bass drum, tongue drum and their own creation, the Attacco harp.
- Geoff: "Mark spent nine months designing that, it's like a cross between a zither, a guitar and a harp, and it's got 34 strings. He's got the only one and even he hasn't learnt how to play it yet. When he's dead he'll be stuffed and put in a museum playing it."
- Now Attacco have a new LP ready, out on their own All Or Nothing label, in association with Red Rhino, and it's called, strangely enough, *The Baby Within Us Marches On*. Just to show their dedication they tell me that they finished mixing it on Christmas Day. But to me the title sounds a bit silly.
- Graham: "If you just heard the title you might think so, but if you listen to the record you'll understand. It's saying whatever happens, the spirit within everyone will carry on. It's positive in a personal and political way."
- And, I suppose the title does sum up the LP — well-meaning, heartfelt and positive, but all a bit too serious and wordy, to the point, in places, of sounding funny.
- But live Attacco really shine, and it's here that they do their most important work.
- Geoff: "As well as the usual venues we play a lot of community centres on estates. The sort of places where they usually have a Tie A Yellow Ribbon '70s disco, so we really cut through."
- But I thought people on estates were supposed to be into Mel And Kim and Fun, Love And Money.
- Graham: "We can offer more than Mel And Kim, and we come from places like that, so we get on with the people. The media decide that FLM's all they are interested in, but it's not true, the lie is you can't be commercial and communicate. We mix commercial appeal with a positive political message, we want to communicate but also give people a good time."
- Attacco are musically and lyrically uncompromising, and they're not going to be easily beaten!
- Geoff: "Our music is about taking control, unity, and breaking down barriers."
- Mark: "We can threaten self-indulgence; we can rub people up the wrong way by not being pessimistic."
- Graham: "But that *is* demanding, we're not going to pretend it isn't." **Christopher Mellor**

FULL SCAM

CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKAGE!

- *Debris* issue 16 falls on the floor and looks as clear, opinionated and decisive as ever. *Dave Haslam's* prose style is endearing and the choice of articles is, as ever, exceptional. Well put together pieces abound on *The Stone Roses*, *The Heart-Throbs*, *The Fall*, *Morrissey*, *Twang* and various less music-orientated personalities. Yes, there's life after plastic discs, and *Debris* is as good a place as any to get started.
- With a free flexi featuring the excellent *King Of The Slums* and the cut-up dub-outs of the soon-to-be-hip *Moist*, it's value for cash at 60p plus a large sae from 48 Princes Street, Manchester M1 6HR. **Dave Henderson**



SISTERS IN RHYME



The Rhythm Sisters started writing songs when they were 13, they came from Leeds, their debut LP, *Road To Roundhay Pier*, is groovy!

- "We didn't really write seriously until we were 17 or 18," admits a rather faint Debi Laek. She's on the telephone, sister Mandi is watching TV nearby, brother Billy — the instrumentalist of the combo — is whereabouts unknown.
- And how old are you now?
- "Er, 19."
- The Press and TV coverage — everything from *Number One* to Channel 4 have been good to the Sisters, allowing them some mean exposure during recent months. Was this some great masterplan.
- "No, we were just lucky really. All of the things that happened were by coincidence. We'd recorded the LP ages ago, then the TV thing, and they just came out at the same time. It looked like we'd achieved some kind of breakthrough all at once, but it just happened like that. It was all out of our control."
- Ah, yes. Well, I think that's what Debi said. You know, Brit Telecom being what it is, it's difficult to decipher sometimes. Suffice to say that's somewhere around the truth and that burning question . . . Just where is Roundhay Pier?
- "It doesn't exist actually. It's from when Mandi and me used to play at the back of our house, across the ditch there was something that looked like a Pier, we just called it Roundhay Pier."
- A likely story. **Dave Henderson**

ALIEN SEX FIEND

All Our Yesterdays

Anagram GRAM 34 **P** ●●● Droning zombie-beats and maximum scythe-power fuzz with ghostly/wasted/wonderful caterwauls and groans — a headless chicken struts round the dance floor in dizzy circles... wow!

Covering all the smoke-enshrouded swampground between *Ignors The Machine* (1983) and *Hurricane Fighter Plane* (1987), *All Our Yesterdays* throws together the first nine singles from ASF creating a writhing, heaving mass of sweaty stuff; brain ripple ice cream flavour mush, and me, I've got ray spoon poised.

Alien Sex Fiend are either sickly and lovable or sickly and irritating depending on where your brain is at, as it were. Mine is in the cupboard, underneath the kitchen sink grooving along with Nik Fiend, Mrs Fiend and Yaxi Highrizer getting down, getting down... on the ground. Tiptoe through the tombstones... **Daz Igmeth**

ATTACCO DECENTE

The Baby Within Us Marches On

All Or Nothing **RR** ●●● If your idea of a simple pop tune is guitar, bass and drums then think again, madam. Attacco Decente give us dulcimers, tongue drums, zitherharps, basically, any piece of wood you can blow, suck, pluck or plink. The effect of this menagerie is devastating.

Using their voices as percussion, they create wholly danceable rhythms to finally bring South American music to a wider audience. Side one, especially *Will Of One and Natural Anger*, lofts, lifts and lilts in a strangely commercial style. Somewhat uncommercial, however, are the subject matters. Oppression by the minority, homosexuality, civil disobedience and the Secret Service murder of Hilda Morrel are hardly *Top Of The Pops* material, but then what is these days?

The Hilda Morrel song, *Rose Grower*, is mooted as their next single, all credit to Red Rhino for having the guts to release it. It may be contentious but it is also brilliant, as is the great majority of this album. Buy it, steal it, even become a music journalist and get an advance copy of it. **Richard Osman**

THE BAND OF HOLY JOY

When Stars Came Out To Play

Bye Bye Baby **BYE BYE** 1 **RR** ●● The Band Of Holy Joy's '87 European tour is captured in glorious confusion with everyone, including their whisky bottle, really expressing themselves through a barrage of disgruntled instruments beneath a frustrated rant from Jonny Joy. Whereas the likes of The Pogues have made drinking and irreverent foikisms almost trendy, The Band Of Holy Joy revel in cursing in nursery rhymes, having stains on their T shirts and belching in amazement. When *Stars Came Out To Play* must have been a live spectacle that assured our EEC compatriots that the English aren't ready to be rational, even though every word that Jonny screams is poignant and pointed, barbed to the prick of realism. Live and dangerous if it ever was! **Nick Brody**

CAROLINE BERGVALL

Songs Lovers Pray

Monolith **MOTH** 1 (9 Eccleston Street, Belgravia, London SW1)

● 2/3 This isn't an easy record to get on with. A torrent of words, with minimal backing, from Caroline Bergvall, launches poetess Anne Clark's label and the austere cover lets you know immediately that this won't be fun time. After several plays the temples weaken and Caroline's charming wordplay bites a little better, posing questions, suggesting, molesting the language...but at the end, it still didn't make me want to play it again. No discipline, you see...and little pleasure as a result. But life is supposed to be difficult...and this record is life. **TC Wall**

THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS

The Prophecies Of Nostradamus

Blue Turtle **SPV** 08-3525 **P** 1/6 Ultimately pedestrian exercise from Jock and his new Bollocks. A rap version of Zep's *Heartbreaker* sums up the nauseous one dimensional splatter of this album, raising the question of why Connie Plank ever entertained it at his studio. There's also a tetchy cover of Steppenwolf's *Magic Carpet Ride*, but the real rub here is the bland-out yawns that this awful sub-standard drive! produces as the collected musos try to be seductive and end up as attractive as an encounter with a wet cabbage. **Dave Henderson**

THE BRIGADES

Yours Negatively

Negative Records **NLP** 003 **P** ●● Phew! Side one left me winded, breathless and begging for some respite! It arrived with *Living In Dunpool* — a fair way into the album but there just in time. It's the pleasure/pain syndrome and these men know it. *Orwell's Room 101* has nothing on this series of visitations from elements of the known world where Big Mac is watching you! It's a land where mafias boost democracy, wet Liberals enlist minds ready to fade, there's panic on the escalators and fear of an Arabian sandstorm which could ruin the Stock Exchange. Sound at all familiar? It's contemporary Euroman militancy with sensationalist tendencies — just like real life in fact! **Alex Kadis**

THE BROADCASTERS

13 Ghosts

Enigma 3315-1 **P** ● Trippy, dippy rock 'n' roll that lacks continuity as the B's wander through a selection of rockin' variations. As a collection of rock 'n' roll ephemera, *13 Ghosts* is a hazy, unfocused set that does little to embrace

●●● **MEGA** A godhead uprising

●● **HOTSY** Tasteful and tenacious

● **TACKY PLUS** Lacking in finish

DRAB No bullets, means no hope

the herd and shout from the hilltops. These songs are just too indistinguishable to make you want to listen. **Dave Henderson**

EUGENE CHADBOURNE & CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN

Camper Van Chadbourne

Fundamental **SAVE** 46 **RR** ●●● It's an undoubted fact that Eugene Chadbourne is one of life's little eccentrics, a little erratic at times, but always amiable. In this case, he's teamed up with Camper Van Beethoven who haven't been short of a few acidic moments in their career... the result is a marriage made in heaven. With more than an armful of cover versions — including Zappa, Thelonus Monk, Jopoe South, Pink Floyd and Time Hardin — the team play loose, but with humour, rolling their eyes and letting their fingers do the talking on one of the daftest, but most loveable albums to escape the studio for some time here. If there were a term for a performance opposite to wooden, it would be Camper Van Chipboard. **Dave Henderson**

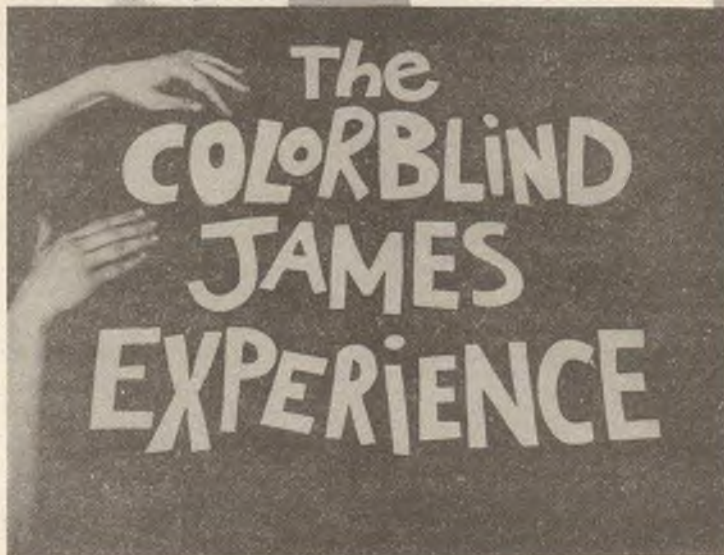
CHIN-CHIN

Stop Your Crying

53rd & 3rd **RR** ●●● They say there's three Chin-Chins, but only two of them make the cover. Maybe the other one didn't look sufficiently Shop Assistant?

Like all the best pop bands this decade, Chin-Chin are by Phil Spector's pervy girly sound out of The Ramones, by way of a stolen fuzz box. They're also the first decent band to come out of Switzerland since Liliput nee Kleenex.

Stop Your Crying is an eight track rush of bleached punk pop exhilaration coursing with amphetamine frenzy. The beat is big and brash and splendid, and Chin-Chin sweep pale blue skies before them with bold strong strokes of classic guitar pop structuralism and gorgeous helium harmonies. The sick pervy paedophiles of 53rd & 3rd have done it again. **Holly Wood**



THE COLORBLIND JAMES EXPERIENCE

The Colorblind James Experience

Earring Records Ear 4 (Box 40313, Rochester, New York 14604)

●●● The Colorblind James Experience briefly showed their tentacles on John Peel last year, and if you were thinking about rushing out to buy their album then thought, hey, maybe I should get Dire Straits instead — well, hold it! I mean, do it! This is probably the finest example of commercially viable surrealist music you could wish to hear, embracing everything from jug band music to skat to polka to the theme tune from *Play School*. This is jazz music that's been spelt wrong, lyrically humorous ("She's a witch... you were gonna marry that girl"), tuneful, wacky, groovy and beatnik. If you thought Half Man and The Residents were even mildly interesting then The Colorblind James Experience will turn your head inside out. **Caramba! Dave Henderson**

CONTROLLED BLEEDING

Music From The Scourging Ground

Sub Rosa Sub 33008-11 **RR** ●● The progress and proliferation of Controlled Bleeding product has led the group into some tight, post industrial corners, but all of that self-questioning movement and doubt has seemingly been left behind as this latest chapter of the American group's development is revealed. More symphonic and orchestral in structure, the lead vocal lines of Joe Papa seem to be leaning more towards opera as Paul Lemos' keyboards scour the earth for musical inspiration. **Dave Henderson**

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.)



DAZIBAO

Les Musiques De La Honte

Visa Records UF003 **FF C** ●● With a great sleeve and an even better press kit, this import release from one of France's better new wave bands isn't a million miles away from either Bauhaus or the UK Decay/Furyo axis, but manages to retain a more powerful, rawer edge to the production than those bands. Having said that, a lot of the songs aren't as good, and the fact that only a few are in English is bound to put many would be fans off. However, if your life used to revolve around the perpetual Lyceum/Palais support bands around '82-'84 (Red Lorry Yellow Lorry, Skeletal Family, blah, blah, blah), this is certainly worth checking out. **Alex Bastedo**

MARTIN DUPONT

Hot Paradox

Facteurs Ambiance AA 32 004 (Bat A1 — La Cerisaie, 13014 Marseilles, France) ●1/2 Lurking beneath the new age nuance, Martin Dupont (who seem, in fact, to be a three piece) offer a flowing symphonic sound, tinged with harmonic vocal lines. This is grand, moody music that doesn't get down or up enough to really stand on its own two feet, opting to totter into the middle distance without providing any alternative. **Dave Henderson**

RANDY ERWIN

Cowboy Rhythm

Heartland HLD 006 **Re C** 1/4 Oh my God! Full length release from the king of the yodel, it says here, more like master irritator, black belt. Jesus, this country twang stuff is alright I guess, but how much yodelling can any sane human take? Mr Erwin must be real messed up I suppose. **Daz Igy meth**

EXHIBIT B

Playing Dead

Pentagon EX B LP 1 **Pr C** ●1/4 Exhibit B are better. A duo who've felt the rough edge of the biz because they want to play pop music with a little bit of integrity. Previous releases have been of high quality — balladeering their way out of the bedroom — but this debut LP is something altogether different. On the lines of concept hangs a strange tale...and Playing Dead's almost Beach Boys meet Bee Gees sound could have worked if the production on this record — and for that matter the width of sound and effects — had been given a little more room. Here we have 14 good songs which need to be excellent, which beg to be moulded into a *nouveau* teenage rock opera. Any takers? **Dave Henderson**

THE FALL

The Frenz Experiment

Beggars Banquet BEGA91 ●●● Sorry, guys, just maximum stars for this scorchingly good set of subversive tales from the tongue of Mark E, and the collective minimalist Fall. Of the ten tracks, there's not even a doddler as Victoria heralds The Fall's emergence into a new phase of Victoriana — courtesy of Mad Mag — while Oswald's defence lawyer studies the Kennedy assassination and the ensuing debate. In between there's tales of every day life told through TV turn offs, scribbled postcards and life's little necessities (for example Get A Hotel and Carry Bag Man).

The Fall's Frenz Experiment in '88 has them as white coat wearers eeking out the syringe for the final armful of England's disharmony. If they say records don't change the world, then at least let this one be a rallying call and something to kick over the coffee table about. Clunk! **Dave Henderson**

FLITOX

Cet Homme Est Mort

Jungle Hop JHI 107 **SRD** ● Brash French punk oiks who race to exploit the rockier end of their guitars. Frantic, frenetic and slightly undesirable, it's difficult to hear what they're on about and to envisage an audience who'll go for something that's been executed in superior forms elsewhere. **Nick Brody**

FREIWILLIGE SELBSTKONTROLLE

In Dixieland

Ediesta CALC 042 **RR C** ● Sorry Edie, I can't see it myself. FSK's sixth album — a couple of them have nice sleeves — still fails to convince me that they're anything to write home about. A West German band singing country-esque ballads which, even musically, are nowhere near as convincing as The Mekons? No, it does nothing for me. Perhaps if they were singing in English we could dig the undoubted tonguing humour, but in Dixieland grimly explores where others avoid completely. **Barry Glibb**

FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY

Corrosion

Third Mind TMLP21 **RR C** ●● Canadian outfit, Front Line Assembly revolve around ex-Skinny Puppy cohort Bill Leeb and, on their debut album for Third Mind, they display a keen regard for electronic history — from Kraftwerk through to today's more sequenced, vocal-heavy styles. Corrosion features a steamrolling procession of pulsing dancebeats, topped with a restrained vocal delivery. They make a mighty big sound, layer upon layer of noise for just two of them and, although this kind of music might initially take some time to get acquainted with, Corrosion takes more than a few steps in the right direction. **TC Wall**

GOLD, FRANKINCENSE & DISK-DRIVE

Where Do We Draw The Line?

Peaceville VILE POP 1 **RR C** ●●1/2 Drawing a red line along Hadrian's Wall and comparing it to the Berlin central reservation may seem odd, but Gold, Frankincense & Disk-Drive have their reasons (as well as an exceedingly long name). Steeped in jazz-rock, breathing new wave punk, and coming up with an end product that Todd Rundgren, circa Todd, would be proud of, this outspoken trio have created a conceptual piece which only occasionally strays into cliché. Several steps on from being an "art school" tragedy, this play on words has enough in its creation to make it really count. Musically it's a strident Theatre Of Hate-style assault, lyrically it'll scrape the paint from Ken Livingstone's outside lav. **Nick Brody**

GOOD AND GONE

Methil Box

Demon Radge RADGE 2 **FF C** ●1/2 Hmmm. Playing spot-the-similarity isn't that much fun, and I always hate it when critics break their backs to say that a group sound like, er, someone or other and dismiss them for it. But, Good And Gone — apart from having a name taken from a Screaming Blue Messiahs record — sound incredibly like the, er, Screaming Blue Messiahs. Oh sure, there's a little bit of Turkey Bones And The Wild Dogs, a smidge of Cap'n Beefheart, but what you have here is down to earth beaty rock 'n' roll, with a growl in every chorus. For fans of that ilk, without doubt. **Johnny Eager**

THE GORNACK BROTHERS

Refund

Strikeback SBR15LP **RT C** ● Lacklustre strumming with a harmonica wait that you might expect from a Dylan rehearsal tape bootleg. I tried desperately to see something positive in The Gornack's bittersweet ballads, but they kept coming out like washed-out hippies. It's sure to be lacking on my part. **Dave Henderson**

PAUL HAIG

European Sun

Les Disques Du Crepuscule TWI829 **h** ●3/4 Haig seems a little lost within his firmament. Even though this is subtitled 'Archive Collection 1982-1987', thus spanning five years with all points between, this ex-Josef K's back catalogue's ensuing eclecticism is more jarring than rewarding.

The Executioner is a collaboration with Voltaire's Mal and Richard, producing a bouncy cut-up of words over an insistent back beat, while earlier on Haig treats us to a seriously kitsch rock and roll version of Suicide's Ghost Rider.

13 UNDERGROUND

listomania

MUSCLETONE DANCE CHART

- | | | |
|---|--|-------------|
| 1 | POUPEE MECANIQUE <i>Die Form</i> | New Rose |
| 2 | MASTERHIT <i>Front 242</i> | RRE |
| 3 | BLIND HEARTS <i>Xymox</i> | 4AD |
| 4 | THE MAN IN YOUR LIFE <i>English Boy On The Love Ranch</i> | New Rose |
| 5 | THE PAIN THAT NO-ONE KNOWS <i>The Fair Sex</i> | Last Chance |

Compiled by Mickey Verhoeven, Holland

RHYTHM RECORDS TOP FIVE LPS

- | | | |
|---|--|--------------|
| 1 | IF I SHOULD FALL FROM GRACE... <i>The Pogues</i> | Pogue Mahone |
| 2 | HEADACHE <i>Big Black</i> | Blast/First |
| 3 | GEORGE BEST <i>The Wedding Present</i> | Reception |
| 4 | HEYDAY <i>Fairport Convention</i> | Topic |
| 5 | COMPLETE MILLION DOLLAR QUARTET SESSIONS <i>Elvis, Jerry Lee, Carl and Johnny</i> | Sun |

RHYTHM RECORDS TOP FIVE 45S

- | | | |
|---|--|-------------------|
| 1 | BIRTHDAY <i>The Sugarcubes</i> | One Little Indian |
| 2 | REALITY <i>Tackhead</i> | On-U Sound |
| 3 | SHARP AS A NEEDLE <i>Barmy Army</i> | On-U Sound |
| 4 | SHE'S THE ONE <i>James Brown</i> | Urban |
| 5 | TOUCHED BY THE HAND OF GOD <i>New Order</i> | Factory |

RHYTHM TOP FIVE CDS

- | | | |
|---|--|------------------|
| 1 | CHARLY R&B <i>Various</i> | Charly |
| 2 | CHARLY JAZZ <i>Various</i> | Charly |
| 3 | SOLITUDE STANDING <i>Suzanne Vega</i> | A&M |
| 4 | SORO <i>Sallef Keita</i> | Special Delivery |
| 5 | SISTER LOVERS <i>Big Star</i> | Dojo |

Compiled by Ali at Rhythm Records Listening Bar, Camden Town

THE WEDDING PRESENT

FEB 22

7" and four track 12"

Limited Edition - 7" in Gatefold Sleeve

RECEPTION RECORDS

in association with Red Rhino Distribution.

DISTRIBUTED BY THE CARTEL REC 009



NOBODY'S TWISTING YOUR ARM

Put that alongside the touchingly toe tapping *Running Away* (Sly Stone) and the pure Human League-isms of *Chance*, and you'll see the dilemma.

The result is never dull, and displays diverse influences, even though when placed alongside each other like this, it looks more like undecidedness rather than variety. **Carole Linfield**

THE HARD-ONS

Worst Of The Hard-Ons

Vinyl Solution SOL 8 **P** ● 1/2 Strange that this Australian band should emerge at this time, having spent a good few years growing into a mentionable name. This *Worst Of...* traces that progression, from '84 to '88, showing their Ramones-blow-out style, the thrash developments, the occasional refinements and, at the end of side one, the funny side. That track is an Arabic cover of *Then He Kissed Her* which could have been recorded by anyone from The UK Subs to The Adicts. A joke's a joke's a joke, but the only real snort here is on a couple of tracks, liberally splashed about in no particular order which say that The Hard-Ons are more than a bunch of loud yobs destined to break a few strings, down a few beers and get laid. Perhaps that's all they want, but they'll have to write a few more good songs before I believe that they can really get it up. **Dave Henderson**

THE HELLMENN

Herbal Lunacy

Waterfront DAMP 65 ● 3/4 Loud and drug-induced? Well, The Hellmenn's cover scrawl and song titles tell it all. *Herbal Lunacy* is a "raunchy, raucous rant" that's fresh from down under and brimming with vitality. Not thrashing enough to be faddy, but more restrained and refined — if a such thing, with such music, were possible. Anyhow, The Hellmenn's end of term report reads: noisy in class, showing potential, spitting blood but healthy. Yep, I can live with that. **Dave Henderson**

THE HEPBURNS

The Magic Of The Hepburns

Cherry Red BRED 83 **P** ● The Hepburns make unassuming pop which lacks personality and flair. They are capable of producing a fine tune, like the pretty *You're a Queer One*, *Les Mun*, which isn't as quirky as the title suggests, but overall, they're trying too damn hard. Judging from the approach, I'd say The Hepburns are big fans of It's Immaterial, which is no bad thing at all in itself, but they lack Itsy's power, finding themselves too self-conscious as a result. Shame, since they're obviously musically proficient. Lighten up, eh? **Carole Linfield**

THE HOUSE OF LOVE

The House Of Love

Creation Records RTD/CRE 9-63 **RT C** ● ● Well, I knew this was supposed to be good, but it's blissful! Starting off with *Shine On*, at first I was reminded of laid-back Stones, or '70s Bowie — check that echo-ey backing vocal which is straight out of *Aladdin Sane* — but *The House Of Love* quickly settle down into a totally esoteric sound all of their own. Oh, OK, a splattering of Doors and a merest pinch of Monkees even (very low beneath the surface) but this is pure, sensual music. Their selling point is that they can harness melancholia and nostalgia without ever sounding mawkish or dated; *Plastic* is, for instance, all morning sun melting on your stomach.

Since virtually all of the eight tracks here would also make fine singles, majors everywhere will be crawling, pen in hand, to the door of these four guys and a gal... if A&R mens' knees aren't promptly skinned, the world's gone deaf. **Carole Linfield**

JAMS

Who Killed The Jams?

KLF Communications JAMSLP 2 **RT C** ● ● More editing and looping prowess from the laughably succinct JAMS. The tones of Bill Drummond fill the air like a drunken Scotsman intent on waving a clenched Celtic fist for the right to party. Sly Stone, Hendrix, Betty Wright and a brace of others suffer the scalpel treatment, but the songs have lost their poignant bite for the most part, reeling themselves in as a final, rather disappointing chapter to an encouragingly anarchistic story. JAMS deserved to go out with a better blaze than this, but I suppose it'll suffice, all the same. In the final analysis they may just have opened the floodgates. **Nick Brody**

THE JASMINE MINKS

Another Age

Creation CRELP 025 **RT C** ● Previous albums have been a bit of a mish-mash; at least this one has some continuity to it. From *Veronica* to *Nothing Can Stop Me*, The Jasmine Minks offer us some fine songs. Alas, appetite for this kind of music is all but extinct and one is lead to make obvious comparisons with the '60s — merely because that's when songs like this ruled the roost. However, like most people these days, I prefer the Pet Shop Boys, so *Another Age* will only find a temporary place on my turntable. **Calvino Wheel**

RICHARD H KIRK & PETER HOPE

Hoodoo Talk

Native NTVLP 28 ● ● 2/3 You'll love this, if only... if only you can cope with Peter Hope. Hope's past, through The Box and his link-up with David Harrow, have seen him breathing fire, exploding, self-combusting and letting it all out — in a purely verbal sense. He's crazed and enraged, a beatnik with headbutts. Next to Richard Kirk (out of Cabs clothing) he works well. Kirk's spacious, more esoteric leanings are given vent as the duo sculpt and destroy on this six

track set. Unlike any of the duo's outside tasks, it's an enlivening burst of energy, and can't you just feel them smiling? You bet! **Ripley**

LIBIDO BLUME

Liquid Situation

Di Di Di Di 115 (4A N Kazantzaki Str, 15234 Haladri, Athens, Greece)

●● There's something quite fresh and strangely different about the construction of this record. The second Libido Blume release that I've come across it offers a more refined style, more developed and ultimately more satisfying. The simple foundations have been added to quite successfully, and now influences as diverse as the acidic '60s fall against a more contemporary new wave sound. Libido Blume's command of the English language has further enhanced this release, making it the first record from Greece to transcend the inevitable western limitations and influences. **Dave Henderson**

LOCH NESS MONSTER

Mosaic 44

Hamster HAM 21 **C** ●●³/₄ And you thought life in the murky prehistoric waters was just limited to swimming around occasionally... how wrong can you be! This eight track album sounds like a strange Frank Sidebottom-in-jazz-rock type of scam, with the enclosed contributions delving into the quirky world of effects and how they affect the inner psyche — well, it's something like that anyway. As a fashion note, the singer has a peg on his nose. **Dave Henderson**

LOLITAS

Series Americaines

What's So Funny About... WSFA SF 58 **RR** **C** ●● Berlin band singing pouting French above strong rock 'n' roll cum punk rhythms. The charm is that the female vocal sounds strong yet sensual, while the backing jumbles up the mixture into a just-had-sex sort of atmosphere. I imagine this lot (male and female) have anorexic figures, grubby faces and tousled bleached hair... certainly, it's raw, but it's on clean sheets.

The wild westernisms of the closing track, the mysteriously named Jolly Jumper, brings proceedings to an acceptable close, though it doesn't take much to see that this band must be happier on stage than on record. **Carole Linfield**

LUXURIA

Unanswerable Lust

Beggars Banquet BEGA 90 ●●● This is brilliant! Like a heavier brother of Magazine's classic Correct Use Of Soap, it's packed with several chunky guitar numbers that are given enough time to develop and make their presence felt, counterbalanced with more reflective, beautiful keyboard and string-laden pieces and the occasional refreshing use of a brass section. Fresh and exciting where some found Magazine overbearingly pompous, it certainly puts *all* the young guitar pretenders to shame, and I'm glad. It's about time Devoto had his cake *and* got to eat it. Now make sure he does. **Alex Bastedo**

MAKIN' TIME

Unchain My Heart

Fab Records FAB-ML11 **B** **C** ●●³/₄ A retrospective album of unreleased tracks from a British mod band, out on a German label... crossing boundaries, or what? This, then, comprises eight tracks from the archives, some of which are demo tapes, some "real" recordings, and some live happening experiences, man, from places like the 7th Hamburg Allnighter and Cooky's Club, Frankfurt. I think you can tell where these guys were popular. To be fair, they do announce all this on the sleeve, so no money back for the poor quality — this is, as they say, for Makin' Time fans around the world (ahem).

Musically, then, this is something of a hidden gem, with the three lads and a gal displaying a nice line in tunes, organ sound and vocals, but fighting a losing battle against the production (or total lack of it). They put up a clean pair of fists, though, and no doubt those who shed a tear at their undoubtedly poppy '60s sensitivity buckling under '80s cynicism will lap it up greedily. **Carole Linfield**

THE METEORS

Only The Meteors Are Pure Psychobilly

Anagram GRAM 33 **P** ●●³/₄ Doing the Graveyard Stomp on all *those* pretenders to the psychobilly crown, this LP's made out of snot and bottle tops and puke, more importantly it sits snugly on the Meteors' collective cracked cranium. Only The Meteors have the voodoo rhythm.

Fourteen boneshakers to pop ligaments and get yer Klub feet swinging; as compilations go this is reliably reeling in a drunken kind of rockin' way and vital to those without the back catalogue at shrivelled fingertip length. You *know* that any band who would Eat The Baby have gotta be pure psychobilly, don'tcha? F***ing yeah! **Daz Igmeth**

THE MICE

Scooter

What Goes On GOES ON 15 **SH** ● The pop art sleeve of this album is really nice, but the music inside needed to have just as much attention. The Mice are a mode of transportation with two gears. On slow they sound like well-produced Merseybeat Beatles, with the vocal style of The Hollies, while overdrive reveals an urge for early Jam. Sure, it's executed perfectly, but it's so derivative that this Scooter inevitably goes nowhere. **Dave Henderson**

NAKED PREY

40 Miles From Nowhere

Zippo ZANE 006 ●●³/₄ Naked Prey play a rootsy guitar grind that's sluiced through the speakers with a tinkling bar room piano on occasion. Hailed as hard, primal western rock, this six track mini-set follows some two years after their self-titled debut and sees them get chunkier by the chord. With covers of the Stones' Silver Train and Wichita Lineman on display, 40 Miles From Nowhere hardly challenges any new boundaries, but more than a few sand-festooned honchos will down a Slammer on the strength of this. **Johnny Eager**

NOMEANSNO

Sex Mad

Alternative Tentacles VIRUS 56 **C** ●●● Superb debut European release from this Canadian outfit in a specially unabridged version. More than that, initial quantities on spud-out yellow vinyl have an extra track. Like a musical play off between Minutemen circa Double Nickles In The Dime and Wire on Pink Flag, Nomeansno survive the possible pretensions by being lyrically adept and musically knuckle-heavy. The sounds vary from simplistic rhythmic assaults to melody try-outs and all the tracks utilise a fine sense of instrument-for-best-sound-effect, with a thumping bass and pumping drum-roll holding the proceedings together. Vinyl to kill for. **Dave Henderson**

O POSITIVE

Cloud Factory

Link Records 014 (277 Church St, NY NY 10013, USA) ●●¹/₄ The second vinyl release from this Boston band could have come from a lot closer to home, the subtle melodies, simple repetitive motifs and off-centred structures reminiscent of much of Britain's better indie pop of the last decade. Ignoring the EP's rather disappointing lead track, Talk About Love, one finds a healthy nod to The Cure in the guitar work of Tied or, in the curiously titled Watch Out, That Sled's Made For A Maniac (complete with self-played wind and string instruments), sounding not unfamiliar to grandiose Pink Floyd!. Plus, a hark back to the Bunnymen of Over The Wall on In The Light. Frustrating us with their subservience to these influences, but tantalising us with hints of what could be achieved once they surface from under them, O+ are on the up in the States. Their next record should be the right time to launch themselves upon a British audience. **Tony Fletcher**

PINK PEG SLAX

12 Songs Never Recorded By Frank Sinatra

Ediesta CALCLP 027 **RR** **C** ● The most exciting thing about this album is the neat packaging, featuring a Sinatra pastiche with old blue eyes centre stage, surrounded by the Slax. The musical accompaniment is accomplished skat, raggedy rockabilly with enough authenticity to lift it above the sweat and stubble phase. You see, PP Slax take themselves seriously and deliver an auspicious set of anthems in the process. The only problem here is that you have to get over the sheer novelty of the whole thing before you can work out if it's really the kind of thing you want to live with. I found the tunes annoying, but I can see that many will love their clean cut image and well-executed delivery. You take your chances. **Dave Henderson**

PSYCHIC TV

Temporary Temple

Temple TOPY 030 **RT** **C** ●● Well, this is one of those rare situations when I can say, 'I was there'. A collapsing old synagogue off the Holloway Road, daggers of stained glass hurtling to the floor, a generator that looked fit to bust, a crowd more intrigued by the chic pre-warehouse party-ness of it all and PTV supplying what seemed like an endless mantra of hesitation. It was surprisingly hypnotic, as members of the group came, went and returned. In retrospect, this historical platter doesn't quite have the same ambience, but Psychic TV's spirit is willing and the end result certainly justifies the means. **Dave Henderson**



RECOIL

Hydrology

Mute STUMM 51 **C** ●●¹/₂ Recoil's secretive persona and luscious instrumental style make for something that's at once grandiose and classically appealing, while retaining a certain individual eclecticism. That this mystery personality has reaped found sounds, such as native villages, introduced a keyboard verve and supplemented the proceedings with great mounds of rhythm when necessary, suggests that they're accomplished craftsmen and world-wise tunesmiths. Hydrology is a seamless shroud for modern music, a mock symphony for a mixed up generation and an essentially moving collection of sketches. **Dave Henderson**

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY

Smashed Hits

Red Rhino REDLP86 **RR** ●●● Masterful retro-noise-beat amalgamation from a truly powerful bunch of guitar welders, with hot solder dripping on an eardrum beating fit to bust, setting temples a-throb as the voice limbos deep under your skin. Rash-inducing and so danceable too.

From early days to recent times, this chronicles all the anti-Nurofen stuff. *Beating My Head* beats your head, *Hollow Eyes* attacks your torso and pummels it into submission, *Spinning Round* gets hold of your feet and drills you into the floor. These, and seven more, grab you by the skin of your face and whirl you around the room, and if that sounds painful, well, this makes masochism a must if you want this album...and you *should* get an earful if you've not tried the Lorries as yet. Aurally a brick in the ear of fetid pop. **Daz Ilymeth**

RITUAL TENSION

I Live Here

Fundamental SAVE 49 **RR C** ●¼ Ritual Tension's opening salvo was a crucifixion of The Eagles' *Hotel California*, which was funny but an easy target. Next, their debut LP presents this *Lower East Side* outfit as a screeching rock outfit who've the pace of the *Buttholes*, but little of their wit and inventiveness. Shouts and screams are handled by *Ivan Nahem* who thinks nothing of stopping the proceedings to talk his way through some personal crisis or other. Commendable in parts but it all gets a little samey after a while. **Dave Henderson**

SCRUFFY THE CAT

Boom Boom Boom Bingo

Relativity 88561-8211-1 **R** ●● (import) A stop-gap release to appease their fans after the success of the *Tiny Days* album, *Boom Boom Boom Bingo* is continuing proof that *Scruffy* are well on the way to joining the elite club frequented by the *Del Fuegos* or the *Georgia Satellites*: that of hard-rocking, hard-drinking young men always in search of the next bar, the next gig, the next girl and the next hook-line. Only on the last of these do *Scruffy* seem to be lacking; at the moment they have more style (of a sort) than content, though *Black Russian* is the nearest they've come yet to a well-crafted pop song. The three live songs that complete this five-track EP reinforce the view that when proffered live, such bands are noisy, sloppy and aggravating. And doncha just love it! **Tony Fletcher**

SHAKE THE FAITH

Shake The Faith

One Way Productions OWP 004 (PO Box 298, Union Square, Somerville, MA 02143, USA) ●¾ *Shake The Faith* are angry. And no wonder: they've been knocking about in bands for too long and the big time still eludes them. Yet the smiles that emanate from above their be-denimed bodies on the sleeve suggest that maybe they just don't care. *Shake The Faith* rock hard — so hard in fact that they can't decide whether they're punks or budding stadium-rockers. Aware of this dichotomy, they throw an occasional drum-machine into the fray and claim this confused middle-ground as their own. Certainly, *Shake The Faith* are one of the loudest, rawest and tightest three-pieces to emerge in a long time, but they lose out because they fail to turn these qualities into songs. The exception is *Skip On A Record*, their least aggressive, yet grandest, moment, a song that could have saved *Thrashing Doves* from vinyl anonymity. One feels there's plenty more where that came from, should they choose to deliver. **Tony Fletcher**

SH DRAUMUR

God

Lakeland LKND 002 **C** ● One, two, three chord latter-day new wave with a slight wave at Kirk Brandon and the occasional 999 vocal outburst. *SH Draumur* are from Iceland but hold none of fellow country persons *The Sugar Cubes*' subtlety or charm. Rock music, with no apparent direction, that huffs and puffs and wears itself out. **TC Wall**

SPK

Digitalis Ambigua, Gold And Poison

Netwerk Records NTL 30017 **RR C** ● Designed to present both the dance and ambient sides of *SPK*, I'm afraid this album proves they never were very good at the former, while countless other bands manage to achieve far more effective results with the latter. Which is a shame, as their last album hinted at something of a return to form.

This, however, is tenth rate Madonna mixed with various taped ethnic musics and samples that anyone with a decent tape recorder and keyboard could do. Gold? Do me a favour. This is *SPKrap*. **Alex Bastedo**

WIN A DOLLIE FOR A DAY!

Yes, the trendiest, bendiest band to come out of the nether regions or wherever, **The Corn Dollies**, are currently readying themselves to do the bizzo with a new LP, their debut LP in fact. But if you ain't caught their excellent first two 45s yet, here's the chance to secure a rare debut seven inch version of the soon-to-be-repackaged-and-12 inchified *Forever Steven* and a *Corn Dollies* T shirt. Then everyone and his dog will think you've been into their wonderfully strumbling tones for ever and even longer.

To win one of five T shirt and single packages, just answer the following question and send your answer on a postcard to Underground/Corn Dollies, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ to arrive no later than very soon.

Q: How many Corn Dollies are there?

Hmmm, Holden Caoldfield would have loved that one.

SPUNKBUBBLES

Speak Lebanese Or Die

Waterfront DAMP 59 **Sh** ●● An eight song stab at punkier pop with a thrashing left hand and some fun city interludes. *Spunkbubbles'* t-shirts on the sleeve reverse reveals a *Damned* and a *Motorhead* fetish, but this Australian outfit seem to have already parted company with that gut-wrenching upfront attitude. Instead they keep it reasonably obscure, opting to throw down some speed variations of their own. Maximum revolutions and a few broken fingernails all the way, guitars that go fizz and a singer who's angry at someone. **Dave Henderson**

STRAIGHT AHEAD

Straight Ahead

Risk Records 001.2 **Sh** ●● This is an angry, fast-hand burst of six songs, lasting just over a minute each. A mighty short album but one that, perhaps, places some of the pent-up aggression of metallic thrash into perspective. It seems that *Straight Ahead* find it easy to relieve the cerebral pressure in these mightily abrasive outbursts, even if the guitarist only briefly gets the chance to break free and solo-out. You get the feeling that *Straight Ahead* are at breaking point, balancing on a shaky edge throughout...now that's a good feeling. **Dave Henderson**

TACTICS

Holden Interview

Red Flame RFM55 **RM C** ●½ The sound of bicentennial Australia may be resonating halfway across the world, but this proves it still has some shackles to break free from. Whereas *The Triffids* present a lush landscape, this four piece, from Canberra via Sydney, hones down the imagery in favour of a more '60s influenced, bareback sound. The exception is the excellent *Coat Tails*, which boasts a resonant beat and a hearty tune; elsewhere, it's all more jarring than jaunty. An average six track mini-LP that would have made a first class single. **Carole Linfield**

TALL DWARFS

Hello Cruel World

Flying Nun FNE 15 **C** ●● A best of affair from New Zealand's "guru's" of alternative minimalism. Pissed off with the rigours of major label inadequacy as *Toy Love*, the *Dwarfs* reverted to their *Portastudio* to produce blatantly groovy strummed anthems, with the minimum of fuss but the maximum of soulful character. An experience that shows up the techno-darlings for the soul-less bhajees they really are (or something like that). **Dave Henderson**

THE TEAR GARDEN

Tired Eyes Slowly Burning

Netwerk Records NTL 30019 **RR C** ●● A first album from the ongoing *Tear Garden* collaboration between *Cevin Key* of *Skinny Puppy* and *Edward Ka-Spel* of *Legendary Pink Dots* that, although maybe not as good as their eponymous debut 12 inch, and certainly not as cohesive as either's main concern, still contains enough bite for followers of both groups. *Key's* electronic patterns and textures, more minimal and therefore less intense than his usual *Puppy* fare, give *Ka-Spel's* forever personal lyrical preoccupations space to breathe and create their usual eerie effect. Could this be the new psychedelia? **Alex Bastedo**

39 CLOCKS

13 More Protest Songs

What's So Funny About... SF93 **RR C** ●½ The *Clocks* try desperately hard to be *Velvet Underground* and, with both of them singing, they manage to cover several diverse *VU* incarnations. The German strained vocal lines singing *Barry McGuire's* *Eve Of Destruction* are quite quaint, and *Mr Diamond* is a dead ringer for *John Cale* at his most phlegmy, but does the world need this kind of hero worship? Behind these shades lurk the answers...I'll stick with *Live At Max's*. **Dave Henderson**

THREE WIZE MEN

GB Boyz

Rhythm King LEFT LP1 **RT C** ●●½ The supertuff rappers from *Peckham* are back with a whole LP of their unique electro-rock def beats. Including new versions of the two previous singles, *Urban Hell* (minus swearing) and the brilliant *Refresh*, as well as the new single *Cruisin' For a Bruisin'* and five other tracks — cutting *Gary Glitter* on *Hardcore Lover* — they sound as much like Euro-electro masters *DAF* as anything def on *Hard Bop*, and more like *Mantronix* on *What It Is*. These *Three Wize Men* have obviously been listening to, and sampling, more than just US hip hop and have produced a surprisingly listenable mutant-pop-hard-hip-hop album. Check it out. **Christopher Mellor**

TRADDODIAD OFNUS.

TRADDODIAD OFNUS

Welsh Tourist Bored

Constrictor **NM C** ●● Strictly your average Welsh language punkers with a Portuguese drummer and an ex-EastEnders on guitar (remember Harry The Hat?). Commendably spunky at times, with the title track and Hwyl standing out from the crowd. The translation of the name however is not very funny (and forgettable I'm afraid).

They will of course draw comparison with the Anhrefn brigade and will come off second best, but give them their own identify and the Trads assume a wonderful tackiness. They also do relatively few sheep jokes. **Richard Osman**

UK SUBS

Japan Today

Fall Out FALL LP045 **C** ●½ Hey! Santa... If I'd wanted a pair of fxxxing socks I woulda fxxxing asked! And so the career of the Subs rocks on with elpee number ten. Japan Today's highlight comes in the shape of the aforementioned festive single, Hey! Santa, a torrent of abuse aimed at the prat in the big red coat.

Otherwise, it's a rockin' rollin' punk crossover that boogles and grinds guitar chords into a tasteless paste while uncle Charlie (Harper) grates the vocals on top with all the finesse of a drunken, dirty old punker — which, of course, he is. Okay, fair enough, it's got to be better than any high profile chartbustin' crap from Johnny Hates Jazz, but this lacks the pounding muscles needed to haul itself out of the mediocre mire. **Daz Igyemeth**

VARIOUS

A Vile Peace

Peaceville VILE 1 **RR C** ● Although the sentiments and abrasive stance of this album is correct — anti-war etc — the great problem on A Vile Peace is that assembled breakneck outfits will be merely preaching to the converted through their one level guitar rages. From Axegrinder to Rest In Pain, Dark Crusade to Hellbastard, there's little in the way of variety — even Chumbawamba stumble into the trap. Paradoxically, the totally spiked Bedlam — whose track is sheer bedlam — stand out for their total disregard to any boundaries and routines. On the positive side the list of conflicts since the end of World War Two makes frightening reading, but those involved must ask, who'll get the chance to read it? **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Indie Top 20 Volume III

Beechwood Music TT03 **Re C** ●●● Probably the best selection to emerge with the title "Top 20", this third volume features a cohesive, yet diverse, selection of sounds that's split up neatly over four sides (or two if you get the tape). With contributions from The Wedding Present, Depeche Mode, New Order, The Shamen, Fields Of The Nephilim, Cookie Crew, Erasure, Pop Will Eat Itself, Throwing Muses, The Sugarcubes and more, the musical side obviously varies, but the feeling of a great wealth of music beginning to emerge is certainly in evidence. A vital record set...not to be missed! **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

It's A Crammed Crammed World! 2

Crammed Discs CRAM 053 **NM C** ●● Label compilations are always difficult because of the inevitable differences of the participants, and it's rare that each side runs nicely as a cohesive package. Crammed's World is no different as they traverse the globe with tracks from John Lurie, Colin Newman, Sonoko from Japan, Israel's Minimal Compact, Tuxedomoon, several African acts and more. But for less than the price of a 12 inch, this 12 tracker is an excellent way to sample some international troubadours who are, for the most part, well worth spending time on. **TC Wall**

VARIOUS

Le Mystere Des Voix Bulgares Volume II

4AD CA 801 **C** ●●● Faultless virtuosity is something that's probably more akin to classical delivery and performance. Surprisingly it seems to be creeping, more and more, into the record business. Not that the glitzy world of major label hard sell holds many points in this court, but the independent market can certainly hold up its head in the knowledge that it not only releases music that can't be found anywhere else, but in some cases it's also presented and performed with exceptional conceptual care.

The saga of the first volume of this LP, involving a mystery tape and the tracking down of the perpetrators, led me to believe that a second volume would be rather improbable, but here it is and as a foil for its predecessor, it puts up a commendable fight. This is music that defies any real description other than it has an audible beauty that you'll find impossible to resist. Exceptional. **Dave Henderson**

Distomania

GOD'S FAVOURITE FIVE

- | | |
|--|------------|
| 1 SONGS ABOUT F***ING <i>Big Black</i> | Touch'n'Go |
| 2 HEAVENS <i>Big Dipper</i> | Homestead |
| 3 THIRST <i>Saqqara Dogs</i> | Pathfinder |
| 4 FORCE OF HABIT <i>Leather Nun</i> | IRS |
| 5 GALAXY 500 <i>Fetchin' Bones</i> | Capitol |

Compiled by WJUL Radio, MA (God's Fave Noise!)

RRRECORDS BEST SELLING FIVE ACTS

- 1 BLACKHOUSE
- 2 MASTER-SLAVE RELATIONSHIP
- 3 X RAY POP
- 4 EXODUS
- 5 MOD

Compiled from best sellers at RRRecords, Lowell, MA.



X RAY POP "PSYCHEDELIC DOLLS"

CKLN RADIO FIVE

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| 1 CHILDREN OF GOD <i>Swans</i> | Product Inc/Fringe |
| 2 HEAVY METAL <i>White Noise</i> | Amok |
| 3 A GOOD NIGHT OUT <i>Test Dept</i> | Some Bizzare |
| 4 GET RHYTHM <i>Ry Cooder</i> | Warner Bros |
| 5 CAMPER VAN CHADBOURNE <i>Eugene Chadbourne/Camper Van Beethoven</i> | Fundamental |

Compiled by CKLN Radio, Ontario, Canada

CLOCK THIS!

Hard Rain

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SOUNDS MUSIC FOR
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VARIOUS

London Pavilion Volume Two

él Records ACME 10 **P** ●●● A compilation from Mike Alway's thoroughbred stable, which produces a cornucopia of the unexpected and the unexplained. Who are all these people? And why are they not all megastars?

Of course, they already are... taking us on a Walt Disney World waitz through the spectrum of pop. And what a ride! There's '60s inspired Masque from Marden Hill; the early '70s lush of Trial Of Dr Fancy from the King Of Luxembourg; the hipswinging delights of Garden Of Eden from the perverse Anthony Adverse, and the pure pop eccentricity of the Would-Be-Good's Hanging Gardens Of Reigate. There's humour aplenty (how about the biryani barmy Bad Dream Fancy Dress girls who tell us of their curry cravings?), not to mention, I suspect, a fair bit of incest going on between the groups.

Not a dull track in sight. And I defy anyone to resist the Raj Quartet's offering. I mean, any track called Whoops! What A Palaver can't be bad...
Carole Linfield

VARIOUS

Modesty Kills

Audio Visual AVA 001 **P** **C** ● This album was compiled and created by Ken Kelly — who was started off on a government enterprise allowance of 40 notes a week to launch a label. A great idea, but the end result here, although well meaning, is rather less than inspiring. Packaging and polish are lacking on Modesty Kills, the ten featured bands suffering from inadequate studioing, the end result being, inevitably, a less than palatable mish-mash.

Of course, there are good ideas here, brainwaves that tick but never explode, but it's all a little flat and lacking in dynamics. Let's hope that this is a faltering first step and subsequent releases sparkle more radiantly. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Move — The Rhythm Kingdom LP

Rhythm King LEFT LP 5 ●●¾ Like the man says, this is the definitive compilation of dancefloor dementia from the King corner, and each one sure comes out fighting. Choice cuts throughout, veering from the Beatmasters featuring The Cookie Crew's hit Rok Da House to Schooly D's emphatic Gucci Time to the weird and wonderful Renegade Soundwave's Renegade Theme. Every aspect of their catalogue is well represented, too, from urban to rap to the mellow (Chuck Brown & The Soul Searcher's (It's A) Family Affair), so if you want a quick melting pot of all the happening sounds around, look no further. Hardcore devotees, however, will no doubt want the 12 inchers, and there's nothing new or rare or whatever to entice them in. Fair game for the rest of us though. **Carole Linfield**



VARIOUS

Salvation!

les Disques Du Crepuscule TW1 774 **P** ●● Film soundtrack LPs are a tricky affair, usually being either too esoteric to survive without the accompanying visuals, or simply a patchwork quilt of seemingly directionless tracks. This collection, though, is more hinged than that. It's the soundtrack to Beth B's acclaimed flick, Salvation!, which features X's Exene Cervenka in a portrayal of TV religion mania, using assorted tracks from New Order, Cabaret Voltaire, Arthur Baker, The Hood, Jumpin' Jesus (alias Arthur Baker plus Stu Kimball and Stephen McHattie) and Dominique (Davalos, also in the film). All of this helps display the film's sex, power and money slant on religion, with quality tracks like New Order's Touched By The Hand Of God and the Cabs' Jesus Saves, helping the LP to easily compete on its own terms. **Carole Linfield**

THE VIBRATORS

Recharged

Revolver Records REV LP 101 ●¾ I guess if Jonathan Richman can regurgitate more laid back coastal sounds and get patted on the back for it, then so can The Vibrators. Given, too, that if you close your eyes to the cover pic and pretend they're a new American guitar band, you may well find this LP an acceptable listen, then it seems niggly to find fault.

But, whether it's prejudice or not, I can't help feeling that there's a certain tiredness in those rockin' bones. This is, however, actually used to good effect on the slower numbers, like the lovely Every Day I Die A Little, and the more lilting numbers, like Picture Of You. But when it comes to guitar posing stuff like Too Dumb, it just doesn't cut the mustard.

Sinuuous in parts, too creaky in others. **Carole Linfield**



THE WHIRLEYGIGS

Gravity Rides Again

Amok LP514 (68 Broadview Ave #507, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4M 2E6) ●●¼ This is a great package with a bizarre '50s cowpoke colour shot and music that'll shake the sand loose from your pony-tail. Sure, the easy vocal similarity to Michael Stipe is going to be pointed at, but that's no bad place to start at. The Whirleygigs have something more earthy on board though, more mid-paced and slightly irreverent at points. The key factor is that they know just when to rope in the audience and lay down that vital hook in the chorus line. A fine album, indeed. **Dave Henderson**

WHITE ZOMBIE

Soul Crusher

Silent Exposure **Sn** ●¼ A strange but colourful overprinted sleeve featuring four greaseballs presents White Zombie as a noxious metallic slurry that's likely to put music back several years. Growling as they pluck the hairs from their chest, the Zombs resort to Zodiac Bomb Party-style bodily abuse and offer us Scumkill and Diamond Ass — metallic splats of the lowest order. But, whereas their UK contemporaries might be suffering an excess of facial hair as a marketing ploy, the danger is that White Zombie really mean it maan, and these formless dirges are for real. In a way, it sucks, but maybe that's just what it's supposed to do. **Johnny Eager**

THE WILD STARES

Skorch Turth

What's So Funny About... SF69 **Sn** **C** ●● This LP hails from Germany but seems to feature a Boston band whose eerie overtures further confuse the issue. In line with a lot of US acts at the moment, The Wild Stares are nothing but different...in their make up is a new sound bursting to break loose, an explosive collection of influences that's been mixed into a less than capable cauldron. The result will be some kind of spontaneous combustion, some self-mutilating disharmony, but as they wend their way to oblivion they're sure to turn out some more than palatable records. **Dave Henderson**

BRIAN WOODBURY

All White People Look Alike

Some Philharmonic SOME PHIL 2 (Box 58, New York, NY 10009)

●½ One of life's real eccentrics, Woodbury opens with Julie Andrews' Favourite Things, then dismantles found sound, goes rapping, breaks into a duststorm interference and generally has fun being art. This kind of listening is so hit and miss that at times he manages to carry it off, but never attains the kind of continuity that, say, Negativland manage on their most recent LP. **Dave Henderson**

YEAH JAZZ

Yeah Jazz

Cherry Red BRED 82 ●¾ Starts off dubiously folksy, but then breaks into a true jangle mode with an ode to Sharon...this is true lunkhead pop! Unfortunately, I find the vocal a tad impenetrable — pleasant, but lacking personality — so the tale-telling tracks are those that I find work the best, like Heaven, which also finds itself a nice sax break.

Yeah Jazz obviously like things to be kept clean, as is reflected in both the subject matter (love, unrequited and otherwise) and the straight lines of their music. This LP, then, travels as the crow flies, taking you logically from the start of the affair to the bittersweet end.

Smooth and sweet, if not overly adventurous. **Carole Linfield**

RE-REWIND

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

THE ASSOCIATION

Golden Heebie Jeebies

Edsel ED 239 **P** This is the kind of music that beams from the radio as you up the air-conditioning on your rented Buick. In the States, there's more to '60s harmony than The Beach Boys and Mamas And Papas. there's The Association. Their history runs concurrently with The Byrds and The Turtles, preceding Crosby, Stills And Nash, but realistically they never achieved the heights of their contemporaries, their most successful cut being Windy — which is included here. Golden Heebie Jeebies still has all the freshness of Florida in the morning, or San Fran in the afternoon, and as such this album is a fine scene setter. **Dave Henderson**

DAVID BOWIE

1966

PRT PYL 6001 **PRT** A six track mini LP that digs up the Bowie past, including two tracks (And I Say To Myself and Can't Help Thinking About Me) misspent with the Lower Third. Lots of pointers to his later directions despite the obvious influences of the time, though the zither that's generously interspersed throughout sets my teeth on edge.

Most famous of the tracks is the aforementioned Can't Help Thinking About Me, deservedly so since it's still a worthwhile pop tune, but there's nothing here that's previously unreleased, so dedicated collectors won't need it. But for interest and as a valuable addition for the rest of us, it's well worth having. **Carole Linfield**

BRINSLEY SCHWARZ

Please Don't Ever Change

Edsel ED 237 **P** Brinsley Schwarz, circa '73, were a band who wanted to be anyone but Brinsley Schwarz. With pub rock building into a profitable career, this five piece covered all bets, covering all styles, in every spittoon-sinking sensations, from Marley to Grateful Dead. Please Don't Ever Change summed up a band who everyone in the music biz respected as musician-friendly, but undoubtedly no-one could trade on as a pop success. They did chart with Shining Brightly, and just about all of their other LPs, except this, has (What's So Funny About) Peace, Love And Understanding on it, suffice to say that this wayward collection — some live, some studio —

does little more than to showcase the potential which lurked but was never fully realised. **Johnny Eager**

JJ BURNEL

Euromen Cometh

Mau Mau Records MAU601

P Gosh, this must be a little embarrassing for JJ. The Stranglers' bassist's solo effort circa '79 sounds altogether uninteresting — and somewhat glazed — in retrospect. I'm sure this electronic doodling at the time seemed like a good idea, but now it sounds positively unhinged. Only a maniac would want to re-issue it. Tinny drum-machines, disjointed song structures and a lack of ingenuity assures that Mute and grandchildren continue their legendary status. **Dave Henderson**

CABARET VOLTAIRE

Eight Crepuscule Tracks

Crepuscule TW1 749 **P** A compilation from this Belgian label, featuring the recordings Cabaret Voltaire have done for their specific releases during recent times. Old enthusiasts will recognise the pedigree of Sluggin' Fer Jesus and Yashar, plus the exceptional Your Agent Man, while Gut Level and Invocation, coupled with a cover of Isaac Hayes' Theme From Shaft, make this a comprehensive study of the development of the group.

The legacy of early CV releases can't easily be ignored, and if you haven't had the chance to discover their strange blend of electronics, the avant garde and left-field pop, then this is an ideal place to gain first hand knowledge. Not to be missed. **Dave Henderson**

DAVE DAVIES

The Album That Never Was

PRT PYL 6012 **PRT** A ten track set that almost was, way back then. Well, if you know what I mean. Following Dave Davies' solo hit, The Death Of A Clown, he looked set to wander into a solo career alongside brother Ray in The Kinks, but subsequent releases didn't do as well and a much-touted album never materialised.

That's something of a shame really, as this collection is a fine display of what might have been, with Dave's single and flipside tracks run together. Through the years some other tracks have been lost or misplaced which seems a great shame as The Album That Never Was is one of the strongest sounds that's spun into the *Underground* office for some days. **Dave Henderson**

DEFUNKT

Avoid The Funk . . .

Hannibal HNBL 1320 (Box 742, London W11 3LX) Defunkt's sweaty funk style graced many a dancefloor and NME front cover in the early '80s. Back then, the competition came from new trendies in expensive suits, lounge lizards who were desperate to be media meguls, who in theory got their rocks off at late night sleaze clubs with Defunkt thumbing their brassy groove in the background. In retrospect it sounds like a whinging noise that's rushed, unstructured in parts and as listenable as a Jimmy Tarbuck joke. Madman toots might be fine for clubland but this seems old fashioned now, and has little value as an armchair classic. **Ripley**

THE KINKS

The Kink Kontroversy

PRT PYL 6004 **PRT**

Face To Face

PRT PYL 6005 **PRT**

Something Else

PRT PYL 6006 **PRT**

(The Kinks Are)

The Village Green Preservation Society

PRT PYL 6008 **PRT**

Kinks Part One — Lola Vs Powerman

And The Money-Go-Round PRT PYL 6010 **PRT**



Ray Davies in concept LP garb

Now that Ray Davies has not only had his back catalogue raided by all and sundry for cover material, but has also brushed off the cobwebs from The Kinks and is releasing new stuff once more, what better excuse for PRT to re-release the five most influential albums from their past.

The first two of the albums here, Kink Kontroversy and Face To Face, were their fifth and sixth LPs, originally out on the Reprise label, and were previously deleted. They were, however, the first two albums to display Ray Davies' blossoming talent as an observant songwriter, while it's generally believed that Face To Face was the first ever concept album. It features a distinctly English view of the world, an angle that was still found endearing in Europe and the States, where strangely The Kinks found a faithful audience. It also spawned their Sunny Afternoon hit.

Something Else solidified the trend, throwing up the classic Waterloo Sunset and David Watts, and was followed up by another concept LP, . . . Village Green Preservation Society. This one looked at a life in the day of a sleepy English town, but despite being universally acclaimed, marked something of a low point in their career, with seemingly the rest of the world more interested in experimenting with LSD and psychedelia. At this point, Ray Davies was asked to write a film score for a TV special about the decline of the British Empire, and the soundtrack, Arthur And The Decline And Fall Of The British Empire (recently re-released on PRT PYL 6009) had some fine moments on it, Victoria among them. Interest was thus revived, culminating in their most infamous hit, Lola. Inspired, they released Lola Versus Powerman And The Money-Go-Round, which features similarly comic tracks like Apeman and Top Of The Pops, before moving on to the next stage of their career at RCA.

If you ever needed proof that The Kinks were a major force in pop music today, or that their subtle blend of distinctly English rock has a unique ability to transcend time and trends, this is it. **Carole Linfield**

THE DILLARDS

I'll Fly Away

Edsel ED 246 **P** This is an old period Dillards release. Country/bluegrass stalwarts, the Dillard Brothers had turned up in various incarnations, and with their associations with The Byrds, the Burritos and a number of offshoot projects, looked set to break in more commercial terms, bringing a tad of down-house America into a few more contemporary '60s lives. The equation was always going to be a tricky one and, although this is a fine selection of country-tinged harmony songs, bluegrass variations and the like, The Dillards would never really capitalise on their authenticity and style, due to the twee banality of some of their roots. Included is a cover of The Beatles' I've Just Seen A Face, plus She Sang Hymns Out Of Tune — a song that Nilsson turned around during his 'psychedelic Lennon period' but there's always those nagging songs our daddy taught us, like Ebo Walker and Single Saddle. If you've a penchant for bluegrass and can lend an ear to the Burritos after the first three LPs, then this is for you, though. **Dave Henderson**

EPISODE SIX

Put Yourself In My Place

PRT PYL 6026 **PRT** Episode Six went through many changes from the mid-'60s onwards, the most notable thing about their blue-eyed soul being that they eventually reared Ian Gillan and Roger Glover, who departed the group in search of longer hair and Deep Purple. The featured material here covers their period at Pye, but there's little more than US-influenced bubblegum on display. The most intriguing piece of info included is that a later single, on Chapter One, was titled Mozart Versus The Rest, now that *does* sound interesting. Add that to the fact that a later incarnation of the group was involved in music for the French film *Les Bicyclettes De Belsize*, and there you have your coffee table Episode Six without having to suffer the damn record. **Dave Henderson**

THE GANTS

I Wonder

Bam-Caruso KIRI 067 **Re C** Mississippi's answer to the Mersey beat boom, The Gants sound as if they stepped right out of John Lennon's wardrobe — and are holding

his plectrum to ransom. Compiled from their three mid-'60s Liberty albums, they've got all the hallmarks of classic Cavern dwellers and some even claim a resemblance to seminal Flamin' Groovies. On paper that sounds quite an interesting sideline, and they do sound quite convincing for most of I Wonder, it's just now and then that they seem to be yodelling through clenched teeth. **Dave Henderson**

WOODY GUTHRIE

Columbia River Collection

Topic 12T448 A timely release, following the recent BBC documentary on Woody Guthrie, these recordings stem from a BPA commission back in 1941 that saw Woody writing songs for the Columbia River project. Although many of the tapes were lost, or found their way to some strange places, the assembled 17 cuts here are more than worth hearing — even if the quality isn't always hi-fi. This is still a fine collection that captures one of music's earliest legends in full fight with his acoustic guitar, authentic American downhome drawl and harmonica in tow. **Dave Henderson**

HAPHASH AND THE COLOURED COAT

Haphash And The Coloured Coat

Drop Out DO 2001 **P** Ah, woah, a woah, a woah, a woah. Yes, Haphash, for whom the Demon/Edsel/Zippo/Drop Out axis have been trying to create a vibe about, certainly wigs it on this bizarre '67 chantalong. This is the kind of stuff that '70s play directors thought they played at parties in the '60s. Headbands and rattling percussion instruments, people really "expressing themselves", that's where Haphash's head's at — what's left of it that is. Next up Drop Out will be telling us all to wear white and that The Mahavishnu Orchestra weren't all that bad. Er, just remember though... this is how Dick Branson started. Beware false idols. **Dave Henderson**

LED ZEPPELIN

1972 Interview

Discussion Ramble One **B C** A limited edition LP that should be available in your local store, if you feel inclined to hear a rather in depth interview with John Bonham and Robert Plant. What's more, the discette comes on a groovy pic disc, enclosed in a prissy white sleeve. A cert to be collectable and desirable in future time warps, but the wit and wisdom of this Cannon And Ball of rock doesn't quite live up to a cranked-up throwdown of Communication Breakdown. **Nick Brody**

PERE UBU

The Modern Dance

Fontana/Phonogram SFLP3 Well timed re-release of this classic debut album by the reformed Pere Ubu as a prelude to the brand new Tenement Year LP out on Fontana through Phonogram in March.

For now, this shows newcomers exactly where David Thomas et al were coming from way back then — like a chunkier, punkier yet even more experimental hybrid of Beefheart and Can, and you can trace a line on through Wire and The

Fall, right up to Throwing Muses, The Pixies and That Petrol Emotion, too.

Like the sound of that? F***ing buy it then — who knows, those quick off the mark might even be lucky enough to snap up one of the extremely limited edition numbered collectors copies. **Alex Bastedo**

THE SEARCHERS

Rarities, Oddities And Flip-sides

PRT PYL 6019 **P C** Legend has it that Liverpool circa 1963 boasted 350 working 'beat' groups and, yes, The Searchers were just one of them. Of course they were lucky, in as much as they hit the charts on several occasions, but this album has no time for things like that. Instead, here are 18 tracks from The Searchers' more obscure singles and EPs, featuring tunes that didn't subsequently make it onto album.

The sound is inevitably tinny, and in hindsight these recordings will surely only be of interest to beat-majors who can cope with the teeny tackiness of their better known tracks like Needles And Pins and Sweets For My Sweet. But you never know, maybe we're set for a whole new generation of Italian cut suits, thin ties and pointed toe shoes. Well, it almost happened with The Jam, didn't it? **Dave Henderson**

SE ROGIE

Palm Wine Guitar Music

Cooking Vinyl COOK 010 **N M C**

A collection of the Sierra Leone guitar master's '60s recordings that have the relaxing ambience of a bluesy wail, played against Rogie's distinctive, slightly lazy guitar style. Like Prince Buster's primitive FAB sides, Rogie's recordings seem to conjure up the unique atmosphere of the man's environment and musical influences with the slightest of ease. A highly listenable LP set. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Party At Hanging Rock

Re-Elect The President NIXON 5

B C A re-release of the Stiff compilation of '86, this features the pick of Australian pop, with names like Ups And Downs, The Saints, Painters And Dockers and Huxton Creepers all presenting their own blend of down under danceability. This is very easy going stuff, containing pure, bouncy pop with no unpleasant surprises swimming under its waters, but the occasional shark bite wouldn't have gone amiss, since after two sides the offerings sound bland rather than blissful. Still, nice stuff lurks therein. **Carole Linfield**

VARIOUS

The Riverside Jazz Sampler

Riverside RIVM 001 **P** First in a series of releases from the Riverside catalogue that's been picked up by Ace. A compilation showing some of the artists working on the Riverside roster, from its inception in the mid-'50s, this is a weighty collection which strikes enough memory bells to create commercial interest. With tracks from The Montgomery Trio, Sonny Rollins and Cannonball Adderley, it focuses on the modern jazz sounds of the '50s and is an excellent introduction to a label that's been difficult to track down for some time. **Dave Henderson**



The Young Marble Giants — they coulda been Colossal...

UNDERGROUND

WE LOVE THE YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS

One of the true *lost* albums of all times, except you can still actually get it, is *The Young Marble Giants' Colossal Youth*. Released in 1980 on the fledgling Rough Trade label (cat no RT008), it features *Philip and Stuart Moxham* and *Alison Statton* on some embracingly minimal music which brought out the best in Alison's restrained, warm vocals (she later blew it with the overpowering *Weekend*) and Philip Moxham's chatty guitar style (he later went on to become *The Gist* and release the fine *Love At First Sight 45* for Rough Trade), complemented by simplistic drum machine, keyboards and Stuart Moxham's bass.

● Allegedly they were weened, in Wales, on a diet of *Eno*, and the resultant ambience plus the all-encompassing aura of *Colossal Youth*, present a vital, uniquely full sentence which the Giants first attempted to formulate on their debut recordings for the Cardiff compilation *Is The War Over?* With Rough Trade's deletion of early *Raincoats* albums, plus the unavailability of many of the label's singles back catalogue, now seems like a good time to grasp a copy of *Colossal Youth*, even if it's only to see what *Eno* would have been like if he'd have been born ten years later (and had friends). **Dave Henderson**

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
 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
 MOVEMENT, Unit 7, Banbury Trading Post, Banbury, Oxon
 1 UP, 4 Diamond Street, Aberdeen
 THE Ooze, 2190 W. Burnside Street, Portland, Oregon 97210, USA
 PICCADILLY RECORDS, 9 Parker Street, Piccadilly Plaza, Piccadilly, Manchester
 RAINBOW RECORDS, 80 Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, Shropshire
 ROCK-A-BOOM RECORDS, 17 Malcolim Arcade, Leicester LE1 5FT
 ROCK SHOP, Strandem 1, Oslo, Norway
 ROUGH TRADE, 130 Talbot Road, London W11
 SELECTA DISC, 21 Market Street, Nottingham
 SIGNALS RECORDS AND TAPES, Shop Unit One, Cornhill Exch. Bldg, Cornhill, Lincoln
 SOUND WAVES, 18 Church Street, Monmouth, Gwent
 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).

It's really weird. 1988 could well be the year of Joy Division. Out of the closet they will march. Preserved, on the shelf for

eight years. Pickled hipness, waiting to be consumed for a second time. This time around, thanks to that vast army of uninitiated U2 fans (U2 being the most overrated entertainers since The Beatles), their audience could be truly massive.



Divvies live (from left): Barney, Curtis and Hook

The Joy Division revival starts here!

Mick Middles finds the spirit and recalls the mood with Peter Hook

So what has stirred this ghostly cult? Well, the revival began last year as Factory Records stumbled across a winning formula. Tentatively, they repackaged the New Order singles catalogue in the form of Substance and, to everyone's utter amazement, produced the band's largest selling album to date. And so, on the near horizon (March, if all goes well), Factory Records will release the Joy Division double album, also entitled Substance. What's more, they will link this with the release of a highly promoted single, Atmosphere/She's Lost Control (complete with animated video). Now then, if you take into account the unparalleled hypnotic brilliance of Atmosphere and add the fact that the average U2 fan has yet to discover this long lost gem, then you will begin to appreciate the explosive potential of this little time bomb called Joy Division.

But I'm not so happy. Because of geographic reasons I have been through all this once before and, frankly, I'm not sure that I'm looking forward to discovering Joy Division for a second time. It's OK for you, dear spotty Talullah Gosh devotee, for you can clutch the JD revival with a sense of refreshment. But we old sods can't do that. We have to step back into an era when just one band dominated our lives (we were THAT naive in those days). Joy Division seemed like the ultimate, the final furlong. I have a strange feeling that the events of 1988 will prove this to be a somewhat less than ridiculous notion. As I type, however, I haven't listened to a Joy Division song for six years (apart from the odd Simon Bates replay of Love Will Tear Us Apart) and I have good reason for this. They were undoubtedly the most exciting rock band I have ever witnessed, both live and on record but, strangely, they could also be so utterly depressing. So, six years ago, I banished them from my record deck. The music seemed to be too serious and, frankly, I wanted to have a good time. As I said, it's really weird.

On February 2, 1988, I saunter warily into Suite Sixteen Studios, Rochdale, intent on talking to the studio's joint owner Peter Hook about his time spent in the unit called Joy Division. On the wall of the clear white recreation room stands a dramatic photograph of the late Ian Curtis. It's clear that Hook harbours fond and respectful memories of those times. But, I ask him tentatively, does he think it's a good idea to drag the band out into the open after all this time?

"Personally I'm very glad to see it. Rob (Gretton — Joy Division/New Order manager with an odd reputation for owning a thoroughly sarcastic promotion technique) and Tony (Wilson — Factory boss and Didsbury media god) didn't want to do it. They only wanted to do the New Order one because they felt the Joy Division one was selling out. But nothing could be construed more as selling out than Substance, New Order. The Joy Division stuff just isn't available any more so we'll be fulfilling a service more than anything else. Rob always reckoned that, if The Doors could become massive after their demise, then Joy Division could do it. It would be nicer if it broke big in America."

This is a story that is going to be told and retold over the coming years, so you might as well get used to it. It's a good story too. Classic rock 'n' roll in fact from day one. Pete Hook, the only man alive who can play tasteful heavy metal bass lines, explains.

"Me and Barney began playing straight after we saw The Sex Pistols at The Lesser Free Trade Hall (Manchester) in 1976. I went out and bought a bass for £35. Then we learnt in our bedrooms, from the Parma Hughes book of rock and roll. It was really good because it was the only book that had stickers to put on your guitar neck, so it was dead easy."

Initially they were called Stiff Kittens and, later, Warsaw. With the, in those days, somewhat less than enigmatic Ian Curtis on vocals and Steve Morris on drums, they proceeded to tread water as a rather pompous and lumbering mish mash of Doors and Stooges influences. As Joy Division they released the Ideal For Living EP, initially on seven inch only, which was enough to turn a few heads, if only because of the naive 'heaviness' of the production. But it wasn't until they met Gretton, managerial fifth member, that things began to fall into place.

JD Backstage sweat out



“Rob was DJing at Rafter’s when we played the Stiff Test/Chiswick Challenge talent night. My girlfriend had given him the record the week before and he saw our best set that night and he asked Barney if he could manage us. But Barney never told us, he forgot. So we were all sat there in rehearsal one day and this grey haired man in glasses came in and sat down. We were playing away and I thought, ‘Who’s this dick?’. We played through our set and he stayed there, nodding his head and when we stopped it was a really awkward moment. Just silence, then Barney said, ‘Oh aye lads, I forgot to tell you...’. Barney’s not changed, still as daft as ever.”

But Gretton had stumbled across a band in trouble. They had naïvely wandered into what is known technically as a ‘dodgy contract’ and Gretton, a fully fledged inhabitant of Manchester City’s notorious Kippax Stand, found himself thrown into a new kind of battle.

Hook: “I don’t think we actually signed a contract but we recorded a full album for them before we were to sign a contract. That was, like, half of Unknown Pleasures and we had to buy our way out of it. Which was a classic mistake. We were lucky because, in the end, we paid a thousand quid and the guy gave us all the tapes. He’s still a big DJ in the clubs, Richard Searling. He used to be a northern soul DJ and he got involved with us because he wanted us to record a version of Keep On Keepin’ On. We tried, but we couldn’t play it. We just couldn’t play it, but we ripped it off and wrote Interzone. Anyway, we dropped more than half of the songs from that album before it became Unknown Pleasures.”

I was lucky enough to interview this pre-Factory Joy Division for *Sounds*. (Actually, I was pushed and badgered into doing it by Gretton. A fact that might seem astonishing given the laidback personality adopted by him these days.)

I think it was their first interview, and it showed. They gathered shyly around a tap room table in a pub, ironically just yards away from where The Hacienda proudly stands today. Hook was deathly silent, Sumner (Barney) and Morris were more interested in their meat pies than the interview, and Curtis’s chatter was polite, lightweight and, in a good sense, noticeably ordinary. Despite an objection to the Nazi tag that was surrounding the band at the time, he seemed to prefer to talk about Manchester United than engage in a discussion about his lyrics. The number of times I met Curtis (sorry about these damn namedrops but, well, needs must . . .) in the two years that followed this meeting merely served to continue this unpretentious image of him. Which is why I personally find it a little odd when I read, for the two hundredth time, an account of Curtis being a moody artist imprisoned in the pain of genius. New Order, as it happens, have long since given up worrying about the inaccuracies surrounding the Curtis legend.

Hook: “It is a bit odd sometimes, especially in Europe. We played Italy about five years ago, and for some reason we were getting really large audiences, but we’d walk out on stage and all we would see were rows and rows of placards reading: IAN CURTIS — REST IN PEACE. People were just stood there holding these things up. It was a bit disconcerting, I can tell you.”

But Curtis was special. On a good night — and you had to be lucky to catch Joy Division on a good night, their genius was infuriatingly erratic — he would seem to drain the energy from the audience. It was an odd feeling, standing there in a seedy, sweaty club, finding yourself becoming increasingly intoxicated by the bizarre intensity created by the band on stage. Watching the ungainly dance of Curtis, who, arms flailing wildly, could lift the atmosphere into occasional peaks. Nobody ever performed like Ian Curtis. You’d leave the gig in disbelief and, the next day, you would grab a sceptical friend and drag him halfway across the country to where Joy Division would be playing the next night. Once installed in some dreadful ex-bingo hall in Coventry, or somewhere, Joy Division would produce a set so dull, so unappealing that the chosen colleague would immediately threaten murder. To this day I have friends who saw Joy Division on at least six occasions and still wonder what all the fuss was about.

A hint, just a hint of JD’s live power can be gleaned from the Ikon video, Here Are The Young Men. Unfortunately, although the band were on form on that particular video, the video maker wasn’t. Such is life. This time around the music is going to have to be enough. We could, as previously stated, find that the lesser talented U2 have opened up a whole new market for Joy Division. Could the disturbed beauty of their music finally, ironically, find a mainstream outlet?

Hook: “Yeah, maybe, who knows? It’s been hard to get Joy Division across to the New Order audience... A lot of the mail we receive is from people who have never heard of Joy Division and certainly don’t know what the connection is. Many ask us ‘Who are Joy Division?’ and, of course, Joy Division have never been unleashed on these markets.”

If Wilson and Gretton are tentative and the rest of New Order are, I believe, merely interested, then Peter Hook is ecstatic about the revival of Joy Division. After our chat he takes me on a swift tour of Suite Sixteen Studios. This studio used to be called Cargo, the very place where Joy Division made the bulk of their recordings. Pete Hook stands by the mixing desk and proudly surveys his empire.

“I find it difficult to believe, sometimes, that this is the place we came to record all those years ago. It’s really weird.”

For a moment, I swear, the infamous machismo of Pete Hook melts and is momentarily replaced by a touch of tearful sentimentality. Then, as CJ, his exceptionally talented studio engineer calls, Pete Hook swiftly reverts back to his role as young (ish) entrepreneur.

Make no mistake about one thing. Joy Division are being revived primarily for financial reasons. Factory ARE selling out but, when you come to think about it, what the hell does it matter? Wouldn’t it be amazing to see the beautiful Atmosphere competing for a chart position with some precocious American bratette? Or would this seem like some form of terrible sacrilege? I don’t know. As I said, it’s really weird. Really, really weird.

Curtis flashpoint



THE ABS Turbo Sphynct

Vinyl Solution **[P]** This is hi-powered aggressive noise-pop with the onus on melody. That subtlety beckons the humble listener into a hail of guitar and harmonious vocal delivery. Many a badminton racquet will be strummed in celebration of this little darling. **R**

AC MARIAS Time Was Mute

[C] AC Marias' connections with Wire seem to have transmuted her into a whole new avant ball game and now, with the assistance of Wire's Bruce Gilbert, Barry Adamson and Rowland S Howard of The Bad Seeds, she's to be found being romantically inclined over Canned Heat's tempered ballad, Time Was. Howard's guitar inevitably cuts a mean line, segmenting the proceedings, jarring against the Marias vocal and making this into a delightful single. **DH**

ALWAYS Thames Valley

Leather Club **[E]** More fetish-fixated pop — following The Vaselines' and Boy Hairdresser's

excursions on to sexy black plastic. Always dig their heels into the subject of organised S & M. Thames Valley Leather Club sounds about as dangerous as Chalfont St Peter's lawn tennis club — but don't worry, this doesn't spoil the lackLUSTre dreaminess of it all. Felt-ish vocals and a smooth tune make it a lovely (or should that be rubbery) 45. Pass the baby oil, honey. **JD**

AND ALSO THE TREES

Shaletown Reflex Records 12

[RE] Powerfully evocative and emotional, without resorting to the histrionics or manic depression so clichéd within the genre. While having a certain immediacy, it takes a while before the nuances take hold, so give it time — the nice melody will lap away at the overly arty lyric. Happily for a 12 inch it's well contained, too, so doesn't outstay its welcome. **CL**

AVO-8 Is This The End Avo

[RE] **[C]** Acclaimed as a more rock, 'n' rollier version of The Shop Assistants/Primitives, Avo-8 are in fact very much that. A wispy female vocal eventually fleshes out and sounds quite embracing, while the guitar substantially fills out the sound. Time will sharpen them up, but this comes recommended anyway. **JE**

BAD DREAM FANCY DRESS

Curry Crazy **[E]** **[P]** Sprayed on a wall, near to where I live, in big silver letters is the word 'curry', nothing else, just 'curry'. It's one of my favourite pieces of graffiti — second only to the one that reads 'fudge' which can be found in an underpass in Newquay. It's my guess that the people responsible for these appalling acts of vandalism are the very same girls behind this appalling record. Curry Crazy (a sensation which quickly follows lager frenzy) is a power pop ode to Indian spices — it could have been vindaloo but alas it's crap. **JD**

BIFF BANG POW! She

Haunts Creation **[RE]** **[C]** The Biffo boys have developed quite nicely over the years, even to the point where they can easily evade the tag of "label boss doing his thing". For Biff Bang Pow! produce cherishable, well-strummed, well proportioned songs that roll in with a waft of down home cooking and a relaxing ambience. Accessible but never over easy, nor over confident, She Haunts is a package of immense charm. **NB**

BIG DEAL Very Mysterious

EP Self-Destruct **[SH]** A seven tracker from Kentucky that wails and whines through a strain of frantic guitars. Somewhere in the middle distance a singer tries to intone the essential light and dark subject matter of Concrete among other things. Then they all race to finish before the next song starts. Fast. **NB**

THE BIRDHOUSE Rev It Up

Vinyl Solution **[P]** Rev It Up, like its predecessor, Burn It Up, bares all the hallmarks of the classic

Birdhouse sound system; scuzzy guitar, deranged bass and drums and the sort of rebel without a pause lyrics that only Sir Johnny Rev himself could possibly carry! This latter release has two advantages over its prototype, however. Where Burn It Up failed to convey the excitement and energy of live Birdhouse, Rev It Up succeeds gloriously, and secondly, it's much better. **AK**

BOONIERATS Messing Fillet

[RE] **[C]** A strange paradoxical cornucopia — well, a Vietnam Vet living in Scotland and making records. Messing features four songs, two excellent, one OK and one pedestrian. Side one has the meat with the poignant Leech Reef and the moving Flag Day. At once crushingly emotive, then briskly hurtful, this is the kind of thing that may only be cherished by those who discover it themselves in years to come. **R**

CHATSHOW Noisy Bad High

Thing Idea **[P]** Alarmingly uncharming pop slop from a label who usually know better. Chatshow don't write songs like they should do. **NB**

THE CHAIRS The Likes Of

You Pink Halo **[C]** Charmingly succinct, The Chairs play well-crafted pop with a nudge towards mod roots, a sideways stare at the charts and a brief flurry of excitement. Almost. **TC W**

THE CLOUDS Tranquil

Subway **[RE]** **[C]** Mellow pop with a heavily breathing, inward looking vocal line. The Clouds sound as if they're occupying your turned up collar, wearing polka-dot silk shirts, pointed shoes and large smites. Cute pop that wants to be awkward. **TC W**

COLDCUT Doctorin' The

House Ahead of Our Time Timely tape montage with a dance-beat featuring all your fave spoken bits of records gone by. Coldcut should follow M/A/R/R/S straight to your heart if there's any justice in the world. **TC W**

COR TRANCE Bastard

Kestrel no label **[P]** A three track EP from Cor Trance who also feature in Tip Sheet this week. It's heads-down thrash that takes a few moments to lurch into the left field with some self-questioning moments. Quite alarming, with a very listenable edge that improves with time. **DH**

DAVIDSONS Like An

Astronaut Cake **[NM]** Ah yes! The Davidsons finally get glorious and drag us delightfully all the way up to the top of their potential. Like An Astronaut has an inane ethereality about it that, when played at extreme volume, is highly danceable, albeit in a spazzy kind of way. **PP**

EXTREMES Car Crash

Music Destiny **[RE]** **[C]** This

five tracker has so much in common with Television at their best that it's a little frightening. The Extremes certainly have the wherewithal to carry it off though as the singer strains his neck to get more Verlaine-like. Somehow this still manages to sound fresh and, Car Crash Music is just the kind of tonic the flagging voice of reaction needs. **DH**

THE FAT LADY SINGS Be Still

Harbour Sound **[P]** A big 30-3, and an explosive drum noise, for the second single from this four-piece. Spiced up with some well-strummed chords and a clarity that's been missing in recent times, this will do quite nicely thanks. **DH**



THE FLATMATES Shimmer

Subway **[RE]** **[C]** The Flatmates come of age with this Chris Allison-produced (he did the Weds LP) groover that brings out the width in their vocal style. Also highlighted is some sparky guitar-ing and a neat line in verse/chorus interplay. Here comes the big news. **DH**

THE FREE ZONE Large As

Life Cheep **[P]** **[C]** Pop with a rattling snare sound. Liverpool's The Free Zone have some nice tunes which demand production and arrangement to bring out the best in the multi-talented Tim Thwaites. Next time around it'll be better. **TC W**

THE GROOVY LITTLE NUMBERS You Make My Head Explode 53rd &

3rd **[RE]** **[C]** The Numbers play chirpy pop that's very close to several of their labelmates and something of a disappointment after reading their recent interviews where they claimed more of an off-the-wall reason for life. Still, they are groovy and enjoyable, even if they're not the future of perverse offbeat rock. **DH**

THE HUCKSTERS Way Of

Feeling Rocket 5 **[RE]** **[C]** Fine pop balladeering — with wash-and-wear harmony lines — plus a guitar sound that rolls down the neck like a shower in San Fran. The Hucksters, from Hull, write a dangly tune and can sing too. Way Of Feeling may be a little flawed in terms of pop prowess and chart action, but any A&R dept worth their salt should be able to polish this team into a fighting, and totally cred outfit. **DH**

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JESUS CHRYSLER Turn Or Burn Second Coming

Sh This comes in one of the worst sleeves ever, but boy, is it one of the best sounds around. Jesus Chrysler are from Knoxville, Tennessee and they play a kind of pop paced thrash that works best because of the astute lyrics and the offbeat delivery. Psychos with teeth and with an album on the way. **DH**

Jesus Chrysler

Turn Or Burn

KING OF SLUMS England's Finest Hope Play Hard

RR We were a tad previous in our acclaim for this King Of The Slums debut EP, but now that it's actually going to be in the shops, let's just reiterate that this four tracker generally peels the paint off your tongue and sounds angst-ridden and essential. Lead track, The Pennine Spitter, should convince that this new label, run by *Debris* magazine's Dave Haslam, should be watched. **DH**

LEN LIGGINS A Headful Of

Ants AAZ A wobbling rant on northern times, semi-political stirrings, acoustic strums and other odds and ends make Len's four track EP a haunting, disjointed social statement that you'll love or hate. The simplicity of Life In Leeds City makes it work on a purley second-coming-of-new-wave type way. Pure of heart. **NB**

LILAC TIME Return To Yesterday Swordfish

This trio sound amazingly composed as they whisk through some mid-tempo tunes — with more than a hint of Simon And Garfunkel harmony on their sleeve. A four track 12 inch, Return To Yesterday, has the romantic feel of an outfit who're destined to be festooned on many a bedsit wall. Fine stuff. **R**

LOWLIFE Swirl It Swings

Nightshift Yet more from north of the border and the ever-improving Lowlife. Another rolling backdrop, with Lowlife breaking into a swirl as they increase the optical intricacies of their sound, leaving a churning pool of sound that begs you to dip in your hand. Crushingly brittle. **R**

MDMA Eyes Wide Open

Ediesta MDMA sound and look as if they're busting a gut to be cock-rock's electronic cousins. Featuring ex members of Cassandra Complex, the onus is on smoking cigarettes and not saying goth while being almost, er, goth. The noise is sequenced, the lyrics chanted, a guitar whines and they're in desperate need of a producer. Cult stuff all the same. **R**

MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO I Got

The Fear Sweatbox The second slab of aggro-dance from MBM. Pickpocket lines from Kool And The Gang and the usual angsty-rap, but it all gets a little toothless without a proper song direction in the air. Still, forceful stuff though. **R**

MEGA CITY 4 Running In

Darkness Primitive Mega City 4 come from the Medway/Milkshake zone but have managed to escape the silmving boundaries of post-beat. Instead they opt for a more upbeat, upfront rhythmic barrage that's at once The Jam, then something more rock-based. What they need to do is dive head first into a good chorus. They almost do, but fall over their powerful forearms while supplying another middle-eight. **DH**

MINT ADDICTS Get Out Of The Ghetto! Constrictor

A melodramatic slice of popism from German surrealists (and all with a dance beat). Mint Addicts roll with the punches and prove that Phillip Boa's not the only new flavour to come out of West Germany. The Addicts have a mad guitarist, a brass-sound keyboard that moves like a movie classic from Utopia. Superb! **DH**

THE ORCHIDS I've Got A

Habit Sarah The label that brought us the wonderful Sex Urchins breaks more rules with this understated three track EP, which strums itself right into your heart. And with a track called Give Me Some Peppermint Freedom, can you deny then the mass acclaim they so obviously deserve? Nice. **JE**

PERSON TO PERSON Red

Boyajy (469A Hudson Street F34, New York, NY 10014, USA) This is quite a remarkable record. Person To Person seem to have a rare talent of running various styles together (in this case it's rooty folk next to some kind of Talking Heads pop/rock angle), making the end product insist you've been dying to have it run its fingers down your spine since time began. Person To Person have a potentially huge sound that's accomplished and perfectly rounded without ever sounding trad or boring. Excellent. **DH**

PINK NOISE Thin End Of The Wedge Reasonable

A tuneful trudge from Hull-based Pink Noise, which has a poignant message wrapped in its steamy melodies. The two class system is examined amid a flurry of popist chords and affectionate guitarings — all of which trips from the tongue with harmonic glee. **DH**

SLOPPY SECONDS The First Seven Inches Alternative

Testicles The seconds play risqué wrist music with a pink powerchord and some yabby-dabby vocals. Fast and tongue in cheek, Sloppy Seconds jitter their way through four anthems with sleazy overtones, leaving the scene stained and slightly shaky. **DH**

SMITH AND MIGHTY Anyone Red Stripe Bubbling cover of Cilla Black's Anyone Who Had A Heart, with rhythm and cut-up interludes from Bristol's Smith And Mighty. This is the kind of record that should be on every club turntable as well as casting its spell over the national charts. Wig it! **DH**

SONIC YOUTH Master=Dik

Blast First The youth of today are a little less straightforward than on Sister. Master=Dik is an abrasive idea which flows rather aggressively to its climax, whereas the flipside of this plate presents Sonic Youth going through some kind of Hallucinogenic burn-out that only they could dream up. It contains, reportedly, in excess of 36 minutes of aural interplay and defies description (... it is God! no less ...) and it lasts forever. **DH**

THE STENCH EP Raunch

Excellent seven track selection from the multi-faceted and meanly precise Stench from Utah. Changing pace, keeping the songs short and swapping direction when the mood takes them. The Stench are another lot of American youths who're holding up their nation's flag and asking what the f*** is going on? They could quite easily be dismissed, on paper as punk parody, but one listen to this plastic pretender and you'll be thinking otherwise. **DH**

THE SUGARCUBES Cold

Sweat One Little Indian Already a charter as I write this, the 'cubes keep up the momentum, with a less immediate, but just as lovably off-beat variation on dark-eyed soul. Their next step is the most important... already God after two releases, it seems the only way they can go is down (which they certainly don't deserve). Too much too soon? **NB**



SWA Arroyo SST

Following the excellent Dinosaur Jnr 45, SWA confound the meek and mild Ug ed by releasing a phenomenal 12 inch that's such a departure from their previous, inward looking albums. Arroyo is a glorious cacophony that boasts an enormous rock sound, while never sounding old hat nor woolly. Instead this is an awesome, beautifully packaged release that suggests a change of face for SWA. Brilliant. **DH**

SWIZ Down Hellfire

This lot, in a way, seem unable to decide on just what they want to do — as well as where they're going. The end result is a bonus just because of that. Jumping from thrashing breaks to chugging Gen X-style verses and acidic phrases, Swiz seem to be only loosely tacked, but ultimately cohesive in what they're doing. Worth having and holding. **DH**

THREE WISE MEN Cruisin' For A Bruisin' Rhythm King

The Men coming of age and rapping over all the sucker UK copycats. Proving that there's life beyond the solid apeing of US hip-hop, and that house and rap have so many possible fusions and variations. Throbber. **DH**

TURN TO FLOWERS People Change Like The Weather Imaginary

Heartbreak vocals, and a string quartet for backing, make this perfect pop single desperate for attention — and it deserves it too. A slice of Fine Young Cannibals, The Hollies and all good things contemporary make it swing with a smile. **R**

UTI EP Rasputin From California, UTI claim their record contains words and ideas that might offend "uptight, right wing assholes", and as they hammer down on the Fleas track you can believe that. But UTI have a little more in their armoury — as well as wearing shorts and baseball caps — in that they can also make it pay when they slow the pace. **DH**

THE VASELINES Dying For It

53rd & 3rd The Vase-lines are a law unto themselves. Their last bedraggled, under-produced stab at super recognition sank into oblivion, a wee boy-girl blip that didn't convert, and now? Well, the kick-off track here is an excellent song, performed with cranked-up venom, but by the second, they're tinkering with

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bicycle horns and sounding ever so suspect. Still, it's pop, nonetheless! **JE**

VARIOUS Dusseldorf City Lights Fab (Eislebener Steig 6-8 D-2000 Hamburg 50, West

Germany) Four West German mod combos cut a smartly-ironed line in underproduced adrenalin rushes. Stephen's Ruin play it fast, as do Stunde X and Beathoovers, while Bo Hatzfeld And The Headhunters opt to murder John Lee Hooker's Mad Man Blues. No one shows an excess of character here. **JE**



VARIOUS The Munster Dance Hall Favorites Teenager From Outer Space

SH An EP from Spain with four psyche-pop overtures, kicking off with The Surfin' Lungs' version of the Munsters theme, which is closely followed by contributions from Spacemen 3, Sex Museum and Enemigos. Polka dot rock with an overpowering guitar slurry embedded in the vinyl. **NB**

VARIOUS Savage Amusement EP Barracuda

Blue BIC The lead track of this homage to Bolan is a dreadful cover of Ride A White Swan by Captain Sensible. The going doesn't really improve and, although Marc is often cited as a rock god, this kind of bastardry doesn't do anyone any favours. **DH**

THE VAYNES Rock 'N' Roll Crime Vanity Records **RR**

C Leather-clad cockrock with shades and a bistering guitar that will do well with Ig-o-philes and Dolls enthusiasts, but will bring grown men to say, 'I've heard it all before'. I've heard it all before. **AGM**

VEE VEE VEE Pass The

Buck Constrictor RR C As a little preview for their mini-LP, Vee Vee Vee have this rather tasty neo-funk outburst on the very collectable Constrictor label. Years ago, Factory would have embraced this sound, kids would have carved Vee Vee Vee on their computers and the world would have been a better place. Ah, if only. This is a little like how records should be. **Brill! DH**

THE VENUS FLY TRAP

Morphine Tuesday C A three track 12 inch from this bunch of ex-gothique structuralists. Guitars burn off in a looser-than-venomous mood, supplying the maximum revs to this tale of sexual bravado. Black leather-wearers only need apply. **R**

THE WEDDING PRESENT

Nobody's Twisting Your Arm Reception Records RR

C To think that not so long ago I'd've dismissed the Wedding Present to that gulch of worthless guitar janglers that includes The Bodines, The Mighty Lemon Drops, etc. Whatta sap! The George Best LP put me straight, and Who's Twisting Your Arm demonstrates again that Dave Gedge's love songs are the most brutally realistic and emotive in many a moon. Of course that wouldn't mean spit without the Pressie's ravaging guitar attack, which is akin to mercury washing over your body. **VB**

THE WHEEL The World's A Cruel Mistress **EPL**

RR This lot sound like Ronnie Barker impersonating Magazine, if you can imagine such a thing. Sure, it's a nice enough pop song, but The Wheel's vocal department is so downbeat and cliché-ridden that it's difficult to really appreciate. **NB**

ZODIAC MOTEL Crystal Injection **Swordfish RM**

C The second 12 inch from Zomo picks up where the first, Sunshine Miner, left off. Crystal Injection's hooked guitars and Indian Summer's bits intertwine with the punkhippy drawl of singer Vince and make for a presence impossible to ignore. These trippy pop explosion mongers from Birmingham need your attention. **DI**

through and OUT

"That's right you've guessed it EZQ is back, With another funky beat for your 12-inch stack, My possee and I had to do it again Make sure y'all know who's number one in England"

Derek B from Good Groove



★ All over Britain, dance music is coming into its own, hip-hop, garage, alternative, house, and everything in between, the categories are being blurred and redefined. It's pounding out of the cities, and everybody's doing it! From the most unlikely **Pop Will Eat Itself** (who have cut a version of their There Is No Love . . . using loads of **Eric B's** I Know You Got Soul), to **Sonic Youth** (whose MasterDik is the hardest rock/rap noise so far).

★ **Derek B** is one of the prime moves on the British rap scene and his new single **Good Groove** is one of the best around. It's yet another **James Brown** — style track with a hook that sounds suspiciously like the **Jackson 5's ABC**.

★ At the moment, London seems to be obsessed with **James Brown** and '70s music and style.

★ "Kids of my generation, 18 to 22, are kids of the '70s generation," reckons **Derek**. "Like in the '70s they looked back to the '60s, so we look back to the '70s. That's why flares is a happening thing."

★ So will **Derek** be wearing flares in a couple of weeks?

★ "No, if they come back in I'll just have to be untrendy."

★ With **Derek's** debut LP **Bullet From A Gun**, out real soon, it's imperative that he breaks into a much wider audience. But, do you think **Radio 1** is likely to play your records?

★ "Their whole profile is that they're the voice of the whole country, but they're not. There are records breaking into the Top 40 now without being played on **Radio 1**, which suggests that the **BBC** has just got to come over to the sounds that the kids want to hear."

★ There are a lot of great records being played in the clubs that aren't getting any airplay. For instance, check the original and, even better, remix of **Beat Dis** by **Bomb The Bass** through **Rhythm King**. I know it sounds just like **Pump Up The Volume**, but it's still a great record, and **S Express** by **S Express**, is pure London Disco, flares 'n' all.

★ **The Cookie Crew's** new rap **Black Is The Word** has got them a slot at the prestigious **US Grammy Award** ceremony. Why? Well the words go "We're on **Rhythm King** and we're gonna get a **Grammy**", that's all it took. And finally from **Rhythm King**, watch out for the new ultra-hard **Three Wise Men LP GB Boyz**.

★ Two of the best tracks around using "ideas" from other records are **Do This My Way** by **Kid 'N' Play** (basically a re-done version of **Sweetee's** I Got Da Feeling with bits of **Maceo And The Macks** and 'Anyone . . .' by **Smith And Mighty**, a fantastic tuff-reggae version of the old **Dionne Warwick** classic **Anyone Who Had A Heart**.

★ On the noisier side there's **Asylum** by **Screaming Trees** and a monster seven Tour De France/Yo! by **Llybwr Liaethog**, as well as an LP of hard electro dance from **Son of Sam** called **Rich and Famous** — Eight Songs of Greed (with **Liberation** perfume and a skull emblazoned 'Yuppie' on the cover).

★ The best track is the hard and fast **Cuts And Bruises**, but there's a good variety of sounds, all with lyrics worth listening to, as well as those beats.

★ Don't miss the **Coldcuts** and **Plasticman** with **Doctorin' The House** — all your favourite bits and pieces cut over a house beat.

★ Since the **Paid In Full** coldcut remix everyone seems to be in on the act of cutting up **Eric B And Rakim** tracks. Even **Norman House-martin** has had a go — mixing the **Jackson 5** with I know You Got Soul.

★ But let's get back to **Derek B** who's no stranger to remixes either.

★ "I did a **Paid In Full** mix, and I will be doing some more, but I don't want to give away too many of my ideas. I heard **Eric B** liked it, but I'd hate someone to do that to one of my tracks."

★ The speed things are going at the moment, give it two weeks and he'll be cut up, remixed, laundered, repackaged and ready to go again. Don't Stop. **Christopher Mellor**.

5 MORE ESSENTIAL TRAX

- 1 I Got The Fear (Remix) Meat Beat Manifesto
- 2 House Reaction (Derek B Remix) T-Cut-F
- 3 Make It Eternal Fini Tribe
- 4 Jackin' James Jack Factory
- 5 Strong Island J.V.C.F.O.R.C.E.

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Stump

Pancake and the world of ferocity! power!

Profundity or profanity? It was a familiar question a year or so back when Stump unleashed *Quirk Out* on the unsuspecting public! To all intents and purposes it seemed that Stump had emerged as a lawless prodigy; for some, it was conclusive proof that there was a God after all and in the true traditions of fanaticism, Mick Lynch, Chris Salmon, Kev Hopper and Rob McKahey were elevated to musical messiahdom! Then there were the misologists, the non-believers who could never quite come to terms with the idea of an umpteenth coming! Then there were the cynics . . . and criticism flowed plentiful. And then what? Nothing! Not so much as a single!

It was all a bit confusing, really, but after a year away ("We've not been scratching our arses in Majorca you know, we've been working bloody hard!"), Stump are back with a single, *Chaos*, and a rather splendid surprising new LP, *A Fierce Pancake*, on Ensign. Stump kindly put the whole string of events into perspective for *Underground*.

A Stump anecdote:

Rob: "There's this Irish fellow I know and I was telling him about the band and he said, 'What are you called?', and I told him Stump but he can't hear very well and he said, 'Oh, Stomach! Excellent! That's a really good name for a band!'"

Chris: "Yeah, I wish we'd thought of it!"

Chris: "Looking back now, the name was a bit of a mistake really, there's a lot of better things we could have called ourselves. I think The Jesus And Mary Chain is a brilliant name for a band."

Rob: "Well, we were desperate at the time and Stump was a joke . . . so our name was a desperate joke!"

Rob: "You could count those who understood it on the fingers of one hand. At the time people seemed to think that we were a grubby little band who were into ugliness. I'm not into ugliness, I'm into beauty and poetry!"

Were there many misconceptions about the band?

Rob: "God! Yes. I remember when we were on tour with Husker Du and these people said to us, 'whose the toughest, you or Husker Du?'. They seemed to think that HD were maniacs and that we were complete maniacs! Whereas HD are really very quiet, affable lads and so are we."

Chris: "People did tend to think that we'd be very intimidating people but we're not. I think we're nice. We are nice boys, aren't we? Actually, I can understand the misconception, I mean if I'd just heard our LP for the first time and then turned it over and saw our photograph on the back I'd think, 'What the f*** have we got here?!'"

What about that wave of early praise? Had you anticipated that?

Rob: "The boss at Beggars Banquet once said to our manager, 'I know that Stump are the most important band in Britain but I'm not going to sign them because they'll never sell!'. The bit about us being the most important band is incredible shite, but it just goes to show that when it comes to the bottom line it's the old pound note that counts! A lot of people said that we were the most important band around, though, that's a stupid thing to say, I hate extreme criticism."

"What it was, is that Stump were playing the original music that hadn't been played before and, therefore, a lot of people loved it — it put a lot of people off too. I remember one critic virtually said 'Whatever did we do before Stump?'. God! how awful, I was embarrassed to be in the band!"

But that was then.

Last night Rob had a dream:

"I dreamt that we were playing a last minute gig back home in Ireland with The Chieftains as support! God it was a nightmare!"

Last night Chris had a dream too:

"I keep having this recurring dream that I've got lock-jaw. Last night was terrible though, you know when you're not asleep and not awake? Well, it happened then and I had to pull myself awake and out of the dream. I was really worried when I woke up and so relieved when I tasted my mouth and found that it moved!"

I don't think it would take RD Laing to diagnose a classic case of anxiety there, do you?

Chris: "We are looking forward to this tour with some trepidation."

Rob: "It's not a case of looking forward to it, it's a case of mental necessity! I mean it, I'm going to crack up if I don't go on the road soon."

Chris: "He's half way there already, he's getting quite bad — it's like we're treading water right now, it's a funny feeling, you've got this adrenalin but it's like you're wired, and there's nothing to do."

Rob: "What do you do? You go home, you go boil your vegetables, you make your meal, you go home, you go home . . . what do you do? When you're working and you've got time off you can use it, but when you've got all the time . . . Oh! God! I'll be glad to get away!"

Mick: "Well, personally, I am a little nervous, yes. On a purely live level, I'm not apprehensive because I think that we can carry it, but the ultimate thing is that people have got to like the album and the single . . . and yes, it's scary because it's been so long. But I'm sure everyone must go through that mustn't

they? I'm quite confident, just from playing the album to my friends who are our best critics because they're honest . . . in fact, yes, I'm shifting a brick!"

Chris: "I'm a bit worried now that we're using samplers because I've incorporated that into the live set. I hope it'll go alright, you know how it is with electrical things, they never come in at the right time! There's always some pissed roadie pressing the wrong button!"

Mick: "I'm really pleased with the way Stump has developed now that we're using the samplers. There's no way that we could say that we've mastered them, but our philosophy is 'have a go!'. You can do anything if you want to. And the way we're using this technology, to me that is very exciting. God only knows what the next album will sound like!"

Rob: "I think the band's grown up really. We're getting much better at playing our instruments and correspondingly we're getting much worse at everything else in our lives!"

So, what of *A Fierce Pancake*, then? It's Stump's first release on the Chrysalis-distributed Ensign label and, although Stump have remained loyal to their original convictions, the LP will be aimed at more than just the indie market. So, will we see girls dancing round their handbags to the merry sound of Charlton Heston, or the frenetic Bone?

Rob: "I find it impossible to tell. We keep being told that the album will do really well but we can't quite see it. You've got to face facts, people are conditioned to buy *Curiosity Killed The Cat* and *not Stump!*"

Chris: "I think people would respond to Charlton Heston and I think they'll like the video to *Chaos* which is being done by the same bloke who did *Buffalo* . . . what's he called?"

Rob: "Chris Gabin. Personally, I can't look at the album with any objectivity. The experience of making it was dreadful."

Chris: "Yeah, we took far too long to make it and we made a lot of mistakes — but hopefully we've made all the mistakes we're likely to make now so the next one will be a smoother affair."

Chris: "I think Charlton Heston will be the next single."

Mick: "Charlton Heston would definitely make a good single."

But what about *Chaos* — the one you've actually chosen for the first single?!

Rob: "Did you get what it's about? Apparently it's about Margaret Thatcher! Did you now that Chris? C'mon, be honest now, did you know that before he told you?"

Chris: "Well, it's too long ago to really remember, but I think I did!"

Mick: "It's basically the story of this ship — England — which goes around with this captain — Mrs T. It's like a slave ship, or something, where you have all these hands downstairs and if they make any objection — even if they have a real grievance — the captain shouts 'Oh! Mutiny!'." (said in very passable Maggle tones). "It is a bit of a concealed diatribe in a way, but I hope that people will get it and if people aren't as thinking as I assume, then hopefully they'll just get off in the chorus and the tune."

"We won't be upset if this one doesn't do anything. We've just put this out for Stump fans, just to get us back in the swing again. It's a very Stumpy sort of song. If we had put out something like *Alcohol*, for example, people wouldn't have thought it was the same band."

Alcohol is probably the most conventionally accessible track on *A Fierce Pancake*. While it manages to retain the Stump characteristics, it's a melancholic lament on the delusions of alcohol grandeur, something on which Mick is more than qualified to write.

Rob: "Oh yeah, Mick is a pissehead but the song only says many of the things that I've felt before now."

Chris: "And it isn't necessarily alcohol — it's often something else for other people."

Mick: "I have experienced all the emotions in that song. On the most basic level it relates the stages that you go through when you're drinking. I'd like people to look upon it as a bit of a warning, not on the ruptured liver scale, but more on the you'd better-watch-out-it's-going-to-get-you sort of way. It's not an anti-drinking song, it's just saying what happens to you when you start drinking in that way, the awful self pity, it's quite personal, yes, but I'm not the person in the song . . . it's a very honest album, there's no hype on it at all. I can give you my word on that." **Alex Kadis**



Stump disguised as The Police

sharp plastic

ALTERNATIVE TV

Sound and visionary's Jettisoundz recall the flickering days of their youth.

"It all started when we borrowed a VHS camera and made a video of GBH, standing on a chair at the back of the hall." That's John Bentham of Jettisoundz, the biggest independent video company in the country. After he made that GBH video, he decided to start selling copies.

"I was contacted by some bloke who had sent 40 quid to a guy from Blackpool for a Sex Pistols video, which never turned up. I figured if he would do that for a Pistols video he'd give me £20 for a GBH video which would actually materialise." John was right.

Now Jettisoundz, who are based in the media capital of the north, Lytham St Annes (that's near Blackpool, geography students), have released nearly 200 titles, regularly doing live shoots with their three cameras. They've made numerous promo clips, mostly directed by Karen Bentham, and have an active catalogue (that's the ones that are still selling) of over 50 titles. Their best sellers are the two Hawkwind tapes (Chronicle Of The Black Sword and Night Of The Hawks), closely followed by The Exploited.

But who exactly buys these tapes? John has a simple answer.

"It's a question I often ask myself, I'm buggered if I know."

New releases for February include The Meteors, Frenzy, a film called *Overdose* with a special ambient soundtrack by Alien Sex Fiend, and an arty compilation called Art For God's Sake.

Jettisoundz are also working on a new project called Turnpike TV. The show is a mix of promos, live footage and features and, as you would imagine, it'll feature lots of John's fave group The Turnpike Cruisers, plus 'special' features like "a frank discussion with leading sexologist Dr Writhe" and an interview with "John Bon Groovy". It has already been shown on local UK cable stations, like Clyde and Croydon, as well as in the USA.

John: "The programme is an alternative to mainstream TV. It represents the mass of new directors working underground, who are more creative, and aren't hampered by restrictions. I suppose we're pointing out that there shouldn't be any restrictions."

Parts two to 13 of Turnpike TV are likely to be all the best bits of the Jettisoundz catalogue linked, once again, by The Turnpike Cruisers. And John is justifiably excited about taking the Jettisoundz style to a cable TV audience.

"For the first time, people can make TV themselves, and getting into it without any formal training is great."

Though the future for independent video companies doesn't look all that rosy, John is in fighting mood.

"The widening gap between indies and majors is due to the indies' lack of success in broadcasting to channels to promote their product. The sooner we collectively do something about that the better."

Jettisoundz have made a start.

Contact:

Jettisoundz,

PO Box 30,

Lytham St Annes,

Lancashire FY8 3UH.



The Turnpike Cruisers

ACTIVE CATALOGUE

- JE103 GBH (Ace, Brixton)
- JE107 THE EXPLOITED
- JE112 PUNK ON THE ROAD
- JE115 ALIEN SEX FIEND
- JE117 THE UK SUBS
- JE120 THE METEORS
- JE122 DOA
- JE123 HAWKWIND (Chronicle Of The Black Swor
- JE128 THE TOY DOLLS (We're Mad)
- JE129 BROKEN BONES
- JE130 BLOOD ON THE CATS
- JE131 BLACK FLAG
- JE132 THE MEMBRANES
- JE135 FLIPSIDE 5
- JE136 SRL (Maimed Artist)
- JE137 PIRATES OF THE PANASONIKS
- JE138 INNER CITY UNITS
- JE139 ROBYN HITCHCOCK
- JE140 THE CARDIACS
- JE141 Q-TIPS
- JE142 FLIPSIDE 3
- JE143 FLIPSIDE 6
- JE144 FLESH FOR LULU
- JE145 DR JOHN
- JE146 THE CHAMELEONS
- JE147 THE TURNPIKE CRUISERS
- JE149 ROY HARPER
- JE150 HAWKWIND (Night Of The Hawks)
- JE151 HERE AND NOW
- JE152 HOT 'N' HEAVY
- JE153 HARDCORE
- JE154 STOMPIN' AT THE KLUB FOOT
- JE155 GUANA BATZ
- JE156 THE TOY DOLLS (Idle Gossip)
- JE157 RESTLESS
- JE158 DEMENTED ARE GO
- JE159 SKITZO
- JE160 ALIEN SEX FIEND (Edit)
- JE161 HOWLIN' WILF
- JE162 999
- JE163 THE EXPLOITED
- JE164 BRISTOL BIKE SHOW
- JE165 ROSE OF AVALANCHE
- JE166 FOR A FEW PUSSIES MORE
- JE167 ATOM KRAFT
- JE168 WARFACE
- JE169 HANOI ROCKS
- JE170 TURNPIKE TV CABLE SHOW
- JE171 GUANA BATZ
- JE172 PHILLIP BOA
- JE173 THE PRIMEVALS

STUMP

THE SINGLE

"CHAOS"

AVAILABLE NOW



"Most rappers of the last few years have had nothing important to say. It's all about how big their dicks are, how beautiful their woman is, how much gold they're wearing, and which trainers they choose to tread the shit in. The Americans have brainwashed the kids into believing they need expensive rings, watches, and clothes that they can't afford. It's breeding a dangerous discontent that'll cause frustration and loads of problems."

The 3 Wize Men back Britain, Ronnie Randall spits teeth

Boyz just wanna make noise!

So says AJ, larger than life itself, the mammoth mouth and presence of Britain's premier home grown rappers, The 3 Wize Men. The crew have very definite opinions about the way the whole hip-hop scene mindlessly apes the Americans. ■ "US Spies I call 'em. I'm British so why would I rap American? All this Yankee stuff is great, but it's doing nothing to advance *British* black music. Respect Americans, but don't kiss their arse." ■ Rap used to be the music of message, but since the Grandmaster faded away the elaborate language has had nothing to say. It's a reflection of the times, rock and pop long ago ceased to be a serious outlet for comment on social concerns. The toothless tiger is content to play a pantomime circus act, a doped, tamed performer caked in glitz and glamour, no need even for a cage. Today's heroes embrace the cosy status quo. Not so the Wize Men. ■

"We're home grown and *hard*. It's a British outlook — ragamuffin reggae, hip-hop, punk, metal — we're a blend of what's happening here and now, what we're saying is relevant. People say they're bored with songs about the ghetto, but is this macho lust for wealth and greed more appealing?" ■ I tracked AJ down at the headquarters of Rhythm King, currently Britain's hippest independent record label. But getting the whole trio together in one place was proving more difficult than the original Wize Men's search for the baby Jesus. I'd first heard the debut album, *GB Boyz*, a few days earlier, via headphones on the top deck of an almost empty London bus. It contains re-recorded versions of last year's single, *Urban Hell*, about life on the Gloucester Grove housing estate in Peckham — through which I'm passing on my way to Wize Man Jemski Rah's Deptford non-des-res on the edge of South London Docklands. Refresh Yourself is the other re-vamped track, and I decide to take its advice by opening a window to allow the crisp January air to sweep into my lungs. The tape switches to the new single *Cruisin' For A Bruisin'* just as the lone passenger at the back of the bus storms up the aisle, cigarette hanging from lip. He glares crazily at me and slams the tiny window shut. I smile to myself, this is exactly the right vibe in

which to take the metal-mashed-hip-stop. ■ Jemski welcomes me into his chilly flat — the gas is cut off — and readily admits that the band had forgotten I was coming. Strangely enough Jem goes on to tell me that, with the album completed and the subsequent departure of Danny D to work on his own project, the new slimline crew were going to be more together and tighter as a unit. This was the first of three arrangements I was to make with the Wize Men in a vain attempt to get them together. Jemski is the lyricist, so, the album? ■ "Yeah! *GB Boyz*. It's a reflection of our lives in Peckham and Deptford, which in many ways is more oppressive than the Bronx or Hollis Queens. We re-recorded the singles to get them the way they should have been first time around. Rhythm King have finally accepted that we only want to do things our way. Consequently we're 100 per cent happy with the result. '87 was a dry run, in '88 we are three wiser men and it's gonna happen for us. *GB Boyz* are heavy. We have the concept, the equipment, the music, we're on a buzz and we'll rock the world." ■

A year ago there were *five* Wize Men. Danny D was the third vocalist, while scratcher Cybertron, an original British rapper with Funkapolitan at the beginning of the '90s, moved on to make house music. ■

"We were sad to see both leave, but it's cool, they had their own ideas, and the Wize Men need commitment. The positive side to all the changes is that we've considered a whole new live concept. Rhythm King have finally invested a sliver of their well preserved cash fund to buy us the drum and computer equipment for live performances. For the first time Fil Chill will appear and perform on stage, mixing, scratching, triggering samples, drumming and playing bass. It'll be 100 per cent live and in the mix. It's a gamble, until now *all* crews have relied on pre-recorded tapes and a record scratcher. What we're doing is a new departure, fresh for '88." ■

I caught up with mix master Fil Chill in the tiny, crumbling Addis Ababa basement recording studio on the Harrow Road. It's a sauna cabin-sized place, crammed to the four walls with mixing desks, videos and recording equipment. Fil is producing his protégé Gilly G. There's little room for instruments, just an empty space about the size of your average bathroom. Guitars and drumkits have probably never graced the studio. ■ On television that morning a live discussion programme posed the question, was music better in the '60s and '70s? The

contributing audience consisted of many faded pop luminaries like Paul Jones, Slade, Suzi Quatro, Roy Wood, Showaddywaddy, Sandie Shaw and so on. The talk was all of 'real' musicians and bemoaned the use of scratching and sampling, condemning it as stealing. The general consensus was that no-one has talent any more. ■

So what *is* the musician these days Fil? The artist or the producer? ■ "We look on ourselves as a team. People like Mantronix, Jellybean and Steinski are today's great musicians. I take sounds from wherever I want, it's all accessed from disk. I use the voice like an instrument, a sound to be re-arranged and adapted. I'm a sample musician, which is as relevant as playing any other instrument." ■

A year ago you told me that the future lay in home computers. That the complete music process from song to album cover artwork could be done in the living room on an Atari ST, with 24 track digital quality. Has your opinion changed since you discovered real studios? ■

"Not at all, it's just that our ST broke down. In fact the whole album was done with a £250 Roland 909 drum machine, which is even *more* street cred, though we would have preferred the Atari. Machines get better and cheaper all the time. £10,000 now gives you a *complete* mastering studio in the home." ■

At long last, third time lucky, and three hours late, the 3 Wize Men gather on the roof of their record company for some photographs. They mention the She Rockers, "wild women who'll happen in a big way". But, them apart, there's little respect for the home-grown scene. The Wize Men feel that it's mostly imitation rather than innovation. Even their illustrious label mates the Cookie Crew rap American, they say. There is a liking for the bizarre Amsterdam scene, a strain all of its own, but mostly they think about themselves and world domination as they prepare to set off on an extensive European, Japanese and American tour with their heavy, heavy monster sound. ■

As I step off the bus at my own South London housing estate following the final interview, I'm smashed in the gob before three huge men proceed to stamp all over my head. At least, they *looked* like giants from pavement height. My 'discontented and frustrated' assailants failed to get anything off me, and in fact left me with the present of a fat lip and some body bruises. At home I pulled out my notes and spat blood at them. The lyrics of *Urban Hell* winked back at me . . . "*Stole her wedding ring and kicked her in the head, ran off laughing as she bled . . .*" ■ GB Boyz, in effect, bussing out. More power to their message.

3 Wize Men, minus the gold, frankincense and myrrh.



Primspeak

Hello! My name's Peter,
and the other day I interviewed The Primitives . . .



Prim Tracey Tracey sez: A&R men wear arranjumpers!

Tracey: "They smile a lot."

Steve: "They nod their heads."

Paul: "I've noticed they've got wide hips. Child-bearing hips."

Tracey: "They wear arranjumpers."

Steve: "They say 'looking at the reality of the situation . . .'"

Tracey: "The reason we signed to RCA is that they're just sort of letting us get on with it. They're not really pointing any fingers, saying we've got to do certain things."

Paul: "The people there are like kids really, the same age as us."

Steve: "Quite a few other labels were interested, but they all came out with these eight page manifestos of what The Primitives 'are going to be'."

Paul: "If we mentioned things like The Velvet Underground, they'd frown."

Steve: "They'd go, 'This is how your year is going to go'."

I must admit, I was hoping to cash in on my suspicions that The Primitives had become another Plasticine record company band, fuelled by the persistent rumours I'd heard about ex-drummer Pete Tweedy being booted out by RCA, rather than the famous "cat's testicles" story. All I was greeted with was a string of sincere monologues about the album, "sounding exactly the way we want it to".

"Everything has to take a backseat to that. Always. The day you start thinking, 'Oh, we need a hit single' is the day that you might as well go and stick your head in an oven."

At the moment they see themselves as fans, outsiders rather than seasoned pros like The Bunnymen. So when they get to support them it's, erm . . . well, what's it like?

Steve: "Orange."

Paul: "It was alright."

Tracey: "It wasn't too bad."

Steve: "Could've been worse."

Cripes! If they get any more articulate their heads will surely drop off! Taking that chance, Paul adds, "It was a humbling experience."

Plop.

Steve: "We were the scum, you know?" Talking of which, what was it like doing Thru The Flowers on *Wogan*?

"It was good fun," says Steve.

"Definitely," confirms Tracey. "It was a very strange day. The way we got the appearance . . . the producer was driving home and he heard us on Janice Long, liked us and phoned up our agency. The actual woman who does the music part on *Wogan* had diarrhoea that day so she couldn't do it. And apparently, that producer has now got the sack because the week that she was away they had all these really good bands on. Well we heard a rumour . . ."

The new Primitives single, *Crash*, is an indictment of the reluctance of western societies to absolve themselves from crude monetaristic values in favour of a more provenly beneficial policy along Keynesian lines, the like of which was implemented successfully in the American depression of the '30s. Actually, I'm lying. It's no radical departure to The Ramones-cum-Blondie trip that they've been previously trying to per-

It must not be forgotten, however, that they are creating some fine pop music, but then again, so do all the other ugly bastards whose records clog up the local Record And Tape Exchange. Clearly we're dealing with a band apart, a band who're *going places*.

They are Tracey, Steve (he plays the top string of his bass and is extremely affable), and the cute Paul - the guitarist and songwriter who stares at the floor doing his best to talk in that God-I'm-Pissed-Off-But-I'll-Just-Say-This manner. Among the *places* they'll probably be *going to* is teenyland! (A scary thought.)

"It could be quite fun really," ponders Steve. "No-one's ever asked us what colour our socks are."

"Or what flavour milkshake we like," says Tracey.

What flavour milkshake do you like? "Turnip," she replies, and Paul, the surrealist, goes for "bicycle flavour".

Crash is The Primitives' new single, a precursor to next month's album. Their deal with RCA is the culmination of many gruesome encounters with (cue screechy violins) A & R Men!

fect. Paul reckons they're a cross between Charles Manson and Petula Clark, and the rest of the band agree, so Paul puts the revolver back into his pocket. It accidentally fires, shooting his right kneecap clean off, but much to his credit he retains that pseudo-sexy sulky look throughout. Perhaps he's so miserable because he thinks all the music journos are fantasising about Tracey instead of him. However, this is untrue! I'd go for Steve.

I expect the new Primitives LP to be absolutely superb. They recorded it twice. They say that the way the group is progressing they can do anything they want within the parameters of The Primitives. Reggae? Blues? Soul? Heavy Metal? Rockabilly? Hip-Hop? House?

Steve says: "We are quite diverse." Still, his spectacles are cute.

Okay, Primitives! What would you do if you suddenly found that your gigs were being frequented by Kevins, Sharons, Darrens and Karens?

"We get that, don't we?" says Paul. "All The Bunnymen's audience had moustaches."

Tracey, the philanthropist, retorts, "It doesn't really matter. We're not prejudiced."

"We don't have any preconceived notions of what a Primitives fan should be," says the lovely Steve.

Suddenly, in the middle of the interview, I heard hordes of Ug! readers saying, Yes, that's all very well but why did the drummer really leave the band?

Steve: "The tape isn't long enough. The cat story is *true*."

Paul: "Whether or not he actually got kicked out of the band because of that is another matter."

Steve: "The letter from the RSPCA is genuine."

Tracey: "And they are actually my cats."

Steve: "I actually, sort of like, saw him do it."

But was that the reason why he left? "It all got blown out of proportion," says Paul.

"It just grew," squeals Tracey, and Steve aids her inability to finish off sentences by saying, ". . . and just got 20 times worse. There were lots of reason though."

Paul: "The usual reasons."

Tracey: "We're still friends."

Steve: "We went out the other night together and got drunk."

At this point your correspondent, in vague desperation at not being able to prize more than about six continuous words from The Primitives, asks them about interviews. A-ha!

Steve: "The very first interview we ever did was probably the worst because we had no idea as to what was going on, and this person called The Legend, in an anorak, showed up and sat cross-legged in a chair, and stared at his feet for half an hour, eating these f***ing liquorice allsorts, and didn't even hand 'em round either. And then after half an hour he looked up and said, 'So you're in a band then?' And that was all he said to us apart from 'Hello' and 'Goodbye'."

Tracey: "He just sat on this chair, twitching away."

Paul: "He's got problems."

Steve: "We weren't wearing anoraks or anything, so he couldn't relate, man!"

So what question would you most like to be asked?

Paul: "That one."

Do you feel that now you have been asked that question, an ambition has been realised?

Steve: "We may as well pack up and go home. What else is there left, now that we have been asked *that question*?"

Indeed, it will all, very probably, be downhill from this point onwards. Arguably the acid test for any band who make the transition from hobby to vocation is the ability of the songwriter to ignore the pressure of having to write songs in order to earn a living. Well, as you've probably guessed, The Primitives aren't exactly obsessed with self-analysis.

"Never took any notice of pressure," says Paul. "You just write the song when it comes into your head. That's the only way to do it. I'm not a songwriter right now, cos I'm not writing a song."

Good luck to them; the world is their amplifier.

Wayne manages the Primitives. I met him once and all I recall is him telling me over and over again to write only (and loads of) nice things about them. He is also the man that had the idea for those devastatingly side-splittingly hilarious 'Hitler European Tour' T-shirts. He tells me, with some pride, of how The Primitives will adorn the cover of this week's *Melody Maker*. Actually it's their singer Tracey Tracey who's on the cover, and if she looked like Henry Cooper, The Primitives would be as big as Stevie Wonder's book collection.

Dining out!

Lunch with The Stitched Back Foot Airman

From the outside, number 30 looks much the same as any other house in the street. Mid-terraced and situated, coincidentally, directly opposite a school — my old school! The passer-by would have no reason to suspect that the house in question harbours some of pop's most genuinely eccentric characters who've released an intoxicating new 12 incher on In Tape, called Shake Up!

- Inside, The Stitched Back Foot Airman household positively swells with the sweet sound of African music and the pungent aroma of something tasty cooking. It's Sunday lunchtime and I've been invited to dine, a rare moment of civility in this barbaric occupation of ours. And how revealing to observe the species in its natural habitat!
- "I hope you like cauliflower," sounds like an appropriate title to follow last year's Seven Egg-Timing Greats, doesn't it? Fortunately it isn't. Mike Farmer is, however, peering into a ferocious oven which appears to be full of the stuff. "We'd better eat now," he explains, "Our oven is stuck on one heat setting — high — and if we don't eat now it'll burn!" So, settled with a plate of delicious tuck and a half pint mug of plonk ("We don't own any wine glasses, sorry") Mike and co-Airman men Robin and Simon tell me about what makes the Stitch tick.
- Somewhere last year they've collectively taken up astrology, completed a final year at university, painted countless pictures, started to write a children's book and had a baby! (The last item credited solely to older brother Simon and partner!) And still found time to produce another quality release. Although the title track itself typifies the Stitched Back formula (the song is almost an anthem to their live audience), Shake Up diversifies beautifully, most noticeably with the inclusion of Tears In The Gutter, a chilling lament with an awful pathos.
- Simon: "The lyrics do have pathos but the music isn't sad. We mean to diversify like that, we deliberately combine odd things. Sometimes, we may do something musically which sounds like a nursery rhyme, but the lyric will be really straight."
- Robin: "It's because things aren't that simple and we'd rather not write about something and make it trivial. It means things have to be worked out. The whole creative thing is about making up your mind. We avoid making statements or formulating a manifesto. We prefer to suggest that people should be thinking about certain things and *not* listening to what we have to say about them."
- Simon: "What we like to create as a band, is that we all form part of a total texture of music that compels people. And if you can present words or ideas within that and become creative then that's got to be a good thing — without ever pretending you could change the world overnight or something."
- The real key to Stitch's complex clutter of noise and those now familiar wide-angled lyrics stays firmly locked within their characters — but I have seen the blue-print! The Stitched Back Foot Airman homestead epitomises the Stitched Back Foot Airman sound — organised chaos! Every room holds piles of neatly stacked mementos, records and tapes. Every wall is covered in hanging plants, posters and numerous pictures painted by the band and other housemates. It's a kleptomaniac's paradise, a haven for the sentimentally unhinged!
- Robin gives me a guided tour, chatting enthusiastically, admirably baring up to this invasion on his privacy.
- "Meet our cat, Quasimodo," he says affectionately upon entering Mike's room. He indicates a hideous mass of black fur which appears to be playing dead on the bed!
- "He's been on hormones for years," he offers by way of explanation. "There's every chance he could be a girl by now — lovely though isn't he?"
- It really couldn't have been any other cat, Quasi was made for the place — unusual characteristics and all! Know what I mean? **Alex Kadis**



The Airman men

STITCHED-BACK FOOT AIRMAN RECIPE

Stage One

One large heap of cauliflower, fry until slightly brown. Add ½ chopped red pepper, ½ chopped onion, several chopped tomatoes. Fry for a further two minutes.

Stage Two

Place mixture into ovenproof dish, slightly season and add oregano, tarragon and garlic to taste.

Stage Three

Smother in cheese sauce (secret ingredient: a dash of mustard!) and bake for 20-30 mins depending upon ferocity of gas cooker.

a glossary of glib

agog

A mad person's dictionary of music, life and bits. In part one we begin with A (surprisingly enough)

ABSTRACT: Bona UK label that brought us **New Model Army**, **The Bomb Party** and **1,000 Mexicans**. Still active•



Abwärts: a chesty cough is not good

ABWARTS: German punk band who spawned **Einsturzende Neubauten** after some indistinct Euro releases•

ACE: Re-issue specialists who grew from Rock On shop and gave us labels as diverse as **Big Beat**, **Globestyle** and **Beat Goes Public**•

A CERTAIN RATIO: Manchester brass-laden teamsters who started without a drummer, got rhythmic-heavy and eventually funkied out. Started on **Factory**, looking for a major deal•

ACID: Mind expanding dots and mushroom frenzy that made the '60s colourful. Latter day exponents have become frazzled and flashbacks often occur•

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE: Cult film from the **Anthony Burgess** book that developed a look for **The Adicts** and a name for **Heaven 17**. Withdrawn by director **Stanley Kubrick**•

ADICTS: Ipswich punkers favoured by **Peelie**. Grandfathers of **Stupids** who turned to pop•

ADVERTS: Original punk four piece who frequented the Roxy. Hit the charts with Gary Gilmore's **Eyes on Stiff**•

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS: Dreadful post-electronic glamsters who had spots•

AGE OF CHANCE: Northern industrial funksters who nicked their image from our own **Ronnie Randall**... Covered **Prince's Kiss** and headed for club circuit fame•

ALIEN SEX FIEND: Cult gothers who fused electronics and melody but lost out due to their image. Also their bogey fetish was a little suspect•

ALLEZ ALLEZ: Belgian group fronted by **Sarah Osbourne**. She was from the touted but tawdry **Repetition** and later went on to marry and divorce **Glenn Gregory** of **H17**•

ALTERED STATES: Mega film about drugs which only works in the hallucination sequences. A fave of **John Best**•

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES: **Dead Kennedys Jello Biafra's** label that's released some of the finest music to come out of the US•

ALTERNATIVE TV: Combo of former **Sniffin' Glue** (first ever fanzine) editor **Mark P**. Three singles on **Step Forward** were impressive but an OD of **Zappa** proved fatal. Recently revived•

A&M: Signed **The Sex Pistols** — sacked **The Sex Pistols** (after label mate **Rick Wakeman** complained)•

AMPHETAMINES: The drug that induced punk. Readily available in '77, the bluey made fans and bands faster and more impressed with each other. Also fuelled northern soul and brought about a lack of **Vitamin C**•

Next month — more A



Scruffy The Cat dig animals



Volcano Suns die Wham

If you thought all Boston, USA was good for was as a venue for a tea party and as the setting for *Cheers!* read on... as Tony Fletcher discovered, it's one of the most fertile breeding grounds for new bands ever...

Think of the world-famous stars of the music world to have emerged from Boston in the last 15 years and you will have little cause to celebrate: the pomp rockers named after the city, heavy metal kids **Aerosmith**, and polite new-wavers **The Cars**. Nothing to write home about.

But then look at what Boston has sent to British shores in the last 12 months alone: **Throwing Muses**, **Barrance Whitfield**, **Dumtruck**, **Three Colors**, **Del Fuegos**, **Gang Green**, **The Lyres**. Add those who could be packing UK clubs if they wanted to — **The Pixies**, **Scruffy The Cat**, **Big Dipper**, **Volcano Suns** and **Salem 66** — and you become aware of the gold mine waiting to be dug.

It is hard for any newcomer to Boston to believe that the local scene is supposedly at a low ebb: clubs abound, with an audience to fill them, record stores are proud to display local product, college radio is everywhere and even the big commercial stations avidly support local music, while the local press ranges from free fanzines to **Rupert Murdoch's Boston Herald** all writing effusively about the scene.

It's not easy to define which came first, the scene or the environment to support it; there are few people who've been round long enough to remember. But Boston has always had the right qualities for a cultural haven, qualities that show as soon as one enters the city. Here the depressing violent tension of most American cities is replaced by parks, rivers, and, if you can credit it, attractive skyscrapers. It is an educational forest — some 60 colleges and institutes boosting the city's population at peak times by a third with the instalment of some 250,000 students. And, perched on the north of the eastern seaboard, it is the most Anglophobic city in the States. This is where the pilgrims on the *Mayflower* set down (and also where the Boston Tea Party heralded the War Of Independence, though we can ignore that!), and it is not only the architecture that appears English. The youth of Boston seem to spend as much time looking east across the Atlantic for cultural tips as they do 200 miles south to New York, and certainly more than they do to the vast distance across to the west coast.

Thus it was no surprise that when punk took off, Boston jumped in headfirst, soaking up not just New York's offerings, but their British counterparts as well. Almost everyone over 20 tells you they bought the first **Clash** album on import, **The Jam** counted it as their spiritual home and by the time the ska boom took off, Boston was no more than weeks behind European trends.

Though the city was already known for producing **Aerosmith** and Boston as well as less mainstream acts like **Willie Alexander** and **Jonathan Richman**, it was in early 1978 that the scene really got going, bands springing up faster than clubs, radio or labels could follow, sending out an SOS for aused 'scenesters'. For 29-year-old **Rick Harte**, it was the call to put his love of music to use and start **Ace Of Hearts Records** as his production outlet.

"It was extraordinary, it really was," he says of the cultural outburst, "and I was pulled into being involved because there was a reason, not because I was bored. There was a series of talented people who were involved in a variety of different organisations. There was interest way outside the area, so it must have had some credibility. And then of course **The Cars** broke it open."

Though to British ears safe, sugar-sweet and a pox on punk, **The Cars** were a vindication of the potential of Boston's music. The industry flocked to the town, and yet the irony is that nobody else from that original crop saw similar success. **The Lyres**, **The Neighborhoods**, **The Neats** and **The Stompers** are all currently 'celebrating' a decade together, some with more to look forward to than others. But these are only the bands that stayed together. Many more came and went, splintering into still ongoing and intriguing projects, leaving behind vinyl that hints at how they must have been on their day. Like **James Sexual Response**. Like **The Reducers**. Like **DMZ**, **The Files**, **The Turbines**, **The Sex Execs**, **New Model**, **Fingerprint**, **The Outlets**, **Dogmatics**, **The Oysters**. And like **Mission Of Burma**...

Rick Harte describes **Mission Of Burma** as "the greatest innovative musical force that's come from this region", but then he did produce and release all their records. **But Carter Alan**, the highly influential Music Director on the city's main rock station **WBCN**, backs this up. "They were absolutely legendary. So many groups from around the country were influenced by them." By all accounts they were an attack on the senses.

"A Burma gig was the hippest thing in the world to say you'd been to," says Harte, "But it was loud and obnoxious and rooms used to get emptied all the time. It was anarchic, but there was a beauty to it."

Mission Of Burma got to make some successful records, but when driving force **Roger Miller** contracted a bad case of the hearing disease tinnitus the loud music had to stop. Miller remains active, both under his own name and with **Birdsongs Of The Mesazoi**, while Harte has just released the first 80-minute CD tracing **Burma's** history.

Ace Of Hearts was far from the only label — **Throbbing Lobster**, **Rounder**, **Taang!**, **Soul Selects**, **Monolith** and **One Way** have all put out vinyl in the last five years by more than one local group. And as the scene developed, so did other by-products. The Boston press includes two daily papers, a high-quality weekly in *The Phoenix* and several free fanzines, the most notable being a re-vamped *Boston Rock*, a generally well-written monthly covering local and national acts with enough depth to ensure credibility.

Then there is **The Rumble**, initially conceived as a "celebration of the local scene", according to **Carter Alan**. **The Rumble** is a live event which has grown into **WBCN's** dangerously powerful **Battle Of The Bands**. A frowned-upon concept though such may be in Britain, **The Rumble** is a vital stepping stone for many Boston acts, offering exposure not just on **WBCN** and in the local press, but to the music industry as a whole.

For example, **Treat Her Right** landed a major deal after being seen by record companies in the 1987 semi-finals. **Big Dipper**, themselves defeated by the aforementioned at the first hurdle, considered it "too big an opportunity to turn down". At the same time, guitarist **Gary Walek** reflects upon **The Rumble Curse**: "There's only ever one band that's won **The Rumble** that's really done anything, and that's **'Til Tuesday**." Indeed, the last two winners — hardcore merchants **Gang Green** and pretty boy popsters **Child hood** — have advanced little since their victories.

Alan, who supervised **The Rumble** for seven years, admits that it has got too competitive. "Some people just put on a show to get a contract. Unfortunately, it's gotten so important that some bands break up if they don't win. This year we're going to make it smaller."

But if **The Rumble** has proved anything, it's that there is business in the Boston scene. 1987 saw the first annual Boston Music Awards, and there is even a Boston Rock 'N' Roll Hall Of Fame in the wings. Welcome to America.

The single most important factor in Boston's thriving scene is the colleges. With a whole city of youth constantly turning over, new blood is perpetually pumped into the industry and the business. Younger groups can rustle up some support, and older ones look for new faces to keep them going.

The colleges also provide future talent. **Barrance Whitfield** came to study in Boston from New Jersey. When he finished his course, "I went home for six months and found out how much I missed Boston". He came back to town, took a job in a record store and the rest may one day be history. **Big Dipper's** **Bill Goffrier** waved goodbye to five years of being in a mid-western band and came to town to study painting. "I came to Boston to get away from music and spent two whole years avoiding the music scene!" Fortunately, in that task he failed.



Birdsongs Of The Mesozoic dig birds



Human Sexual Response dig mud

The colleges' other vital contribution is college radio. "It's unbelievable, it's the best in the country," says **O Positive's Dave Herlihy**, who himself worked on a college station for three years. **Bill Abbatte**, Local Music Director for **WFNX**, a unique alternative commercial radio station that British music lovers would die for, also started at college radio. "Most college radio stations don't have any personality. But here there are stations like ZBC, MBR, ERS, HRB . . . and people listen to these stations all the time."

And they have an impact. **Dumtruck** and **Big Dipper** are just two bands who decided to take things further after strong reaction to their 'radio tapes' — demos that the local stations play. Eight different tapes got onto regular rotation on **WFNX** last year, and even **WBCN** — unlike almost every major rock station across the country — regularly airs demos.

"There's a certain way you approach things as a band in Boston and if the music's any good, you know it can work," says Herlihy. "Firstly you make a demo and get that to the college stations; that will help your gigging situation. At the gigs you get a mailing list going, you start putting up posters, and if you're doing all this correctly, **BCN** will put you in **The Rumble**. You should then make sure you've got a record ready to follow up your **Rumble**." **O Positive** followed all these steps and it evidently worked: their second release has gone Top Ten with college stations nationwide.

Boston's reputation is now so strong that it acts as a magnet. **Three Colors** quit college in Connecticut to hit a music capital. **The Pixies'** Black Angel did much the same. "I decided to drop out of University and form a band. I moved to Boston because it was smaller than Los Angeles and I was too scared to go to New York. It's a smaller pond and it's easier to become a bigger fish in that pond."

Likewise **Seth Tiven** of **Dumtruck**. "I wanted to move, and I narrowed it down to New York or Boston. And it just seemed way more livable in Boston. It's got green places . . . New York's too depressing."

And **Throwing Muses**. "We all left school to make it in the band," says **Kristin Hersh**. "We decided on Boston because we preferred it to New York — it was an easier scene to cope with."

Says Bill Abbatte of all the musical immigrants, "They come to Boston because they know there's a place to play and that there's an audience that will listen to them . . . Whether or not they actually make it depends on how good a musician they are, but at least they get the opportunity."

In a city with some 1,500 working bands — as many as 500 playing original pop/rock — that opportunity has to be seized. "The level of healthy competition forces people to take their ideas a lot more seriously," says Bill Goffrier. "They've got to really hone down their art and their craft and their business because everybody plays the same clubs."

And come the weekends, these clubs are packed. The likes of **The Paradise**, **The Rat**, **The Channel**, **The Bear's** and **Axis** might, on one weekend night alone, feature a dozen local acts with a couple of visiting national club bands between them. And still the camaraderie among groups remains: when local venue **Jack's** burnt down, taking two acts' equipment with it, over 20 bands performed a benefit gig to replace the gear.

The city splits into many musical camps. The largest is also the loudest, and includes as its backbone those aforementioned who have seen a decade's service. Though the **Del Fuegos** never broke nationally, as was once expected, they are still giants in town — helped by calling their last LP **Boston, Ma** no doubt — but could soon be chased out by **Scruffy The Cat**, while **The Bags**, with a debut LP just out on **Restless**, have already made their mark. **The Classic Ruins** have seen long-term duty, and **The Zulus** — who have an aggressive minimalist sound and include ex-Human Sexual Response members — are many people's next tip for the top. **The Titanics**, **Lemonades**, **Dharma Bums** and **Shake The Faith** have all hit well with their debut vinyl.

On a more rootsy level, **Barrence Whitfield** is "a legend waiting to happen", according to Carter Alan. Certainly his local standing has been much helped by his European success. **Treat Her Right's** mournful blues should see them make their mark in '88, while **The Matweeds** are everyone's favourite shambles.

Throwing Muses and The Pixies are grouped together through shared management and being on **4AD**, and likewise **Big Dipper**, **Volcano Suns** and **Salem 66** are forced together through all being on **Homestead**. **O Positive** and **Heretrix** both owe a lot to English sound in general and **The Bunnymen** in particular, but each have made a strong enough vinyl impact to suggest long features.

Dumtruck are one of the city's better travelled acts, with three excellent albums behind them and, like **Three Colors** — who my own involvement with prevents me discussing further! — can pack Boston venues but prefer to spend time working new horizons.

Don't confuse **The Raindogs** with **The Cavedogs**, though both consist mainly of imported musicians (the former including former **SLF** sticksman **Jim O'Reilly**), and have just released excellent vinyl debuts that walk the perfect thin line between aggression and commerciality. **Dogzilla**, **Tribe** and **One Life** are all newer names that defy easy categorisation and should be watched closely.

Then there are the straight pop acts, wanting a slice of what **The Cars** and 'Til Tuesday have tasted: **New Man**, **Skin**, **Down Avenue**, **The Great Divide** and **Runaway Dan** in descending order of potential.

Almost all the above stand a chance of making at least a Stateside impact and yet we have not even touched on the heavy metal, folk, blues, jazz, reggae or rap scenes. The latter two are particularly strong — check out **The I-Tones** or the **Boston Goes Dief** compilation — but to its shame, Boston has a history of racial problems and the scenes do not interact closely enough.

Nevertheless, even if people want to say the great days have gone, the talent is still there. And to uncynical eyes and ears, it shows little sign of disappearing.

TOTAL

namedrop!

COCO, STEEL AND LOVEBOMB

COCO, STEEL AND LOVEBOMB are somewhat reticent about revealing their identities, perhaps because there are seven members in the band, and not enough names to go round. Certainly, the three Lovebombers I talked to were quite undecided who exactly they were, so we'll just call them Chris, Lene, and Marc.

Actually, they're undecided about a lot of things, such as the musical hole they should be pigeoned in, and my wary suggestion of hip hop is neither confirmed nor denied; however, their current tastes speak volumes on the subject of diversity, from the already-hijacked Donny Osmond - for their Love Puppy 45 - Humphrey Bogart and the Carpenters. And then there's those currently under consideration - Carmen Miranda, The Shangri-Las, the *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack, and Noel Coward.

"We're into Noel Coward, especially that record, At The Desert Inn, Las Vegas." Does this mean they plan to include the Master (as theatrical types know him) in the mix? They're not sure. "The record a bit scratched." I suggest that sampling the scratches might make things even more interesting - an idea for which I expect handsome payment, should it make vinyl. Talking of that sort of thing, any law-suits pending? Not so far. Love Puppy presented no problems on account of Mr Osmond liking the record.

Chris: "I think people'll only be bothered about it if you start selling a lot of records. As they say, 'Where there's a hit, there's a writ'."

They've got a lot up their communal sleeve, these folk - it's the same sleeve that brought you Honey, whose single, More Wild Than Honey, was described in *Underground's* first issue as "dead good", or words to that effect. Honey are currently "on ice", but soon to thaw out with a new single.

In the meantime, C, S And L continue with their own recordings, are planning a video to go with the latest 12-inch, The Sound Of Europe, and are also toying with the possibility of live work. Robert Cohen



JIM JIMINEE

They were very nearly Jim, Jim and Bingy! They could have become Jim, Bing And Jimmy Dean. But thankfully a moment's sense prevailed and JIM JIMINEE saw the light of day.

You may well have already come across Jim Jiminee and their pearly pop style. Janice Long has worn out her copy of their dole-boy anthem, Do It On Thursday, and their "wacky" Herald-driving, scooter-riding video caught many by surprise when it was aired on *The Chart Show*. Now you've got a chance to sample just a little more of the band when their first album, Welcome To Hawaii, is released by Cat And Mouse Records.

"It's really diverse," reckons Lindsay, the band's talkative, accident-prone drummer. "It's got loads of different styles but they're all tied together."

"There IS a definite Jim Jiminee sound," explains Nick, the beatnik-bearded bass player. "You can listen to a track and think, 'oh, this sounds like Jim Jiminee', but a lot of the tracks are in a very different style."

Lindsay: "There's a track called Two Brothers and it could be a reggae track but it's played by anti-reggae people. Our engineer described it as white toss-boys play reggae. And that's quite a good thing to say actually because it was right, it was deliberately played in a really square way, in a really white way!"

For all its diverse styles, Welcome To Hawaii still retains a kind of eccentric pop continuity previously only captured by the likes of XTC. There's a kind of vague Englishness about the whole proceedings too, a quality



which is unintentionally enforced by what the band describes as their album cover "concept".

Lindsay: "It's a weak joke. We were just thinking about how crap some holiday resorts in Britain really are - you go on your holiday and think what a great time you had! So we had this idea of looking like we'd been told we were going to some kind of paradise and then actually arriving looking well pissed-off because it isn't actually paradise, it's Bognor! That's why we're looking so pissed-off on the album cover. Normally we're very happy people!"

I'm sure you are! Chris Hunt

ALL FOR MOTHER

Claiming to be a bunch of "comfortable shirt wearers", ALL FOR MOTHER graced the *Tip Sheet* back in August and immediately had the chief chiefs at Polygram drooling into their G&T's. A subsequent second demo and video underlines their pop potential - with a stab at rhythmic dancey stuff - and they now claim a burning desire to be whisked to Compass Point to record their debut LP. Listed influences include Talking Heads, John Martyn, The Waterboys and someone called The Beatles, which should give you the idea of just how damn confused they



are. Still, they play with some oily slickness and have a penchant for penning nice pop. . . so more power to their plectrum.

Dave Henderson

THE CHAIRS

THE CHAIRS are the classic English band. Introspective, cynical and wistful in equal doses, they are due some major pop success. Their songs have more hooks than a trawlerman's line plus the lyrical intensity of a Costello or Dylan.

"For most people," says singer Paul, "being in a band is a career move. For us it's a vocation. We didn't form the band by putting ads in the press and waiting for people in inflatable boots to turn up."

"I was drawing this cartoon the other day about the stock exchange. It featured a human

turd speaking on the telephone. A friend came up and said, 'you should be a cartoonist'. He didn't understand that if I wanted to, I'd have to put in as much time and hard work as I have in music."

There is a feeling that The Chairs are only a short haul away from recognition. Although some may not agree.

"A friend of mine who did sociology at university said I was typical of a certain type. . . the post-war under-achiever." Well let's hope he fails his degree. Steve Morris



THE GROOVEYARD



THE McTELLS

THE McTELLS are an underground beat group. You won't have read much about them in the music papers, but that doesn't mean they're not busy or, in their own terms, successful. With a pretty traditional three man line-up - bass, guitar/vocals and drums, just what makes them so special?

Mark, drummer, and the man behind the Frank label which brought us 14 Iced Bears as well as The McTells, explains.

"Those other so-called 'indie' groups aren't really independent. We see ourselves as the ultimate underground band, we don't want a record deal, agents, all the business side. We want total control, to do exactly what we like. We record in a church hall with a 4-track because it sounds better than any studio."

So underground is an attitude, and this is reflected in the products - a 4 track seven inch EP on Frank called Jessie Man Ray; a flexidisc with two tracks by The McTells and one apiece by Rig Veeda and The Twins which has sold over 2,000 copies through various fanzines and their mail order service; a track on the Gimme Shelter LP and video; and two C30 cassettes. The first of these C30s sold about 200, the second, called Expecting Joe, is just out. It contains 14 new, short songs which are guaranteed to really annoy your soulboy brother, but bring tears of joy to anyone who likes a healthy dose of noise combined with some brilliant tunes, all in bursts lasting under two minutes. That's not bad going for a group who have only been in existence for a year.

The McTells are fond of playing live, but not always so keen on the situations they have to play in.

Paul (singer): "We did Aston University - there was a lazer show, then the 1812 Overture, then we came on to play to all these people with beards sitting around in wicker chairs. We soon cleared the room. That was probably the best McTells gig ever."

Information on all McTells product is available from: Bi Joopiter, 2 Wentworth Road, Hertford, Herts SG13 8JP. Christopher Mellor

THE ATOM SPIES

"No. I'll tell you who we're pop's answer to. If you notice in films like the good *Twilight Zones* and *I Was A Communist For The FBI*, all the communists/aliens were in suits and they've all got this funny look about them, stiff suits and stiff looks, and you just know that they're aliens."

Chandra Blunt, singer and guitarist with THE ATOM SPIES, is expostulating on the image of the four sinister-looking earthlings (so I'm assured) that comprise their line-up. These enigmatic social commentators of the space-age are arousing unusual measures of attention from alien audiences.

Chandra continues: "I'm really into Philip K Dick. Our first single, *Now The Adverts*, is very similar to the sort of things he writes about - logical extensions of the present. The logical exten-

AND ALSO THE TREES



THE GROOVEYARD's music is best described as... freaky, psychedelic, free-jazz, groovy, spontaneous, '60s, drug-induced, melodic, whirley bird, loopy, frothy-tongued, harmonious, space-hopper, punk. It's the kind of music you hear in tacky party scenes on TV programmes like *I Dream Of Jeannie*, or in films like *I Love You Alice B Toklas*. Where the women, or chicks if you insist, wear op art dresses and the men wear stripy tank tops and tight trousers.

The Grooveyard are wild live. They make spontaneous combustion into an art form. They are aerobic, the lead singer lying on the floor peddling an imaginary upturned bicycle.

The songs, like *Jesus Plays Football Every Sunday*, and the new single, *Peter*, (on Playroom Discs) are swathed in harmony, Satanic flute, manic guitar. In brief, The Grooveyard are bloody weird.

Are you aware you look like total dickheads when you play live?

"Hell yes," says Simon, he of a million and one crazy dances and manic vocals. "That's the whole point. There's nothing worse than people trying to look cool. I don't know how people can play music and not move to it. It should take you over."

The Grooveyard - all of them - are possessed on stage. It has a good effect on the audience too; the coldest of people soon let go. The British, I suppose, love to see people make prats of themselves.

"If you hide it you're a bigger prat than if you let go." Johnny Dee

sion of a TV advert is three-dimensional hologramatic humans appearing through the TV screen. It's a spoofy critique of adverts that raises a wry smile."

The Atom Spies' obsession with our degeneration into the next century is expanded on in *The Status Of Jeffrey Archer*.

"I got the idea that after the 30th successive Conservative

government they'll start building statues of themselves, and Jeffrey Archer will be the symbol of what culture should be."

The Atom Spies' new single is called *You Breathe, You Steal*, and it's an EP of glorious freneticism. In due course they will slyly seep into the hearts of the discerning punter. Rest assured. Peter Perturbed



Somehow, AND ALSO THE TREES, the Worcestershire band responsible for one of the greatest indie albums of the '80s, *Virus Meadow*, are still better regarded in Europe than on native soil. Formed in 1979, they toured with The Cure, it was an intense, searing live experience before such passion was fashionable. They signed to Reflex after a self-help cassette and the critically praised Shantell debut single. In those days *All About Eve* used to ring up asking for support gigs!

Today, four singles and three albums later, they're readying the tentatively-titled *The Mill Pond Years* for April release, and they are still Simon Huw Jones, vocals, Justin Jones, guitar, Steven Burrows, bass and Nick Havas, drums. Still they make a darkly, almost filmic atmospheric. Music that soars with an exhilarating intensity.

While others sing of the cities, dancing in the streets with mock happiness, Simon embraces the elation of a despairing melancholy and cites Thomas Hardy and French existentialists as influences. Inevitably, he writes deeply literary, strongly visual songs, rich with images of dusk and dawn - rural hymns to the power of an almost pagan nature.

"I believe in the pagan gods more than the Christian God. We live in Moreton On The Hill and there used to be a village on the site but it was wiped out by the Black Plague. It's a mysterious place and I can feel a power in the ground, something strong that gives me more belief in the powers of the earth. I think people forget about the world and the country and the power of nature."

"The new single, *Shaletown*, is about the move from an agrarian to an industrial society with the wind from the sea going across the land and picking up the chaff - which is symbolic of people during the agricultural revolution, who left the land to go and live and work in towns. A lot of them must have found it frightening to be out of their environment. There's no right or wrong about it, it's just evolution but I wish I could do more to make people aware of the beauty of the countryside and what they are losing."

And, *Shaletown* is a superbly convincing opening for those previously unconvinced by the call of the wild. Mike Davie

Denton takes his instructions from Russian Embassy official.



The Janitors in Tax Exile Sham!

Underground, in yet another all-expenses-spared *exposé*, has gathered together irrefutable evidence that proves, conclusively, that those original purveyors of the lank-haired greaseball groove, The Janitors, have defected to the Eastern Bloc. Indeed, we believe that they are aiding wholeheartedly the plot to overthrow our political system.

They continue to work in the West under the barely believable guise of 'legendary' capitalist rock stars, thus enabling themselves to freely ply their evil trade of systematic indoctrination across the free world.

SECRETS Look at the facts. The forthcoming Janitors album has been given two titles in order to throw the unsuspecting public at large into a state of confusion and panic. It will be known as both *Kiss Me Cod Eyes* and *The Return Of The Demi-Gods*. Yet we have discovered from an insider that the quartet have been secretly referring to the album as *AMERIKA* throughout the extensive four month recording sessions. These sessions are known to have cost in excess of £200,000 and are believed to have been totally underwritten by the Kremlin on instructions approved of at the very highest level.

Tellingly, Greenhouse studios, where the komrades have been in almost constant residence since last October (October is an important month on the Soviet calendar) is situated close to London's East end, rather than the more fashionable West London studios favoured by other rock heroes.

EXILE *Ug* were first alerted to this insidious plot to overthrow Western society when Dentover, head of the Janitors politburo, announced that he was going into tax exile last month. An eagle eyed cub journalist in the office noted that a cheap day return to Calais did not actually qualify anyone for tax exemption under non-residency rules. On further investigation a spokesman for the Inland Revenue stated that someone with accredited PER returns of £200pa for the last tax year did not actually need to go into tax exile. It was decided to send our ace undercover reporter on the trip to Calais. His damning evidence is clear for all to see in the photo's published right/left.

The Janitors are thought to have been recruited by the KGB during last winter's tour of Eastern Europe. It is well documented that the foursome were arrested for smoking on a Warsaw railway station, and it is possible that a period of indoctrination and coercion took place at this point.

Denton's bizarre childhood sexual perversions have always left him vulnerable to a blackmail plot.

SUCK The most worrying aspect of this whole sordid business is how The Janitors have secretly adapted their bloated beer belly blubbering into the sort of rutting boar rock favoured by our cousins across the Atlantic. They have consciously aimed *Cod Eyes* at the soft underbelly of the American society. While former fans on this side of the pond will cry "Sell out", the Yanks are embracing this dangerous music with open arms, oblivious to the true message hidden beneath tracks like *Happy (In My Ignorance)* which openly mocks New York AIDS victims and macho rockers. There's another 'genuine' country song titled *When The Sun Comes Up Again* which Den describes as a "Nashville jobby" complete with squeezebox and geetar pickin', with which they intend to sucker the ultra right wing Jesus belt into submission.

ARSE The album possibly contains a secret groove, developed in the Moscow labs by top Soviet scientists, which plays a subliminal propaganda message alongside the music. The listener is brainwashed without realising it. The excitement of motor mayhem tracks like *Spin*, which features the Indianapolis 5000 and Denton playing a pinball machine during a live jam by the rest of the komrades, carries the listener on in a frantic wave of excitement, little realising that they are being indoctrinated.

There's a single, *Moonshine*, aimed at *The Waltons* and *Smokey And The Bandit* types, while the Janitors have hit sampling hard on *Half Way To A Happenin'* featuring Jimi Hendrix, Grace Slick, Dave Brubeck and Louis Armstrong. It's all a long way from home, and the groups passing farewell is a track called *Get A Job*, described by Denton as "a plea to all my lazy Northern friends to get off their arses".

HAEMORRHOIDS Overheard in a Calais brasserie Den, real name Andrewski Jonavich Charlova Dentonov, boasted "It's not cheap shit. It's over-produced and slick middle of the road gold top product. Why wait until you make it to sell out? Do it now. I need big bucks, I've got a habit to keep up, we've been in the studio so long I need the money to have my haemorrhoids grafted back to my nose."

MAGGIE This comment can be dismissed as yet another smokescreen. *Ug* thinks the government should act now. Close 'em down Maggie. **Ronnie Randall**



Denton spotted at night job on East Berlin border post.

Exposed.

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The Shamen's guide to Soho

8.30 pm: In the basement bar of one of London's horrifically trendy boozers, Colin Angus waxes lyrical on The Shamen's most sensual new single, *Knature Of A Girl* — yes, that's knature with a K!

"It's a kind of metaphor for the psycho-sexual person. The song itself is about the irresistibility of temptation, the glamour and exploitation of sex, our need to be submissive. It's about the self-destructive side of sexuality but in the context of looking for honest, true, real sexuality, which is an ongoing thing."

Chief Sha-man, Colin, guitarist and vocalist with the Scottish songsters of contemporary psychedelia, is, he tells us, something of a sex connoisseur. In fact, during the band's recent European tour the band personally undertook to visit every single red light district that their curriculum afforded! Apparently, they were pretty impressed with what they saw, so the Ug squad decided to throw caution to the wind and take young Colin on an all expenses spared whirlwind extravaganza through the streets of our Sin City to see how it compares with our European partners in slime!

8.50pm: It's brass monkey-land in Soho (perhaps this wasn't such a fine idea after all . . .) and business is slack at Madame Jojo's.

"You just cannae get decent pornography here — it's just so poor," complains Colin as he surveys the scene before him with some consternation. "The Shamen have an appreciation of pornography because of its honesty and its extremity. I can't really explain why it's a fascination — there's certain things that fascinate me but that don't turn me on — and some of them are pretty bizarre!"

9.00pm: Next stop, The Bargain Book store, which appears to sell well-known copies of every novel ever written by Sven Hassler, Arthur Ackley and a host of other non-entities who missed the Booker prize by a long chalk! But Colin's porno-sensors are activated

Pornadelia in Big Smoke!



Would you buy a used Dansette from this man? (Colin Angus pic by Ronnie Randall)

and he's onto something. "Behind those books are the real hard-core stuff. This is the ridiculous side of censorship. The shops have to stock a certain percentage of straight literature in order to be allowed to sell pornography, so they buy up all these awful second-hand books which remain on the shelves for years. I'm aware of the arguments against pornography but, for example, in Sweden in every newsagents you go into, they display completely uncensored porn. It's real close-up, in detail stuff! But at the same time they don't show you *Starsky And Hutch* on the television 'cause that's got guns and violence in it. And that, to me, is a far healthier attitude towards censorship because there's nothing wrong with seeing a picture of two people involved in the sexual act 'cause it's the most common thing in the world."

Have you actually been into any of these book shops before now? "Oh, yeah. In fact last year we were in London and we bought lots of porno magazines to make porno/political montages, with pictures of The Royal Family, The Pope and various other public figures. We're into the idea of

using porno against people in that way. If you see a member of the Royal Family presented like that it puts them into perspective and really knocks them off their pedestal. It also appeals to the schoolboy in me!

9.25pm: Maybe we picked the perverts' night off, but Pussy Galore's lobby is desolate, save for the lethargic doorman eating his sarnies in front of the small monochrome set to which he is glued. I got to wondering whether that predicted wave of neo-Victorian morality had crept up on us without my noticing. I also couldn't help wondering whether The Shamen's porno habit wasn't just a psychedelic gesture in the face of the terror which reigns in the '80s.

Isn't it all a part of the 'liberated body equals liberated mind' ethic of the '60s then Col?

"No! And I don't see psychedelia as a cultural phenomenon that was born and died in the '60s either. The Shamen really need a different word to describe what we do because psychedelia has all those old connotations, we call our music psychotronic but it isn't sufficient. You won't find

anything in Shamen songs that exhorts people to take their clothes off! What we are interested in is the original motivation behind the '60s which was the desire to transform consciousness, to seek a more complete and honest existence. We live in pretty serious times and there's still room for a psychedelic movement, though if people think that by getting involved in it they won't have to deal with reality, they're wrong. That's where we differ from the '60s."

Our immediate reality, meanwhile, was the reality of the '80s, a sorry sight at that. So, this was Thatcher's Soho. Stripped of its former glory and a license to thrill, it flashes the best of its limp promises, *Girls, Girls, Girls!*, performing spent theatrics in a tacky booth for the princely sum of 50p. Pausing *en route* for mug-shots, Colin despairs at the neon ad, a rather diluted attempt to tantalise with 'Male/female duos in kinky sex double act'. To be honest, Colin looks like he'd rather sit at home and watch his fridge de-frost.

"Would you look at that!" he declares in mid-pose. "Real porno is one step down the line from real sex and you're not even getting that here."

9.50 pm: Oh well. Not so much as a raised eyebrow from Colin. Can't say we blame him really, Dame Soho's become rather tame in her old age. Tell us the worst, Colin, how does London's porn compare with what you've seen on your travels abroad?

"It's not nearly as honest or as explicit. It seems to be something peculiar to the British culture, this avoidance of sexuality. In lots of Eastern cultures their religious art depicts the sexual act, and it's quite explicit too. As far as the pornography here goes, nothing is what it says it is. Everything's sealed up in plastic bags."

And?

"Well, I'd have to say that for sheer honesty Sweden wins, although Italy was quite good for the specialist stuff!"

"As I said, what I appreciate is the honesty and the extremity of porn, but what you get here . . . it's just cheating people."

"I reckon the video for *Knature Of A Girl* is more exciting than anything you'll find here. It's got some live-action models in it. They're actually friends and girlfriends but they do some pretty risqué things. It's very erotic, but I don't know how much of it will end up on the cutting room floor."

Sorry folks, those video out-takes have already been bagged by a certain Mr Randall — purely in the interest of art, of course... **Alex Kadis**

TIP SHEET

NEW TAPE DEMOS

● In the hot seat this month is Adam Sweeting, music critic for *The Guardian* (a national newspaper) who's currently branching into radio. Adam is a polite, mild-mannered young man on the surface, but has been known to become a savage literary animal, tearing the limbs from numerous pop stars with his vitriolic prose style. He did active service for five years on *Melody Maker* as training for this, leaving the paper after a two year stint as Features Editor.

While Adam screamed and yelled his comments, *Tip Sheet* supremo Julian Henry nodded his head and scribbled notes.

The numbered system after each review refer to marks out of ten for content (of tape), delivery (in performance terms), presentation (of the overall package) and potential (as to whether they'll bend a cheque book or two). Any outfits wishing to have their tapes decimated, send them to *Underground Tip Sheet*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.

BIG SUR (44 Durham Road, London W5) had Adam pondering on their name. "Big Sur. . ." he mused, "Isn't that a town in California?"

He was not dancing with joy over their music: "Sounds just like Joy Division, doesn't it? Around ten years ago this might have been considered revolutionary, but now it sounds about as dangerous as something like Smoke On The Water."

He continued: "Did you know that there's a guitar shop in Folkestone where they fine you if you play Smoke On The Water or Stairway To Heaven on one of their guitars?"

How interesting. However, it would appear that Big Sur would not be terribly welcome in said establishment if the cassette we listened to was anything to go by.



SHRUG (0642 612385) pleased Adam with their pile of lyrics and explanations behind their existence. For some moments he ferretted around among the pile of papers, emerging from time to time to exclaim: "My God, they've got three drummers!" or, "There's a song here called Sir Walter Raleigh's Fast Food Takeover."

What about the music?

"Well, I wouldn't buy it, the vocal sounds a bit too rough for my liking, but they've tried hard with the packaging so that counts for something. I like the cartoons they've drawn, it's a pity that the music isn't as good."

"One thing I notice about the music, it seems to have an incredibly small

view of things, it's like the group is very wrapped up in their own little world. I hear lots of tapes that suffer from that problem, there is nothing here that relates to the rest of the world."

4 5 8 7

T-10 (01-520 6568) make music that can loosely be termed 'commercial'. That is to say, they appear to have a vague grasp of what is going on. They combine a hip-hop beat with funky guitar breaks and odd flashes of heavy metal. "Yes, this is more entertaining," agreed Adam. "This lot have definitely got the idea, and if they tarted this up a bit they could probably flog it to a major label. It reminds me a bit of Age Of Chance, and I reckon that if they had access to a semi-decent studio they could probably do something quite good."

The band describe themselves as hot, cool and heavee, which means that they're either pretty groovy people or have been watching too many of those naff Miller Lite adverts on the TV.

7 6 6 7

THE DICE CLUB (125 Fordwych Road, London NW2) include in their ranks a one-time *Sounds* journalist, Phil Bell, whom Adam remembers well: "Ah yes, I remember going to Poland with Phil to cover a Budgie concert," he confessed. "I'm not so sure about his band though, this sounds like a cross between The Jam and Foreigner. I also think that they should change their name as The Dice Club suggests that they take risks, but I don't hear many risks being taken here."

The group, however, appear confident in their press release: "We have been building a formidable reputation on the London circuit," they grandly

state. Well, if that is the case they will not be overly concerned by our lack of enthusiasm at their music.

3 4 5 2

THE SECRET GARDENERS (23 Wellington Street, Northwich, Cheshire) like to fiddle around with synthesisers. "Yes, well, they're not going to give Vince Clarke sleepless nights, are they?" said Adam cruelly. "It's at times like this that you actually appreciate someone like Erasure. This group need to do more work, buy or steal more gadgets and generally try harder."

"This is too twee by half. I remember Eyeless In Gaza used to do this sort of thing five or six years ago." The band meanwhile sent us a packet of garden seeds with their cassette, an odd gesture and one that can only be interpreted as some sort of surreal marketing gimmick.

3 4 4 3

ORANGE CAR TEST (c/o Front Unit, 87 Great Eastern Street, London EC2) sent a friendly letter that suggested that we check them out live. Hmmm. We'll come back to you on that one. "This is what I call traditional," said Adam of their music. "These guys don't rip off anyone new or interesting, and they sound more like Free than anyone else I can think of."

However, after a couple of songs, things got better. A good guitar player we both agreed, possibly in the Wilko Johnson/Bill Carter (a Screaming Blue Messiah) mould. "You know what they've done wrong here?" said Adam. "They've put the tracks in the wrong order. The second and third songs are far more appealing, despite the limited format of the music."

6 7 6 6

DHSS (56 Deltic, Glascote Heath, Tamworth, Staffs) have gone to some trouble with their packaging, and it is with some regret that we must describe it as a pitiful failure. I mean, come on. Who on earth wants to listen to a band called the Department Of Happiness And Self Satisfaction?

We will try to be more sympathetic on the music. "Well, they've actually used an engineer and a studio," said Adam hopefully. "There are lots of ideas here which is a good thing, and they know how to use their voices well. It's just a pity they don't look more exciting."



THE REAL McCOY (32 Watling House, Woolwich Common, London SE18) came close to stealing the Tape Of The Month Award. Their first song starts just like Pleasant Valley Sunday by The Monkees, but instead of drib-

bling off into some dreadful power pop work-out, they hold it right there, remaining on that one vital riff for several minutes. And the result is quite pleasing.

"These people have a good sense of how to use their instruments. I suppose they must have done it before," commented Mr Sweeting. "It has a definite up feel, and there's something quite urgent about the music that makes you want to hear more. It's quite mainstream, quite like Madness used to sound, and it's surprising that they look so young as they sound quite polished. Definite commercial potential."

So The Real McCoy get the thumbs up from this month's Critical Pen Pushers.

7 6 6 8

THE SIRENS (27 Heavitree Road, Exeter) have sent in their efforts before. I cannot be certain what we said about them then, but this new offering is a live tape, and it fell rather foul of Our Man From *The Guardian's* keen critical sense.

"Garbage. No-one would have touched this in 1977 let alone 1988. For God's sake, take it off, I can't stand anymore."

So Adam is not the band's biggest fan. Surely there must be some positive words of advice he can pass on? Where should they go from here? What should they change?

"Well, just about everything as far as I'm concerned, but they might as well start with a new line up and new songs," said Adam.

The *Underground* view is that the band should ignore these heartless words. Turn to the Lord boys, and ye shall be saved.



THE WAIT (20 Newton Gardens, Bondgate, Ripon, N Yorks) say that they read every copy of *Underground* from cover to cover. Blimey lads, don't you have anything better to do with your time? But OK, your crawling has paid off, we'll be decent about the tape. What about it Adam?

"It's nice to hear some space for a change, and the music is pretty good except for the vocal which to me sounds a bit dodgy. It's not that he can't sing, it's more like he's trying to be a bit cool and it doesn't really work."

Adam did not like the second song, though, so we shall not record his comments any further. Instead we will concentrate on a well-meaning suggestion in the band's letter that says we should give away a free cassette of unknown bands with each copy of *Underground*. A charitable idea yes, and something that the bands included would undoubtedly find beneficial.

Unfortunately us scruffy shufflers down at *Ug* barely have the resources to club together for a measly packet of Woodbines once a week, let alone to start flinging money around on free cassettes.

3 4 5 4

TIP

These are tapes that have been spooled and de-chromed — or bagged and passed on — from Ug! HQ. Dave Henderson, the invisible editor, presides over this incisive report on the cassettes that live "in the cupboard"...

Magdelene Fields are a four-piece from Seahouses in County Durham (720669), and their seven-track expose is introduced with two fine tracks before the techno disasters set in. Led by M A Fields, the group produce lusty pop ballads with a tinkling guitar thinly disguising some bittersweet memories. Pop music that needs a big prod and large bucks for support.

The Lungs (Bangor 352324) have a great name, nicely obscure packaging and a sound reminiscent of removal men beating up a rockabilly storm on teacheests. Subtly being out of their vocabulary, it's impossible to hear the singer, but his moaning diatribe gives the throbbing noise an authentic hue. Sadly I fear they're in search of a cleaner sound which may easily place them in the GM Vauxhall Opel league of also-rans.

SW Cochrane is the victim of a lost address, and an accompanying picture makes him look as if he's just awoken from a dreadful nightmare. But his music — now that's a lyrical delicacy that certainly deserves more attention. Any man intent on drawing fish on his tape warrants a better life and SW's songs are in the right place. Neat pop with a few effects thrown in for max effect. Where are you now, SW?

Purge Of The Dance (0271 71397) are an unassuming three-piece from Devon whose 4AD-like noise suggests greater horizons. From the brief four-track outburst you might surmise that they're bursting to be colossal, emotive and evocative, and who are we to deny them that pleasure? Yeah, it's an awful name, but they write good songs and have a level of musicianship that bodes well for the future.

Passion's Play's demo came in a nice pink sleeve with little in the way of news or communication. The two tracks were "jaunty" and "sprightly", but they left me wondering if they were enough to colour life's indistinct tapestry.

The Guilt Parade scribbled "Hot Doggy's" over something they sent to us — leaving me in no doubt that they were wild and crazy northerners, like myself. In fact, they're from Harrogate (0423 65556), and they float disharmonically over a minimalistic backing, creamed lightly by a female vocal line. As a cake of fresh cream stature, they're a touch stale musically but they squirt in the right direction.

The Pyromaniacs are a damp squib in pop's eye. Fine songs for sure, with minimal to bad production without doubt, since their demo four-track wobbles and dies through under-production. But these chaps have their heart on the floor and their feelings open to the world. . . the kind of sound that many a manic depressive might turn on to.

Ted Baxter had their tape unceremoniously stuck down the back of the cupboard. . . but our designer cat found it and, although they've probably moved from their Cornwall base (020 856 3623) that dreadful name should be remembered. The sound of swinging guitars and moody melodies twang along with the greatest of ease, precious pop being the order of the day.

The Incarnate have Looking Out The Oral Window — a four-track demo — available for two squids and a sae (from 17 Pine Way, East Grinstead, West Sussex RH19 4JR). It's hardly major fodder (but that's admirable), more a spooky backlash to pulsing rhythms and overdubbed vocal trickery. This kind of stuff always wears well with your Ed (who has a box set of Throbbing Gristle LPs, 'nuff said).

The Hurting Kind have been part and parcel of The Grizzelders, Pineapple Trashcan and The Hush, and their uncontrollable rock chunkiness brought to mind the Medway explosion from Pop Rivets to Thee Mighty Caesars.

SIN are from Northern Ireland (026585 395) and have the potential to turn out squidgy poptones that look destined to be lapped up by the Then Jerico school of post-punk accessibility.

Pig Out! from Bedford (Bedford 216831) have a six-track cassette selection which suggests that they're coming from a zone which successfully mixes diverse structures like King Crimson, Stump and other general subversive elements. Yes, highly listenable.

The Dorothy Perkins Experience (clo Kevin at 0743 58405) have the name of the century; unfortunately their lo-fi sound and total disregard for their instruments (bread tins, an old tent and a guitar, no doubt) can only be described as marvellous. They claim to be taking three years off to "learn to play", but why bother lads?

The Loved Ones, from Leeds (0532 737309), have an eight-track cassette entitled Foul Play and pretty good it sounds too — steeped in '60s ephemera, with a touch of Edwyn Collins, the Bunnymen and Teardrop Explodes all making for something quite unique. The Loved Ones have a fresh and full, almost-Roger McGuinn-sounding vocal slur that make them one of the most interesting bands currently on display.

The tape is available for £2 plus a sae from 17 Gateland Lane, Shadwell, Leeds LS17 8HR.

The Insane Picnic (0734 51743) play the kind of jerky pop/new wave that cluttered the initial independent boom, never getting the time to develop due to the sheer volume of releases. This is the sound of Reading searching for a thoughtful ear, but sadly it seems unlikely to impress too many new punters.

The Sure Shots' archetypal bedroom music comes straight to your heart from Sussex University. When Wendy croons it nearly grooves, but the quality is low-key and Stan (0273 634060) and Zico's guitars suggest that a new Peter, Paul And Mary are still waiting in the wings.

Johnny Guitar (clo Vince, 25 Quarry House, Cock Hill Lane, Rubery, Rednal, Birmingham B45 9SG) rock out in real Billy Idol style and enclose a letter with their demo suggesting that we decimate it. Well, coconuts to that, mate. In fact, Johnny Guitar play some hairy axes and we've since redirected their package to *Kerronk!* to see if they can get next to it.

Simon's Ghost (041 884 2922) are from Renfrew and have a neat line in understated electronics. The eerie vocal embellishment grates a little, but this is infinitely more acceptable than, say, Art Of Noise.

DJ Aspidistra And The Molluscs (clo S Spencer, 35 Zetland Road, Chorlton, Manchester 21) are brilliant. Yep, a crap name, but these lads like a laff. Their Aspidistra In The Gulf cassette was recorded using a domestic hi-fi, a cassette recorder, a TV and an electric guitar, but it would make Arthur Baker sit up and eat a Mars bar. This is gut-wrenching stuff that hip-hops with the best of them. Mighty!

The Directors are from sunny Ruislip (0895 639748) and they play the kind of jangle-frenzied pop that could quite easily develop into a Medium Cool kind of vibe. Fine pop fodder with a charming lilt and potential sales-a-go-go.

SHEND
ON THE
RUN



CONFESSIONS OF A POP ICON NO 8: PLEASE RELEASE MOI!

Last month the face of the earth was devoid of my column. Why? 'Hibernetics', that's why! Yes, with a massive injection of hedgehog enzyme, I was able to sleep from the time we celebrate the birth of little baby Jesus by shovelling Christmas pud into our gobs and witnessing bearded men in dresses, past the time we stab each other in fountains and watch the year's most depressing news clippings again, right up till now. (If an Easter bunny so much as sticks his ears above my window ledge, his next of kin may as well start counting their inheritance.)

Anyway, a new year means it's time to get one's combo's record out. So let's talk DIY.

STAGE 1: Cutting a record. A big sewing machine with a sharp point gouges your ditty into a lump of hard black shiny stuff which acts as a master. Some expensive cutting rooms may, like upmarket bordellos, have carpets on the ceiling and fish tanks in the walls, but if Stodge, the cutter, has just done the entire Dire Straits' catalogue in 15 minutes flat, your baby will be cut like a while-u-wait heel bar key (ie — totally useless for the job for which it was intended). So hunt around and take advice.

STAGE 2: Metalwork. Not the guerilla weaponry you manufactured under the supervision of Sir at school, but a shiny metal disc from which the actual records are pressed. Nothing more is known about this mysterious term.

STAGE 3: Pressing. This is usually done in a far off land, and your 1,000 seven inch singles will probably languish in the back of a container lorry at Dover docks for eight weeks while customs officials wrestle with the driver's suspicious intestinal blockage.

Always get test pressings, to check the vibes don't plummet off the side of the record, that there is no mysterious squeaky noise all the way through the harp solo, and that the bit of Topic that got squashed onto the metalwork has not impaired the sound quality.

STAGE 4: Sleeves. These should be sent to the printer first, as they take bloody ages. Wedding invitations for Ben and Valerie or handouts for blockbusting carpet sales always seem to take preference at ProntaBlur. So find a proper sleeve printer.

Sleeves incorporating every hue of a Dulux colour chart will cost you a bomb, but black and white sleeves with one colour can be just as effective and much cheaper. Imagine your black and white pic with the bassist's artificial limb picked out in green. Wild!

You can always shove your platter in a plain bag with the explanation: 'The music will sell the record, not some flashy sleeve'. This of course is piffle, but at least exposing your meanness will have been avoided.

The designing of the sleeve can be jolly good fun, ripping out snaps from your mates' old magazine collections being a popular creative source.

Letrasetting is fine for the 'T' and 'H' of 'THE', but halfway through the grovelling acknowledgements, it leaves you without patience, enough E's and the sad printer's disease called 'Alphabet hand'. Get someone else to do it, wherever possible.

You then stick all the flappy bits together and lob it at your printer with pages and pages of detailed instructions. The printer then does it completely wrong. Always.

That's it. Set a release date for your disc. Miss it. Set a revised release date. Miss that. Then use the standard record biz retort, 'It'll be out in four weeks, when the sales strike force is fully mobilised'.

Stuff and nonsense. . .



Apathy in the UK!



Minimal Compact and the British disease

Since locating to Brussels in 1980, ex-pat Israelis Minimal Compact seem to have waved the flag of their country virtually single-handed throughout Western Europe in terms of rock bands, releasing a fistful of albums, touring extensively, and garnering a loyal following in the process.

- They in turn have remained loyal to their record label, Crammed, who were recently rewarded with perhaps the group's best LP, *The Figure One Cuts*, which as usual further enhanced their reputation on the continent but sold less than sod-all on our fair isle.
- Why? Well, although the bass pound, keyboard shimmer and lyrical concerns of the new album wouldn't sound so out of place on, let's say, 4AD or Factory, the thick 'European' pronunciation of the lyrics (at least they're in English!) are by tradition tailor-made to put off yer average Brit. Equate this with what many continentals regard as the blind conservatism of a lot of indie bands and pundits, and the sheer fact that people just haven't got the money to buy records by groups they know little or nothing about, and it makes you wonder why Minimal Compact bothered in the first place. Elsewhere, though, they do sell records. Perhaps even ten times more records than many of our big indie names.
- So they do really care? Obviously, we would like more acknowledgement in the UK, but it's a strange position to be in. We haven't had the chance to play live in Britain yet, which doesn't help, although we are planning to come over in the early spring and play a few dates.
- But why else do you and other European bands do so badly in the UK? Is it largely down to traditional British conservatism?
- "A lot of it is. For example, we see it with a group such as Cabaret Voltaire, who were at the vanguard of new and exciting British bands at the turn of the decade, though since working with major labels they did try to be more commercial. In turn, we see it with the groups that were influenced by Cabaret Voltaire. Because of the fierce competition, they feel they have to write more commercial music in order to succeed. The record companies are a lot more in control again, and the results of their policies are of course passed on to record buyers. This holds true on both independent and major levels."
- In marked contrast their label, Crammed, seems to have a totally refreshing attitude, issuing quality records by non-commercial bands — and getting results.
- "But then again, on the continent things are different. For example, our best market is France, and they tend to have a different perspective to the British. They raise bands like The Cure to the level of demi-gods, whereas in Britain they are merely . . . famous. Likewise, in the late '60s, when groups such as Pink Floyd and Soft Machine were still regarded as avant garde in the UK, they were selling as well as anybody else in France."
- Jesus, we'll be getting onto Steve Davis and "Cro-Magma, man" in a minute. What about the latest Minimal Compact album? Did producer John Fryer make a great difference?
- "Overall, we're happy with the LP, although there are always faults you can pick in a record six months after recording it. As for John Fryer, his past work (Cocteau Twins, Depeche Mode, This Mortal Coil) attracted us to him, but I think he was also interested in working with us and heard things in our sound that he could bring out more. We do have a policy of trying to use different producers for each album, and we would really like to work with Eno for our next album. But we'll see . . ."
- This, of course, doesn't resolve the apathetic UK problem. Still, try and catch them when they visit our shores and make up your own mind . . . that's the best way, the Crammed way. **Alex Bastedo**

Big greenie!

Gang Green put balls to wall



- "The crowd response has been incredible," grins Gang Green singer Chris Docherty. "Birmingham, Nottingham, London, all of them. We didn't know what to expect before we arrived, but it's been nothing but fun since we got here a week ago."
- Gang Green have now gone back home to Boston, America, but their popularity — the same applies to co-headliners Circle Jerks — proves that there is a strong underground hardcore audience in Britain, for whom the likes of The Stupids and Napalm Death are just the figureheads. Gang Green also brought with them their latest LP, *You Got It*, an album that's more rock 'n' roll boogie than hardcore (if we have to use titles . . .).
- "Yeah, I'd agree the album is less hardcore, as you say, but out past two LPs, that you call hardcore, there was nothing behind them, we didn't really do anything, it was just a lazy man's recording, done in a day." Which only goes to show that speedy, lazy, unformed rock is the best, right?
- "We just did the stuff and then compiled it together, and worse than that, it was just a bunch of bullshit. This album is a lot stronger all the way round — we had more time to do it and more energy and effort inside the recording and rehearsing. It's our first real release." Proving that unreal, unrehearsed bullshit smells a lot better to me. This kind of rockin' out is too uniform, too conventional.
- "Yeah, this album does rock out, but I don't think you can say we've sold out! The eight balls of the band are still there." **Martin Aston**

Burned out!

Monty Cantsin and the performing world

Monty Cantsin is a problematic entity for society at large — a cosmic mind trapped in the body of a beetle-browed Hungarian performance artist. After fleeing his native Budapest to escape the Communists, he lived first in Oregon, USA, then in Montreal. Now based in New York's Lower East Side, he is renowned both as a recording artist and as the high priest of Neoism, "the mass movement of individuality".

- Cantsin finances the Neoist Cultural Conspiracy by selling test tubes of his own blood (drawn off during bizarre onstage 'Blood Campaign' rituals) as objects of value. Both as a performance artist and as a musician he appears to be on the brink of doing something new and usefully catalytic. His latest 12 inch record, *Born Again In Flames*, is avant-garde in content if not actual technique. Released via the newly-formed label Maldoror, it combines manic, Hungarian-accented vocals with good, clean, danceable (sort of!) synth-music. Each track has a new twist, a style, a vivid lyric or melody to sustain it.
- To date, Cantsin's British appearances have been limited to a couple of sparsely attended shows at the London Musicians' Collective. Just the same, it can only be a matter of time before he establishes a toe-hold on this side of the Big Pond. An accomplished media whizzmaster, he is able to take liberties by virtue of his sheer audacity. **Ian Blake**



Monty Cantsin with face on fire

LAND OF THE GOOD GROOVE!

NEGATIVLAND ESCAPE FROM NOISE: MARK HOSLER SPEAKS

Negativland are one of the most unusual combos producing 'music' today. They are from Oakland, California. They have made four LPs, a cassette, a video, and have produced various live events and radio shows since they began in 1980. Their latest LP, *Escape From Noise*, released on SST in America and Recommended in Europe, has brought the Negativsound to a much wider audience. They used to be 'almost totally unknown', but can now be described as merely 'obscure', according to experts.

- But what makes Negativland so special? Put simply, they care *and* it shows. *Escape From Noise* took four years to construct out of hundreds of samples, real sound, and fragments of tunes. If it still all sounds a bit obscure, remember the great thing about Negativland is that they make *accessible noise* and it's catching.
- "We're used to being pretty well ignored and all of a sudden all these people are interested in what we're doing. We've had good reviews in *Village Voice* and *Spin*, it's good, but at the same time really scary. When you work on a record for four years all the stuff about what might happen when the record comes out becomes very distant and abstract."
- And the noise is on radio too!
- "College radio in America has really latched onto it, and it's even getting some commercial FM radio play, and they're playing the cut that it tells radio producers to play the record."
- That's the track called *Announcement*, which has the super smooth corporate American voice saying that "the first cut on this record has been cross format focussed for airplay success", and that it's going to "break on radio" and they should be the first to play it. Wow, they must believe it!
- "Either they believe it, or they have a sense of humour."
- Negativland are no strangers to radio. They used to do an all night live two way radio mix show called *Over The Edge*. Anyone could phone up and add to the basic sound produced by the group, and were given the instructions: "Phone participants should wear headphones when calling, and use the telephone like a microphone". Sounds wild. "Yeah, and now we're setting up a tele-tour where we play different college radio stations in the US over the phone. We have built a box which allows us to plug our recording studio directly into the telephone, and we pre-equalise the sound so that what comes out the other end sounds good. But we're actually going to publicise it like we're really on tour."
- What about a real live show? There have been very few of those. But past highlights have included some odd moments.
- "Two little girls dressed like pieces of bread screaming food names read off giant cue cards, that was good."
- They later, naturally, got toasted. And they have just worked out how to do *Carbomb*, another *Escape From Noise* track, live.
- "Don, the person who sings that one, he's 43 and he's got grey hair so he looks a lot older, most of the show he just sits very quietly playing, then towards the end he comes out from behind his stuff and suddenly starts screaming his head off until he's red in the face, so the effect is real surprising."
- With each successive release, Negativland have refined the art of noise-making, from humble beginnings as college students in 1980 when their self-titled LP was produced and released on their own Seeland label. It met an enthusiastic reaction, but only from the local college press. Next came *Points*, again a local success but still a bit inaccessible for wider appeal. 1983 was the great year when the classic *A Big 10-8 Place* was released, complete with free car sticker. This record is the tape machine equivalent of a classic symphony with various themes and tunes running through the complex mass of edits. Fragments of a song keep reoccurring, until at the end of the record we are treated to the whole thing. By comparison, *Escape From Noise* is really commercial, with much shorter tracks, each with a theme of its own. The horrible noise comes on again and ruins your enjoyment of the Playboy channel, the Soviet Union is really dangerous because it's got 11 time zones, and is probably the only track ever featuring a girl with hiccups. It's all in there.
- "We don't have a heck of a lot of noise around here," says the perfect American housewife. "No we don't have much either," adds her neighbour helpfully.
- Negativland are the noise of suburban America gone mad. What's it's all about isn't entirely clear, but maybe that's the point.
- "We really put all the information we want people to get in the records, we don't want to say anymore than that sometimes."
- So... get those records. **Christopher Mellor**



Negativland do a runner

letter from america presents

Eight strange but true facts from the new(ish) world

1) **Mambo-X**. Purists might have thought it mission impossible, but this five-piece from upstate New York succeed in sounding *exactly* like **10,000 Maniacs**. Not only do they come from the same neck of the woods, but the unobtrusive backing quartet perfectly capture that mock calypso reel while the diminutive Erin O'Reilly sings both in the same manner and of the same subjects, and has all the moves – the spins, the hippy dance, the childlike air of innocence – off to pat. Final proof that she is indeed **Natalie Marchant's Day Off** is that everyone instantly falls in love with her. Mambo-X are so 10,000 Maniacs that virgin ears to both groups are apt to declare the upstarts as the greater. (They do have a good debut record entitled *Machines Of Eden* available.) Imagine the potential if 10,000 Maniacs struck it *really* big and Mambo-X did the right thing and took the name as well. One could then tour America while the other could double the concept's money by performing to an unsuspecting Far East. Well, it's worth a thought.

2) **The Exploited didn't split up**. Tuned in to my hip local college radio station the other day to find them playing a solid hour's worth of **The Exploited**, to celebrate an up-coming show. This is the sort of reason one leaves the country, not moves to a new one for.

But hardcore is big business with 'da kids' across the States, and the original British exponents tour here constantly, packing them in with their thousands from coast to coast. Punk's not dead, but it sure smells funny.

3) **Entertainment on the Subway Part 1**. The flow of pedestrian traffic through Times Square, New York's biggest subway station, was briefly halted recently by a barrage of drums echoing from the main concourse. Further investigation revealed one guy pounding out the beat on a full drum kit while six homeboys, aged between ten and 25, put on a meticulous exhibition of synchronised breakdancing in an attempt to relieve commuters of spare change. A flash of inspiration struck me regarding a new Olympic sport for the summer, until someone told me that baseball was going to Seoul this year. True to the current zeitgeist, Japan are the favourites to win this most American of sports.

3) **Gene Loves Jezabel and Flesh For Lulu on a sell-out tour across the States**. Enough said.

5) **Tracey Ullman is a folk hero**. 'Our Trace' turned up on these shores with her TV producer husband, landed a 20-minute programme on the Fox channel, and before you can say 'Okay yeah!' she's topping the ratings and picking up all the awards Hollywood has to offer. Seeing her upstage the over-rated David Letterman on his Late Night show the other day helped explain why: whereas most Britishers on the box out here immediately assume the dreaded mid-Atlantic accent, Tracey accentuated her Cockney tendencies. And the Yanks just love a Cockney. (Mate.)

6) **Entertainment on the subway Part 2**. With but one plastic knife as a prop, a young entrepreneur presented a condensed *Midsummer Night's Dream* on the three-minute shuttle from Times Square to Grand Central. More amusing than his own lack of embarrassment (or talent) was the quick-fire banter of the hassled passengers. They may call this the City of Fear, but subway passengers are far more open and good-natured than back in London: however, I did long to be **Bernard Goetz** when the troubadour passed the hat around.

7) **Ian McCulloch is a teen idol**. Every time he turned his back on the audience and waggled his bum, the assembled hordes of young girls screamed uncontrollably. Don't they know it just encourages him?

8) **A Subtle Plague**. It's 1.30 am and a packed CBGB's has already been subjected to three groups, when *A Subtle Plague* take the stage. Three drummers begin pounding, a saxophone blares unmercifully and a complex musical hardcore song emerges. It's a deafening though intriguing noise and I head off into the night. If they ever make a record, you can be sure **John Peel** will play it. **Tony Fletcher**

COMPETITION WINNERS!

Last month's competition for an **Abstract** box set attracted some confusing replies, and the first one drawn out of the trendy *Uj* bin had no name or address on it. It came from Hemel Hempstead, but that's all we know. So, the two winners, who knew that **Stuart Morrow** played bass on the first **New Model Army** LP, that **Howard Hughes** produced **Pete Murphy** and that **Into A Circle's Barry Jepson** was first in **Southern Death Cult**, are **VJ Hewson** from Goole and **Malc Miller** from Lincoln.

The competition for **Skinny Puppy** promo kits reaped masses of responses, and they all knew that fellow Netzwerk labelmates, **Severed Heads** are from Australia. The winners are **Keith Hebbertson** from Glasgow, **Andrew Jeffries** from Wallsall, **James Wilding** from London, **Alan Tutt** from Peterborough and **Tim Sykes** from London.

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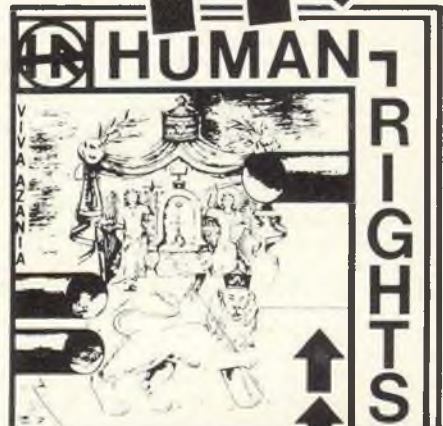
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Human Rights. The firebrand vocalist of the world-renowned Bad Brains steps out with his own record. With a lush background and a unifying spiritual message, this record shows H.R. in the role of healer and teacher. From the world beat hip hop of the title track to the soft love vibe of Acting So Bad, this record cuts across all boundaries in its quest for one-love. SST 117 (LP/CA \$7.50 CD \$15.00)

Pat RuthenSmear DESCENDENTS BLACK FLAG



PAT RUTHENSMEAR: RuthenSmear. As a founding father of punk, Pat Smear should need no introduction. From his patented guitar grungework with the Germs, right up to now, Pat Smear is the severed edge of modern guitar playing. Pat RuthenSmear however, is a whole new kettle of fish. Glam, slam, blammo, a whole new way of life. SST 154 (LP/CA \$7.50)



DESCENDENTS: Liveage. The last blast in the saga of the "Dents" comes in the form of this incredibly bonus live record. Feel the bone crushing power of the Descendents. If you want it "ALL", this is the first step you will need to make. SST 163 (LP/CA \$7.50 CD \$15.00)



BLACK FLAG: 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 (LP/CA \$7.50 CD \$15.00)

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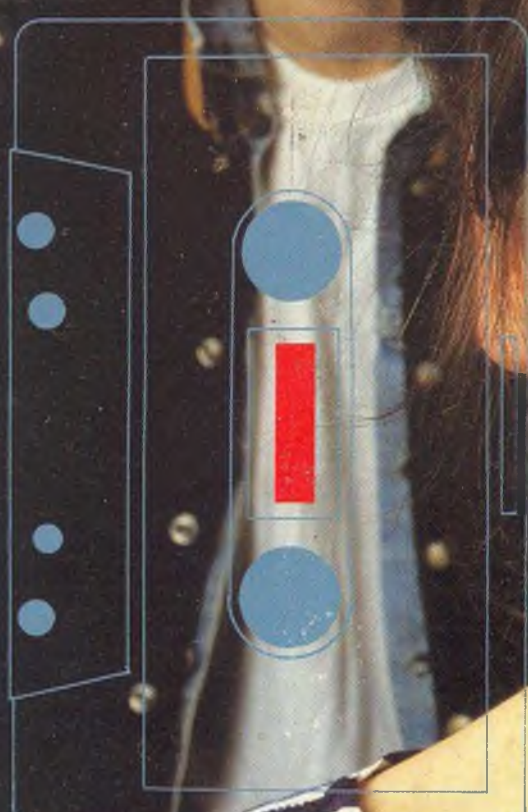
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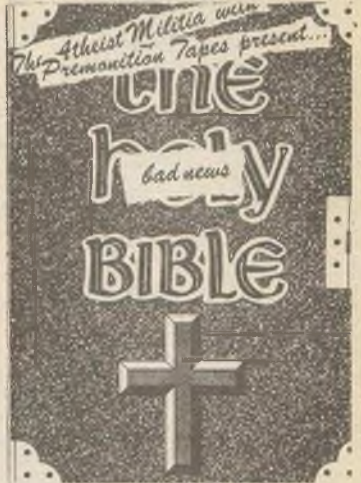


Cherubs from Hell

THE KRAY CHERUBS are six terminal "noise bastards" who, after two years of artistic endeavour and beating shit out of their instruments, are creating the most gloriously untamed din ever to grace western culture. ● This particular bunch of discordant deviants include in their line-up one **Edwin Pouncey**, aka **Savage Pencil**, and it's him that's unfairly getting all the credit/blame for the Cherubs monster. ● "I don't want people to think of The Kray Cherubs as Savage Pencil's band. All the members contribute equally," says Edwin. ● It's his reluctance to take all the Cherubs-related infamy for himself that's the reason behind their debut single, No, on Fierce Records, not having a Savage Pencil illustration as a cover. ● Instead, it's **Pat Cherub's** handiwork that's on display. She, along with Savage Cherub (as Mr Pouncey styles himself), **Liz, Alison, Debbie** and **Eddie**, also helped to write their repertoire of some 300 songs. ● On hearing their beautifully shapeless cacophonous masterpieces some have wondered if it's all just a joke. Edwin gets **a bit miffed** at this. ● "We're not just pissing about. We all do things outside The Kray Cherubs but that doesn't mean we don't take it all very seriously." ● But the single is on Fierce Records, a label notorious for telling fibs. They don't usually bother asking people for their permission to release material, so is No an official release? ● "It's semi-official. They were watching us rehearse and unknown to us they bootlegged it. Then they approached us later about putting out part of the tape as a single and we agreed." ● The band plan to stick with Fierce for their next single. Apparently they're going to the Swansea label's commune to record a version of their pop classic **Rot In Hell (Mom)**. Also, Fierce executives are quite keen for them to 'lay down' their cover of **The Runaways' Cherry Bomb** which has been acclaimed as "perfect". ● But all this 'musical' activity might leave the Cherubs with very little time to indulge the darker side of the group. According to sources close to them, the band are part of a witches' coven in Barking which meets every Tuesday that there's a full moon, where each member ceremoniously makes love to a life-size image of **Jimi Hendrix**. None of the members are willing to comment on this but, by all accounts, this is why they sound so demoniac. ● So, with **black magic** and songs like **Rot In Hell (Mom)** on their side, the Kray Cherubs will surely be the "real bona fide no shit **EVENT**" that Fierce promise. After all, the Devil looks after his own. **Anthony Farthing**

SUB culture

Life and how to abuse it!



HOLY HORRORS

The latest release from Premonition Tapes (Freepost, Sheffield S11 8TE) is a weird booklet and cassette called **Bad News Bible** — with the catalogue number **PREM 23** (oooooh, psychic!). Featured acts include **The Bland, Venus Fly Trap, Con Dom, Icons Of Noise, Toffee Apple Forest** and more. Weeeeeyud!



BEAT IT!

Can't Be Beat magaroon reaches issue two after a sharp intake of breath, and it looks quite grand with it. A free flexi featuring **The Wait** plus features on **The Psylons, Bourbonese Qualk, Breathless, Absolute Grey** and a bundle more make it well worth investing in. Try it from **Ian H, 69 Springwood Road, Lordswood, Southampton SO1 6HY.**



PRETENTIOUS, MOI?

USUK release a video single complete with a free **Sloane Riot** T-shirt and, yes, it's straight out of **Sigue Sigue Sputnik's** bottom drawer — with none of the humour. Rap theatrics that crunch to a grinding halt cos these dudes have no personality. Rent it from selected vid shops (or don't bother).

3 UNDERGROUND

JUST GIVE ME **13** GOOD REASONS!!!

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UNDERGROUND: flatsharing chrome heads
ISSUE 13: spoolishly lucky
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 Published by Spotlight Publications Ltd
 Greater London House
 Hampstead Road
 London NW1 7QZ
 Telephone 01-387 6611
 Telex 299485 Music G
 Fax 01-388 5010
Distribution
 Spotlight Magazine Distribution,
 1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX
 Telephone 01-700 4600
Typeset by Offshoot Graphics Co,
 17-18 Great Sutton Street,
 London EC1
Printed by
 Chesham Press, 16-18 Germaine St,
 Chesham, Bucks
 ISSN 0951-502X
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4 UNDERGROUND

Part three of *Underground's* Educational Entertainment Program starts here...

as we
 (hand on heart)
 proudly announce...

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... in a flurry of spesh mixes, rare tracks and suchlike. And yes, it'll look fine and dandy propping up our other special offer albums, namely UNDERGROUND/WIRE's Tapped and UNDERGROUND/RED FLAME/INK's Ashes And Diamonds. If you've missed those earlier platters, check page 30 for "while stocks last" blurb! More details to follow... dit, dit, dit!



The legendary Rouska's: Son Of Sam

Over the hill to country freedom

Summerhill and the re-education of music. . .

Summerhill: chic and wastel



I WAS NEARLY A SUEDEHEAD! Ivor Perry and Cradle tales



The Cradle (with Ivor extreme right)

"I don't speak to our kid, you know?" **Ivor Perry**, mainman of the revitalised **Cradle**, draws on his fag and recalls the split up of **Easterhouse**. After a punch up with brother Andy there was no talk of musical differences, just starting something new.

- "He's doing all dance stuff now. He's spent a year doing three tracks. Weird ain't it?"
- Yeah. Suppose.
- Ivor, however, has been busy. After Easterhouse there was **The Cradle** and *It's Too High on Rough Trade*. A bulky 45 that promised much but did little. Better things, bigger things were wanted, then **The Smiths** split.
- "I'd known **Morrissey** for ages and he asked me to do some stuff with him and **Andy Rourke** and **Mike Joyce**, but it was never going to work out. It was like they wanted another **Johnny Marr**. . . or if they didn't it would have just been those kind of comparisons from people hearing it. It was a strange time and it ended up with Morrissey running out of the studio, he couldn't handle it. The tracks were never finished."
- One of those tracks, **Bengali in Platforms**, was set to be the flipside of the withdrawn **Stop Me If You've Heard This One Before**, but, well, that's history now. Instead Ivor opted to resurrect **The Cradle** with a new line-up. Demos were done, new vocalist **Craig Davies** came and went, going solo on *Rough Trade* — which resulted in **The Cradle's** departure from the label. But the demo's are strong, and *different* too.
- "We got a new vocalist and have plenty of strong material that's drifting into a much more commercial area. Still rock, mind, but more attuned to accessibility. It's stuff that needs money spent on it, which could really do well."
- Sure enough, that's true, and the group have already impressed producer **Gil Norton** with their potential. . .
- "He wants to produce us, so all we need now is some label support to get us out to the public."
- Current interest suggests that this won't be long in coming, but for now he'll have to make do with half a Guinness and another smoke (I left my cheque book in my pin-stripe pocket). **Dave Henderson**

Neil Scott's spent the last few years hawking himself around as 'rent-a-guitarist', he's played with **Everything But The Girl**, **Felt**, **The Wishing Stones** and others too numerous (or embarrassing) to mention. Last year he linked up with **Snakes Of Shake** just as they were shedding their final skin. Seori, lead snake and writer, was disappointed with what the group had become but found in Neil a kindred spirit. Neil, constantly frustrated by the limitations all these groups had placed on his creative input, was happy when Seori decided to break up the group and start again with himself and Neil as the nucleus. It was time to settle in, so, naming themselves after **AS Neills'** extraordinary 'open' school, **Summerhill** were born.

- Now **Rocket 5**, a new Scottish indie label, have released **Summerhill's** first single, *I Want You*, backed with three other tunes. *I Want You* (not the Bob Dylan song) is based on a twisted off-kilter **Byrds-y** riff that could have been culled from their **Mr Tambourine Man** period. It's not typical of **Summerhill's** output, and if asked to name their favourite **Byrds** records Seori and Neil both plump for the later countrified stuff. This is where their heart lies.
- Neil: "We're really crafting the songs now. Of the last couple of songs we've written, one's an out and out country ballad, and the audience assumes it's a cover and I take that as a compliment. It's like with **The Byrds'** *Sweetheart Of The Rodeo* LP, it's hard to tell the standards from the **Gram Parsons** songs."
- Seori: "Sweetheart Of The Rodeo's fundamentally different from what we do though. That set out as a specific country album but we're not setting out to do country music. It'd be preposterous anyway, you could never be 100 per cent country being from this country. If you look at stuff like **Brinsley Schwartz**, when you play that alongside the **Burritos** it's just rubbish, country pub rock."
- Do **Summerhill** shy away from the country themes then?
- Seori: "No. Country's talked about as though the themes of country music are abstracted from our experience whereas they're not. What's the difference between going to a honkytonk and getting cheated by your woman, or going down the disco, getting drunk and losing your bird? It's the same thing. Heartache isn't an American theme. Losing isn't either. Losing, loneliness, heartache, those are the main country themes (occasionally animals, small children), those kinda things happen everywhere."
- As yet **Summerhill's** recordings are a little too tastefully executed, too respectful, evoking the country giants, seamlessly incorporating the odd **Creedence** reference, but it's on stage that they've found their identity. Live they produce a bone-crunching country sound that's as far from redneck boogie as from soporific pub rock. When Seori's guitar drops down around his knees, school's out.
- And what do you know? Even before the great mass of public enthusiasm has taken to **Summerhill's** brand of whatever, **Virgin** seem to have picked the group up by the scruff of their checked shirts. Instant hits? Tasteful pop in the charts again? It could very well be. . . **Vachel Booth**

fiction

SO, WE have it on good authority that **The Soup Dragons** have signed to **WEA**, but wonder why **Melissa** from **Voice Of The Beehive** was sitting in such a hippy-esque pose on **Going Live** last week. The **BBC** cameramen didn't know where to put their bi-focals and **Gordon The Gopher** almost blushed.

Former **Tip Sheet** and **T Namedrop** types **The Miracle Mile** have signed a publishing deal and are currently negotiating a contract with a US label who'll handle their **Miracle** single **Bless This Ship**. Nice pop in the **Orange Juice** pattern.

More comic factions explode onto the scene as **Caged In** issue six scrawls into the office. For a miserly 50 pence, you can almost check what they're going on about. get it from 14 **Woodlands Drive**, **Hawarden**, **Deeside**, **Clwyd**. And, in the north east the artoonists do **Ginchy Gazette**, an A4 set of 'oons that are well scribbled but maybe need a few storylines. Get it at **Baggy Studios**, 61 **Musgrave Gardens**, **Gliesgate**, **Durham**.

New release from **ROIR**, the NY tape label, is **The End Of Music As We Know It**, a concept compilation with sleeve notes by **Steve Albini**. The tracks were recorded in two hours (each) and are **Bobby Weird!** Groups giving their strangeness in vats include **Honey-moon Killers**, **Prong**, **Of Cabbages And Kings** (featuring members of **SWANS**), **Thurston Moore**, **Bank Of Sodom** (**Jello Biafra** and a **Shockabilly** or two), **Royal Trux** (including a **Pussy Galore**) and **Needle Nose** (featuring various **Live Skulls** bods). Coming soon through **Red Rhino**.

Channel 4's new music prog will be **Wired**, a duo-capital (**London** and **New York**) blast featuring new bands and old faithfuls in a news and performance scenario (man!). It'll start in May.

Heavy vibes and psyche lay-outs appear in **Freakbeat** (£1.50 from **Ivor Trueman**, 23 **Parkside Road**, **Hounslow**, **Middlesex**) and there's a flexi featuring **The Steppes** and **The Bevis Froid Museum** too. Selected mind-blowing features include **The Smoke**, **Plasticland**, **Jefferson Airplane** and more.

Rumour has it that **John Carpenter** — producer of **Escape From New York**, **Dark Star** etc — has four new pictures released real soon. the first of these is **Prince Of Darkness** starring **Donald Pleasance** which will open on Friday May 13 (der.da.du.da).

Homestead's plans for the spring include a limited edition 12 inch of **All Going Out Together** by **Big Dipper**, taken from their **Heavens LP**, which

fiction

will be followed by seven inches from new signings **Honor Role**, **Happy Flowers**, **GG Allin** and **Nice Strong Arm**. This rabid activity will be followed by new LPs from GG and Happy Flowers and an album from new signings **My Dad Is Dead**.

Another former tip for the top (as **Cathy McGowan** might have said before she started on **Daytime Live**). **Jass** have a 12 inch ready to roll on both sides of the Atlantic on the groovy Wax Trax label.

The Central Slate label is touting **The Lungs** — recommended for art and grand calendars — who are currently on tour with **Fflaps**. They also tell us that they'll soon be releasing a tape compilation with tracks from great Welsh people of our time including **Fflaps**, **Datblygu**, **Cut Tunes**, **Crisialav Plastig**, **The Lungs** and **Another Perfect Vegetable**. No mention of **Neil Kinnock** here!

Exciting and totally no information on new things coming fast from SST. Bulletins bleat about albums from **Steve Fisk**, **Sister Double Happiness**, **Pell Mell**, **Semantics**, **Carbon**, **Run Westy Run** and more.

T Minus 10 called to tell us that following our brilliant review of their demo in **Tip Sheet** some old lady in Cleethorpes has been festooned with calls because we printed the wrong contact number. What we should have printed was 01-530 6568. So, budding A&R people, catch them there... and sign them!

Abstract have picked up one of the **Tip Sheet**ers too. **The Jeremiahs** — who we raved over — have signed to the label and a single is imminent.



BUILD ME UP BUTTER-CUP!

Did you know that there's a mag called **Underground** that deals with buildings and tunnels? You probably meant to pick that one up instead. Well, in our mail bag this week we received a missive telling us that **Noel Wrighton** (above) has been appointed chairman of **Pipe Jacking Association**. With the growth of house music, we just thought you might like to have that pointed out.



Dave Gedge: Present and correct

after the fact

Robert K Cohen's
Big Comment

I don't suppose that **Stock**, **Aitken** and **Waterman**'s main career aim has been to get into both the official *and* the independent charts. However, that's what they did, courtesy of **Kylie Minogue**'s *I Should Be So Lucky*. Further puncturing the artificial barriers between 'independent' and 'mainstream' music were Top Ten invaders **Coldcut** and **Bomb The Bass**. **The Sugarcubes** made the Top 30 despite shunning the attentions of many drooling majors, while **The Primitives** made the Top 20 by *not* shunning them. Crash is now available as a limited edition gatefold ten inch.

The Wedding Present haven't been doing too badly either, despite hauling around the predictable cross of being hailed as successors to **The Smiths**. • Such comparisons must be a royal pain in the band's collective bum, but the inheritance of some of **Morrissey**'s pen-pals is an ambiguous problem for **David Gedge**.

"I get people writing to me with their problems," he told *NME*, "the letters say things like 'Then she left me and I was stranded at the station and I only had 10p so I couldn't get home so I had to sleep on a park bench and I didn't even have a match'. I just rip off their ideas for our next song."

Whether Morrissey ever did this is not known (as yet, but who can tell what fresh law-suits might bring?). What is known is his obsession with **James Dean**. The man who don't dig vids went to Indiana for his *Suedehead* promo, in which he visits JD's grave. This was probably some kind of research project, Morrissey being the author of the best-seller, *James Dean Is Not Dead. We await the tome's appearance in a new edition as James Dean IS Dead, At Least According To This Remarkably Authentic-Looking Headstone*.

As *Moz* worships Jimmy Dean, so *Melody Maker* worships **The Alarm** — at least, that's the impression you might get from the widespread coverage they afford them. A few weeks back, the "Live!" pages contained yet another *Alarm* review, penned by **Push**, one of the many *MM*-ers who lack the confidence to take responsibility for their own rantings. ★ The review, naturally, takes the form of a fanatically negative mini-essay on *The Alarm*, which could have been written without attending the gig (not that I'm suggesting it was attended. God forbid). ★ *Push* describes their songs as "vapid vacuums, invertebrate, invalid appeals to human optimism". ★ We know it all by heart, and we hope *Push* enjoyed itself. Meanwhile, dozens — perhaps hundreds — of more deserving acts were playing across the country, ignored by *MM* — eternal champions of the innovative and the new.



Morrissey: "Look, no vest!"

Talking of which, **Madness** are back. **Sorry** — *THE Madness* (to give them their new super-group title) are back. **Carl Smith** and **Suggs** told *NME* that they'd "never really split up as such". **Mark** and **Woody** probably thought all that farewelling-gigging had something to do with splitting up, but it seems it had more to do with dumping them from the band. Well, that's how history is now written, and *NME* takes it pretty much at face-value: *no way* have they reformed for the money. But **Madness** never could do any wrong in their eyes.



Suggs: split ends

According to **David Quantick**, conductor of the interview, "We need them". That remains to be seen. Right now, I need them about as much as I need **The Who**: at least they managed to keep **Rick Astley** off the TV for five minutes. Now all we need is for **The Rolling Stones** to get back together — oh, they haven't split yet (or have they?).

arrogant Feedback

UN-KNATURAL GIRLS?

"I was repulsed by your feature on **The Shamen** in *Underground* (ish 12) where the group condoned pornography unchallenged. I also had the misfortune to see the group and was disgusted by their film shows which abused females, featuring oral sex excerpts. I don't think *Underground* should be party to this kind of exposure." — Andrew

The feature itself didn't actually condone the use of pornography, or glorify it, it was more concerned with **Colin Angus**'s desire to use that material and juxtapose it with other circumstances, making a mockery of it. Unfortunately, with anything that is crossing barriers of acceptance like that, the end result is prone to be confused and can either put people off pornography, or the perpetrators of the juxtaposition — in this case **The Shamen**. The choice is of course yours, so if you don't want to buy their records or see them live then they have failed to attract. And if they are using such a volatile weapon as pornography that's being construed as dangerous,

then maybe it's time for them to think again in their presentation.

JOY AND DEATH!

"I read **Mick Middles**' article on the resurrection of **Joy Division** with some interest, but I must say that, having made the band a part of my life, I don't want them to be abused by commercialism. **Joy Division** are best left in the dark solemn caves from which they emerged." — Barry

Surely, it's up to each individual to enjoy **Joy Division** how they like. **Mick**'s piece was exploding a few myths about what the group were really like, rather than the image that they created. Rank commercialism is a bad thing, but **Joy Division** are far superior to a lot of today's music and deserve to be placed in their rightful position. If you want to leave them in solemn caves, that's fine, but let others keep their memories differently.

BANG, YOU'RE DEAD!

"While your magazine covers music press darlings, unknowns and whip-

ping boys alike, it's missed out on **The Crazy Pink Revolvers**, who seem to have been neglected by everyone. A full blown feature in *Underground* must be just around the corner." — Shaun

Well, don't hold your breath, **Shaun**. You might have been bitten by the **Pink bug**, but, apart from a brace of press releases telling *Ug* what the **Pink Revolvers** are going to do, we've heard little else to suggest that they're as good as you say. We're waiting with our ears open, though.

OI! YER MAD!

"Where can I find out more about **Infa Riot**, **Betrayed**, **4 Skins**, **Attila The Stockbroker** and groups like them? And where can I get their records?" — **Michaela**

Are you sure about this, **Michaela**? Well, if you must, try the **Link** label through **PRT** who do the majority of **Oi** stuff. **Link** are at PO Box 164, London SE13 5QN.

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SUB culture

Life and how to abuse it!



STILL MUTIE!

Skate Muties In The 5th Dimension just keeps on keeping on with a new spanking communique (number six) out now from all nice places like the Rough Trade Shop. It takes three years to read!



BRADFORD CALLING!

Village Records have gone into promoting the debut single by ex-Tip Sheeters Bradford in a big way. They now offer a three track CD of Skin Storm and are muscling into the press with some intimate letters of introduction. More power to their boots.



STRANGER STILL!

The Bam Caruso co-op have put together their own mag, *Strange Things* focusing on left-field subversives and psyche supremos. They plan to unleash ten issues per year through Revolver and the Cartel and the first lavishly packaged read boasts features on Syd Barrett, The Kinks, Psychic TV, Robyn Hitchcock, beach movies, The Dukes Of Stratosphear and more.

gush

... an enthusiastic tirade from Prince Muso

So the poxy **Roxy** has finally bitten the dust, eh? And we're supposed to be surprised? Funny how a programme, set up solely to ape the nauseating **Top Of The Pops**, should wonder why it, too, doesn't get 11 million viewers, when the whole point is that 11 million viewers can only stomach the programme once a week, let alone twice. (Besides which, most viewers these days are permanently hovering between BBC1 and Channel 4, since the most exciting thing on ITV's horizon is a repeat showing of **Auf Wiedersehen, Pet**, and even that's now looking doubtful. I mean, can they really only find it in themselves to churn out poor copies of other programmes? I mean, **Sporting Triangles**, I ask you...

What else? Well, we know the charts have been blinking awful for centuries past, but have they ever been so, well, forgettable? Can you remember how that new **Voice Of The Beehive** single goes? Go on then, whistle it. See? Y'can't. And their last one, too. Instant disposable pop taken to its logical extreme. . . you can't even remember it, let alone loathe it.

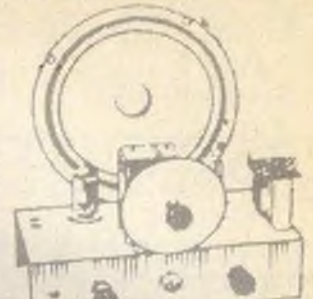
OK, so it's a bit tuff trying to recall the hookline of the latest **Culturcide** outpouring, but after all, that's not been force-fed to you by intra-aural drip feed for weeks on end at great expense to the pluggers ("... what colour would you like your Porsche Mr DJ sir pink yes pink that's possible first thing tomorrow oh yes of course matching leopardskin covered cellular phone and in-car CD. . .").

What's more, can you remember what some of these lumps look like? No, I know that's often a blessing, but despite the teenie mags plastering the acne-ridden mugs of **Wet Wet Wet** and **Hue And Cry** all over their not very glossy pages (now printed on sort of semi-matt toilet paper because revenues are slim since no-one wants to advertise in any other pop rag but *S Hits* any more) you would still have trouble recognising their whitehead-speckled faces if you found them leering over the reduced calorie baked bean counter in your local **Tesco's**.

And why the sudden eruption of not very nubile, sexually totally unexciting female singers, eh? **Tiffany** is hardly the most smouldering looker since **Madonna**, and her songs are about as appetising as Stavros' donner kebabs, yet the sight of her clutching an inflatable artichoke in some suburban shopping precinct seems to be the best thing the youth of today can muster to inflame their loins. Of course, she doesn't, which is the whole point. Her and **Kylie** ("*Naaaybers, ev'rybody needs good naaaybers, wiv a little understanding. . .*" etc) **Minogue** and that other one whose name I can't even remember (you know, she's about 12 and all sanctimonious and writes her own songs and goes to bed at eight after doing her homework and probably some extra just to please teach) are so squeaky clean that they don't stand a snowflake in hell's chance of sending male adolescent pulses racing or hormone levels peaking.

Sadly, that's the whole point, since it all boils down to the reality of the scared and helpless post-AIDS society. I mean, sex (only with a condom and preferably with someone you've found out a bit about and who hasn't had any strange bisexual or other dodgy relationships or used any manky needles or been to Africa lately) and drugs (only with clean works or otherwise not intravenously administered) and rock 'n' roll (just so long as it doesn't get you aurally intoxicated enough to throw caution to the wind or lyrically exploit or encourage the foregoing of the points mentioned above) doesn't quite have the same ring to it, does it?

What's happening on local radio?



MASTERBLAST

THE TEAM: EVERY SUNDAY EVENING 7-8PM. BBC RADIO NORTHAMPTON: 103.6/104.5 FM OR 1107m MEDIUM WAVE

It's the same old story — another local radio station with too much boring talking, too many bland records. Until... a year and a half ago, in downtown Northampton, a new show called **The Team** started playing indies, hip-hop, reggae, and all of the things that never normally get any airtime.

As you might imagine it's put together by a team of interested young people from the local area, who had a desire to be involved in radio, but not necessarily any experience. The show is organised by **Denise Brown** who co-presents with one of the team each week. Going out on a Sunday night, from 7 to 8, after the Top 40, it features, as well as the usual gig guide and band interviews, a 'soapbox' slot where a local band is given a chance to talk about themselves, without being pulled apart by critical presenters, and a new feature where local groups are recorded as live in the "very basic" studio.

Denise: "There's no fancy mixers so it has to be a real live band, but it's still another chance for new groups to get some airtime."

And the best groups around? "**The Plastic Infidel**, like New Order meets hip-hop. They're very good, well, to be honest I'm their manager so I would say that. The gothy **Venus Fly Trap** are very popular, and there's another good new indie-style group called **The Adelaides**."

It goes without saying that the music is the most important part of the show, with a typical current playlist running like this. . .

- 1 Northside **Demon Boyz** Music Of Life 12 inch
- 2 Frenz Experiment **The Fall** Beggars Banquet LP
- 3 Bus I **Skull Junior Delgado** Fashion 12 inch
- 4 You Sexy Thing **CUD** Peel Sessions EP
- 5 Nobody's **Twisting Your Arm** **The Wedding Present** Reception 7 inch

So, if you're in the Northamptonshire area, anywhere between Leicester and Milton Keynes, Sunday's a day to give your ears the varied diet they deserve. **Christopher Mellor**

FULL SCAM



My tape's gone!

LAST TIME The Darling Buds came to London, King's Cross Station burnt down. This time they got up long before their breakfasts to van it to Camden to cut their great new single, Shame On You.

music from tape to disc for the first time. So obviously you've got to start with your tapes. . .

- "Guess what, this fool's forgotten to bring the tapes!"
- When The Darling Buds signed to Doncaster's Native Records, they thought

COUNTDOWN TO BLAST OFF



Calculating the odds of success with I Start Counting

Daniel Miller and Mute Records have certainly cornered the market when it comes to promoting British electronic pop. Depeche Mode and Erasure are the two most quintessential and successful exponents of the genre. Of course, success to some is to the detriment of others and stablemates I Start Counting could be a point in case.

- Simon Leonard and David Baker, have, in four years, produced countless excellent singles and a mini-LP, but they're still relatively unknown. Why?
- Simon: "Well, we're not pretty, we haven't got a massive image, and the gear we use makes it hard for us to play live. Also, people have said we came a bit too late, which to a certain extent is true. It took us ages to get a deal, though we were making music of this form for a long time earlier."
- David: "Our records seemed to come out at the wrong time and we missed the rewards."
- The current single, Lose Him, seems to have fared better in terms of chart action, which sets them up nicely for the release of their forthcoming LP, Fused.
- The Fused LP should prove to be something special, considering the chaps have spent a lot of time and energy on it (usually in the studio till three in the morning) thus, they haven't had time to catch up on their favourite pastime, watching *Prisoner Cell Block H* on TV.
- David: "It's such a good programme, I try and catch it as much as I can."
- Simon: "Like all the Australian programmes, it's very unpretentious, unlike their British counterparts. The soaps here seem to raise issue after issue, just out of necessity. Whereas the Aussies don't try to be anything they're not."
- David: "They're like I Start Counting in a way." Peter Mash

they were signing to a together organisation.

- "But who'd come all the way down to London to cut a single and forget to bring the bloody tapes? Never mind, we'll just have to go down the pub instead."
- While the record label mogul's wife is busy putting the tapes on the first train to London, the record label mogul (Kevin) finds himself buying round after round of drinks to atone. The cut was booked for 11 am, he thinks he may be able to get back into the studio at 3 pm (actually they were eventually under-way at 7.30 pm!) but God knows what state the band'll be in by then!
- Out of Caerleon near Newport near Cardiff near England, The Darling Buds have been acclaimed as probably the best band to emerge from the fuzzy pop mayhem of the past couple of years. Certainly John Peel's said as much and fanzines like *Sowing Seeds* and *So Naive* have had no doubts.
- These DBs will be compared with The Shop Assistants and The Primitives. It's inevitable. Because they play a simple silver pop. Because they've got a personable blonde singer. And because lots of heartless jealous bastards love to desecrate this church of innocent pop.
- But there's an invigorating freshness about The Darling Buds that raises their short, sharp shocks of sound high above the usual carping criticisms. A one-string bass, a two-up, two-down drum kit, a barrage of sharpened teenage kicks guitar and a voice of genuine melodic beauty. These are the things that dreams are made of.
- So meet the band of your dreams. . .
- On drums, Bloss, frustrated Elvis impersonator.
- On bass, Chris, successful Dave Gedge impersonator, and the quietest man I've ever met.
- Bloss: "Chris is studying to be an enigma."
- On guitar, Harley. The musical genius and Jonah of the band.
- "I'm the one with the bad luck. Nothing's ever gone right for me. This business with the tapes is just typical. I'm only 22 right, but a while ago I had problems with ulcers. Ulcers! Most people have to have a barium meal so the hospital can get a good look at your insides. I had to have a barium *enema*."
- Tough luck indeed.
- And on helium-honey vocals, Andrea.
- "I'm not exactly lucky either. I lived in London once for about two months, sharing a bedsit above a restaurant with a girlfriend. One night we woke up to find the whole building on fire, and the only way was up on to the roof. So we got up there, two little girls in our nighties in the freezing cold, just screaming for help.
- "Eventually the fire brigade came, and they put up a chute for us to slide down. Now we only had our nighties on, no knickers or anything, and they wanted us to slide down this chute with hundreds of people down below watching us! I thought oh sod it, and went down the shoot, but my friend insisted she wasn't going down dressed like that. So a fireman had to take her up this huge pair of fire resistant trousers before she'd come down.
- "We were all over the papers next day, but luckily they didn't, or *couldn't*, publish any photos of my great escape. My, but it was windy though!"
- Harley: "She always sleeps in her knickers now."
- They might not be the luckiest band in the world. But The Darling Buds are the most infectious pop thrill around. **Holly Wood**

SUB culture

Life and how to abuse it!



BATZ ON THE RUN!

Guana Batz are captured Live Over London on a new Jettisoundz vid that runs in at 40 minutes worth of sweaty TV for around 16 quid. Also from Jettisoundz there's 45 minutes of **Frenzy** on Just Passing Through, same price and both through Pinnacle.



COMPETITION TIME!

What's In The Bag is a wild 'zine that's a snip for 25p and a largish sae from Ian at 2 Gorse Close, Droitwich, Worcs. Wack-head graphics rub off on your fingers as you try to read about **The Wedding Present, CUD, Brilliant Corners, Big Black** and stuff. Bit like *Ug*, really.



FREAKSHOW FAVES

Mean photo of new Sheffield partners in crime **Richard Kirk** and **Peter Hope** (well, we think it is), to celebrate their **Hoodoo Talk** album that's finally been released on Native. Yowza!!



MURPHY'S OD

Not content with being in last month's issue, having a feature in this issue and having a new album out, **Murph** breaks into *Sub-Culture* by releasing the first CD pic disc. "This is it," he says.

continued over

SUB culture

Life and how to abuse it!



BLACKMAIL CORNER ONE!

This stylishly-attired combo are **B Troop** and we'll be printing more embarrassing pictures of them next month unless they send us some money.



BLACKMAIL CORNER TWO

This lady was in **Indians in Moscow** and now works for a well known record label. Can you write a suitably witty caption for this picture? Do you know which label she works for? Answers on a postcard to...



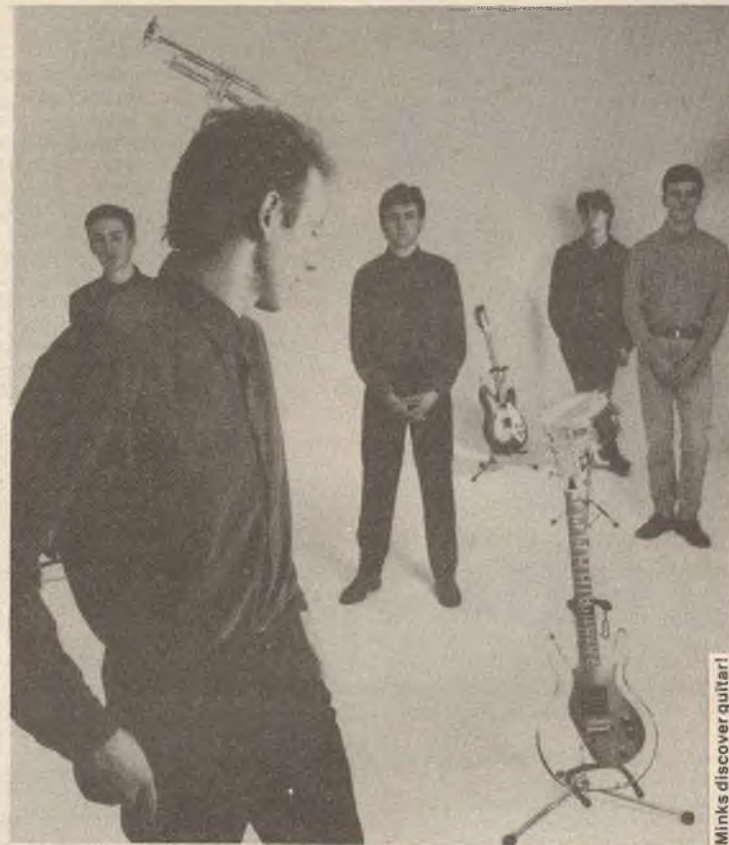
I LOVE YOU, SAMANTHA!

Issue four of **Samantha** is a riot of fax on 10,000 Maniacs, McCarthy, The Waltoners and Caretaker Race and it also comes with a flexi by Rare Breed. All for a skimpy 60p from Charlie, 73 High Street, Irchester, Northants NN9 7AA.

LEGENDARY ROCKIN' DATES: APRIL

- 1 Underground launched
- 4 Arthur Negus' deathday
- 11 American civil war began
- 22 Polydor pull out of signing Sex Pistols
- 24 Chocolate derationing day

FULL SCAM



Minks discover guitar!

MAKE MINE MINK!

Jasmine Minks are kings of heavy metal

The Jasmine Minks don't stuff toilet rolls down their trousers, they don't have laser light shows or dry ice at their sell out concerts. The Jasmine Minks play guitars. The Jasmine Minks wear vee-neck jumpers and Harrington jackets. The Jasmine Minks have been described as wishy-washy, appalling and derivative — they have also been described as pure, exciting and fresh. They have not, as far as I know, been compared to Status Quo or Van Halen.

■ Jim is the lead singer of the Jasmine Minks, and he's sitting beside me in a cafe just outside Victoria Station, blowing on his cappacino, telling me about his band. The band, that are... the Dire Straits of indie-pop.

BAT OUT OF HELL
Jim bears no resemblance to Meat Loaf whatsoever. But there was a time when he thought that The Jasmine Minks would be bigger.

■ "When we released Where The Traffic Goes, we knew it was a great record, we thought we were going to be the new Beatles. One massive leap from the Living Room to Shea Stadium."

■ It didn't happen — but rock 'n' roll guru, Peter Powell, did play one of their first singles.

■ "He called it a jingle."

■ It was. Under two minutes of sheer joy — entitled What's Happening? — one

of the finest pop records ever, and I mean that with the sincerity usually only found on a Marillion record.

■ "We'd work out what was expected of us in the press and then we'd do the opposite. When everyone was softening up we went total punk rock."

■ This obsession with running in the opposite direction to everyone else has lead them to loathe "technology", "synthesisers" and "computers". Their new LP, *Another Age*, although brilliant in every aspect, sounds totally out of date.

■ "We're a modern band."

■ And my name's Jon Bon Jovi.

■ "These studio effects that people use, they're just gimmicks. We want to create a sound that's ours, we don't want to create a sound from £20,000 and a box."

SCREAM UNTIL YOU LIKE IT!

"There's only one sound you can get out of a synthesiser, but there's so many sounds you can get out of a guitar — each person gets a different sound."

■ Is your attitude nostalgic?

■ "We're an electric band. I've got no sentiments for the past. I want to get on with doing something for now. Most chart bands are just using sentimental nostalgia. They are trying to create an atmosphere you can just relax into. Music which basically isn't music —

WE ARE

Ut scrape back the



Ut emerged out of the New York no wave movement in 1978. This was a small community of artists and musicians stretching the limits of noise, people like DNA, Teenage Jesus And The Jerks, and Mars. Sonic Youth appeared out of the same guitar-induced mayhem about two years later.

■ And now Ut have joined Sonic Youth on Blast First and their latest release is an uncompromising double 12 inch package called *In Guts House*, made up of strange songs and guitar noises ranging from the indecipherable *Hotel* to the acid beauty of *Evangelist*.

■ "We did two 12 inchers because it goes in deeper that way, it made sense in terms of the songs and the order."

■ True it would be hard to take the whole thing in as two sides of an LP. It's not exactly easy listening.

■ "There's more to it than sound, we're playing *feeling*. The things that can be done with a guitar, emotionally, are endless. Basically, we are attracted to things that are deeper than surface comprehension. We don't write formula subject songs, there are many layers,

just cushions coming out of the speakers. Which is the opposite, I hope, of what the Jasmine Minks are all about."

THOSE CRAZY, CRAZY, CRAZY NIGHTS?

1987 saw no vinyl releases from the Minks, but the rock 'n' roll lifestyle didn't completely die. The band played more gigs than ever before, discovering new faith and reason at every turn. Live they definitely come into their own and there is absolutely no way you could call them wishy washy.

■ "We played a gig in France last year. We had to stretch a 35 minute set into an hour and a half. We ended up making things up as we went along. We did that one, er, *Rubber balls keep on bouncing back to me*."

■ Of all the songs you could have done...

■ "Yeah, but it had a lot more sexual connotations than the original."

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

Jim has never met Freddie Mercury, but I have and I thought he was a fabulous showbiz personality. Anyway, this is beside the point. The Jasmine Minks are a band with balls. If I was going to be thick I'd call them a mod band, if I was going to be clever I'd call them a soul band.

■ "Soul is a word that should be used sparingly. Soul has become a type of music, not the feeling put into it. Most so called 'soul' bands are 'soul-less'. But I'd like to think we were a soul band. Yes."

■ Describe your LP in one word.

■ "Feeling. That's what went into it. Not money — that's for sure!" **Johnny Dee**

FAMILY

sound of no wave!



Ut: in the dark?

an element of mystery. That way the music grows on you more and lasts much longer. Bob Dylan and Jim Morrison were just as obscure; we're attacking the language, we love double meanings."

- You make it sound really arty, more poetry than pop.
- "No, basically we're a rock band, three people working together as a unit. And don't mention feminism! Just because we're girls everybody brings it up. We just want to be considered as a band."
- In a way Ut are the *perfect* rock group. Not afraid to swap roles, each playing different instruments on different songs to get the sound they want. But they can't afford to be full time musicians. So have they ever thought of doing some more commercial tracks to try and make some money?
- "We did think of doing something under a different name but then we heard a Bangles single and changed our minds. The group is not just a hobby, but we can't tailor our music just to make money. We hate groups like Bananarama. They're so dumb, it's not much better than being a Playboy bunny."
- Part of the problem for groups like Ut is the support system in Britain.
- "The UK is in the middle ages in terms of funding the arts. Europe is much better. People are more open, they treat you well, and pay better. We don't sell more records in Europe but the live scene is certainly much healthier, especially in Eastern Europe. We've played in Poland and Hungary and they don't have a hang-up about mixing rock and art, they're not jaded. The Poles are very passionate people and they appreciate anything passionate."
- Whether you like the noise that Ut make or not, you have to admit that they are dedicated to their form of extreme art-rock.
- "We're always experimenting, we're intuitive rather than conceptual."
- What?
- "We just do things, we don't work it out first."
- Oh, I see.
- "Being in a band is like marriage. There is a very strong bond between us, and there is a very compelling number. There's no room for anybody to hide, we all have to work, there's no fat."
- Do you get on outside the group?
- "We're together all the time. I suppose it's more like sisters than being married."
- Ut are important because they believe in themselves and their music. They stretch the boundaries of sense and sound. They are a modern group making a modern noise, together. The perfect family. **Christopher Mellor**

SLUM CHUMS!

King Of The Slums on the fiddle

A song explodes. After which, we find an intriguing kind of chaos. A wayward violin flies all over the place, the vicious, jagged edges of its tone remain aggressive and, frankly, callous. The rhythm section attempts, and fails, to batten down the hatches while the vocalist pours out an endless stream of neurotic lyrical imagery, which is either downbeat surrealism or sneering cynicism, depending on your point of view.

■ As you may have gathered, King Of The Slums sound like nothing else on earth. They are not even a noise band, for within their overall cacophony lies a bewildering maze of melodic twists. What's more, and this can be most irritating, these twists tend to lodge in your mind and draw you back to the sound of King Of The Slums, again, again and again. You will find this sound sprawled ungainly across a recent EP on *Debris* magazine's Dave Haslam's Play Hard label, entitled, somewhat conceitedly, England's Finest Hopes. The song titles, as I never tire of stating, say it all. The Pennine Spitter, Venerate Me Utterly, Bedevilment's Favourite Son... Regular Radio 2 listeners need not be alarmed. King Of The Slums will not be hogging your airtime.



Slumming it in Lancs

- I meet the nucleus of this strange unit, Charley Keigher and Sarah Curtis (Charley is responsible for the street poetry, the songwriting and the odd passing guitar, Sarah for that bloody violin) within the hyper-trendy surroundings of Manchester's Cornerhouse arts centre. The pair are profoundly uncomfortable in this environment and, I can tell, are yearning for some austere tap room in Gorton. King Of The Slums are *not* yuppies. Sarah studied violin (to Grade Eight) at the prestigious Royal Northern College Of Music before dropping out (now, there's a phrase I'd like to see brought back into vogue) at the final furlong. The only question I want to ask upon hearing this is, why?
- Sarah: "Why? Oh, it was because Charley hit someone from the College and they said that, after that, I wouldn't stand a chance of getting my diploma. I didn't mind. I really want it to be known that I hated that place and everything it stands for."
- This is an unexpected outburst, as it happens, despite the violence of her violin. Sarah Curtis is of a reserved, if intense nature. Charley, on the other hand, is a slightly louder, but curious character. He's a Mancunian, through and through. He dislikes practically all modern music and professes to "hate students". He doesn't really mean it, though.
- "I'm obsessed with lamposts," he states, quite seriously. "They seem to indicate the past. I really love those old gas ones, they are so evocative."
- I enquire, rather tentatively, just how this lampost-loving Charley manages to write such strange songs...with such strange lyrics?
- "I write all the time, really. I have written over 400 songs and, yes, it is really frustrating to be writing songs so far in advance of what is being released. I started years ago, I was so naive in those days. I remember going down to CBS with my guitar and nothing else, no lyrics. I just played them these really dodgy songs and expected a contract."
- So, he is human after all, this Charley. Perhaps he doesn't know that everyone who has been involved with a band has, at some time in the past, similarly made a fool of themselves in that CBS office.
- I first heard King Of The Slums some two years ago, when they were called Slum Cathedral User. A Fallish name if ever I heard one, although Charley will hate me for saying that. I stumbled across their demo tape among a pile of over 200, for I was a judge in some dreadful local band competition. (Believe me, listening intently to 200 demo tapes, 199 of which all sounded like The Smiths, was a truly harrowing experience.) Slum Cathedral User leapt aggressively from the pack. They won the competition. In a sense, King Of The Slums are still leaping from the pack today, albeit on a larger scale. But it hasn't been easy.
- Charley: "We've played some weird gigs, all on a shoestring. One of them was at this club in Manchester. We had no idea what kind of club it was but we just walked in and asked for a gig. To our amazement we were given six weekly spots. We thought, that was it, the big breakthrough. But people just stared in disbelief. We were fired after a couple of gigs."
- And people, I suppose, are still staring in disbelief. Sarah, though, wants to have another moan. This time it's not at the expense of the Royal Northern College of Music, it's at people like me, who flinch at that vicious violin.
- "It really annoys me when people say the violin in noise, because it isn't. We think it sounds really good, really melodic."
- Err...
- Charley: "That's right. I think we are really accessible, very tuneful."
- There's no answer to that. Just this once, I will admit defeat. I'm flummoxed. **Mick Middles**

SUB culture

Life and how to abuse it!

VAGUE



20: TELEVISIONAIRES: £2.50

VAGUENESS AND STUFF!

Vague issue numero 20 surfaces for £2.50 from good book shops and Rough Trade and features the usual over-printed m \acute{e} ll \acute{e} . This time it focuses on unrest in all points east of Stoke Newington, loosely catching the drift and title of Televisionaires. Recommended and intense reading, indeed!



MYSTERIOUS FISH!

So, who are The Fish Hildas, and where did their record come from? This mysterious seven inch, *How I Itch To Stitch My Pitch*, sounds like a wide-eyed Kerouac crooning over a Spike Jones jazz track. It's strange and no mistake and if seen should be grabbed and cherished.



PSYCHOANALYSIS COSTS CASH!

Psychoanalysis II is a new Jesus And Mary Chain fanzine that runs to nearly 100 pages and will cost a staggering £4.65. Not officially endorsed by the Reids or WEA, it can be obtained from A Moir, 23 Fairbank Avenue, Orpington, Kent BR6 8JY or from Rough Trade's groovy shopette.

continued over

SUB culture

Life and how to abuse it!



PRESIDENTIAL CERTS

This multi-national team are **Person To Person**, who received due attention in a recent issue for their fabbo single Red!. We at *Underground* would just like to give them our seal of approval and say that, er, well... we saw them first.



LIMITED EDITION SCANDAL!

Exotic, existential process noise merchants, **The Plate Programme**, release the second of six cassettes in a limited edition of 20. Titled **Bond In The Shade**, it reels through **Spycatcher** and retails at a spritely £5 from Magic Mixture Records, Balham Indoor Market, Bedford Hill, London SW12. Obscure, or what?



BLACK MARKET ROCK! This is a replica of a **Wedding Present Town And Country** ticket from last month. They changed hands for £20 a throw outside. This one arrived in our office three days after the gig. **Bastards.**



THAT'S A PRINT

Mute Film is launched with a **Depeche Mode** short entitled **Strange**. Comprising Super 8 and 16mm footage shot and directed by photographer **Anton Corbijn**, it's strong on black and white thoughtful illusion if lacking a little in storyline. Still, it's good fun to watch which is the main thing.

ADITO

AO Records (rue Albert de Latour, 30, 1030 Bruxelles, Belgium)

● 1/2 Understated new rock that's given an airy closet space by the male/female vocal exchanges. **ADITO** obviously stands for something, but the foreign tongue gives little away — other than that this four-piece have an aural view much wider than pompous pop. There isn't a lot of hope for acceptance on the cynical western front, but this is a nice, balanced album, a textured wheel rather than an industrious cog. **Ripley**

THE ANIMAL CRACKERS

So Paint A Map On My Face

Wild Orange WO 002 (Herzogstrasse 88, 8000 Munchen 40, West Germany) ●● A six track mini-LP from this German four-piece who briefly tickled the fancies of *Underground* with their **Small Loud Song 45**. That, in all its pop finery, is featured here, and as the guitars chime and the momentum picks up, the Crackers' distinctive new rock style cushions the proceedings like a comfy jumper that's just the right side of beatnik. Not colossal yet, but on the right autobahn. **Johnny Eager**

BIFF BANG POW!

Love Is Forever

Creation CRE 029

●● 1/4 Undoubtedly **Biff Bang Pow!**'s most outstanding platter to date, **Love Is Forever** is one of those contemporary pop sets that's underwritten with just enough body motions from the past to give it that all important staying power. There's a guitar line that could have come straight from the soundtrack to **The Graduate**, a string quartet-ambience that's oh-so Neil Young, a time change that's pure Love — but, best of all, **Love Is Forever** boasts a good ten tunes that're strong enough to become heartbreak tearjerkers for a new generation of swooning lonely hearts. **Biff Bang Pow!** may not be the most enigmatic of leather trouser wearers but they're pure Alan Bleasdale in a sea of **Catchphrase** game shows. **Dave Henderson**

BIOTA

Tinct

Recommended Records RRC31

●● American experiments in sound conducted by Americans with a reputation for their art. **Biota** is one of those names that lurks in the racks at your local megastore and looks a little too difficult to try — like a pizza topped with fruit as well as savouries. There's no particular noticeboard to pin them down on either, neither the musicians collective or the school of absurdists seem quite right, instead **Biota** have a place all their own, challenging, offering alternatives, breaking new ground. **Tinct** is a fine work, five tracks of seemingly seamless construction, an epic soundtrack — no less! **Dave Henderson**

THE BLUE HIPPOS

Forty Forty

Twin-Tone TTR 87124

●● 1/2 There's an edgy selection

and change-of-direction running through this **Blue Hippos LP**. These US tinklers have had some good press as they've risen to the level of auspicious left fielders, but where does one go from there? Well, these mud-wallowers have opted to get intense as they fuse strains of jazz, beat, rock, new wave, country (you name it!). Best of all, the resultant gumbo is something more than cheese on toast. A fine musical album that boasts a melody or three of style and a collection of tunes of unquenchable quality. **Dave Henderson**

BREAKING CIRCUS

Smokers Paradise

Homestead HMS 092

●● 2/3 A hard guitar band with swatches of six string noise in abundance. The Hüsks, JAMC and Big Black tip a nod at **Breaking Circus** and utter a word of encouragement into their ravaged earholes. A six track pack, it kicks off with style and an instrumental theme of 'epic rock' proportions, ending with a muscular pulsater that shakes a fist under your nose and berates some "son of a bitch" who would be well advised to avoid that razor-edged geetar. You, on the other hand, should check out the 'angle' they're coming in from. **Daz Iggmeth**

THE BRILLIANT CORNERS

Somebody Up There likes Me

McQueen

● 1/2 The same seems to have been floating around the subconscious forever; so, too, does the music. Which is to say that this LP is consistent in its summery, undemanding pop, but never really grasps the awareness enough to fully impress.

Two problems spring to mind, the lack of variation and depth in the vocal, and the uninspired nature of the lyrics. Good points are that they can actually write a good tune, sort of **Haircut 100** meets **The Smiths**, albeit in a very undramatic vein, making them sound just a little too subdued and laid back. With a kick up the bum and some good production, there's certainly something there to be milked, with nice touches like the sax sound and overall cleanness of it. Just put a bit of fire in yer loins, lads! This is supposed to be fun! **Carole Linfield**

CARMAIG DE FOREST

Six Live Cuts

New Rose ROSE 143

● 2/3 There's a little bit of embarrassing driveling high between tracks as **Carmaig** seems intent on reproducing the ambience of the **Velvets** at **Max's Kansas City**. The six tracks were recorded in late October and reveal the good bar-room rockin' sound that **America** excels at — whereas the UK's attempts invariably sink into pub rock self-abuse. **Six Live Cuts** was probably better on the night, would be great as a bootleg cassette but lacks a little finish on vinyl. **Johnny Eager**

CCCP

Socialismo E Barbarie

Virgin Italy CCCP 005

●● 1/2 Rumours are rife that **Virgin UK** are set to release this Italian megablast in the UK, so a little hounding might prove to be to the

world's advantage with regards to securing that possibility. **CCCP** have grown from radical punk roots into something of an extreme theatre soap, but it's the music here that makes their outspoken prose — albeit in Italian — really bite. This is an album that blends the bloodrush of punk noise with the tempered folk roots of **CCCP's** environment, and the end result is a reactionary chemistry that has an incredibly unique sound. What they're on about isn't easy to understand, but you just know they're a little pissed off about something. **Dave Henderson**

THE CHAINSAW ZOMBIES

Obsession

Accelerating Blue Fish ACCLP 05

●● First glance and listen might say **Bauhaus**, but subsequent plays reveal that **The Chainsaw Zombies** are into... **Bauhaus**. To their credit they've developed the slim **Murph** moan to a new, more gritty level, but that bare chested consumptive torso could be just behind the speaker. A cult record that'll go down well in Euro leather circles — from where they hail — but will do little in **Blighty**. Enjoyable but still a little undefined. **Nick Brody**

BILLY CHILDISH AND SEXTON MING

Plump Prizes And Little Gems

Hangman HANG 10 UP

●● Either the emperor's new clothes or **Gillingham** pulling off a dramatic clinching goal in the sixth round of the **FA Cup** away to **Liverpool**. . . either way, this new fusion of the talents and tribulations of **Billy and Sexy** is oddball. An album that revolves around a **Bonzo Dog/Zappa** freakiness that's played on tuba and tambourine (well, almost) is a real alternative! This is wildly different, challenging and never boring. More power to their elbow, more variation and more style in the charts, please! We can but hope. **Dave Henderson**

CHILDISH AND MING

Ypres 1917 Overture

Hangman HANG12UP

● The **Holmes and Baker** of modern day rock produce a minimal set of overtures for piano and harmonium that tell the tragedy of war.

Unfortunately the master tapes weren't destroyed at **Flanders**. **Brenda Collins**

CHRIST ON PARADE

A Mind Is A Terrible Thing

Mind Matter THOUGHT 9

● Monosyllabic punky thrash from **California**. **Christ On Parade** exude angst but only a few chords, they also have little imagination in terms of song structure and delivery. A live band worth gobbing at, but a household listen that's less inspiring than a new can opener. **TC Wall**

CINDYTALK

In This World

Midnight Music CHIME 00.27S/

CHIME 00.28S ● 1/2 This is a coherent though unexciting blend of esoteric background music and aggressive attack. Whereas some will find the juxtaposition challenging, I only find it grating, and the filmic quality of the music is not beauti-

21 UNDERGROUND

EVOLUTIONS

Distribution initials are as follows:

- B** Backs | **C** Cartel | **Ch** Charly | **FF** Fast Forward | **Je** 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

ful enough to sustain interest. Film soundtracks are difficult enough, but when they lack all idea of the visual they have to be truly exceptional to work. This LP then, which uses cut ups, histrionics and sometimes doomy atmospherics, lacks direction. Some nice noises in there, though, and a few lilting melodies, but I found the violent attacks too self-conscious and ultimately unnecessary. **Carole Linfield**

COMEBUCKLEY

To Tim Buckley

Because Of You Boy 001 **Rec**

C ●●● A six track homage to Tim that allows this septet to dissect and re-assemble some of Buckley's songs so that a new generation, and perhaps a new set of musicologists, can sample the writing and performance style of a unique talent. That Buckley has reached legendary status and spawned many a deep-rooted depresso to create something quite moving and emotional themselves is a good thing in itself, and that Comebuckley can perform and present it so well is even better. Beyond art-rock lies a new form of beauty. Well, this old hippy thinks that might be true. . . **Dave Henderson**

COPERNICUS

Deeper

Nevermore 2087 (Box 170150, NY 11217, USA) ●●½ If Nick Cave had been brought up on jazz and beer then he would sound like this. Copernicus is a far out beat poet backed by a whole host of musicians and noise makers. There are little symbols printed on the sleeve to tell you if the music and lyrics were improvised, and most of it was. My favourite tracks are Oh God, 52 glorious seconds of the man screaming just that, and Disco Days Are Over, totally spontaneous with three vocalists and 17 musicians. Very strange. **Christopher Mellor**

PETER COYLE

A Slap In The Face Of Public Taste

Edietsa CALCLP037 **RR C**

●● But, Alice, this adventure is just too bizarre. OK, picture the scene. . . Peter Coyle used to be in The Lotus Eaters. Imagine he takes loads of

drugs and develops some intense scribble. He's really into Aubrey Beardsley, he knows his onions when it comes to pre-War outcasts and their versions of popular literature. He then makes an album. . . no, a double album, a semi-commercial soiree, a mixed up, tense and terse onslaught. Mr Coyle doesn't make it easy. . . he makes it hard, but *that's* good. This double set is intoxicating, an experience worth inhaling that smells much sweeter than Sinex and lasts a whole lot longer. Challenging but good. **Dave Henderson**

CUDU

Delivery

Materiali Sonori maso 33039

RR C ●●½ Through the disharmonic ambience of Cudu, one might expect a cover of Velvet Underground's Sweet Jane to stick out like a sore thumb, but, to their credit, that piece, plus the seven self-penned tracks, have a unique quality which straddles an obscurist bent in instrumental terms, while relying on accessible — almost filmic — phrases to reel in the listener. Delivery is a complete package which defies description, while climbing new musical heights. **Dave Henderson**

TOUMANI DIABATE

Kaira

Hannibal HNBL 1338

●¾ Hailed as one of Mali's top exponents of the Kora, Toumani is one of the younger virtuosos of this plinky stringed thing. The five pieces included display his rolling style while throbbing and humming of while almost looped, near-ambient mood floats on underneath. Hardly the beginning of an ultra-vibing new movement, but a cog in today's development for sure. **Nick Brody**

DIE SACHE

The Girl Who Stole The Eiffel Tower

Fab Records FAB-ML10 **B C**

●½ A great title for an album, but this German group's light pop songs, with squeaky-clean verse/chorus construction, does little or nothing as it treads a few too many well-worn themes. A modernist view of life, it struggles with the English language, making the end product a little less than polished. The story

● **TACKY PLUS** Lacking in finish

DRAB No bullets, means no hope

gets even more fuzzy with the inclusion of a Stock Aitken Waterman-penned song, leading to the conclusion that Die Sache need to be a little more selective in who they choose as bed partners. **Johnny Eager**

THE DONNER PARTY

The Donner Party

Cryptovision CRL 1400 **Sh**

●●¾ This has been out a while, maybe three months, but it sure deserves your time, money, love and affection. The Donner Party aren't in

fact some strange Turkish dish that's hailed in north London, they're from the States and will, undoubtedly, be dropped in a REM-style pool for comparison. That's a shame really as, even though they write strong commercial songs in that vein, they have a lyrical and instrumental style all of their own. This debut is rich with visions of countrylands, tinged with the heat of the sun and the desert swirl, a parching hum in the ears that's well worth consulting a doctor about. **Dave Henderson**

ALBUM OF THE MONTH



THROWING MUSES

House Tornado

4AD cad802 **RR C** ●●● This is one we'll all have to live with for years to come. Throwing Muses have reached another stage in their development, making all comers redundant in the process. House Tornado is an important LP that's tense, emotional and evocative. Immersed in the Muses' minds is a sensitive but accessible vision that revolves around Kristen's intense vocals and the intertwined strands of each individual's instrumental contributions.

Throwing Muses have transcended their highly acclaimed back catalogue, moving majestically into a more vibrant, more readily available, more hooked sound — which manages to retain their haunting melodic structures. The frightening thing is this album is so good. Constant plays don't show up any flaws and the projections for future tangents are so exciting that you can't help but feel that this is going to be another mighty successful year for the band and their label. **Dave Henderson**

FRENZY

Live At The 100 Club

Nervous Records NERD 033

● Which comes with a free colour poster of possibly the worst collage I've ever seen, featuring the band, assorted boarding passes, various 'lads' and enough tattooed skin to make several pairs of fashionable boots with. Oh, and the customary toilet shot. So now you know.

The punkabilly rivvums of this lot are actually reasonably accomplished, even if I am put off by the overriding laddishness of it all, and they certainly give value for money, cramming eleven tracks into the set, including a version of Roxy Music's Love Is The Drug which features a ludicrous drum beat. Musically, they sound something like a punkabilly version of The Ruts, but at least seem to give the audience a good time. Whether you will enjoy it or not is doubtful; this really is one for the hardcore fans only.

Frenzy are, alas, no more, and I suspect 'musical differences' were brought to bear on the band. It was fun, though, wasn't it, lads? Something to tell the grandchildren about, anyway. **Carole Linfield**

FRED FRITH

The Technology Of Tears

Rec Rec Music Rec20 **Rec C**

●● A double set, featuring the work of Frith for dance and theatre, that may surprise a few passing spectators. Fred's weirder, more unorthodox material seems to have been laid

to rest on sides one and two where turntables are played along with structured pieces, while on side three the fare could almost be classical. The best is side four, though, a flurry of sound sketches under the banner heading of propaganda, with 14 snippets of music in loop, percussive, ambient mode that somehow flow together — remembering that they're all intensely diverse. Why, there's even a slice of supermarket music in there. Just like everyday life, isn't it? **Dave Henderson**

GUANA BATZ

Rough Edges

ID NOSE20 **Rec C** ● 1/2 There's no denying that Guana Batz are perfect at what they do. They're superb exponents of rockabilly, but were born just a little too late. Later releases have suggested that they might be moving into more challenging, less obvious areas, but in Rough Edges they've opted to return wholeheartedly to what they're best at — grade A rockabilly. Now, if that's your bag, this full colour monster can be yours on both album, cassette and CD. How it matches up to the old masters of the genre is something each punter alone will have to wrestle with, but if you want your 'billy without the clicks, then this is for you. **Johnny Eager**

HANGMAN'S BEAUTIFUL

DAUGHTERS

Trash Mantra

Dreamworld **RT C** ● 3/4 A mini-LP from the realms of Dan Treacy,

with warbling girlie vocal and lots going on behind to the point of being messy. Things get straightened out in time for the more lilting Cats Got Nine, in which the vocal gets echoed and overdubbed to a pleasing degree, but the male-sung Something About Today sounds distorted, particularly the backing vocal, despite the fact that it has the bones of a good tune. Pared down, this could be interesting, but as it is, there's too many ideas being thrown in, and the result doesn't yet gel. **Carole Linfield**

HAREM SCAREM

Pilgrim's Progress

Au-go-go ANDA 55 **Sh** ● More from the Australian onslaught, this time ensconced in rock and heady guitars. Harem Scarem, it seems, have their feet planted in the '60s, with their heads well and truly in the '80s, producing a heavy, adult music that's a little too male and muscular for my liking.

What they do, though, they do well, with a gruff vocal by Christopher Marshall that gives the proceedings a certain heavyweight authority, while the guitars, by (presumably his brother) Charles Marshall and Barry Palmer, jangle on in the background. Nicest touch is the occasionally echoing harmonica, which gives a Dylan-esque feel to the proceedings.

Harem Scarem are at their best when they're being dramatic and heartseeking (like on Lowdown) and at their lowest when being pure rockers (like on Cold Change). If they listen a little less to Bad Company, they could progress. **Carole Linfield**



HONOLULU MOUNTAIN DAFFODILS

Tequila Dementia

Zinger Records ZINLP4 **P**

●● 3/4 As their name suggests, the HMD's gather together a selection of seemingly irrelevant ideas and mulch them into one entertaining whole. There's no info with the package, and I can only grope in the dark as to their identity thanks to their no publicity stance, but although the address is London, the sound is, to my ears, more American than British. What do we have? Well, if I said Alice Cooper meets the Walker Brothers, would you have me locked up? Yeah, it's all here, from gravel vocals to pleasant instrumentals to some excellent esoteric stuff, two most notables being (I Feel Like A) Francis Bacon Painting and Collector Of Souls.

Nice touch is the sub-HM Mule Brain (Brain Of Mule), which displays a deft sense of humour. Only Disturbo Charger sounds too raw, presenting an overly grating attack.

Lots to commend it, then... so who are you? **Carole Linfield**



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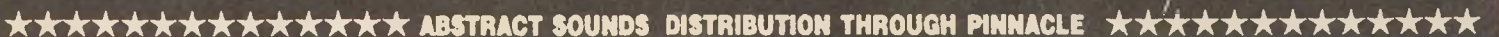
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ABSTRACT SOUNDS DISTRIBUTION THROUGH PINNACLE

THE HUNTERS CLUB

Too Far Gone Too Turn Around

Trashcan Records THC LP 1 **CG**

NM ● A six track mini LP from more trashers from Leicester way — is it something they put in the water? Suffice it to say that people who have seen this band live think them the bee's elbows, particularly since they're four mean, leather clad honchos. Six tracks here include a truly uninspired cover of Bachman Turner Overdrive's 'Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet' which is weaker than gnat's piss, though the remainder at least begins to kick the dust a bit with steady, early '70s type rockin'. They're probably more serious about it than they even give themselves credit for, but I must admit I don't find enough freshness in here for my liking. Any genre, no matter how purposely clichéd, needs something new added, and this lot have been out of the fridge just too long to come out smelling sweet. But then, that's the point, I guess. **Carole Linfield**

LIVE SKULL

Dusted

Homestead HMS090-1 **CG**

●● Live Skull's monstrous grating sounds from their early days were a savage, enmeshed mass. A wall of noise that spiralled in, casting jagged talons and ripping at the thin



mesh covering the speaker. That was the guitar battles that were... and now, this latest album sees them just as intense, but throwing in a few more standardised chord songs to enable their music to veer closer to a point of greater access. For reference, Dusted could be seen as Patti Smith Group/Television-type new

wave played in overdrive, with a welded guitar head battering at the door. Live Skull add a modern, Soniclife arching motion, which gives it that vital thrusting propulsion that's necessary to blast through the lacklustre opposition, burning holes as they go. Wow! **Brad Manson**

THE LONESOME STRANGERS

Lonesome Pine

Special Delivery SPD 1012

NM **CG** ●● Americans with a message! The Lonesome Strangers sound like deadringers for the contemporary descendants of The Dillards. Fleetingly twangy and ever-embracing, they electrify the standard bluegrass style and bring it up to a more moderne tempo. If such a thing disgusts you, just take a listen to their cover of Here Comes The Night and you'll soon realise that it was actually Jason And The Scorchers and their wave who were the bastardisation of the genre. The Lonesome Strangers are a formidable outfit with a song worth hearing. **Dave Henderson**

LUL

Inside Little Orphan Annie

Eksakt 036 (5038 BC, Tilburg, Holland)

●● Lui have the knack of the noise. They steam into gear with their heads reeling through a sea of SST records, banging their feet on their guitars like Minutemen used to, breaking their strings as they shift time pattern, stop and start, change their minds. Inside Little Orphan Annie is uncomfortable enough to be interesting, annoying enough to be listenable, and creative enough to let Lul into a few more hearts. Not heavy metal, but heavy handed (and handsome). **Ripley**

THE MAGIC BASTARDS

The Magic Bastards

Crook Cassettes BAST 2 **CG**

●¾ A strange pot pourri of noises and atmospheres, with mostly unstructured yet coherent songs battling their way to your ears. The backbone is very post punk, with the vocal alternately grating and tuneful, but the feel is very '80s, as if the influences of the past decade have been absorbed carefully and then brought to bear here. There's an evident sense of humour here, too, with lines like "my inside is trying to get out... ", all sung in a bouncy rhythm.

Not instant, by any means, but insistent, and interesting. **Carole Linfield**

MASTER/SLAVE RELATIONSHIP

This Lubricious Love

RRRecords RRR-MSR (151 Paige Street, Lowell, Ma 01852, USA)

●¾ Master/Slave Relationship aren't an everyday team. The leather and whips guys would make this LP the anthem of Skin Two if they could get their clammy hands on it, but let's talk discipline... and remember, I'm a lady! MSR are from America and side one of this industri-romp is a post-TG noise, gas taps turning, thrusting synths and sexual titles, but they're just teasing. Side two takes the bullwhip by the teeth and gets to grips with full-scale sexual encounter, from gruesome twosome talk through to wheezing and grunting... the backing is minimal, the magic is the mood, and **Debbie Jaffe**



— the cog of this rampant revolution — makes the plastic melt. This Lubricious Love is a sex game more erotic than Twister. **Ripley**

THE MEKONS

So Good It Hurts

Cooking Vinyl SIN 008 **RR** **CG**

●●● Since the dawn of time (and before), The Mekons have been soundly, and resolutely, giving vent to their emotions on political and personal terms. Did you know they were once on Virgin? Well, apart from that they've learnt to play their guitars over the years and, more recently, have become a byword for the better parts of the country/folk revival. On this new LP they've mounted a new peak that's immediately accessible, then outrageously engaging. The musical styles vary, the production never falters — allowing all manner of moods to float on by — and the realisation that this is a group who're set to be-

come rather huge cannot be ignored. An exceptional record. **Nick Brody**



THE MEMBRANES

Kiss Ass Godhead

Glass GLALP 028 **NM** **CG**

●●¼ Irreverent Gooniechaps, The Membranes seem to have been there or thereabouts since the year dot — creating neanderthal rock 'n' roll, overheating their toast, fusing their amplifiers and being generally ludicrous in their approach. What's more they're also very English, very humorous in a *Coronation Street* style, laughing at catchphrases, pulling faces behind the surrealists' backs. On Kiss Ass Godhead, they start with an inbullt self-destruct, a Steve Albini production credit and a wall of sound that's pretty damn difficult to penetrate. The Membranes will never make easy listening music and it's difficult to gauge whether they'll attract new fans with this album, but it is one of the most phenomenal rackets you're likely to get your head pummelled by. **Dave Henderson**

MAN KLAN

Flesh Machine

Wire Records WRLP007 ●● Lots of ideas and an underlying feeling of menace gives Man Klan their appeal, with a fine female vocal providing the focal point. The direction is one of understated psychopathy and barely hinted at sexuality, with a montage of guitars adding a frayed lunacy and driving beat. Each track could stand admirably on its own, all of which does, conversely, mean that as an album this is all rather overwhelming. There is variety, sure, but perhaps Carita Palmroos should occasionally step back and give her artistry a little more room. Like on

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Love Child, which is good, but would have been excellent but for a few more dramatic pauses. Still, all the signals are that this combo has a good ear for a tune and a nice line in delivery. With a little more self control, this lot could wield a nicely jagged edge. **Carole Linfield**

MIGHTY MIGHTY

Sharks

Chapter 22 CHAPLP 24 **NM C**

● 1/2 A game of two halves, Brend, in which Mighty Mighty cast several personality crises to the wind and ask... can we be pop stars? Well, on this display, there's a definite chance. Sharks sucks in places. It gets twee, self-emulsifying, grottyly over-romantic and yeuchy, but then there are four or so neat tunes that whittle away at the whistling buds and just about make it all worthwhile.



If The Housemartins can make embarrassing jumpers and soccer trendy again, then there's hope for the pop of Mighty Mighty — providing that they can admit to themselves that they're good songwriters who'll never wear leather trousers with pride. Mighty Mighty play boy-next-door tunes for boys next door. Yum. **Brenda Collins**

MINIMAL MAN

Hunger Is All She Has Ever Known

Play It Again Sam BIAS 71

1/2 Mainly atmospheric and rather dreary, self-centred stuff which doesn't live up to the promise of the esotericism of the title. This is neither intensive listening or background music, with the likes of A Little Surrender really just being the jottings of a song not yet fully realised, and I Heard being more like a confusion of unhinged sounds. With work, more depth and structure, they could harvest more, like on the opener, Interviews, which is much livelier and more amenable all round. The rest just ain't my bag. **Carole Linfield**

MOVE

Move

A&D A&D1 **EE C** ● 1/4 Move's Euro posturing sees them struggle through a series of tongues and styles to create an emanately listenable/intriguing LP. In their native land, Italy I think, they're probably seen as being reasonably inventive and forward looking, but in the context of world affairs they're in non-league status. Move seem to have been caught while still in the first throes of puberty; they need time, and a release schedule that allows them to develop. **Nick Brody**

PETER MURPHY

Love Hysteria

Beggars Banquet BEGA 92

● 3/4 Well, this isn't the unstructured, ambling ambience you might have expected from the ex-Bauhaus cheekbones. Instead, this is a coherent, tuneful package with tracks which are, on the whole, pretty listenable. The increase in self-discipline means there's a lot less of that po-faced droning, although the easternised tones of Socrates The Python comes close (and isn't, as I'd hoped, a song about a snake glove puppet made out of a sock). Instead, there's some nice, deft touches, like the prime track, the romantic Indigo Eyes, which includes a sharp hook and wouldn't sound out of place covered by The Bangles. Sure, a lot of the tracks here also need living with before becoming permanent fixtures, but ultimately it's worth the investment, especially if it also gets the feet moving, like the Bowie-esque tones lurking out of Blind Sublime. And speaking of the thin white one, there's also a jolly fine version of the Bowie/Pop Fun Time, which lends a suitably climactic ending to the proceedings. **Carole Linfield**

PANIC IN SLUMBERLAND

Solitaire Forever

Ja! Music Ja! 0018 (Ja! Music, Dombergstr. 4, D-5800 Hagen 1)

● 1/4 "We live at night/We die at dawn/Making fools out of ourselves/Cold — bored/Nocturnal brigades" (Nocturnal Brigades).

Presumably a lyric inspired after having spent an evening observing the pose, drink, puke routine constantly in progress at the Limelight's VIP bar! Panic In Slumberland deal in atmospherics, which work most effectively on this track and Dream-dancing (In Front Of The Gates Of Hell). There's an insistent quality here which induces that emotional paradox we experience in our most vivid nightmares — compulsive fear. Other redeeming features are its ability to communicate on vinyl, its potent live energy and those charmingly pronounced words spoken in English with just a tinge of Teutonic! **Alex Kadis**



PERE UBU

The Tenement Year

Mercury/Phonogram ●●● The revived, revitalised and revisited Pere Ubu sound even more like a haunting soundtrack to David Lynch's quirky *Eraserhead* flick on this 11 track set, which sees them forget about their mature years, instead returning wholeheartedly to their more formative near-childlike period. Bozo's might blurt, 'Oh yeah, I went off them after Modern Dance', and to a certain

STRUM

That lump on the cover is a cassette! Yes, an absolutely free 30 minute spool-out that's come to you courtesy of our wages, the goodness of several record companies and the nice people who make chrome tape. But, what are these bands up to now and what do they look like? Well, I'll let you into a secret...

THE RAW HERBS *She's A Nurse*

A brill track from this four-piece. It was their first 45 for Medium Cool, next up they have two tracks on a MC LP comp and their latest single, Don't Bury Me Yet, is brill.



THE WEDDING PRESENT *Give My Love To Kevin*

A reworked version of this track from their excellent George Best LP, produced by Chris Allison and suggesting that they've got a lot more character up their sleeve. This lot are gonna be BIG! Their new single, Nobody's Twisting Your Arm, is super-doooper.



MIAOW! *Belle Vue*

A very old cut from before they joined Factory and did two marvy singles for them. Belle Vue was on their own label, Venus. They've since reshaped their line up and leading smile, Cath Carroll, looks set to be the new Sandie Shaw. Hooray!



THE VANDALS *Ladykiller*

These lot are an obscure Aussie crew who turned up on Hybrid three or so years ago. This track was on their first LP, When In Rome Do As The Vandals, and on a Hybrid comp which also featured Guadalcanal Diary and Spikes among others. It is their finest three mins and 42 secs.



THE HOUSEMARTINS *You Better Be Doubtful*

A strumbling smirk from their The People Who Grinned Themselves To Death LP — a parting shot from a band who knew when to call it a day. PD Fenton intends to do something and, er, well I suppose the others do too.



THE GO-BETWEENS *Karen*

A classic Reed-esque cut from their seminal Able label down-under period. Check the nearby pic for their pre-flares flare-wearing exploits and marvel at their other fine LPs and 45s on Beggars Banquet.



STUPIDS *Leave Your Mark*

An alternate mix from the Van Stupid LP — with a different geeeetaar break and different words — sees these skating East Anglian honchos break fingernails. They'll be doing 70 LPs this year and touring with The Hard-Ons.



ALEX CHILTON *No Sex*

An AIDS-aware message from the man who sang The Letter and wrote September Gurls. No Sex creaped out last year on New Rose; Alex currently has a single out called Dalai Lama.



listomania

EURO DANCE FIVE

- 1 **PERFECT CIRCLE** *The Invincible Spirit* Zyx
- 2 **POUPEE MECANIQUE** *Die Form* New Rose
- 3 **EVERYBODY'S CRAZY (EXCEPT US)** *Greater Than One* K=K
- 4 **THE MAN IN YOUR LIFE** *English Boy On The Love Ranch* New Rose
- 5 **I Von Magnet** Sculptured

Compiled by Mickey at 101, Holland

KSPC 3000 WATTS FIVE

- 1 **MISSION OF BURMA** *Taang EP*
- 2 **KILLDOZER** *Touch And Go LP*
- 3 **THE CREEPERS** *Fundamental LP*
- 4 **SWANS** *Caroline double LP*
- 5 **THE WEDDING PRESENT** *Reception*

Compiled by Holly Kindel, KSPC, Pomona College, CA

NO COMMERCIAL POTENTIAL FIVE

- 1 **JACKAMO** *Annie Anxiety Bandez* One Little Indian
- 2 **THE BIG INDUSTRY** *Roger Miller* Ace Of Hearts
- 3 **LUCIANO** *The Hafler Trio* Touch
- 4 **DECORATIONS OF DUMA** *Pump* Final Image
- 5 **THE WORLD IS MY WOMB** *Nocturnal Emissions* Earthly Delights

Compiled by Liz O'Mara, WZBC, Boston

BOSTON BIG FIVE SEVEN INCHERS

- 1 **VANILLA BLUE** *Naked Raygun* Bulkhead
- 2 **7,000 TIMES** *Hunting Sleeve* Bulkhead
- 3 **STUFF THE TURKEY** *Allen Sex Fiend* Scarecrow
- 4 **JIM MORRISON** *Fly Ashtray* Sob Story
- 5 **DANDY** *When People Think* Tree

Compiled by WZBC, Boston

MODERN ROCK FIVE

- 1 **IMMOBILIZE** *Mkultra* Mute
- 2 **FORCE OF HABIT** *Leather Nun* IRS
- 3 **PLAY MESENKO COMBO** *C-Cat Trance* Ink
- 4 **I WILL REFUSE** *Pailhead* Wax Trax
- 5 **A GOOD NIGHT OUT** *Test Dept* Some Bizzare

Compiled from most played records on WZBC, Boston

UG STORE GUIDE

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 SOUNDS AROUND, Rue Ecole De Medecine 6, 1205 Geneva, Switzerland
 SOUND WAVES, 18 Church Street, Monmouth, Gwent
 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).

degree I did. . . mainly because I never got round to hearing those albums till much later. . . then they seemed to lack the clout. But The Tenement Year is classic Ubu, with that annoyingly groovy synth, David Thomas's bizarre visionary outbursts and those unkempt rhythm changes making it all flounder, haphazardly, together. Superb! Dave Henderson



PIXIES

Surfer Rosa

4AD CAD803 **C** ●● $\frac{3}{5}$ It must have been a daunting prospect, following the tremendous Come On Pilgrim mini-album, but Pixies, a group still in their tender years, more than justify the early acclaim with Surfer Rosa, while skilfully opening a hall full of diverse doors to shuffle into. The mood is embracing, welcoming, but the playing remains loose and twisting, able to create heady atmospherics. The songs are well crafted, well delivered sketches which embrace commercial ideals as well as bizarre left-field out of control moments. Pixies play with massed venom, and with the volume on full, Surfer Rosa snags at your heels, grasping for attention. The penultimate track on side one sums it all up, it is a Godhead experience, it blurts "Gigantic". These Americans soon will be. Love it to death! Dave Henderson

PLAYHOUSE

Gazebo Princes

Twin Tone TTR 87131 **RTS**
 ● $\frac{2}{3}$ Guitars eventually switch to overload as Playhouse rev it on out the window on Wake Up. As proceedings have developed the story runs the gamut of popular rock 'n' roll — throwing a hat in the air for everything from country swing to thrash — the end result sounding neither near nor far from either. Playhouse have a tatty notebook of sideswipes that looks good on paper, sounds great over a beer, but never attains religious brutality on vinyl. They're knocking at the door, but at the moment there's no-one home. TC Wall

POORS OF REIGN

Plenty

Lo Type LO5 **PT** **C** ● Poors Of Reign are in the suburbs of a new renaissance in pop songwriting. They also fancy themselves as spokespeople for their bank balance/social standing and, eventually no doubt, as potential new wave/rock icons. Perhaps in isolation these things might not seem bad at all, but Poors Of Reign certainly prove that such diverse motivations don't gel, and trying to create colossal new rock music on a limited budget, while still besotted with their

contemporaries' success, is a near impossible goal. For that, Poors Of Reign languish in no-man's land, with ideas and a certain amount of presence and political clout, but unfortunately, it seems the bus to town has been temporarily delayed. Dave Henderson

RIFLE SPORT

White

Ruthless Records RS016 **SH**
 ● $\frac{1}{4}$ Oh, this is just an *awkward* album. Rifle Sport have a knack of wobbling off the shelf, smashing their grinding rhythms and moody melodies into a million pieces every time you think that you might just be getting hooked. White's the kind of post Joy Division LP that might catch cross-references, but in truth it bears nothing of that ilk, just a spoiling potential which isn't always desirable. White is like putting salt into a mouth ulcer, a tequila and lime too far. . . Dave Henderson

SHOCK THERAPY

My Unshakeable Belief

Fundamental SAVE 45 **RR** **C**
 ● $\frac{1}{3}$ Shock Therapy's debut album follows last year's mini-set in further developing the dark visionary shroud of vocalist Gregory John McCormick. A strange mix of chunky guitars and chubby electronic plinky bits, the album never really reaches a climactic noise level, which inevitably sees the collected Shockists juggling to keep control. On this showing, Shock Therapy are one of those new wave US combos who seem destined to disappear rapidly after a brief flurry of Stateside popularity. Dave Henderson

SIGLO XX

Fear And Desire

Play It Again Sam BIAS 87 **RR** **C** ● More Europeans infatuated with the legacy of Joy Division. Siglo XX begin quite well but soon shuffle down the slippery pole of doom and gloom. These guys live for downers and make music to turn down the most uplifted brow. But, whereas someone like The Wolfgang Press can create a tense, hesitant, vibed-up sound that wallows in its own desperation, Siglo XX seem to only be capable of puncturing their vacuous void. There's nothing more than an inward-looking repetition here, which might be fine for some people, but it's not enough for me. Nick Brody

SMEGMA

Nattering Naybobs Of Negativity

Dead Man's Curve DMC 012 **RR** **C** ● $\frac{23}{25}$ Yes, erm, aah, very odd. Distorted horns, looped bubbling, babies through an acid kaleidoscope, snatches of this and pinches of that plus only Smegma know what. Easy listening? Listen, forget it. Listen again and it's still bloody strange.

This band have discovered that an electric blender and some recordings make an hallucinogenic milkshake that's full of lumps and bits that stick in the throat. Full of peaks and troughs like some dreamy layer cake-type experience. Phew!

Close your eyes, relax your muscles and try not to imagine things

alternately interesting then horrible. Let the Dire Straits generation eat Smegma! Yeeuch. **Daz Igy meth**

SONOKO

La Debutante

Crammed CRAM 056 **NM G**

●● Sonoko is sultry and Japanese, presenting her salty tales of love and life stretched, in nursery rhyme-style, over simplistic sounds — a music box, a tiny beat — and a sympathetically lush production. La Debutante boasts tender moments, mini-operettas and covers of diverse anthems, like In Heaven from David Lynch's Eraserhead and the rock 'n' roll standard I Love How You Love Me... the end result is an arresting sideways look at affairs of the heart, a bracingly personal release. Delicate and disturbingly grasping. **TC Wall**

SPAZZTIC BLURR

Before And After

Earache MOSH 5 **Re G**

●● 1/3 A big, brash album from this Oregon crew who have a strange sense of humour that liberally shows its face through the holocaustic guitar barrage. A laugh, a smile, a touch of toilet humour and some frantically explosive rhythms make the songs on this record really stand out. Compared to Stupids/Hard-Ons et al, Spazztic Blurr are a little further removed, like a cross between The Goons and Black Flag at 78. Either way, this is a side-splitter of high quality, not to be missed. **Johnny Eager**

STEAMING COILS

Never Creak

Rotary Totem RTRLP06 (36131/2

West 4th Street, Los Angeles, CA 90020, USA) ●●● Everything from the sleeve to the run out groove of this album smells of self-indulgent art taking self-pity on itself by making self-centred records. It's not Residents-friendly, it's not ambient and different, it's just a total mismatch of ideas, musical cultures and styles. After 11 or 12 plays I still can't think of anything to say other than this is something that everyone should experience if only to toss it across the room and frame the sleeve. **Dave Henderson**

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

Live And Loud

Link Records LINKLP026 **PRT**

● 1/2 The revived and revitalised Stiffies who toured at the tail end of last year, caught live on a good night. Now slicker and more succinct than their former days, they can still cut a rug when it comes to candid political observations, and in Jake Burns they always had a forceable frontman. The edgy hesitancy is long gone, which is a shame in a way, and some of the tracks are, dare I say, a little comfortable at times. Plucky all the same. **Brenda Collins**

27 DEVILS JOKING

Actual Toons

Fundamental SAVE 048 **RR G**

● The Devils feature Chip Holz, a current Roky Erickson band drummer, and do a tastefully respectful version of the man's Two Headed Dog, but you can't help but feel that the rest of this geezer acid-test is less

well conceived. Brian Curley's heads-down guitar make this trio a jagged dog-eared throb that's hurried and exposed — with just too many rock-out phrases for comfort. **TC Wall**



VARIOUS

Great Moments Of Vinyl History

Special Delivery SPM 1009

NM G ●●● A torrid tale of the intrepid A Kershaw — philosopher, traveller and stuff — as is explained more fully on page 37. A sultry 12 track collection showing the rootsy soul of natives from places as far apart as Sierra Leone and Barking, Essex, with a few others thrown in for good measure. On show are styles and talents that might have otherwise gone unheeded, and names that've been dropped but probably never scooped up and caressed by most people as yet. SE Rogie, Barrence Whitfield, Dwight Yoakham, Orchestra Baobab, the list is endless, the enjoyment is extreme. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Narodna

Touch T33.7 **RT G** ● 2/3 A collection of music from Albania, Croatia, Macedonia and Siberia might sound a little daunting, but this tastefully packaged cassette-only release is remarkably intoxicating once you unspool into it. Folk and ethnic sketches are brazenly thrown against each other as stringed things go plink and rhythms scatter. Undoubtedly not one for those with weak earlobes. **Nick Brody**



VARIOUS

QED

NL Centrum NLC 001 **RR G**

●●● A double LP set with a bonus single that features a whole conglomeration of lefty talents, whose prime motivation is viewed from the other side of the glass. These are people who skate on the other side of the ice.

On show are recordings of the highest individuality from a string of names as strange as their approach to music. Sample and dissolve into Laibach, Die Form, Z'ev, SPK, Der Pla, Chris And Cosey, Het Zweet, The Haffler Trio, P16 D4, Neubauten and a whole lorryload more. Get the drift? See the glint of the jewelled crowbar? Enjoy! **Brad Manson**

VARIOUS

Second Belgian 6T's Boom!

Waterloo Sunset/007 Records **P**

●● What a strange and un-uniformed album this is! Dealing with the Belgian bands of Flemish rather than French extraction, when it's good it damn near knocks the socks clean off your feet but, oh my, when it's bad... Opening track by The Sandmen should fall into the latter category with its horribly predictable handclaps and limp three chord thrash but it saves itself from a fate only less marginally worse than death through sheer enthusiasm and relentless opus!

Some Kinda Weird borrow those handclaps and appear to do little else to recommend themselves. But they're not the only borrowers; the three chord thrash rears its limiting little head on The Voner's Lawrence too. Moments of exceptional glory come frequently, however, and most noticeably with The Martian's brand of joyous R&B, complete with rasping harmonica. The truly brilliant Your Loving by The Office demands multi-play, as do both offerings from The Rockforts who seem to have an endless reserve of energy and musical wisdom. We have The Spanks to thank ultimately for their variation on the theme with the hard-hitting Low-Down, which is straight from reverb city and as potent as hell! **Alex Kadis**

VARIOUS

Song And Legend

Abstract AABT 700 **P**

●● 2/3 There's a story of independent endeavour on show with this double LP set. About a year ago the German label Gap started to compile a comprehensive set of tracks by bands from all over the world — a kind of tome of the times, with music of all angst-ridden kinds featured. This end result features 29 acts, spans four extremely creative sides and now gets a domestic UK release through Abstract.

The quality is high throughout and inevitably some of the lesser-spotted combos provide the most spectacular cuts. From the 29, obvious highlights come from New Model Army, The Leather Nun, Sort Sol, The Vylies, Band Of Holy Joy, Abwärts, Helios Creed and a whole bundle more... so take some time to envelop yourself in Song And Legend, it'll be an educational experience, to say the least. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Songs I Like To Sing

RRRecords STATAP 08 (151

Paige Street, Lowell, Ma 01852, USA) ●●● This 60 minute cassette will get you out and singing! Some of America's strangest sons tackle the hits of the monster generation, and boy, are there industrial corpses lying all over this one! Culturcide provide We're An Industrial Band from their Tacky Souvenirs LP, while Brian Ladd butchers Mahogany Rush's I'm Going Away, Blitzoids dissect I Called The Witchdoctor, Doc Wor Mirran gets unspeakable over Heart Of Gold, Shut Up clammer to the grave of Hey Joe and a cast of thousands convince that splatter music is the thang. Eat your heart out Bananarama, this is where the ball game starts! **Brad Manson**

VARIOUS

Used And Recommended By

White Label L-38822 **RTS** ● A strange hybrid from festival-frenzied Australia, featuring a riot of strumming bronzed chaps and Nick Cave — whose sore thumb is not being sucked. A celebration of The Hollow Men (no, not the Brits or the Americans), Harem Scarem, Not Drowning, But Waving, Hunters And Collectors, Chris Bailey and more, which has no cohesion and only shines with the name Shower Scene From Psycho — unfortunately their contribution is a pale cover of Jefferson Airplane's White Rabbit. Huh, nothing much to celebrate here. **Nick Brody**

THE WILD SWANS

The Wild Swans

WEA ● 3/4 More sweet tasting pop tones, melted together successfully into a palatable whole, if not a unique one. The Wild Swans like hook lines and use them with great effectiveness, making all the songs easy bedfellows. They like empathetic subject matter, like undying love (the very good Archangel) and the plight of the running down of the top half of the country (the rather more bland Northern England). But the name that springs to mind is OMD, although in that band's less bland moments, which means there are times where that does make them sound, well, a bit dated. They're definitely, though, a singles band; certainly stuff like Mythical Beast could crawl into the charts. A useful sampler of their goods, then. **Carole Linfield**

X RAY POP

Psychedelik Dolls

RRRecords RRR018 (151 Paige

Street, Lowell, Ma 01852, USA) ●● This quartet of French eccentrics play quirky pop with electronic buttons and bows. Ten songs create a sleazy attic sound that's spiced by some clever arrangements and effects, and created by the vocals of Zouka and Pam Pam. Not a Pepsi And Shirley, hardly a Strawberry Switchblade, but haunting nonetheless. **Dave Henderson**

JOHN ZORN

Spillane

Nonesuch/Elektra 979 172-1

●● A much talked about dude is John Zorn... and rightly so. Here he takes chances and throws down a few musical styles in the eclectic search for sound montage, and ends up with three distinctive pieces. Spillane is hard on the heels of soundtrack music — take Angel Heart for instance — with all styles thrown in; Two-Lane Highway adopts the same ideas but uses Albert Collins' guitar to lead it through, while Forbidden Fruit trades the Kronos Quartet string sound with scratching. On paper it sounds great, but it doesn't all come off. There's been a lot of people fondling the same ideas for a good dozen years and this is nothing new, merely a different variation. Enjoyable nonetheless. **Dave Henderson**

SIRRR

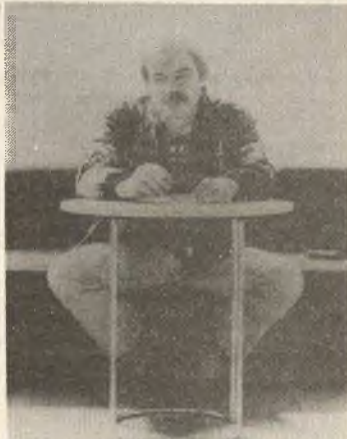
RRRECORDS
151 PAIGE STREET
LOWELL, MA 01852 USA

BOY DIRT CAR MERZBOW BLACKHOUSE
 MASTER/SLAVE RELATIONSHIP SMERSH
 SLEEP CHAMBER WOMEN OF THE SS
 P16.D4 ESPLENDOR GEOMETRICO PGR
 YIVENZA EPANT DONNES CURRENT 93
 NURSE WITH WOUND HAFLER TRIO
 UN DRAME MUSICAL INSTANTANE HNAS
 AMOR FATI BORBETOMAGUS HATERS
 MOSLANG/GUHL SMEGMA MUSLIMGAUZE
 JOHN WIGGINS CONTROLLED BLEEDING
 PSYCLONES/SCHLAFENGARTEN P231
 DUE PROCESS BRUITISTE TESTAMENT

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

RE-REWIND

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



TERRY ALLEN
Lubbock (On Everything)

Special Delivery SPT1007/8 **RM**
 Licensed from Fate Records in the States, this double first saw the light of day in 1978. Trailing through America, talking about bars, football stars and local town DJs, Allen's country drawl and lazy guitar-picking style relaxes the parts of the rubbery forehead that might otherwise have gone solid. This is a taste of driving America, a flatland farmer gets a namecheck, Allen stops in at the PTA, and life become everyday, but never mundane. This is a closely knit, inward-looking, self-exposing collection of tunes which bares Terry Allen's soul and offers a view of another world that most Europeans have only ever seen on the movie screen. **Johnny Eager**

and the title track. The rest is a motley collection of psychedelia-influenced, late '60s nostalgia from the Children, whose life history reads a little like a Comic Strip pastiche. Bolan's contributions, though small overall, are distinctly noticeable, while the confused direction of the sex 'n' drugs vs love and peace mentality of the band convolutes itself around the remainder of the relatively undated tracks.

Their manager, Simon Napier Bell, later to discover Wham!, of course, may not have made John's Children megastars, but their legacy still makes for interesting listening, particularly since some of the band's members went on to appear in Sparks and others in Radio Stars (Make A Man From A Rabbit, anyone?). **Carole Linfield**

JOHN LEE HOOKER
The Cream

Charly R&B CDX22 **CH** Deep rootsy John Lee, taken from a live show in California back in '77. Swaggering, heavily-salted blues and moody R&B are let loose over a heavyweight backing band, leaving John Lee to croon, swoon, pluck and please. The evening is slowly built into a fat-bellied, whisky-soaked chortle, with some tempered performances and some extrovert touches — the best example of which is the play off of minimal backing against vocals, and noisy guitar intro, on TB Sheets. A fine collection from the hands of a legendary figure. **Dave Henderson**

EDDIE BO
Check Mr Popeye

Edsel ED 259 **P** Piano balladeering with a upbeat punch, Eddie Bo launches a string of projects resulting from Edsel research into the old American Ric label with this album of exceptionally tasteful New Orleans rhythm and blues. A man with a rather prolific track record, Bo's enclosed contributions cover '50 to '62 and illustrate his narrative style of delivery — like on the title track where tales of Popeye and Olive Oyl fill the grooves. Eddie Bo's legacy is more in the bar-room bravado and sad tales zones, but it's compulsive listening nonetheless. **Dave Henderson**

TOMMY JARREL
Rainbow Sign

Fundamental SAVE 38 **RR** A recording from '84, taken from the Rebel catalogue and featuring the silver-haired Tommy Jarrel. An untrained fiddle-player, he finds his way around the resin and fretboard with ease and hollers up a storm in the kind of style us palid Europeans haven't heard since listening to out-takes from *Southern Comfort*. Cajun, bluegrass, call it what you will. . . Tommy Jarrel's music, accompanied by mandolin, guitar and banjo, is something from a region most of us are unlikely to frequent. A salty dog who'd give Jack Bennie a run for his ceeeeegar! **Dave Henderson**

JOHN'S CHILDREN
A Midnight's Scene

Bam Caruso KIRI 095 **Re**
 John's Children has achieved a certain notoriety as being one of the spawning grounds for the talent of one Marc Bolan; however in reality the star-spangled pixle only appeared on four tracks in the group's whole career, namely (the important and rather good) Desdemona, Sarah Crazy Child, Go-Go Girl


KANDA BONGO MAN
Amor Fou

Hannibal HNBL 1337 After his recent UK jaunt, plus the featured track on Virgin's Earthworks compilation Heartbeat Soukous, Hannibal have put together a six track set of some of Kanda Bongo Man's finest music. Those still stuck in the tentative Post-Paul Simon-Bhundu Boys-are-alright-but-which-other-African- so unds-can-I-dig-mode can rest assured that Amor Fou, with its con-

stantly rolling rhythms, tickling vocals and exquisite guitar, is the next station on the line. **Dave Henderson**

MAGMA

Udu Wudu

Decal LIK 18  Hmrrrrrrrr. Classic (?) rock operettas that omm along in eastern style, with plenty of pre-Hawkwind moans for good measure, doing little to explain why snooker supremo Steve Davis digs them so much. This space monster hails from '77, a time when the rest of the world was cocooned in Pistols tomfoolery... given the choice one can only hope that a Pistols revival follows again this time, too. **Nick Brody**




STEVE REICH

Early Works

Nonesuch/Elektra 979 169-1 Four pieces of classic Reich, ranging from the offbeat tape loop manipulation of *It's Gonna Rain* and *Come Out*, to the clattering interplay of two men clapping on *Clapping Music* and the looped beginnings of *Piano Phase*. The recordings stem from '65 to '72 and show the kind of experimental genius — in classic style and delivery — that would much later sound innovative and original when used by everyone from Hawkwind to Cabaret Voltaire and Chaka Khan, and in technique and end result, the more recent scratchers. Intriguing stuff that still stands up well — even though it now has many more contemporary bedfellows. **Dave Henderson**


TOMMY RIDGLEY

New Orleans King Of The Stroll

Edsel ED260  Taken from the Ric label, this 15 track set features early '60s material by Tommy Ridgley, who'd joined the label after serving time on Atlantic in the '50s. Seen as possibly his most fruitful time, the string of singles recounted here sees him live up to the monster title of king of stroll, laying down classic cut after classic up till late '62. The final two tracks are the A and B sides of a '64 John release which was, till now, incredibly difficult to get, so this is a valuable package for enthusiasts and music lovers alike. **Dave Henderson**

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR ELEVATORS



The Psychedelic Sounds Of...

Decal LIK 19  Phase one of the Elevators' acidic nightmare gets a timely re-release again — it made it out through Radar in the late '70s but disappeared after that label went bust — and it sounds quite contemporary, taking into account current

psychedelic sidesteps, some 22 years after it first saw the light of day. While Bobby Moore was drooling over the World Cup, The Thirteenth Floor Elevators were drugged out and mellow, producing short sharp bursts of tongue-tingling pop combusting like exploding gum against the roof of rock 'n' roll's grazed mouth. (Yeah, whatever you say... Ed.) **Brad Mason**



THIS HEAT


This Heat

These Records HEAT 1  

THIS HEAT


Deceit

These Records HEAT 2  

 Classics without a doubt. Formative sounds from the sub-industrial 'new music' days in which This Heat re-designed drum kits and developed a unique English-sounding industrial folk music — that had as much to do with TG and Can as it did with the cloth-capped gurning vocalists of the old school of traditional folk. The debut album features their live set of the time, which they perfected through numerous shows. This must be the finest version of it, with the studio cleanliness giving the proceedings more edge, while *Deceit* followed a more awkward, more blurred direction. It turned up, originally on Rough Trade, when This Heat looked to be a flavour to savour as we turned into the '80s. Sadly, funk in its many forms overtook the listening tendencies and the band seemed to disappear. As I say, these are timely reminders, and classics indeed. **Dave Henderson**


IKE AND TINA TURNER

Fingerpoppin'

Edsel ED243  A rollicking compilation of tracks from Ike and Tina's years at Warner Brothers, which cover several interesting areas, catching the duo — with teamsters — in live, basic studio and orchestrated situations. A fine soulful set of sounds, it particularly displays the raunchier excesses of the group in a live context — especially bringing out Tina's throaty vocals and Ike's strolling guitar style — where the whooping of the crowd enhances an already pulsing performance style. Finest cut, *Tell Her I'm Not Home*, also features a ragged talkover intro with a mock rhythm breakdown. Fine stuff indeed. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

If It Ain't A Hit, I'll Eat My...

Zu-Zazz Z2009  A strange, sexually frustrated plastic passion, featuring 11 tales of explicit drug and sex references from the blues, R&B, cajun and soul backwaters. How odd it is to hear The Clovers' doo-wop vocals on *The Rotten C***suckers Ball*, and to catch Jackie Wilson and Lavern Baker getting down on *Think Twice* with its references to *kissin' ass*, *cocaine*, *reefers* and the occasional buzz word. The going gets more left-field with *Boozoo Chavis*, *Snatch And The Poontangs* (probably the best track here), *The Blenders' Don't F*** Around With Love* and *Bullmose Jackson's Big Ten Inch*. Not for feminists in places, but mostly tongue-in-cheek (or thereabouts). **Johnny Eager**



YELLO

Solid Pleasure

Claro Que Si!

You Gotta Say Yes To Another

Excess

Stella

Phonogram re-issues Since the turn of the decade and the advent of the electronic boom, Swiss playboys Yello have consistently proved to be one of the most entertaining of the synthesiser groups.

While often the purveyors of the perfect beat, they have never particularly been about 'songs' as such, hence one major reason for their lack of UK Top 40 success, but they have always been about creating the perfect mood. Rarely does a Yello track last more than four minutes, thereby avoiding the trap of self-indulgence, and every so far LP has contained enough variation to satisfy most.

Their tasteful mixture of vocalist/self-publicist Dieter Meier's madcap humour, coupled with Boris Blank's technical expertise and vast array of gorgeous sounds in the studio, is envied by many of the electronic generation, and I doubt if another synth band has been sampled more often in recent years.

Phonogram have now, in their infinite wisdom, decided to bombard us with these low price re-issues of the first four full length Yello albums, and although a lot of the material here has been remixed and re-issued to dazzling effect on the double LP 1980-85 *The New Mix In One Go*, all of these records are well worth buying in their own right.

Only the first two are really currently difficult to obtain, reintroducing the early Yello at their most charming and low budget on such classics tracks as *Night Flanger*, from *Solid Pleasure*, and *Daily Disco*, from *Claro Que Si!*. But there is little point in singling out key tracks, as each record has a great feel to it and works well as a complete entity.

For the third and fourth albums they had the benefit of new toys and big record company backing, and it shows. Stiff Records originally gave *You Gotta Say Yes To Another Excess* a big push in 1983 and *I Love You and Lost Again* were almost hits. *Stella* followed the marvellous *Vicious Games* 12 inch (the LP version is sadly tame in comparison) and includes the luscious *Desire* and *Stalaktidrama* among its many treasures.

If you've heard a lot about Yello but don't really know where to start, or if last year's supreme *The Rhythm Divine* (with Shirley Bassey) whetted your appetite for more, then your best bet is to plump for *Stella* and work your way backwards. It's well worth the effort. If you're at all interested in '80s electronic music, then it's totally essential. **Alex Bastedo**

RE-PLAY

Antiques, curios and gems unearthed...



BOYS AND GIRLS SAY...

The French label, *L'Invitation Au Suicide*, has been responsible for picking up on some suitably bizarre and left-field outfits in its time, none more strange than *Party Boys*, a Los Angeles five piece consisting of two girls and three guys. Their album for the label, *No Aggro*, appeared through *New Rose* and was met by universal ignorance, but if you can find a copy around then this is something worth checking.

With a sleeve by *Savage Republic's Bruce Licher* and a sound a few steps more wired than the Sav's droney percussive daze, *Party Boys* play *Talking Heads* music through muffled speakers. If you can't find this masterwork then look out for a soon to arrive double of the group's finest moments which should sneak out on *Nate Starkman* in the States and on *Fundamental* (through *Red Rhino*) over here.



HELP ME, I'M FALLING...

With *The Fall* destined to be the spit on everyone's lip this year, there's a tasteful package currently available through *Factory's* video arm, *Ikon*, which catches them in semi-seminal mode, at around the time that *Brix* joined the group. Caught live and in some hilarious staged antics, they look like the sort of groovy group that you'd beg to have living next door to you. Featured tracks, through the *E Smith* mirth and *Brix* barage, include the happily-superb *Totally Wired*. Grab this gem through *Pinnacle*.

Sex Sex Sex and pop

The Flatmates get stimulated.

24 UNDERGROUND

Trees, fields, church spires, football grounds and terraced houses blur past the window. I'm on my way to visit The Flatmates, Bristol's premier pop band (according to some sources). I'm worried, what should I ask them? Should I ask Martin (guitar) why he wears glasses that Deidre Barlow wouldn't be seen dead in? Shall I ask their new drummer, Joel, if he's modelled himself on 'Snap' from the Rice Crispies cereal packet? Maybe I could ask Sarah (bass) where she gets her hair highlighted. Luckily, Debbie (vocals) won't be there, so I don't have to ask her how many journalists she's beaten up.

The Flatmates are not my favourite band, so it was with nervous trepidation that I stood on the doormat that proclaimed 'Subway House' and rang the doorbell. I needn't have worried, the bell chimed the opening bars of The Undertones' Teenage Kicks and Martin whisked open the door with a briefcase in his hand — straight to business! No messing!

Martin: "I don't think people hate The Flatmates, they hate the genre of music that we're in."

Sarah: "When people see us live, they have to admit they like us."
Why?

Martin: "We actually do a show live, we don't just look at our feet and act coy. We put a bit of rock 'n' roll spirit into it, a bit of energy — a bit of vitamin C."

"Now The Smiths have split up I think there's a desperate need for bands who sing about death."

These Flatmates have just released their fourth and finest single, Shimmer. A four track 12-inch EP with a real killer pop song entitled If Not For You hidden away on the B side — this song could have been written for Debbie Harry — it's a Festive 50 candidate for sure. The EP is a definite attempt to jettison the shambling associations of the last two years — a real production jobby.

Sarah: "Shimmer is epic, loud and exciting."

Martin: "It's about the destructive side of love. It progresses from being a love song in the first verse to a hate song in the second, to a suicide song in the last verse."

Sounds very morose.

Martin: "Now The Smiths have split up I think there's a desperate need for bands who sing about death."

So is this a huge leap forward for The Flatmates?

Martin: "A small step maybe, we have progressed. We've always wanted to be a pop band — a band to enjoy and dance to. One day, I hope we'll be making classic pop records. I think we have already, we just haven't sold that many."

So will Shimmer change all that, will it be up there with Mel And Kim? Will it be a hit?

Martin: "It'll be a hit with the kids."

Joel: "That's what counts, after all."

Sarah: "It'll be a hit with the mums."

A hit with grandmothers?

Sarah: "My Gran's got all our records. She hasn't got a record player so she just puts them on the sideboard and looks at the covers now and then."

Will it be a hit with dead people?

Martin: "It will be massive with dead people. I think it's important that people can relate to your lyrics. Dead people can really identify with our records."

Joel: "Necrophilia, now there's a dead interesting pastime."



The Flatmates — an Indie Bucks Fizz. . .?

"We'd rather be out in the middle of nowhere, pouring drugs and alcohol down our throats."

Since the C-86 disaster of bands being enthused over, signed to major labels and then flopping terribly, indie bands have had to carry a lot of heavy baggage with them. How do you feel about being labelled "twee", "wimps", "trainspotters", "amateurs", "limp"?

Martin: "We're quite an aggressive band."

Sarah: "No-one's ever called us wimps."

Martin: "There's a lot of things people say about indie bands that are true. Like they're badly produced and no-one in them can play. Most indie labels haven't got any money for 'good' production and most indie bands are new bands, so they're still learning to play their instruments."

Sarah: "Hopefully with Shimmer we'll lose that indie tag."

Martin: "People forget that there's loads of crappy jangly bands on majors too"



— Aztec Camera, Deacon Blue.”

Sarah: “Deacon Blue are good.”
And Aztec Camera.

Martin: “Oh, erm, alright.”

What do you hate most about the music biz?

Sarah: “I hate it when a band that’s doing nothing new gets chased by loads of record companies and signed up just because there’s a market already there for them. I also really hate hip-hop.”

Joel: “I hate the way people think that the indie chart is full of one kind of music. There’s dance music in the indie charts, avant garde, hip-hop, garage, Radio 2 disc jockeys singing about jogging. So why do you get called an ‘indie band’? That could mean anything, Cookie Crew are an ‘indie band’!”

The name Flatmates conjures up images of a friendly group of mates, mucking in with household chores, doing the washing-up on a rota basis, going to cafés and watching TV together. Not so. Martin owns his own house, Sarah is his tenant. Joel and Debbie live elsewhere. As for being friendly...?

Martin: “We’re quite an anti-social band. We don’t really like hanging out in ice cream parlours, sucking milkshakes with the kids. We’d rather be out in the middle of nowhere pouring drugs and alcohol down our throats. I’d like to live in a big farmhouse in the country. The sort of place where you can walk around the garden with no clothes on and writhe about on the lawn with a partner of your choice.”

The Flatmates see their progress so far as a kind of apprenticeship. They have yet to blossom forth with their full force. That will come with their debut album — no plans at the moment, but Martin has already decided its title.

Martin: “It’s going to be called G-Spot, sub-titled ‘... A Multiple Orgasm’. It’s going to be *that* good.”

That good?

Martin: “We’re not the sort of band who’ve been locked away in a studio for two years and will then come out in a blaze of publicity. We’re a band that started in the bedroom, got some songs together and eventually played them to our friends. That’s a basic rock ‘n’ roll tradition that’s lasted for 30 years. We’re basically a standard pop band. We’ve got no career strategy or anything.”

What’s The Flatmates’ greatest strength?

Martin: “We don’t write fillers. All of the songs on the Shimmer EP could be an A side, it’s the same with everything we’ve done.”

What’s the worst thing about being in The Flatmates?

Joel: “The other members of The Flatmates.”

Martin: “Not being able to find a decent toilet when we’re on tour.”

Sarah: “Martin sulking after he’s written a song, when Debbie laughs at it.”

“We’re beautiful people, we’re intelligent people, we’re sexy people. What more do you want?”

The Flatmates appear to have a very high regard for themselves — no bad thing in pop, since you have to sell yourselves. But some people get a bit carried away.

What’s the best thing about The Flatmates?

Martin: “It’s hard to pick one thing out of so many.”

Give us a list then.

Martin: “Such excellent tune-smiths, such ferocious guitar forté, consistently wonderful records, great live band, great studio band. . .”

So modest.

Sarah: “Great dress sense.”

I think that might be slightly sarcastic. Martin wasn’t exactly dashing in leather trousers.

Martin: “We’re beautiful people, we’re intelligent people, we’re sexy people. What more do you want?”

Sexy!?

Martin: “We’re the sexiest band in rock ‘n’ roll.”

You’ve got the biggest bottoms in rock ‘n’ roll.

Sarah: “Charming!”

Martin: “You don’t think we’re sexy then?”

No.

Martin: “I can think of thousands of bands who are less sexy than us.”

What’s your sex appeal then?

Martin: “Two gorgeous chicks and two hunky guys. We’re like Bucks Fizz — the sexy one, the thoughtful one, the raunchy one and the demure one.”

Martin obviously sees himself as the thoughtful one.

Martin: “We know about willies.”

Willies! Is this what you want to hear about in an *Underground* in-depth interview, readers?

Martin: “And we know what to do with them.”

Congratulations!

Martin: “We’re not a bunch of asexual anorak kids. There’s so many of these indie bands who are totally sexless. Rock ‘n’ roll is the musical side of teenage raunchiness — we satisfy that need. No-one can thrust and throb like us.”

Ho, hum.

“Morrissey would like to be spanked by George Formby with a ukulele.”

Honestly, I tried to get them on to other subjects like gardening, football, quadrophonics and tropical fish. But. . .

Martin: “If you dream of fish it means an imminent sexual encounter.”

I give up. Who do you fancy in pop music?

Joel: “I’m stumped, mate.”

Sarah: “John Cougar Mellancamp is quite nice, a bit chubby, though. Martin will say Belinda Carlisle.”

Martin: “No, it’s Tiffany this week. I think she’s great, everything pop music should be.”

What? Crap?

Martin: “She’s what the kids need.”

If you went on a date with Tiffany, where would you take her?

Martin: “Well she’s quite worldly, isn’t she? I think I’d take her on a jet somewhere, Paris or something — to a shopping mall, then a five star hotel.”

What’s your latest sexual fantasy?

Martin: “I’d like to shag to Shimmer.”

Joel: “I used to have loads of sexual fantasies.”

Martin: “But as he’s grown older the lust has worn out. Nowadays he’s happy with a pint of Tetley’s and a packet of crisps.”

What do you think is Morrissey’s fantasy?

Martin: “Oh, he’d probably like to be spanked by George Formby with a ukulele.”

It can’t all be sex. Is there any romance in The Flatmates’ lives?

Sarah: “We’re all very romantic. Martin’s just got engaged, isn’t that sweet?”

Martin: “Sssh, I’m a sex machine.”

That’s The Flatmates. Before I left, Martin took me to Bristol Museum for a cup of tea in their restaurant. For a moment he stared at a cabinet of toy steam trains and muttered something like “choo-choo” — draw your own conclusions. **Johnny Dee**



Flatmates l to r: Joel, Sarah, Martin and Debbie

Carole Linfield, Ripley, Nick Brody, Dave Henderson, Brenda Collins, TC Wall, Brad Manson, Anthony Farthing, Daz Lgymeth, Johnny Eager.

AGE OF CHANCE Take It! (Unlimited Credit Mix) **Virgin** Although it's got credentials, namely being a fusion of live DJ (Delirium's DJ Powercut), live group, backing group (Kings Of Pressure) and the mixed in cuts of My Uzi Weighs A Ton (no, I don't either), it still sounds drab and tired. And though it may be the first non-US act to be remixed by Hank Socklee and Chuck D, it still lacks vibrancy. **CL**

ALL BECAUSE THE LADY LOVES...



ALL BECAUSE THE LADY LOVES... If You Risk Nothing Sweet Release

RA C Songs of rebellion? Two girls singing up a storm, a guitar gets minimal in the background, and the rebounding prose slaps in the face of oncoming traffic. Lyrically precise and lovingly coupled. **R**

SYD BARRETT The Peel Sessions **Strange Fruit**

P Neolithic hippy pap that'll be lapped up by purists and/or freaks. Syd laughs behind his corduroy loons, he knows this sucks. Effervescing Elephants! Wow, cosmic. **NB**

BEAT HAPPENING Crashing Through 53rd & 3rd

FF C Offbeat singalong stuff that revolves around the eccentric Beats. Not a fully-fledged hi-time statement, more an inward-looking slice of Richman-esque self-appraisal. Psycho-analysis is a must. **NB**

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BLIND MICE It's Not Heaven Rodent (£1.75 from 6 Brookhampton Street, Ickleton, Saffron Walden, Essex CB10

1SP There's a glorious hook in this understated single... and there's a fine guitar line too. Best of all though is the majestically bananas drumming which constantly breaks through. Like The Chesterfields with Animal on skins. Fine stuff. **DH**

BLUBBERHOUSE Perfumed Paperback HT Records

PR C Floating in on a sea of lethargy, Blubberhouse relax the parts that other records intend to stimulate. This isn't twitchy rock blips, just lazy saxophone patterns that disappear into deep nothingness. **NB**

B MOVIE Nowhere Girl Wax

Records **B C** A rave from the electronic grave on mandarin vinyl! This limited edition 12 inch features a shaky early version of this latterday classic, as a kind of precursor to an early retro LP. Oh how those keyboards grate. **R**

BRADFORD Skin Storm

Village Records **RR C** For some reason I had Bradford down as being more akin to The Redskins, but this bitter tale of emotion, with all the room it's given, doesn't agree with that at all. The flipside's more uptempo drive suggests that Bradford might, in fact, have fallen foul of studio techniques a little. Either way, this is a promising start. **R**

THE BRILLIANT CORNERS

Teenage McQueen

RA C Twee pop with a George Chisholm brass break and some of the most kitsch arranging techniques since Simon Turner was a Jonathan King child prodigy. **DH**

BUZZCOCKS The Peel

Sessions **Strange Fruit P** A three track session from September 1977 when the Buzzcocks' sound was at its most influential and buzzsaw-like. Fast Cars and What Do I Get? retain the inevitable Pete Shelley seal of perfect guitar pop, while Pulse Beat displays their early will to experiment. Ten years old and still as fresh as they come. **DH**

THE CHESTERFIELDS

Goodbye Goodbye

Household **RA C** The Chesterfields launch their own label

with their strongest single since Ask Johnny Dee. A gloriously grown-up piece of irreverent pop music which slips off the turntable with all the ease of something slipping off the turntable. Grand, lads. Grand! **BC**

ALEX CHILTON Dalai Lama

New Rose **P** Alex's visionary rock/pop continues with another classic verse/chorus/riff/humalong bit. Dalai Lama comes in a limited edition of 5,000 double packs, so grab it quick as the rest of the tracks are just as tasty. **NB**

CLICK CLICK I Rage I Melt

Play It Again Sam **RR C** Filling a middle-eight between pop and primadonna electronics, Click Click's sawn-off rhythms and flowery lyrical borders are unconvincing and undefined. Not raging, just melting. **TC W**

CHRISTINE COLLISTER & CLIVE GREGSON I Wouldn't Treat A Dog Special Delivery

NM C The best track from Collister and Gregson's recent Mischief album, with the 12 inch replete with three previously unreleased tracks on the flipside. Powerfully orchestrated pop music that's raised to new heights through Christine Collister's lush vocal. **DH**



THE CORN DOLLIES Forever Steven Medium Cool

RR C A re-issue of their first single, now on 12 inch with three added flipside faves. As a prelude to their sure-to-be-brill debut album, this is a timely reminder of just how good The Corn Dollies can be. Ah, so young, so creative, so strummy and scrummy. **DH**

CUD The Peel Sessions

Strange Fruit **P** Without being derogatory, this really sounds like a Peel session. Frenetic guitar battles, rushed vocal tracks, a cover for laughs (of The Equals' You Sexy Thing) and two of the band's best cuts which turned up on their 12 inch for Reception. Raucous and ragged, spirited and spitting, but just what you'd expect from a talented group given one day in the studio. **NB**

THE DARLING BUDS Shame

On You Native **RR C** Perfectly thrown pot pourri of sweet and sweaty melodies. The Primitives will be cited as an influence, the buzzsaw guitar will detract from radio play, but these Buds have more to offer than piffing pop. Watch them go. **R**

DANIELLE DAX Janice Long

Session Night Tracks **P** Danielle seems to rise and fall more than the sun. High points have seen her in The Lemon Kittens, being sought after by the majors, acting in *Company Of Wolves* and playing a blinder at the ICA. At times she can get a little pompous, but this sub-psychedelic four track session is well on her good side. From '86 with upbeat power, then downbeat ambience. **NB**

THE DESERT WOLVES



THE DESERT WOLVES Speak To Me Rochelle Ugly Man

RR C Just their second 45 and already the Wolves seem destined to make it through the middle distance into some kind of pop acceptance. To their advantage they are exceedingly good songwriters and have the sleek veneer of a band who can arrange their notes in just about the right order. With a little bit of radio help, this could be the shape of sounds to come. **DH**

EASTER AND THE TOTEM Co-Conspirator Ideological

P Probing new wave with a poppy sheen, spiced by politically-aware lyricism. There's something cumbersome about this group's name, sound and delivery, but they have some cred ideas along the way. **DH**

EDEN Form Follows

Function Den **C** Desperados from Norfolk in begging plea to be on 4AD. This slushy string-soaked cry is almost the right side of twee nothingness to come in with creds intact, but just at the last minute a heavy-handed guitar flurry shatters the tasteful whine and cheesiness of it all. Tempting all the same. **DH**

VALUE ADDED THRASH!

• The new singles from **Into A Circle** and **The Janitors** launch Abstract Records' spring bargain scoop with initial quantities (the first 2,000 copies) of each 12 inch selling for the price of a seven inch. Hooray! The Janitors' Moonshine and Into A Circle's Evergreen (neither of the groups are very good at stringing sentences together) launch the idea and they'll be followed by 45s from **The Jeremiahs** and **The Incredible Zombie Rockers**. (All this through Pinnacle.)



EIRIN PERYGLUS Methyr OFN
RR C Finely-grafted pop power with a tricky electronic pulse triggering all the best moments. Sung in Welsh in an essential breathtaking rapture. Excellent. **NB**

ROKY ERICKSON AND EVILHOOK WILDLIFE You Don't Love Me Yet

Fundamental RR C A re-issue (it originally came out on New Rose) with Roky providing a perfecto, weepy rockbeat vocal that's more in the Bobby Vee/Gene Pitney line of business. A rock onslaught with the inevitable guitar rub holding close court, this is one of those classics that'll keep on turning up. **DH**

THE ESSENCE A Mirage

Midnight Music RT C The string break half way through, and a keen flamenco section, manages to lift the proceedings to mega-whooping proportions, but that doesn't quite give The Essence the right to crib early Cure so carefully. The Essence have the finishing which suggests they might one day adorn the same billboards as their idols, but a semester without Robert is a must at this point. **TC W**

FENTON WELLS Picture On

The Wall Pastell **RTS** A tastefully glancing guitar-pop tune from this German outfit who did a fine LP last year. The flipside sees them smother The Beatles' Ticket To Ride with due affection, suggesting that yet more fine fodder is set to wander from Germany's unpredictable music scene. **DH**

THE FLOWERPOT MEN Janice Long Session Night Tracks

F Sleazy backwater music from Adam Peters and Ben Watkins, culled from their session at the end of '86. Peters' electric cello and Ben Watkins' guitar and vocals make creepy voodoo sounds, aided by some reeling backing vocal lines from Margo Buchanan and Sam Brown. **DH**



GOD My Pal Au Go Go

SN Australian rock 'n' roll with the riffs turned up and the pointy shoes protruding. God have a lead *thang* called Joel Rock 'n' Rollo and he sings like he's face down in a car park. He also unleashes the meanest-most-minimal guitar solo halfway through My Pal. It makes God go deaf. It is good, God! **DH**

THE GREEN HORNETS Come

And Love Me Nobber And Tubbit (£2 from Green Hornets, Seaforth, Barton Field,

Lyminge, Folkestone, Kent) A four track showdown from this tacky four piece who're slap bang in the Milkshakes mode, vibing up the Cavern-esque rock 'n' roll groove, with no hope of mass adoration. Authentic and austere, with an affectionate look back in angst into the bargain. **BC**

JOHN HEGLEY AND THE POPTICIANS I Saw My Dinner On TV Glass Fish

RT C Madcap pop that's capable of straying into quirky Wire ground, then reels under a Tarby belly laugh. Hegley isn't precise enough to be Monochrome Set-worship and worldly, nor is he tuneful enough to be novel. His point is blunt... but his jokes are funny. **BM**



HOUSE GRINDER Rapdown

Prods In The Dark RT C Last poets in the whitey house, with a slice of The Bodhi Beat Poets, House Grinder have a mighty three tracker here, and loop it close enough to chart acceptance that you can believe Bruno Brooks might even dig this. Fine stuff! **R**

HOUSE OF LOVE Christine

Creation RT C This third single from Creation's finest begins life crawling but ends up soaring. A despairing core is continually shrouded by some sinister guitar noise, giving the song a powerful emotive edge. There are moments when Christine's undercurrent of frustration threatens to explode into an unholy mess, but somehow it manages to stay beautifully restrained. **AF**

INTO A CIRCLE Evergreen

Abstract F Into A Circle seem to have been hovering for ages but, if you asked, I couldn't have begun to describe how they sounded until this shiny poptone came bustling past me on the escalator. A fine tune that's got its hooks in the right places — and its melodies not far behind. **DH**

THE INVISIBLE RAY Ronnie Rocket Saturn (Angelo Plate Gaefestr 3, D-1000 Berlin 61,

West Germany) An anti-Reaganite song and dance that's more like Billy Joel with a metal guitarist along for the ride. The flip reveals an Iggy Pop mentality and a guitarist set loose and seeking to destroy. **DH**

THE JANITORS Moonshine

Abstract F A new single from The Janitors is always an event. Moonshine, of course, is no excep-

tion. Beneath the freeway, that chunky guitar is slipped from its sheath, and Denton's husky debonaire throat-wobbling does the rest. Yes, you can almost smell the leather. **DH**

THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA Blackout Plastic

Head RT C Wow! Loud, arrogant and angry stuff from the League — who first struck out in *Underground* some moons back in Tip Sheet. Now the sound is more abrasive, more upfront and, justifiably, more attention grabbing. Blackout is the kind of sound that grabs you by the ear and hurls you onto a bed of hot coals. **DH**

THE MAN FROM DELMONTE

Will Nobody Save

Louise? Ugly Man **RR C** A question worth pondering, plus a thumping ba, ba, ba, ba, ba brass break from this Mancunian tribe who have their hearts set on *Smash Hits* acceptance. A notch above the jangle and Mike Smith's approval, no doubt. **DH**

MCDONALD FLAK AND THE

ACK-ACK PACK Jack Me Some Crack Soho Girl

SP Hybrid house music with an English curl and a Kraftwerk wave. Tetchy and home-made but ultimately moving in the foot department. Swinging. **DH**

THE METEORS Somebody

Put Something In My

Drink Anagram F The Meteors' rendition of da Ramone bruddas toon and the weakest moment from the recent *Pure Psychobilly* epee. Much better are *Fire Fire* and *Bad Moon Rising* on the flip; worth having if you don't possess already. Tha's all. **DI**

MILLION MILES The Heart

Exile F Dedicated to a db, The Heart has all the resonant pop touches that such a "veteran" tunesmith would demand of his compadres. Million Miles are German, they struggle with the phrasing a little but have a fine line in pert pop. **DH**

THE MOSS POLES

Underground Idea F Not a homage to your fave mag, but a churning buzzsaw grind that's damp-squibbly and unsatisfying. The Moss Poles sound like Buzzcocks playing Tremeloes without the charisma of either. **NB**

PETER MURPHY All Night

Long Beggars Banquet A lolling popper from Peter. Now, having metamorphosed through the Roxy/Bowle/Japan machine, he seems intent on developing his own persona, which is craggy, culty and commercially viable too. Recommended ear food. **TC W**

THE MYSTERY GIRLS Swing

And Slide MGS RT C Flamboyant rock from former glam bods. A clicking beat that you know someone like Dave Lee Travis will like. A decent enough song and some reeling brass and female chorus lines. Nothing new here, officer! **BC**

THE OUTLINES Crimson

Baby Zap Zap (BP 36, 78160

Marley-le-roi, France) Leatherette homage to Bolan with a sprig of lg thrown over the shoulder to keep the evil rockers at bay. **NB**

CARLOS PERON Talks To The Nations LD

RR C Bland electronic pap from one third of Yello. **R**

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Christopher Mellor sees the smoke signals...

There's a revolution going on in the indie world. As sales of the traditional shambling indie single continue to decrease, the dance 12-inch is taking over. If you've got the groove you can get the sales. Not just crossover hits like **Bomb The Bass** and **Coldcut**, but other stuff by the **JAMs**, **Groove**, **T-Coy** and a growing number of other new groups.

So, now we know that there's more to dance music than just wimpy disco and songs about sex and gold and cars, let's dig out the def-est, hard-edged dance beats and start the tables turning.

Begin with **Gimme More (Much More)** from **Pankow** (Contempo, through Red Rhino). These people are Italy's answer to **DAF**, with plenty of macho sighs and sexy electronic beats. The B side, **Touch (I'm Your Bastard)**, is slower and more danceable, and both tracks are mixed by **Adrian Sherwood**.

The **McKenzies** have an industrial-electro-garage-pop 12 inch called **Mealy Mouth** out on **Ron Johnson**, with a B side scratched up, using all the familiar grooves, by **Graeme Park**. Graeme is the man behind **Submission Records** who recently released the fantastic **Submit (To The Beat)** by **Groove**.



The **JAMs** have been busy too. Their **Burn The Beat** revamp dub version of **Dance To The Music** by **Sly And The Family Stone** uses bits of **Michael Jackson** and **Acid Tracks** by **Phuture**.

And if you want to investigate acid house, because it really is some of the hardest, most uncompromising experimental electronic music around, get spaced out to these five:

- 1 GIVE IT TO ME **BAM BAM UK** SERIOUS
- 2 SO LET IT BE **HOuze! MIKE DUNN US WESTBROOK**
- 3 THE POKE **ADONIS UK WESTSIDE**
- 4 ACID TRACKS **PHUTURE US TRAX**
- 5 NUDE PHOTO 88 **DEREK MAY UK KOOLCAT**

Or try some new acid compilations — US stuff on **Acid Tracks (Westside)**, and UK material on **Acid Beats 1 (Warrior Records)**, which includes an acid washing machine remix of **Jackin' James** by **Jack Factory**. Also featuring UK house music is the compilation **Housemasters Vol 2** on **Koolcat**.

45 REVOLUTIONS

from previous page

financed and distributed single, that sparkles and shakes with a poppy originality that's been sadly lacking in the world recently. With guitars and a manic fiddle holding court, Mr Prod whoops up a storm and triggers the 'play it again' mechanism. **DH**

PAUL ROLAND Alice's

House Bam Caruso RR C More irreverent classicism from Paul, as **Tweedle Dum** and **Tweedle Dee** get a namecheck and thoughts of performance art psychedelia and **Syd Barrett's** bastard sons come to mind. Nothing new but some entertainingly glib lyrics here. **JE**

ROYAL FAMILY AND THE POOR

Restrained In A Moment

Gaia RR C A warmingly emotive single from **Mike Keane's** **Royal Family**. Flowing into a sea of drum patterns, a wilting vocal makes this atmospheric ballad into an accessible and desirable item. **Bracing. DH**

RUBY BLUE Because... Red

Flame NM C **Ruby Blue** make **T'Pau** look like the arthritic mountebanks that they are. This girl can sing, this band can write good, intelligent tunes, and they don't lean heavily on existing formulas to do it. The bad side of which is that it may take a while for their blend of folkie pop melody to carve a track for itself, but surely, it's only a matter of time. **CL**

SAREAN QUARTER Precious

Contempo RR C Faceless, floating rock music with a touch of psyche-lyricism and inspirational, but less-than-inspired, posturing from this four piece. **Sarean Quartet** play '70s mood that's not shining too brightly in early '88. **NB**

SCHWEFEL Metropolis

Amigo (Weiner Strasse 21, D-1000 Berlin 36, West Germany)

The second single from **Schwefel** sees the group heading down a chunky, churning passage with a hand raised in horror. **Numan** with electric guitars and a modernist and distant vocal delivery, **Schwefel** are something different again to emerge from Berlin. **DH**

THE SEERS Lightning

Strikes Rough Trade

RR C Glorification or condemnation of gun-toting hysterics, **Lightning Strikes** is powered by a histrionic rock facade which makes this plump guitar noise ideally clad for radical(?) radio and a touch of scandal. A good song in the latterday **Clash**, pre-big band **U2** mould that's effortlessly commercial. **BC**

THE SHAMEN Knature Of A

Girl Moksha NM C Phased sounds from the ever-inspiring **Shamen**. Members of the church of sub-genius are floating through the ether with a translucent vision that isn't easy at all, but **The Sha-**

men do it all with so much style that you can't help but dig them to the ground. **R**

SON OF SAM Hallelujah!

Geronimo! Explay Rouska

RR C After their phenom-album, **Son Of Sam** show us their teeth on this hardcore dance slab that slaps the face of public taste and bites chunks from its cheek. **Son Of Sam's** 21st Century Bible, topside cut, tempts the devil and peppers the middle east with clattering percussion. A warning on every packet! **TC W**



SOUND GARDEN Screamin'

Life EP Sub Up RTS More near metallic mayhem from long-haired America. Ten years ago this would have been cited as a backward looking **Sabs** rip-off, now it stands head and shoulders above a glut of metal clones. Punk in second gear, a nice noise, but it's all a little too controlled. **NB**

THE STICKLEBACKS All You

Get Dub House (01-597 1468)

What should have been a glorious country-influenced tunelet dissolves twice when someone unleashes a dire rubber band solo. Otherwise this is well crafted and well intentioned pop... but snap that band, please! **DH**

THE THINGS Calling To The

Shadows Orange Bowl (0684

299065) Spirited pop with a lyrical stamp and some guitars that chime like a man cleaning a piano. The **Things** seem to have been hailed as everything but something that's new... which is a shame, since their finite doodle suggests that they have something rather special lurking. **DH**

3 MUSTAPHAS 3 Linda

Linda Globestyle P The **Mustaphas** continue to enthuse over the rhythms of the far east, moving ever sideways into a plucky romanticism that's more at home in **Hope And Crosby Road**. . . films than on your neighbourhood **Walkman**. An entertaining blast, but where next? **DH**

THE VERY THINGS The Peel

Sessions Strange Fruit

P Four from the floor, circa '83/'84, and a pre-pubescent, undeveloped quartet it is, too. **The Very**

Things sound fine enough, but they've come such a way since then, culminating in last year's gorgeous **Let's Go Out**, that this all sounds a bit badly thought out. A couple of the songs survive, but wait for their LP this spring if you want to hear the **Things** at their best. **DH**

THE WILD FLOWERS Broken

Chains Chapter 22

NM C The second coming of **Peter Perrett** is pre-empted by the press legend that this is 'The song that **Peter Perrett** of **The Only Ones** didn't write'. Well, it sure as hell sounds like he sang it! **The Wild Flowers** could well be the druggy edge for a new degeneration and we can mark how times have changed by the potential radio play that this deserves. **DH**

WORLD DOMINATION

ENTERPRISES I Can't Live

Without My Radio Product Inc RT C What the hell is going on? **WDE** cover **LL Cool J** and get **Robert Krush Groove** Gordon to produce, the end result being second rate rap. The flip is the tackier original which has more character and originality, but no commercial potential, no doubt. Hey, pump up the feedback! **TC W**

YARGO Help Bodybeat

RR C Succinctly mixed dance gem which seems to transcend the inadequacies of dance-rock, hip-hop and house with the greatest of ease. The throbbing bass line is pimple-pricked by spiky horn sounds and topped with **Yargo's** distinctive vocal sounds. Sleazier and sneakier than most... and sexy too. **R**

EAR-FOOD!

Ug contribs' fave tracks for April

JOHNNY DEE

SUEDEHEAD Morrissey His Master's Voice

DAVE HENDERSON

GIGANTIC Pixies 4AD

JULIAN HENRY

I DON'T LOVE LUCY ANY-MORE Habit Virgin

DAZ IGYMETH

IGNORE THE MACHINE Alien Sex Fiend Anagram

ALEX KADIS

ALL NIGHT LONG Peter Murphy Beggars Banquet

CAROLE LINFIELD

MULE BRAIN (BRAIN OF MULE) Honolulu Mountain Dafodils Zinger

CHRIS MELLOR

DOCTORIN' THE HOUSE Coi-cu-t Ahead Of Our Time

RONNIE RANDALL

AMBULANCE FOR ONE Micro-disney Virgin

RIPLEY

WE'RE AN INDUSTRIAL BAND Culturcide RRRRecords

The Mekons' life & times... and a new LP

Hit me where it hurts

What is a Mekon?

"We're a sort of rest home for tired musicians!" There goes 'Bonny' Jon Langford, long time Mekon, some time John (one of Three), producer, human fly and general wit and raconteur. "Is there a pre-requisite for being a Mekon? No, people usually fulfil a need. Various people wander through every now and then but I think the old story about there being a vast number of people in the band is a bit of a myth."

"Yeah," Tom agrees. Like his friend, Jon, Tom is a veteran Mekon of the finger-in-every-pie variety, and the three of us are being very fashionable sitting in the Virgin Café sipping wine when we should be drinking black coffee, bemoaning the after effects of a rough night — just like *real* rock 'n' roll.

"I think," continues Tom, "we've been fairly consistent for the last four LPs. It's always been Jon, Kevin and I, so we maintain a nucleus."

Maintaining themselves as a loose dozen for some while now, The Mekons are notorious for their almost eleven years of wild pop antics, featuring a raucous genesis and a gradual move to the C&W/folk style which characterises their music today. They've now released their fourth *proper* album, *So Good It Hurts*, on their own SIN label in conjunction with Cooking Vinyl.

Jon and Tom are a likeable pair of so and so's, courteous and friendly, chatting easily about their latest vinyl venture, but, they insist, it wasn't always this way...

Jon: "We couldn't put a record out for two years! No-one would give us any money, our reputation was that we were these wreckers who were very hard to deal with so record companies wouldn't touch us!"

How did that reputation come about?

Jon: "Emm, 'cause we were wreckers who were very difficult to deal with!"

And, it is reported, The Mekons fared little better with the press.

Tom: "There was a time when we were a dirty word. I've walked into the *NME* and people wouldn't speak to me — people we *knew!*"

Jon: "Yes, people in Parka's used to hitch rides home in our van from gigs and then decide that we were the lowest form of human life. We won't mention any names... Adrian Thrills!"

Tom: "He still won't talk to us now."

But, with their chequered past safely behind them — well almost — it seems that the winds of change are blowing down in Mekon City. Quite suddenly it has become hip to like The Mekons — ideologically *sound* even. Although both Tom and Jon are genuinely surprised by this revelation, they think it might not be totally disconnected with their relative success in the land of Uncle Sam.

Tom: "Funnily enough, while we were touring America last year a few American journalists picked up on The Mekon's Story (old Mekons LP which received critical acclaim in the papers but was regarded as a demon thing by the prominent and the powerful in the record industry, including Peel). Greil Marcus, in particular, gave us a lot of press."

Jon: "Yes, and a few others who were like the deans of rock writers!"

Tom: "Maybe that's why some British journalists changed their attitude towards us, because these Americans are like heavyweight, serious writers. For some reason anyway they picked up on us and started to write about us when no one else would. The tide is turning!"

Jon: "Yes. Only to rush back again with greater ferocity! Actually, we *did* start to behave in a way that people could understand. I think the time of the miners' strike made us want to play live again. We always say that we're not politicians, we're musicians, so it's very difficult to do things to make anything better. But we saw that playing benefit gigs for the miners was a very clear way, politically, of doing something."

The Mekons sing of love, sexuality, equality, social issues and, of course, politics, but have refrained, thankfully, from becoming the Holy Joe armchair politicians their social consciences might afford.

Jon: "Well, we've always avoided party politics. I remember way back when we were sharing a rehearsal room with The Gang Of Four. We were covering aspects of Marxism and other issues but we were always aware of the personal response."

Tom: "You can't draw a line between your politics and the rest of what you do."

Jon: "That's why we insist that we're not politicians in that sense. We couldn't write a sort of Redskins lyric — write a song that saves the world from all its ills, make it into a record and that's it! Everything's alright!"

Tom: "Anyway, it's always been a collective thing for us and you can't be too precious, you can't afford to take yourself too seriously."

Jon: "I've never felt myself getting pompous but I don't think any of us have got it in us. Basically 'cause we hate everything political, ha, ha, ha! In fact none of us have ever belonged to a party any longer than it took us to leave it!"

But, alas, the world is changing. A word to those in their mid-20s/early 30s: Do you ever get the feeling that we are the tail end of a dying hippy generation? Nowadays it seems that if you aren't up to aspiring then you're a loser. There's a super breed emerging, the townhouse teenager born and bred a member of the Tory populous. What will they think of The Mekons and their alternatives? What will they think of the new LP?

As anyone who is familiar with The Mekons will know, they are quite capable of getting very heavy and depressed, but that mood is significantly absent on *So Good It Hurts*. It has a surprisingly *lighter* tone than its sometimes doom-ridden predecessors. Rather than waste its energy on gloom it aims at the enemy and scores a direct hit.

Jon: "It's more angry I think. It's no good writing optimistic lyrics if you're not, because then you end up writing escapist rubbish. But we've tried not to wallow in self pity."

Tom: "With this new album, we've deliberately tried to write in a different way. We've been very critical of ourselves and cut out the elements of despair or repetition. We really tried to force a new way of writing."

And jolly nice it is too, readers. The Mekons celebrate their achievement with a tour this month, and there's some real surprises on the bill — so catch them if you can.

Jon: "I'm really looking forward to touring again and getting drunk and being silly! Alcoholic? I most certainly am not.... But I do like a pint! Yes, I think

it would have been a very horrible boring life if I hadn't had a few drinks occasionally!"

Tom: "It's funny, I was having this conversation the other day. They go on about why people turn to alcohol and become drug addicts, but they should be asking how people managed not to drink and take drugs and still deal with life!"

Jon: "I sometimes get really puritanical and say I'm not going to drink, but although it's very easy to do I'm really much happier going out and having a drink with me mates. I don't get much time for it these days though, that's why I'm looking forward to this tour. It's like having a social life — especially with The Mekons — there's a lot of us and we have a really good time. Being in The Mekons is like being in a funny little gang which you can't really do at 30! It's like being in a model railway club!" Alex Kadis

Mekons top 5

C&W singers

- 1 Merle Haggard
 - 2 Hank Williams
 - 3 George Jones
 - 4 Johnny Cash
 - 5 Loretta Lynn
 - 6 Patsy Cline
 - 7 Randy Travis
 - 8 Jon Anderson
 - 9 Dwight Yoakham
- (...and they continue in this vein for several hours)



THE MEKONS... they should never have gone on that Cambridge diet

IT'S DIFFERENT FOR DOMEHEADS

Alan McGee recalls the most memorable Creation creations

Can you believe this? Alan McGee, who once had a reputation for being the biggest bastard in the music business, the person who made bands wear leather trousers, the red-headed monster, no less, is sipping Tizer and telling me he started Creation Records to make friends! What's more, he is currently living in a flat with '70s decor — ghastly pink wallpaper, MFI tat. This man is humble!

Pass the fizzy stuff, Mr McGee, and tell us how it all began.

"About mid '84 I got a bank loan of £1,000 and put out *The Legend!* single, at the same time I started a club called *The Living Room* (in London's Tottenham Court Road). I didn't do the club to make money. I just didn't know anyone in London at the time and I thought I'd meet people if I started a club putting on bands I liked, like *The TV Personalities*, *The Membranes*, *Jasmine Minks*, *The 3 Johns* and stuff. For some reason *The Living Room* became really popular and it was packed out every week.

"I began to meet people like Peter Astor and laughing Larry (Lawrence Felt) and we became pals, you know what I mean?"

"Then *Rough Trade* started to take notice of Creation and started letting us make records. We were making about £100 to £150 a gig at the club — so after a couple of good weeks we were making enough money to put out records and that's how it started."

THE LEGEND! 73 In 83

"I used to be in this band called *The Laughing Apple* and there used to be this guy who'd stand at the front at all the gigs and dance disjointedly — there would only ever be three people who came to see *The Laughing Apple* and he was one of them. So we became friends, then I started a club called *Communication Blur* and we needed a compère.

"At that time, this guy, Jerry Thackary, was the most un-enigmatic, boring, kindest, shyest person you could ever meet — and it just appealed to my sense of humour to make him a compère. We used to put on the posters: 'the legendary Jerry Thackery', which eventually became shortened to *The Legend*. We took it one stage further and put out the *72 In 83* record — then he started to actually believe he was *The Legend!* and started acting like a star.

"He used to be this bloke that no-one talked to — then I made him this *Legend* character and people started taking him seriously, and he became a cult star."

This wasn't the last 'joke' record. Press reaction to *Upside Down* by *The Jesus And Mary Chain* meant everyone was eagerly awaiting the next label release. However, the next release was a string thing by *Le Zarjazz* — a total load of crap.

"It throws people off the scent."

The joke last year was, of course...

BABY AMPHETAMINE Chernobyl Baby

People actually took them seriously?

"It was a f***ing joke. It got to number four in the indie charts. I just thought I'd get these three girls from the *Virgin Megastore*, write a song and get a hip-hop producer. I knew the *NME* would like it just cos it was a hip-hop record. The girls took it seriously too though, cos they were on front pages and on TV — they thought they were fantastic, they believed it. That was probably the most successful joke."

THE WEATHER PROPHETS Almost Prayed

The Weather Prophets

Another joke record (ho ho)...

"*Almost Prayed* was written at a Janice Long session, the band had only just formed and they wrote it in 20 minutes. Why do I like it? It's just got a brilliant feel to it. It's a brilliant rock 'n' roll record."

The *Weather Prophets* have got this image of being boring and sending people to sleep.

"I think a lot of that comes from the fanzines who are hung up, cos they think *The Loft* were a better band than *The Weather Prophets*. I can understand what they mean — half of it is boring, but half of it's brilliant. Some of it's utter genius."

Last year, Creation suffered a crisis — the dreaded backlash happened.

"From '84 through to '86 Creation was quite a trendy label, but in 1987 it wasn't — everything got slagged. In a way it was good because it cleared the air and now the band's music matters and not the label. I think it's good that we lost the hip tag because now people don't buy the records just 'cos it's on Creation but because they like them.

"We still have a collectors market — we can sell 2,000 of anything on 12 inch. The bands now have got different followings — people who like *Biff Bang Pow!* don't necessarily like *Momus*.

"We've got a much wider spectrum now, from *Heidi Berry* to *Blow Up* — the only thing they've got in common is that I like them."

CLIVE LANGER Even Though

"He was producing *Imperial* for *Primal Scream*, I went into the studio at about ten o'clock one night and he was sitting

on the floor, on his own, crying. I went up to him and asked him what was wrong. He looked up at me and said 'The Beatles, Alan, The Beatles... I f***ing love them'. So I just thought what a brilliant guy. This single should have been a hit, but it only sold 429 copies."

PRIMAL SCREAM All Fall Down

"The vocals for this were done in one take. Now, Bobby takes too long over them, he's totally paranoid and redoes everything about a thousand times — a total perfectionist. Their LP didn't work because they just spent too long on it, *Warners* gave them £127,000 and they spent it all."

Elevation, the label McGee set up at *WEA* after the majors began to take notice of *Primal Scream* and the *Weather Prophets*, recently fell apart. It was, he admits, his biggest mistake. *WEA* didn't seem willing to put time into the label. They believed the wave of optimism generated by *C86*, and wanted hits immediately.

"The major music industry is based too much on the short term thing — major record companies want hits NOW. But *Primal Scream* will be around for the next ten years. If bands keep on getting better they will, if they keep on repeating themselves they won't."

So what's happened to *Primal Scream*?

"They're back on Creation with a single due out soon."

BILL DRUMMOND The Man

"Bill's my pal, but I thought his record would be crap. He gave a cassette to me and I didn't play it for ages. Then I put it on when I was in the bath one night — I nearly drowned. I laughed for about half an hour. It's the work of a complete nutter — I remember once he came into the Creation office and he played the *Baby Amphetamine* record and he was just dancing on the table going 'eh, it's f***in' great man! Hip hop, f***in' fantastic'."

So you're responsible for inspiring the *JAMS* too.

"Well, there's more political motivation behind it than just the hip hop thing."

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN Upside Down

I can remember the day I bought this record — it changed my life. No, don't titter. It really is *THE* record.

"It cost £172 to do."

How did it come about?

"For years they'd been sending demos to everyone, I put them on and I just knew they'd be brilliant. If it wasn't for me they'd still be watching TV and videoing the adverts, back home in *East Kilbride*. The riots thing wasn't intentional, it just sort of snowballed and got out of hand — it was just a joke, another joke that people believed in."

Whether you consider Creation Records just to be a series of jokes, wind-ups, bullshit or whatever, there's no denying the effect it's had on independent labels. In 1984, when everything seemed



Jazz Butcher

to have gone stale, Creation started to release pop records. Although they didn't change the world, they certainly cheered it up a little. From a thousand quid overdraft to a worldwide company turning over somewhere in the region of three quarters of a million pounds, Creation is now here to stay.

As for McGee, well, I used to think he was a bit of a div, but now I think he's quite a nice bloke, really.

"More Tizer, Johnny?"

Why, thank you Mr Magoo. Johnny Dee

McGEE'S FAVES 45's

1 BALLAD OF THE BAND FELT



Felt

- 2 COLD HEART JASMINE MINKS
- 3 MURDERERS, THE HOPE OF WOMEN MOMUS
- 4 EVEN THOUGH CLIVE LANGER
- 5 ALMOST PRAYED THE WEATHER PROPHETS
- 6 THERE MUST BE A BETTER LIFE BIFF BANG POW!
- 7 IRONY EP EMILY
- 8 ALL FALL DOWN PRIMAL SCREAM
- 9 UPSIDE DOWN THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN
- 10 SHINE ON THE HOUSE OF LOVE

LPs

- 1 FOREVER BREATHES... FELT
- 2 POISON BOYFRIEND MOMUS
- 3 ANOTHER AGE JASMINE MINKS
- 4 BEAT HOTEL BIFF BANG POW!



Biff, Bang, Pow!

5 THE MAN BILL DRUMMOND

Peter Murphy is a ganglingiggler!

A slight hitch in the proceedings... Peter Murphy is momentarily incapacitated by a fit of the giggles. In fact, he's curled up in the executive swivel job opposite me making no attempt to regain his composure whatsoever. It must have been something I said...

Granted, Peter has every reason to be in high spirits; he's gained considerable status both here and across the pond as a solo performer, he's just released a pretty special LP on *Beggars Banquet* and become a first time father to an eight pound 12 ounce daughter. Things, as they say, are shaping up nicely in the Murphy camp these days. Well, this is a turn up for the books! It's a far cry from the tortured young artist of yesteryear, that well-documented time when interviewers would meet their subject expecting something... *unusual*.

So just how did that evasive young man with a reputation for austerity come to be the accommodating charmer sniggering on the other side of the table?

"Yes, I know what you're saying. People *do* arrive with an expectation, don't they? They think, 'Who the *hell* does this guy think he is?' or, 'Peter Murphy! He thinks he's *amazing!*'. They usually start by commenting on how I am or how I speak or by saying that I'm totally opposite to what they expected."

Well, for the record then, he's very well thank you, he does speak with a very occasional stammer and, had I actually believed any of the press cuttings, I should have met with an irritable schizophrenic with a tendency to burst into spontaneous Sufi recitations.

"That's partly my fault. Back in my youth I made a lot of mistakes. I'd become very exhausted and frustrated with certain situations. The expectancy from the record company, the press and the audience was for me to be a voice box for this band and I'd just lash out. I should never have been made into that. It was wrong. It was generally a tired state and when I'd turn up for interviews I'd be so annoyed anyway thinking, 'Here we go again, this is so boring', and you'd get one cute remark and it would set me off! Like, I'd want to kick hell out of the guy but I'd hack him up verbally instead and what he could then write was a response."

"It was the same when we played live. I'd be so angry with the audience for being so exhausted that I'd think something wasn't going right and just lash out at them."

So when did the new perspective develop? Peter has a theory...

"I have this theory. Back when it was Bauhaus, I would be almost dead after a show, physically and emotionally. Now I do just as much but I'm there, I've got energy. When I realised this I thought, 'Well, what's all this about then? *Why?*'. And I think it's just about being in control, being aware that you don't have to be a voice box for other people's ideas and, therefore, not being comfortable with it. The battle went — it disappeared with the band. Love And Rockets, you know, the rest of Bauhaus, they have those problems, I know they do, it's obvious. It's bound to come up. It sounds a bit selfish, the way I'm putting it, but the tension went because I wasn't worried about what I was doing, so I was prepared to be told that I was wrong without getting too neurotic about it. I could *understand* it. Criticism has got to come, you can't expect everyone to love you, we all need...em..."

Yardsticks?

"Yeah, man! My wife *murders* me sometimes, she *kills* me! She just sees exactly what I'm doing wrong."

Professionally or personally?

"Both. Everything! She knows exactly what's going through my brain, she knows when I'm bullshitting and why. It's really good to have that. What I don't like is people who aren't very perceptive, they have their own motives and the criticism isn't healthy. It's like an act of violence towards you, it's just them being downright bloody horrible to you and that's upsetting."

Whatever your opinion of Mr Murphy, it can't be denied that he has a certain charismatic pull, a flamboyancy that will provoke extreme reaction of one sort or another. I knew at least a handful of people who modelled their youth on a concept that they considered to be the sacrosanct Peter Murphy idealogue. I wondered if that knowledge ever worried him.

"Well sure! I know it's there and it's a potentially dangerous thing. It constantly moves you to self-analysis and you could end up being totally egocentric, mis-using your power to manipulate people at a really dangerous level. 'Cause if you're angry you can zap people very easily, I suppose. Yes, I do feel a great sense of responsibility. You can see by the way that I'm talking that it troubles me a lot, it's my biggest problem."

Reflectors down...

Our reflections are interrupted by the arrival of coffee and lunch, an Eastern concoction of rice with lots of fiddly bits in it. "Try some," urges Peter. I decline and instead, propose that we discuss the subject of enigmas. Enigmas tend to develop, they manifest themselves gradually, but to the outside world it seemed that Peter Murphy had arrived as a pre-packaged, all inclusive deal — complete with idiosyncracies.

Take note: avoid provoking another outburst of laughter when your companion has his mouth full of rice!

"Excuse me!"

He apologises before lapsing into a bit of a cheeky grin...

"I know I did, and I knew that I would, arrive as an enigma."

And since Peter Murphy knows when his frankness may be misconstrued as a flirtation with audacity, he's quick to clarify.

"Mainly because I've always been like an enigma to my friends, which doesn't mean they held me in high esteem, but they saw me as something intangible. I've always been attracted to the enigmatic. Not necessarily the strange but the...*mysterious*. My speech patterns and my ideas,

goes



Murphy: man, myth and montage



mellow!

even my English essay portfolio at school, was very abstract — my teacher liked that a lot — and I've always...er, I guess, I just think that way, I am that way now. I suppose my lyrics are quite enigmatic too. They can be taken on different levels and I must reflect that. I hold their secret."

Fortunately, he isn't covetous with his secret, and insists that his words are written to be heard. "I call my lyrics stories, fairy stories. I love it when children listen to them because they react so openly. They ask, 'What are the dragons doing?' or 'Why did the Gin Men smash the ark? Who are the Gin Men?'. They're stories to wonder about and to listen to, so, yeah, I just like writing stories!"

Why, then, has it taken Peter Murphy so long to own up and write his stories alone? There have been a succession of conspirators; the infamous and much maligned Bauhaus, the Dali's Car project and his collusion with Howard Hughes. In 1986 there was the first Murphy venture into solo land with the restrained *Should The World Fail To Fall Apart* EP.

"I know what you're saying. I can actually do anything alone, performing has never been a problem. From the first moment I walked onto a stage I was in control, but when it actually came down to recording, I had always recorded with other people and it was a very hard habit to break. I think I was working with other people for safety's sake really. Looking back I realise that I wasted a lot of time and potential. Although it was all a part of the experience and all that I suppose."

Which brings us up to the Peter Murphy of the present. Now, with a hard-edged confidence and an optimism previously unseen, he unleashes his second solo album, *Love Hysteria*, this month.

"Previously I had very small ideas, they were very fragile. This time I knew exactly what I wanted. I had all the songs demoed and knew exactly the type of producer I wanted to work with."

Ex-Fall member Simon Rodgers was selected for the job and the rest is vinyl history. *Love Hysteria* is consummate Peter Murphy.

"It is, isn't it? It's solid, less ethereal and experimental."

And less fettered. But this is where it's at, where it *should* be, as Peter will tell you himself. Bauhaus, Dali's Car, Peter or just plain old Pete — whatever he chooses to call himself — it really doesn't matter these days. The proof, as always, must come with the eating, so I suggest you claim your portion and relish it. **Alex Kadis**

UNDERGROUND reading between the lines

Sample our well-thumbed back pages (still limited amounts available)...

ISSUE ONE *April '87 with features on **Slab, Stan, Big Black and Coil**

ISSUE TWO *May '87 with features on **Wire, Pulp, Renegade Soundwave and Laibach**

ISSUE THREE *June '87 with features on **Erasure, McCarthy, Wolfhounds and The Westier Prophets**

ISSUE FOUR *July '87 with features on **Echo & The Bunnymen, The Shamen, Band Of Holy Joy and Lowlife**

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ISSUE SEVEN *October '87 with features on **The Wedding Present, Gene Loves Jezebel, Psychic TV**

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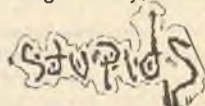
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FIVE get UNDEREXCITED

Microdisney

and the secret lives of tours

Clout, that's the main difference between life on a major minor label like Rough Trade and a minor major such as Virgin. It's a simple fact that numbers matter, be they in terms of manpower or finance. Oh! There are disadvantages of course, compromises, manipulations and exploitations. But in the end, money helps to smooth the rocky road to, er... success! This is true, particularly in the tour situation where the basics are provided with a little more style than usual, posh hotels, good equipment, slick organisation and teamwork. The band have only one job... to play, and to be seen to play. The boring bits, like lugging equipment on and off stages at unearthly hours, and going up and down the country at the crack of dawn, are the less glamorous preserve of the *roadie*, a thankless and overrated occupation for sure.

We all have an idea of what is supposed to go on behind the scenes of these tour extravaganzas — through the romanticised and highly coloured observations of starstruck journalists attempting to bask in the reflected glory of a phoney *instant friendship* with pop stars. The *television out of the hotel window* scenario only ever occurs when a man from the tabloid press is close at hand these days. The *bad publicity* generated will always guarantee the funds necessary to stage such an *event*.

And so here I am, in just such a potentially *explosive* situation. *Observing* a bunch of strangers for a *Rock On The Road* type exposé. I play the gatecrasher, the party pooper, the sore thumb stuck up the agitated bottom of a band on the runs. Stop the fun, I want to get on.

The Mountbatten Empire Room Bar at Newcastle's Royal Station Hotel is grand by any standards. Twelve males surround me and their names are bounced back and forth in polite introductions. By the end I am sure of two things, that five of them *must* be Microdisney, and that *my* name is Ronnie.

Settling back I wait for some typically manic, outrageous, rabid rocker type anti-social behaviour. But instead I find long, witty bouts of subtle, quickfire conversation. The most risqué event taking place at the hotel is a lingerie convention in the Windsor room. It seems that music to Microdisney is a career, the idea isn't to PARTY, PAARTY, PAAARTY.

The whole point is to play, pleasure is an added bonus. Newcastle's Riverside is the opening night of the '88 campaign to boost sales of a new single, Gale Force Wind, and preview the forthcoming album, *39 Minutes*. The Micro's faithfully reproduce the new material and inject enough power and passion to stir the audience into demanding a few encores. There are no pyrotechnics, no disco lights, no nonsense.

A tenuous Prefab Sproutish feel seeps out of the new Microdisney, and it seems no coincidence that a Kane Ganger and Mr Kitchenware himself turn up for a night with their old mates. What say you Cathal Coughlan, singer and lyricist?

"The idea of projecting your personality strongly through songs, as Paddy McAloon does, is appealing. He really goes for it. I don't object to that connection."

A potential groupie girl backstage suggests that Cathal, in performance, looks like a psychopath, a thought that obviously excites her. Passion and integrity might be a more apt description of the way Cathal's sweaty, physical display causes such a deep furrow in his brow that you half expect his skull to crack open. Does he have to fake such actions, being such a calm, thoughtful figure off stage?



Cathal: career orientated



Life on the road: one neverending party, eh lads?



"Not at all, I'm naturally that way. On stage I feel really loopy, it's a gigantic release of pressure after the boring normality of a day on the road which is like nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing... Besides, I'm out to entertain and be

looked at. Obviously, at times you feel a bit of a phoney, but you can harness that feeling and convert it into positive reaction. I don't believe that it has to always be a satisfying experience for me personally, as long as the audience enjoy it!" Back in the hotel bar, Drak, the sound engineer, talks about Lords Of The New Church, Culture, Sly And Robbie and other mega tours. He recalls how

boring Scandinavia is and how alive and vital he finds Madrid in winter. He's been doing the job forever, and he's no spring chicken. Drak describes himself as a *nouveau gypsy*. Hey! Drak, was touring *ever* as wayward and rebellious as they say?

"You bet. It's dead now, these days all the bands are ex-Poly students, so what chance mayhem? Five years ago it was wild, ten years ago it was crazy, and 15 years ago it was so good I can't even remember what happened. Let's face it, there's only room for rebellion under a socialist government."

On the van trip to Glasgow we try to tune in to Radio Obscure, as the band like to refer to the dreaded local radio stations. They have a fixation about this subject. Cathal tells me that their album cover will be a piss-take of tenth rate local DJs. Another bugbear is the two-faced cub music journalist who smiles to your face then stabs you in the back in print. This has caused the birth of the Microdisney Are Shit T-shirts that are now on sale at performances.

Then again, isn't it the kettle calling the pot black? After all, Cathal has never refrained from bitchy personal attacks on personalities in the past. The last single, Singer's Hampstead Home, was surely a wafer-thin dig at label-mate Boy George?

"It wasn't really about him, more a caricature of a sort of moron. It's not a direct reference."

Microdisney also take a strong stance where politics and ethics are concerned. The most notable occasion was their refusal to appear on Sky Channel to promote the last album because Rupert Murdoch owns the station. And then there was the rather self-explanatory titled mini-album, *We Hate You South African Bastards*. The new single, *Gale Force Wind*, incidentally, was even recorded on the night of the hurricane. Seems they react quickly to current events, so are they an impulsive band?

"Sometimes. You have to stand by your principles, though I'm sure that if we'd been on Virgin at the time of *South African Bastards* they'd have buried it under a rock. They'd probably be happier if we did Sky Channel too."

Microdisney's principles didn't include sticking with an independent label though. What's the advantage? After all, freedom suffers to some extent on a major, right?

"Basically, if they ask you to do something, they'll give you the facilities to do it, there are no airy, fairy promises. I've never subscribed to the theory that a starving artiste creates important and challenging work. When you're broke most of your energy goes into thinking about money, it's an obsession. When you're more comfortable you have the time, opportunity and mental energy to be *really* constructive and innovative."

"I'm not really that sure that the independent record scene has been such a good system. Too many bands are releasing material before they're ready and making their mistakes in public, they get crucified and blow their chances."

On a major, success isn't something you hope for, it's something that *has* to be delivered sooner or late, preferably sooner. The money poured in is an investment, accountants wait in the wings. Is this pressure a burden?

"We're aware that at some point we need to make a breakthrough. It's bizarre though, our music didn't change much but when we joined Virgin many of our indie fans seemed to desert us, it's been like starting afresh."

Microdisney hate the English is a popular misconception. Four of them are English. Ireland seems to receive more of Cathal's venom these days...

"Ireland never formulated an effective political system after the British left. All politicians quake before the Catholic church, so any decisions have to be ratified by God first, there's no *class* opposition. Religion was forced down my throat as a kid but the only thing it's shaped is my sense of humour. The act of confession is the biggest joke of all, admit to a sin and it's forgiven, can you believe it? The concept of any God is bullshit to me. I regard the French and Spanish Catholics as responsible for more of Ireland's problems than the British ever were, though not as many as the Irish ourselves."

In Glasgow, the evening passes with long waits at the city's seemingly eternally red traffic lights. The performance takes place at a disco club called *Fury Murry's* in the wee small hours. It's cramped and the sound is poor. I meet someone who'd travelled 100 miles from Oban to see "my favourite band" and was considering following them on to Edinburgh to hear them in a better situation. Afterwards, in a toilet-sized dressing room, the band are too downhearted to even drink the complimentary *Red Stripe*. Exhaustion has spread like a disease. There's no chance of getting any positive reactions out of the boys in this mood, tour fatigue and doubts abound. Fortunately spirits are lifted at the idea of hitting Edinburgh, their favourite destination, and most continental of British cities. By morning all is well again, there's rumour of *Gale Force Wind* creeping up the charts. Suddenly all seems well with the world.

This tour lark must be worth it, huh? **Ronnie Randall**



Microdisney-on-sea

a glossary of glib

agog

Laurie Anderson: New York performance artist introduced to the UK by *The South Bank Show*, after *O, Superman* had become a chart hit. Deep and meaningful, but rewarding with it too.

Angst: Popular press word around the time of punk (as in angst-ridden).

Annie Anxiety: Former *Crass* associate who's developed a neat lyrical style through her releases on *One Little Indian*.



Fletcher live (stage centre)

Apocalypse: Sarf London combo featuring former *Jamming* ed *Tony Fletcher* (now *Ug's* US correspondent). Signed to EMI, once shared a dressing room with *Madonna*.

Apocalypse Now: Powerful Vietnam film with *Martin Sheen* going up river to terminate *Marlon Brando*. Sparked *23 Skidoo's* Coup 12 inch and *Last Few Days'* very existence.

Janet Armstrong: South London singer, part of *The Normil Hawaiians*, one single as a solo artist on Stiff, sister of *Kevin Armstrong*, ended up singing on *Bowie's Absolute Beginners*.

William Asher: Director of the legendary beach films, which teamed up *Annette Funicello* and *Frankie Avalon*. Most recently involved in making a slasher flick.

Assembly: Mid period *Vince Clark* persona with the dreaded *Feargal Sharkey* and *Eric Radcliffe*.

Astroturf: The curse of Luton Town. . . Fact: *Stevie* of *Some Bizzare* once attempted to carpet his office in this plastic greenery.

Athletico Spizz 80: Splzz guise (one of many).

Attila the Stockbroker: Ranting Brighton supporter with Albanian connection. Overtalkative.

Attrition: Electronic oddities from Coventry with a glut of LPs and a sporadic history.

Au Pairs: Led by pro-feminist *Lesley Woods* who once shaved her head. Tipped for greater things, they sadly disappeared.

Avant Garde: Weirdness of all kinds. . . from *John Cage* and *Stockhausen* to *Throbbing Gristle* and *Nurse With Wound*.

The Avengers: Cult TV with kung fu femmes and English gent solving spy problems. Avoid *New Avengers* version.

Aztec Camera: Scottish Postcard band who moved to Rough Trade, then WEA. Lyrical offbeat style of *Roddy Frame* turned a few people off, but you can't ignore the beauty of the seminal *Pillar To Post*.

TOTAL

namedrop!

THE RHYTHMAIRES
Way back in '84, there was a band in Manchester called **THE RHYTHMAIRES**; they played a mixture of rock 'n' roll, swing and jazz — they were verging on novelty status.
"We were so 'cabaret', we could have played the Titanic."
I've got their *Breakfast In Bed* EP to prove it. In 1988, *The Rhythmaires* still exist, but now they are a different proposition altogether. Their music is harder, still '50s-based, but very R&B. I've got their new LP, *Losin' Out*, to prove it.
Vocalist *Stuart Warburton* and drummer *Dave Machin*, the surviving founder members, are wondering how they can get themselves a little more exposure. "The obvious thing to do is to get a better deal that'll grab more attention," says *Stu*. It seems strange that there is an LP (on *Nervous Records*), yet there isn't a single. "Well, our biggest market is the European market and they tend to buy LPs rather than singles."
What about this country?
"We still have problems getting gigs. It seems that people are scared of anything that can be loosely termed rock 'n' roll revivalist — I suppose that we're scared too," says *Dave*, before turning to the music itself. "It's our own sound; it's got more balls than the stuff we used to do."
I'm not convinced that they can call it their 'own' sound as such; according to *Stuart*, people have compared it to early *Rolling Stones* — I'm not so sure



than I'd tell that to too many people. However, the LP is good, my only criticism being that it sounds exclusively, and inevitably, American. "But that's no more phoney than a *Bradford hip-hop* band." True.

The *Rhythmaires* are in a strange position. They have a (good) product, they are playing gigs abroad, but they don't seem to be getting very far in this country.

"Places like *Manchester* cater for both 'name' bands and new 'bedroom' bands, but in the middle there's a no-man's land and that's where we are."

The *Rhythmaires* are something of an oddity in the present musical environment — call them rock 'n' roll, call them revivalist, but whatever you do, don't call them rockabilly. *Craig Ferguson*

FFLAPS

"You can't really be in a Welsh band and *not* be political," explains *Fflaps'* vocalist and arch-conversationalist, *Anne*. And she should know.

For the majority of *Underground* voyeurs, the fact that *Fflaps'* current EP boasts tracks such as *Efgob Mawr* and *Cariad And Rhantant* is enough to throw us into confusion simply because we haven't a clue what it means! *Anne Fflaps*, *Johnny Paraletic* and *Alan Lungs* (as they are known to their friends) are a part of the new breed of Welsh bands who are writing and recording in their native tongue. According to *Anne*, communication has *never* been a problem.

"We've never had any trouble at all. The lyrics are quite important, but it's the music that people will get into at first. If someone really likes it and wants to

find out about the lyrics, I'll be only too pleased to translate. They only have to write."

Those confused or up in arms may yet be pacified; having just been offered a *Peel* session, *Fflaps* promise to do the whole thing in Welsh. After all, says the diplomatic *Anne*, "Singing in English may make us more accessible in England but in Wales it may be the death of us." Who said that music was the great unifier? Answers on a postcard please. . . *Alex Kadis*

CRED NEW ACTS



THE ROTTEN SWINES

Birmingham, a town famous for Jasper Carrott, ELO and Duran Duran, is also responsible for the unfamous Applejacks, Richard Broadbent and **THE ROTTEN SWINES**, the latter of which were previously The

Capitols, purveyors of one luscious record some ten months ago, which was followed by a critically acclaimed Peel session. These days The Rotten Swines regularly attract capacity audiences when they play around

THE LAST PARTY

I started my minimal conversation with Middlesex popsters **THE LAST PARTY** by apologising for a dreadfully strained live review I wrote about them last year.

"Yeah, it was crap," said the manically talkative Simon, boosting my confidence. Swiftly changing the subject I asked Neil (drums) for the complete and utter life history of Last Party. This should get the conversation going.

"We formed three years ago, had an album out in June '86,

and there's been two singles since then."

Simon: "No-one."

Bloody hell. What makes you so different then?

"Nothing really."

I give up, I really do. Never mind though, everyone comes up with a witty answer to this last question. What are your plans for the future?

Neil: "Who knows?"

Crap talkers, brilliant band. At last, the perfect antidote to Pop Will Eat Itself. Richard Osman

these parts. Since that session they've undergone line-up changes, choosing to delight their audiences with an irresistible hybrid of rock, folk, punk (sort of), pop and country. I dare you to listen to their Pig In A Poke track without clicking the odd finger, or slapping the odd thigh.

Don't get the wrong impression though!

"It's not specifically folk," guitarist Tank assures me. "I want loads of styles to entwine into one massive thing."

Unlike Tank and singer Maria Smith's previous band, The Nightingales, the duo maintain on intentional commercialism of the songs, claiming that: "The Nightingales had loads of different influences but they were never that commercial."

Maria: "We're getting too old to be doing this as a hobby. I mean, Roddy Frame had his own studio by the time he was 19, and that was how I set my sights!"

But are you really rotten swines?

Maria: "We'd like to do something rotten. This is the year of No More Mr Nice Guy."

A good contender for the first single from The Rotten Swines is Grimness, one of those classic cases of miserable lyrics, juxtaposed against an uplifting tune, that's easy to fall madly in love with.

Tank elaborates. "I wrote that when I was driving Fuzzbox back from a gig in Norwich, and I'd just killed this owl; I didn't mean to do it, but it just sat there in the middle of the road, being dopey; perhaps it was writing a song. I love owls. I got all miserable and wrote Grimness."

The Rotten Swines are fully aware of their potential without being arrogant about it, but in the knowledge that quality isn't always enough, they all assure me that if Prince asked them to join his backing band, they would, at the drop of a hat. So until then, enjoy them while you can... Peter Perturbed

THRILLED SKINNY



It's only taken ten months since formation for **THRILLED SKINNY** to set up their own Hunchback Records and put out their excellent Piece Of Plastic 12 inch. Released last October, it wrapped up their own thrashy brand of sawmill pop perfectly.

"It was recorded in two days at a London studio and it turned out that the engineer/producer was The Stupid's ex-guitarist, Marty Tuff. He knew the guitar sound we were looking for. Loud!"

Will Hunchback develop further?

"The label's been set up to release our records when and how we want them. Our money's been put into it and we handle everything ourselves, but it can be hard work when there's so much against you."

With both the record and a steady run of gigs already behind them, it's not surprising that their hard-working enthusiasm is already being channelled into an album.

"That will be out in the spring and it'll be a must for every fan of the two minute pop song!"

Coupled with such praiseworthy energy, Thrilled Skinny share an admirable contempt for the feather-dusted dross that clogs the indie network. They know that they're better but realise that *determination* is the first move towards proving it.

While you wait for the "thrust of raw energy" that is to be the album, try to catch them live and shell out for Piece Of Plastic before it's too late. Available through the Cartel, or for £2.50 from Hunchback Records, 22 Claydown Way, Slip End, Luton, Bedfordshire LU1 4DU. Cheques to S Bishop, please!

Brothers Grim

continued over



Jeanette Prefab in the Sun

"Jeanette's voice has all the slithering qualities of a crawling king snake, sneering, croaking and whimpering". Sounds

"Her breathy voice mysteriously combines innocence with a sly knowingness - bewitching". Melody Maker

"She can squeeze her voice down into a gritty rasp or let it flow as smoothly as cream". Music Week

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The hottest new names fit to burst

HOUSE OF LOVE

Quite why **HOUSE OF LOVE** aren't well on their way to being the most phenomenally successful band in the history of independent music is unfathomable. They've produced two remarkable singles on Creation — *Shine On* and *Real Animal* — got themselves critical acclaim from almost all quarters, and proved that they possess astonishing prowess in live performances. In a true and just world this would turn them into near legends. But it hasn't.

The London based four-piece — formerly a five-piece until guitarist Andrea returned to her native Germany — is lead by singer/songwriter Guy Chadwick and he is justifiably disappointed that the band has yet to make the impact he'd hoped for.

But this could all change. Their new single, *Christine*, which is undoubtedly their finest work to date, is surely destined for great things. Backed up by the band's first venture into the world of video, it's time for a 'big sell' which will hopefully make way for their debut album in May.

"We're in the position where



we're looking for a larger audience so we need exposure. When people have written about us it's been really positive. We get really good reviews but we just can't seem to get anyone to take a *big* interest in the band."

Not being able to explain them away as '60s revivalists makes them hard work for the average hack. And *House Of Love* are unique in that they appear to be suffering for it.

"What we do isn't really in line with the rest of the bands on Creation. We've found we don't have much in common with their musical attitudes. They're much more purist. I think we're as close to a rock band as Creation would allow."

Rock? Maybe. But there's definitely no clumsy bluster. *House Of Love* are forceful, but they still manage to keep an evocative elegance. The future is theirs, and it's nothing more than they deserve. Anthony Farthing

PLAYGROUND

Lock up your daughters! Here come **PLAYGROUND**. East Kent's infamous quartet! They make *Head Of David* sound and look like *Spandau Ballet*.

Through writing about their favourite bands — many of whom are of the *Blast First* variety — in their excellent *Grim Humour* fanzine, it seemed an obvious step to pursue their own musical project in earnest.

Now, a year or so later, comes their debut seven inch offering, a three-track EP headed by the *Seeking The Truth* track. On their own *Fourth Dimension* label, it's about as subtle as a Uruguayan sliding tackle but, if you like your guitars brash and your rhythms heavy, then it's sure to appeal.

And the band themselves see it as only the tip of the iceberg.

"Considering financial limitations, we're quite happy. The production is more competent and the songs less derivative than past demos... a bit more money next time and we'll be much better again." Alex Bastedo



THE LILAC TIME

Last month, every time I spoke to an A&R man, the thing they most wanted was a contact number for **THE LILAC TIME** who were getting loads of TV, radio and good reviews for their single *Return To Yesterday*. This is something that Stephen Duffy (yes, Stephen 'Tin Tin' Duffy!) finds bemusedly ironic, since he'd played it to several companies before and nobody found it particularly interesting.

"Now it seems to be the 12 inch EP of the century! But what I don't want to happen is what happened to me before. For someone to sign us up, hype two singles and forget us."

With the banjo instrumental *Trumpets Of Montparnasse*, Duffy also sees the band as something akin to the English country version of the *Penguin Café Orchestra*. He also says that through songs like *Rockland* it's the most political of his albums, ever.

"The first album was very suburban and the second was more metropolitan in a way. But for this I wanted to write about wider things than relationships. It's something that has to be said. If you have a voice and if you can sing and if you can be on the radio then you've got to say these things. If you don't then you're supporting what's happening." Mike Davies

LOVE AND ROCKET S!



A NEW SINGLE FROM THE ACCLAIMED ALBUM
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NO NEW TALE TO TELL

THE TWELVE INCH INCLUDES TWO ADDITIONAL LIVE RECORDINGS

Making Up With Alien Sex Fiend

A luxurious gatefold sleeve, in black and white, adorns the latest Alien Sex Fiend vinyl monstrosity. All Our Yesterdays is a collection of the first nine mega singles and they're all skull-throbbingly wonderful. This presents the perfect opportunity for a look into the wriggling things that inhabit the head of Nik Fiend, the band's vocalist and front/mad man.

It was, back in 1982, a 90 minute tape of Alien Sex Fiend produced by Killing Joke's bassman Youth that scored interest from the music press. A gig at ghoulish spot the Batcave and, eventually, a single on Anagram Records through Cherry Red continued the legend. Ignore The Machine blew circuits and shattered gristle on the dancefloor where a (de)generation was doing its gothic thing. The rest, as they say, is history, right Nik?

"It all seemed to happen by accident," he muses, "I moved upstairs to Yaxi (guitars, cleavers and beatbox annihilator) when the band had just started. I kept hearing all this weird music blaring out so I gave him a call and asked what he was playing... he said 'that's me — wanna come in?'. So I went in, added a few bits and pieces, and that it. This was about six years ago.

"It's a story that keeps on continuing; we didn't figure on making a record, we were gonna make the cassette, and that was obviously the first of a whole batch of nightmares we were due to have. I find if the stuff gets stopped up in my head too long, it drives me round the twist, anyway."

And Nik's ambition?

"To be the first band to play Mars... or Uranus, hee hee! Bubbling under in Uranus!"

Nik was expelled from school when aged 14½.

"School finished abruptly and I just got more and more into music; I met Mrs Fiend (squelchy keyboards, head-bending synths and bubbly bits) and Yaxi when I was looking for something different."

Mr and Mrs Fiend have been together for nine years and are actually in wedlock, but...

"It's not a regular sort of marriage — when I do make it down to Tesco's it's a bit like Herman (Munster) going round the bank, you know, mass hysteria!"

You wear your make-up when you go out, then?

"No, I actually go for the natural look during the day — that's my face, unfortunately!"

Why an alien image, though?

"We turned on to all these films that most people regarded as shit."

Wild Women Of Wongo and Eraserhead had serious brain swivelling effects!

"I thought that I wanted to be *that* kind of band, *not* to be mainstream. There was room for an idiot or two, which ain't putting myself down. All I'm saying is, we do what we want, no thought for commercialism — if a record charts or we end up going to Japan or something, it's obviously the icing on the cake. I mean, I don't fancy the idea of going round shaking hands all day and smiling — lurvely!"

So you opted for the sex and drugs of rock 'n' roll!

"Mmmmm... I was put on Librium at 21 'cos I was depressed in them days, like most people. Then I had a look round at things... y'know mushrooms and things. Not really now though 'cos I find that I'm detached now. I get more of a kick out of a steak and kidney pie when I get back off tour.

"Drugs are naughty! I got prescribed some horrendous sort of elephant tranquilisers after I got hijacked."

Derr! Let me explain, Nik, while in charge of a van full of televisions and videos, was held up,

hijacked for six hours, tied up and gagged. Then he was interrogated by the police and ended up being medicated. A rock 'n' roll casualty?

"I was so detached when we started the band, it's probably why there's that funny drawing element everywhere. You know, the little spaceships, floating bones, skulls and that. I was getting a bit Salvador Dali, thanks to the doctor.

"I'm addicted to tea now. I get withdrawal symptoms when we go to Spain and have to drink coffee. The tea out there is all milky coloured and putrid. Tastes like... camel cum."

So, what about the gothic tendencies? Is it trendy? Faddy? Fashion?

"Not really, I've done it for years. Even when Mr Rotten, Vicious and company were chortling away at their swindle, I was into Highgate Cemetery and that — I don't know why. My sister got killed, unfortunately, and Razzie (ex-Hanoi Rocks and one time partner with Nik in the Demons/Demon Preacher) died just a year after that, so I don't really laugh at death.

"All I'm saying is, it's not very long that we're here, is it? That's all. Anyway, I was always into Alice Cooper which I've made no bones about."

Groan.

"I'm a regular chap, just like Herman. I like to escape."

Is it a schizophrenic split?

"It's gotta be, innit? I can sit here talking rationally to you and then go on stage and be mouth almighty. Feel that I've got the strength to pick up the stage and eat it."

But how does your appearance affect people?

"I meet loads of people and get on fine with most, then there's the odd c***. I find, it's like being at school. Life, that is."

The Fiends have always operated outside of accepted music traditions. They don't have any management, only an agent that books gigs. They're pretty self-sufficient.

"We have to do everything else — the music, the press, the promotion — as much as we can do. We don't f*** ourselves up over business but we do have to do a lot to keep the whole thing running."

As an added bonus there's also another part of the Alien Sex Fiend service to fans and supporters, namely the Fiendzine — a fanzine made by the band (mostly Nik) full of news, pictures, clippings, drawings, pen pals and the legendary Dr F***face's problem page. All lovingly stapled together and hot from the twilight zone.

On German soil, the band recently outsold Echo And The Bunnymen. In fact, they're big all over the place; Spain, Belgium, Japan. It seems it's just in their native land, the UK, that they've been grossly overlooked.

"Just 'cos a band's on *Top Of The Pops*, it doesn't mean f*** all when you go abroad," reckons Nik. And he's right!

If you like your music mad, bad and danceable, if you like the guitars to cut a swathe, chainsaw-like, across your forehead, the keyboards to come from some science fiction mind-zone where aliens gibber while the beats get battered by the mouth of an animated corpse swinging around the vocal lines, like something really quite strange, then this could be the band you've been looking for. Sense of humour intact and shooting from the crutch — Alien Sex Fiend, take a bow. **Daz Iygmeth**

the Alien



The Fiends: dedicated followers of fashion

Singles

IGNORE THE MACHINE (ANA 11) *Anagram Records (through Cherry Red)*

LIPS CAN'T GO (ANA 15) *Anagram*

R.I.P. (ANA 18) *Anagram*

DEAD AND BURIED (ANA 23) *Anagram*

E.S.T. (TRIP TO THE MOON) (ANA 25) *Anagram*

IGNORE THE MACHINE (ELECTRODE MIX) (S ANA 11) *Anagram*

I'M DOING TIME IN A MAXIMUM SECURITY TWILIGHT HOME (ANA 30) *Anagram*

I WALK THE LINE (FLEP 106) *Flicknife Records*

SMELLS LIKE (ANA 32) *Plague Records (through Cherry Red)*

HURRICANE FIGHTER PLANE (ANA 33) *Plague*

THE IMPOSSIBLE MISSION (ANA 34) *Plagiarism Records (through Cherry Red)*

HERE CUM GERMS (ANA 38) *Plague Records (through Cherry Red)*

STUFF THE TURKEY (ANA 40) *Plague*

Albums

WHO'S BEEN SLEEPING IN MY BRAIN? (GRAM 10) *Anagram Records (through Cherry Red)*

ACID BATH (GRAM 18) *Anagram*

LIQUID HEAD IN TOKYO (LIVE) (GRAM 22) *Anagram*

MAXIMUM SECURITY (GRAM 24) *Anagram*

THE FIRST A.S.F. COMPACT DISC (MAXIMUM SECURITY plus extra four tracks) (CS GRAM 25) *Anagram*

IT — THE ALBUM (GRAM 26) *Plague Records (through Cherry Red)*

THE IMPOSSIBLE MISSION (Mini LP — American release only) (PVC 6917) *PVC (through Jem Records)*

HERE CUM GERMS (GRAM 31) *Plague Records (through Cherry Red)*

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS (GRAM 34) *Plague (Also available as CD)*

Fiends' Five Fave TV Progs

1 Batman 2 Beverley Hillbillies 3 The Munsters 4 Twilight Zone 5 Outer Limits

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Kershaw's progress

- "I'm the luckiest person I know! I was on the dole in Leeds wondering what on *earth* I was ever going to do with myself and 18 months later I was presenting *The Whistle Test* — after having gone all round Europe with Billy Bragg." Andy Kershaw reminisces with real affection, frequently darting off to rummage through his archives for a photograph, book, record or poster by way of demonstration. He's the curator of his own rapidly expanding enthusiast's museum — there's something to commemorate everything!
- As he navigates the vast piles of records and magazines neatly stacked across the floor he admits he *might just* need a bigger place to house the Kershaw way of life. "The thing is, I really don't want to move. I couldn't believe it when I found this flat, but I'm really happy here. I'll just have to build more shelves! I'm no architect but I've worked out that any space above eye-level is space wasted so I'll start building around the ceiling next."
- He muses, shifting a couple of guitars to one side. "Do I play? Naaah... well... I dabble! I'd never have the guts to get up on stage and do it. Those who *can*, do, and those who *can't* become DJs!" And it's as simple as that, eh? Well, it almost was.
- When opportunity came knocking on Andy K's door he was well and truly at home. Finding himself at a loose end after a particularly acrimonious affair with a local radio station in Leeds, it came as no small surprise when his mate Billy phoned one day and invited the boy Kershaw to become road manager and driver for the band. It was during one such errand to *The Whistle Test* that Andy was 'discovered'. After that, providence undertook to manage events, and safely delivered the cheeky chappie who invades your national Radio 1 airwaves to this very day!
- While mapping previously uncharted territory, Andy has also become reknowned for giving exposure to lost or forgotten gems, including a wide selection of roots/folk music. When *Underground* discovered that the choicest cuts were about to be released on Topic Records as Andy Kershaw's Great Moments Of Vinyl History Volume 1, we whizzed round to the Kershaw abode, courtesy of the local lose-your-lunch taxi service, to get the full scam on the man and his album.
- Andy will be the first to admit that he was an unwitting participant in the rags to riches type racket. Have you managed to reconcile that weird series of events yet?
- "What's weird is suddenly getting recognised. I noticed it particularly after Live Aid. It's a bit odd. [I know you're supposed to say, 'Oh no, it doesn't affect me at all' but it's great when you go into a shop or the bank and someone says, 'Hey I really liked your show the other night' or 'I liked that record you played by so and so'." Recognition is par for the course these days, what with Live Aid, the memorable *Whistle Test* and those infamous zit ads. Andy Kershaw is as much a face as he is a voice.
- But what could possibly have persuaded a modest and sensible lad like Andy to appear in a TV ad for acne treatment? (You know the one: "Go on then, show 'em your spots.")
- "I'll tell you..." He leans forward conspiratorially. "Money! Huge wads of money! Enormous amounts of cash! On the money from Clearasil I went all the way across America last year, I had a new bathroom, I've just been to Zimbabwe for two weeks, I've bought over 2,000 pounds worth of records and I've *still* got enough to go to Mali in West Africa later on in the year! *You'd* have done them too." He's right there, maties. How do you feel about being seen as the natural successor to the Peel Throne? "I don't see myself that way at all. We overlap in some areas but we're complimentary rather than in competition. I think at first there was that kind of idea, 'We'll get that cheeky young gun slinger in from *The Whistle Test* and we can put old fatty out to grass!', but I think it became obvious within a few months that we've different styles of programme altogether."
- What the gun slinger does have in common with dear old fatty, however, is a reputation as an independent music expert/exponent. Paradoxically, his opinion of the indie medium isn't quite so cut and dried.
- "There seems to be this lingering post-punk attitude that says if a band is indie then it must be good. It's complete bollocks! There's as much bad indie music as there is bad music on major labels."
- Point taken. But is there *anything* you consider to be positive/good that's independent right now?
- "I don't know. What *is* independent music? This LP is independent, most folk music is independent. I don't actually like the word

Radio 1, DJ and music enthusiast, Andy Kershaw travels the world in search of soul!



Eat yer heart out David Attenborough — Andy Kershaw (right) and Phil Korbet (BBC freelancer, centre) go mush mush in the bush, driven by Elvis Chimine (Lenny Henry impersonator, left).

independent being used to categorise a certain style of music because the term independent means it's released on a label that isn't allied to a major. It doesn't tell me anything about it *musically*, it tells me something about it *economically*. It's a redundant phrase. There shouldn't be those kinds of barriers, it's confusing, it just ghettoises music. Music should be more open. There should be more glasnost in music — you know, Gorbachov's word!"

- So what's the beef with Andy Kershaw's Great Moments Of Vinyl History (which, by this time is blaring out of the AK sound system)?
- "It's been a nightmare for the people at Topic, it's taken a year to get permission to release some of the tracks. We still don't have permission for one featuring Jim Ford. We couldn't trace him — he's probably a pig farmer somewhere in the south these days. So, Jim, if you're out there get in touch, you could be in for a few quid mate!
- "Some of the tracks were existing recordings but quite a few of them are my own recordings that I've taken on my travels abroad. Field recordings, I call 'em, which is basically just me and me Walkman and a really good microphone."
- Yes, it's out with the photo album again, while Andy tells stories of his various stints as the Englishman abroad! (All of which, incidentally, are recounted in brief on the album sleeve). Perhaps the story he tells with most relish today is his journey across America which resulted in him tracking down his long time hero, Palm Wine guitarist S E Rogie. "We went there to follow the trail of The Promised Land by Chuck Berry, from north of Virginia to California. Me, my sister and Chris Heath (*S Hits*) arrived at this little house in a suburb of San Francisco, knocked on the door and there was my hero!"
- Needless to say, S E Rogie makes an appearance on Kershaw's LP along with Dwight Yoakham singing Mystery Train, Billy Bragg and Ted Hawkins recorded live at Leeds University, Pa Jiobarte, a ten year old Gambian kora player, singing Messaneh Cessay, pre-war style blues guitarist Steve Phillips recorded in Andy's sister's kitchen singing Broke Down And Hungry and a host of other mentionables from across the globe.
- "I'm fortunate that I can afford to buy this stuff and to go to parts of the world to find it. Now, I'm just making it more widely available."
- Its pan-cultural scope and disregard for fashionable technique and presentation means that Andy Kershaw's Great Moments Of Vinyl History Volume 1 is probably one of the most charming and endearing albums you're likely to hear — and possibly the most exciting to boot!
- So what then, Andy, would you say brought them all together? What was the qualifying quality?
- "Soul. That's the word. But it comes down to those categories I was talking about earlier. Soul, these days, seems to mean any dance record made by a black person. But it isn't. It's Tammy Wynette singing I Don't Want To Play House, it's Otis Redding singing Respect, it's Billy Bragg and Ted Hawkins at Leeds University. It's the emotion, it's got nothing to do with geography or colour, and I suppose that's what it comes down to in the end for me. Soul." Alex Kadis

TIP SHEET

NEW TAPE DEMOS

● This month's *Tip Sheet* is compered by gold lamé suit-wearing Julian Henry, and he's talking to Andy Wake, from the pretty cool Medium Cool label. Andy signed The Raw Herbs (who're on our free tape), The Rain, The Corn Dollies, The Waltones and various other sporadic geetar pluckers. . . now, he's besieged by tapes from Ug cupboard one.

The numbered system after each review refer to marks out of ten for content (of tape), delivery (in performance terms), presentation (of the overall package) and potential (as to whether they'll bend a cheque book or two). Any outfits wishing to have their tapes decimated, send them to *Underground Tip Sheet*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.

TAKE THAT (75-04 25th Street, Glen Oaks, NY 11004) kindly sent us a very plush and well-designed package all the way from America. Andy peered at their picture. "Well, I like the way that they don't look too good, but I think the music is a bit disappointing. They list their influences as being The Who, King Crimson and ELP, but they just sound like a second-rate mod band to me. Still, on the positive side they can play alright and their music isn't offensive."



4 4 4 2

BEAUTIFUL (32a Warple Road Mews, Wimbledon, London SW19 4DB) seemed to make a favourable im-

pression with Andy. "Good, a bit of psychedelia," he commented as the band's heavy chiming guitars churned into gear. "Sounds like they listen to the Stooges and Love," he added. "Although I like it, this is not something that I would seriously consider signing to Medium Cool because I believe that there's such a limited market for it. They'll never make the charts, but they re-create the sound quite well."

6 5 5 3

GEEKIAS (10 Stafford Avenue, Shifnal, Shropshire TF11 9AL) made us smile with their vocal efforts. "It's funny how a band can sound American coming from Shropshire," commented Andy. "This isn't really my cup of tea, it's wide-boy funk and is more like one of the 20 bands who Virgin sign up and then drop the next year. Dance music has changed so much over the last couple of years I feel like they've missed the boat. Anyway, I don't think any DJ would dare touch a band with a name like this out of embarrassment."

4 4 1 3

THE GOVERNMENT (42a Breakspears Road, Brockley, London SE4) prompted the following suggestions from Andy: "If these people were wearing flares and Afros, I think the *NME* would be right into it. I suppose people must dance to this sort of thing in clubs, but the sympathy I have for the group is because I actually used to live in the same road as them. I remember it's miles from the tube station, but there's a really nice park nearby called Hilley Field. In fact, I think I remember The Government sunbathing in their shorts and Hawaiian shirts. Seriously though, awful name. Mediocre music."

5 4 2 6

ROCK ROCK FIRE (86 Torrianio Avenue, London NW5) look like people with an artistic bent. "Nice Jason Pollock design on the tape box here," said Andy. "In fact the best so far, this reminds me of Patti Smith, Television and the Velvets, though it is quite a standard variation on the old theme. The two guitars on this are very nice, and the presentation is good. You can see that they've put some work in. Definitely sound interesting."

6 6 7 4

CONSPIRACY (95 Elizabeth Drive, Lefield, Tamworth, Staffs) enclosed lots of rave press write-ups with their tape, all mysteriously written by the same bloke who works for the local paper. "I don't like the violent imagery on their press releases," said Andy pointing to the band's logo, which is made up of a large dagger. "Not my sort of music either, as they sound like they want to be a rock band. The girl is screeching away like the singer in Fuzzbox and I can't really see them getting much further than being big in Tamworth."



1 1 3 1

THE MURMUR TROOP (77 Churchill Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR3 4DX) "Good clean rock 'n' roll," said Andy. "In other words a pile of shit. I think they should go away and listen to The Farmers Boys. The voice sounds like he's trying to join The Psychedelic

Furs. Give me an anorak band any day of the week!"

3 2 2 1

THE DEFINITE ARTICLE (88 Wellfield Road, London SW16 2BP) were familiar to our man from Medium Cool. "I know this lot. They've sent me a tape before. I didn't like it much then and I don't like it much now. I must admit, though, I've still got their old tape, I never throw tapes out or tape over them." So why don't you like The Definite Article? "The trouble is that there are no hooks and no choruses, it's all just set at one even pace and I can't get excited about it. I suppose it does veer towards being my sort of thing, but it's just too nondescript."

4 2 4 3

LEE SCOTT DAVIES (18 Swaledale, Bracknell, Berks) forgot to send us his address, so Andy, being the forward-thinking young gentleman he is, telephoned him up. Of course Lee was out, down the pub or somewhere I expect, so we got the facts off a friend of his. "Good songs," commented Andy. "Although it's very simply done with basically just a guitar and voice, it has a lot of punch. Sadly I've a feeling that it won't get much further than his bedroom though, purely due to the fact that the independent scene is so geared towards groups. Good though."

7 6 4 4

JAMES VARDA (Telephone 01-543 1537) also forgot to send us his address. Tut tut. "I like this cassette, just as I liked Lee Scott Davies. It's very folksy, very early Joni Mitchell — the depressing ones — and very Bob Dylan. His voice is quite unusual and affected, which I like."

7 6 2 4

IN THE ETHER (79 Green Glade, Theydon Bois, Essex CM16 7JZ) prompted Andy to fall deep into philosophical thought. "I really like Eno and Bowie's stuff, as they seem to be able to add interesting textures to other people's songs, but when you hear music like this on its own I don't really see the point. It's just a dull noise in the background and the last thing you'd expect someone to go out and sign up."

2 2 3 1

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These are tapes that have been spooled and de-chromed — or bagged and passed on — from *Ug!* HQ. Dave Henderson, the invisible editor, presides over this incisive report on the cassettes that live “in the cupboard”...

SOME OTHER DAY (call Suzy after six on 0279-419736) have titled their four track selection *Inside Leg Measurement* which is odd enough. But they're not quirky electronic Euros, instead they sound like Feargal Sharkey spotty pop, wrapped in squirly keyboards and classic verse/chorus construction. Teething.

ROVER GIRLS (01-998 8553) seem to have a line-up of 22. They play flamboyant brass-driven rock-a-soul with an abundance of screaming and the occasional wink at schlock TV themes. Lo-fi gruesomeness.

JUST TYPICAL (0702 353150) pose the question, where do you draw the line in dippy hippy balladeering in terms of post-Donovan? Ring them to find out!

GUY SOMERVILLE (0462 816906) is a wild man of pop. A synthesised pre-natal Cabs voice, a fuzz guitar and throbalong lyrics make for a laugh or two... let's hope he's not serious. Best number is the blues one.

ROLLING HEAD (Plymouth 263571) prove that there's life after Cornwall, with a four-track selection of doomy Black Celebration-period Depeche. These perps don't see much of the sun, but that's good because this tape suggests that they've something to offer the bedsided owner brigade.

THE WASP FACTORY's tape (01-346 8911) comes with a hand-written note from author Iain Banks who wrote the book of that name. He claims the tape has “energy and attack”. He's not wrong. This is angry post-punk with flagelating guitar feedback close to Rema Rema. Mad hat-rack rock from the dark side!

THE GIANT POLAR BEARS (Huntingdon 890431) claim they're from Iceland! Together since March last year they sound rough-hewn and have members capable of rockin' out. The songs are OK but nothing new, they need to frug out and grow into long pants. Home-spun fun with a melodic nerve.



EMERALD RAIN (0405 5735) ply sweetly neat pop with a floating tinny guitar that doesn't get over being totally romantic with itself. Blurry tunesmiths in search of practice and a big production.

THE HAPPY EVER AFTER (0304 831188) claim to be metal funk, but really they're tinny electronica-pop. There is a good idea here but it's drowning in some tainted tunes and uninspiring delivery. Not happy.

HASH 'N THRASH (0229 31503) have a rotten name but some good ideas. Removed from the world, in Barrow, they're also removed from their metal roots and have created a strange sound that's at once classic rock, then also quite new and offbeat. Namechange nightmares.

MASONS (18 Willowbank Street, 2FR, Glasgow G3 6LZ) sent us the worst recorded demo in history. However, through the hiss, some decent songs and a brash performance — in a purely guitar-driven pop style — can easily be detected. Next time don't wear gloves!

THIS OR THAT THING (Steve, 214 Neath Road, Briton Ferry, Neath SA11 2AJ) have a crap name too. Let's face it, let's get it out in the open. Their tape is weird and wonderful, the kind of thing that would sound brilliant with two grand's worth of production, and even better after a couple of ciders. Cult status beckons.



THE SEVENTY GWEN PARTY continue this month's bizarre name pattern and then reveal that they're but one person, Simon (01-577 3668). He's unsure, has tried pop and now opts for a stranger angle. Well, I liked it, yes, it's damn different, instrumentally challenging... but it sounds like it could develop. Not so much a demo, more a stepping stone.

SOMEONE RAN (0623 843060) play confident uppy-pop in the 'I want to be as big as a Blue Mercedes, but keep my integrity like The Police' kind of stable. They write quite nice songs and, dare we dread, if they look quite nice, might be on *Top Of The Pops* next week. They opt for some interesting instrumentation too. Yes, there's potential-amundo here!

CELESTIAL ORGY (Dennings, Wallingford Road, Kingsbridge, Devon TQ7 1NF) giggled wildly when Pat Nevin reviewed their last demo, so much so that they've recorded a new one. “Pretty damn strange and badly recorded but lots of reverb,” sez Denis Law.

THE PRAYERS (5 Bank Street, Kelvinbridge, Glasgow) make it plain that bad recording must be part and parcel of being Scottish. Like the Masons' tape, this three tracker suffers from the lo-fi disease. Beneath, it's tetchy, keyboard-driven and has its feet in the '60s, with charm and Subway written through its heart. Nice.



VIOLET CIRCUIT (01-691 8174) certainly deserve our time. With a reputation for percussing up a storm, they're a tight four-piece line-up ready to roll. This compact debut tape is filled with jerky pop, spruced up with a sliver of silver-tongued presence that's reminiscent of all the good things from Manicured Noise to Wire, and all the nice sun-drenched industrial parks in between. Flowers couldn't smell sweeter.

SHEND ON THE RUN



CONFESSIONS OF A POP ICON: NO.9: BIG BLOODY DEAL!

Last month's column, with its usual flowing mastery, covered the gooey pitfalls of releasing a record yourself. Whereas in this issue we will be studying pitfalls so deep and treacherous, you may never see your pit again.

Yes, releasing your happy tunes through a record company can be more hazardous than opening a packet of dry-roasted peanuts in a crowded room. So let's start at the beginning.

FACT 1: Major record labels only sell records as a cover for their true trade of buying and selling small third world countries.

FACT 2: Independent record labels only sell records so they can get up late, buy a CD player as a tax-deductible necessity and don't, after all, have to take that community programme job of counting the leaves outside pensioners' houses.

Indie labels are more likely to listen to the tape you have sent them, but if they don't like it, they are more likely to not reply, or send you a witty retort like: 'Become a lathe operator, you worthless cretin. Your tape is under the back wheel of my Renault 4'.

This is *not* constructive criticism, and anyway your tape, quickly recycled as the latest Timberdicks LP, will actually never leave their tax-deductible tape deck. Disillusionment sets in, the HP payments on your Amstrad 'FlashKey' synth begin to lapse. Then it happens. Dingle Discs send a missive requesting a chat about your commercially viable demo tape. Hoorah! you shout. Tell the dog. Tell the postman and order the Amstrad 'FlashKey' synth clip-on disco lights.

Suddenly the world is yours and no-one will ever push you around again. But wait. Control those feelings of euphoria.

FACT 3: If you jump the gun, you may lose your genitals. Whereas most folk who work for major labels can be attributed with few brain cells and Meat Loaf tour jackets, indie people often have a smidgen of music knowledge as well as more interesting offices. A major's office will be full of garish red carpets and garish Acker Bilk gold discs and a desk that cost more than your parents house. The chair you sit in will also be a good four inches lower than the chair of the blow-dried clod into whose presence your combo has been summoned. Everything has been designed to perpetuate the myth of wealth and to make you feel damn inferior.

So, always try to leave muddy scuff marks on the carpet when you go, and remember to fill your pockets with as many small knick-knacks as you can. Because this will most likely be all you ever get from Mr Huge (and Acker Bilk gold discs make superb paper weights).

The office of Ian Independent, on the other hand, will probably be a spare room next to the toilet in a relative's home. You can occupy yourself by admiring the interesting souvenirs from holidays in Torremolinos while waiting for the person you came to see to finish mending the puncture on his bicycle and search his K-Tel cassette dispenser for the tape you sent in.

You will, no doubt, have a pretty good idea of what you want from the people you go and see. But don't forget that most indies have very few resources, if any, so the timeshare flat in Portugal, the Harley-Davidson and the unlimited, account at the Amstrad 'FlashKey' shop may not appear on the final contract.

FACT 4: Contracts consist of big words joined together in order to make as little sense as possible.

With Mr Huge, a contract will be designed by them to screw you until you're nothing but a withered artistic husk. This, at first glance, may not seem to be a good thing, but a vast quantity of cash can put a rosy glow around any dodgy prospect, ask Gareth Hunt from those bloody atrocious coffee ads (and check Andy Kershaw's response about those pimplin' this ish).

The rule of life is that record deals are like meals at a restaurant. Everybody else's seems more appetising than yours.

Vibrations in Ubu-land

Pere Ubu: past, present and future

Pere Ubu are currently receiving tons of acclaim for their excellent January ICA shows, and for the timely reissue of the classic 1978 debut album *The Modern Dance*, so it seems we're going to be hearing a lot more from big David Thomas and his revitalised group over the coming months.

With a brand new LP, *The Tenement Year*, available imminently on Fontana/Phonogram and a two month European tour to promote it, it's certainly not just one for the nostalgia buffs either. Having said that, Rough Trade are just putting the finishing touches to their plan for CD and record re-issues of the rest of the group's bulky, and largely hard to find, Ubu back catalogue, including other acclaimed (but rarely listened to?) blasts from the past such as *Dub Housing* and *New Picnic Time*.

But what does David Thomas feel like with his band of not-quite-spring-chickens becoming instantly fashionable with a ten year old album?

"We've always been in and out of fashion, so we don't really pay any attention to it. When we started out in 1975 everybody hated us, nobody ever thought we could be successful, so our attitude was virtually set then. No amount of favourable press or general audience reaction since has particularly affected us. We just got on with making the music."

For a bunch of no-hopers from Cleveland, Ohio who did to The Beach Boys what Beefheart did to the blues, they haven't done too badly. Formed originally out of a love of the strange sounds emanating from the UK and Europe — Soft Machine, early Roxy Music, Eno, Can — coupled with previous outings in MC5 and Stooges type bands, their art was certainly in the right place. And 13 years later, bless me if *The Tenement Year* doesn't sound as fresh and exciting as ever. Two drummers too, but there the comparison to Adam And The Ants ends...

"We would describe the new LP as more from the Ubu 'pop music' phase, which was some time around '77, but before *The Modern Dance*, allied with more of a 'rock' approach. It's a path we didn't really walk the first time around."

Your old albums always tempered a slightly unconventional rock approach with a couple of bizarre experimental workouts.

"The new LP is all structured. We did record two experimental tracks but we decided to hold on to them for B sides and not scare everybody!"

How did the group get back together in the first place?

"The truth is we never really split up. After 1982's *Song Of The Bailing Man* album, which had been hard work, nobody had the will or the ideas to get the band back on the tracks. What happened was that nobody in the band talked to each other for a couple of weeks after those sessions, and a couple of weeks has a habit of becoming a couple of months and a couple of years! By this time I was heavily involved in my solo career," (as David Thomas And The Pedestrians and later The Wooden Birds) "but as I began incorporating more Ubu members into what I was doing it just became inevitable that we would eventually become Pere Ubu again."

Backtracking, your *Datapanik In The Year Zero 12* inch EP from 1978, which actually contained songs from much earlier such as *30 Seconds Over Tokyo* and *Heart Of Darkness*, is pretty much acknowledged to be a classic of the genre, as are other old chestnuts such as *Final Solution*. But what do you think now of your old albums, starting with *The Modern Dance*?

"From that album, *Humor Me* is brilliant and I always thought that should have been a single. There are weaknesses on it, largely in that we didn't get the humorous side of the band over to people properly, such as on *Sentimental Journey*. That record is embarrassing at points, but then again, what isn't?"

Sure. Having released *The Modern Dance* on Blank Records through Phonogram/Mercury, the group flitted over to Chrysalis, where *Dub Housing* was released in the same year.

Heavens was one of 1987's finest debuts, but it is still slightly unfocused; indeed, Goffrier admits that there was a strong backlash from the group's original fans, who preferred the harsher, more primeval noise of *Boo Boo*. (The 17 song CD, incidentally, contains both records.) Live, however, Big Dipper have it honed down almost to perfection, riding over all and sundry with a steamroller of caustic guitars, topped off with the near-obsessed dual vocals of Goffrier and Waleik. The result is a potent, off-centred pop, and in the interests of understanding what lies at the centre of great pop music, Big Dipper are prepared to challenge expectations with a cover of Wings' *Jet* or Fleetwood Mac's *Little Lies*.

"Finding the balance is the real trick," admits Goffrier of the thin area Big Dipper are attempting to occupy, the one that lies between pure power and pure pop. There are few easy reference points to this group, though even on its own, Bill's voice is unusual enough to attract comparisons with truly unique singers like David Byrne or Robert Smith. And like those vocalist's groups, Big Dipper have a subtle charm that may take years to be commercially recognised. That it won't be is very unlikely.

Goffrier himself is aware that dissecting a group for examination can, instead of telling us what makes it click, simply ruin the magic. "I often wonder whether people like the things that we deliberately put there or the ones that are there by default," he muses.

The opening song on *Heavens* is, we assume, written about a flowering young woman unaware of her potential beauty. It could very easily have been written about Big Dipper themselves.

"*She's fetching, she may not know it now,
Look out if she finds out...*" Tony Fletcher

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

Going down the Dip

Big Dipper breaking with embarrassment

If Bill Goffrier had it his way, he wouldn't be in Big Dipper. As a spirited youth and leader of the influential (though little heard in Britain) mid-western punk band *The Embarrassment*, Goffrier instead harboured dreams of playing rhythm guitar with *The Fall*. One day Mark E. Smith and co came to town and *The Embarrassment* got to open for them. "Every time they came to town after that I'd talk to Craig Scanlon and I thought 'That's the guy. He's my role model'."

But a phone call from Manchester never came his way and in 1983, physically exhausted from years of touring and feeling that *The Embarrassment* had served their purpose, the slightly built songster packed his bags and headed to Beantown. "Boston had always been one of *The Embarrassment*'s favourite places," he explains. "Just because of the look of the city and the vitality of the music scene, and the fact that it was on an ocean, and we were landlocked."

Not that Goffrier moved to Boston to form a new group. Instead he went to study painting and "spend two years avoiding the music scene". This being rather akin to moving to the West Bank to get some peace and quiet, it is not surprising that sooner, rather than later, Goffrier's path crossed with those of Gary Waleik, Steve Michener and Jeff Oliphant.

No musical virgins themselves, Michener and Waleik had formed the *Volcano Suns* alongside ex-Mission Of Burma drummer Peter Prescott, and the former had also served a longer-than-average innings as bass player with *Dumptruck*. Drummer Oliphant had only a past with hardcore mechants XS to his credit, but like the others, he had no desire to go through all of that again.

"When we got together as exiles from other bands," relates Gary, "we had some negative experiences and mixed feelings about being in a band again. We didn't have big ambitions and all we were looking to do, at one point, was record a few songs and have a radio tape and some airplay so that we could see if our friends liked what we were doing."

So the newly incarcerated Big Dipper recorded a six-song demo and, with the help of Waleik's numerous contacts, the tape in general, and the song *Faith Healer* in particular, found its way onto the playlist of almost all the local college radio stations. Their associations with Homestead Records from *Volcano Suns* days still strong, the prime American indie seized on the group's flying start and released a six-song EP — including the original demo of *Faith Healer* — under the title *Boo Boo*.

Big Dipper suddenly found themselves on a rollercoaster that saw them shoot past many longer-serving local bands, at a speed they harboured some guilt over. "A lot of doors opened up for us that we didn't feel we'd worked very hard to get," explains Gary. "Other bands kept asking us 'What does it take? We keep playing on Tuesday nights and you're playing the weekend — and we've been doing this for a couple of years'. We didn't know what to say except that we'd been in other bands and we'd had to pay a lot of dues then. And we didn't want to do all that again. So the only way were willing to consider making this a real band would be to take a couple of jumps ahead."

Such isolation from the scene and its rulebooks partially explains Big Dipper's individuality, hinted at on *Faith Healer* but much more greatly displayed on their debut album proper, *Heavens*. With a front sleeve of one of Goffrier's paintings (a UFO obscured in the woods) and a back sleeve picturing the four Dippers running blurred across a field, it is not surprising that the music should have a similarly undefined, just-out-of-reach texture. The group's original four-square, almost hardcore approach has been usurped by a more pop approach, and when the two collide — as on *She's Fetching* and *All Going Out Together* — the result is almost frightening in its potential. Elsewhere there are hints of Beatles psychedelia on *Lunar Module*, touches of old-fashioned punk anger on *Easter Eve*, and even a song by another Boston band, *Christmas* 'When Men Were Trains (including the glorious line "I remember when men were men, and women were dreams")'. Big Dipper are far from proud.



Pere Ubu revitalised (with David Thomas bottom left in Bogie tiffen)

"I would consider that to be a near masterpiece. It's a far more mature work than The Modern Dance, and for that period, around late '78, we were at our peak. It was also a very satisfactory album to record, because although we had the ideas worked out, most of it was written in the studio, the first time we realised that things could be done that way!"

Then there was New Picnic Time, followed by The Art Of Walking LP in 1980. Ubu had found a new and sympathetic home at Rough Trade. But all was not well within the group. Ubu had just one more LP in them for that period, 1982's Songs Of The Bailing Man...

"That was an opposite record to its predecessor in that it was very direct and structured. It's a good record, but a lot of band members don't like to listen to it because of all the problems within the group at that point."

The Pedestrians then became Thomas' full time concern. They had already released Sound Of The Sand in 1981, and Variations On A Theme and More Places Forever appeared in successive years following the demise of Ubu, the latter hinting at the first steps towards a reunion.

Rough Trade's release in 1985 of The Terminal Tower, an early Ubu singles compilation, added to the myth of the band, and by 1986 with The Wooden Birds a full reformation was just around the corner.

"The Wooden Birds jammed through a bunch of old Ubu songs during an encore in Cleveland with our original drummer Scott Krauss and it sounded really good, using two drummers. Everything fitted together again, and the more we talked in subsequent months, the more a complete reunion became the only logical conclusion."

Accept no substitutes — Pere Ubu are back and as good as ever. Believe me when I tell you! Alex Bastedo



Big Dipper go for car care award



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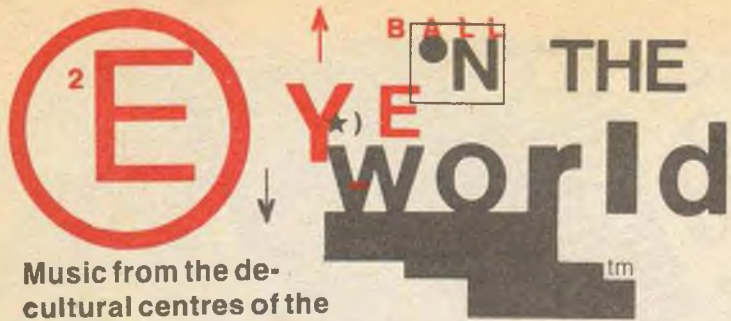
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Music from the de-cultural centres of the globe...

NOISE-CRYPTS OF PIZZALAND

explored by Vittore Baroni

■ When, in the late '70s/early '80s, *noise* became the big underground thing — thanks to the pioneering work of **Throbbing Gristle** — in Italy the so-called industrial school of hardcore electronics immediately found a strong nucleus of followers and practitioners. The movement here never produced a first class star or a record hit, remaining till today much of a home-made-cassette-in-50-copies affair, with the occasional self-produced disc. Nevertheless, some of the works surfaced and submerged in the past ten years (time flies, yes!) remain among the more intriguing and excessive produced in this field, a real challenge to the auditory apparatus of truly radical fans. Do not forget that the first to theorise *l'arte dei rumori* (the art of noise) was the Italian futurist **Luigi Russolo**, though somebody else capitalised on that idea...

■ **Maurizio Bianchi (MB)** is the grandfather of the whole scene, but he disappeared into reclusive silence in 1984, repudiating his entire opus. That amounts to a dozen albums, self-produced in very limited editions, plus LPs on various labels (Sterile, Come Organisation, Broken Flag, DYS) and literally hundreds of cassettes and compilation appearances.

Maurizio's symphony of pure noise patterns reach the dead-end of the genre, after which you cannot add any more to the sound but have to *subtract*. Many of the cassette-makers still active (**Lyke Wake**, **Nun**, **Bruno Cossano**, **Laxative Souls**, **Negative Person**, **Mauthausen Orchestra**, etc) sound shy and amateurish compared to the intense and extreme early works of MB. Some original personalities emerge however from the endless cacophony of loops, radio cut-ups and cheap electronics.

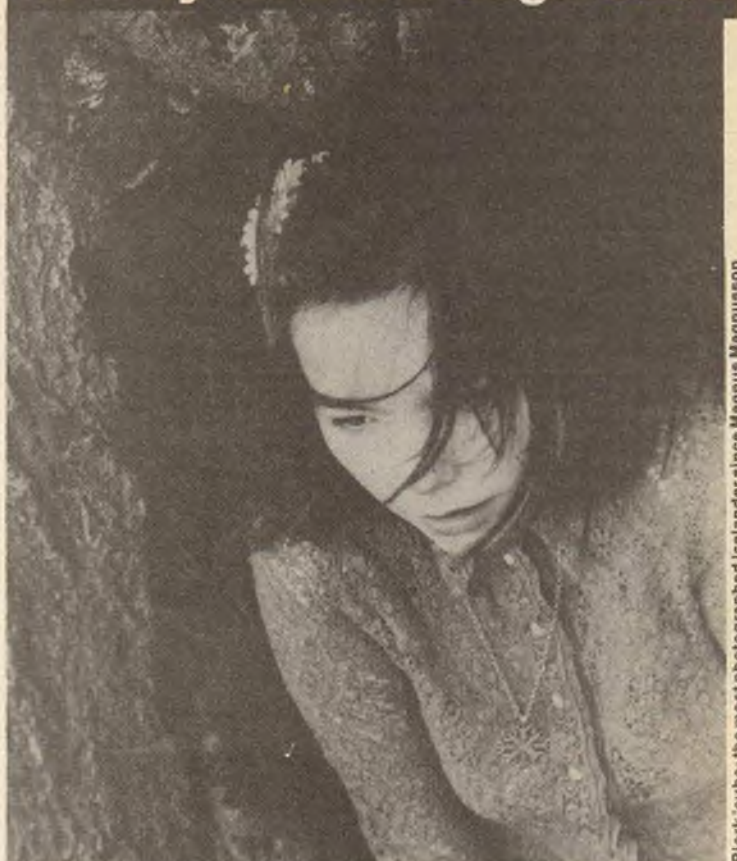
■ In the past few years, the general trend in noise circles has switched from cruel images and synthetic assaults to more relaxed and moody ritual-esoteric atmospheres, interspersed by sampled monk prayers, human bone percussions and the usual dose of loops 'n' cut-ups (**PTV** were obviously a major influence on this sharp turn). The best groups working in this direction are **Lashtal** (c/o Andrea Da Costa Freire, Via G D'Andrea 20, Firenze), who have a cassette on the Austrian label **Nekrophile**; **Sigillum S** (c/o Paolo Bandera, Vio Pontirolo 25, 24047 Treviglio, BG); and **Ain Soph** (c/o Toni Pettini, Via Enrico Fermi 15, 00146 Roma), all with a debut album due out soon and many cassettes already in circulation. To be remembered here also are **Rosemary's Baby**, a really promising band in the PTV vein, that after an enjoyable LP of satanic rock 'n' noise and a disclaimer album with a 20 minute cover of **Morrisson's The End**, disbanded to follow more "positive" mystical inclinations.

■ Instead of confusing you with a long list of obscure names that you'll probably never hear again, let's select just three of the more interesting projects in the avant garde/noise territory. The first name to be pointed out is **ADN** (Piazza Segrino 6/A, 20159 Milano), the only Italian label covering different aspects of contemporary experimental music with professionalism and continuity. I've already written in UG about **FAR** and **Tasaday**, but two other bands to pick out from the ADN catalogue are **LA 1919** (the LP **Ar sArA** features as special guests the mad improvisers **Henry Kaiser** and **John Oswald**) and **Kino Glaz** (sort of classic orchestral ensemble playing abstract rock songs, debut album is due out any day now).

■ **Officine Schwartz** utilises the images of rusty factories and tough workers, so dear to bands like **Laibach** and **EN**, but the music comes out surprisingly as a mixture of old Italian folk songs, romantic French melodies and the noises of the blast-furnace. **Remanium Dentaurum**, their first album (distribution Supporti Fonografici, Viale Coni Zugna 63, 20144 Milan), is the soundtrack of their current live show, more a multi-media happening than a real concert, with four hours of projections, videos, dance numbers and audience participation. **Oswaldo Schwartz**, leader and composer of all the music, is a real hardened factory worker, so he doesn't sound silly at all when he intones solemnly the **Hymn Of Workers And Workshops**.

■ Finally, **Tomografia Assiale Computerizzata (TAC)** are a very unstable group, with continuous changes of members and musical direction, yet they have completed three rich and mature albums on their own **Azteco Records** (Via Verdi 6, 43100 Parma). The last one is called **Il Teatro Della Crudeltà** and succeeds in marrying acoustic instruments (violin, viola, flute, clarinet) and technological devices, in a varied collage of cut-up nightmares, church-like dirges, percussive marathons and electronic anthems. TAC are the most original of the Italian bands utilising generous amounts of noise, but they recently split in two different factions, so the future will surely bring more changes in style. Azteco also produced the debut single, and soon the LP, of **Kind Of Cthulhu**, a mysterious combo mixing horror themes with soft psycho-rock, plus three different compilations of experimental bands from around the world.

Infinity Within a Sugarcube



Bjork 'cube: the most photographed iclander since Magnus Magnusson

Triggered by the creation of *that* single, **Birthday**, Iceland's **The Sugarcubes'** forthcoming LP, **Life's Too Good**, has advance sales of 130,000. A recent British tour and TV appearance confirmed cold wave's popularity, and the current single, **Cold Sweat** (that's well worth carressing for the B side, with the contrasting harshness of Einar Cube's Icelandic thrust complementing tiny Bjork's candidness) made it obvious that many little Sugarcubed notes will surely melt upon the tongue this year.

Figtryggur Baldurson (the group's drummer) is definitely not, as I first feared, a robot. He warmly assures me that in the 'phone directory he is listed as "Siggi" since, in a country with less inhabitants than the borough of Hackney (about 250,000) most people go by their first name — even the Prime Minister (unlike Russia, where it is the last name that counts... and Popv is the equivalent of Brown — or should I say red?).

Iceland is a very (c)old country, also it's an island, yet it seems to have had more time and thought spent on its development than the UK. Inhabited since the Teutonic groups battled on the Viking seas, sojourning with the Danes while others strayed into Goth and Franck-dom, the Icelanders' mythology bears testimony to their deep frozen wit; the same dry irony that gleams within the 'Cubes' lyrics, written by old Icelandic poet **Johannar Por** who also plays guitar and grins.

"I wonder if people would ban us if they really understood the lyrics?"

He then assures me there is no dark, sleazy underground in Iceland (ie: heroin, crack, overdosing musicians).

These Icelanders are obviously a lot less perverted than we are led to believe.

Por: "There is, of course, some pills and drinking going on — but really the only people into drugs, in Iceland, are old women and children, and maybe a few high school students..."

And females in general? How are they seen?

Por: "I think we treat women with much more respect. When we play in this country, it's weird — they watch Bjork (the female singer) as though they are waiting for her skirt to fall off, or for her to lift up like an angel... why don't they dance?"

Bjork: "It's so strange here, seeing eleven and 12 year olds coming out of school dressed in stockings and high heels, crippling and back-breaking heels. I have the theory that women are only abused if they want to be abused, by and large; I think many people find this hard to understand."

Bjork and Einar (who also sings and plays the trumpet) were previously in a band with **Siggi** called **Kuki** — anyone who was lucky enough to see **Einsturzende Neubauten** (a band the 'Cubes have great respect for) play London back in '85 may remember them as the excellent support group. Going back even further, to '82, **Bragi**, the bassist, reminds me that he was in the nifty jazz influenced punk band **Purrkur Pillnikk** with whom he learnt his English on the Fall tour. (And who could beat **Mark E** for a fish in the ear?!) He then tells me he likes the height of the English ceilings and the old architecture (not yet collapsed but strategically being knocked down) and at the same time cannot believe how dirty this city is.

Siggi: "Well, I don't think it's the Queen that makes this country tick, that's for sure! In some ways they still feel, over here, like they're an empire; even the interviewers from the papers!"

Por: "There are so many different types!"

Bragi: "...and send my love to **Mare Navarro Suarez**... please!" From seven to five... the Sugarcubes. Pin their gemstones through your noses and wear them with pride! **Beata A Burnska**

letter from america

You can only live in America for so long and hope to avoid TV. I tried, but then someone installed a 24 inch, 25-channel set, and recently entire mornings, evenings, or worst of all nights when I could have been doing something constructive with my life, have been lost as slave to the most sacred American culture of them all.

First off, let's establish the facts: American TV is dreadful. The pits. In spite of — no, *because of* — the immense viewing choice, every single programme, on every single channel (with the most minor exceptions), is aimed at the lowest common denominator. Nowhere is this more evident than on TV commercials, which assume...

- That everyone watching is a complete moron who will only understand one-syllable words;
- That said moron is also deaf and will only understand one-syllable words if they are shouted;
- That said deaf moron will only buy the product if either a typically moronic American family is seen enjoying it, or, in the cases where the product can not be physically 'enjoyed', such as medical insurance, or the Presidency of the United States, it is being sold by a man with a shifty smile and a three-piece suit.

In fact, that America still has a President proves conclusively that TV advertising works.

Television commercials seem to take up more time than the programmes themselves, and usually involve far more finance. A minute slot on the recent Super Bowl cost a mere \$1m; it is thus no surprise that match plays are stalled while the network fits in another advert or two. When the play can't be halted, such as in the Winter Olympics ice hockey, they take a break anyway, even if this means missing the States' only goals of the game.

At least the commercials are rarely as violent as the programmes they interrupt — *especially* ice hockey and American football. It is all too common for even basketball matches to erupt into the sort of all-out aggro normally associated with **Graeme Souness**, and players get away with light fines and suspensions because everyone knows it increases interest in the games. The much-touted notion that British football players seen brawling only encourages the hooligan element is palpably wrong; it should in fact be argued that on-pitch fighting discourages off-pitch violence, as American sports are among the most peaceful to be a spectator at in the world.

Violence also crops up on almost every programme that isn't sports-orientated, which must be either a thriller, a TV detective or the news. Blood and fury are so common on peak viewing TV that it all becomes one hazy orgy of death and destruction; it is slightly unnerving to be informed that **Miami Vice** finished 20 minutes ago and we are currently running through the lists of today's casualties in the drug wars of New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

The current doyen of the chat show idiom is the appallingly over-rated **David Letterman**, whose **Late Night** show only scores so well because it is possibly the only major show on TV that is prepared to laugh at itself and come close to admitting that this is in fact a waste of time, that even listening to **Samantha Fox** records would be more fulfilling.

Which I suppose brings us onto music, but seeing as how most videos are little more than commercials anyway these days, we can pretty much write that subject off. On networked television there is in fact very little music, bar the wonderful new US-UK **Top Of The Pops**. Fortunately, our house has not yet got round to installing cable TV, and so I do not suffer from the dreaded **MTV** disease, which basically consists of everyone watching saying, "Maybe the *next* video will be worth watching", while remaining glued to the TV for at least an hour before admitting defeat.

Cable TV is also the domain of the sex channels and the religious stations. Although both sets of people are after stripping you of every penny, they used to be easy to tell apart: the religious merchants wore clothes. These days, as TV preachers are exposed almost weekly for adultery, quasi-rape or being closet pornography freaks all these years, the distinction is far finer.

The recent public disgrace of **Jimmy Swaggart**, the same TV preacher who brought down **Jim Bakker** only a year ago, has brought the whole business of TV religion to the borders of black comedy. That is until one suddenly remembers with a cold sweat that a former TV evangelist, **Pat Robertson**, is running for President. The candidate is attempting to distance himself from his past in search of wider appeal, but the TV news and current affairs programmes, making the most of American TV's greatest asset — irreverency — have a pleasant habit of digging up clips of him "healing" the blind and the crippled. Robertson's greatest link with **God** was when he succeeded in 'praying off-course' a hurricane from ravaging the Atlantic coast; questioned about this recently, he explained that "I could hardly be expected to move a nation if I couldn't move a hurricane". And you must admit he has a point.

In fact, The Race For President is the one TV series that crosses all boundaries, featuring as it does high finance (a serious candidate needs \$5 million to compete with the others), drama (the candidates hurling serious insults at the competitors in their own party while ignoring the opposition), sexual intrigue (**Gary Hart**), violence (well some of the rhetoric is pretty painful), comedy (well, just look at them), sport (remember, it's a *race*) and, of course, the enormous jackpot for whoever wins. There's precious little politics talked of course, but then, this is only TV, not the real world. **TONY FLETCHER**

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THE MEMBRANES

RAZORCUTS



and the rise of independent dance music

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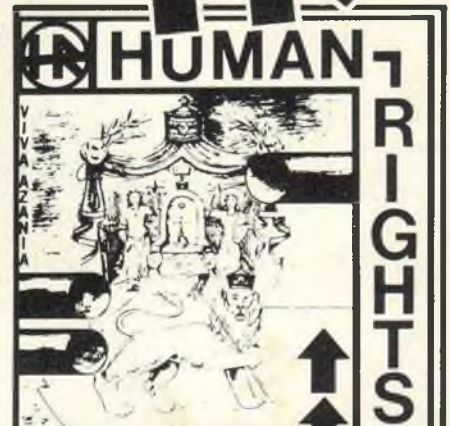
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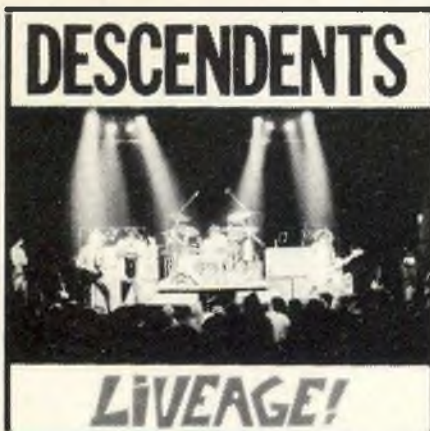


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UNDERGROUND

£1

MAY 1988 ISSUE 14

Underground: File under vinyl vulture's breathtaking beat bible!

MIX-FRENZY SPECIAL

NEW ORDER

B-B-B-Blue
Monday Interview
Dub Remix Version

STEVE ALBINI
New label, hard
production, token
swearing

THE METEORS
Still psycho after all
these beers

S-EXPRESS
Flare up as DJ does
disc

PIXIES
Surfer Rosa on
swirling swimathon



SUGARCUBES

Schizophrenia
specialists



THE SMITHERS
SKINNY PUPPY
LYDIA LUNCH
Mc CARTHY
a million reviews, news
and conjecture

plus
THIS MONTH'S
JOHNNY MARR
PARAGRAPH
and
TOKEN TWO
for the
UNDERGROUND/ROUSKA
LP

THE UNDERGROUND ROUSKA RECORDS COMPILATION

ROUSKA'S DOLLAR CACOPHONY

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?
WMTID ★ Welcome To The Global Casino

and if you've still got some cash left, we've still got a few back issues remaining (selected issues only)

issue one * APRIL
 SLAB/SKIN/COIL/AUSGANG A
 GO-GO

issue seven * OCTOBER * sold out

issue two * MAY * sold out

issue eight * NOVEMBER * very few left
 THE FALL/LOVE AND
 ROCKETS/LEATHER NUN

issue three * JUNE
 ERASURE/WOLFHOUSES/
 McCARTHY

issue nine * DECEMBER * very few left
 MIAOW!/MANKLAN/SWANS/
 CHESTERFIELDS

issue four * JULY
 BUNNYMEN/SCHOOLLY D/
 SHAMEN

issue ten * JANUARY
 GAYE BYKERS ON ACID/THE
 STUPIDS/TRIFFIDS

issue five * AUGUST * very few left
 DEPECHE MODE/BIG ZAP/
 TALULAH GOSH

issue 11 * FEBRUARY * very few left
 LUXURIA/THE WOODENTOPS/
 DURUTTI COLUMN

issue 12 * MARCH
 JOY DIVISION/THE PRIMITIVES,
 STUMP

issue 13 * APRIL * sold out

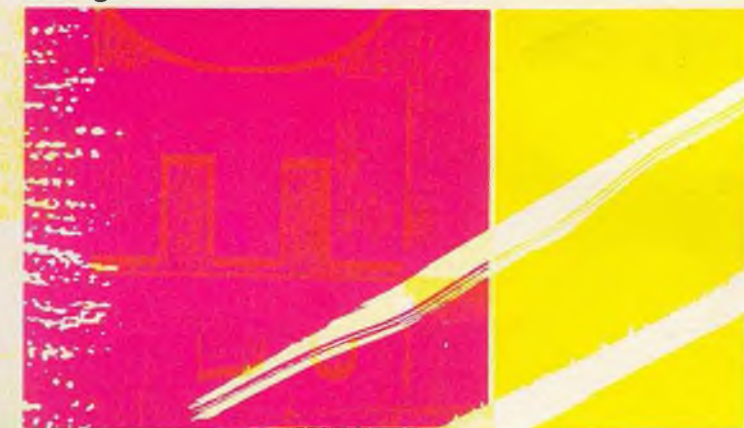
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issue six * SEPTEMBER
 THROWING MUSES/BAD
 DRESS SENSE/DEAD CAN
 DANCE

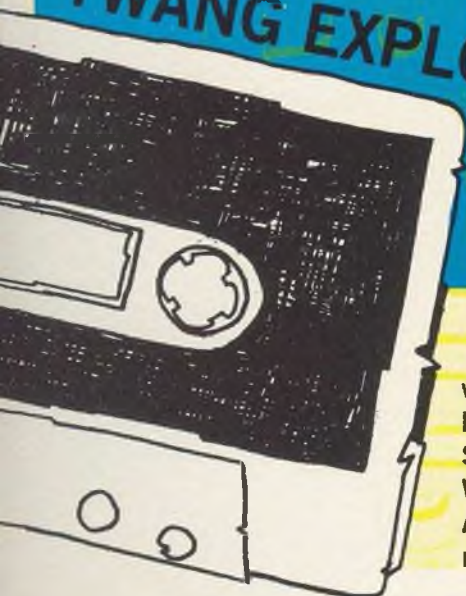
ROUSKA

Collect token two for this gargantuan album from the centre spread, add it to last month's, then get next month's... then, well, if it's not confusing, send them all with £2.50 (to Spotlight Publications Ltd) and you can get... it!



COMING SOON!

The Underground C90 burn out
TWANG EXPLOSION



with tracks from The Flatmates, The Bolshoi, Screaming Trees, The Waltons, The Chesterfields, Automatic Dlamini and more



FULL SCAM

MARR, MARR

we're all crazeee now!

Yes, this month's **Johnny Marr** rumour seems to have a touch of reality to it as several sources have confirmed a tie up between the ex-**Smiths** guitarist and **Colin Lloyd Tucker**! Colin Lloyd-who? I hear you ask. Well, Colin is an ex-member of **The Gadgets**, **The The**, **Jeremy's Secret** and a bundle of other groups (seasonally alongside **King Of Luxembourg** mentor **Simon Turner**). Having worked briefly with **Kate Bush**, it seems he's put down his guitar and is heading to LA to team up with Johnny — although Colin has also been seen, beneath a mop of red hair, leaving a **Jethro Tull** concert just last week. Strange (and slightly psyche-pomp!).

Johnny, don't do it! (Lloyd Tucker on insert and quiff control)



3

UNDERGROUND

MEASURING 14 ON THE REMIXED RICHTER SCALE

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UNDERGROUND: a tad mixed-up

ISSUE 14: bluer than the rest

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DESIGNER Edie Mondrian

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Telex 299485 Music G

Fax 01-388 5010

Distribution

Spotlight Magazine Distribution,

1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX

Telephone 01-700 4600

Typeset by Offshoot Graphics Co,

17-18 Great Sutton Street,

London EC1

Printed by

Chesham Press, 16-18 Germaine Street,

Chesham, Bucks

ISSN 0951-502X

© Spotlight Publications 1988

NATURE
BLESS!



fACT & fICTION

ON THE VERGE OF A NEW SOMETHING, issue 14 of **Underground** — everyone's favourite angstymag — comes with the news that the last issue reaped rounds of applause in **Denmark!** Fine! Fine, fine! Ain't it strange though?

It takes a nation of people who spend a month translating the damn thing to really appreciate it. Here in the UK we have it far too easy.

Now, I don't expect anyone to adopt the ash and sackcloth garb but the influx of cash and status has certainly not helped some people. **The Shop Assistants'** sudden split after signing to Chrysalis/Blue Guitar was ominous, **The Soup Dragons'** pandering to the chequebook being just plain frightening. Will **The Sugarcubes** sign? Have they signed? Who've they signed to?

The Wedding Present seemed close to nationwide success after their last single, *Nobody's Twisting Your Arm*, but they couldn't break the radio barrier (do they need a major?), while **The Cardiacs** — a showpiece of idiosyncrasy — opt for a wacky image, stick with Alphabet, an independent label, and, because of their playsafe **Genesis/Yes** sound, manage to crop up on **Gary Davies'** Radio 1 show (do they need some new ideas?). Well, that's progress!

The Sugarcubes, arguably the independents' greatest recent success, didn't sign, instead remaining on One Little Indian, but, let's be honest, they're in the minority when it comes to "rock". Instead, the great sales force in the sky is currently dancefloor-bound for '88 and everyone from **Gene And Jim, DTI** and even **World Domination Enterprises** are breaking their ankles in their panic to tread flares (and make cash). Not healthy?

This month's issue looks at the roots of independent/alternative dance music, while throwing a few cultural spanners in the works. **Steve Albini's** Chicago exploits are examined, **Pixies** reveal what he's like behind closed doors and **New Order** get the final mixdown of *Blue Monday* poked and provoked. Further out, on a monotone limb, **Mike Alway** reveals the truth (or as close as we'll get to it) about **el Records**, and **The Meteors** get a touch retrospective about things.

Talking of that trait, **Jungle** have just announced the re-release of **The Stooges'** last ever show. Unexpurgated wild man rock, you'd be forgiven for dismissing it. But the **Ig's** final death throes, as a post-fatigue cash-in, has more to it than that. This double sees the glass-rolling blond in true legend-making stance. After that, rock 'n' roll would never be the same again. Unfortunately that can't be said for the **Rat Cage** re-issue of **The Beastie Boys'** first ever recordings, *The Polywog Stew EP*. Primal, but not primed, it's a punk noise that'll disappoint trendies and give little indication of their post-pubescent outcry.

But bands come and go like that, don't they? And latest scandal suggests that next to go is **Melissa** from **Voice Of The Beehive** (a mere year after they got on the cover of **Underground**, a mere month after the rest of the press clicked). Shame, perhaps, but that's r'n'r, as they say.

Similarly, the much-touted but never very productive **Opal** announced some changes with **Kendra Smith** departing, leaving **David Roback** with combo, plus new member **Hope!** Undoubtedly that'll be the key word, to see if they can muster a chord or two to follow their rather low key *Happy Nightmare Baby* album of last year, thus justifying **Roback's** pedigree (he's an ex-**Dream Syndicate, Rain Parade, Clay Allinson**).

Whether they'll do it is another story, as is whether **The Sugarcubes** will sign a major deal, whether **Voice Of The Beehive** will split and whether anyone will find a **Pooh Sticks** record to buy. Whatever, don't clean out the ashtray till the morning. **Dave Henderson**

LET'S TALK Wild! Yep, **The Wild Flowers** have signed a mega-million bucks deal in the States with **Slash** (who gave us **Los Lobos, Faith No More** and **The BoDeans**)... and, **The Wild Swans'** **WEA LP** that we reviewed last month has been put back a bit and will now be called *Bringing Home The Ashes*. The goofy **Idea** label — **Jack Rubies, Moss Poles, Automatic Diamini** — look set to fold now that publishing parent **Chappells** has been taken over by **WEA**. And, there's more departures as **The Raw Herbs** **Medium Cool** to form their own label through **Revolver**.

Meanwhile, **Alien Sex Fiend** follow their retro LP by splitting up. What's worse, the parting came amid a frenzy of equipment smashing. **The Bodines** (formerly on **Creation** and **Magnet**) look set to release an album through **Red Rhino**, and ex-**Nightingale Rob Lloyd** is currently hawking some new tapes in search of a deal. Using session musicians and **Lloyd** originals, we're talking big money, here.

Clair Obscur have two new albums scheduled for the next ten minutes, one on French label **VISA** and one on Scottish label **Cathexis**. Er, yes, **Red Rhino** is setting up a dance-orientated label that'll be run by the **Skysaw** guys of **L'pool**... and did you know that the people behind a lot of **UK Acid House** are in fact former **Illuminated** duo **400 Blows**?

Alternative Tentacles release some new material from **No Means No** and bring the band over to the UK to tour; **Food Records** have inked a deal with **EMI** for **Crazyhead** and **Diesel Park West** and **Workers Playtime** have **Dan** in the studio completing *Mother With Child And Bunny* — an album that comes replete with a comic.

Nick Cave has his writings bookified with **King Ink**. Featuring lyrics from **The Birthday Party** and **The Bad Seeds**, it also resounds with plays, prose and incidental scribbles on **Einsturzende Neubauten**, a play written in conjunction with **Lydia Lunch** and lyrics for German band **Die Haut**. This book will be followed by **Cave's** first novel **And The Ass Saw The Angel** (details through **Black Spring Press Ltd**, 46 Rodwell Road, East Dulwich, London SE22 9LE).

Much ado about **The Colorblind James Experience** recently... and following our raving review of their self-titled debut LP, you'll be glad to find out that **Fundamental** are set to release it through **Red Rhino** at the drop of a fig leaf.

Bollock Brothers' Jock McDonald dropped in to tell us the sad news of the death of legendary German producer **Connie Plank** through cancer. The last album he worked on was **Jock's** own *The Prophecies Of Nostradamus*.

Through **Underground** during the summer, there'll be a fabby **C90** featuring unreleased primal **Jonathan Richman, The Waltonones, Automatic Diamini, The Chesterfields, The Flatmates** and loads more. Cover versions are in vogue and **The Bomb Party** look set to unleash **Sugar Sugar**, while **The Psychones** offer *Panic In Detroit*. Also scheduled for release soon is **Drag's** version of *10cc's I'm Not In Love*, while **Imaginary Records** follow their **Syd Barrett** compilation (with tracks by various bands) with a tribute to **Captain Beefheart** called *Fast'n'Bulbous*, with tracks from **The King Of Luxembourg, XTC, The Scientists, The Membranes, That Petrol Emotion, Sonic Youth, The Primevals** and pals. Next up is a **Ray Davies** tribute.

The Passmore Sisters have expired from this mortal coil... following the general public's inability to notice their wistful pop melodies... and **Hula** have left **Red Rhino**. The group's next release, a potent 12 inch called **VC1**, is so far scheduled for **US** release only through **Wax Trax**. **Frankie Howerd** has refused a royal decree to appear on the upcoming **King Of Luxembourg LP**, claiming that he has "hurt his foot". Hmmmm, a likely story. No reply has yet been received from **Kenneth Williams**.



Opal with Hope!

about his new label and new group

Steve Albini talks



Ruthless to the point of peversion

As with his former band Big Black, Steve Albini seems to have become increasingly more popular since they split up last summer. With various recent production jobs on both sides of the Atlantic keeping him busy, including new LP's by Pixies, The Membranes and Head Of David, he also has a brand new band on the go, as well as several more localised Chicago based production jobs in the pipeline. Oh, and his own Ruthless Records is also about to come out of hibernation.

So come on Albini, tell me more. . .

"Just recently I've been getting paid ridiculously well for various production jobs, the bulk of which have been for people I know who I just haven't had the chance to do anything with before. Or, they're or people who think that I can superimpose whatever I did with Big Black onto what they're working with. That end of it doesn't tend to work out too well."

What did you think of Pixies?

"I really enjoyed working with them, although I got the impression that Ivo from 4AD was almost insulted when he first heard the finished tapes. He was expecting me to take this guitar band into the modern age, presumably because he

knew that Big Black used a drum machine, whereas all I did was give the guitarists Marshall amps and said pretend you're in a heavy metal band. From then on it worked out fine. I like it, the band like it, and I think Ivo has come to like it."

Is it true that Depeche Mode wanted you to produce them?

"Yes — it seemed like a joke to me, but they were serious. I was supposed to go and see them backstage after a show at Wembley but after about 10 minutes of the live performance I walked out and gave my pass to some teenage boy who was mouthing the words and was obviously a big fan."

So now he's producing the new Depeche Mode LP. . .

"Well no, the Mute road crew tackled him to the ground and wrestled the backstage pass away from him! I suppose if I was being totally professional about this I should be willing to work with people whose music I don't really like, but Depeche Mode was beyond that, and I didn't see the point of subjecting them to someone like me who would just sit in the control room and ridicule them."

So what's happening with your own music?

"Last October Rey Washan," (the drummer from Scratch Acid)" and I started playing

together with a view to starting a band, but it took us a while to find a bass player. In the end we did something that we had originally resisted for obvious reasons and took on Dave Sims, the old Scratch Acid bass player. Barry Adamson (ex-Magazine, Bad Seeds) was another possibility, but when I finally met him I was disappointed in him as a person, although he's one hell of a bass player. Maybe it was the fact that he once hung out with Mick Cave and Blixa Bargeld for a couple of years — a prospect far too horrible for me to contemplate!"

Have you got a name yet?

"Yes, but partly for reasons of avoiding hype at this early stage I'm not going to tell you what it is!"

(When I got back to England someone told me that John Peel had already announced to the nation that they are called Rape Man. So much for secrets!)

"All of us are disgusted at the amount of hype that goes on, even in the American independent scene. In an effort to dilute the kind of anticipation that surrounded the whole Minutemen/Firehose fiasco we'll probably just slip a record quietly out into the marketplace just to diffuse any expectations that aren't particularly appropriate."

You're presumably wary of people's expectations post-Big Black.

"Oh yes, I'm well aware of it but I really don't give a shit what people expect or want. The new music is radically different from anything any of us have done before, but it is still rock music and it is still aggressive guitar music."

So any hints as to when we can expect any vinyl?

"I'm not sure yet, but avoiding any sort of hype is particularly important to us. It's like with Big Black — we didn't want to be around when substance stopped mattering and the image took over. The fact that we got still more popular after we split up was exactly what we were trying to avoid. The whole reason for me to be in a band is that I've always loved playing live, but with Big Black for about a year the audience had been getting dumber and dumber. While we didn't think that was particularly our fault it wasn't very satisfying to be playing in front of admittedly larger audiences, but larger audiences of boobs."

Alex Bastedo

A MESSAGE FROM OUR SPONSORS



POP FAX WITH THE GIRL FROM WAHOO COUNTY, USA. (The one with the very rich mommy who owns *Underground*)

Hi guys, Cyndi here, with all the gossip about your cute record charts. I've wanted to write for a real magazine for aeons, but I guess *The Underground* will have to do, as it was the only title Mommy's publishing house owned which wanted a far-out-with-it-girl-of-tomorrow.

I read half a book on a coal-mining before I was told *The Underground* was a magazine about rock music, so I had a copy flown in by Markus on his way back from Scotland, where he has a castle. Anyway, I couldn't find any mention of *The Eagles* or even *The Allman Brothers* which personally I think is pretty gross. So I rang the editor and he was really gross as well, with his dinky accent and funny language. Hell, he talked to me like I was an ordinary person which is a bad idea unless he wants to find himself editor of *The Camping Gazette*.

Still, you guys want to know what I think, right? And I've spun a few of your vinyl things and talked to your Bruno Brookes (what a hunk) so I know *all* about it.

Firstly that *Jim Morrissey of Smiths* and his songs about a typical English day. . . now, he needs a few big meals and some workouts in his gym by the look of him. Surely you Brit girls don't go for such wimps? If he wants to sell records, he ought to look at *Bon Jovi* and realise that kids want guys that could punch them out. I bet Mr Smith couldn't even load a Biller AK 90, let alone mow down any anti-establishment agents. So get wise.

The Fall have a cute name, although they ought to change it to *The Summer* if they want Billboard success as no-one wants dreary music in this new age of optimism. (Billboard is the real chart in the States, but only *Elton John* is allowed in from Britain.)

And, what the hell is this house stuff you all talk about? I've got four houses and the one in France has got a parapet, so *flake off!*

The Wedding Present sang about George Best, a football player I'm told, buy why didn't they sing about *Mousey 'Big Grill' Chesterton* the Pittsburg Porcupines' gorgeous winger? He can be my record anytime. (And probably will, at the Girls For Morals Nancy Love Ball next Thursday.)

Anyhow, your Cyndi has to go and buy her plane tickets for Cannes now, as I can't find a single thing to wear in little old London. So keep up the good work *Duran Duran* and come to the States if you want to become a star. (Even your *John Lennon* had to come here to get shot.)

More hot news next month unless I can get a better offer. Lots of love and sloppy kisses, CYNDI TEX x x x

(PS. Your Ed has told me I can't do a piece on fashion design for yacht living. I thought this was a young persons' mag! You're being seriously misled, kids. . .)

SUB culture

Life and how to abuse it!



AEU

GREAT LOGOS OF OUR TIME

Yes, we've had more mail for the other alternative building *Underground* mag, and this time we detect the work of Laibach is at hand. Just look at this logo for the *Amalgamated Engineering Union* and tell me it's not part of the work ethic!

VITAL PROSE

Magazines of the moment. . . *Delight In The New Wonderland* (Alistair, 64 Lugar Place, Troon, Strathclyde) features tatty scribbles, self-questioning garb and stuff on Tiffany, Groove Farm, Baby Lemonade, Sea Urchins etc. (A5) *Get Out And Give Em Hell* (14 Diana Road, Ashton In Molerfield, nr Wigan, Lancs) features harsh layouts and stuff on A Certain Ratio, John Avery Of Hula, demo tapes, skateboards and Paul Haig. (A4/50p)

Happy Pow (Stephen Brennan, 88 Killyglen Road, Lame, Co Antrim, N Ireland) is fun and frolicsom with a strange hybrid wobbling between Big Stick, the Mary Chain and gibberish. (A5/20p) *Intense* (10 Spencer Street, Littleborough, Rochdale, Greater Manchester) is action-packed fun and arrogant mind assaults. Features Monkey Run, Chameleons and wild stuff. (A5/30p)

Law Of Accident (Mike Shankland, 12 Broadway West, Fulford, York) is loose when it should be intense about the bands it covers. There are some good areas probed though. Includes Coil, PTV, Annie Anxiety, Conflict. (A4/40p)

Perturbed (14 Overlea Gardens, Acocks Green, Birmingham) is all over the place. Wild, libellous and chock full with features. A hoot. (A5/40p)

Shine (C Lovell, 69 Crown Street, Peterborough) is well printed but lacking in design and editorial direction. Some good bits with Sudden Sway, Fields Of The Nephilim, Webcore and Into A Circle. (A4/80p)

(Send accordingly sized sae plus money where appropriate to addresses supplied.)

Pooh on you!



"Actually, we're just Pooh groupies"

Who are The Pooh Sticks?

The **Pooh Sticks** are a paradox. Hooray! They embody that most hated of forms, **anorak pop**, but they still manage to be rather cool and groovy. Cynics would say it's simply because their debut single, **On Tape**, is out on the ridiculously hip renegade label **Fierce Records**. . . but the band do have an element of parody which gives them a value of their own.

- The Swansea-based combo feature two grown-ups. **Hue** and **Paul**, who both play guitar and sing. They're backed by three precocious teenage nymphets, **Trudi**, **Alison** and **Stephanie**, who attempt tambourine, bass and drums respectively, as well as helping with the vocals.
- The band are completely submerged in indie pop traditions but they're **not**

luddites. According to Hue, there's already a Pooh Sticks promo video for the single. "We haven't got it played anywhere because it's highly controversial. It features me and Stephanie re-enacting the big scene in **From Here To Eternity**. Stephanie is only about 14 and I'm a strapping lad of 21 so it looks a bit rude." (*Is that the fight scene?* — Ed.)

■ There is a follow-up planned, **I Know Someone Who Knows Alan McGee Quite Well**, which should be released as soon as the band receive the financial rewards from On Tape.

■ "We haven't got much cash at the moment," moans Hue. "The girls only get 50p a week pocket money."

■ This could soon change as a Rough Trade distribution deal is on the horizon, as well as a publicity scam so monumental that Fierce supremo, Steve Gregory, reckons it'll catapult the band into the indie big league. Anorak superstars? Yeah!

■ For details of the Pooh Sticks single, send an SAE to Fierce Records, PO Box 29, Swansea SA1 1BG. **Anthony Farthing**

We say Yeah (Jazz). . . or even yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!

Chats: "What did you expect us to be like?" Chats (appropriate name folks!) is Yeah Jazz's permanently smiling guitarist and he has a reason for asking!

Kevin: "People expect us to be professional northerners! You know, *Coronation Street* dwellers and pigeon fanciers!" Kevin is Yeah Jazz's singer, the responsible party for those plaintive colloquialisms and bittersweet, soaring lyrics. Admittedly, they don't look much like pop stars, but then, they're not really trying hard enough!

Chats: "That's the problem, you see, we don't really have a clothes image."

Kevin: "It doesn't bother us at all now but when we first started out we'd keep thinking, 'shall we get some leather trousers or leopard skin spandex?' . . . We ended up with Oxfam gear!"

Chats: "Anyway, we'd never live up to it, I mean, I could never go on stage wearing leopard skin trousers. I wouldn't be able to live up to what people expected me to be. Let's face it, I'm just not it, am I?"

Yeah Jazz aren't the least bit image-conscious, nor is their conversation, thankfully, cutely-tailored rock speak. Where they've been, what they've done, what they had for tea and how useless they are at giving up smoking are all topics of the moment. Yeah Jazz, you see, live in the real world. Six Lane Ends, their simply *amazing* new LP on Cherry Red, is full of pathos and humour, *real* songs about the *real* reflections of *real* people. Rather than communicate through the fictitious extremes that so much pop fodder would have us believe is the human experience, Kevin and Chats come from a place where emotional weaknesses, human failings, *memories* and reminiscences are respected. In other words, it's OK to be normal.

If ever there was a potential hit single on an album it's *All The Stars* from Six Lane Ends, possibly the most poignant YJ story of all.

Kevin: "Yeah, that is a good story. What happened was I was staying at my granddad's, and he's a great conversationalist — he's dead now but he was a great talker — and he just started telling me all about me grandma who I never knew. She died way before I was born. I knew I was meant to meet Chats at nine so I looked at the clock and it was 11 o'clock! I'd missed the whole evening. That became *All The Stars*."

"When there's things like that, there's no need to write the 'baby baby baby' stuff. People have always got tales to tell. I don't think I could ever write a song specifically so that it had a chance of getting played on Gary Davies' Radio 1 prog. There's no point, because I just couldn't believe in that."

Chats: "Once you start doing that you'd never respect yourself in the morning!" **Alex Kadis**



Yeah Jazz: bringing strange hats

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SUB culture

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THIS IS IT!

Recommended eye-food comes from *This Is This*, a tastefully conceived manuscript that looks like a 'zine but tastes around twice as good. The perps involved weave prose and pose into a textured stream of consciousness, and your education into this fine art of latter-day Dylan Thomas can be grasped for a frittering 50p plus A4 cheap wrapping, from Andrew Collins, *This Is This*, 33e Telford Avenue, London SW2. . . well, it's just like *Underground* never happened. (And few mentions of musak.)



RUMBLEFISH

If you believe Jeremy Paige's blithely self-deprecating tales of his band, you'd reckon nobody had ever heard of *Rumblefish*.

Just before their first label, Pink Records, sank without trace, the Birmingham outfit issued their debut 12 inch single, *Tugboat Line*. It followed the label into oblivion.

Now, a year later, expanded to a five piece (the band started out as a stand-up drummer, guitar and trumpet), they've got a two single deal with Summerhouse. Medicine is the first release, and despite Jeremy's claims that the band are "pretty bad" when it comes to recording ("but there again what do you expect when you only go in a studio twice a year?"), I rather like its bouncy, Woodentopsy attack. Jeremy reckons it's unrepresentative and should have been out six months ago. Instead, he says they're doing "much more flighty things". So now you know.

Mike Davies

Pixies: haven't they got a gnome to go to?



SURF'S UP!

Pixies' new album has shot into the national charts. It uncovers a raw nerve of rock power. Alex Bastedo takes the pulse

Come On Pilgrim, the debut mini-album by Pixies, was one of the best 'new young guitar band' LPs heard in recent years, and is yet another example of Americans doing it better. Two songs in particular, *Caribou* and *Levitate Me*, just begged to be played again and again, while the overall feel of the eight songs was of some exotic hybrid between Sonic Youth, Violent Femmes and The Gun Club.

Now we have their first full length LP, *Surfer Rosa*, produced by the ubiquitous Steve Albini, which is even better, even if it did take a bit longer to get to grips with. Lead singer/songwriter Black Francis has heard that remark before. . .

"Actually, a few other people have said that this record is not as commercial or immediate. However, I think it is much better. Parts of the mini-LP were too quiet for me, and Steve Albini certainly cured that on *Rosa*. It is sparser but definitely louder sounding and guitar heavy, which is something we wanted."

How much of that was down to Albini?

"We virtually let him have a free rein in the studio. We're basically a live band and don't know too much about recording. Steve Albini was the record company's choice for producer

so we trusted their judgment. I have to admit that I wasn't too familiar with Big Black either."

Would you agree that *Gigantic* is the most immediate song on the record?

"Definitely. That song is built around a riff I've been playing for years, one of those Sweet Jane sort of things. In fact, we were going to call the album *Gigantic* at one point, but it's probably a good job we didn't in the end, judging by the finished sleeve artwork."

Bare breasts on 4AD in the cause of art! And why a reworking of *Vamos*, from *Pilgrim*, on *Surfer Rosa*?

"That was Ivo at 4AD's choice. He wanted us to re-record that song and I'm glad we managed to come up with a better version — we opened out the song a lot more and gave it much more mean, fiery guitar."



SING SOMETHING SARAH!

The ever-effervescent Sarah, who brought us *Pristine Christine* by *The Sea Urchins* and *I've Got A Habit* by *The Orchids*, have a paper and flexi concoction with scribbles on *1000 Violins*, *14 Iced Bears* and *Talulah Gosh* crafted into grammar by ex-editors of *Kvatch* and *Are You Scared To Get Happy?* 'zines, plus a mini-disc featuring *Another Sunny Day's* pomp-rock classic *Anorak City*. A bargain at 50p (plus a bigger than A5 sae) from *Clare and Matt* at the Garden Flat, 46 Upper Belgrave Road, Clifton, Bristol BS8 2XN.

Dave Henderson

PLEASE! DON'T SANDBLAST MY BRAIN!

Last year Head Of David received rave reviews for their first five track release *Dogbreath*, and conjured up equally enthusiastic acclaim for a live performance, christened *Godbreath*, which was broadcast as a John Peel session. Slipping both *Dog* and *God* into record label Blast First's melting pot produced a full length elpee called, simply enough, *LP*, which had fans and critics alike frothing about Dudley's *Deadly Foursome*. "Big and ugly", "Ferocious", "Hardest of the hard core", "Menacing", "Intense, macabre and maddeningly repetitive" and "Fearless, fierce and devastatingly LOUD", were the flag-wavers comments.

- That was last year when the singer was called Reubin and HOD were lumped in with the noise filth independents. The singer remains the same but now he's called Steve.
- Last year HOD played the ICA. (The rock week held for the 'Great Unsigned' by predatory EMI.) The £500 deal was for a short set and permission to use the recording on a compilation. Head Of David took the money, played a compilation cut-up of big EMI acts in the background and churned out a continuous, cankerous noise for 20 minutes before the fire

brigade invaded the smoking venue and broke things up. . .

- Steve: "People thought it was some attack from within British pop culture or something. I didn't understand the reviews. If we were revolutionaries we'd probably be The Pet Shop Boys — it's the best way to do it."
- You got some kind of reaction, though?
- "Well. . . yes, it was great, 'cos we didn't have a clue what we were doing, as usual really, and everybody was throwing things at us and some were spitting, and, what with all that smoke, you couldn't see anything. . ."
- The new LP, *Dustbowl*, is something to be valued, if what we're being told, that HOD will wind themselves down in June ("once we got a deal, all the fun went out of it"), is true. The record that Head Of David are retiring with is full of primed noisy stuff, standing tall and very metal, but not in the cliched, deadly dull way of its contemporaries. It's 15 tracks of white-hot substance, with an added ingredient X. HOD wash blacker than black and sting like sizzling sulphuric acid playing over the cracks and crevices of your cranium. Pretty dramatic, huh?! **Daz Igy meth**

Head Of David create storm clouds in the Dustbowl



Axe victims: HOD



It's Trad, dad

Anarchy sets Wales alight!

Meet a group who sing in Welsh, live in England, and have a German record company — TRADDODIAD OFNUS. They have a new LP out on Phil Boa's Constrictor label, distributed in the UK by Red Rhino, and called, naturally enough, *Welsh Tourist Bored*.

"That village with the long name — *Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch* — is an invention for tourists. Nobody who lives there calls it that, and anyhow, it's a really boring place, so our LP cover has a picture of a Welsh tourist, bored," claims a Tradd.

Why the German label?

"There are only two Welsh labels of note — Anhrefn, who are interested but haven't got any money, and Sain (meaning sound), who have money (mainly because they have released so many Aled Jones records) but aren't interested."

Traddodiad Ofnus means a tradition that is afraid of the future, frightened of moving on. A good description of the Wales the group have moved away from, but they still sing almost exclusively in Welsh.

I imagined *Traddodiad Ofnus* would be well militant, slipping into Welsh and advocating the destruction of English holiday homes. But as they say, "There is no reason why we should have to justify singing in Welsh, the language sounds really poetic." Even if most people can't understand what the songs are about. So what are they about?

"A bit about Wales and Britain today, a bit of love, a bit of sex, the normal content of songs really."

But of course there are clever bits you miss if you can't speak the language, like on the single, *Hwyl*.

"*Hwyl* means fun, but down in south Wales it also means goodbye. So it's like goodbye, have fun, it was good while it lasted."

It may be goodbye, it might have been fun, but *Traddodiad Ofnus* are still in love with Wales and the Welsh language. They play there as often as possible — and they are not worried if singing in Welsh is considered uncommercial.

"If you could speak Welsh, I know you'd understand." Quite. Christopher Mellor

SUB culture

Life and how to abuse it!



B.F.G.

Rash statements have likened, perhaps lazily, the B.F.G. sound to a Missionary, Sistersy kind of thing but, of course, it's not really that simple. Steve the singer does have a deep voice and Mike's drumming does possess a certain beatbox-like tightness over which Paul's guitar strums, picks and chops with as much authority as Marx or Hussey could muster, but they're no rip off merchants; strong tunes, which are both commercial and intense, make for much more than a grey carbon copy.

They've signed a publishing deal with RCA and, despite some offers, prefer to stay on Attica Records for the moment. Output-wise, there have been two 12 inch EPs, namely *Western Sky* and *Higher*, both of which are accessible and atmospheric, and well worth investigating. **Daz Igy meth**



END OF THE TRAX

Trax started as a mail-art/art/art-art/music-related art fiasco, and developed into a globe full of strange people — with cohorts including Genesis P Orridge, The Haters, DDAA, William Burroughs, Brion Gysin and more. But now, in true style, it's all over. The numerous literary, illustrative and recorded highlights are shown and deciphered in their last, succinctly designed package *Last Trax* — which comes complete with a seven inch record by members of the *Trax* core. Stimulating and innovative stuff and we have three copies to give away!

Just answer this question on a postcard and send it to *Underground/Trax Competition*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ to arrive pretty quickly.

Q: *Trax* was started in Italy by Ug's Italian correspondent. What's his name?

Life and how to abuse it!

ROCKETS
passing overhead



CARTOONING ABOUT

A scrawling, begging postcard from Steven Appleby arrived chez *Ug* with a fabby new publication called *Rockets — A Way Of Life* — which he claimed to have written and drawn. This finely surreal, illustrative trip to the outer echelons of the planetary system reveals that there is still humour in cartoons and futuristic things — and the star of this piece, Captain J Star, is rife with it. It's an Assorted Images Publication that should be read beneath the bed covers immediately.



FLOOR PRODUCTS

Enter *Floor Products*! No, not the latest line in brushes, missus, but rather the latest line in dancefloor sounds. *Floor* is an 'organisation' in the true business sense of the word, they make music, they produce other people's music, they release music.

At the moment they're heavily involved in a film project being produced by north west independent film maker Neil Adams, concerned with the growth of house/hip hop in the north of England. It's hoped that the finished product will eventually be taken up by Channel 4.

Meanwhile, *Floor* has to establish itself as a cassette label; their sample tape *Bacteria From A Baboon's Stomach* (I kid you not) has been available from various local record shops for a while. The next item on the agenda is a compilation of Manchester artists of a similar dance-beat persuasion. Craig Ferguson



McCarthy take basketball to the art elite

McCarthy on the road to the big bible belt!

"Make it funny," said the editor of beat bible, *Underground*. Make it funny? Make an interview with McCarthy funny? That's a joke! Apart from entirely fabricating an endless stream of quips, double entendres and side-splitting anecdotes, how are you supposed to make an interview with McCarthy funny?

"It'll be a challenge," he said. Who does he bloody think I am — Anneka Rice?

BASKETBALL !!!!!?

Feeling pretty light-hearted and full of the joys of spring, despite the mountainous task of having to bring back humorous copy, I sped my merry way to Cambridge Circus and a pub inhabited by neanderthal rock 'n' roll roadies and three members of McCarthy. I remembered Malcolm, the lead singer, from a recent gig. He'd pointed at me and said, "I like your anorak".

Funny, I wasn't wearing an anorak. The bloke behind me was though — he was a mad, six foot six, basketball-playing student and he was having a whale of a time. I still have the bruises to prove it — he pushed andajoled me throughout, as many psychologically disturbed students are wont to do.

So (and let's get on with it) what do McCarthy mean to me? Six rib-tickling singles? Vaguely camp and lost vocals? The C-86

champions of indie pop? No! McCarthy mean a whirlpool of sound that pulls you in. Something you're prepared to like despite its popular misconceptions. Lyrics (so disassociated from the happy tunes) that slice like a cheesewire through ordinary pop words. Drumbeats that are impossible to repeat. Odd, odd, and odder than odd. Four, not spectacular, people on stage that shamble and stumble and fumble and sometimes make you laugh with comments like, "I like your Harrington".

TOOTHPASTE !!!!!?

Trivia — that's the answer, be flippant, it never fails, smiles all the way.

What toothpaste do you use?

Malcolm: "Smokers' toothpaste, I don't know what it's called."

Brand names, Malcolm, I want brand names.

Malcolm: "Eucryl, something like that."

Have you any amazing anecdotes to recount, to share with the readers?

Tim: "No."

This is not strictly true. Billy Bragg played live in Tim's street on the day of the Queen's jubilee.

Tim: "I left after one song."

What's your favourite drink?

Malcolm: "Port. Look, I don't know if... Is this...? Shall we pursue this line...? Why are you asking us these questions?"

I had none of this trouble with Debbie Gibson. This is a pop interview, you're a pop band, these are the kind of things pop fans want to know.

Malcolm: "I think that's wrong. People should want to know about politics, think about things, become critical about things. We're just the same as everybody else."

VEGETARIANS !!!!!?

Let's get intellectual.

McCarthy are the same as everybody else. But it's their lyrics ("she was egged on by loathe-some goblins"), their vocabulary and, as Tim puts it, "revolutionary fervour", that makes them different. McCarthy are blunt in a round about kind of way. When they speak, phrases like "working class liberation", "orthodox methods of protest" and "economic structure" roll off their tongues as easily as, "what's your favourite TV programme?" rolls off mine.

Malcolm eats books for breakfast. I can imagine his room piled high with biographies, text-books, dictionaries and Penguins of every kind.

Malcolm: "It's not just books. It's ideas, things I see on the news that are happening in the world. I find it quite difficult to write songs. Other people seem to do it as easily as breathing. I have to think about what I'm doing. I spend hours searching for the correct word. I don't find it natural in the least — I don't think it should be."

Even so, people still get them wrong. Me and the basketball player included. McCarthy lyrics are not as plain as the nose on your face. They're there to puzzle, disturb, initiate ideas or to disagree with.

Tim: "The lyrics are often taken in the directly opposite way to which they were intended. Malcolm doesn't write in a sloganeering way, it's not obvious. It's done in a way where you have to think about it. On *Anti-American Cretin* everybody thought, 'oh good, they hate Americans', but it's the exact opposite. *Kill, Kill, Kill* too sounds like a very pro-vegetarian song, but it isn't."

MARXIST !!!!!?

But how can you disagree with something as harmless as *I Should Be So Lucky*?

Malcolm: "You can disagree that the most important thing is people's lives is unrequited love. It's not the central issue in the world today." Despite their outrage at traditional pop themes, fun, love and money, McCarthy have written a love song, called *This Nelson Rockefeller*. It's like *I Think We're Alone Now* with a twist, the *Pet Shop Boys' Rent* turned on its head. It's about a Marxist love triangle. Its follow up, *Should The Bible Be Religious*, according to some religious McCarthy fans, a "hot potato" too — so, keep your trousers on vicar.

Malcolm: "Some people obviously just like the jolly music and guitars. But I think there's a fair percentage who appreciate that we are trying to say something different in pop music."

In other words — McCarthy are NOT the same as everybody else.

S is for SOUL!

THE POWER OF THE FLARE DISCOVERED BY CHRIS MELLOR

S-Express have made one of those annoying crossover dance records that nearly everybody will dance to. It's being played by hardcore clubbers, jangly poppers and gurlies who dance round their handbags. It's in the charts, it's on the radio, it's impossible to ignore, and hard to resist. The S-Express has arrived, but this isn't what Mark Moore, DJ extraordinaire and the mastermind behind the project, intended.

"I just wanted to make something I could play in my clubs that would pack the floor. I didn't think it would be accepted because it doesn't follow the rules. I wanted to sell a couple of thousand and end up in five years time with a rare groove, but it hasn't worked."

The other thing Mark underestimated was the power of those flared trousers in the publicity shots.

"We reflect club styles, and that's one style around at the moment. But I never realised how much impact they would have; people seem to be outraged."



But is it important to be a DJ if you want to make a dance record? There are a lot of them doing it at the moment.

"You don't have to be one, but it does help. You just have to go to clubs so you know what's happening, anybody can do it really."

Theme From S-Express, is the title of this most hummable tune, and it's one of those tracks that is perfect for a particular moment. It encapsulates every sound from the club scene. It's the sound of now, which means that in six months' time it will sound crap.

"Records tend to sound awful because they're so good everyone copies the sound and in six months it becomes a cliché."

So what do you do after you've made the perfect disco record?

"The follow up, Superfly Guy, is even better. It's a proper record, it took a whole two and a half days to record, whereas Theme... only took two."

Superfly Guy is another slab of sonic disco, bringing the flare groove right up to date, and S-Express assure us, there's plenty more where that came from.

Whiter than the rest!

"I don't think you could just sit there and let it wash over you. . . you either really get into it, I guess, or you chuck it in the bin."

Andy White passes judgement on his second album, *Kiss The Big Stone*, which, by his own admission, is in a different galaxy from his first, *Rave On*.

"I think the second album just opens up what the first one started. . . Your first album's always some kind of summation of everything which went before it, and the second one includes that, but it really starts off where the other one left off."

Experiences and travels since the first album have inevitably influenced. . . *Big Stone* — in particular a trip to Los Angeles, which inspired the track *Tower Of Babel Time*. The recording process (in Randalstown, near Belfast) was eased by not having to complete

everything in a fortnight (as with *Rave On*) and by the participation of many able and amenable musicians, including Arty McGlynn — Van Morrison's guitarist — as well as a couple of Costello's Attractions.

The relaxed nature of the sessions is reflected in the music and its sneaky tricks of disorientation — the sound of Andy White singing in German (*Go Tell Suzanne*) being one of the more unusual adventures.

Andy White is rarely less than interesting: all ten songs on *Kiss The Big Stone* are connected, and the last cut, *West Wind Blues*, climaxes with a medley of references to its predecessors. That may sound strangely like a concept album, but. . .

"There must be a better way of describing it. . . it's more of a story than a concept album. It's a bit obscure, anyway. You should let your imagination work on it anyhow, that's the best thing that everybody has." **Robert Cohen**



MASTERBLAST

What's happening on local radio?

THE BOTTOM LINE: MONDAY TO FRIDAY 9.45-11PM. BBC NORTHERN IRELAND.

Michael Bradley used to be an *Undertone*; now he presents *The Bottom Line* every Friday night. The other nights are presented by Mike Edgar or Davy Sims, but Michael's show is probably the most interesting.

"You have to remember that just a few inches along the dial is Radio 1, and I don't want to duplicate that. So I won't play the *Mary Chain* or *Morrissey*. Really I just play stuff that appeals to me. I don't care about names, just things with good tunes.

"It's mostly guitar music, but there's also some African stuff, other international things and '60s garage music. People often says 'why don't you play more of *The Cult*?' but the more mainstream indie/rock stuff is covered from Monday to Thursday on the other shows.

"It's important to remember that rock 'n' roll is just a burst of teenager poetry and you can still find records that remind you why you got into it in the first place."

You can hear *The Bottom Line* throughout Northern Ireland and in most of the Republic, plus Northern England and the west coast of Scotland. So check it out for an essential dose of that 'teenager poetry'. **Christopher Mellor**

Michael Bradley's Fave 5

- 1 Stop Your Crying Chin Chin
- 2 The Will Of One Attacco Decent
- 3 Release Me Jerry Lee Lewis
- 4 Football Story Dominic Kenney
- 5 Run Rabbit The Palookas

BEST BEATS

Ug contributors' fave

- tracks: May
JOHNNY DEE
YOUNG MANHOOD The Wild Swans *WEA*
JULIAN HENRY
THEME FROM S-EXPRESS S-Express *Rhythm King*
DAZ IGYMETH
CAT HOUSE Danielle Dax *Awe-some*
ALEX KADIS
ALL THE STARS Yeah Jazz *Cherry Red*
CAROLE LINFIELD
CURRY COMMOTION Bad Dream *Fancy Dress E!*
DICK MESCAL
GIVE GIVE GIVE ME MORE MORE MORE Wonderstuff *Far Out/Polydor*

Welcome to the Green party

The Smithereens exploded, quite accidentally, last year. With ten minutes to spare they follow up their success with a new album, *Green Thoughts*. Tony Fletcher gets Freudian about the new album and the group's history.



Smithereens: furthering the cause of beard propulsion

So how do you follow up an album that you waited six years to make, then recorded and mixed in ten days and watched with wry satisfaction as it sold something silly like 500,000 copies? Well, if you've got any sense you'll repeat the formula, which is why cynics might suggest that *Green Thoughts*, the new Smithereens album, is in fact nothing more than *Especially For You* part two, a rehash of their 1986 fairytale success.

Certainly *Green Thoughts* is a strong, solid album, with a healthy balance of powerhouse guitars and tenderness. To their credit as songwriters, there have been few albums that I have been able to hum every single tune on within three hearings, but to their detriment there is nothing on *Green Thoughts* as desperate as their *Strangers When We Meet*, nothing as truly romantic as *Cigarette*, and — most notably — no lyric as sharp as perhaps anything on *Especially For You*.

Upon returning from 15 months of solid touring last autumn, The Smithereens found themselves in the traditional 'second album syndrome'. The songs for *Especially For You* had been allowed to develop over several years, but now similar quality was expected in weeks. Doesn't a songwriter like Pat De Nizio — the man with the impressive goatee beard — feel pressure in these circumstances? His answer is quiet but self-assured.

"The only pressure that exists is self-imposed pressure: creating an artificial deadline and putting pressure upon myself to write within a certain timeframe, so that I could meet the recording deadline, which I also scheduled."

These timeframes would not suit the likes of George Michael: a month to write an entire album, and 16 days to record and mix it. Ouch! Did he find it easy to come up with the songs?

"I actually found it tremendously difficult, because I had never encountered a situation like that before. The material for the other albums was written over a period of time, almost at leisure and at given moments of inspiration. Whereas I had to be slightly more craftsmanlike about this — I couldn't just wait around for a bolt out of the blue. So I was pleased because I proved to myself that I could write on demand and I'd never known if I was capable of that or not."

And as for the short time in the studio, "It's just a natural reflection of how we've always worked. In the early days we worked quickly on very modest budgets, and then as the years progressed and opportunities opened themselves up to us, we found those work were the methods that still worked best."

Given such speed, you might think it a miracle that *Green Thoughts* is not an unmitigated disaster, but De Nizio is merely proving that the methods responsible for so much classic '60s material are not dead. And as *Especially For You* had proved a significant breakthrough for uncomplicated guitar bands on commercial radio, why sacrifice oneself to state-of-the-art-deliberations just because the finance might be there?

But enough of the present; let's delve into the past. The Smithereens formed in New York in 1980, with guitarist Jim Babjak, bassist Mike Mesaros and drummer Dennis Diken, all of whom sing backing vocals, making up the quartet along with Pat De Nizio. They released an EP, *Girls About Town*, as a 'calling card' and began gigging. Taking up an offer to play part-time as backing band to Otis Blackwell (writer of such legendary tunes as *All Shook Up*, *Don't Be Cruel* and *Please Mr Postman*) meant they could become professional musicians, and they also got to record two now-unavailable albums with him.

In 1983, The Smithereens also recorded a five-song EP of their own, *Beauty And Sadness* (which, like their first effort, is to be rereleased in the next year), which not only sold well on the east coast but was picked up by the then fledgling Stockholm label Wire Records, enabling the group to make their first ever tour — of Scandinavia, no less — in 1984. But a year later, all pushing 30, they had to recognise that the future held little in store.

"It was a strange world that we had created for ourselves," reflects Pat. "Most of our original audience had got married, had kids and moved on, and most of the original clubs we'd started at had closed, reopened and closed again. But we never entertained the notion of giving up, and at that point, after putting half a decade into this one band, there was scant else that we could do with our lives."

But then every cloud has a silver lining. "Ironically it was after years of... well I wouldn't call it failure because I guess you only fail when you quit; but after hundreds of rejection letters and changes of regime at record companies, and still nothing happening, quite simply enough I sent a cassette of some demos to a name I had been given of someone at Enigma, with just my name, my phone number, the name of the band and the songs on it. About a week later I got a phone call asking if we were interested in doing a deal."

Interested? The Smithereens would probably have walked on hot coals to sign the deal with the west coast indie; as it was their ten-day recording session with Don Dixon not only turned the group from no-hopers to the success story of 1986, but established Enigma as a vital label, leading to a deal with Capitol in the States and the creation of their own (indie) office in Britain.

If success has changed De Nizio, it is only for the better. "I'm more cynical now than ever," he says of the industry that shunned his band for years. "There are just so many people who want to know you for the wrong reasons, who wouldn't give you the time of day before they thought you'd made it. You're a nobody who means nothing and then suddenly there's interest and you're 'cool', or at least you're made to feel like people think you're 'cool'. So I live with a healthy degree of scepticism as regards all of that, in the knowledge that this album might not make it, and then we're back where we started. I count my blessings every day that I'm doing this professionally, and doing fairly well at it — at least for the time being."

Humility in the American music business? Well there's a thing. Take some more care over those lyrics next time, Pat, and you'll be counting your blessings for the rest of your life.

EXTRA!

EVOLUTIONS

Distribution initials are as follows:

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

- TACKYPLUS** Lacking in finish
- DRAB** No bullets, means no hope

AND ALSO THE TREES The Millpond Years

Reflex **RT C** 3/4 An apt title, since the problem with this LP is its stagnation. While there are lots of nice ideas, a fine moody (without being doomy) vocal and clearcut instrumentation, this really has a bark worse than its bite. It does sustain interest, and even in places conjures up images of Gabriel era Genesis (meant as a compliment!) especially lyrically. But it's too one paced; a dynamic diversion would have added an extra contour, and the contrast would have made for a more appealing landscape. Still, nicely atmospheric and coolly worked, and, I suspect, a grower. **Carole Linfield**

ANTHONY ADVERSE

The Red Shoes **EL ACME** 11 **P**
••• If you're a devotee of Ealing films, Simon Dee, Lulu, Hanna Barbara, Pressburger and Lyttleton, then this album is made for you. If you're not, you should still find something of immense interest. The Red Shoes combines the sublime and the ridiculous, the funny and the sad, all wrapped up in a velvety, wispy coating, courtesy of the enigmatic and mysterious Anthony Adverse. All ten tracks are written by Louis Philippe, with a wholesome quality which one finds hard to knock or dislike. I challenge anyone to listen to the comic strip-styled Garden Of Eden without smiling, or Goodbye Again without shedding a tear. And if anyone doubts that London, My Town is the '80s Downtown, then I'm not Pet Clark. **Pet Clark**

THE ARCADIANs

Mad Mad World
Interior Music **IM012** **RR C**
3/4 An imaginary cover for latter day è saint Louis Philippe, The Arcadians mustered one single for Crepuscule some time back. In retrospect this previously shelved collection of song sketches has been revived and minimally packaged. It's a dangerously quaint, understated set, demo-esque, beatnik and considered, with Louls keeping it close to his chest, jazzy and plainly unaffected. The Arcadians may not

change the mad world, but they can make it a little more wholesome for half an hour. **Dave Henderson**



BEAT HAPPENING

Jamboree
53rd & 3rd **AGAS** 2 **FF C**
••• America's ability to produce alternative viewpoints of society, while living on a consumer-pleasing conveyor, is strange in itself. That these alternatives are as varied as, say, Black Flag, Public Enemy and Beat Happening is just plain weird. This trio from Washington seem to ignore their roots — while lying in wait in a pocket of resistance as wide as Richman, Wire and the Young Marble Giants — opting to concoct a minimal, cherubic noise that's immediate, intoxicating and intelligent. Pop music with feelings, a real sound for bedroom romantics. **Dave Henderson**

BEAUTIFUL PEA GREEN BOAT

Get Religion
Mr Slaughterback's Records/Third Mind Records **MSR 3/TMLP 26** **RR C** 3/4 A strange, ethereal sort of record that wanders through electronic pastures and into sleepy, jazz influenced melancholia. Babs' vocal is classically esoteric and clear, if a little one-dimensional, and the instrumentation well contained, while remaining atmospheric and, in places, even filmic (like on Nostalgia). Get Religion works because of its willpower; it owes its success as much to what they left out as to what's gone in. Tight, then, and convincing with it. **Carole Linfield**

BLUMEN OHNE DUFT

The Bedrock Massacre
Scratch And Sniff LP 02703
(Glashuttenstrasse 113, 2000 Hamburg 6, West Germany)
•• Blumen Ohne Duft play a strange brand of guitar rock. Falling into pits and chasms of Sham, getting heavy-handed, thrashing, then going into a Cramps-styled overdose, they've enough in their armoury to impress the most discerning of volume fetishists. They also like to throw in a few "artistic" diversions too, and on Blood Of The Lamb they opt for an Orson Welles-style *War Of The Worlds* interruption, some background chit-chat and a driving Stupids-style beat. . . the finest cut on a recommended album. **Nick Brody**

THE CARDIACS

A Little Man And A House And The Whole World Window
Alphabet **ALPH LP007** **P**
••• They may possess the ugliest bunch of faces you'll ever come across, and the music they perform cannot be described as beautiful or Sunday teatime listening, but The Cardiacs do have a favourable set of components. They have a style and brilliance which enables them to create an obscure, almost infantile sound, which in their own inimitable way remains utterly accessible and satisfying (not irritating as some have said) to listen to.
Their jolting, Humpty-Dumpty rhythms and pretty detached lyrics are beyond comparison, and their love for prog-rockers, Genesis and Yes, isn't off-putting; there's no room for indulgence and pomposity between the grooves, or if there is, it's certainly well controlled. Admittedly, visually they're a more exciting proposition, but don't be distracted. This LP does repay a lot of listening. It's certainly worth the concerted effort. **Peter Mash**

CIRCLE CONFUSION

Meat Dept Lively Arts **ARTY4** **P**
7/8 The triteness of the name, the austere graphics and the trudgingly industrial background of Detroit's Circle Confusion suggests that Meat Dept might just be the dancing alternative that Test Dept never made, or the writing minimalism that Meat Beat Manifesto over-indulged. In fact, this album is far more intelligent and energetic. Circle Confusion have a pedigree worth noting. Meat Dept may not be the greatest album, but it certainly is different. **Dave Henderson**

CRUMBSUCKERS

Beast On My Back Rough Justice
JUST 9 **P** 3/4 US grunge guitar with a blistering vocal action and some seering guitar forays. Crumbsuckers are close to heavy metal legend, looking like B Jovi but coming on like early Black Flag, but the taste of scorched guitar pyrotechnics might be a touch predictable for some. **Nick Brody**

CURRENT 93

Swastikas For Noddy **LAYLAH LAY20** **C**
•• This is a surprising LP. Current 93 seem to have forsaken the expected excesses of noise and "hard" dance and headed for a hybrid of nursery rhyme/trad English folk instead. The end result summons up more than a few disturbing images of black cat witchcraft and Hammer-styled other worldliness. Like Ken Russell's vision of unpopular music, Swastikas For Noddy breaks the rules by playing within the rules and sounds quite remarkable in doing so. The cast for this incarnation of 93 includes a Strawberry Switchblade, Boyd Rice of Non, a Nurse With Wound, a Coil and a Death In June among others. Different just Isn't the word. **Dave Henderson**

DOG FACED HERMANS

Humans Fly
Calculus **KIT 001** **FF C**
3/4 Musical styles come and go — and most of them show up on this album. The Dog Faced Herman have a musicians' collective pedigree and, as they muscle through the more uniform anarchic hues of the aural world, they throw in the odd Spanish/Mexican meander, get punky, funky, hunky and more than a little unpredictable. This album has holes in its elbows but it smites in the right places and will keep you enthralled for 41 minutes and 22 seconds. **Johnny Eager**

THE DUSTDEVILs

Gutter Light
Rouska **CONCORD 8** **C** •• The Dustdevils are in a cul-de-sac with the handbrake stuck on. Gutter Light is blaring from the stereo, it sounds great — like the Butthole Surfers stripped down, like mad people making farm implements from their guitars. But, the car won't turn around and take them from their trusted goth roots of old into this new, challenging thoroughfare. They have the right map, the way to people's hearts and heads scribbled on their cuff, but they'll keep turning

continued over

13 UNDERGROUND

A



Wolpurgis Volta

AMBIENT TIMES

Nick Brody gets a listening block — and all in the cause of musical education and development

Belgian duo **Sigmund Und Sein Freund** release their debut album on Antler (though the Cartel) with the rather memorable title *See Emily Play*. The title track, however, isn't the **Pink Floyd** familiar, but a floating piece of ethereal ephemera. These Belgians have moved on from their jagged 12 inch releases of last year, and are heading down a more structured, tree-lined avenue.

Virgin's Venture label has three new album cassette packages out — all of note, all completely different. **David Sylvian** teams up with **Holger Czukay** for two long pieces, *Plight* and *Premonition*, on which the minimal note flotation becomes so precious it's almost inaudible. By contrast, **Seigon Ono's** *The Green Chinese Table* is a lushly orchestrated set of ideas with east-meets-west stamped right through.

Bill Laswell has been funking out for some time, getting jazzed, being time-structured, but his Venture venture, *Hear No Evil*, is more like a cross between **Ry Cooder** and **Ravi Shankar**. Very listenable — and the most accessible of these three new releases.

The Oronies are pretty moody and floating too, at least on the basis of their track *Aradia* from their latest 12 inch. The topside is more straightforward **Crass**-meets-**Hawkwind** stuff, with the **PTV**-esque title *The Woods Are Alive With The Smell Of His Coming*. Interesting stuff, though, from the Hiraeth label.

Geisterfahrer's *Stein And Bein* LP on *What's So Funny About* (Glashüttenstrasse 113, 2000 Hamburg 6, West Germany) came as a surprise, as word had it that they'd given up the ghost some time back. They seem to have mutated into a more orthodox, rockish (?) flavour which is hardly as inspiring. In fact there's a lot of this "rock" stuff emerging in Europe — take the **Walpurgis Volta** LP on *La Rage* through **Red Rhino**. . . a thrashing splash that lacks some of the conviction and diction of their contemporaries. Meanwhile, in Greece. . .

Chapter 24's *Tin Invaders* LP, on *Di Di* (4A N Kazantzaki Str, 15234 Haladri, Athens, Greece), is a stramping blast of beat muzak — with its hands squeezing unsuspecting organs through thrashing machines. The onus is on melodic tunes, spiced with a "grown up" set of sounds. The end result is stimulating, and possibly the most unique thing to come out of Greece for some years.

The Sub Rosa label is a constant source of expressive music from all territories and their *La Nouvelle Serenitie* is a handsomely-packaged gatefold affair with pieces from **Jon Hassell**, **Harold Budd**, **Gavin Bryars** and **Les Archives Sonores Sub Rosa**. It's, as you'd expect, a floating collection of ambient music varying from chorale hymns to tinkling keyboards, and it's available through the Cartel via **Red Rhino**.

from previous page that noise down and playing safe. These people are close. . . like **Blondie** in a mincer. **Dave Henderson**

E.I.E.I.O. That Love Thang

Frontier Records FLP 1025 (now licensed to **Demon**) P ●● Not a bad record this, taking things like brass, strong melody and rockin' guitars and layering them over a solid pop base. Though the influences occasionally veer into their compatriot **Bryan Adams'** rock horizons (most noticeably on *Where You Go*, but apparent often throughout), elsewhere the harder edge is tilted at a more contemporary angle. Some interesting moves, too, but then, what do you expect from a band with a track called **Andy Warhol's Dead But I'm Not?** Promising, then, if they can keep those **AOR** leanings in check, and instead steer further into the more rarified rock melody that's displayed on the likes of their best track, the lovely *Words Falling Down*. **Carole Linfield**

FEARLESS IRANIANS FROM HELL**Die For Allah**

Big Takeover TAKE 1 R C

● 1/4 A teaser that's already a talking point, this LP features **Quinn**, an ex-**Butthole Surfer**, and it's very much an adrenalin-pumping thrust in the early style of the **Surfers**. A chugging, chunky noise that's not clever enough to persuade enough people to open the sleeve, while being more than hardcore in the downright, no-holds-barred mind assault stakes. Angry but a little directionless. **TC Wall**

JOHN FELICE**Nothing Pretty**

New Rose ROSE 141 ● 1/2 **John Felice** takes five from **The Real Kids** to work up a sweat on behalf of good old rock 'n' roll, the end result being a collection of competent bar-room songs that glisten with a squeaky-clean polish. **Nothing Pretty** might be construed as a stab at dirty rockerland, but **Felice** keeps it above board to produce a contemporary American rock record that's enjoyable, but as challenging as a bottle of dandelion and burdock. **Johnny Eager**

FREDDIE STEADY'S WILD COUNTRY**Lucky 7**

Heartland HLD 005 P ●● A floating, relaxing album from an all-American boy singing all-American songs about deep rooted heartache. There's a tear-jerk in every voice inflection, a whimpering sigh as the pedal steel guitar floats in. **Lucky 7** recalls just enough of the **Burritos'** bar room magic, while staying the more accessible side of bluegrass etc to succeed. Soulful country music that's too tasteful to be ignored. **Dave Henderson**

HANG THE DANCE**Ghost Bloody Country**

Black Map LP 001 RR C

● 1/2 **Hang The Dance**, a Leeds

quintet with a penchant for **Spiritwalker** period **Cult**, debut with a spacious, emotive album which has some gargantuan high points, before slumming it in something that can only be described as 'going-through-the-motions-metal'. That this form of music has reaped such statutory support over the years bodes well for **Hang The Dance's** future, and there's enough in **Ghost Bloody Country** to suggest that they'll mature after they shake this dated **Cultist** colour. For now, take in small doses and savour your poison. **Nick Brody**

THE HARD-ONS**Dickcheese**

Vinyl Solution SOL-10 P

●●● Simplistic mind-imploding swear-in from Australia's sun-drenched, lager-handed comedians. From skateboard and surf to tales of personal excellence, girls and being a *nearly* regular guy, **The Hard-Ons** are just **AC/DC** with an inaudible vocalist, no production quality and a guitarist who can strum twice as fast. Music of the moment that's about as essential as **The Beastie Boys** and twice as funny. The kids'll be going wild! Your parents will hate it. **Cultural. Les Patterson**

HEAD OF DAVID

Dustbowl Blast First BFFP 18

R C ● 1/2 Imagine you're given a couple of weeks in the studio with **Big Black's** **Steve Albini** producing. You wanna play metal, to get ass-kickin' hard, but you've broken three fingers. What do you do? Well, you hark back to **Wire's** **Pink Flag** and build a new hybrid. Well, that sort of happens on the middle section of the **Shadows** side of **Dustbowl**, while the **Rays** side adopts a more straightforward sludge approach. These tracks are memorable, magnificent, irreverent, effective and evocative. . . most of the rest is routine. **Dave Henderson**

THE HELLCATS Cherry

Mansions New Rose ROSE 146

P ●● All the right credentials for these four rockin' girls from Tennessee, their first gig having been with the **Panther Burns**, and with tracks already out on the immaculately named **Swamp Surfing In Memphis** compilation. The six songs here are in a sleazy, screwed up country vein, with only **Wall Of Death** being a rockabilly growler that stomps on **The Cramps'** bones. The rest are more like burned out barroom wallow that sounds as if it's looking through the bottom of an empty **Wild Turkey** bottle. The vocals, mostly by **Lorette**, are a little shaky, which adds to the atmosphere but occasionally needs beefing up if she's not going to sound too much like a 40 year old dipso. Or perhaps that's the point. . . these girls, tacky ballroom dresses, chequered tights 'n' all, sure are set to claw into town. **Carole Linfield**

THE HELLMENN Herbal

Lunacy Waterfront DAMP 65

Sn ●●● What can you say about **The Hellmenn** that they haven't already said themselves? Their



130 Talbot Road LONDON W11 1JA.01 229 8541

first two bursts of ready shred herbal lunacy are called So Bad and Out Of Control, and really that says it all. . .

"Skate to destroy!" . . . "My blaster sets the scene, we all skate to Gang Green!" . . . "You wanna skate here, you better skate f***ing mean!" . . .

Five unhealthy looking dudes swinging guitars like butchers' knives, they carve their side-of-meat riffs out of the flank of the still breathing, still kicking HM bull and them power slam a skatepunk meat hook through still warm flesh and hang it up to dry in the Sydney sun. When The Hellmenn bring the noise, you can see the blood seeping out of the cracks. The Hellmenn are out of control. **Holly Wood**

HOUSE OF FREAKS

Monkey On A Chain Gang

Demon Records FIEND 116 **RC**

●● 1/2 An interesting variation of influences merge into a pleasing whole on this innovative LP from two guys from Richmond, Virginia. Apparently, they're keen on dogs, which makes them OK in my book. And they write darn fine songs, too, which are carefully woven into a rock country tapestry that's both colourful and detailed. The best stuff is the more esoteric side, like 40 Years and Lonesome Graveyard which, with an eerie drumbeat, gets all minimalist and works well for it. Out come the Freaks, alright. . . **Carole Linfield**

THE HOLLOW MEN

Broken Stuff

Au-Go-Go ANDA 68

Sh ●● Countrified pop rock from the Antipodean Hollow Men, which presents a clean, uncluttered package that invites further listening. Occasionally they veer towards the pop end of the spectrum, like on Ten Foot Wide, which has a nice guitar line, then follow it with a minimal ballad like Margaret, which sweeps along with some very poetic imagery. Overall, there's no real feeling of time or place, which gives the LP width and accessibility; on the minus side, it's a floating, rather nebulous state to be in. With an absolute goal in mind, the effect could be dynamic. **Carole Linfield**

INTO A CIRCLE into A

Circle Abstract **P** ● 1/4 Into A Circle are definitely square pegs, insofar as their music sits uncomfortably between pop and a more alternative approach. The former is what they do best — their minor hit Evergreen, the Beneath Mikhail and Tender Skin displaying an acceptably catchy style and jaunty rhythm. For the rest, the vocal is too irritating and the songs too self-conscious for the results to be captivating. Stick to the pop, guys, and you'll be more likely to spin the wheels of fortune. **Carole Linfield**

JEANETTE

Prefab In The Sun

Survival SURLP 11 **RC**

● 3/4 Jeanette's progress through dance music, sleazy jazz and breathtaking vocal excursions has resulted in Prefab In The Sun — a

minimal but masterful album. Not that it's the glamorous, and ultimately soulful, croon that you'd expect! On this new set, Jeanette's still a little flaky, pale in foundation and, at times, a touch undirected with that powerful voice. Prefab In The Sun is sketchy, but there is enough going down to make it worth investigation. **Brenda Collins**

THE JESUS & MARY CHAIN

Barbed Wire Kisses

bianco y negro ●● The Mary Chain sound so (er) pedestrian at times you can forget just how good some of their records are. The new single, Sidewalking, is the best kind of reminder, a *Twilight Zone* meeting of Marc Bolan and Hazel Motes that draws the same gut reaction as their debut did four years ago. These two songs, it has to be said, are the highpoints of Barbed Wire Kisses, a clearing house for stuff that didn't make it onto the first two LPs, namely b-sides, out-takes and limited edition bonuses. It's not a completists set, though, since several of their less successful tracks have been left out. Several haven't. Closing the otherwise excellent second side is the most puzzling inclusion, a demo of On The Wall that sounds for all the world like U2's I Will Follow. Hyuck! Hyuck! Some joke. **Vachel Booth**

JFA

JFA

Fundamental SAVE 44 **RR** **C**

● 1/2 Thrash thugs from the US, with a whacko name and a screechingly rampant angle on the new rock dream. JFA were called Jodie Foster's Army, and perhaps if they'd retained some of that pre-pubescent wit they might have cleaned up in post *Taxi Driver* days. But this thrash is a bash too loud and they end up thumping their chests in a padded cell. Angry, but seemingly mindless, JFA are at a turning point, a new gust for punky types, but whether they've got their route planner at hand is another matter. **TCWall**

LITTLE BROTHER

Champion The Underdog

Rouska **RR** **C** ●● 3/4 Mark Miwurdz, Craig Charles, Attila — you must all depart and make way for Little Brother, for he is king (John Cooper-Clarke, stick around). The Bard of Bradford hits out at everyone under the sun in this collection of poems, songs, and poem/song-style things. Unemployment, weather, game shows ('AND a girl in a bikini'), religion, BBC News, marriage, corporal punishment, and all aspects of life under the thumb of Big Sister attract Little Brother's scrutiny.

When 'Little old ladies behind lace curtains are linked to a central computer', it's mildly comforting to know that Little Brother is watching. **Robert Cohen**

THE MILKSHAKES

Live From Chatham

Hangman Records HANG-11 UP

RC ●●● The Milkshakes were possibly the finest exponents of British rock 'n' roll to grace stages and vinyl in the earlier part of the decade.

The dynamism of their purist



ICICLE WORKS Blind Beggars Banquet IWA 2 ●● This LP is the second part of a series of three records, the first being the four track EP Numb, and the last part of which is another EP due out in three months. All this to avoid putting the whole lot out on a double album, presumably because no-one could stick them for four LP sides at one stretch! Just kidding. . . this is in fact a surprisingly varied and sensitively worked LP, particularly on the tracks that avoid overly heavy rock histrionics, like the lovely Little Girl Lost and the funky dancebeat of The Kiss Off (a Prince takeoff?).

Basically, this is a kind of exhibition piece, with the listener being taken in hand and led around to see what's on offer. On the negative side, this does occasionally make you wonder where you are, not knowing what's meant to be taken at face value and what isn't. After all, there's some pretty tacky metal and dramaticisms scattered throughout which demand you put a tongue in your cheek if you're going to accept it all. On the plus side, each track brings a new aspect, and the result is certainly never dull. **Carole Linfield**

artform coupled with their relentless enthusiasm made them a must live. This package goes a long way to proving that for posterity with a twanging, tasty 'n' trashy set dating from '83, and rounding up 14 nifty nuggets all bearing that unmistakable Milkshakes sound.

For the Milkshakes fan this is a more than satisfactory compliment to the collection whilst for the uninitiated I can't think of a better place to start. **Spike Sommer**

THE MOSS POLES

Shorn

Idea IDEALP 002 **P** ● 2/3 After the inadequacies of their recent *Underground* single, The Moss Poles could have been the fastest sinking pop soufflé since Cava Cava (who?), but this debut album has a lot more in the brain cell department than those first few seconds suggest. Both sides start uptempo, thrashy and lyrically imbalanced but, as each progresses, a more intelligent songwriting style and some more refined performances roll out. The Moss Poles do have talent, they just need some better pacing. **Dave Henderson**

PASSEPARTOUT

Passepartout Live Empty Wien

PP1/1987 (Schellhammergasse 3/24, A-1170 Wien) 1/2 A live LP from an unknown Austrian band has got to be of a limited appeal, particularly when that band is of a heavy, Germanic, rather ugly nature. Fortunately, the record is only live by name, since the sound and atmospherics are that of an average quality studio album. Some of the

ideas aren't bad, but the tracks outstay their welcome, all merging into a rather bloated whole, and the vocal gets too depressing to make continual listening worthwhile. **Carole Linfield**

POESIE NOIRE

Tetra

Antler 074 **RR** **C** ●● Through a series of one word titles, this minimal electronic dance outfit cultivate an infectious culture that's always capable of gnawing at your head. Poesie Noire have an urge to massage everyone's rhythm buds and, even though they occasionally stoop into dour-faced gothicism, emerge as a lovable conglomerate set on friendly persuasion. However, although this is state-of-the-art electronic dance music, the question of where the next step aims for is inevitably raised, and Tetra holds little in the way of answers. **TCWall**

THE PONTIAC BROTHERS

Johnson

Frontier FLP 1026 (Box 22, Sun Valley, CA 91353, USA) ● 1/3 The Pontiacs' brand of new wave rock is like a Huey Lewis version of REM — somehow a little less credible than it should be, flourishing in a barrage of well-thumbed pop clichés. There aren't the distinctive songs here to make Johnson as coffee table as Lewis, just the gyrations from rock's hall of fame that many have already successfully blanched into a more tasty American pie. On the plus side it's a raunchier brand of rock radio, but in total, these brothers are the poor relation of Frontier's frontline. **Nick Brody**

continued over



PORNOSECT

... Of Vibrations, Resonances And Divine Things

Produkt Korps PKLP 053 **RR C**

●● Subversive and minimalist rhythms that end up nagging at the back of your skull like a second hand migraine. Produkt Korps have the post-industrial pedigree, the pre-electronic beat and a simplistic approach to sound exploitation, and it's that approach to their work that allows them to be more refined and less frantic than a lot of their contemporaries. Unfortunately that neck brace numbing notation never really lets this albums-worth of beats really rip through. **TC Wall**

PSYCHE

Mystery Hotel

New Rose ROSE 145 **P** ●● 1/2 A Canadian duo, Psyche's brand of electronic extravagance hasn't really found a footing in this country. Always touted in the Depeche Mode school of thought, previous releases have always been short of zest and

commitment. Thankfully, this can't be said of Mystery Hotel. The ten tracks on offer here are pure, quintessential electronic pop with a heart and soul, and, more importantly, a beginning, middle and end. This hybrid of catchy, almost lightweight and fluffy tunes, along with harsher and beaty numbers, shows that the band can work from one extreme to another within the same medium, and still maintain a constant flow. Check it immediately. **Peter Mash**

RATCAT Ratcat Waterfront

DAMP 66 **Sn** ●●● Ratcat are the curiosity that kills. The sound is Anglepoised scum rock but the beat is slow, the tempo full and the feel is deliberate glam punk rock. While the songs veer from the straight-forward to the downright perverse! Daughter Darling speaks for itself, She's Gone is the sound of a man whose cat will never come home again. And as for Car Crash, well...

"Sorry for the car crash, we hope you don't mind, we've killed all your loved ones and left their pieces behind!"

But best of all, Ratcat take their sense of fuzzy punk melody to the classic pop of I Think We're Alone Now and kick Tiffany's tail all the way from Sydney Harbour to the Golden Gate. Ratcat are go! **Holly Wood**

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY Nothing Wrong

Situation Two SITU 20 **RT C**

●● 1/4 Strangely, and thankfully, the Lories manage to make their heavy-handed rock, a sometimes

dour and doomy genre, sound appealing and interesting. The vocal helps; its intonations are clear and full bodied, not droning and harsh. Best of all, though, the Lories have put together here a fine collection of well thought out tracks which have a growing insistence and charming fatality about them. The beat is rock, intensely atmospheric but never deathly, and that's a tough balance to find. **Carole Linfield**



SCREAM

Banging The Drum

Dischord 20 **SRD** ● 1/2 Last year's cult attention focused briefly on Screem, and their return to vinyl prominence suggests that they're hell bent on firming up their following. In an effort to appeal to a much wider audience the sound of Screem has veered away from the punkier aspects of their play, moving closer to a pop metal sound. There's still some raunch in there, but there are a lot of sub-standard metal clichés on show, the kind of thing that would be thrown off a Gillan And

Glover LP even. A touch twee with some climactic highpoints toppling over some shaky precipices. **Johnny Eager**

SCREECHING WEASEL

Screeching Weasel

What Goes On **Sn**

● 1/2 Chicago's Screeching Weasel cling fast to punk rock attitudes. California Sucks, so does 7-11, Society, Sonic Youth. Cows rule, so does Ben's car and crap punk rebel anthems. They've got the inky fingers of *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* enthusiasts but they're just too cuddly to be as challenging as hardcore demands. Their best splurge comes when they drop their attitude and get trashy. Their parody of Hüsker Dü, Experience The Ozzfish, is good and Murder In The Brady House is damn good. Oh, and that's Brady as in Greg Brady and the Brady Bunch, not Ian Brady. **Vachel Booth**

SHACK zilch Ghetto

Recording Company/Epic GHETT

1 ●●● On first hearing this. LP, formed by the ex main men from the capricious Pale Fountains, appears to be lacking that affectionate punch. By the time it's spun round your turntable for the third or fourth occasion, however, it will be indispensable — you will wonder how you could ever have doubted its force.

While the brass and orchestration of the Fountains is less evident, the lyrics are far superior. At times humorous, like on the opening

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LP — SOL 9

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LP — SOL 10

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"Worst Of" (SOL 8)

Emergency — "What do you think of Mori polls? What do you think of Billy Cosby?" — or tearful as in the inner-city lament of Who Killed Clayton Square — "The town planners coming so terraces run for your life".

Oh, if only all LPs and comebacks could be as wonderful as this. Let it grow. I suggest you put the Morrissey and Woodentops LPs back on the shelf — save yourself a bit of cash and buy Zilch instead. **Johnny Dee**

THE SMITHEREENS

Green Thoughts Enigma 8375-1 **P** ●●● Gentle American guitar based pop with carefully arranged influences poking out. This quartet have a nice line in jaunty melancholia carefully wrapped in pop melody, which comes ready to savour. Despite hailing from New York, this is, as the title suggests, a pastoral affair, with the air on this LP being clean and the emotions fresh. Harder aspects, like the rockier *The World We Know*, works well too, showing off the band's clean lines, while *Especially For You* gets sincerely balladish and *Deep Black* is more like a transatlantic Haircut 100. Some may find it a little sickly, or even bland, but if you like your pop lush and sentimental, these are your men. **Carole Linfield**

THE SPLATCATS

Feelin' Bitchy

Moving Target/Celluloid MT016

RTS ● 1/4 The Splatcats play good-guy rockin' music that's a little short on punch power, a little too straight to be downhome and a little too poppy to be rock. It's a unique sound that begs for really strong songs but there just aren't the tracks here. The group have some wild names — like, er, Shaggy Faust and Skeeter — but they're not lovable enough rogues to win through just yet. **Nick Brody**

THE SURESHOTS Four To The Bar

ID NOSE 16 **RA** **C**

● 1/2 Accomplished, fairly gentle rockabilly from four Geordie boys, who have an appearance on *Saturday Live* behind them and surely plenty of acclaim in front. This is straight down the line stuff, there's no nonsense or any intervention with the tried and trusted formula, which of course also means there's nothing innovative. That's OK in itself, but personally I find this offering a trifle muted, lacking in atmosphere and drive, and occasionally (with I'm Uneasy) veering over onto the wrong side of MOR. Oh, it's foot tappin' stuff, best being the strummin' Chinatown, but with no real high kickers either. **Carole Linfield**

TACTICS

Holden Interview

Red Flame RFM 55 **C**

● 3/4 Tactics aren't the easiest of Antipodeans. They have an accessible side, but within each song there's a kind of haunting folklore feel that makes the sleeve of this mini-album — sporting a bare chested desert nomad with a steer skull held up — a little yet more eerie. Close scrutiny of Tactics themselves reveals that they could all double as extras in a Stephen King film. Tactics' music has a rolling openness,

a soothing easiness that's like a mousetrap ready to slap closed on your ears. A thrill in every verse and a tasteful aftertaste too. **Dave Henderson**

THIN WHITE ROPE

Captain Long Brown Finger In The Spanish Cave

Demon Records FIEND 114 **P** ● 3/4 A lot of pretentious stuff has already been written about this Californian quartet, led by the enigmatic Guy Kyser. Their prolific output, released here under license from Frontier Records, has meant they've been acclaimed as first rate desert noisemakers, bringers of guitar induced frenzy and hard hitting rock 'n' roll. . . . Spanish Cave (is the title some smutty slang, or wot?) is a hit and miss affair, though, although when it does hit, like on the wee *Ahr-Skider*, or the gruff, countrified *Elsie Crashed The Party*, it certainly gets the nerve and pinches it tight. The rest is too overblown, being merely refried rock presented as a new dish. Perhaps a tad more quality control is in order; after all, less is more. **Carole Linfield**

THE 3RD MAN Vienna

Underground '87 Wiener Meki 8708 (Ton Um Ton, Lindengasse 32, A-1070, Vienna, Austria)

● 3/4 A mixed bag from Austria, producing a range of ideas all found lurking round the post punk, sub Bauhaus school playground and all sung in English. Some tracks succeed, like the quirky *Morning Sun* by *Freak Weber & Die Sackratten*; others, like *Ronnie Urini's Catherine*, wallow in a rather dodgy area that's gratuitous rather than sexy. Generally, there's a certain naivety and unsophistication, but occasionally (*Astaron's Little Girl Crying*, especially) that very simplicity makes it charming. The record comes with a booklet explaining all about the 13 bands featured here, too, if your German's up to scratch. **Carole Linfield**

THE TRILOBITES Turn It Around

Live LP Waterfront

DAMP 69 **SN** ●●● Some people, anthropologists mainly, contest that trilobites were primitive arthropods characterised by a three lobed body. If they were pushing their luck, those same people might even express the opinion that trilobites have been extinct for several million years. In Hurstville, New South Wales, lippy anthropologists are an endangered species on the very verge of extinction themselves.

Taking on the best aspects of the '60s (*Riot On Sunset Strip*) and the '70s (*White Riot*), *The Trilobites* have come up with a big beat bash which wraps Iggy's tongue round the *Small Faces'* tonsils, steals both *The Clash's* riffs, kicks *The Rolling Stones'* corporate arse all over the stage and generally does loads of good rock 'n' roll things. They're a riot. **Holly Wood**

TOT TAYLOR

Jumble Soul

LPA TOTAL4 **RA** **C** ● 2/3 You can't deny that Tot Taylor is exceedingly good at writing quirky pop music, and he's a pretty prolific songwriter too. Compared to the



STARS OF HEAVEN

Stars Of Heaven

Rough Trade **RA** **C** ●●● OK, perhaps this is a little premature, but this debut album (they did a mini-thing last year) from Ireland's Stars Of Heaven is really something else. Following their first country-tinged steps into the contemporary music world with that *Clothes Of Pride* single, they've trodden a neatly defined Gram Parsons period Byrds groove, while adding a contemporary verve to their sound. The best part of all is their arrival at this chemical formula called pop. On this ten track set, the Stars opt for a sweet but succinct vocal style backed with some luscious melodies. Stars Of Heaven, even though they've created this mature sound, still radiate a youthful grandeur that bodes well for future exploits. For that, it's still an excellent LP, commercial, compelling and suggestive of yet more to come. **Dave Henderson**

singer/songwriter scrum consisting of Gilbert O'Sullivan, Billy Joel and Barry Manilow, Tot comes out as having a vibrant wit, if not the wherewithal to actually muscle his way through into daytime radio. *Jumble Soul* has a brace of worthy tracks that would brighten up the darkest DLT show; maybe this time around there'll be a gem in the jumble that'll shine through. **Nick Brody**

VARIOUS The Flestones

Present Time Bomb, The Big Bang Theory

New Rose ROSE 137 **P** ●●● The Flestones in a series of incarnations, offshoots and disguises — under a string of names as diverse as *Action Dogs*, *The Mad Violets*, *Methedrine Ghosts*, *The Wild Hyenas* etc — presenting their own alternative listening guide. The end result is mighty stimulating and immensely diverse from track to track. Inevitably it's all tarred with that psychedelic hue, but there's more than enough sidesteps to make cuts like *The Mad Violets' Come Out And Play* sound as spine-tingling good as it does. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS ARTISTS F***

Or F*** Off

Waterfront DAMP 67 **SN** ● 1/2 The fourth sampler/compilation from possibly the best label bar none, FOFO is the hardest rock hump since the last one. But, just to confound your expectations, it opens up with a slowly swelling strummed piece, *Elizabeth's Father by Glass*. But from then on in, it's time to damn the torpedoes and hold on to your hairpiece.

Primal Scream, *Decline Of The Reptiles*, *Ratcat*, *Pummellsloth*, *Asylum*, *The Hellmenn* and the mighty, mighty *Hard Ons* all have different ideas about the optimum nature and speed of sound, but one thing's for sure, they all know how many beans make five. Waterfront,

who regularly send us life-saving Red Cross parcels full of this monster, monster sound, are hot. **Holly Wood**

VARIOUS

Garage Kings And Junkyard Angels

Waterfront WF 039 ● 1/2 "The only common denominator is the real spirit of rock and roll."

Not quite: the real spirit is present on five tracks here, but distinctly lacking on the remaining five. Half good; the *Cannibals* get groovy, *Russian Roulette Jack* adds scuz to a *Stones'* cover, *Wilko Johnson R&Bs* a Dylan number, *The Cobras* go twang with *Duane Eddy's Shazam* and *The Beatitudes* start mournful and end up rocking out to nice effect. The rest are too watery, lacking the necessary edge. They end up sounding tame. Rhythm 'n' blues/rock 'n' roll can be great and it can also be a real strain to listen to. This is the evidence, and on vinyl no less. **Daz Igy meth**



VARIOUS

Hog Butcher For The World

Mad Queen LP87-001 **SN** ●●● A sporadic selection from Chicago with little more than a place name tying these 13 combos together. There's something to whet the appetite for sure, from *God's Acre*, *Sapphires*, *Bloodsport et al*, and some wayward alternatives from

listomania

FOR AGAINST FIVE

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 DEMOTAPE <i>Red Temple</i> | Spirits |
| 2 DEMOTAPE <i>Shiva</i> | Burlesque |
| 3 CRASH <i>The Primitives</i> | Lazy 45 |
| 4 SONIC FLOWER <i>Primal Scream</i> | Elevations LP |
| 5 RESIN <i>Abecedarians</i> | South West Audio LP |

Compiled by Jeff Runnings from the hottest tracks in Lincoln, Nebraska

KWUR FIVE HEAVY PLAYS

- | | |
|--|-------------|
| 1 HOUSE OF FREAKS <i>House Of Freaks</i> | Rhino |
| 2 FORTY FORTY <i>Blue Hippos</i> | Twin/Tone |
| 3 SMOKER'S PARADISE <i>Breaking Circus</i> | Homestead |
| 4 BAD MOOD GUY <i>Severed Heads</i> | Netwerk |
| 5 MARK STEWART <i>Mark Stewart</i> | Mute/Upside |

Compiled by KWUR, Washington University

EURO-ELECTRONIC BEAT

- | | |
|--|-------------|
| 1 THE HOUSE OF UNKINDS <i>The Fair Sex</i> | Last Chance |
| 2 I Von Magnet | Sculptured |
| 3 REJEKTO <i>Robotiko Rejekto</i> | TDI |
| 4 LACK OF SENSE <i>Tribantura</i> | TDI |
| 5 SICKNESS TAKIN' OVER <i>Pankow</i> | TDI |

Compiled by Mickey at 101

ANDY KERSHAW'S TOP FIVE VINYL ARTEFACTS

- | | |
|---|------------------|
| 1 SIYA KUBONGA <i>The Holy Spirits Choir</i> | Gallo |
| 2 TEN WHEELS FOR JESUS <i>Elvis Hitler</i> | Wanghead Records |
| 3 YOU'VE GOT MY MIND MIXED UP <i>James Carr</i> | Blueside Records |
| 4 UCHANDIFUNGA <i>The Four Brothers</i> | Gamma Records |
| 5 ANDY KERSHAW'S GREAT MOMENTS OF VINYL HISTORY VOLUME 1 <i>Various</i> | Special Delivery |

CKLN SINGLES AND EP PLAYLIST

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| 1 B BOY DESTRUCTION <i>Ron Nelson</i> | Peace Posse |
| 2 I GOT THE FEAR <i>Meat Beat Manifesto</i> | Sweatbox |
| 3 OUR SIR FRANCIS TO THE SEA <i>Our Sir Francis To The Sea</i> | Utility Grade |
| 4 THE CRUMBL <i>Lydia Lunch/Thurston Moore</i> | Widowspeak/Rough Trade |
| 5 MISSION OF BURMA <i>Mission Of Burma</i> | Taang |

Compiled by CKLN from an on air survey

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 . . .

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 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 Merion Centre, Leeds
 THE LEFT LEGGED PINEAPPLE, 24 Churchgate, Loughborough
 MAGIC MIXTURE RECORDS, 31 Bedford Hill, Batham, London SW12
 MOVEMENT, Unit 7, Banbury Trading Post, Banbury, Oxon
 1 UP, 4 Diamond Street, Aberdeen
 THE OOZE, 2190 W. Burnside Street, Portland, Oregon 97210, USA
 PICCADILLY RECORDS, 9 Parker Street, Piccadilly Plaza, Piccadilly, Manchester
 RAINBOW RECORDS, 80 Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, Shropshire
 ROCK-A-BOOM RECORDS, 17 Malcolm Arcade, Leicester LE1 5FT
 ROCK SHOP, Strandem 1, Oslo, Norway
 ROUGH TRADE, 130 Talbot Road, London W11
 SELECTA DISC, 21 Market Street, Nottingham
 SIGNALS RECORDS AND TAPES, Shop Unit One, Cornhill Exch. Bldg, Cornhill, Lincoln
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 SOUND WAVES, 18 Church Street, Monmouth, Gwent
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 VIRGIN RECORDS, 527 Oxford Street, London W1
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WIN



Murp

Yes, you've read the interview, you've heard the rumours, now win the LP! Your super, soaraway *Ug* has ten personally graffitied Peter Murphy Love Hysteria albums to give away to the first ten readers who can answer this question correctly:

Which of the following did Peter Murphy break in 1982? Was it a) His knee caps b) The world record for turning or c) The sound barrier?

Answers on a postcard to *Underground/Murph Competition*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ, to arrive by May 10 — and there's a bonus picture CD for the first correct entry to arrive!

Those nice boys from The Shamen have given *Underground* five autographed mega mix 12-inch versions of their latest single *Knature Of A Girl* to give away. And those are just for the runners up, the overall winner gets a specially packaged *Shamen* Johnny Bag containing a host of Shamen goodies and paraphernalia (poster, badge, records, T shirt etc AND a copy of the exceptionally saucy *Knature Of A Girl* porno montage vid!) all put together exclusively for *Ug*! All ya gotta do is answer this vital question set by the band themselves: French author George Bataille wrote one of the most famous porno/sensual novels of the century. What nationality was he? Crazy guys huh?!! Answers to reach us no later than May 10 at *Underground/Shamen Competition*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London, NW1 7QZ.



The Shamen

some of the assembled teamsters. Big Black put in an appearance but it's live and premature, while others offer more intense, if less rounded, material. In total, Hog Butcher has a few names that are worth following up and is a good way to sample Chicago without spending out for the airfare. **Nick Brody**



VARIOUS Hommage A

Duras Interior Music IMO11 **RR** **C** ●●¼ Always in danger of becoming amazingly pretentious, this Richard Jobson-motivated compilation centres around the writings of Marguerite Duras, but there isn't enough information present to tempt the semi-interested into the provocative soundscapes that are woven by Jobson, The Durutti Column, Winston Tong and Dislocation Dance. This is a very nice album, relaxing, viciously grand and expansive, but as to the whats and wherefores of Duras... well, your guess is as good as mine. **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

The Idea Compilation
Idea LP3 **P** ●●● That WEA should close this potentially lucrative label exercise now that it's grasped label motivators Chappell Publishing to its overpowering bosom is nothing short of criminal. The big label short sightedness once again strangles creativity at birth, and what was a great idea hasn't been allowed the chance to mature. This catch-all compilation features all the acts on the label, focusing on songwriting (and some pretty dynamic methods of delivery). Automatic Diamini, Jack Rubies, Wolfhounds, Wallflowers et al can quite justifiably expect some measure of success, but it's doubtful whether WEA will get many thank yous! **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

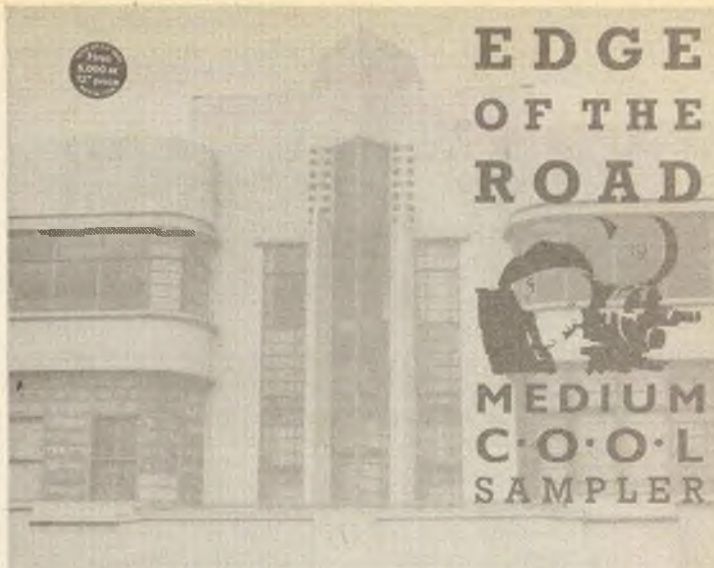
Scream, The Compilation
Geffen 924 177-1 ● A batch of bands that've been ranted about, to varying degrees of God-like status. These ten of LA's finest, however, prove to be amazingly one dimensional, lacklustre and lacking in original ideas. That the sleeve says thanks to The Cult in no uncertain terms shows which alley this is down, and few of these scrambling combos have the brains to miss the end of the tunnel — with all that pompous guitar. Of note is Francis X And The Bushmen, but on the negative side there's too little of a good thing and a few questions that need answering. Prime pig in the poke is Jane's Addiction and their Pigs In Zen... it's old fashioned and drab, yet JA have been heralded as something new in LA. Well, hey, compared to The Beach Boys I suppose they are! **Dave Henderson**

VARIOUS

Stomping At The Klub Foot Volume 5
ABCLP15 **P** ●● There's something in the irreverent geared-up thunder of the bands, who make up volume five of this credible series, that really brings the whole spirit of modern day rockabilly and this kind of show into context. This is hi-power beat music, cover versions liberally thrown in for good measure, with the onus being on fun and tireless frivolity. This is a motivating, riotous platter with hot-footing wails from Skitzo, Long Tall Texans, Fractured, The Highliners, Sergeant Bilko's Crazy Combo, Shark Bait and Get Smart. **Johnny Eager**

VARIOUS

Themes From The '60s
Waterloo Sunset WSR 002 **P**
●½ I wanted to be bowled over by this album — a mis-match of '60s TV themes by a selection of Sunsets — but there's just not enough here. The great bonus about '60s culture was the variety of musical styles and the creation of dynamic material; unfortunately this album is flat and totally one-dimensional. It all sounds like it was recorded by one group of sessioneers in a couple of days. There are a couple of highpoints, most notably Eleanor Rigby's You Only Live Twice, but there's a lot here that's instant miss material. **Dave Henderson**



VARIOUS Edge Of The Road Medium Cool MC010S RR C

●●● A cheap-at-the-price collection from the boys at Medium Cool that'll give every discerning cowpoke the chance to hear how we do it in the UK. For their sins, The Corndollies, Raw Herbs, Waitones and The Rain show what's best about guitar pop, while still managing to keep the melodies sweet and the rhythms instinctive. Medium Cool's part of the plan shows that they may still be in their infancy but they're more than capable of producing the sounds of the big boys. A vital collection that'll only marginally set you back, but set you up forever. **Dave Henderson**

ANDY WHITE

Kiss The Big Stone
London ●●¾ The new album from the sole non-classical, non-dead occupant of the Decca label is by turns sad and funny, like his first one. But it lacks the downhill-train momentum of the Rave On songs, despite the presence of guest musicians such as The Attractions' Pete and Bruce Thomas. Widened influential horizons and intriguing aural tricks can't quite make up for this deficiency.

However, I've been listening to it for a couple of weeks now, and despite its flaws it's still brilliant. To quote those old Stiff labels, BUY IT. **Robert Cohen**

WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES Let's Play Domination Product Inc RR C

●●¼ A real return to form for the masters of noise after their disappointing LL Cool cover. This LP is jam-packed full of real heavy riffs on the verge of, but never quite collapsing into, chaos. It travels from a new version of the first single, Asbestos Lead Asbestos, up to Can't

Live Without My Radio and on into new uncharted territory. Highlights are their cover of Funky Town, in its own way as classic as the original; Ghetto Queen, which is so mangled it makes you think the machine has gone wrong (and so short you want to go back and start it again) and Bullitt Man, which is interstellar R & B for a new generation of noise fanatics. Let's Play Domination — as much guitar as one record can stand. Everybody join in. **Christopher Mellor**

ZERO KAMA
The Secret Eye of LAYLAH
Permis De Construire PER009 (26 rue St Julien, 54000 Nancy, France) ● Now, the thigh bone's connected to the... xylophone, the skull cap's connected to the... well, here's another mystical set of thigh bone tooting, skull thumping mysticism that's so intensely thought out that it leaves nothing to the listener's imagination or integrity. You can bet this guy never stands on the cracks in pavements. **Brad Manson**

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Schizo phrenia and sexuality

The Sugarcubes on just why Life's Too Good! (the second time around)

Alex Kadis, for news at Ug, Iceland

The Sugarcubes are sitting cross-legged round a small tray of alcohol, matches and cigarettes, in the very centre of a large and characterless white room. They're bracing themselves for *yet another* interview, reconciling themselves to the impending questions of *yet another* "enquiring" journalist, with *yet another* bunch of nicely rounded preconceptions. They have, they insist, been prime victims of creative writing; no sooner had The Sugarcubes emerged than the press were hot on the story of a handful of Icelandic eccentrics/perverts. Well, we shall see. . .

Now with their debut LP Life's Too Good hatching on One Little Indian, the 'Cubes are front cover fodder once again. The first surge came as the band acquired that most supreme of accolades; recognition and a strong position in both the alternative and mainstream charts. Granted, it's a frequent occurrence in our present clime, but nevertheless, it's still a fantasy for the many left dreaming. An accident, maybe, but a fortunate one at that and not to be sniffed at, so how did it happen along The Sugarcubes' path?

Einar (trumpet and vocals): "You answered the question for us in the beginning. A lot of bands have dreamed of doing this. We have never dreamed of doing this. We don't have any expectations of doing this so everything that comes along our way is just fine."

Björk (singer): "You wouldn't be able to take this unless you realised that this is nothing to make a fuss over. Basically, it's like we are living two lives."

Which, then, is the reality?

Björk: "The lives we live here in England as The Sugarcubes is not real. It's totally different to the lives we live in Iceland. The Atlantic Ocean has helped us to keep a line between those two lives. I'd like it in print that we are very grateful to the Atlantic Ocean, we have a lot to thank it for!"

As is the case with almost every potential prodigy, the public at large sought the oddball element in the band and the A&R men consulted the curve of demand and supply, and here, at long last, was the perfect pop machine, uninformed, naive and without the essential contacts! Except that The Sugarcubes weren't as easily duped as one would have hoped and they weren't about to play ball. The band reckon it's all to do with levels of acceptance and expectation.

Sigtryggur (drummer): "We're not naive. We aren't at all business minded but we know what's going on."

Björk: "It wouldn't be a realistic view of the world if you thought that you didn't have to know about the business side of things. It's just like admitting to yourself that you need a certain amount of food every day."

Einar: "I can't understand where people get this idea about The Sugarcubes. They're expecting ten or 20 songs like Birthday when we play and they don't get that. They're expecting us to be a band who are striving to make very good pop songs but that's not our intention. I'll show you what it says my profession is on my passport and then perhaps you'll understand more." He opens his passport on the relevant page. It reads: OCCUPATION — MASS COMMUNICATOR.

"That," he says proudly, "is my profession."

I put it to the band that it may have been the essential childlike quality of their songs and their personalities which initially fuelled the misconceptions which they now disdain.

Björk: "Yes, but it's our choice. It's the way we want to keep it. To keep this feeling you have as a kid of playing games. If you lose you lose. I don't exactly know how to describe it but we are *playing*."

And the game goes on, strongly reflected in their deceptively simple music. Its guttural utterances and nursery rhyme antics only have an adult intention if the listener is more in tune with a state of experience rather than innocence, and the choice is left to the individual.

Sigtryggur: "That's probably the nicest comment we've had in a long time! Yes, our music can be for grown ups or for little children depending upon how much of the child you have left within you."

Einar: "No. There is no child within us, Björk is the only one who can have a child within her because she is female. We can have half a child!"

Thor: "No, more than that! We can have a whole kindergarten full of children within us."

I figure that this is either an example of Icelandic humour or a taste of the warped sense of logic which has given The Sugarcubes their reputation for odd profundity! Either way, it is from such statements that press weirdos are created.

Björk: "Oh, yes, everyone was looking for these mad Icelandic weirdos. We can do lots of crazy things if you like. Do you want us to behave like weirdos? We're not really up to it at the moment but we could try!"

I decline and instead settle for further conversation.

Björk: "Yes, that's something else that people expect of The Sugarcubes, they think that I am the front person."

Well, it's a common enough mistake, there are a few male bands with female vocalists who soon become focalists. Although The Sugarcubes realise that they fell victim to the same fate at first they're determined to put a stop to it now.

Björk: "You wouldn't believe how stupid and narrow minded people have been with regards to that. I am not the one who makes all the decisions in the group and I don't write all the songs."

Thor: "We're not her backing group. We don't use the girl's looks to make easy money."

This takes us conveniently on to The Sugarcubes' favourite topic of the day, sex. Einar clearly perks up, his waning attention revitalised!

Einar: "Sex, yes, let's talk about sex. No, let's *practise* sex!"

It's agreed that The Sugarcubes refuse to play up the more obvious elements of their sexuality. Björk's position in the scheme of things has already been settled and the boys deny themselves the lip-glossed-pouting which their natural good looks would so easily afford.

Sigtryggur: "It's just too obvious, isn't it?"

Einar: "It's not *sexual* with The Sugarcubes. It's *sensual*, it always will be sensual. Sexuality is a governing force but not sensuality. It's not something *dirty*. I could never understand why people liked having their toes licked when they are having sex. It must be something to do with their sexuality."

Björk: "But it's like so many people ask me about the eroticism of Birthday (their splendidly sexy first hit). I find it very difficult to be honest, to draw the line between what's erotic and what's sexual and what isn't. Einar was just stroking the carpet and it made shivers up my spine, it was very erotic. But it could have been done in a very clumsy, ugly way. Anything can be erotic, even farting. I once read a book on farting and it was the most erotic book I've ever read!" How very strange. . .

Einar: "No, not at all. It's like once, Bragi (absent member of the band) and I were in Spain and — and now you get another profound quote! — I said to him, 'I think that between a man and a woman, farting is better than f***ing.' Because if you like that person's fart then you love that person. Rape is done by the act of intercourse. F***ing doesn't mean it's love. How can you rape a person by farting? You can't! You must, therefore, love a person if you can accept their fart, therefore, when you are liking that person's fart it is better than f***ing."

"And to add to that, there was this English guy who was listening to us and he started to talk about the time he had a serious case of diarrhoea in India! I was talking about this concept and he thought I was talking about shitting."

And therein lies the crux.



Cubism gone mad!

Blue Monday

Mix Master

THE NEW ORDER INTERVIEW REMIX (A 'dub' feature)

"We had one letter recently from a fan that asked, 'Who is the geezer called Dub that you keep mentioning? Who is Mr Dub?'. We all had a good laugh about that one, I can tell you." (*Peter Hook, March 1988*)

They have gone and done it now. How can a band continue to be regarded as an 'alternative' when they employ Quincy Jones to remix their finest moment? If you have any doubt that New Order are presently surging into the international big league, then consider this. At the time when U2's *War* was invading the bedrooms of America, their manager, Paul McGuinness, bumped into New Order's Svengali, Rob Gretton, in a Stateside hotel.

"He was ecstatic," says Gretton now, "... because U2 had just sold over half a million albums over there. Now I look at *Substance* and that has sold even more."

Indeed. Anything can happen this year. As Joy Division are unleashed on a mainstream audience for the first time, New Order are reluctantly competing with the likes of Heart and Fleetwood Mac. The idea to 'Americanise' Blue Monday by allowing the precision genius of Quincy Jones to squeeze the song into a seven inch format is a concerted attack on the all important American singles chart. But the remix is to be released over here as well. Complete with a sparkling new video, Blue Monday is expected to fly into the top five. Factory boss Tony Wilson, incidentally, is hoping for a number one.

The flip side of the Blue Monday Remix is the Remix, Remix. Which may be taking things a little too far but at least it has provided the inspiration for this little feature. After all, this band, New Order, take great pride in their skill to remake, rehash, remodel and rejuvenate their sounds. So why not us? If Quincy Jones is allowed to twiddle about with a piece of supreme British underground history, than I'm damn sure that we can have a mess about as well. Nothing in the world of the remix is sacred. However, I hasten to add, everything featured here is taken from first hand experience.

New Order are, arguably, the greatest white dance band of all time. Mind you, they had one hell of a head start. This unique advantage went by the name of Joy Division. This feature remix begins, bravely, with an incident that adequately sums up the unique intensity of Joy Division, the band who were to provide the solid base for the New Order phoenix.



Backstage in New York in '83

Monday er

by Dubmaster Mick Middles

MAY 1979

The Factory Club nestles dangerously beneath the daunting shadows of valium city. (Actually, the Hulme estate, Manchester. A less than charming complex that at the time boasted the highest suicide rate in Europe. A fitting place indeed for Tony Wilson and cohorts to lay the groundwork for the image-conscious empire of Factory Records.) Attending a gig at The Factory involves a certain amount of personal danger. This danger becomes very real for one young lad, though he isn't attacked, mugged or sold a bag of dried privet leaves (like me). He is hit by an escaping taxi. In this collision, his arm is broken. However, despite being in severe pain he refuses to go to hospital until he has been in the venue to witness the performance by his favourite band, Joy Division. When told of this incident later in the evening, Joy Division singer Ian Curtis merely shrugs in disbelief and walks blankly backstage. The incident is swiftly forgotten.

JULY 1983

We sit on the roof of The Paradise Garage, New York. Inside the club, in five hours time, New Order will pump dance rhythms into the audience, who are surely the most sussed dance audience in the world. Barney will sneer at the crowd and hurl words like 'Boring' 'Apathetic' and 'Lackadaisical' in their direction. He will introduce the band's sparkling new pulsebeat single, Confusion, with the words, "This is one for all you Funhouse bastards". (The Funhouse being the city's premier hip hop nightclub.) The relationship between band and country in general will seem strained, to say the least.

There's a similar attitude problem taking part in the blistering heat on this roof at the moment. Gillian Gilbert and Steve Morris have surrendered to the sun and lie in one corner, oblivious to the rooftop commotion. At the centre of this activity, as always, sits the supremely disinterested Rob Gretton. A *Rolling Stone* photographer, complete with umbrella and three stooges, is attempting to get Gretton to round the band up for a photo shot.

"Aw... piss off and let me sunbathe," moans Gretton, apparently unconcerned about missing out on a colour photo spread for the massively influential organ.

"Well, the singer said he'd pose for us at least," squeals the photographer. But Barney, typically, has sauntered off in search of an orange juice. The photographer is clearly desperate and he points towards me.

"You. Will you pretend to be in New Order? Nobody knows what they look like anyway."

"Rob, Rob, there's a man from Geffen on the phone. He says it's very urgent," screams the tour manager Ruth Polsky.

"Oh, tell him to sod off as well. I'm on holiday, you know." Gretton relaxes and all around him lies chaos, total chaos.

DECEMBER 1985

We lounge in Yellow Two Studios, Stockport. The throbbing from the studio downstairs (actually their single, Shellshock) is barely interrupted by the noises emanating from the television set. Steve, Gillian, Rob, and Hookey are slurping away at the champagne while watching a run through of the band's newest Ikon video, *Pumped Full Of Drugs*. The band are talking about technology. . . . Actually, that's not strictly true. The band are laughing about technology or, at least, their attitude towards it. Techno wizard Steve Morris explains.

"We shot this video at a live gig in Japan. It was hilarious because the Japanese have this incredibly complex attitude towards the use of technology. They think that if it's been invented then they must use it. Now that is really the opposite of the New Order attitude. Of course we embrace technology but, quite often, in a very simple, childlike way. We use it to suit ourselves. In Japan we wanted to film this video on a single camera with no effects or anything. We kept trying to make the Japanese shoot it through an ordinary surveillance camera, that's all it would have needed, but, oh no, they turned up with all this mass of complex equipment, all of which was a complete waste of time."

Downstairs, in the studio, American producer John Robie wrestles with the highly complex mixing desk and attempts to pin down the song called Shellshock.

Later, in the studio foyer, a weary Barney attempts to speak about the high technology factor within New Order's music.

"We never, ever use tapes live."

You do, I tell him.

"We don't," he states adamantly, "We use sequencers, not tapes."

Sequencers then. I've seen them carry on after you have left the stage.

"You can't ignore technology and, more importantly, you've still got to play these things. It really doesn't matter if you play a Fairlight or a saw. It's the tune that matters. A strong melody was always the most important thing, and always will be. However easy it is to play, you have still got to produce that melody. That's the art."

Flashback to 1983 where, by the side of a Washington swimming pool, Steve Morris touches upon the same subject.

"Of course we love experimenting with machines. We used to leave the sequencers running after we'd left the stage just to wind the American audiences up. It always gets them, that one. They thought we were cheating, but in a sense we were being more honest. All bands use tapes of some sort on stage. We just don't see why we should cover it up."

Blue Monday initially entered the British singles chart in March 1983. The impact of the record was deadened somewhat by the band's insistence on playing it live on *Top Of The Pops*. It sounded dreadful.

Peter Hook: "I don't know about that. We would have felt silly miming and we always felt more comfortable playing live. Nowadays, we just laugh at all the bands on *Top Of The Pops* and *The Roxy*. When we played True Faith live, everyone was in awe of us. It did give us a tremendous feeling of supremacy, really."

DECEMBER 1987

By accident I find Rob Gretton lurking in the background at an Alison Moyet gig. He is strangely jovial but what, I swiftly ask, on earth is he doing here?

"Er. . . I can't tell you. . . er, can I? No. I can't possibly tell you what I'm doing here."

Whatever the reason it takes Alison four songs to send myself and Gretton into the pub at the back of the venue. I ask him if he enjoys the trappings of band management as much now that New Order are entering the big league.

"I suppose not. I think I am looking for a way out really. The trouble is that you always need more money. I'd like to move into architecture. To build beautiful buildings in Manchester. Like The Hacienda but from the outside. Tony (Wilson) has the same dream as well. To build something solid and worthwhile. But in order to do that then we are going to have to make an awful lot more money. It's a never ending cycle. We can't do this forever, can we? I do enjoy some of the aspects of, say, touring though. I own an Audi Quattro but I don't like driving so Hookey takes over. On European tours he just takes control. He's good, he would have been a racing driver had he not fallen into this. The rest of the band are too scared to come with us, they take the tour bus. But we break records through France. We constantly outrun patrol cars. Hookey reckons it's the best road car in the world."

MARCH 1988

New Order are fronted by the most disinterested, apathetic, cynical anti-performer in the history of rock 'n' roll. Barney Sumner. A highly creative and intelligent songwriter, certainly, but the most reluctant pop star ever to yawn in front of an audience. Outside of his craft, Barney has little to say. Why should he say anything? For promotion? This is where we meet New Order's Catch 22. Barney is interested in houses and cars. In order to pursue this dual interest to the full he has to continue his job. He has got to, reluctantly, agree to the remix of Blue Monday. But so far, Barney, Hookey and the whole damn crew have merely dipped their toes in the whirlpool of American superstardom. Should that record succeed in hurling this band into the full, violent hyperbole of true international mainstream success, then reality could begin to fade. At this point we could lose New Order forever. It's frightening really. Bring on the llamas.



New Order's classic rockist pose



SINGLES

strength lies in the verse/chorus play off that would unashamedly trounce any Eurovision competitor (Sandie Shaw included). **DH**

APPLE BOUTIQUE Love Resistance Creation

RT C An ex-Servant/Biff, Bang Pow!/Felt person formed AB, and it would be nice to report that the shifting, whispering pop of Love Resistance was reminiscent of the potential of that triad. But no, there's a commercial edge that's frolicking but weeping. The Ballad Of Jet Harris on the flip has charisma though. **BC**

AWARE! EP Double Trouble

SH A six track EP from this American outfit. They start slow and moody but thrash into the inevitable metallic show of aggression. Somehow you can't help but feel they'll be doing better than this in a couple of months or so. **DH**

A WITNESS One Foot In The Groove Ron Johnson

NM C Allegedly moving closer to a hard dancefloor sound, A Witness still bear enough of the raggedy, dog-eared trademarks to impress the tattered jacket brigade. This kind of music has always been cumbersome, if reasonably endearing, but where next for A? **JE**

EDWARD BARTON Belly Box Brother Gob Wooden

RR C Four more versions of terminal tragedy from this singing lampost (in turmoil). Barton's an eccentric and he takes joy in colouring English life into a piece of patchwork paranoia that's understandably left-field. **BM**

BLOOD ORANGES Beautiful Thing The Great Purge (150

Queen Alexandra Mansions, Judd Street, London WC1) Pert jangly stuff with a classic construction and some mighty melodies for effect. Blood Oranges have some good ideas and some precocious hooks, but it's still a bit empty and needs to be better directed. **NB**

BLUE AEROPLANES Janice Long Session Night Tracks

P More artistic dancealongs, with the Aeroplanes daubing canvas after drum skin with their endearing performance-meets-post-structuralist method of song construction. Sculptured sound with a pop leaning. **NB**

BMX BANDITS Figure 4 53rd

& 3rd **FF C** Four tracks with an eccentric pop edge. The Bandits sound like a working men's club version of Richman at his squidgiest. Wholesome fun that just about avoids being lumped in with the twee section at Ibrox Stadium. **BM**

THE CHAMELEON'S DAY It Won't Be Long SPLIFF

SH The Chameleon's Day appear to be French in origin but they're firmly rooted in the '77 New York punk scene — Television and The Heartbreakers at CBGB's etc. Both sides of this debut single are forceful, with guitar shards spinning off the wired vocal line. A classic. **DH**

CHWYLDRO Tu Oil'r Sgrin

Pop Positif (£1.20 from 52 John Morris Jones, Ffordd Y Coleg, Bangor, Gwynedd) I may be a little sketchy on Welsh, but I can tell you that this rock-pop debut is rampant and enjoyable. Pop music, for sure, but rippling with affection and charm. **DH**

CLOSE LOBSTERS Janice Long Session Night Tracks

P From 1986, this four track collection from Fire faves the Lobsters proves that they're more than worth their weight in surreal comic books. Andy Burnett's lyrical aplomb wanders casually through the group's awesome tunefulness, illustrating their warmth, depth and unique personality. Catch them quick. **DH**

COCO, STEEL & LOVEBOMB The Sound Of Europe

Instant **RR C** One of those dang cut-up affairs that's just fit to pop as it blends all the best dance bits, then broadens its scope with some more intelligent tempered lifts from further afield. Wah! **NB**

CRIME AND THE CITY SOLUTION On Every Train

Mute **RT C** Expressive strumming from these ne'er do wells who're on the edge of rock's excess-o-meter. A keen rhythmic bowing pulls it all together, and that wandering vocal style makes it really bite hard into the memory banks. **DH**

CRAIG DAVIES Jennifer Holliday Rough Trade

RT C A strange lull in the conversation of pop from Salford's answer to Tom Waits. It sounds like an old 78 rotating at 33, but don't let this put you off. If you're into boozing from *Newsnight* through to *Good Morning Britain* this record could certainly find a place in your heart. That wild man of rock 'n' roll — Ben Watt — guests on guitar, but fails to lift the energy above a snooze. A charming record, with a Penguin Modern Classic in its breast pocket. **JD**

CUMBERSOME Billy Sexy

Flexi (56 Clyde Road, Brighton BN1 4NP) Snappy and light of foot, potential top 40 pop song from the oddest couple in town. The closing refrain — "She was all alone at the disco" — will have you

Reviewers this month are Nick Brody, Dave Henderson, Brenda Collins, Johnny Eager, Johnny Dee, Ripley, Carole Linfield, TC Wall and Holly Wood

breaking down in tears, the tinny drum machine will make you soft shoe shuffle as you do the Shake 'n' Vac. This is what flexis should be about — disposable, lovable, fun and cheap — 50p plus sae if you wanna know. **JD**

DANIELLE DAX Cat House

Awesome **C** Dani plays the Gary Glitter game and comes out sounding like the bastard offspring of Toyah and Marc Bolan. What a concept! Market it! **NB**

DEFAULT Inspiration First

Strike **SRP** First release from this new label, by a Peterborough band who've been aligned to the positive hardcore elements from the States. A twitchingly incessant sound that reaches overdrive without raising a sweat. **DH**

FINI TRIBE Make It Eternal

Wax Trax **SRP** Intense dancefloor rhythms, bell-ringing samples and growling vocal lines make Fini Tribe's latest a clang-muzak re-assertion of their potential. A well-orchestrated step up from their I Want More Can cover. **TCW**

THE FIZZBOMBS Surfaround

Calculus **FF C** Riotous Beach Boys with fuzzed-dinosauric Mary Chain guitar barrage. Happy melodies with a sting in the tail. **BC**

F*** GEEZ EP Jungle Hop

International **SRP** Japanese punk with a '76 beat, some buzzsaw raunch and a lot of swearing. Maybe ten years out of date but chortle-worthy and high on novelty value. **DH**

THE FUZZTONES Nine Months Later Music Maniac

RT C The Fuzztones maintain the psychedelic overcoat and slip in a few nifty keyboard melodies for good effect. The gruesome cover hardly tells the upbeat 'Tones tale, but fans won't be disappointed. **DH**

THE GATHERING Rant Final Records C C

A solid, driving tune that summons up memories of The Monochrome Set's finest musical constructions, aided by a whining guitar and a grief-stricken vocal. The Gathering have been hiding in the wings for some time. This sounds like the perfect method for their cultural development. **DH**

GREATER THAN ONE Now Is

The Time K=K **RT C** A Martin Luther King cut-up over a throbbing dancebeat from these former industrialist screamers. Slightly more angst-ridden than your run of the mill dancefloor material, and well worthy with it. **R**

THE GROOVEYARD At Home With... Playroom RR C A

ALTERED STATES Lowlife

Ediesta **RR C** Faceless goth monster that waddles into oblivion without managing a gear change. Cumbersome and not cute. **NB**

ANTHONY ADVERSE The Red

Shoes Waltz **EI P** An exquisite confection that's straight from the "babedah" filmic soundtrack style of, say, *Breakfast At Tiffany's* or the latter day Fonda/Redford *Barefoot In The Park*. Horns run wild, harmonies keep it clean and AA holds it together with a sweet vocal line. **DH**

AMBASSADOR 277 The Pop

Up Man **EI P** Slurpy brass-riddled pop from this energetic trio of would-be radio stars. The

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five track 12 inch which throws The Grooveyard into a tub of wayward guitar play that'll be sure to impress Byrds, Buffalo Springfield and Love fans. Off the wall psychedelia that isn't too tripped-out to care, The Grooveyard's finest blast is a crushingly capable debut. **DH**

THE GUN CLUB Breaking Hands Red Rhino

RR C Jeffrey Lee with reverb, ambience and depth — courtesy of a rather fine production job from Cocteau Twin Robln Guthrie. Somehow, you just never thought that GC had it in them, but it certainly floods out in an emotional tide here. **NB**

ANNIE HOGAN Each Day

Dinamo RR C Annie's solo flight — after time spent rolling fingers for Marc Almond, Yello et al — sees her opt for a rather subdued, laidback tune which does her voice few favours. Annie Hogan is bigger and better than this. **NB**

HORNY GENIUS Man And Beast Pooter Records (Box

2731, Iowa City, Iowa 52240, USA) These guys sound like Pere Ubu with their head in the microwave. Probably the most offensive record this month due to its continuous riff and swirling noise patterns. This is the kind of thing that'll make the world great again. Remarkable! **DH**

HORSELAND Love Dies Again Red Rhino

RR C Ex-Red Guitars and Nyam Nyam members team up in a "return to independence". And pretty eclectic it is too. Horseland wander in on a waft of guitar and simplistic rhythms. Half way between wistful charm and the heavens above. **TCW**

LAUGH Time To Lose It

Remorse RR C After some notable interest, Laugh plug in and screech it up for their most radiant 45 to date. A fervent, effervescent burn out, Time To Lose It shakes the dancefloor without ever slipping into the predictable throb. **DH**

LONG TALL TEXANS Should I Stay Or Should I Go? Razor

P Carbon-coated cover of The Clash's bolshy anthem that might just click in these troubled times of revivalist punkism. Decent but monosyllabic. **BM**

LOVE AND ROCKETS No New Tale Beggars

Banquet Minimal T Rextisms from the trio in the L&R contingent. Breaking into safes as diverse as The The, Jethro Tull and Slade, Love And Rockets make a new sound from old that's comfortable and reasonably balanced, if a little sluggish in delivery. **NB**

LYDIA LUNCH The Crumb

Widowspeak RR C Intense as ever, Lydia teams up with wayward Soniclifer Thurston Moore for a Clint Ruin-produced noise overdose. Occasional verbal intersections make The Crumb one of the most tasteful insults for some time. **NB**

MCCARTHY Should The Bible Be Banned?

September RR C It's about time someone stood up and noticed how consistent McCarthy are. This, their sixth single, displays all their usual hallmarks — cunning melody, coy guitars, devious lyrics, and a title that's bound to get up someone's bottom. And with 45 revolutions a minute no less, it's £3.29 well spent — ask for McCarthy by name. **JD**

THE MEKONS Ghosts Of American Astronauts

Cooking Vinyl RR C A carefully crafted ode to northern life and its tie-in with US achievements (or some such analogy) which gives Meke Sally Timms the chance to let her twitching larynx do the talking. Coy but chaotic. **DH**

MIRRORS OVER KIEV Different Girl Playtime

C From Manchester with a tasty riff and some nice singing. Yes, Mirrors are purveyors of that cute, well played pop vibe that's laced with guitars and, although not decidedly politically-motivated, there's a soulful Housemartinsy feel to this one. Whimsey! **DH**

PAILHEAD I Will Refuse/No Bunny Wax Trax SRD

A marriage made in heaven between a Revolting Cock, a Furniture and God knows who else. Pailhead grit their teeth in the cause of heads-down thrash, cast down the iron glove with a noble dancebeat and rap it all up with a rant of quality. An album is mooted and it can't come too soon. **DH**

PLAYGROUND Seeking The Truth Fourth Dimension (£1.60

from 7 Wentworth Gardens, Bullockstone, Herne Bay, Kent CT6 7TT) A tape of some uninspiring waffle breaks down, an unfettered bass and drum sound catches breath and someone screams for three minutes in a relentless frenzy. Screeching and intense to the point of collapse. **DH**

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY Nothing Wrong Situation

Two C There's nothing wrong

with mood music, but this Lorry epic is so numbing and one-dimensional that it's difficult to discover the point. Fact is, there isn't one. Nothing Wrong sounds like a tumble dryer on half power. All background and no kachunga. **DH**

ROTE KAPELLE Fire Escape

In Tape RR C Bestest yet from this Scottish multi-national corporation. The first part of a Rote onslaught busts with charm, wit, tape loops and a melody thrown over their shoulder. Grand... just grand. **DH**

RUMBLEFISH Medicine

Summerhouse RR C Punchy brass, and a mid-'70s Bowie-paced vocal line makes Rumblefish sound dangerously essential. Better pop arrangements than The Soup Dragons and twice as sexy. **R**

SAD LOVERS AND GIANTS

Cow Boys Midnight Music RT C Floating in on a sea of sheer guitar rattle, Sad Lovers And Giants leapfrog their clumsy name and play seedless pop that's as hummable, if as mindless, as the next lot. **BC**



THE SNEETCHES Only For A Moment Kaleidoscope

RR C Within the harmonious world of The Sneetches there's a pop-boiled version of Byrdsian Beach Boy music. Only For A Moment is a fleeting introduction that'll swiftly be followed by their debut LP. Get in now and hope the summer comes around this year. **BC**

THE TIER GARDEN No

Pasaran Cogent (9 Orchard Gardens, Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria) Political posturing on Nicaragua and South Africa from the northerly strike-torn wastelands. The Tier Garden play burgeoning rock music that demands attention but will always struggle to succeed, since they're caught with commercial sounds, outspoken views and only a micro-lite method of powering through with their self-financed label. **DH**

TONGUEMAN You Crooks Tryin' To Get Your Hooks

On My Meat Drunken Swan (£1 from 1 Sheppard House, High Trees, St Martin's Estate, London SW2)

These guys mean it, man! Flaunting sexual convention, biting the pricks that feed them.

This three track 12 inch has a sound that's fresh, guitar-heavy and of a confident grinding quality that's not been heard since Killing Joke's debut or PIL's Death Disco. Colossal sounds... every home should vibrate to this! **BC**

ULTRAVOX Peel Sessions

Strange Fruit P Primal electronic stuff, when the method included a song, a verse and a chorus, as well as a motivating beat. Includes the excellent Young Savage and My Sex (plus the rather embarrassing Artificial Life). To think, they went on to become Vienn-o-philes! **DH**

UV POP Music To Yeah To

Extra C John White — he is UV Pop — has built a group and sound around himself that takes him far from the Cabaret Voltaire copy jibes, and right into the divergent pop market. Ultra-violent pop — with the emphasis on pop. Fine. **DH**

VAMPIRA AND SATAN'S CHEERLEADERS I'm

Damned Living Eye SR Wild and bedraggled, this messy message disc features off the wall vocal embellishments over voodoo backbeats, eventually building into crazed swamp rock. The flipside includes a similarly abandoned Tribute To Elvis. Demented. **BC**

VARIOUS Dyma'r Rysait

Artists for Animals RR C Welsh punk gone electronic from the mightily improved Elrin Peryglus kicks off

continued over



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YET MORE SINGLES

from previous page

this disc, and there's something of a good groove starting here — and all for the right cause — with fellow record mates Crisialau Plastig, Datblygu and Y Gwasgwyf all providing excellent performances. **DH**

THE VULTURES Good Thing

EP Narodnik **EE C** Best band of the month, The Vultures (three tiny beauty school drop outs from Hollywood or Glasgow) beat up on the history of rock 'n' whatever with sledgehammer guitars and juggernaut drums. This is the sound of Eddie Van Halen's guitar collection being thrown from his penthouse apartment's rooftop gardens onto passing rich bastards below. **HW**

THE WEATHER PROPHETS

Hollow Heart Creation

RT C The Prophs return to

Creation with a rattle and roll of brash bar room bravado. Peter Astor trades his whining star-in-cahoots-with-manic-depressive strain for a more upbeat offering that offers some real menace. Plausibly the group's best since the melodramatic tearfulness of *Almost Prayed*. **DH**

THE WILD SWANS Young

Manhood **WEA** This is just the sexiest, peachiest, most awesome release of the year. Thank God the success of their Peel Sessions EP made them reform — how I've lived without them I do *not* know. This song will get you cuddling the speakers, rolling about on the floor, screaming with joy and bringing back that needle to the beginning again. Who said that Swans were an endangered species? **JD**

WMTID Sheik Your Money

Rouska **RR C** Quasi NY-Euro disco bleach-out with that distinctively obscure edge of WMTID. Like Level 42 with their big end caught in their flies. A kind of easy listening for deadbeat dancetroopers. **TC W**

THE WOOD CHILDREN

Happens Everyday Cat &

Mouse **P** Pert pop with a vocal/guitar interchange that'd impress any daytime radio programmer. The Wood Children are tunesmiths with more than a pinprick possibility of success. **DH**



THROBBING AND CUT

What ties M/A/R/R/S to JAMMS, Colcut to Bomb The Bass and T-Coy to WMTID?

Chris Mellor stubs his toe to the beat

Certainly, the surprise hit of last year was **M/A/R/R/S'** Pump Up The Volume. Consisting of half a group and a couple of DJs, a brilliant bassline and a few bits from other people's records, it made number one, and suddenly everybody was talking about new British dance music. The short-sighted said it was a craze that would die in a few months, terrified that the public might find out that you don't have to be a muso to make a record. The more enlightened saw the **M/A/R/R/S** hit as the drawing of a new era, as revolutionary as punk rock was in its time. The difference being that now the people making the music had no intention of becoming boring bloated rock stars. They were making a genuinely modern sound, not just more rock music with a different attitude, or rock at a different pace.

Pump Up The Volume brought it to the attention of the world, but British underground dance music has been around for a lot longer than six months. London, Manchester and Bristol have been buzzing to the sound of homegrown hip-hop, house, funk, soul and every mutant in between for the last couple of years.

Johnny J and Mc Buzz Bee are part of the Rock The House Crew from Manchester.

Johnny J: "In America, hardcore hip-hop around '79/'80 was a reaction against disco music. Street people were finding beats you *couldn't* dance to and rhyming about real life. In this country the music always had to be danceable to be big."

Buzz Bee: "I was involved in the break dancing scene until it got really commercial — when the **Rock Steady Crew** came over and it was on TV every five minutes. I wanted to stay involved in hip-hop, and I'd always written poetry, so I started rapping."

The media killed the first wave of hip-hop, but perhaps there was too much emphasis on dancing, relying too heavily on the Americans for the soundtrack. After initial interest rap went underground and, especially in the midlands and the north, house music (again an American music form) took over the clubs. When **Run DMC** and **The Beastie Boys** hit the charts last year club interest in hip-hop was rekindled, and this time the British crews were ready.

Johnny J: "The great thing is, now you don't need a major label to make records, independents like **Rhythm King** and **Music Of Life** can have hits too."

And these labels are going from strength to strength (finally being taken more seriously) with recent hits from **Derek B** (Music Of Life) and **Bomb The Bass**, **Beatmasters** and **S-Express** (Rhythm King).

At the moment **Rock The House** are producing an LP of Manchester hip-hop, to be released on an independent label. It includes a track by **Baby Di**, who can't remember much of the original breaking scene, or anything else, but that's because she's only 12 years old. The ages of the participants on the LP range from 12 to 21. It's young music made for young people, *not* for producers at Radio 1.

Johnny J: "We can produce a non commercial record and put it out on an indie label, or do something really commercial, like with the **Wee Papa Girl Rappers**, the possibilities are endless."

Hip-hop isn't the only type of British dance music that's thriving, there's house too. The first big British house track was *Carino* by **T-Coy**. An underground dance smash, it's a Latin-tinged track with some wild piano. At first many people thought that it was American, which probably increased its sale potential. Since then **Krush**, **Beatmasters**, **Jack 'N' Chill** and **Coldcut** have all had *big pop* hits with UK house, in a sense beating the Americans at their own game.

7" LEFT 21
12" LEFT 21T

OUT
NOW

LEFT LPI

WIZE

B

MEN

"G.B. BOYZ"

OUT NOW

Gwen McCrae

7" MELT 7 + 12" MELT 7T
OUT NOW

All This Love That I'm Giving

T I N G

Buzz Bee and Johnny J

Nineteen year old rapper, **Overlord X**, who has a single out on Morgan Khan's Hardcore label, knows why.

"The British stuff is more inventive, not just a beat and a bassline, it's got more stuff in it."

But there's still a lot of snobbery. Some people still won't take British material seriously.

"That's because the Americans seem more glamorous, because of their accents and their image. They're not in the country very often, so when you see them it's something special. But that's changing now. I did a jam in Tunbridge Wells with **Derek B** and everybody was going mad. They all had the gear, so they were obviously seriously into the music, and it was a really mixed, half black, half white, audience. It's really happening now."

The ultimate masters of getting "more stuff in it" must be **Jonathan More** and **Matt Black** of **Coldcut**. Doctorin' The House is the only house track they have released so far. Before they were kings of the London bootleg scene. Inspired by the classic US cut-up tracks — Lessons 1 To 3 by **Double Dee and Steinski**, and the much used **James Brown** breakbeat record **Feelin' James**, they created Say Kids What Time Is It? using JB breaks and huge chunks from *The Jungle Book*. It's totally illegal, completely brilliant, and now, of course, impossible to get hold of. Various other hardcore mixes followed including *Beats And Pieces* (which was eventually also released through the Cartel), *The Music Maker* and *Kick Out The James* (a nod to the **JAMMs** with no James Brown in earshot).

All these records are more than just mixes. They use old records to create a new sound. This is not a new idea to hip-hop, where breakbeats from old records have always been used to rap over, but it has been taken a stage further by Coldcut and other London DJs.

Mixers and bootlegs circulating at the moment include constructions by **Richie Rich**, **Greedy Beat Syndicate** and **Scam**. All stretching the boundaries of music, copyright, and burning a hole in other DJs' pockets, as they usually masquerade as imports and sell for £4.99 a go.

The one danger is that these mixes will stray into the very dodgy Stars On 45 territory, ending up as no more than edited highlights with a backbeat, which is what has happened with the over-commercial Payback mix of James Brown done by Coldcut recently. But, Coldcut have turned down further remix offers from **Krush, Bros, Was (Not Was)** and many more, opting to concentrate on their next project which should see a return to form. Their label is called **Ahead Of Our Time**, and that's the way they should aim to stay.

The most successful cut-up record so far this year is **Beat Dis** by **Bomb The Bass**, which uses many now familiar samples. If I hear another record with that screechy noise from **Public Enemy's** Rebel Without A Pause I think I'll scream. The vultures are waiting with their "all this sampled music sounds the same" line, and they do have a point. It does get really boring hearing the same bits taken from the same old record, again and again.

Johnny J: "After M/A/R/R/S and Coldcut you're getting the rent-a-sample remix, throwing everything into the record, and the sooner that dies the better."

But never fear, there are a lot of people around with a more adventurous ear for cut-up selection, including **Stereo MC's**, who had a record out on new London-based independent **Gee ST**, which has now been picked up by **4th & Broadway**.

"We're inspired by beats," reckon the MC's, "it doesn't matter where they come from. We get records from junk shops, anywhere. We like '70s *Top Of The Pops* compilations, Western themes, there's so many different records to use we could go on forever."

Stereo MC's and their label are firm believers in the old DIY punk ethic. "You don't need to do stuff on an expensive 24 track. Our record was done on 16, but you could do it with eight or even four. It's all about ideas, if you've got a good idea and a good beat you can make a record."

Gee ST: "It's not about acts, it's about tracks, people don't want eight album deals, that's ridiculous, it doesn't work like that any more."

There's a lot of action in London. **Warrior Records** have just released a UK acid house compilation and are currently working on a hip-hop compilation. Rhythm King and Music Of Life are always busy, but it's not just the capital and Manchester where things are happening. Each region has its own label and its own sound.



27 UNDERGROUND

Smith And Mighty are from Bristol and they have a surprise underground dance hit with their hip-hop reggae version of the **Bacharach/ David** classic *Anyone Who had A Heart* released on their own **3 Stripe** label.

"There's a lot going on here, but no organisation, no way of getting stuff heard. We thought the best thing to do was just release something, because we knew that if people heard it they would like it. It was made for a British audience, and now it's doing well. We want to keep it on a small scale though, so it carries on being fun. We're not interested in America yet, it all needs time to develop."

Still in the West are **Llwaeybyr Llaethog** who, apparently, made the first ever Welsh hip-hop record called *Dyddiau Braf* (Lovely Day). Their latest record *Tour De France/Yo!* has some of the most brutally noisy scratching ever.

"We use a broken old Garrard deck", admits an LL, "you don't need anything flash. Our favourite records to scratch are our own, Welsh speeches, and *Blancmange*. Whatever's about, we'll use."

Another strain of dance music that's been neglected for too long is Eurobeat, Euro-electro, whatever you want to call it, which seemed to die with the demise of **Deutsche Amerikanische Freundschaft** (DAF to you mate) and the backlash against the northern industrial gloom of the descendants of **Cabaret Voltaire**. **Rouska**, the Leeds based label, are fighting back with recent releases by **Son Of Sam** and **WMTID**.

Richard at Rouska: "People think all northern white dance music is post-Cabs-minimalist-industrial-leather underpants funk. It's just not like that anymore."

Yes, and just maybe, in the fullness of time, electro will be back in vogue again after the recent hit for Music Of Life boss **Simon Harris**, with another crossover groove, electro-house-hip-hop being the closest definition.

The great thing about all this new British dance music, and there's plenty more than just the people I've mentioned, is that it is music for everyone, multi-cultural, a mix of sounds and styles. Black, white, brown, yellow — house, garage, hip-hop, electro, there's a bit of everything thrown in, and nobody knows what's going to happen next. The only rule is that it's got to move those feet. Do it!

I

El's most recent press handout with Mike Alway in the background



There's been a flurry of releases from the consistent *él* stable, culminating in a lavish collection of ten inch singles. But what lies behind the screens? **Carole Linfield** examines the wonderful world of its Svengali supremo, the eccentric and endearing **Mike Alway**

want to create A FANTASYLAND OF POP. . .

Arguably, there's no other record label boss who's stamped his own mark on his product as much as Mike Alway has on *él* Records. His own subsidiary of Cherry Red, every act on the roster bears the indelible hallmark of Alway. The constants are immediately apparent — throughout, there's a quintessential Englishness, almost Dickensian in its lovable eccentricity; a certain lavish charm and boyish naivety, all wrapped in opulence and hinting at indulgence, like a Rococo easter egg, all rich, dark chocolate inlaid with pearls. And, best of all, there's quality pop oozing from the tracks, all relying on old-fashioned values like tunes and lyricism and originality.

Mike Alway is, of course, the embodiment of all this. A tall, gangly figure dressed in black jodhpurs and greatcoat, his pasty complexion perhaps harbouring a Miss Havesham complex towards daylight, he strides purposefully into the Italian Bayswater café and waves a hand towards the mouthwatering pastries.

"This is what *él* Records is about. . . confectionary. The small things in life which may not be important, but that people are really interested in. We want to be edible. . . ten inch records are really edible, don't you think? Packaging is so important, too, because people buy with their eyes. You see, *él* is the Marks & Spencer of pop, not the Wavy Line."

Proof of the pudding, so to speak, is the most recent batch of *él* releases, consisting of a compilation LP, *London Pavilion Volume II*, which rounds up *él*'s 1987 output, and a set of five ten inchers from a selection of artistes on the label. In accordance with *él*'s thematic quality, releases are always designed as sets, all carefully packaged with extensive detail and romantic nonsense written on the sleeves, giving the label an immediate identity as well as instant collectability status.

The five to hit the streets this time are *Always*, *Ambassador 277*, *Anthony Adverse*, *Bad Dream Fancy Dress* and *Marden Hill*, with music ranging from the pouty adolescent curry commotion of the *Fancy Dress girls* to the instrumental wandering of the *Marden mob*. Each act has its own characterisation, its own carefully staged persona. But why? What is the ideal of *él*? What theory lies behind this intricate sales pitch?

Mike Alway, 32 year old Cornish son of a trade unionist, stirs his expresso and explains.

"What I really wanted with *él* was to bring records of quality back to the charts. But not from a careerist point of view; I want to recreate the feeling I had as a child about *The Beatles*. I don't want anything from it personally, except to be able to do it more.

"Who are the next *Beatles*? Well, you can't really put it like that. . . we're aiming more to have the next *Edison Lighthouse*. The idea of one hit wonders really attracts me. I love the idea of, say, *Louis Philippe* having one hit and then disappearing altogether, reappearing as this hammy cabaret act."

Mike's formative years were spent shuttling between London and Falmouth, listening to "a lot of *Radio 1*. . . bands like *Cupid's Inspiration* and *Honeybus*. I think I did buy one *Steely Dan* record. I haven't kept it or anything". It was then that his interest in obscurities developed.

"I collected records by default because I bought singles without any musical guidelines, but always the absolute classic white melodic pop."

It was after being a manager ("with a small m") for *The Soft Boys* and running a club in Richmond that Mike came into contact with *Cherry Red*, being taken on as an A&R man.

"The first group I signed was *Eyeless In Gaza*, at a time when all the label had was *The Dead Kennedys*. See, by employing me they knew they were going to get something more strange. I'd just sign up bands I thought were good and would sell, or who I'd read about in the press from people like *NME*'s Paul Morley or *Sounds*' Dave McCullough. But clearly there was nothing in common between the bands, between *Felt* and *The Monochrome Set* or *Eyeless*. The theme quality of *él* is a step on from that."

But Mike made a detour before stepping into the *él* persona, first setting up *blanco y negro* with Geoff Travis (*Rough Trade* entrepreneur), Dave McCullough and Michelle (from *Disques du Crepuscule*).

"I had realised there was a limit to what I could do at *Cherry Red*. It was run as a democracy, and I thought there were things I could do better. . . we sold 5,000 of *The Nightingales*' *Pigs On Purpose* LP, and I thought we had to move on from there, to get more backing. So I did an unprecedented thing. . . I got the best lawyer in town, broke all the contracts, and signed all the groups myself. But the groups were already leaving. . . I was only a step ahead, I was anticipating."

Unfortunately, things didn't go quite to plan.

"You can imagine what happened. . . all these people used to running their own show, all big headed, myself as much, so we all just argued over everything. The groups' attitude changed towards us, too. I thought it was God getting me back for what I did to *Cherry Red*. All I wanted to do was get out of it. I had shares, I had thousands of pounds invested, and I just gave it all back, said here, I don't want anything else to do with it."

Help came when *Cherry Red* heard the *Momus* LP which Mike had been involved with, offering a licensing deal for the record.

"I was amazed. I went up and said you can license it if you'll let me make a label of it. And *él* was born. So you can imagine what I think about the people at *Cherry Red*, when any other label would probably have had my kneecaps removed."

Important lessons were learned, though, which have made *él* a more solid concern all round.

"Now I won't accept anything less than complete control. I also realised when I conceived *él* that I had to make it attractive but integrate quality into it, and humour, and a certain Britishness, things which would be unique to me, without dissipating the essential entertainment value. The perfect thing is to get a lot of uncommercial ideas that together sound commercial."

"See, a lot of labels get it wrong. On the one hand you've got the indies saying, we've got to make it difficult to show people it's good, and on the other hand the majors are saying the public won't buy anything unless it's kept simple, and they're both wrong. The fact is that classic '60s pop had things in it that were uncommercial by default, and they've acted as

preserving agents. So ambiguity and breadth of language and uncommercial things actually make things more commercial if they're in there in the right proportions."

Mike admits there have been mistakes.

"Yes, it's a question of trial and error to make sure it doesn't become whacky. Eccentricity is a bonus, but whackiness is a danger, because it's not sexy for one thing. Sexuality is important, in a naughty, playful way.

"Is it too much to suggest that perhaps *él* is a label for the single person? I'm just thinking this now. . . it's a soundtrack for the single life, like for myself, although it's by default because I prayed these girls would come along and want to marry me but they wouldn't, they just wouldn't, but I've come to know better now, to know I don't want it. So because I've avoided babies and houses and all of life's great burdens I can be more free to do what I want.

"All I do is go home and conceive these pop ideas. I order records by mail — and they're not free, it's not the same if you don't pay — so every other day there's a parcel of records waiting for me. So tonight I'm going to go home and listen to all these Four Seasons records. . . I can just indulge myself, and imagine what ideas I can steal from The Four Seasons to integrate into my pop records. Because we're just charlatans really. . . there are no new ideas, just combinations of a minimum of two old ones."

Mike, then, is a man living out his own fantasy. A true enthusiast, a film buff, a cricket freak, a man who loves reading the alternative football press, he overlays his character on the records he brings out. But what makes an *él* band? And what does he look for in prospective *él* cohorts?

"Increasingly it's becoming hard to find them, and please, if there's anyone out there, get in touch with me! Latterly I've signed people independently and swapped them around to give the impression of bands. Though the demarkation is improving, it's less incestuous than it was a year ago.

"The attitude has to be right, they have to think beyond records and the fact that it's an idea about themselves. Each band is a characterisation, but I don't say to Fred Smith, go and be an Arab, because if Fred Smith hasn't got it in him to be an Arab, he never will. Simon Turner is the King Of Luxembourg, because he's encouraged by this Ian Carmichael figure, slightly incompetent, forever juvenile, more the Peter Pan thing, that's really Simon's character. All we're doing is taking that part of his character and blowing it up out of all proportion."

As a case in point, the two Bad Dream Fancy Dress girls came to the label as complete novices.

"They said they'd do anything to make a single, and when I met them they had excellent attitudes, playful and strong, and had done some acting so were very confident. I gave them the characterisation and told Simon Turner to write a song for them about Indian food, in the way Mickie Most or someone might have done. I'm increasingly coming to view Simon and Louis as house writers, like Chinn and Chapman, writing to a specific brief.

"Lyrically, I want songs that are as good as those by The Carpenters, but not limited by language. I look at the biogs and see what people like to decide what the songs are going to be about. Now, Kevin Wright (Always) likes football, so how do we do a football song which is credible? For that, we've got the inspiration of the alternative football press doing something unique and different for the first time, moving away from the horrible of image of football fans.

"Jessica of The Would Be Goods, who is very middle class, with a seriously good education and a first at Oxford, is a really good songwriter because she sees it for what it is, as good use of language. And because she knows nothing about pop (she's an opera buff) there are no intrusions."

Despite the insistence on autocracy, Mike does admit that bands are never forced to do anything they don't want to. Problems are mostly avoided by Mike's screening process before signing them up, knowing then that their ideas will lie roughly along the same tracks as his.

Ambassador 277 are a cause in point. "They were completely paranoid about what was going to happen to them. I took care over their sleeve and they were delighted with it, and they initially wouldn't trust me one inch over that. It was all, 'what'ya gonna do? We don't want to dress up as pilots!' I said look, if it's good enough for Dirk Bogarde it's good enough for you."

El, though, is a label intent on improving itself. Mike doesn't want to see it lumber on indefinitely without ambition or results.

"These ten inch records should solidify our visual attitude and really show people finally what's different about *él*. The next lot, starting with the new King Of Luxembourg one, will really go on the offensive. . . and therefore I think we'll have a bit more of a go at it. I don't think there's any point now in constantly restating our attitude; what people want now are results.

"Nothing could be better than *él*, how could it be? With goodwill, we'll carry on with *él* because we can survive just on overseas sales, we're huge in Japan, and if it works, CBS or whoever can come and offer us a million quid. That will be just a token, it's not 'cos we want a million quid, but with that I would get control, and then force them to do what I wanted to in marketing terms. The possibility is a long way off, though. . .

"Now I've got to see whether or not it can be done."

El's current crop of performers: from the top, Anthony Adverse, Ambassador 277, Bad Dream Fancy Dress and Always. Pictures by Nickolai Wesolowski; concepts by Mike Alway (of course)



Prospective *él* artistes should send tapes, photos, witty remarks and eccentric oddities to Mike Alway at 53 Kensington Gardens Square, London W2 4BA.

THE

"STICK IT IN YOUR EAR!"



REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE RECORDED

Cassette-only releases haven't always fared as well as they should — let alone been given due care and attention by Joe Public — but, with the advent of both the cassette single, the success of New York's ROIR tape-only label and the arrival of Liverpool's Bop Cassettes, perhaps that's all about to change.

It's been ten years since the magazine *Stick It In Your Ear* began and now it's reached issue 126. For 50p (from Geoff Wall, 5 Sunvale Close, Sholing, Southampton, Hants SO2 8LX) you can find out about an extremely wide variety of music that's only available on cassette, while simultaneously tracking down the oddest collection of stuff that's available under their own banner. The music here is the message.

Far from being a cheap and minimal release project, *SIYE's* label, Color Tapes, is an alternative. While the majority of cassette labels haven't really succeeded, like the alternative video labels, there are highpoints in these areas.

The problem is that the majority of groups end up using cassettes as a step between demo and record. Some people, like *SIYE*, take it all a lot more seriously, but some sadly do not.

For example, *Thule's* double-pack four-track set is neat, but we don't know where the sub-industrial fuzz-garage came from. . . then there's *The Salty Sea Dogs'* braindeath! A live cut-up making pointless listening. The noise itself is, er, well. . . different. As is *Perfect Gesture* by *The Violent Playground*, comprising 11 sketches in mind-numbing strangeness (from plinky-plonk to fuzzy noise). The groove continues — but this time on acoustic, spoons, harmonica and chant-along drone from *Psycho Ken And His 23 Concrete Pipes*. And, with that, the medium realises why it can't be seen as a credible force.

But there are reasonable tape-only ideas. For instance, *Lakeland Records*, who brought the world various Icelandic things, now has *91 Vibrations'* Radio Free Albania — a distorted vocal rant with electronic support — and *Snarli*, a compilation with tracks from *SH Draumur*, *Muzzolini*, *Parror* and more. Both tapes are of interest and can be obtained from 69 Leamington Road, Southend-On-Sea, Essex.

The Primitive label (28 Larke Way, Leagrove, Luton, Beds) also has a compilation — *The Trance Compilation* — with a more esoteric/left-field collection of acts in tow. Featured are *Shiny Two Shiny*, *Len Liggins*, *Ex-F Explains*, *Jesus Couldn't Drum* and a bundle of others.

Jarmusic in Berlin (Limastrasse 18, 1000 Berlin 37 West Germany) specialises in independent tapes and records (boasting a more than healthy catalogue). It's a good place to start your journey into ferric funland, especially with their Berlincassette 3-87, which boasts tracks by *R Stevie Moore*, *Webcore*, *Schwefel*, *The Hardy Boys*, *Attrition*, *Idiot Sideshow* and a load more.

Some acts, however, stay close to the alternative ethic, producing quality music that defies categorisation. For instance *The Cleaners From Venus* (who've had recordings on vinyl, CD and numerous cassettes) have a new cassette EP, the infectious four-tracker *Mind How You Go* out on Jarmusic (address above).



Veteran cassette pets, The Cleaners From Venus

RE-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

ANDY ANDERSON

One Man's Rock 'N' Roll

Union Pacific UP006 Andy Anderson is something of an enigma. Looking a little like John Travolta circa *Grease* — but more original, of course — he adorns the front of this retro collection which spans '57 to '65. Steeped in car wax and Brylcreem, Anderson's development through those rock 'n' roll times had a raunchy edge, a few classy, cheeky licks and the usual tales of girls and motors. The most interesting cut here is *Chop Suey*, a timeless piece that's strangely stimulating with its unorthodox construction and shaky rhythm. An intriguing groove.

THE EDGAR

BROUGHTON BAND Sing

Brother Sing BGO LP 7 Men in serious sore throat threat. The Edgar Broughton Band strain and boogie on this sub-Beethoven album which was changing hands for 20 notes till recently. That their underground status in the '70s allowed them to shake their influences and produce tracks like the included *There's No Vibrations But Wait!* suggest that they were prone to mega ideas — this one with funk rhythms, megaphone vocals, taped speech interruption — but sadly most of the rest of this album doesn't hold a candle to that track. A timely re-issue that's worth checking for innovation at least.

ROBERT CALVERT

Captain Lockheed And The Starfighters BGO LP 5 7

Another service to collectors from BGO, with this metal/rock/post-Hawkwind oddity from Calvert. Employing spoken passages courtesy of Viv Stanshall and Jim Capaldi, Calvert gets into concept mode with some instrumental muscle from Lemmy, Twink and all the old faithfuls. It's really a routine mix of UK rock that's given that weird hue due to those spoken parts, the only problem being their humorous nature and the inevitability of it all wearing a little thin.

GENE CLARK WITH THE GOSDIN BROTHERS

Gene Clark With The Gosdin Brothers

Edsel ED263 Side one of this album ranks high alongside any piece of Byrds or Byrds-related paraphernalia — well on a par with the electronic interludes of Notorious Byrd Brothers or Gram Parsons' influential input to the legendary *Sweetheart Of The Rodeo*.



This is classic '60s music with ex-Byrd Clark teaming up with former cohorts Chris Hillman and Michael Clark, with the Gosdins, Doug Dillard and Leon Russell on keyboards and orchestral arrangements. A bittersweet, melodramatic view of life is something that seems to have disappeared from modern contemporary music which, in retrospect, is a great shame.

CLEAR LIGHT

Black Roses

Edsel ED245 Clear Light's one and only LP was released in 1967, in a climate vibed-up by The Doors' *Strange Days* and Tim Buckley's *Goodbye And Hello*, the double drumming and offbeat style resulting in instant prominence, great reviews and comparisons with Grateful Dead, then. . . nothing. Members departed for a variety of outfits leaving the perfect cult item. In retro, *Black Roses* has some fine songs and moves in the direction of high gloss strangeness. As a first LP it's fine, but just think what they might have done if they'd kept their heads together.

THE GROUNDHOGS

Blues Obituary

BGO Records BGOLP06

Originally formed in the '60s to back visiting US blues players, The Groundhogs eventually became synonymous with facial hair, "boogie music" and the like. Pre-empting Quo and ZZ Top and post-dating Cream they had the style, if not the image, to become a major band. *Blues Obituary* is a 1969 offering which lacks something in terms of songs, even if it succeeds in showing off Tony McPhee's distinctive guitar and vocal style.

THE HOLLIES

Stay With

BGO LP 4

In The Hollies Style

BGO LP 8 The first two Hollies albums, which have been hawked around for vast sums in recent years, are rife with cover versions. Both feature the unmistakable vocal style of Allan Clarke who, probably quite by accident, seems to have influenced a lot of today's

jangle-handed UK guitar bands. Graham Nash's backing vocal embellishments further enhance the proceedings, lifting The Hollies out of the '60s UK pop bracket spiced with US pop covers and closer to the American sounds which they eventually exploited through Dylan, Byrds and country covers. Over 20 years on, these albums mostly sound strong, with the occasional twee legbreak.

ALBERT KING

Albert

Charly R&B CRB 1173

Ch Classic Albert taken from a Tomato US release circa '78. With a gratefully supportive band behind him there's more than enough quality playing going around to warrant a good earful. Albert does get tacky at the start though, on Guitar Man he's oh-so '70s and oh-so kitsch, but his string-bending blues style wins the day in the end.

PHIL OCHS

All The News That's Fit To Sing

Edsel Ed 247 **P** Politically aware strums from Ochs from '65, that sound as potent, if just a little thin in muscle tissue, today. Phil Ochs went through some serious personal traumas, a few self-questioning bouts and eventually died a premature death. These first steps capture him before he realised that even though he could sing the news and make political motions, there were few giants that the protest song could actually fell. A nice acoustic feel all the same.



THE SEEDS

Evil Hoodoo

Bam-Caruso **Re C** The sporadic greatness of The Seeds strained and sifted into a massive 45 minute block of energy. Bam-Caruso have picked through The Seeds' catalogue, albums and singles and come up with a compilation that'd be hard to beat, a monument to '60s

RED CRAYOLA

The Parable Of Arable Land

Decal LIK 20 **Ch** Further raves from the free-from-freak-out grave, with the Crayola's earliest incarnation — headed by Mayo Thompson — whooping up a nightmarish stream of sub-consciousness. The Crayola later went on to become more time-change/jazz-orientated, Mayo followed that by being a tricky little producer. In retrospect this album sounds politely arrogant and reasonably offbeat. Underneath it all, it's a little self-indulgent, but pretty damn lovable nonetheless.

WARREN SMITH

Real Memphis Rock 'N' Roll

Sun CDX23 **Ch** From Mississippi country to hillbilly rockabilly, Warren Smith's back catalogue at Sun makes up two sides of this double. His singles, with alternate takes and B-sides, ably display the neat guitar style and vocal slur of Smith, while the second album features a wealth of unreleased Sun material — again with various versions and mixes in some cases. Somehow, the clarity and minimal instrumental set-up seems unbelievable, but the sound produced is succinct and powerful.

THE SONS OF CHAMPLIN

Marin County Sunshine

Decal LIK 21 **Ch** Fully paid up members of the Summer Of Love circa '67, The Sons Of Champlin recordings here come from '68, '69 and '71 when their brand of brassy soul had developed into a Blood,

Sweat And Tears meets Traffic kind of accessibility. There are some superb songs here, revolving around Bill Champlin's distinctive vocal, but there are also some of those hesitant dippy hippie moments that might have been better left to slumber. Still, The Sons Of Champlin are a little jewel worth dusting off.

VARIOUS

Ferry Cross The Mersey

BGO LP10 **P** A 12 track film soundtrack LP which majors on the emergent Liverpool scene around 1965 — with little or no mention of The Beatles. The main tack is taken by Gerry And The Pacemakers, who of course sing the title track, with additional takes from the George Martin Orchestra, a youthful and throaty (in the nicest possible sense) Cilla Black, and The Fourmost. The Pacemakers' embodiment of Mersey beat is a touch overpowering, but this is mostly a decent album, and the George Martin instrumental is excellent.

VARIOUS

Major Bill's Texas Soul

Charly CRB 1167 **Ch** Yet another collection of US labels that've been uncovered in an attempt to gain wider exposure for an obscure, but essential, band of soulsters. Major Bill's Texan triad featured the Charay, Shalimar and Le Cam labels and, while he was having pop success with Paul And Paula and Bruce Channel, he was also releasing some fine soul music. This set boasts some excellent cuts from Willie Hobbs with Pic And Bill, Johnny Copeland, Willie Hobbs and Sons Of Moses, but the finest track must be Ede Robin's haunting ballad Dead, which is a disturbing, suicidal tune with an exotic twist in the tale.

VARIOUS

Peacock Chicks And Duchesses

Ace CHD 233 **P** Early '50s material taken from the Duke and Peacock labels, featuring an array of caterwauls and croons from a selection of female performers. Backed by the Duke and Peacock house bands, this collection also features five cuts that have previously only laid in the archives of mother label MCA. From the tongue-in-cheek explicit sexiness of Mildred Jones' Mr Thrill to Bonita Cole's perspective Life Is Like That, this is a period classic that is so adverse to the rock 'n' roll revolution that followed a mere two years after some of these recordings.

VARIOUS

The Unsung Heroes

Unicorn PHZA 17

NM C Post-Jam mods lurking beneath the glimmer in Secret Affair's eye and the barbed explosion of The Purple Hearts, these 12 renegades of button-down bravado play pop with rough edges. There's lyrical and creative verve present but none of the assembled can sing their way out of a zippered-up Parka, being more adept at citing their style than their feelings. There are some high points, but without the Hearts, Affair, The Chords, The Merton Parkas or Squire, this movement sounds a little shallow.



THE REVOLUTION WILL BE TELEVISED

Channel 4 looks back 20 years to 1968, the year when the love generation got serious.

Even though this is the May issue of *Underground*, you'll be glad to hear that it comes out the third week in April, so you'll be ready for April 29 when **C4** climaxes a series of programmes looking at 1968. That was the year when students took to the streets in Berlin, Paris and Chicago (and it wasn't for a Branson-esque litter clear up, either).

Included in the week are several reportage and hindsight views of the events and their resultant effect on society, while musically there's two films of the time, *The Stones In The Park* (May 2) and the legendary *Woodstock* (May 5). The Stones footage is a unique documentary of their Hyde Park show, while Woodstock mixes America's awareness of Vietnam with festival hippiedom and slots from *Country Joe And The Fish*, *Jimi Hendrix*, *Arlo Guthrie*, *Jefferson Airplane* and many more — suitably attired — purveyors of "vibes".

However, the highlight of the week's activity is the long overdue screening of *Lindsay Anderson's If...* (screened on May 30), in which **Malcolm McDowell** leads a gaggle of public schoolies in a pre/post '60s generation game, taking the school with the power of the gun. A powerful piece of footage, it also contains the legendary "we ran out of money so the last reel's in black and white" ploy. A classic in the cult sense, on a par with *A Clockwork Orange*, and something your education won't be complete without. **Dave Henderson**



Malcolm McDowell enforcing the law in If...

100% PROOF



Meteors circa '88 Fenech in front

The Meteors play pure psychobilly

Paul Fenech tells Spike Sommer
why they're still flying
after all these years

"Whatever I do is psychobilly, it's The Meteors and it's what's in my head. I can't really think of any other way to put it."



→
Paul Fenech, vocalist and guitarist in The Meteors since their formation in the spring of 1980, shrugs his shoulders and lights yet another fag. He's sitting backstage in Leeds' Astoria opening his mind on all forms of Meteor madness, including the current Only The Meteors Are Pure Psychobilly album.

That record title says it all and, coupled with the psychotic selection encompassed on the vinyl, only goes one step closer to proving a point — a point which Fenech takes great delight in making.

"All these other so-called psychobilly bands wanna be so different but they're all doing exactly the same thing, the same thing The Meteors have been doing for years, only The Meteors did it first and they do it a lot better.

"If it wasn't for The Meteors these other bands wouldn't exist. I've tried to tell them this, 'cause without us they'd all still be teddy boys fighting punks in the King's Road.

"I wish anyone luck who does have a go but right now it seems that the first thing you've gotta do when you form a rockabilly band is rip off The Meteors and then slag 'em off. It's really stupid."

Fenech's contempt for the puerile pale imitations who've sprung up in the wake of his band is well justified. For The Meteors' eight years and 13 albums hasn't seen them reduced to such unmitigated plagiarism.

Fenech recalls the early days fondly, quickly admitting that he's been lucky to be in a position where he can do what he wants and get paid for it.

"Everyone always goes on about how good the first album, In Heaven, was. I mean it was good, but I think we've made better ones since, I think Don't Touch The Bang Bang Fruit and Stampede were *much* better.

"There have been worse ones though, like Wreckin' Crew. I didn't like the sound on that, the production wasn't right. I wasn't really that pleased with Monkey's Breath or Sewertime Blues either. There, again, it wasn't the songs that were bad but the production. The feeling wasn't quite right.

"Out of all the albums Stampede and Bang Bang Fruit are my favourites because that's exactly what I figured I wanted to sound like on record."

And the live album?

"Well, the first one, Live, wasn't really authorised as such. It was just that as our old manager was leaving he came up with this idea and put it out.

"The idea of a live LP is to capture the essence of a gig on tape or record but you can't really do it. It doesn't work, that's probably why that first live one, *and Horrible Music*, don't come across so well.

"Night Of The Werewolf? Well, I never knew about that one till I saw it in a shop in Paris, and I had nothing to do with Live And Loud, which sounds like it's been taken straight off a cassette, the quality is so bad.

"Those bad quality live albums are annoying 'cause someone who's never heard The Meteors before might

listen to them and think that they're a true representation of what we're like. You can't get a fair idea from a Walkman recording that's been stuffed in a jacket all night."

Fair comment, but for the ardent collector such items do fill the gaps in their collections, especially with the otherwise unavailable material that's on those records.

"That's right, we do do a lot of covers live, we've got a heavy duty repertoire of songs and it's impossible to put them all on the albums. Originally I did intend to put them on the B-sides of singles, but the record company is always coming out with some other idea just as good, which is why I've not got around to it."

The subject of the band's ever changing line-up brings a wry grin across Fenech's face. He laughs as he recounts tales of those who've come and gone.

"Originally Nigel Lewis and me had the idea to form The Meteors. Aside from Nigel, everyone else who's been in the band I've never really liked. I think Nigel got lead astray by some other people. It's not his fault. I mean I've heard some of his other stuff but he always seems lost, like he doesn't know what direction he wants to take.

"I suppose other people have left because I can be a bit of a c***t at times. Every time someone new joins I really try to make it last, but usually we've edged people out. Y'see they all start full of good intentions, like 'Meteors Forever' and all that, y'know all that about money not mattering, but they taste a little success and start changing. I've seen it happen so many times."

The line-up changes have marked a progression in the music, a result of Fenech's ever-improving songwriting. The charged blend of rockabilly nervous twitching beneath the often insane horror of the lyrics creates a wild 'n' wicked sound that's something a lot more special than yer run of the mill rock 'n' roll. It's more of a burning wreck 'n' roll on a road to hell and back.

"This band will carry on until I've had enough. If ever I go completely off the rails and starting making the band shitty, I hope someone'll tell me I've gone wrong somewhere so I can do something about it."

Fenech's commitment to the band is beyond doubt. After all, you don't trundle your wares around the globe if you don't reckon much to what you're doing, especially on a shoestring budget with no strings attached. No the man firmly believes what he's doing is right and he's proud of it.

"The Meteors has given me loads it's given me good friends and I've had a brilliant time. I've been all over the world and I've been paid for it, and I think I can keep it going for at least another ten years.

"If I give up now all those people who say that The Meteors are wanker will be right, and I won't let them be right, 'cause Paul Fenech's *not* wanker and, to quote an old song, friend of mine once wrote... you can't keep a good man down."

TIP SHEET

NEW TAPE DEMOS

FLORA ANDREWS is the researcher for *The Chart Show*, and it's she who decides which videos are screened on the Channel 4 programme each Friday night.

Flora says that she has a bias towards independent and new groups and points out that *The Chart Show* is the only place where you're likely to see the unsigned and the radical jostling alongside all the usual chart biggies.

Tip Sheet supremo Julian Henry took notes as Flora delivered her verdict on this month's contenders. (Less of the supremo, Henry — Ed.)

The numbered system after each review refer to marks out of ten for content (of tape), delivery (in performance terms), presentation (of the overall package) and potential (as to whether they'll bend a cheque book or two). Any outfits wishing to have their tapes decimated, send them to *Underground Tip Sheet*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.

TWENTY THREE PERSONS (29 *Blaycourt, Orchard Park Estate, Hull*) sent us several letters, badges and magazines with their cassette, all of which Flora found a bit much. "There's so much here I hardly know where to start," she said. "I like their music a lot though, it's acoustic, but powerful — if they had a decent video to go with this we'd definitely think about showing it." A glance through their letter reveals where the name comes from — 23 persons are the maximum allowed in the lift at their college. Fascinating.

6 7 8 6

BILL (74 *Egerton Street, Middlesboro, Cleveland*) appears to be about three years old. His biography goes on about the Bogley Factory, and his music sounds like the theme tune to *Bill and Ben*. Great stuff. "I think this is really sweet," blushed Flora. She looked

embarrassed. "The music is very simple and his handout is funny, there's obviously some good ideas here."

3 5 7 5

FOLLOWERS OF THE VALE (137 *Longwood Gate, Huddersfield, West Yorks*) are young (around 17) and sound like they've taken a bit of acid — which bit we're not sure about. They ask us for a donation for their tape. Bloody cheek! What do you think Flora? "If the quality of recording was a bit better I would like it. As it is, you have to listen quite hard but there is potential here."

5 5 4 4

A GLURK TROLLING (317 *Hazelwood Road, Northampton*) make a horrible meaningless noise that we listened to for around 20 seconds. Is it Art? I don't think so. "They come from

The Penny Arcade: a Flora find



a musicians' workshop," commented Flora. Around ten years ago this would have sounded pretty bad. In 1988 it sounds completely worthless and you can only wonder why they bothered sending it in.

0 0 0 0

THE SMOKING MIRROR (86 *Abbey Road, Bearwood, Birmingham B67 5LH*) did not impress Flora with their middling rock effort. "I find this a bit dirge-like," she says. "On *The Chart Show* you have to have quite broad tastes and be able to appreciate everything from good noise to trash metal, and from new American funk to everyday chart stuff. But this lot don't really do anything for me at all, I'm afraid!"

3 4 2 4

THE RIVER DWELLERS (5 *Sherwin Grove, Old Lenton, Nottingham*) sent us a tape of jazzy, happy-go-lucky songs. "The music is great," says Flora. "I'm not too sure about the singer's voice though, it sounds a bit weak. With stuff like this you really need a strong vocal to sit on top. A good name though! They sound a bit like the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band."

6 5 5 6

DE DAGDA (01-349 0763) sent in a tape of four songs that sounded very quiet, introspective, maudlin and, unfortunately, ordinary. "There's not much here to get worked up about," said Flora. "Really too low key for my own tastes." The band say that they only came to know *Ug* magazine because they've written a song of the same title. How sad that we are unable to say anything more positive about their efforts.

3 3 2 4

THE PENNY ARCADE (122 *The Willows, Colchester, Essex*) made both Flora and myself leap for joy. Their letter tells us that they like Abba and Prince, and that they like to watch TV. So they're normal! "The music is great, really commercial, you can tell within 20 seconds," gushed Flora. We looked at their picture. They look about 12 years old (slight exaggeration). "They deserve to sign a major record deal immediately," said Flora. So quick boys, make yourselves a video and get on the phone to Flora!

7 7 6 8

THE ICONS OF NOISE (128 *Dobbin Hill, Sheffield S11 7JD*) are unhappy at being compared to early Cabaret Voltaire. They sound different to any of the other tapes thanks to a violent and slightly demented approach to their songs. "I don't like it," says Flora. "There's too much of this sort of thing." The *Ug* view of the band is more charitable and concludes some promise.



5 6 5 6

HERMANOS GUZANDOS (c/o 23118 *Vanowen, Canoga Park, California 91307*) make a wonderful Jimi Hendrix-style dirge that sounds totally long-haired and laid back. They also sent us some fantastic cartoons. "I like this," said Flora. "You can start conjuring up what they look like even though there's no picture. If they used the same approach for making a video, I bet it would be great. This reminds me of Frank Zappa and Beefheart."

6 6 7 5

33 UNDERGROUND

PANIC STATION Presents For your Listening Pleasure **MAYHEM ALL DAY**
 Mon 2nd May
 12pm-6pm DINGWALLS, CHALK FARM ROAD, CAMDEN 8pm-2am

THE JAZZ BUTCHER
THE FLATMATES
boys wonder
THE BRILLIANT CORNERS
THE MAN FROM DELMONTE
 THE STITCHED BACK FOOT AIRMAN
 THE MOSSPOLES
 guest DJs Janice Long, Tony Smith

PRIMAL SCREAM
 THE JASMINE MINKS
 THE CHESTERFIELDS
 THE BLUE AEROPLANES
 BLYTHPOWER
 MOTORCYCLE BOY
 MOMUS
 THE HEART THROBS
 THE WOODCHILDREN
 Jon Fat Beast & Capt Puowasth

SOUNDS
 In Collaboration with
 Adv £6 Morning, £7 Evening, Round Ticket £11. Advance Tickets Available from Dingwalls, Rhythm Records, Rough Trade Records, Keith Prowse & L.T.B.

TOTALBEATFACTOR
BIG NOISE IN ARCHGATE
 IN ARCHGATE
 a 10 inch mini-LP for the price of a 12 inch single, available from Red Rhino and the Cartel, or direct from Savage International, Box 244, York YO1 1ZQ

TOTALBEATFACTOR
 Big Noise In Archgate presents a non-stop hardcore electronic dance mix featuring **PORTION CONTROL**, **SCATTERED ORDER**, **POESIE NOIRE**, **FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY** and **SMERSH** plus thousands of unidentified samples

CRUNCH!

TIP

...and the tapes just keep on rolling! We've had so many entrants to the Tip Sheet sweepstakes that we've decided to extend the service and cast a bleary eye over even more ferric frenzy. Dave Henderson lets his ears do the bleeding. . .

SAME stands for Sensual And Mentally Efficient and it seems they're from London (01-950 1514). Their demo tape is a tad grainy — recorded live onto two track — but there's enough to suggest that, with time, SAME could develop into something quite palatable in tempered rock terms.

Oblivion (Maesyllan, Boncath, Dyfed SA37 0HR) are mental. They sound musically debauched on their six track thrash but have a guitarist who can "burn it" given the chance. Required quality is so bad it's difficult to tell what they're on. They cover Louie Louie and have fun though.

Heroin And The Needles (20 Victoria Street, Sawley, Long Eaton, Notts) suffer from their name but have the knack to lift a few worthy riffs into a pseudo-rock middle ground. The demo is a little hesitant, the vocalist sounds a bit rocky, but there's promise in the arrangements.

Mosc (21 Tankerville Terrace, Jesmond, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne) claims to be a wreck of a guitar player with a voice to match. What's more he's got a broken heart and a lyrical style that could breathe fire if his humble accompaniment was increased. Mosc has a touch of charisma.

The Pyromaniacs (14 Marmion Close, Hartlepool, Cleveland TS25 1UH) have Smithsitis — and are quite convincing with it. With Mr Morrissey at number one that can't be a bad thing.



The Church Grims (041-889 2035) are Scotspeople and they burst forth with a folky James-styled sortie that's more than pleasant to behold. Excellent stuff with a penchant for commercial success.

The Pale Saints (0937 63701), from the Leeds area, almost jangle but they don't quite have enough muscle to fill out their sound. They almost make up for that with some commendable harmony lines. Bear this lot in mind.

Big Bang Theory (0603 633161) offer a decent six-track selection that'll certainly make you wonder about the wisdom of their name. As they slip into a bespectacled Smithsean intelligence, their commercial roots show through, but these Bangs need a little more preening before they can go all the way.

The Ramp-Antz (0602 603272) are one of those groups who only appear in a comic strip — but these nutters are a bit weirder than The Archies. Instead, The Ramp-Antz play thrashy metal on Skate To Skool and electro-reggae on Test Tube Baby. The editing is awful, the final is wobbly, but the noise is magic.

Millions Of Brazilians (0634 40919) sound destined for a big label. They have grand schemes and carefully orchestrated songs. Daytime radio possibles with a very capable female singer.



The Ogdens (01-274 2329) play dangerously commercial rock/pop in the gawky manner of Proclaimers-go-operative. Their potential is never realised due to production finish. They strive to sing something like Love Is Contagious while chewing gum.

GT Clean (021-454 1686) offer the world a fragmented offbeat vibe that's been seen as jazzy funk, and waves more than a hat at Ron Johnson's pop vision. The GT stands for Giant Treads and these Wolverhampton sons have a kind of cuddly cabaret version of performance rock in their wallets.

The Waiting List (0636 812346) have an almost unfinished sound. They write songs of character but don't seem to have the clout to push them through just yet.

Aitch (0742 580769) offer the next Sheffield funk wave, and it's more commercial than Cabaret Voltaire but not as immediate as ABC. Aitch sound like a Virgin signing on their third single, they beg for a big producer and an appearance on *No 73*.

Cold Vietnam (81 Ashorne Close, Matchborough W, Redditch, Wores), somewhat inevitably, play churning guitar noise with belched lyrics. Politically outspoken, emotional, but still rather retrogressive.

Dreamtime (01-998 9504) already have a Janice Long session to their credit and their four track demo is taken from that. In a way, the female vocal line and pubescent jangle is what you'd expect, but Dreamtime have songs of style and a vocalist with range and presence. Expect more (hopefully).

The Big Boat (01-423 2601) have been busy flaunting their talents to the press and playing a brace of gigs. They're rough-hewn and down to earth. . . a little like The Psychedelic Furs with none of the polish. Good songs though.

Into The Storm (0742 721410) are from Sheffield and have some of the ideas but not many of the tools to craft the final statue (or something like that). They end up sounding like Dire Straits without a distinctive vocal and guitar style. This is a vision in search of time and effort.

The Psychbombs (39 Medway Street, Highfields, Leicester LE2 1BR) have adopted a playful stance, spiced with bedroom humour, a straggly guitar and a drum machine. They sound incredibly Mary Chain-esque at first, later developing into an admirably credible pop sound.

Power Dressing (0923 54108) threaten a single and they're nearly there when it comes to being "tempting". The lyrics really suck, but Power Dressing's drive and well-played music — like Split Enz in their formative glory, with a touch more modernism — may well succeed.

Martin Bestwood (Flat 5, 15A Villa Road, St Anns, Nottingham) is a part-time member of Clint Bestwood And The Something Or Others, but this three song tape is a spark more enticing than barrelhouse whisky-sodden fun. The three tracks throw everything from John Martyn to Buffalo Springfield into a contemporary sound that's exceptionally potent. Very impressive.

The Australians (051 708 7921) are not Australian at all, in fact they feature Pale Fountains and Yeah Yeah Noh's and play a milky waft of melody that's difficult to tack. There's a potential signing here, with rewards not lurking too far over the hill.

The Resistance claim to be from the armpit of Britain. . . Oswestry (0691 773613) but they transcend their provincial status by playing a brand of swirling rock music that's tastefully edgy, a few steps closer to the real world than U2 and reminiscent of latter day SWA.

Portrait Gallery (01-567 9447) are a duo playing inoffensive strums. They have a melodic ear but there's no dynamics and presence on this understated set of popish sketches.

The Terminal Twist (15 Heathland Road, Stoke Newington, London N16) have a sophisticated pop style but none of the finish. Their demo has a brace of "funky" ideas that try hard but lack feeling — almost perfect for a post-Yes/It Bites comparison.

The Melroony Daddies have brought their confident psychedelia to London (01-200 5447). With a snatch of Cavern-style Beatles, a sliver of manic playing and some pretty short songs, they're a welcome thrust of feedback.

The Audience (0744 29386) present a demo of a million songs and simultaneously come from St Helens. Their influences (Severed Heads, Stranglers, Dead Kennedys and The Passage) make interesting reading, they have a keen keyboard player, a quite acidic guitarist and a nice line in monotone vocal delivery.

Lawnmower Deth (44 Church Drive, Ravenshead, Notts NG15 9FF) play thunderous instrumental rock music that strips Black Flag and Gore down to the bone as it heads for a brand of brain-numbed madness that's not been heard since, oh, you know when.



Ship Of Fools (01-799 2343) waft in on an ambient hue, then prickle the conscience with some truly deep lyrics. Feeling and emotion run rife, but there's just not enough going on to make it vitally gloomy.

Death By Milkfloat (0482 46717) are certainly the noisiest band to come out of Hull and they display this talent (including a bent for thrashing funk and offbeat lyrics) with great style. DBM sound as if they'd be more than at home doing a Peel session — and they may very well do so in the not too distant future.

Crawfish Daddy (Great Yarmouth 858454) undoubtedly get their aquatic name from their sea-faring exploits. And, with tracks like Down By The Sea and Drowning, their location has obviously influenced their pert strum. Perhaps there's not a gargantuan A side here, but they're moving along the right road.



Noise Noise (01-602 0012) have a hardcore electronic image, but their vocal style is a little too reminiscent of uptempo Numan. After that realisation it all seems to be a little pompous. Reasonable quirky pop, but nothing new.

Ha-Ha the Electorate (Top Flat, 11 Pitville Crescent, Cheltenham) are shaky and underpowered — but they do have a spirited thrust in their neanderthal minimalism. They're like a bluesy nightclub Nick Cave with Wire in attendance. The idea is sound, the execution just needs a little more care.

Throb Gut (8 Ashwin Street, Dalston, London E8 3DL) play buzzy-punk through a sweater. Crass-styled metal with theatrical anti-yuppie sentiments. Throb Gut are nothing new and not very convincing at what they do. "Fe, fi fo, fum, I smell the blood of yuppie scum." Yes, I should coco.

Jeffrey Roag and Le Sex (01-769 3739) play inoffensive electronic cock-rock (complete with guitar solos and funky bass). Tastefully presented, professionally performed but ultimately soul-less. Virgin, please copy!

The Golden Dawn (041-427 3639) are from Scotland and have more than a passing resemblance to the TV Personalities in their use of harmonies. Their eight tracks here suggest that they could soon be cleaning up their sound and oiling their throats on the proceeds of vinyl outing.

The Real Apartment (36 Grass Royal, Yeovil, Somerset) have an affinity with cider and opt to supply a wonky tape. Or maybe they just play wonky? Either way, their folky fiddle-driven air, spiced with echo OD and other effects, is interesting if not totally endearing. They are good at art though.

The Marinello Incident (51 Devana Road, Leicester LE2 1PJ) have a guitar that's untamed, some Stockhausen records in their pocket and some very loud shirts. Their three track trick is swirly and quite appealing.

Mel 'n' Kolly (15 Watson Avenue, South Shields, Tyne & Wear NE3 34 7Q) write great sleevenotes, have grand titles — For The Love Of A Marine Girl — but flatten out and flounder on their strummed depresso session. Shame.

Poor Fred and The Butcher (01-806 0228) claims his demo took 15 minutes to do, was recorded onto his Auntie's cassette and the blank tape was found in a dustbin. Yep, it's tinny. . . but it sounds like a cross between Barney New Order and Neil Young! Pretty twangy, well played and just think what he'd have done given halfan hour!

A Distant Garden (061-764 2839) are Bury's answer to alternative music. Recorded cheaply, this tape still manages to sound decent as there are a few good song ideas riding over the tinny drum machine and the occasionally over-powering keyboard lines.

The Visitors (03955 77441) play chiming pop music that just fails when the harmonies don't quite click. This is the group's second tape and it certainly sounds as if they're scurrying towards a brighter tomorrow.

The Pyramid Curve (Flat 1, 5A Great George Street, Weymouth, Dorset) start admirably — breaking into the Wire/effectuated pop/Manicured Noise market, but by track three they've lapsed into chirpy pop with few redeeming factors. More of the earlier stuff, more danger, more challenge, please.

agog

This month we carry into rock's rich tapestry and say, "B-b-b-b-b-beh!"

BACKS: Cartel member involved in the manufacturing and distribution business for some time. Based in East Anglia, they've enthused over everyone from **The Higsons** to **The Boonierats** (via Survival Records).



BAD BRAINS: SST fusion of thrash and reggae which developed into a fusion of metal and reggae. . . seek out their excellent debut LP **Against I**.

BAUHAUS: Former home of **Peter Murphy** and **Love And Rockets**. This Northampton quartet started with lipstick and lace as **Bauhaus 1919**, got culty, invented goth and still sell lorryloads of their single **Bela Lugosi's Dead**.



BEACH BOYS: Brotherly harmony and tales of surf and sand. Did you know they were accused of nicking one of their songs from a **Charles Manson** idea?

BEASTIE BOYS: Commercial axe-grinding point for terror-through-hip-hop. Space-age kids rolling into the film biz after using music as a stepping stone.

BEATBOX: Drum-machine's trendier name. . . but remember the tackler the beatbox sound, the better. . . and never make it sound like real drums.

THE BEATLES: Pop icons as yardstick for everything new for an uncaring public. Featured **Ringo Starr** who went on to narrate **Thomas The Tank Engine** and **Paul McCartney**, who **Johnny Marr** recently played with. Of the other two, one is dead and the other is daft.

BEATNIK: Hey cool, wow. Term best associated with '60s film versions of trendy '50s jazz-life. Goatee beards, stripy T-shirts and "vibes" are essential (berets optional).

BEETLE: Trendiest car in the editor's street! But only if it's a convertible.

BELGIUM: Schizophrenic country (both class and language) with music varying wildly. Notable imports are **Tuxedomoon** and **The Weathermen** who love Brussels, while **Play It Again Sam** releases lots of records and **Bene Gesserit** lives in the backwaters.

BEN SHERMAN: Essential skinhead fashion shirt that's often revived in its checked, box-pleated and button-down-collar look. A must for latter day casuals — see *Ug* publisher for details.

Next month: more **B**



In Italy, the indie scene is a burgeoning mass of excitement. Vittore Baroni introduces the hottest names to spout. . .

At the top of all the indie playlists and readers' polls in this first part of 1988 is the firmly established Barricada Rumble Beat, the second album from **The Gang**, a group that does not bother to hide in any way the fact that they choose The Clash for spiritual guidance (they even dress like their idols); yet, they aren't soulless copycats. They have their own personality and the right beat.

- Politically uncompromising, The Gang refused offers from many established labels and self-produced the LP on their own label, **G.C.D.** (distributed by Supporti Fonografici, Viale Coni Zugna 63, 20144 Milan).
- Their honest brand of ballads and reggae spiced combat-rock will satisfy any young street warrior, an extra incentive being the presence of **Billy Bragg** as special guest on a couple of tracks.
- Another band that have built a solid reputation on wild gigs of good-ole r'n'r, played at street level and maximum volume, is **The Kim Squad And Dinah Shore Zeekapers** from Rome. Their first release, *Young Bastards* (**Caesar Records**), tries hard to document on vinyl the raw energy of their stage show, through eight shots of the classic beat-psycho-garage cocktail. The singer is French, the guitarist is crazy, the bass and keyboard are played by two nice looking gals in mini-skirts, the platter is distributed (internationally?) by Virgin.
- Even better for my taste is the debut LP by **Pikes In Panic**, *Keep It Cool And Dry* (**Contempo Records**, PO Box 1369, Florence), an amazingly competent six-piece that carries the '60s revival thing to unusually creative heights. Timeless roots-garage, if you prefer. Any fan of The Fuzztones or Chesterfield Kings should hear this one.



The Difference with infant psyche

- Also on Contempo is the first work by **The Difference**, a sort of super-group formed by musicians active in various bands in the Turin area. Though the cover of its smells of '70s progressive rock and the sound abounds in psychedelic little tricks, the band hides a subversive bluesy soul. Dig the folksy Country Gay song, and the Braineaters coming at ya through a maze of cryptic verses. Teenage Captain Beefheart on dope. *Different*, indeed.

Bob Dobbs: at your service



Church of the poisoned mind

Welcome to the sacred portals of the
World's First Industrial Church Of
Love And MONEY — take a pew,
vicar!

In a country like America, where freedom of religion is guaranteed by the constitution, anything is likely to develop. Enter the Church Of The SubGenius, a group of musicians, writers and performance artists who make a hobby of inventing new mythologies tailored to the demands of life under the Reagan administration. *What do these people believe in? Virtually everything. Whom do they believe in? A mysterious character known only as Bob Dobbs, who, they claim, "is actually a pretty regular guy, just very rich and possessed by forces greater than man".*

The SubGenius cultists operate from a base in the Redneck stronghold of Dallas, Texas. Over the past few years they've had a field day dreaming up new explanations for the mysteries of the universe — everything from UFOs and psychic phenomena to the Kennedy and Lennon killings. (Lennon, they claim, wasn't assassinated at all; he actually died of a drug overdose a split-second before being shot. "So in the end Chapman's bullets were wasted.") They derive much of their pleasure from the reactions of their victims — mostly baffled normals — and the inevitable resulting publicity.

Their activities include a weekly radio slot (*The Hour Of Slack*), plus regular conventions, street demonstrations, road-rants, multi-track studio seances and weird 'anti-music' concerts at which the Church's resident 'doktorbands' and performance artists are unleashed onto the public at large. The purpose of all this activity is not just to recruit new disciples, but to ensure that they're the *right kind* of disciples. As the Church's 'Sacred Scribe', the Rev Ivan Stang, once explained: "This church deliberately pulls the rug from under the preconceptions of 'follower' types, thus separating the wheat from the chaff. It uses shock value. We're often too sardonic for those smug hip types who thought they were already as sardonic as you can get."

Perhaps the Church's most impressive achievement to date is its back catalogue of cassette albums, containing somewhere in the region of 50 hardcore releases. Some are taken from SubGenius conventions and radio phone-in shows; others fall under the 'Media Barrage' heading. Those in the latter category form what is surely the world's most complete archive of

'found voice' material. Each contains hundreds of bizarre audio clips juxtaposed at random. Christian fundamentalist radio broadcasts are intercut with vintage horror movie soundtracks; tub-thumping Evangelists vie for attention with sincere UFO cranks and obscure beatnik poets; small-time local politicians are constantly shouted down by card-carrying SubGenius trance-spouters. Intense and challenging, hip, funny and grotesque, the Media Barrage tapes defy all attempts at classification. Every home should have at least one.

At the other end of the spectrum from all this lunacy lie the Church's notorious 'anti-music' cassettes. The earliest of these were relatively simple, almost innocent-sounding hymns to abnormality. Later releases have pushed back the tolerance barrier to new and previously undreamt-of frontiers. Artists featured include *The Band That Dare Not Speak Its Name*, *Glassmadness*, *Blue Marmalade*, *LIES*, *The Swinging Love Corpses*, *D K Jones*, *The People's Temple*, *Puzzling Evidence* and many more. The resulting tapes fall predictably into the same see-saw, hit-or-miss pattern as most conceptual/experimental stuff. You either get a good or bad song now and then, depending on the ebb and flow of the various bands' creative juices. On balance the material is, in every sense, an extreme manifestation of the human creative impulse. Recorded and trance-mixed under the most adverse conditions, it represents the Church's filthiest, most juvenile, least excusable contribution to popular culture.

Like all the Church's products, these 'arche-tapes' (a typical SubGenius play on words) are sold at hiked-up prices. The SubGenius Foundation is, you see, a profit-making body — "the World's First Industrial Church Of Love And MONEY!". Humour, wild irreverence and scabrous rock music from the bedrock on which it is built. Guilt, traditionally the mainspring of organised religion, has no part in the scheme of things. As the Rev Ivan Stang once explained: "The only time Dobbs'll lay a guilt trip on you is when you don't send him enough MONEY!".

The Rev Ian Blake

The church of the SubGenius contact address:
PO Box 140306, Dallas, Texas 75214, USA.
Send money. Lots of it!



Vachel Booth gets the blast



Butthole's psychedelic excursion

Breaching the peace

What beverage do you think Texas's prime Mexicali grunge quartet would favour to wet their whistle? Mescal? Black Cat beer? No, here they are in Mute Records' recording studios and they're supping Yorkshire bitter! Talk about perverse. Yep, I think we're on the right track. . .

The Butthole Surfers have come to London to trace their favourite British comedian Jerry Arkwright, "the Northern Industrial Gay" (no, I've not heard of him either), to buy some cheap Doc Martens and eat bucketloads of Indian food. There's also work to be done; a collaborative recording project

under the guise of The Jack Officers; a recording for Euro-MTV; two live shows and some promotion for their new and very groovy album *Hairway To Steve*.

The Butthole Surfers are, clockwise from my left, Theresa (drums), Paul (guitar and vocals), Jeff (bass), King (more drums), and Gibby (vocals and Gibbyness).

Their live shows have become almost legendary and are notoriously difficult to get into. This visit took in two small venues and at both the punters were turned away in droves. The same thing happened last year when they played the Clarendon and, even with heavy fire restrictions enforced, it was jam packed and steaming hot.

Hotter than their equipment could cope with.

Theresa: "It was like a million degrees. . ."

Gibby: "The stuff got a little bit hot and it f***ed the phasers even though we had power convertors. It made our digital equipment just choke."

Theresa: "The drums were the only thing working by the end and even then you couldn't hold onto the sticks 'cause everything was so sweaty."

Even the walls and ceiling were dripping sweat.

Gibby: "Yeah, I was gonna say, it was amazing 'cause you think you're getting spat on from out of nowhere like 'how are they hitting me on my back?'. Then you look up and see a guy spitting in circles, right? And it comes shooting right back into his mouth."

King: "A closed ecosphere! Y'know, like how oceans evaporate into clouds, the clouds raining over the land and the land goes back into the ocean, the ocean evaporates back into clouds. . ."

Paul: "Cool, we had our own little world going there!"

Jeff: "If only we'd had a couple of hedgehogs or something to go with it."

A couple of hedgehogs is about all they had missing. Despite all the technical difficulties they still managed to throw the audience way off balance. Not long into the set the stage was obliterated from view by swathes of dry ice, two flaming discs flared up and, with a monstrous cymbal crash, leapt up to the ceiling. When the smoke cleared the group's dancer, who'd previously been regaled with flowers and long blond tresses, now stood naked, sporting a shaved scalp and posturing aggressively at the audience. The atmosphere was electric, a mass hallucination where no-one knew quite what was happening or what was coming next. All the while a montage of filmic madness played through the dry ice, over and behind the group; coral reefs; kaleidoscope swirls; battling insects; household hints and, most disturbing of all, gruesome on-the-scene inspections of accident victims by the Ohio State Highway Patrol.

The Mechanised Death footage was topped at their recent ULU gig by a 'penis reconstruction move', close-up footage of a penis being skinned, impaled, trussed up and finally dressed in a stitch-up corset. Most of the audience were squirming, fascinated but repulsed, not wanting to look at that damn screen and not wanting to look away. The Buttholes hammered on regardless.

Talk turns to hospitals and incredible medical survivors, men with iron rods removed from their heads, bullets lodged between the hemispheres of the brain, that kind of thing. The band's own experiences of hospitals are less sensational.

Gibby: "I had to have some stitches after the Mean Fiddler show. . ."

Jeff: "Yeah, some asshole threw a glass at Gibby and it gashed his head open."

Gibby: "It didn't cost a cent, that was the good thing, had to wait around a good while but it didn't cost a cent."

Theresa: "King has a kernel of corn in his ear."

King: "I got this kernel of corn trapped in my ear when I was a kid, I went to the doctor and he told me it'd be too tricky to get at and it'd probably work its way out or rot away. But it's still there! I can still feel it sometimes."

The Buttholes are just regular people, you sonuvabitch

mad dog

Originally inspired to form a band out of a love for the electronic sounds emanating from Europe in the early '80s — our own Cabaret Voltaire, Portion Control and Chris And Cosey, plus SPK and Liaisons Dangereuses — Canada's Skinny Puppy have risen, phoenix-like, from the red sands of time to currently rank alongside Front 242 and maybe one or two others as leaders of the post-post-industrial dancefloor sequencer disco resurgence. Or something like that.

Now signed direct to Capitol in the UK, I met up with vocalist and onstage self-flagellator Nivek Ogre in Vancouver shortly before the start of their current European tour in support of their third full album, *Cleanse Fold And Manipulate*. How did he and fellow Puppys Cevin Cey and Dwayne Goettl feel about visiting the UK for the first time?

"We're really excited by the prospect, although it's really impractical to have expectations — whatever happens happens. We're just going to put on a show and hopefully people will accept what we're doing and think of it as something they can relate to."

I know other electronic bands like Front 242 have strong reservations about playing in the UK.

"When we toured Europe last time that was a complete culture shock for me, with so many different languages to cope with. At least the British speak the same language as me if nothing else!"

Is playing live necessary — many electronic bands don't bother and if they do they are often really boring to watch?

"I know what you mean, but personally I love performing live, and our show has developed into something very unusual and different and totally at odds with many

other electronic groups. We feel that you have to play live for credibility's sake — we've lost a lot of money touring, but at the same time it has helped us to sell a lot more records, particularly in America. We still use tapes on stage, but we are performers — live drums, keyboards, guitar, vocals. After all, we're playing for the people who put us there in the first place, so we want to make it something worthwhile for them, as well as for ourselves."

Your personal onstage theatrics seem pretty intense, judging from the films I've seen, with enough blood and gore to make even King Kurt wince.

"I just think there's too much pussyfooting going on in the world today. This whole singer dancing to the music trip has its place I guess — it's just not my place! As far as the blood and stuff goes, it's mostly cosmetic I'm afraid, although if there was some way of cutting myself on stage and healing by the next show I'd do it!"

Do you think there is now an over emphasis on the 'clubability' of a record in the main area you are working in?

"We like making dance music, but I don't think a lot of our material is that danceable. Adrian Sherwood's 12 inch remix of *Addiction* is though, he was great, a real breath of fresh air. Working with him was another dream come true for me, and hopefully we'll use him again for future mixes."

And with the corporate muscle of Capitol behind you, it must be easier to reach people. Did you need them or did they chase you?

"I see it rather that they have us rather than we have them. I think we are their integrity in some ways, and each year we are progressing a bit more, so they are pleased. And there are people at Capitol who are really into our whole project..."

Skinny Puppy to sweep next year's Grammy Awards? Capitol's current rising star Jody Watley to move over and die? Maybe not, but if you're from the post Cabaret Voltaire generation and haven't yet heard Skinny Puppy, then you should. *Cleanse, fold and investigate*. **ALEX BASTEDO**



GREECE: LIBIDO BLUME

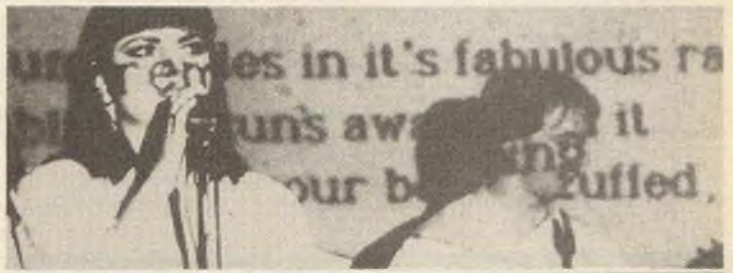
Libido Blume believe that they can live outside of pop music's western world. Emerging from Greece with their third album, *Liquid Sensation*, they've astonished their native fans by being able to attract a foreign producer, and that has given the LP a much bigger, more robust nature. The producer in question being Mekon/Three John Jon Langford.

The album is brimming with different sounds. Pop melodies, strong guitar riffs, whispering and screaming voices, it's a noise with a cutting edge. Libido Blume are convinced that people can succeed without speaking English, citing Minimal Compact, Les Thugs, The Ex, Young Gods, Phillip Boa and a brace of others. What's more, they're right. **Anthony Fragos**



USA: THE KRONOS QUARTET

Formed in '73, this US quartet have rewritten the string quartet pamphlet. Apart from Neil Young's use of the genre, followed ten years or so later by Marc Almond, that squeaky, stringy sound hasn't been bowed too often, but **THE KRONOS QUARTET** (no, *not* a metal band) offer a variation of interpretation — from Hendrix to Bartok, from Glass to Cage. Their Warner Brothers LP, *White Man Sleeps*, offers their view of a selection of misfits and should be savoured. **Essential education.** **Dave Henderson**



USA: ALGEBRA SUICIDE

Originally formed in 1982, Chicago based **ALGEBRA SUICIDE** have just released their first LP (a joint release between RRRRecords and DOM labels) entitled *The Secret Like Crazy*, which contains no less than 20 slices of the duo's engaging poetry set to minimal guitar and drum machine backing.

The tracks include rare compilation appearances — the best known of which is probably their contribution to ROIR's cassette *The Best Of America Underground* — selections from their previous hard to find single releases, plus many unreleased songs.

Perhaps the nearest musical comparisons for husband and wife team Lydia Tomkiw (words) and Don Hedeker (music) would be either Laurie Anderson or perhaps The Young Marble Giants. Have they always kept things this simple?

Don: "When we got together at first Lydia had been doing poetry readings for quite a while and I had been working in various rock bands, so it made sense to combine our two main skills. We're used to working as a duo now, although for live performances we also incorporate a film show. **Alex Bastedo**

(Algebra Suicide's debut LP is available from RRRRecords, 151 Paige Street, Lowell, MA 01852, USA)



Skinny Puppy: clinical but cute



CANADA: PSYCHE

Darren and Stephen Haas are better known as Evan Panic and Anthony Red, and they're better known as **Psyche**, from Edmonton, Alberta. They've lived in Paris for the last year and go down a storm in Holland and Germany, a pretty cosmopolitan bunch all round! Unfortunately, they're still relatively unknown in Britain, but their third LP, *Mystery Hotel* on New Rose, could change this situation.

Darren: "Mystery Hotel is everything we like electronically. It contains elements of the old synth-wave, OMD and Tangerine Dream, along with more diverse styles like The Doors and John Carpenter."

The album's successful mix of top 40 material with meaty, beaty, alternative dancefloor fillers, should turn a few doubters' heads, and the current rebirth of interest in European-styled electronic music might just let Psyche pummel those ears that they've been searching for. Peter Mash



WEST GERMANY: DIE SACHE

An exciting three-piece from south Germany (Tübingen), Die Sache combine '60s garage sounds with pure C-86 guitar pop. A few of the songs on the current album, *The Girl Who Stole the Eiffel Tower* (out on FAB through Backs in the UK), sound as if they could have been released by Subway.

Their best release however is *Who's In My Garage*, a self-released 12 track tape that came out in 1986. Try anything you can to get it, it's fantastic! FAB Records, Eislebener Stieg 6-8, 2000 Hamburg 50, West Germany. Jan Cux

The *Great Fire Of London* is a 14 track compilation LP containing selected Fire acts from the past, present and future. **Blue Aeroplanes**, **Colenso Parade**, **Close Lobsters**, **Pulp**, **1000 Mexicans**, **The Rose Of Avalanche** and newest Fire artists **The Parachute Men** and **The Royal Assassins** are among the gems to be found on this damned fine quality record. All you have to do to win one is answer the following question set by a token Fire man: How many members make up The Blue Aeroplanes? Not as simple as you think, this one.

Blue Aeroplanes



First ten correct entries get a copy of the LP. Answers, if you please, to *Underground / Fire Competition*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ to arrive by May 10.

Life is

Lydia Lunch is a freelance conceptualist and creative exhibitionist. At present she's exploring the avenues of the lyrical, verbal, structured assault of word power. In London, she strides on stage, clad as only an ultimate feminist can be — sexy, knickerless. . . kind of 'abandoned'. She spits, snarls and cooes, it's a relentless barrage of clichés and home truths. The audience are non-plussed.

"The American way of life-death. . . prisons, penitentiaries, abortion clinics, shooting galleries, murder and arson and shooting and rape. . . born to a set of perpetual perversities in a pigsty-catholic style. . . I'm a man possessed! I did it ALL for Jesus. . . I'm just here to SPREAD the disease because the disease is the cure. . . now that's something we ALL have in common. . . annihilation. . . I don't wanna know NOTHING that I ALREADY don't know — YOU wouldn't know the truth if it slapped you in the face. And that's why I'm here. . . 'cos I LOVE slapping you in the face."

"In the past 27 years I have never compromised myself intellectually"

This is the shit flying back at a society provoked by anger, the contempt and frustration thrown against the kind of oppression induced by ignorance, censorship and perversion, the bulk of which inevitably forms the cross of bondage that the fairer sex are forced to bear, a continual assault to fight against.

"I had to move away from Brooklyn because it got to the stage where I hated going out on the street. . . there's always someone hassling your ass. It's a violation of basic personal rights!"

So you don't think women really ever got what our great aunts fought for?

"Freedom, equality, acceptance? That's BULLSHIT. This system still advocates and adheres to a phallic, patriarchal society, and that gets me. Ours is still a society where *men* have the largest slice of power, which they inevitably abuse. Men have the ultimate say. How many women still get beaten? Raped? How many are dominated, submerge their personalities, forsake their rights in the face of a male? How many women in power are there? Not enough by far. OK, so in this country a woman gets the chance to run the country, but just look at her! Censorship, something I'm really against, is getting worse, not better — in fact this whole country is stagnating rather than progressing. . . what an embarrassment to the female race!"

Lydia's pursuits since *Teenage Jesus And The Jerks* have taken the road of vinyl and literature, but more recently she's been involved with cult director Richard Kern in several videos. It's obvious that whatever limitations she comes up against she has the versatility to explore new mediums.

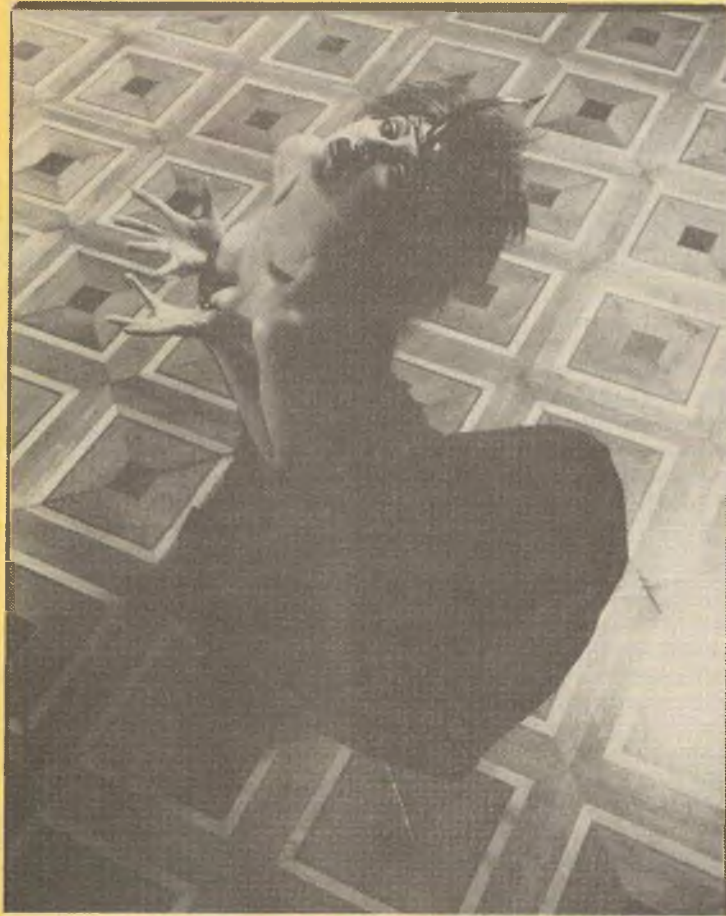
"There are two videos, *The Right Side Of My Brain* and *Fingered*. . . guess they're probably censored over here. . . I acted, co-wrote and co-directed them. They contain fairly 'explicit' scenes, but not for the sake of seedy sensationalism; it's to present things in a way that will make people think. . . to look into the true nature of what goes on and react."

These aren't exactly mainstream pieces, so how do you make money?

"I don't lead the kind of lifestyle that demands a lot of money. For instance, I have no expensive ritualistic habits. In the past 27 years I have never compromised myself intellectually, physically, or otherwise. So there is no realistic way of making cash without wasting my energy against my nature. Though I did have an idea for Lydia Lunch sex aids. . .!"

Those unaware of Lydia's chequered musical career are advised to

porn



Lydia gets the thrust

check out the LP *Hysterie*, a compilation of her past work that's out on Widenspeak (through Rough Trade). Releases just around the corner include *Honeymoon In Red*, an LP she recorded with those masters of the soil, *The Birthday party (RIP)*, preceded by the 12 inch *The Crumb* featuring Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore and Stinkfist, "done" with genial Jim (Foetus) Thirwell.

Currently under discussion is an 'anthological comic book', an idea which sprang from shared brainstorming with iconoclastic Nick Cave. A tape, featuring Jeffrey Lee Pierce's prose on one side and Lydia's 'therapeutic onslaught' on the other, shall also shortly be available from the ULU.

So you're not actually giving up music?

"No way! I will continue to use as many avenues as befit the various ways of expression. There are two other major forces on my label Widowspeak, namely the bands Mars and DNA."

Two bands that, musically speaking, are coming from the same place as Lydia, aka the NY 'no wave' movement circa '77. . . a movement akin to punk which destroys to build.

Do you see yourself as part of the so-called 'new flesh' movement, along with artists such as Swans, Sonic Youth, Henry Rollins and Neubauten?

"There's a strong link with Sonic Youth — the others more or less evolved around the same time, but the connection is really coincidental. What all those names do have in common is that we are all extreme, and therefore cannot but be individualistic."

Amid the free enterprise of the '80s, the misunderstood are often repressed — an obvious political example of this is the threatened reintroduction of clause 28, which intends to send homosexuality back into its closet, and against which there was a mere wave of disgust as opposed to an uprising.

Lydia: "Although we are extreme and in the minority, we are not powerless unless we make it so. That is one issue I stress again and again; it is up to us to turn around the cycle of abuse!" **Beata A Burnska**

letter from america



TONY FLETCHER IN TEXAS

First impressions can be misleading. Within half an hour of reaching the Lone Star State, we had witnessed a trouserless driver in a highway rest area scouting for

male company, and a petrol pump attendant with a gun! But the reality is that Texans are some of the friendliest people you can hope to meet.

Where were all the JRs? Certainly the Dallas skyline, its skyscrapers' outlines lit up at night like icing on a wedding cake, remains an impressive monument to the '70s oil boom, but it is just a facade to a city of empty office space and bankrupt businesses.

Deep Ellum is the name given to the hip area in Dallas, home of enough intriguing music for Island to release a 'Sound Of Deep Ellum' compilation last year. And just in time: needless police paranoia forced many clubs to close and even succeeded in turning one hedonistic young night club entrepreneur to religion: The Prophet Bar is now strictly non-alcoholic! At Club Dada, further proof of the hippies' revenge reared its bearded, stoned head. Remember New York State's **Mambo-X**, from this page, three months ago? Well, **The New Bohemians** aren't quite as close to **10,000 Maniacs**, but again the female singer has been studying **Natalie Marchant**, and again the musicians are perfecting sub-calypto. But **The New Bohemians** are definitely hippies, as was their 200-strong crowd: the only merchandise available was tie-die shirts and, like **The Grateful Dead**, the show went on all night. You think this is irrelevant? **The New Bohemians** are now on Geffen and celebrated by recording in the Druids' homeland of Wales. Do not take the threat of the hippie revival lightly.

And so to Austin, home of the biggest music scene in the south and to the second South By South West Music And Media Festival. Over four days, this regionalised convention played host to around 350 bands of all persuasions and over 100 singer-songwriters in some 27 venues around town. Almost all this musical talent was from the south, giving the event a healthy localised feel, yet it still proved important enough to entice industry executives from both coasts.

There was **Eric And The Offbeats**. **Eric Hokkanen** cutting a swathe, like a shorter **Hank Williams** in a double-breasted suit, cowboy hat and twintone shoes, beginning his show with some mediocre honky-tonk country. But as the evening progressed, Eric swapped from guitar to fiddle in a blink of the eye, his partner **Danny** doing likewise with the fiddle and the keys, and when the two dued on the bowed instrument, it was magical. Already something of a local celebrity, time will hopefully make him a legend.

Austin has thrown up some intriguing groups in the last few years — **Timbuk 3**, **The Reivers** and **The Butthole Surfers** being three very different examples — and from what I saw, **The Wild Seeds** are the next name to watch. At first sight your standard indie rock band, live they took on a potent threatening force. Occasionally aided and abetted by a strong-lunged girl (who I don't think is trying to be Natalie Marchant but you have to be careful these days) and on two songs by **Richard Lloyd**, they have a new album on Passport Records entitled *Mud, Lies And Shame*. You'll be hearing more from them.

Which can't be said of over half the bands to grace Austin over these four days of aural madness. So it was nice to see the odd quirk and peculiarity. Like **The Fortune Tellers**, whose singer sported a long-haired perm, a pencil moustache, a loud shirt with wide lapels and for all intents and purposes should have been a coke dealer in a 1975 episode of *Hawaii 5-0*. He belted out muted blues like **Nick Cave** on acid and attracted a dozen or so 'chicks' (as they are called here) in black leather to brighten up the dance floor.

Or, **Band From Hell**, whose hard-core-metal was forgettable, but whose **Sid**-styled bass player's destruction of his instrument at set's end was anything but. He let out a big grin when there was nothing left of it to break: there were too many guitars in Austin that weekend anyway.

Dash Rip Rock may not become world famous, but I wouldn't bet against it. From New Orleans, they are an eclectic mixture of comedy, power and obscenity. Though I only caught half their allotted 30 minutes, it was enough to witness a drummer with a voice like heaven, reworkings of spirituals and **George Harrison's** 'I've Got My Mind Set On You' ('I'm gonna shit on you... an it's gonna smell funky!') and fresh-from-the-grave insults to **Andy Gibb** and **Divine**, all performed with military precision.

Perhaps the most humbling event was the Tallahassee showcase, six bands who had journeyed 850 miles from Florida to play a Saturday night pool hall only to be shunned by the convention-goers and ignored by the pool players. The group members took the image of the wide variety of tribal styles they performed — a longhair here, a skinhead there, and a fat man with a goatee beard in the corner. Did anyone care? Perhaps not, but for the 20-odd band members, it meant telling the world that Tallahassee was 'not just swamps and 'gators'. If we never hear of any of them again, at least they tried.

SHEND ON THE RUN



CONFESSIONS OF A POP ICON NO 10: BROWNE OFF WITH BIMBO

FACT 1: Hot sun, San Miguel lager at 25p, the seaside and a relatively stable socialist government does not lead to angry spikey top discontents blasting out songs about the misery of life. Misery here seems to confine itself to the tardiness of the traffic lights changing from red to green. Even the **Lords Of The New Church** would have difficulty getting an LP out of that one.

The first strains of tune to caress your ears upon arrival will be one of two horrendous varieties. Either **Julio Inglasias** will be singing some dreary ditty about why his love ran off with a Bohemian goat herder. Or you'll discover the dubious delights of the more famous Bimbo music. This style of music takes its name from a make of stodgy, tasteless bread bought cheaply anywhere. Yes, with **Snot, Aching And Wateringdown**-like mixes of cretinous songs such as *Sexy Girl*, *Hot Girl* and the stupendous *Give It Me Big Boy*, *I Need It Bad*, *Bad, Bad, Bad*, silly teenagers with a mammary deformity prance about in their underwear and drive pot-bellied, macho, impotent retards into a frenzy of inactivity.

The worst factor of Bimbo is that after the British 18-30 holiday hooligans have returned to this island with their sombreroes, sick-stained T-shirts and strangely spotty public regions they will propel aforementioned crap high into our hallowed charts, thus ensuring doom and despondency in the rest of us till at least October.

So, is there any sign of hope in the heat? Yes, I believe there is, but it takes some finding.

Being forever on the lookout for freebies, my companion and myself accepted an invitation to view timeshare huts at Cakasuzuki (the pretty fluffy flower set in the heart of sunny loveland). Because, by doing this simple thing, we would be able to pick a free gift from a selection which included such wondrous articles as rides for two on the Whirling-Gerbil fairground ride in Malaga, a poster with a photo of your own head superimposed onto the body of some murderous bastard who, dressed as Gary Glitter, was sticking pointed sticks into a bull, or two tickets to see an independent music knockout contest at The Rigor Mortis Disco complex, just outside Marbella.

We chose the latter, and left Cakasuzuki clutching our contract for a week ownership of an unbuilt super-hut which our swarthy guide, **Ricky Ace**, had convinced my hypnotised companion she could not live without.

We arrived at the fluorescent giant marshmallow erection that was the Rigor Mortis at the opening time for many of these fun palaces, midnight, and ensconced ourselves in the only seats that remained untouched by the retina-shrivelling laser beams.

Here, we sipped our five quid a throw rum and Cokes (cheap drink prices do not exist in any of the world's tourist traps) and sleepily watched the pretty young things undulate to the "best" of Bimbo.

At 2am a frantic DJ introduced the competition and while exhausted dancers fled the floor in search of a vacant urinal, **Side Car** hit the stage.

Hailing from a village half the size of Croydon shopping precinct and situated in the mountains, these lads grappled with rockabilly as though it was a supplementary benefit form. Not knowing which song to do first they spent a third of their time quota arguing and adjusting their shades, but when they did burst into life it was as sweet as **Adolf Presley's** first gig. It was a big, joyous, discordant mess that left the Bimbo lovers reeling and frightened.

They got my vote, but, as the next band reminded me of **The Police** with **Benny Hill** on vocals, and the third band were called **99 On** and sounded like **Genesis**, I left not too sure whether Spain was ready for entry into the record collections of *Underground* readers.

The sack of petty cash nearing emptiness convinced me to accept another free ticket to the next round of the contest from the organiser who, believing me to be the **Mad Maxwell** of pop Fleet Street, was foisting favours onto my undeserving shoulders. Before the big night, I wandered into Marbella harbour and, having explained to the scruffy man who leapt into my path that I was not in the least bit interested in buying a lump of Moroccan boot polish for £10, my gaze was filled by a thousand diminutive teds jiving to old '50s discs, with chewing gum sneers and **Eddie Cochran** quiffs. Hells' teeth! **Side Car's** audience had multiplied hysterically in only a few days. By the time I returned to England they would be more popular than **Bobby Davro** and *totally* unstoppable.

One may laugh arrogantly at others' attempts to create innovative music when they suffer from blanket broadcast Bimbo, and their knowledge of independent music ceases somewhere between **The Communards** and **Samantha Fox**, but the record must be straightened.

The folk I met provided first class PAs, looked after the bands with true kindness, paid the groups more than any small combo in Britain could ever hope to earn and laid on a half hourly bus service free of charge to and from the concert. Can you see The Crowbar Fun Palace in Rotherham providing such goodies?

The next round of the contest contained a band from Gibraltar called **Devold Music** and their dancey-**Depechey**-stuff was only spoiled by the singer's frequent demands for the audience to "get Funky".

As the spectators had no idea where "Funky" was, they went outside to search, and never returned.

FACT 2: At Heathrow customs they got a highly trained Alsatian to bite my suitcase several times. . . they said he could smell boot polish. The dog was a bloody liar.

I hope everyone saw **Ken Russell's** fabulous *A B C Of British Music*. I particularly admired his ingenious way of illustrating complex subjects with nude women. . . "S is for Scotland" (some Scottish-type music and a stripper). . . a Noel Coward song and some tits! . . . a piece of music about Norfolk and — oh, a pair of tits! Etcetera.

And so to radio, where the latest big story was "DJ Janice leaving the 'sexist' BBC" (*Daily Mail*) versus "Janice Long is to expand her coverage of 'alternative' bands on Radio 1" (*Melody Maker*). Would she? Wouldn't she? Did she? She said not; Fleet Street said 'rot'. However, at the last report, she was still hanging out at Broadcasting House.

April marked the 20th anniversary of the murder of **Martin Luther King**, whose 'dream' speech now features on a sampled dance track by **The MLK Project**. *NME's* report didn't specify whether this would be a cash-in or a tribute. However, they revealed to me an interesting fact about *Star Trek*, in the course of their TV O-D feature: apparently one episode was banned (and presumably remains banned) because of a romantic encounter between **Captain Kirk** and **Lieutenant Uhura**. I guessed the 23rd century wasn't such a liberated time after all.

On the subject of liberation, **James Brown** recently drew a lot of flak for his endorsement of the South African government in a *NME* interview. **DM Elbourn** of London wondered if Mr Brown was "several sandwiches short of a picnic", one of the few excuses not used by **Status Quo** in defence of their trip to Sun City. Despite having 'apologised' to the UN for their action (thus escaping the dreaded blacklist), they mysteriously maintained to *Sounds* that they'd done nothing wrong:

"So, what the Australians have done to the Aborigines, that's OK, is it?", pondered **Francis Rossi**. "What the 'Yanks' did to the 'niggers'? What they do over in Ireland? . . . If you're in Ireland and you're a Catholic, you can't get a f***ing job. . ."

It's all true — the old 'hypocrisy' routine — and it might even hold water if **Status Quo** were in the forefront of campaigns to recognise Aboriginal land rights, or to find a solution to the troubles in Northern Ireland. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't think they are.

Nevertheless, this summer looks like being the summer of unending benefits (except for the unemployed — yes, thank you **Mrs Thatcher**, I'll be sure to pass that on). **Whitney Houston**, **Simple Minds**, **Sly And Robbie**, **Dire Straits** and others will be celebrating **Nelson Mandela's** birthday at Wembley in June. On a slightly smaller scale, **Joe Strummer's** taking to the road in August, to help **Rock Against The Rich** attack the 'gentrification of the inner cities'.

Joseph will also lend support to Amnesty International's festival at Milton Keynes in June, along with **Aswad**, **The Wedding Present**, **Spear Of Destiny** and **Motorhead**. That's assuming the event doesn't get banned: Al recently provoked rage in the ranks of the Tory party by requesting an inquiry into the Gibraltar shootings of three IRA terrorists.

The possibility of 'extra-judicial executions' should be profoundly disturbing to anyone who remembers the near-murder of **Stephen Waldorf** a few years ago. Personally, I don't feel like getting shot and pistol-whipped in the middle of the street — but Britain is a nation which has always been more keen to expose human rights abuses in other countries than to acknowledge its own.

Still, at least Britain respects the rights of pop stars. *Sounds* reckons they'll come back to settle in droves following the latest budget's tax cut (though they warn that 'new noses and blood changes are hard to get on the financially-starved NHS'). I recall, in the mid-'70s, being frequently informed by *Nationwide* of the Labour government's worst sin; forcing the likes of the **Bay City Rollers** into tax exile. Well, Maggie hasn't quite managed to bring them back, but she can have my vote any time: so what if she's stolen and flogged most of the industries of which I used to be part-owner? She's lured back that warm and wonderful human being, **Tom Jones**. Tom Jones? Welsh! Cue some Welsh music and a stripper with a Welsh hat — Oh shut up, Ken.

AFTER the fact



Joe: yer rich! I hate 'em!



Joe: yer rich! I hate 'em!

Joe: yer rich! I hate 'em!

Joe: yer rich! I hate 'em!

NAG NAG NAG

Being a staunch Cabaret Voltaire fan, I'm in mourning. Mourn, mourn. Could you rustle up some kind of article on them, something for their 15 years? — John Wood, Sandbach

Sure, why the hell not. Our ed seems to have interviewed the CV's every year since their inception, so let's see if we can't do an intelligent (?) resume in the next issue.

OBSCURIST FRENZY

A few facts for people who heard The Vandals on your recent tape. The Vandals are American, not Australian, and their first release was Peace Thru Vandalism, a six-track mini-album on Epitaph. Their When In Rome LP was originally released in the States on National Trust, then it was licensed to Hybrid for the UK. In my opinion, Ladykiller is the worst track ever done by The Vandals. Apart from that, how about some more hardcore info? — Richard Kilby, York

Richard takes over as tape compiler next week. Yes, we thought America and Australia were so culturally similar that we made that location error, although we knew the rest of that stuff. . . we just didn't have any room to print it. Still, we here think that Ladykiller is their finest and the reason for using it was because it's a lot more accessible than

their other tracks and hopefully new Vandals fans might be sucked into their way of thinking.

As for h'core info, next issue sees thrash perspective by the honchoes from *Grim Humour* mag and they'll be following that up each month with the beat of what's burning.

ANGRY

I am shocked and disappointed at *Underground's* insistence on tackling subjects above its status. Robert Cohen's *Big Comment* is nothing but a cheap stab at the "Inky weeklies", something that *Sounds*, *MM* and *NME* already do enough to bore us all silly anyway. And now *Gush* is slagging anything which isn't indie. This smacks of ignorance and inverted snobbery. I was under the impression that *Ug* was there to communicate the merits of specialised music to the public at large. This sort of thing only succeeds in ghettoising the alternative scene even more. Please, *Underground*, be more positive in future and stick to what you're best at — good interviews and hard facts. — Richard Gossington, Leyton

Robert Cohen's *Big Comment* is about to be enlarged rather than dissolved. The idea is to place the

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

music that we write about in a bigger perspective and *not* to ghettoise it. Just because you don't like something, it doesn't mean you should just ignore it — although in the case of the weeklies it might be a good idea.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT SO FAR?

The Flatmates interview (*Ug* issue 13) was pathetic, merely confirming that they are the village idiots of the indie scene. I don't know who's more stupid, The Flatmates, their fans, or you for wasting the centre spread on such worthless rubbish. I really can't believe that you feel your readers want to read this sort of thing! Simon Le Bot, Clevedon

Sure, the group didn't really come out of the feature looking like *Mastermind* contestants, it was conducted on a reasonably flippant level, but that's the kind of image they have nurtured. The Flatmates are a 'happening' act in as much as they've just toured with The Wedding Present, their most recent single scraped the bottom of the national charts and they have the potential to break much bigger. Personally, I thought it was quite funny.

NEXT MONTH

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43 UNDERGROUND

NEXT MONTH

C*O*M*P*E*T*I*T*I*O*N



PTV

Everybody's favourite subversives, *Psychic TV*, have just released the final cut in a series of Live LPs. Number ten arrives in the form of a limited edition (1,000 only) picture disc which is only available to diehards who've collected the previous nine. **Genesis P Orridge**, however, has kindly offered to give one of these rare items and a DJ's promo copy of the next PTV single to two *Underground* readers who can answer his question.

Genesis speaks: "Welcome to The House Of Fun. The new PTV

single is an acid house dance track titled Love War Riot and features throughout the slogan 'turn on, tune in and drop out'. It was an (in)famous statement made by a respected (?) American luminary. Who was it?" Answers on a cosmic postcard to *Underground/PTV Competition*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ. No later than May 10, please.

SHACK

A dozen Shack LPs for the taking and all you have to do to win one of these illustrious items is tell us what it's called! A dead giveaway we know, but that's the kind of guys we are. Send all answers to *Underground/Shack Competition*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ to reach here by May 10 or else!



PRIMITIVES

Wanna win a *Primitives* album? The first dozen correct entries out of the cupboard will receive a spanking brand new copy of *Lovely* by Tracey and the gang. Just answer us this: Which *Primitives* 45 preceded the current *Crash* single? Answers on something interesting to *Underground/Primitives*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1, by May 10!

WIN OUT! COMPETITION WINNERS!

So amazingly overwhelming was the response to our *Corn Dollies* competition in issue 12 that it's taken the *Underground* team two months to sort out the winners. Well, that's our excuse and we're sticking to it! Still, after slogging hard through literally sacks of mail we've managed to whittle the entries down to five lucky winners who all knew that there were four *Corn Dollies*. So, **John Pinnington** from Oxon, **Clive Fenwick** from Cheshire, **Debbie Ghant** from Stowmarket, **Kevin Keenan** from London and **Roy Barks** from Penn, each get a *Dollies* seven incher and a T shirt.

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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JUNE 1988
ISSUE 15

Underground: File under rampant independent culture handbook!

JELLO BIAFRA

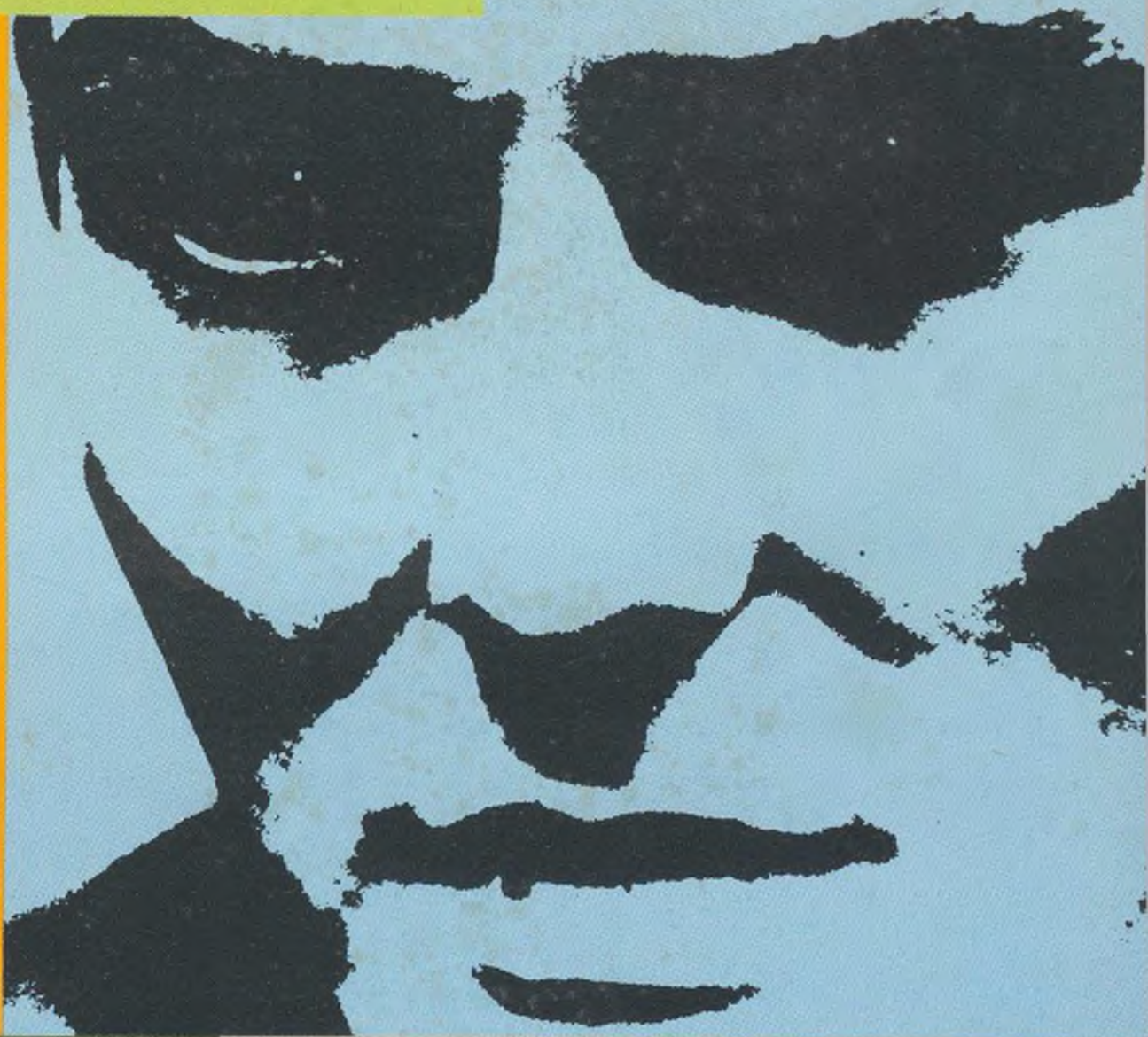
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THE MEMBRANES
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the final token for Un-
derground's Rouska
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tions, offers, stuff
and Len Liggins

plus the OK KO of



HEAD

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.

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 - 6 **TIME HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL** Crazyhead *Food*
 - 7 **LOVE DIES AGAIN** Horseland *Red Rhino*
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 - 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 Barquet*
 - 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 gremiins 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 ridicuie 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 bimbeite! Stamp them out. . . and place your hand on the screen.

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UNDERGROUND: the censor's pal
ISSUE 15: the anti-Bros beat
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 Published by Spotlight Publications Ltd
 Greater London House
 Hampstead Road
 London NW1 7QZ
 Telephone 01-387 6611
 Telex 299485 Music G
 Fax 01-388 5010
Distribution
 Spotlight Magazine Distribution,
 1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX
 Telephone 01-700 4600
Typeset by Offshoot Graphics Co,
 17-18 Great Sutton Street,
 London EC1
Printed by
 Chesham Press, 16-18 Germaine Street,
 Chesham, Bucks
 ISSN 0951-502X
 © Spotlight Publications 1988

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 teeny 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, Y08 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-**

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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 Muslingauze, 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 velveteen 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 Gravel 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!

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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

opening 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



Len: a yodelling madman

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 *Liberly 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 vocalist, Jello Biafra has just about paid off the costs on his censorship victory. Next up? More spoken word chathatons 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



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 spoken word album before I focus my efforts back towards music. Originally, I was kind of embarrassed that the censorship portion of Cocoon 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 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.

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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.)

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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 Flickknife SHARP 042

RT G •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 **RT 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**

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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 ••• 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

• 1/3 Pure Pastiche, from the sleeve to the groove, *The Cynics'* '60s "style" wreaks of Post-Mersey mud, while attempting to be better 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

•• 1/2 Turn round any street corner in the States and you'll find another bunch of disenchanted 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** • 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 • 7/8 Doc and the boys trash 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 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 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 ••• 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

••• 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*, trading 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 • 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 Flickknife BLUNT

043 • 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 Gluck* 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

•• 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

SRP ● 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, whisped 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**

●● 3/8 "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 Igmeth**



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

Kliss 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."

HO 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."

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



NEW RELEASES FOR JUNE

- C CAT TRANCE** — 12" Single 'DJIN'
SLAB! — 12" Single 'People Pie'
TACTICS — LP 'Blue And White Future Whale'

ON RELEASE NOW

- RUBY BLUE** — 7"+12" Single 'Because . . .'
TACTICS — Mini LP 'Holden Interview'

Through May, June and July, look out for Compact Disc releases from Ruby Blue, Tactics, C Cat Trance, Severed Heads, Slab! and Charles Hayward

RED FLAME/INK **Mail Order:** Send SAE to P.O. Box 927, London W3 6YB

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 Tracey** 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** (beermat), **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 Aeroplanes** 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 ●●● 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 performances the quality is grim and vocalist **Bal** struggles to obtain psychic monitor help. Included is a wobbly version of **Behind The Beyond** which still has the ragged 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 niggles. **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 **Divya** 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

KTLPO01 **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 **RR** **C**

●●% Mighty fine collection of today's most talented exotroverts. 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** ● 1/2 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** ● 2/3 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**



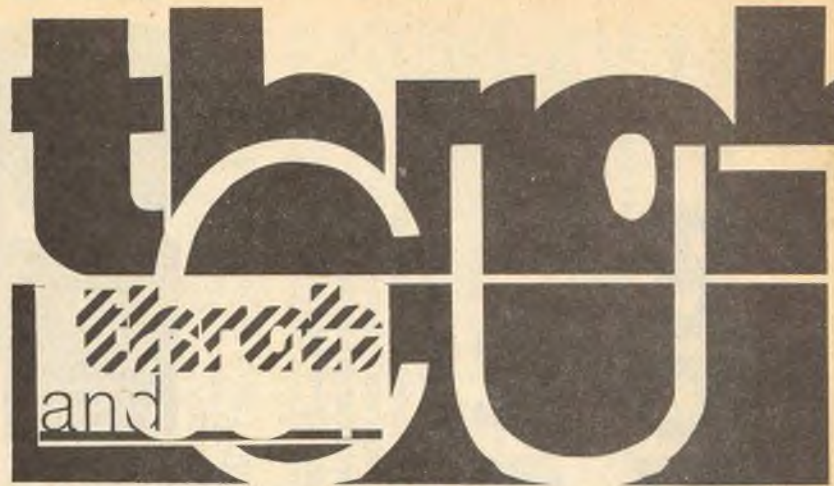
WEBCORE *Webcore*

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 ● 1/2 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 drawl. **Johnny Eager**



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, hard-core 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* Republic
- 2 *Luxuria (Wilderness Mix)* *Luxuria* Situation 2
- 3 *How To Play Our Music* *Reese And Santonio* Koolcat
- 4 *Because I Got It Like That* *Jungle Bros* Ton Son Ton
- 5 *Miracles (Raw Groove Remix)* *Coco Steel And Lovebomb* Instant

THE DOMINATION GAME STARTS HERE

the page that dare not speak its name

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



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 roll band."

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 beezer. Containing songs as groovy, rollicking and essential as Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Trust Me, Oh! and Forever, these will tempt you with the plea of a crucial last minute goal. All

UNDERGROUND
Loopy tunes

alien paragraphs from another culture



So that when they can trash 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 Mellor



W Dom: loud!

Forever. The band's goal is to reach the top of the charts in the next 10 years. All 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.

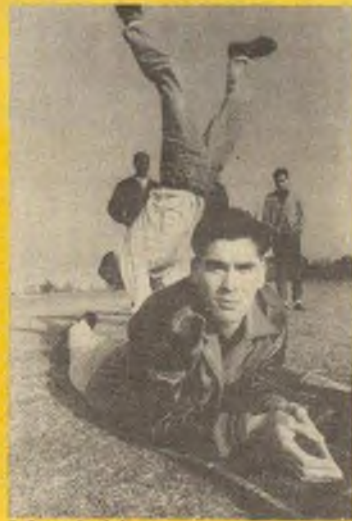
Davey: "When you're really young it's like shackles around you if you haven't got a girlfriend. You think you should really be out there with the other blokes. More often than not you start getting the pressure from your parents — 'why haven't you brought a nice girl home for tea?'"

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 Valentine card. . . she sent it back."



B Corn: 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 'urghh'." Are The Brilliant Corners a fun band?

Davey: "It started off as a fun thing. It's art now."

...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, Sonic Love. 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 Millenium — 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 is *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-splored 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 RTG 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 RT 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

RTG 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

RTG Wizen 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 **RTG** 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 inch 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

RTG 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 RT 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

RRG 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

RTG 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

RT 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 RTG 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. Oooh! What a scorcher!

INANDOUT Spine Cock

Constrictor Collector

RRG 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 RRG 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 RRG 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 EIR 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

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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 Network

RE **C** Throbbing electronic opus with an Eastern feel. Single Gun are from Australia via the Canadian Network 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.

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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'Bop Subway **RR** Cabaret excursion into drippy electro-blips.

THE DRISCOLLS Girl I Want You Back Restless **G** 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** Art-bore 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 **RR** 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 transconmugulated 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 **G** 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 **G** 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 **RM** 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 **G** 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.

92 UNDERGROUND



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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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everything you've perhaps wanted to know about. . .

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** **Forced**, **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 **Placebo** 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 mop-tops, 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 **HDOQ**'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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03 UNDERGROUND

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 that 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

than a lot of indie singles you hear." JDDE's music is unashamedly jangly and, with song titles 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!

The Singing Detective



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, **Shoo!** 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 muteltrash tunes, guitarist hit tantrum boiler 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 **Ciccione 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

Savage International is proud to announce the release of a new album by **The Hollow Men**
The Man Who Would Be King



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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 repackage boasts some real gems. . .

Albums reviewed by Dave Henderson

THE CRAZY WORLD OF ARTHUR BROWN

Strangelands Reckless RECK 2 **RE** 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* 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 **RE** 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 **RE** 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 **RE** 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 **RE** (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 one-upmanship 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.

35 UNDERGROUND

The MEKONS

SOFT

THE THE

ROUSKA

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1

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THIRD CIRCLE ★ **Cash Crop**
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LITTLE BROTHER ★ **Pile Of Images**
DUSTDEVILS ★ **Losing Ground**
SON OF SAM ★ **Cuts 'N' Bruises**
GOOD SHEPHERDS ★ **Cannibals And Kings**
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LITTLE BROTHER ★ **Land Of The Rising?**
WMTID ★ **Welcome To The Global Casino**

2

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Yep. . . if you've got your three tokens, your cheque book's dangling and the stamps already licked, then you could be one of the lucky first 25 to apply for the **ROUSKA/UNDERGROUND LP**. And what will you get? Well, a super-duper Rouska CD, **Zarah Leander's Greatest Hits**, with more wired comment and noise from **PARTY DAY**, **THE CASSANDRA COMPLEX**, **THIRD CIRCLE**, **LITTLE BRO'**, **WMTID**, **SON OF SAM**, **DUSTDEVILS** and 'more. . . so get moving!

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 Merton 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
- 1 UP, 4 Diamond Street, Aberdeen
- THE OOZE, 2190 W. Burnside Street, Portland, Oregon 97210, USA
- PICCADILLY RECORDS, 9 Parker Street, Piccadilly Plaza, Piccadilly, Manchester
- RAINBOW RECORDS, 80 Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, Shropshire
- ROCK-A-BOOM RECORDS, 17 Malcolim Arcade, Leicester LE1 5FT
- ROCK SHOP, Strandern 1, Oslo, Norway
- ROUGH TRADE, 130 Talbot Road, London W11
- SELECTA DISC, 21 Market Street, Nottingham
- SIGNALS RECORDS AND TAPES, Shop Unit One, Cornhill Exch. Bldg, Cornhill, Lincoln
- 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 *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 those 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 hois), 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."

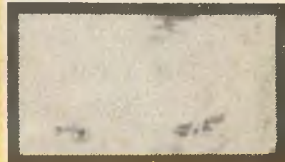
You'd rather be sitting at home with your feet up watching *Fawlty Towers* and ploughing through a bowl of popcorn would you?

"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!



TRENDS IN TROPICAL CLIMES

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

HARDER THAN THE REST?



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

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

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.

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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9 LEICESTER — SECTOR 5

10 BIRMINGHAM — EDWARDS

15 LEEDS — DUCHESS OF YORK

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. ● ● ●



Deception Bay

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 squeal 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

THE LAST DRIVE Underworld Shakedown

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

LORD JOHN Six Days of Sound

Hitch-Hyke Americans with a Merseybeat fetish. Plugged into psychedelia, sporting graceful mop-tops, 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 band *film 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

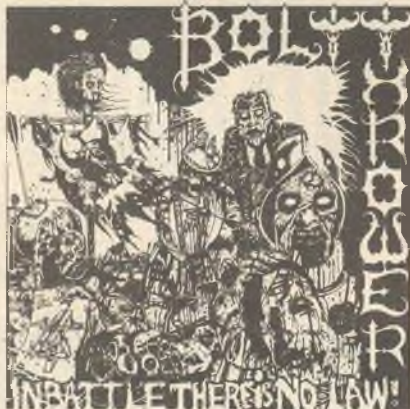
Velvetone Wistful Pop, produced by Steve Fish, which has the craggy O'Neill desperately searching for quality songs to stick his lightweight acoustic fluff to. ● 1/2

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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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

Risque 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 11636, Greece.
Illusion Production, 15 Rue Pierre Curie, 14120 Monderville, 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
Risque 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' soie 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



SPRING 1988 RELEASES

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 Bitches 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 Brainiac 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.

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

DECIPHER AND DECODE

Stickdog's Paul Keller 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 Keller

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



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.

James Brown: the most s...



NEXT MON

HOLD YOUR BREATH

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

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

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

AR KANE (dubbing for the album beat)



THE CORNDOL-LIES

(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!

43

UNDERGROUND

Sabs: lurking in cupboards



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 slabs 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 *Gimmie*, *Gimmie*, *Gimmie* (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. SST 015

The First Four Years. Sixteen classic BLACK FLAG aural notes. 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 Mionity*, *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

P.O. BOX 1, LAWNSDALE, CA 90260

