

# LIVES

than the spit and sweat of live performance that this music requires. This doesn't worry their fledgling Axl Rose, of course, as he clings around the mikestand and growls out the words to 'Loaded'.

It's early days but there are certainly glimmers of gold in this chunky hunk of rock.

ROCKFORD FILES

## THE SEERS/ME London Charing Cross Road Busby's

"I DON'T care what you think, I know we're brilliant," utters Me vocalist Francis Kane, to a scattering of exceedingly bemused onlookers.

It's not surprising — Me are frequently a bewildering sight to behold. Initial impressions suggest that they're merely a perfunctory pop band with an

unfortunate penchant for tiny keyboard runs. However, the longer Me go on, the more they shuffle the rules to fit the song. By the time they're into 'Guilty' they've evolved into a collection of social misfits on the threshold of an outlandish custard pie fight.

So who, or what, are they? Don't ask Me, even they don't know.

Of course, Spider may know but he's not telling. He's understandably pissed off with the pathetically small turnout (which is doubly disappointing, as this is a benefit gig for Radio Caroline's legal fund) and so decides to console himself by flashing a couple of selected V-signs at the punters upstairs. Needless to say, pleasantries are exchanged, before 'One Summer' takes its

foot off the brake, prompting The Seers' frontman to engage in his familiar spasms. Tonight, however, Spider seems to be simply fulfilling contractual obligations and The Seers look like a band locked in a groove which is becoming increasingly jaded.

Only 'Magic Potion' truly emits vivacity: if the pre-wrinkly Stones played a one-off with Iggy, and they both wore steel jackboots, this perhaps would be the result. Sadly, the remainder of the set is in dire need of such refreshment.

Tonight The Seers proved themselves to be a reasonably good rock band. Unfortunately for them, 1990 beckons, and being a reasonably good rock band may no longer be enough.

PAUL MARDLES

## THE CLAYTOWN TROUPE THE MARQUEE, LONDON

THE name worries me! People who stand on high moral ground are often found to have feet of clay. And clay is what we return to after our brief strut on life's stage is over.

My fears are groundless! From the deceptively hippy intro chords we're straight into a sound that combines the mesmeric power of The Cult — I'm talking "Sanctuary"/"Rain" days here, as well as that band's present style — with the rough-edged delivery on New Model Army. Christian's voice is a soaring, melodic power howl, coming over best on "Freedom" and "Real Life", the present chart single, while Rick's keyboard work gives an atmospheric lift to the overall sound. It's interesting to see the audience savours this music — the moshpit tonight is thoughtfully active rather than explosive, and there's only the odd, token stage-diver or two.

Any band has to watch its step — the temptation to be a derivation of your predecessors is always lurking. But tonight's set shows any fear of the band becoming mere Astbury fuglemen or metal morons can be safely discarded. They're their own men, sure-footed troupers.

NICKY CHARLISH

## NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN/THE SEERS DINGWALLS, LONDON

NED'S Atomic Dustbin have a good name. It conjures up images of loud, fast and funny music. It's the sort of name that should've been included on the short-list of alternative names for Monty Python's Flying Circus, along with "Owl Stretching Time" and "Sex And Violence". It's *that* good.

Fortunately, when Ned's Atomic Dustbin play their mixture of grebo-thrash, they don't let anyone down. There are smiles everywhere — there's even a point when singer John seems genuinely bemused about the positive reaction to some of the songs. And this is the hook. Ned's seem very human, vulnerable almost, in their presentation.

They grin awkwardly a lot and pass the time of day with the audience like they're all best pals.

The Seers also have a good name. It evokes images of Big Country albums, wide-open spaces, and check shirts. It's the sort of name that wouldn't look out of place in a Sergio Leone film.

Unfortunately, it's depressing to learn that The Seers are a pile of old shite. It's not just they're ugly, distorted and grotesque creatures, because they are, in fact, quite phenomenally ugly. No, The Seers are shite because they haven't got any tunes. Ned's Atomic Dustbin, behind the dazzling screwball guitar noises, have tunes. They also have a sense of humour. One of Ned's best songs is "Kill Your Television". The Seers don't have any of that. At best, their uninspired cock rock is moderately amusing. They ponce around the stage looking like acid victims from a Guns N' Roses concert. This isn't the stuff dreams are made of.

Ned's Atomic Dustbin: no competition.

MICHAEL BONNER





## THE SEERS PSYCH OUT Cherry Red

WHAT makes "Psych Out" so remarkable is that two years after seeing the songs develop on stage and a year after having received the preview tape it still sounds as fresh and exciting as ever. The Seers certainly seem to have had a lot of bad press recently, some of it deserved, but in the year it's taken them to get this LP out of the courtroom everyone seems to have forgotten what great pop songs The Seers are capable of writing. So there's their rocky garage side here, a lot of it over-familiar for some, but it still has that spark of melodic genius which always made The Seers much more than just an amazing live act. Even "Wildman", which started life as a Zodiac pastiche, bounces with so much energy it's anything but stale.

So "Psych Out" is basically a pop album, but one bristling with surprises. It's hard to come to any other kind of conclusion when faced with the hazy psychedelia of "Fly Away" or the almost R.E.M.-ish guitar pop of "Dead Town". Those fans of "I'll Say Nothing" on the "Freedom Trip" will have "Breathless" to contend with, an acoustic revery which makes me think of long hot days in the park. Indeed "Psych Out" is a very uplifting LP, "Tequila Drinking Blues" so much the perfect part song it makes me feel like drinking for the sheer hell of it, and there's a great feeling of release caught in the grooves; an emotion which could have so easily been frustration.

And the conclusion? The Seers have finally done it, they've come clean at least, cleared a musical conscience which has been weighing them down for quite a while now, and they're ready to do what they're capable of. Move on. In style. Albums like this make me glad for the future — buy it and rejoice.

IAN WATSON

have not  
form an i  
and enga  
beyond t

Record  
cassette i  
weaknes  
Lied" see  
opener le  
return to  
The Ange  
lingering  
their nam  
which sw  
welcome  
Look d  
green po  
SIMO

BEN  
DUM  
Imag  
BEN  
recent  
of bus  
back  
vision  
"T  
key  
terror



# THE SEERS

"Sun Is In The Sky"  
Out Now. Available on 7 and 12 inch.

## ON TOUR:

March,  
22nd. LONDON Town & Country 2.  
23rd. MANCHESTER, International.  
31st. BRISTOL, Thekla.  
Supported by MEGA CITY FOUR.

**A**lso limbering up for a heavy session in the studio are The Seers who will be recording some tunes for a new single at The Greenhouse in London in the middle of May. The tracks 'Psych-out', 'Splitting The Atom' and 'Girl in Action' sounded pretty darn good at the band's recent Bierkeller show and will be produced by the 'Psych Out' LP producer, Pat Collier. The single will be out in June or July according to Leigh who appeared to be far more excited about the prospect of picking up some stage tricks from those other rock'n'roll wrinklies, the Rolling Stones, when they play Wembley this summer.

VENUE • APRIL 27 • MAY 11

**F**orget football hooligans. The real danger to peace and harmony in Europe at the moment musts come from Bristol muties The Seers currently rampaging around the continent on a support tour with da Ramones. Venue's trendiest freelancer Campbell Stevenson has been given the dubious assignment of following the evil fivesome on the road for their Euro-trash. Polishing the prospect of this lucrative freebie, young Campbell set off last weekend armed with no more than a Sony Walkman and a couple of hundred quid beer money. Little does he know that head Seer Spider plans to leave the hapless hack stranded "somewhere in Europe", tied naked to a lamppost, bleeding copiously from the nether regions. What would the Bristol Journal make of that?...

1989

In Conj. with  
**SOUNDS**

THE The best in alternative music.  
**PANIC STATION**  
In Conj. with  
**SOUNDS**

DINGWALLS, CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM ROAD, LONDON NW1. 267 1430

MON 13<sup>TH</sup> FEB  
**THE SEERS**  
NIKKI SUDDEN & THE NEW FRENCH REVOLUTION  
+ THE LIBERTINES  
ADM £4/£3 MEMBERS. DOORS OPEN 8PM.  
1ST 50 PEOPLE WITH SOUNDS: £1 REDUCTION. 1ST 50 MEMBERS IN FREE.  
COMING SOON... 20th February THE BODINES, Feb 27th THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS.

NEW EDITION!  
CHECK IT,  
OR CHECK OUT!

**ACTION STATIONS**

NEW EDITION!  
CHECK IT,  
OR CHECK OUT!

DANCE TO MEGA-MIX MAYHEM FROM D.J. CAPT PUGWASH, DRY-ICE, STROBES, JUGGLERS, FIRE-EATERS, FREE SMARTIES & JELLY BABIES, RAFFLES OVERLOUD NOISE.  
11.30PM-2AM £1 ONLY ALL MEMBERS IN FREE!



Dear **RAW**,

Issue Six saw a review of the Crazyhead/Seers gig at the Astoria by Maura Sutton. Christ on a bike! Maura didn't like 'em, did she? That's fair enough, but surely, 'The vocalist doesn't sing, he grunts' is the most ridiculous thing seen in print since 'World War Two bomber found on the moon' hit the front page of the Sunday Sport!

The man concerned, Spider, must be one of the best singers in a bloody long time; he gives 110 per cent at every gig, whether it be the Astoria or some toilet in the middle of nowhere.

OK, so he hasn't got long flowing locks or smouldering good looks like a 'real' frontman should, but that's not what it's all about. I've seen the Seers as often as possible in the past and I've always gone home feeling bloody happy, that's what rock 'n' roll's all about to me. The Seers write bloody good songs, they have an audience and I'm proud to be part of it.

**Didz, Swindon.**

R  
O  
C  
K  
▼

ADmits ONE FREE BEFORE 9-30  
£1 AFTER  
31st MAY Normal Adm £4 31st MAY

# FEET FIRST

CURE  
CULT

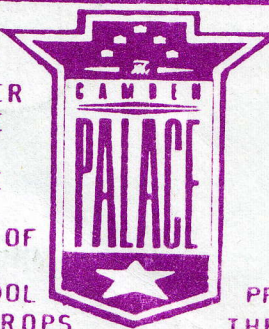
NEW ORDER  
PRINCE

U2  
SIMPLE

MINDS  
SISTERS OF

MERCY  
BILLY IDOL

LEMON DROPS



BOLSHOI  
ERASURE

DEAD OR  
ALIVE

MADONNA  
SMITHS

T.REX  
BOWIE

INXS  
PRIMITIVES

THE MISSION

Your Hosts Jonathon & Eko

PLUS LIVE ON STAGE

## THE SEERS

### TUESDAYS AT THE PALACE

1A CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1

Doors open 9pm

1988

#### THE SEERS

Bristol quintet who gained notoriety via 'Lightning Strikes', a debut single that concerned the Hungerford massacre. Their cause was not helped by their choice of extremely silly individual names, i.e. Spider Mutoid Spam, Kat Bikebitch, Jason Weird Beard Argonaut Tubby Round, Rhythm Monster Black And Decker etc. The last name covers the identity of a drummer who once worked with Lunatic Fringe and Chaos UK.



19 MAR 88 LIGHTNING STRIKES (Rough Trade)

16 5w

**THE SEERS** have been announced as special guests for the forthcoming Iggy Pop tour which starts in Norwich on December 2. They are currently in the studio with producer Pat Collier of Darling Buds and Wonder Stuff fame.

1988

...iously messy, wickedly concen...  
...e lunacy of desire. Oh, and it will  
...are brilliant.

#### THE SEERS

**WELCOME TO DEAD TOWN (Cherry Red)**

GREAT cover this, a bright red wash streaked with orange, on top which resides a huge, decaying-toothed skull with one good eyeball, one hollow socket and a natty trilby hat. Taken from The Seers' soon-come album, "Psych Out", "Welcome To Dead Town" is a no-frills, no-nonsense, heads-down mindless boogie punk madness. Psychedelic, too, because of the chaotic swirl of noise out of which tumble backwards-sounding fretboard runs and dazed-and-confused vocals.

MC  
one-  
When  
name  
recei  
as Jim  
Out C  
Joan  
name  
"Rapi  
"Strai  
on-its  
and i  
of a ne  
Wildm  
street i  
Thing"  
posse  
turntim  
know  
Jes...



1988

# WOBBLING HEIGHTS



# The Seers blew us away . . .

XMAS  
1988

Bierkeller, Bristol: The Seers

THEY'VE played more than 40 gigs around the country in the last three months and cut their tracks for a debut album — The Seers and every right to treat this as just another

show. They didn't. It's not in the Bristol band's nature to do things other than aggressively.

You've seen The Seers many times in the last 18 months. Sometimes they've been brilliant, occasionally average, and once or twice they've blown it.

This was The Seers at their best — a terrible beauty of energy, hunger, rhythm and noise.

The slam-dancing Lee at the front of the stage couldn't keep pace with the band as they ripped through an aggressive but controlled capturing the raw power, frustration and rhythm that has been the driving force of rock.

Lee Wildman's wall of

distorted guitar riffs played perfectly against Kat Day's hard and fast guitar onslaught.

Jason Kidd was outstanding on bass and vocal harmonies, Age Blackmore pounded, and then pounded again, a crunching drum performance, and Spider delivered a supremely confident, frenzied, but measured vocal and stage show.

The Seers got it right. The conflict that is their inspiration and their energy was unleashed and like a gathering gale it breezed, gusted and stormed over a delighted audience. The Seers blew them away.

RICHARD JONES

## THE SEERS 1989 Camden Dingwalls

THE SEERS started playing in London about a year ago and nobody would go near them. Something about the self-destructively agile lead singer and the fierce bandanna-wiv-leather combination of the lead guitarist tended to make people think twice about winding them up. Now it's trash city up the front.

"Wanker," shouts one buffoon as the demonic intent of 'The Sun Is In The Sky' peters out into chaos. "Ah, a two-syllable heckle", nods singer Spider Mutoid Spam. Then it's 'You Keep Me Praying', a long tempestuous howl with Lee and Kat performing wicked immolatory acts on their guitars, and the curiously bedecked Jason screaming out the sweet harmonies.

They're unabashed, maniacal and terrific. Sure, there's all kinds of visual distractions, like wondering if Spider will fall off the rafters straight on to your head or just narrowly miss

you, but the core of The Seers is perfectly intact. With the possible exception of Crazyhead there is nobody to touch The Seers in the barren territory of rock 'n' roll ruffianism. Look at their songs: there's one called 'Wildman', which is all about their rhythm guitarist. There's one called 'Freedom Trip' (you've got the single, I take it) which is about listening to The Rolling Stones.

And best of all there's 'Lightning Strike', now divested of all its superficial nastiness and transformed into an anthemic bellow. For all the undoubted nods over the shoulder to the Stooges, the Stones and the MC5, there is a strong personal identity to The Seers and it signs its cheques 'S Spam'. Spider, a fine singer who usually chooses to shout instead, is the new Iggy if ever the old one decides to stick to the golf. Laugh at their accents if you must, but dig that euphoric pagan rock clatter.

DAVID CAVANAGH



# THE SEERS/ THE TRASH CAN SINATRAS/ THE MILLTOWN BROTHERS LONDON UNIVERSITY

THE Milltown Brothers. The Waltons. The comparison is obvious. Imagine "The Milltown Brothers" TV show, life in a small town where a punctured tyre calls for a family conference ("Nivah me-end bro", yeill geet tha's nor shoowas nixt yiyah") and you'll understand the proportions of tonight's set. TMB's homely, parochial little (teeny, tiny, miniscule) songs all seem to deal with holding your head up in the face of adversity. In other words, they're sitting ducks.

Hey Matt, they're knocking down your town to build a new motorway. "Aye, borrah've gor me famileh, an' ah've gor me digniteh." Hey Matt, a bulldozer's just run over your brothers. "Aye, borrah've gor me... digniteh." Hey Matt, your girlfriend's just left you for the developer because compared to you, Ian Broudie is James Dean. "Aye, borrah've gor me..." No you haven't. Hopeless hopeless hopeless.

And now, by way of contrast... The Trash Can Sinatras! (Slump.) Sincerity only means anything if the performer has something special, some magic. Sincerity doesn't mean a fying f\*\*\* if the performer insists on wearing a yellow pac-a-mac. The singer is the kind of nobody-with-a-heart who'll use "I love you" as a chat-up line and then walk away feeling misunderstood. Utterly humiliated, yes, but misunderstood all the same. They finish with a cover of "Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue", which I don't understand.

Ride, who are headlining tonight (tickets going for 50 quid outside), obviously don't want the slightest chance of being overshadowed, which is why they choose The Seers to come on before them. All their energy is wasted, it's like a boisterous dog with no teeth. They sound similar to the pathetic, patronising Jesus Jones, with the insidious scratchy bits replaced with insidious wah-wah bits. Instead of "Hey kids, Nineties!" it's "Hey kids,

Sixties!", but with the same clean-handed, straightlaced attitude. Very tasteful, very very uninspiring. Yep, Ride have got this support business well and truly sussed.

**JONATHAN SELZER**

# LOUIS PHILIPPE MEAN FIDDLER ACOUSTIC ROOM, LONDON

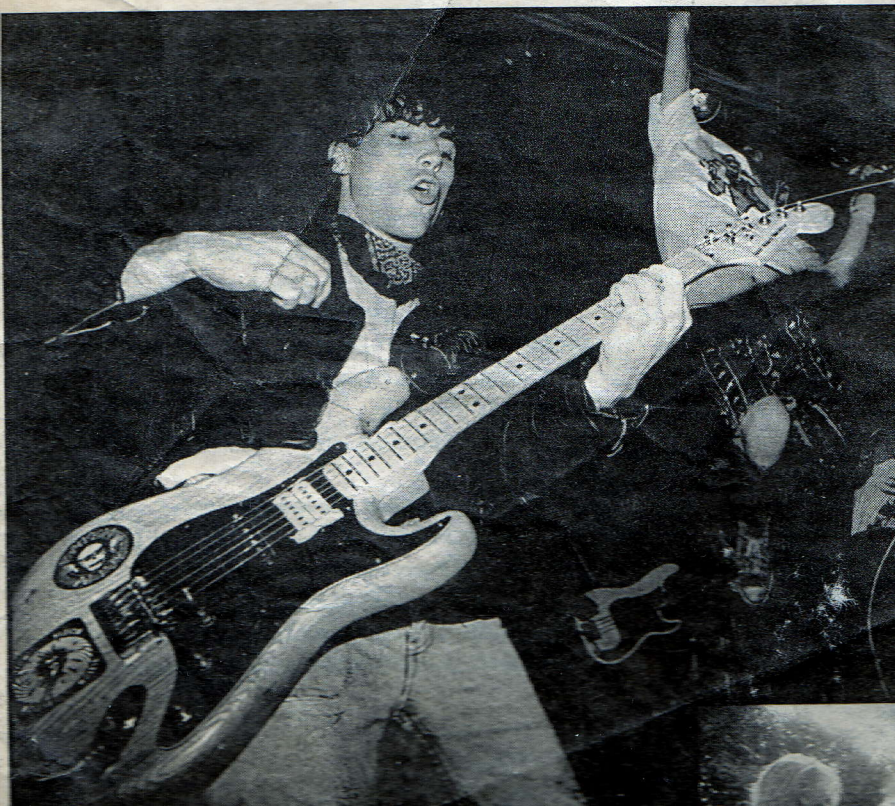
"THIS next song features three flute players. That's luxury," he says before the passion and whimsy of "She's Great". Who could argue? Louis Philippe is luxury incarnate, an elegant crooner with a voice that floats and tingles like champagne bubbles. He can sound like something from the current charts — the uptempo lament, "Every Word Meant Goodbye" might be a relaxed Marc Almond. But Philippe is more at home with mentholated wisps of melody.

Tonight is an odd occasion. It's strange enough to see a nine-piece band play in such a tiny venue; the feat is only achieved by having five of the musicians set up off stage, alongside the audience. It's stranger still to see one of the *el* label's gang of musical misfits actually perform live in Britain, an almost unprecedented event. But Philippe's voice is as immaculate as his dark suit, and the elaborate arrangements are equally tasteful.

Really, it's all cabaret, as light and cosy as a duvet. Yet it has an off-the-wall charm that transcends the form. In the middle of the effortless entertainment we get unexpected wild things, like a jazzy setting of a surreal Edward Barton poem called "Telephone Box", or "Endless September" — where the brass section stop playing and make jungle noises into their mikes. The sax player proves to be an accomplished parakeet impersonator.

There's a surprising, generous gesture at the end, when Louis strolls off and lets the band pour out a final measure of frothy cappuccino jazz without him. He's so cool he makes you shiver.

**DAVE JENNINGS**



The Seers (left) nail heads to the floor at Dingwalls' Panic Station in Camden (Monday). Nikki Sudden And The French Revolution and The Libertines top up the bill, and you can get in free after 11pm with this issue of *Sounds*, or £1 off the ticket price anytime before 11

Throwing Muses (below) tote sonic trauma and The Sundays toast marshmallows in Portsmouth (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday) and Nottingham (Monday), beginning a 13 date UK tour together



# Seers sweat it out solidly

**J**im Morrison's body may be resting peacefully in his Parisian grave but his sexy rock god spirit lives on in the thrusting theatrics of Spasmodics frontman Simon Flynn.

The Curve attempted something a little more adventurous, although the audience was largely unresponsive. The almost tangible tension within the band worked best during more straightforward numbers like *The Apparatus*, while frontman Jim's energetic body popping remains very much an acquired taste.

Shaggie of mane and less gawky in demeanour than the last time he trod these boards, Bristol's favourite blond bearpole has developed into a powerful, assured performer. Pivotal to the Seers' appeal is the rhythm section of drummer Age and bassist/backing vocalist Jason, who at times appear to hold together a band which often seems in danger of veering dangerously off the rails.

Rhythm guitarist Lee is the Seers' solid Ron Wood figure, while lead twanger Kat has obviously vast technical ability which is never really brought to the fore.

The crowd-pleasing *Lightning Strikes* was an obvious encore, ensuring happy grins on the faces of many a sweat-soaked punter as they poured out into the night, but the Seers' forthcoming second album will be the real test of their potential as serious contenders in the cruel old world of rock 'n' roll.

## SPECIAL EVENTS

## POSTDATES

**The Domino Club** Bell, Bath. Former Glaxo Baby, Tony Wrafter, provides the deep sax power which is but one of the Domino Club's many attractions. Their Ashton Court appearance showed off an unpretentious set of jazz-dance standards presented with humour and subtlety. Recommended.

**The Rodents of Swing** The Loft, Bath.  
See Fri 14.

**Orbital** Thekla, Bristol, 9pm-1.30am, £4.  
A Pulse Dance System presentation with  
DJ J. Mix and illuminations by Optical  
Therapy. Appearing live are Orbital whose  
'Chime' track of a few months ago was a  
definite dancefloor fave.

**Stratus** Watershed Bar, Bristol.

**Brad Stevens** The Bulldog, Bristol.

**Witches Brew** Barnacle Bill's, Melksham.



**"Pass the peroxide will you?"**  
**Seer Spider in action. See Mon**  
**17.**

SEPTEMBER 14 - 28 VENUE 37

CAMOUFLAGE PRESENTS

# RAMONES

with guests

**CRAZY PINK  
REVOLVERS**

**THE SEERS**

**ROMEO street gang**

**WEDNESDAY 15th JUNE .AT 7.30PM**

**BRIXTON ACADEMY**  
OF STONEMALL ROAD S.W.6

TICKETS £5.00. AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE ACADEMY BOX OFFICE. TEL: 01-873 4678. KEYS-AROUND, TEL: 0800 330000. TEL: 01-583 8878. FROM A BOX OFFICE. TEL: 01-262 0111. A NEWSPAPER, TEL: 01-583 8878. LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 0800 01-583 8878. 1-2 MANGO TERRACE LONDON S.W.6. CHARGES WOULD BE PAID TO CAMOUFLAGE CONCERT PRODUCTIONS LTD. (TO INCLUDE 50P BOOKING FEE FOR TICKETS) AND 10% ON T.V. & R.

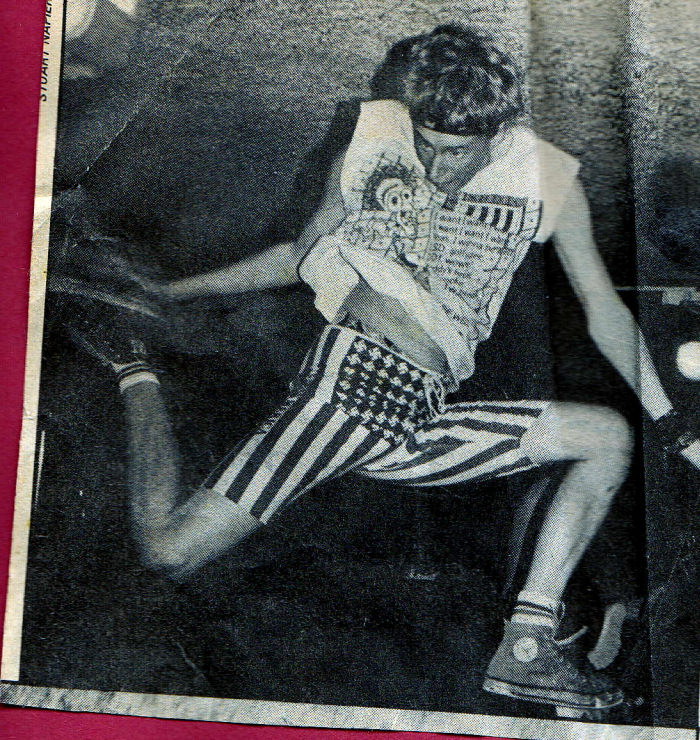
CAMOUFLAGE PRESENTS

THE RED HOT  
CHILI PEPPERS

THE SEERS

HORROR





YMAS 1988

LIVE

## The Seers

*Bierkeller, Bristol*

If 1988 is to be remembered for nothing else, it will surely go down in the annals of local rock history when the question was answered: "Can five college dropouts with a penchant for scuzzy leather jackets break through and find true happiness by capturing the hearts of the mean teams of Bristol and beyond?" The answer was of course a resounding "Yes", and as if to prove the point, at the Bierkeller the Seers enticed hordes of young brats to participate in an evening of untold debauchery. They have become the hottest property performing locally and that begs a provocative question.

I mean, why has the Evening Post practically devoted every issue to them and not, say, Onslaught or the Flatmates, both of whom are probably more successful in real (financial) terms? Okay, so with the demise of night-time Radio 1, stock in the indie bands looks shaky, but even so, leaving aside the obvious point that the Seers were in the right place at the right time, i.e. just on the fag end of the then prevalent grebo revolution, one reason they've managed to make young people all over the country groove to their private mythology is their collective talent at writing instant pop classics. More erudite persons than myself tell me of strange juxtapositions between REM and the Ramones; I say they sound like Steppenwolf and the hell with it.

To sum up, then: in terms of compensating for each other, they're probably the best band I've seen since the Heartbreakers. They've got some corking songs and they look good (well, most of them . . .) but there's one thing. Why don't other bands work as hard as they do? Why is no-one else tough enough to follow their lead? Until local bands ape them, cement a line-up, and then do 30-gigs-in-20-days-style tours, they will have absolutely no competition.

I hate to lay this on you but the Seers themselves are only beginning and if no other local bands can get even this far, then Dave Massey's point about Bristol being a cultural wilderness will have been justified. Once the stakes are raised, it looks as though, with precious few exceptions, the Seers will be the only ones left in game. (Sharko)

TOP TEN



35  
MUSIC

This issue's all-time faves chosen by Seers lead singer Spider.

1. **Ramones** Everything. If you agree I'll come round and stab your children to death.
2. **Chaos UK/Extreme Noise Terror Split** (Manic Ears). If you argue I'll come round and stab Chaos in your living room.
3. **Descendents** Everything. The office hippy does not like hardcore so he's next.
4. **Circle Jerks VI**. Metal-punk, ACDC meets The Clash and the riff wins.
5. **Jimi Hendrix** Electric Ladyland. Drugs, drugs, drugs, drugs.
6. **T. Rex** The Slider (EMI). Half nonsense — half bad spelling. Good music, loads of dancing, good death.
7. **Gang Green** Skate to Hell. Buy Skate Muties or I'll piss in your milk bottles.
8. **Various** Now That's What I Call Music. Look, just fuck off will you.
9. **Hoodoo Gurus** Blow Your Cool. Another band who can pull more people than Head (Har! Har!)
10. **Moving Targets** Burning in Water. We're good, you're not. Bye! Bye!