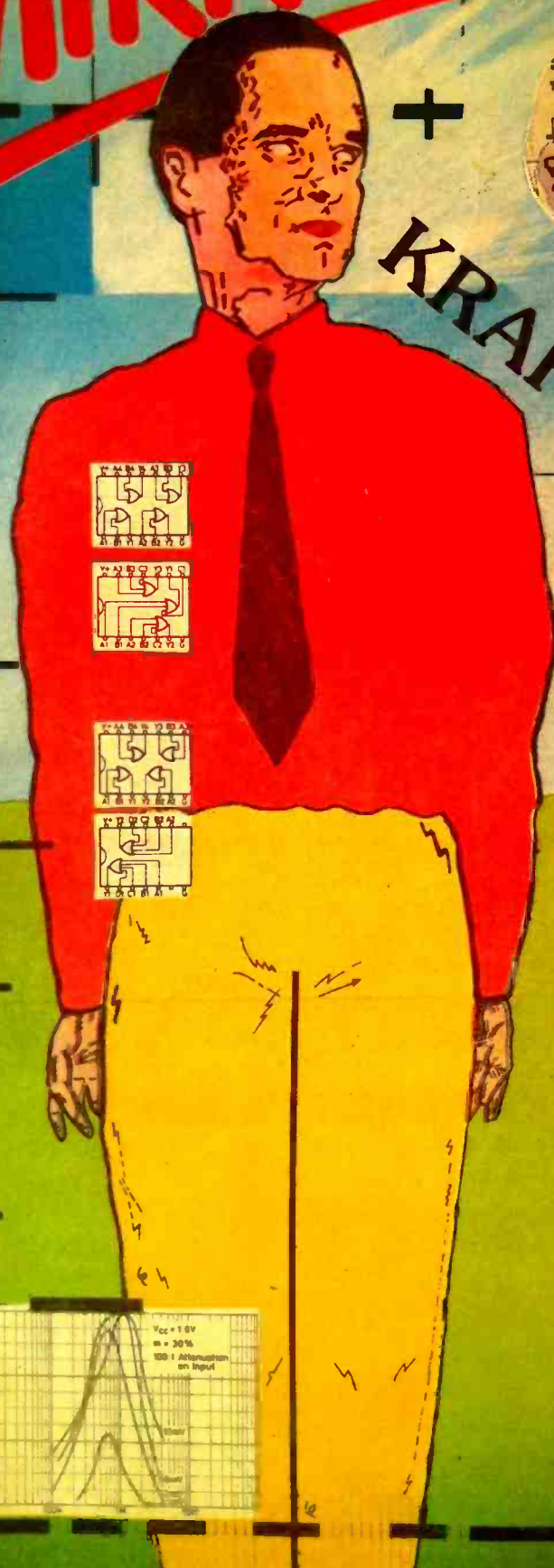
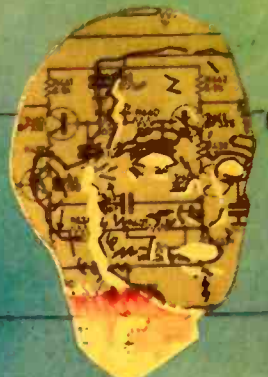


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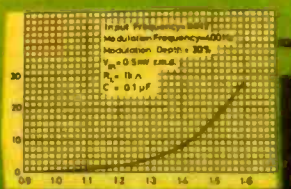
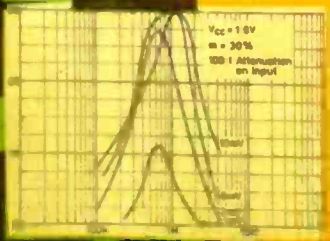


KRAFTWERK

SEND IN THE CLONES



PISTOLS STEVE, PAUL AND SID
CLOUT IN COLOUR



Andy Johnson 4/78

JUICY LUICY

Will John make it?

Westminster Abbey, that is

WELL THE shock of the week has to be the announcement of the engagement of dinky John Reid - friend of the newly hirsute Elton John - and Sarah Forbes (she's the daughter of Bryan Forbes who featured so sickeningly in the Sunday Times Colour Supplement last week). And I thought "little" John was a confirmed bachelor!!!

I do think it's so nice to see the boy doing well... from his humble beginnings in Scotland to the heady heights of his present social standing. And I did hear he aims even higher. But I can't believe the happy couple actually wanted to get spliced in the hallowed temples of Westminster Abbey. I'm told that one needs rather good connections to marry in the Chapel of Westminster - one of the love starred pair has to be the offspring of a Commander of the Order of the Bath. Being chummy with Princess Margaret just isn't enough, no matter how rich you are. But I'm sure a more humble venue will not detract from the splendour of the occasion. You can depend on faithful Luicy to report on the event with great interest and perception.

Money, of course, does not change everyone. I was moved to find that Molly Gibb - wife of Bee Gee Robin Gibb - was not too proud to ask for help when she found she hadn't a thing to wear at the American premiere of 'Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band'. Having slogged round the shops for simply ages (not that that's unusual - everybody knows that Princess Anne likes Marks & Spencers' undies) she just could not find a nice frock to match the bright yellow suit that hubby wears in the film. Fortunately, Molly thought of the Press and a helpful lady at the Sunday Mirror whisked her off to designer Ossie Clarke. Molly's little fashion problem was solved... for only £260. Wasn't that reasonable?

And she also confided that the reason she was the only Bee Gee wife living in Britain was because she couldn't take living near all the In-laws in Miami. Very understandable, my dear. And I won't tell a soul.

Talking about the 'Sgt Pepper' film, I understand there has been a little bickering about who should get top billing - Peter Frampton or the Bee Gees. Well, I know who's the favourite of the moment. And I don't notice the Face of '88 being too popular among us Brits in good old '78.

I do feel so sorry for Mick Jagger, don't you? What with Marsha Hunt claiming he is the father of her sweet

● I most sincerely hope that every single one of you darling readers has something exciting and worthwhile to do on Friday evening... or can at least ensure that you are as far away from a transistor radio as possible! I have been sent advance warning that the appalling former graduate Jonathan King (30-ish) is to broadcast - non-stop - on Radio Luxembourg for the entire evening, thus sending hordes of decent citizens into the streets! I can only urge that the experiment is not repeated.

little daughter Karis who apparently needs £300 a week to get by (children are so expensive aren't they?), and having to change his name to avoid undesirable callers all the time. Why, even dusky Bianca couldn't get hold of her old man the other day. She called his hotel and mentioned the code word, but still couldn't get through. Well, Mick might have told her he'd changed his name to Sam Spade... but perhaps Bianca wouldn't have seen the funny side of being Mrs Spade. Can't say I blame her, dears.

And while I'm thinking of actresses, I must tell you who I saw at Dingwalls the other evening. It



THE country has never held much appeal for me really - you can't turn without putting a foot in something nasty. But it does have class, in a horsey sort of way. I see Detroit miss, Suzi Quatro, doesn't mind the possibility of a dainty step in the wrong direction. Her father-in-law has organised a show jumping championship at Claydon Farm - sounds very rustic, doesn't it? Suzi, who now is settled

happily into sleepy English village life with husband guitarist Len Tuckey, adores the simple things of life. I'm told, Sweet, don't you think? By some lucky chance, this picture of her, taken with a friend, arrived at the same time as the news of her new single, which is titled 'The Race Is On'. I always think it's nice to have a title.

was one of the last people I expected to see at a White Cats gig... but there she was. The statuesque Vanessa Redgrave, all done up in a black evening frock with a rose affair stuck on the side. Not terribly suitable clothing for the intimate atmosphere, I thought. I do believe she left before the end of the set.

Actor David Hemmings seems to have rather more staying power when it comes to chums in the rock world. He's added his signature to a petition organised by The Who, to save a Lebanon cedar tree at Shepperton film studios. The tree, which was featured in many films including "The Omen", is 400 years old. Of course, The Who aren't quite that old, but it's nice to see them take an interest in conservation.

The Strangers, no newcomers to causing sensation, have unwittingly caused a furore in Australia -

without even setting foot in the place! The authorities there have banned airplay of a track on their 'Black And White' album, called 'Enough Time' - and not because it's at all offensive. It's just that there's a section of the song that resembles the Morse Code which spells out SOS and apparently it's thrown the rescue services into chaos. Whenever it came out over

● It makes a change from opening the school fete' department. Blonde superstar Olivia Newton John (30) was last week the guest of honour at the 100th anniversary of the Minnesota town of Olivia (population 3,500). Everybody I'm assured, turned out for the celebrations during which the glamorous 'Livvy' was also presenter with a dog licence. But why a dog licence, my dears? Ms. "wooden" John - as she's now affectionately known by those who've seen her dancing in 'Grease' was unavailable for comment.

the airwaves, it sent the flying doctor soaring out over the desert and the fire brigade screaming about like a mad thing.

So Sally James finally got married. Well done, dear.

Another surprise: Alex Harvey has risen, Phoenix-like - and played an unannounced gig at the Windsor Castle with a new band who he billed as Kangaroo Kourt. Apparently the material was as unfamiliar to the band as it was to the audience, but everyone enjoyed it anyway.

How quickly fame can strike! I refer of course to the meteoric career of Stiff managing director Dave Robinson. When the Mayor of Akron (some smelly city in Ohio, I believe!) discovered that the dynamic Robinson was winging his way there to finalise some business - a contract with Rachel Sweet - he promptly declared July 9 as Stiff Open Day in Akron. The man obviously has a keen appreciation of the possible publicity value of his Rubber City. Robinson had to spend

ages meeting all the local dignitaries, including the Chief of Police and Head of the Fire Department... and fascinating people they may be, but they hadn't even heard of Akron's greatest exports (outside the tyre industry of course). I suppose it's a bit like being given the Freedom of Port Sunlight. How quaint.

It's not often that you catch your faithful correspondent traveling to the far-flung regions of the north (unless of course it's for a polo match with Eric Clapton!) but I felt I had to make an exception for closet intellectual Howard Devoto last week. The diminutive egghead invited me to watch him appearing in a special concert in Manchester - featuring his old group the Buzzcocks and his new group Magazine. And all this my dears on the second anniversary of the Sex Pistols' first visit to that northern outpost!! Who could refuse?

Devoto fans - and aren't we all these days? - were delighted when Howard joined the scruffy Buzzcocks for a glorious finale, thus burying the hatchet and turning a new leaf forever. The little chappie's wit is a lesson to us all, my dears, and when both bands excited with a stumbling version of 'I Can't Control Myself' he described my feelings exactly!

Sport and music go so well together my darlings and when you did a tinge of tropical tinnant to that fabulous mixture you've got yourself a party - or at least that's the theory! A pity then that the small sores held in honour of the Groovers Steel Orchestra last week was such a non-starter. Shot putters and long jumpers of all sizes - I do believe they were members of our Commonwealth Games team! - swayed gently to the rhythms of the old drums banged with commendable enthusiasm by this young and numerous combo. A pleasant, if not memorable occasion. The Groovers, I hear, are off to Canada to beat our athletes on so I wish them all luck, and if their performance in a cathedral last weekend is anything to go by they're not a group that's scared of the opposition!

Nor indeed is your faithful correspondent. I'll be back with more fun for all at the same time next week. See you then. Byebye!

The change that shocked us all!

I HATE to have to say this my darlings, but you disappoint me! And of course I'm talking about you not being able to recognise chubby singer Linda Ronstadt with her super new frizz!

I was kept amused for days by your replies, although I'm sure if the well - like Julie Covington (an actress), Raquel Welch (an actress) or Debbie Harry (a sex symbol) had any idea that you thought they looked like that they'd be most upset. Just this once, my dears, I won't tell them. Nor, come to that, will I tell Maxine Nightingale, Helen Reddy, Poly Styrene, Marie Osmond or Mananra Faithfull! Or even Joan Collins! Honestly, what could you have been thinking of?

No, pert and beautiful La Ronstadt it was in all her permed and raunchy glory. The winner, was Nicholas Berry of Blackpool, HE SAID: "If Linda was dragged through a hedge backwards she'd still come out looking like Miss World!" Well, Nicholas sweetheart, I agree about the hedge, but I think that's all I'll say! A superb, "collector's item" art photograph, fully mounted and framed, is on its way to you - the only one of its kind and specially donated by Linda's American record company!

Runners - up prizes - a special 12in. edition of the 'Blue Bayou' single - to Roger Myhill, Cranleigh; Paul Bartlett, Birmingham; Carol Seagrave, Iver Heath; Tony Hulst, Liverpool; Roth Campbell, Twickenham; B. Stirling, London; Gary Burnett, Hendon; Peter Simmonds, Newport.



Ronstadt before

S. Mathews, London; Richard Ellis, County Durham; Ron Hewitt, Manchester; Derek Fletcher, Yorkshire; Keith Somerville, Manchester; S. Rye, Liverpool; G. Roberts, N. Wales; and R. Packover, High Wycombe. AND now, my dears, for the Sex Pistols' competition. Or perhaps I should call it the geography lesson! As our fabulous 40 winners well know, the capital of Brazil is BRASILIA, Rio de Janeiro. I'm afraid, is merely the place where chubby guitarists get sunstroke! Pit Your Wits, my darlings - this time I really mean it. T-shirts in all shapes and sizes are on their way to the lucky winners below. And take it from me - your taste is appalling!!

CDSH COMPETITION WINNERS
STUART SHANLEY, Fire, Scotland; DAVE ADAMSON, Sussex; DANIEL Minton, London SW6; LINDA KERRY, Suffolk; MARK WITVOY, Aylesbury; SEAN LYDON, Oxford; S. BAKER Portsmouth; ROBERT SMITH, Luton; J. DE BELIN, Coventry; D. HALL,



Ronstadt after

Harrow; MATTHEW FLETT, Bromley; DONGATENBY, Tyne & Wear; WARREN GRECH, Portsmouth; MICHAEL MITCHELL, Gateshead; BRENDAN KELLEHER, Middlebrough; DARRIN THOMPSON, Tyne & Wear; R. SCORER, Nottingham; GARY PAYNE, Sussex; IAN BUNTING, Sheffield; O. LICKISS, Blackpool; J. CARR, Barnsley; PETER KILGALLON, South Wirral; DUNCAN MALETKA, Cambridge; J. WINTER, Dunstable; GORDON MURPHY, Boleyn; GORDON LAURIE, Dundee; N. BACON, Hants; N. J. EMERY, Cannock; STEVEN ROBERTS, Perthshire; MICHAEL MURPHY, Bridgend; PAUL HASSALL, Cheshire; GARY NICHOLSON, Liverpool; STEVEN FENTON, Co. Durham; RHODERIC GRANT, Aberdeen; NEIL BRAITHWAITE, Middlesbrough; MICHAEL BRENNAN, Manchester; RICK CLARKSON, Wakefield; GARY SUTTON, Bristol; KEVIN JONES, Cambridge; DAVID WHALEY, S. Glamorgan.

NEWS

News Editor JOHN SHEARLAW

QUO TO HELP APOLLO NEW SINGLE BEFORE READING



WAYNE CUT SHORT

PLANS BY eccentric American Wayne County to change his sex in Britain have been cut short... by Immigration officials!
County (above) was to have arrived in Britain last week for the first in a series of operations by a Harley Street specialist to turn him into a woman. But he was refused entry at Heathrow Airport and had to return to Berlin, where he has been living with his band the Electric Chairs for the last few months.
Apparently self-confessed transvestite County had over-stayed his welcome on his last visit to the UK. He still intends to have the operation, "as soon as possible", said a spokesman this week.

THE CAMPAIGN to save the Glasgow Apollo as a rock venue received a boost this week with the news that Status Quo have expressed their interest in playing a "benefit" concert at the venue.

Although current tour commitments mean that Quo will be unable to fit in the concert until next January at the earliest, Mike Finch of Capital City Entertainments is confident that the gig could raise "at least £10,000" towards the considerable cost of refurbishing the Apollo.

He is also considering the possibility of a series of benefit concerts in the autumn. Current estimates of the cost of renovation are running at £2.1 million, including £250,000 for toilets alone, figures which Finch described as "unrealistic".

Status Quo are the first "big name" band linked with the Apollo appeal. They recorded a live album at the venue two years ago, and have always described the Apollo as one of their best venues.

A new single from Status Quo is to be released to coincide with their only British appearance this year - at the Reading Festival on August 26.

No firm release date had been fixed as we went to press, but the single is a band composition entitled 'Again And Again'.

Another Knebworth this year

IT NOW seems likely that there will be another Knebworth Festival at the end of the summer; a follow-up to the event that attracted over 100,000 rock fans to the stately home for Genesis and Jefferson Starship in June.

Promoter Frederick Bannister is currently negotiating a series of British and American acts for 'Knebworth 2', which could take place in September. A spokesman for Bannister told Record Mirror: "A firm announcement on the bill can be expected within a fortnight."



STATUS QUO: Benefit concert

Millie stars

AMERICAN SOUL singer Millie Jackson is to produce and star in a mini-musical based on her new album 'Get It Out'cha System'. She plans to take the show on an American tour this summer, and there are hopes that a British visit would follow in the late autumn, a follow-up to her debut appearance here earlier this year.

Commented Ms Jackson: "Since I'm not going to change the material I do, I decided to change the way it's been presented... the way it should be done!"

● 'Get It Out'cha System' is reviewed on page 14.

Captain's King

THE FULL line-up of King, the band formed by former Darned bassist Captain Sensible, has now been announced.

Sensible has switched to lead guitar, with Henry Bradowksi on vocals, sax and keyboards and Kym Bradshaw (formerly with the Saints and the Lurkers) on bass. Dave Berk of the Johnny Moped band is currently filling in on drums, and another keyboards player will also join the band in the near future.

They're about to play a series of dates in Ireland and America, but won't be playing live dates on the British mainland until September.

Magazine for Lyceum

FOLLOWING THE cancellation of a proposed London concert at the Theatre Royal Howard Devoto's Magazine will now headline at the Lyceum on July 30.

Tickets are available now, priced at £2.00 and support will be the Skids. Magazine also fit in another re-scheduled date this week, at Birmingham Barbarellas on July 29.

● Magazine and the Buzzcocks both feature in a Granada TV documentary about Manchester music which will be screened this Thursday (27). They were filmed at a special concert at the Lesser Free Trade Hall last weekend... the second anniversary of the Sex Pistols and the Buzzcocks' first appearance there.

Pirates added to Reading

THE PIRATES are the latest addition to this year's Reading Festival bill, and they play there on August 26 (Saturday).

The band, who are currently recording their third album, also play Torquay Town Hall on August 23 and Plymouth Metro August 24.

David Byron solo single

FORMER URIAH Heep lead singer David Byron releases his first solo single this week, entitled 'African Breeze'.

Byron has spent the past few months recording his first, as yet untitled, solo album for Arista Records.

More dates for Rich Kids

THE RICH KIDS continue touring with a series of dates in August, including a headlining appearance at the London Music Machine.

They play: Cardiff Top Rank August 1, Torquay Town Hall 2, Plymouth Metro 3, London Music Machine 4, Bircote Leisure Centre 5, Blackpool Imperial Hotel 6.

● Support for all the above dates will be all-female band the Slits.

Three Degrees charity concert

AMERICAN soulsters Three Degrees play a special charity concert in front of HRH Prince Charles at Eastbourne Kings Country Club this Thursday (July 27).

IN BRIEF

THE Pleasers appear on ITV's 'Breakers' on August 1. Their new single, 'You Don't Know', is also released in August.

IAN Mathews releases a new album 'Stealin' Home' on August 11. Guests on the album, the first Mathews has recorded in Britain since 1973, include Pete Wingfield and Rick Kemp.

EEL PIE Records' second single, 'Work On Her' by No Sweat, is released this week.

THE ALBANY Empire, Deptford - burned down in a mystery fire recently - has started a 'fire fund' appeal. Contributions to Fire Fund, c/o Midland Bank, Deptford High St, SE8.

THE SQUARES, a Leeds-based band, are the second British act to be signed to the Sire label, now distributed by WEA in the UK.

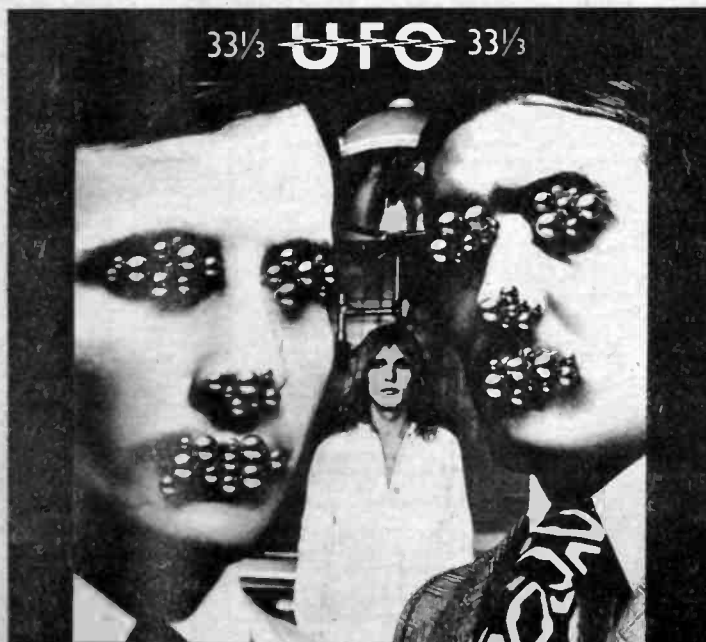
REAL Records have signed a licensing deal with WEA, and one of their first releases will be a solo album from former Heathbreakers Johnny Thunders (with "Guest appearance from Steve Jones, Paul Cook and Phil Lynott). Also in the pipeline is a new single from the Slits.

SINGER songwriter Vince Cadillac, currently residing in Belgium, releases 'Voodoo Woman' as his new single this week.

SCOTTISH band the Rezillos will be supported by a selection of Fast Product bands on their forthcoming UK tour. Lined up so far are The Mekons (28 and 29 July), Gang of Four (31 July to August 15), and the Scars (August 21 to 23).

JAZZ rock outfit Pacific Eardrum release a new album and single in August. The single 'Love On A Merry Go Round' precedes the second album 'Beyond Panic' on August 5.

THE often-covered hit 'Slow Dancing', is released in its original version by Jack Tempchin this week. Tempchin is currently working on a solo album.



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Chrysalis Records & Tapes

THE PLANNED free concert in Hyde Park in August has now been cancelled after the organisers, Virgin Records, were unable to find a suitable headlining act.

A deadline from the Department of the Environment, who approve any event in the Royal park, to finalise a bill by last Friday couldn't be met and Virgin were forced to "reluctantly" call the whole thing off.

Explained a Virgin spokesman: "The cost of mounting the concert, traditionally shouldered by the headliners, would this year have run to £25,000. It is difficult to find bands able, or prepared, to support such a cost and we were unable to find one by last week."

As previously reported Virgin, and the DoE, had already agreed that Thin Lizzy would headline the event - then

HYDE PARK CANCELLED

No bands available

set for August 5 or 12. However, a spokesman for Thin Lizzy maintained that they had never agreed to play Hyde Park, and were in fact due to tour America at the time of the concert. Once Virgin realised that Lizzy would

not in fact play they approached the DoE to obtain permission for the Stranglers to appear.

This permission was granted last week, with Virgin boss Richard Branson then offering the concert to the Stranglers. According to Virgin: "We offered the Stranglers an opportunity to play in London and they didn't take it."

However the Stranglers' story is somewhat different. Their publicist Alan Edwards last week claimed that the band did not have sufficient time to organise their appearance, and would be in America in August. By Friday the situation remained unresolved and Virgin informed the DoE of their decision to cancel.

But added the Virgin spokesman: "If any suitable band does approach us within the next few days we will try to get the DoE to extend the deadline."

RED COW TO CLOSE

THE RED COW, one of London's better known "breaking grounds" for rock bands, is to close down.

But the Hammersmith pub is to bow out in style with a series of concerts by some of the best up and coming bands that have played there, including Advertising, John Otway and the Boyfriends.

Final August dates so far confirmed are: Dead Fingers Talk (3), John Otway (4-10), Advertising (11 and 12), White Cats (13), The Records (14), Jab Jab (17 and 18), The Boyfriends (19 and 20), The Bishops (23), 90 Degrees Inclusive (24), Landscape (26) and Warren Harry (27 and 28).

City Boy album

CITY BOY, currently in the charts with '5-7-0-5' release their new album on August 18.

The band, up until now more successful in America and Europe than in their home country, aren't planning any live dates in Britain until the end of the year.

10cc new single

THE NEW single from 10cc is released this week.

'Dreadlock Holiday', an Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman composition, is one of 12 tracks on the new 10cc album, entitled 'Bloody Tourists', which will be available in September. It's backed with another Stewart / Gouldman composition 'Nothing Can Move Me'.

10cc begin the British leg of their world tour in Liverpool on September 3.

Palmer to tour

SINGER ROBERT Palmer makes his first British appearance as a solo artist in September with a headlining London concert.

He plays Hammersmith Odeon on September 13, as part of a European tour which takes in Germany, Holland and Belgium. His last shows in this country were with Vinegar Joe in the early seventies.

This time Palmer will be touring with his full American band featuring Jack Waldman (keyboards), Joe Galdo (drums), Pierre Brock (bass), Steve Robbins (keyboards) and Freddie Wall (lead guitar).

Tickets for the Odeon concert, at present the only British show, are available now priced at £3, £2.50, and £2.00.



STEVE HILLAGE: a long set

Two dates at Marquee for Hillage

FOLLOWING FREE appearance at Harwich (August 5) and Bristol (8) Steve Hillage returns to the confines of the London Marquee on August 7 and 8.

... with the intention of recording a new live album. Hillage intends to play a long set with no support. He told Record Mirror this week: "We've played so much since the Lyceum concert in that this recording should reflect the enormous improvement".

Ultravox to play five

ULTRAVOX are set to equal the record for the longest consecutive stint at London's Marquee Club next month.

They play five nights there from August 19 to 23 - rivaling Eddie and the Hot Rods' marathon nearly two years ago. Ultravox also release a new single, 'Slow Motion', on August 4, which will be followed by their second album 'Systems Of Romance' in September.

As previously reported the band appear at the Reading Festival on August 25.

TOURS

VALENTINO make their debut live appearance at London Dingwalls on July 31.

WHITE CATS: London Rock Garden July 27, London Hope and Anchor 28, London Canning Town Bridge House 29, London Rochester Castle 30, London Dingwalls August 1, Acton White Hart 2, London Gravesend Red Lion 5.

THE HEAT: Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre August 1, London Gravesend Red Lion 3, Brighton Alhambra 9, Margate Bowlers Arms 17, Basildon Van Gough 28.

THE DODGERS: Penzance The Garden August 1, Plymouth Woods 2, Sheffield Limit Club 4, Leeds F Club 5, Norwich Toppers 9, Newport The Village 11, Lincoln AJ's 12, Swindon Brunel Rooms 15.

RAMBOW, featuring former Winkles guitarist Phillip Rambow, play: London Windsor Castle July 28, London Red Cow 29, London Nashville 30.

IGNATZ take a break from Scottish dates next week with gigs at: London Golden Lion August 3, London Dingwalls 4, London Hope and Anchor 8.

MAC CURTIS, American rockabilly singer, adds Isle Of Wight Lakeside Inn on September 22 to his forthcoming tour.

DANNY AND THE WILDCATS: Farnworth Veterans Club July 28, Barkingside Old Maypole 29, London Southgate Royalty August 3, London Tottenham White Hart 4.

SPEED - O - METORS, whose first single 'Tonight, Tonight' is released shortly, play: Basildon Double Six Club August 4, London Hope And Anchor 6, London Marquee 6.

New band for Otway

FOLLOWING THE "dissolution" of his partnership with Wild Willy Barrett renowned Aylesbury loony John Otway returns to the stage next month with a new band.

He plays a week of concerts at the London Red Cow from August 4 to August 10, all tickets priced at 75p. These dates are followed by Otway's annual free concert in Aylesbury, which this year takes place in the Market Square on the afternoon of August 13.

The concert will be filmed by ATV for a documentary entitled 'Aylesbury - Home of John Otway' to be screened as part of the 'England Their England' series.

Jam dates

THE JAM warm up to their appearance at this year's Reading Festival on August 25 ... with a series of seaside dates!

The new wave trio play Torquay Town Hall on July 30, Plymouth Fiesta August 1 and Bournemouth Bowl August 2 before venturing inland to Swindon Brunel Rooms on August 4. A new, and as yet untitled, single will be released to coincide with the Jam's sandy outing.

Edinburgh mini rock festival

EDINBURGH'S TRADITIONAL cultural festival in August and September this year will be augmented by a mini "rock festival" in the city.

The organisers plan to use three venues - Clouds, Tiffanys and the Edinburgh Odeon - to present a wide variety of rock acts for the period of the festival - August 21 to September 8.

So far confirmed are Slouxsie and the Banshees at Clouds (August 18) and the Rezillos (25), and Sham 69 (September 1) are the same venue. Other acts, not yet confirmed, linked with the festival include Patti Smith; Graham Parker and the Rumour and Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders. A full bill is expected to be announced shortly.

Meanwhile the Edinburgh Anti-Nazi League are running a carnival in the city's Craigmillar Park on August 5. Featured bands include The Valves, the Monos and the Freeze. The organisers had originally hoped that the Clash would appear, but it was understood as we went to press that funds would prove insufficient.

Penetration headline

DESPITE BANS by the Nashville and the Marquee after damage caused by "over-zealous" fans recently Penetration are set to headline at the London Lyceum next month. The band, currently recording their debut album, play there on August 20, supported by Punishment of Luxury.

Birch gets a Record

THE RECORDS, formed by ex-Kursaal Flyer Will Birch, start their first British club tour at Southend Shrimpers on July 30.

Other dates are: London Hope and Anchor July 31, Exeter Roots August 7, Penzance The Garden 8, Plymouth Woods Centre 9, London Dingwalls 10, London Hope and Anchor 11, London Red Cow 14, High Wycombe Nags Head 17, Leeds F Club 19, London Nashville 20, London Hope and Anchor 23 and 24.

Ellis wants your gear

FORMER Vibrator John Ellis is looking for material to be used in a rock music exhibition.

John wants to trace the history of rock music from the fifties to the present day. He's looking for promotion material, stage props, old instruments, newspaper clippings, and anything connected with music.

The exhibition will be staged in Hamburg in mid-November and all items will be insured and returned after the exhibition. Anyone who has anything to offer should contact John at 16 Crouch Hill, Islington, London, N4.



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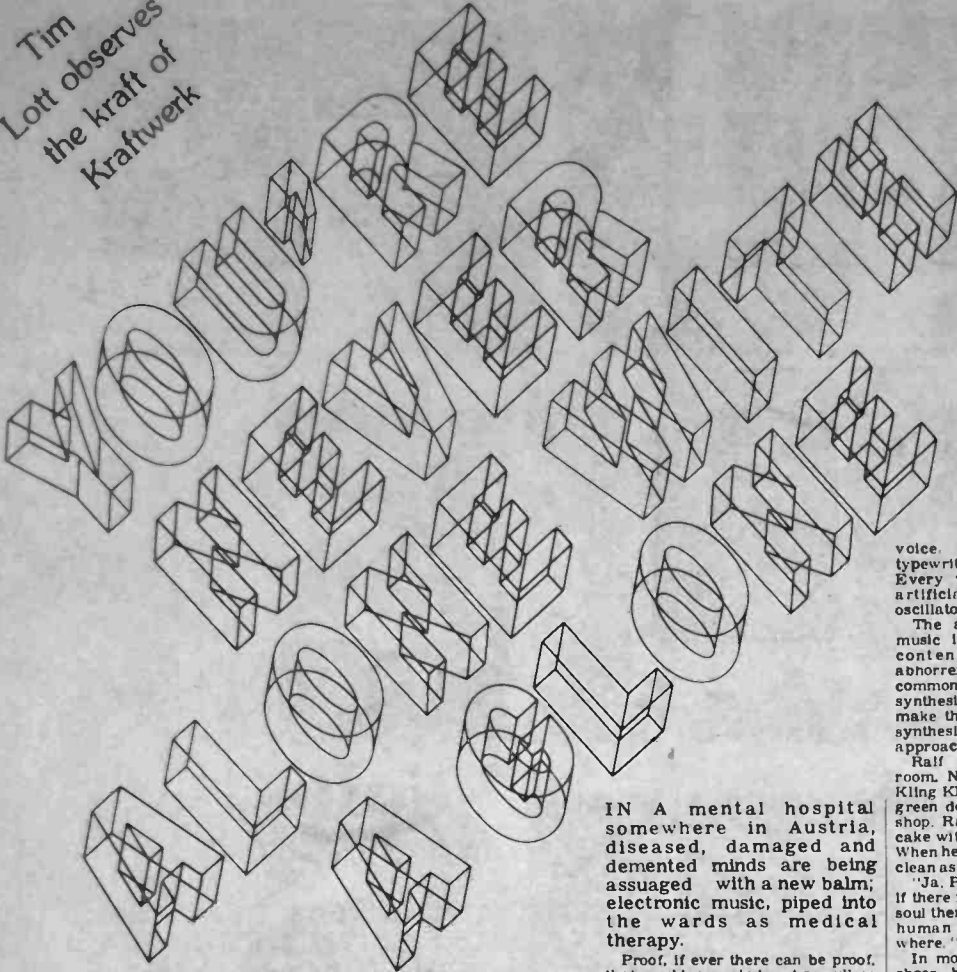
A close look at the complexities of outside broadcasting.

A review on one of the new rack hi-fi systems.

This and lots more about all types of hi-fi equipment, including the latest buyer's guide list to a vast range of equipment prices is in the August issue of...



Tim Lott observes the kraft of Kraftwerk



IN A mental hospital somewhere in Austria, diseased, damaged and demented minds are being assuaged with a new balm; electronic music, piped into the wards as medical therapy.

Proof, if ever there can be proof, that machine music is not a soulless ogre. It is a panacea.

In a cluttered room in Dusseldorf, Germany, 15 feet wide and 25 feet long, scientists labour into the night, creating and refining this panacea. But this time it is for body therapy, for rhythmic stimulation.

They number four, these teutonic technocrats hunched tight-lipped over their glinting machines, they communicate in the inevitable barks and yelps of the German language.

They look alike. They sound alike. They are Kraftwerk. Die Mensch Maschinen. The Powerplant. The human machines.

In this small concrete cube, Ralf Hutter, Florian Schneider, Wolfgang Flur, Karl Bartos and £125,000 worth of hardware are designing the music of the next generation; or perhaps the generation after.

Bartos and Flur are little more than minions of the beat in this grand project. They are drummers, or, more accurately, electronic percussionists. Neither of them compose. The architects of the Kraftwerk sound are Hutter and Schneider, "singers" and robotniks, robot-workers.

With severe haircut matching severe expression, Hutter stands bolt upright in this, the Kling Klang studio-laboratory, and surveys his domain with a grave satisfaction.

"This!" he pronounces, "is all our life."

Steel, glass, wire, machines of visionary design, instruments of synthesis. Around three of the walls, multi-hued neon lights, flickering are stacked eight high. Incongruously, on the wall by the single door a small poster depicting a dozen types of bird life hangs, half loose.

Like a boys' playroom, the studio is cluttered and apparently chaotic. Ralf politely demonstrates some of his toys. The Moog synthesiser. The digital storage machine. The tape recorder.

Perhaps the most interesting instrument of all he is unable to demonstrate because the power system is off. It is a "talking typewriter," which is a perfectly accurate self-description.

That is, when you type out words on the phonetic keyboard, instead of writing, it speaks and it is not just a matter of a key activating a tape of a recorded

voice. Nothing so basic. The typewriter is a synthesiser in itself. Every voice sound is completely artificial, created by electronic oscillators.

The artificiality of Kraftwerk music itself has been a bone of contention among fans and abhorrents for years. The most common accusation made is that synthesiser music — and Kraftwerk make their music exclusively from synthesised sounds — is that their approach is without soul.

Ralf stares flintily across the room. Not the claustrophobia of the Kling Klang studios, but in the open green decor of a Dusseldorf cake-shop. Ralf chews every crumb of his cake with slow clockwork intensity. When he is finished the plate looks so clean as to be sterilised.

"Ja. People say this about us. But if there is such a thing as heart and soul then it is in everything, not just human beings. Soul is everywhere."

In monochrome regalia — white shoes, black pullover, white shirt, black tie, white teeth, black trousers — he pauses to sip his coffee. His black coffee.

"We use robots. But they use us also. This is a state which man must become accustomed to."

In Western Society the relationship between men and machines has been disturbed. It is a "use me and dispose of me" mentality that has been going on for two hundred years.

"Kraftwerk have great tenderness for their machines. Great affection."

"People say we have no souls. But classical musicians — do they have a soul? And yet they are machines. They perform what is written down for them many years before."

"We are machines. Man is heading towards a more robotic existence."

Kraftwerk, in fact, all come from a classical music background. They were brought up with Beethoven and Schubert. They didn't actually have much choice, since German, in terms of pop culture, is a vacuum.

Pop music in Germany — in fact in all of Europe, except for Britain — is a cultural import. Kraftwerk had no native culture to evolve from. They had to create themselves out of nothing.

"You can synthesise your existence. We created ourselves synthetically. I suppose you might call it ersatz. But that is not necessarily the case."

"The real meaning of the word 'synthetic' is 'putting together', which is all we are doing."

A waitress drifts past, close. With classic Germanic politeness, he purses his lips and raises both his eyebrows and a single index finger.

The waitress ignores him. This scene is enacted several times, each attempt as unsuccessful as the last, but Ralf resolutely refuses to resort to an "Oi, Ibsheini!" to get his bowl of coffee cream.

Ralf not only talks machine, he lives it. He has the infinite patience of a printed circuit.

The Kraftwerk ethos of an industrial — via machines — approach to art, is not a new one. In pre-war Germany, there was an institution called the Bauhaus, which was a school of environmental design, combining art and technology.

Unfortunately, the Nazis took the

view that such a movement was subversive, and outlawed it. Everything that was created, for many years after, was reactionary.

"Only today is it realised how advanced the Bauhaus was," says Ralf. "But the Bauhaus made a peculiar omission. Although it applied its techniques to most art forms — painting, sculpture, drama — it ignored music."

"We applied that school of thought to music. We are the innovators."

Taking for granted that military equals reactionary, it is an odd paradox that Kraftwerk's new album 'The Man Machine' is decorated with a cover photograph featuring the quartet in military pose, replete in red shirts, black ties and single file formation.

It is not a record company invention. Kraftwerk, are a self-contained unit, and control all such packaging. The photo evokes hygiene, idealism, uniformity: symptoms of totalitarianism.

"It is something very hard to explain without sounding pretentious. There is a school of thought called Fluxus Art. It is performance art, creativity in process."

"The German word is Sachlichkeit for which there is no English translation. Literally it means, 'thingliness', the thing itself. Attitudes and objects at the same time it was a visual movement."

I point out that this is circumnavigating the point Ralf duly alters course to a less tangential explanation.

The 'Military' suggests marching soldiers. Uniforms are interpreted in relation to the military.

"We think of uniforms in relation to society. We are suggesting that Kraftwerk is a unit, that we have just come from a machine, mass produced."

"Individuality has been exaggerated in the 20th Century. Everybody wants so much to be different."

"But individuality is just wishful thinking. It is a sales argument, designed to stimulate commerce. They take animals and cut legs off to develop new cosmetics so we can all look different. It is sick."

"Germany doesn't need individuals. It doesn't want heroes. It has had enough of them. Dr. Goebbels perfected the hero system. We want something more corporate. We cultivate anonymity."

They succeed in this aim. Leaving the cake shop, Ralf conducts me austere around the new Dusseldorf (the old Dusseldorf was bombed out of existence by the allies during the war). Although 'The Robots' is a hit single in Germany, he goes unrecognized, despite going into three record shops.

In one of the shops he buys two copies of the French-language version of 'Trans Europe Express', one for me and one for himself. There is no back-scratching record industry here to ring up and get free copies — "It is like living on another planet. It is the Akron of Germany."

Ralf also gives me a copy of the German language 'Man-Machine' (Die Mensch Maschine). "The music is tuned to the rhythms of the German language."

The lyrics are international, because their meaning is fairly irrelevant. They are simply other rhythmic devices. In Germany a distinction is made between rock 'n' roll and 'composed' music — Das Lied and Die Musik (the Song and the Music. Kraftwerk create die musik).

"Our lyrics are not (sic) story telling Anglo-American rock music is literature accompanied by music. Ours is music with little literature."

Kraftwerk, as must be evident, are not simply musicians. They are experimental researchers. Ralf — 31 — has an engineering degree. The rest of Kraftwerk are similarly well educated.

Their concept and visions of music are apocalyptic. The guitar age, says Ralf, is over. The music of oscillators, the age of the machine operators is upon us. In Dusseldorf, they have the technology.

"We have, for example, taken the perspiration out of drumming. It is no longer like chopping wood. We have electronic percussion, a keyboard panel activated by metal contacts. Our drummers no longer sweat."

Being such a rhythmically directed band — which is essentially what separates them from other pure Electronic groups like Tangerine Dream and Can — their



Kraftwerk go to work



Kraftwerk at play



Kraftwerk go to the bog

STUFF

LIKE

THIS

MAKES No.1

"STUFF LIKE THAT"

THE HIT SINGLE FROM

QUINCY JONES

TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM "SOUNDS...AND STUFF LIKE THAT"

(AMLH 64685)



research into percussion is extensive.

One of their most prodigious inventions is a drum machine that inverts the relationship between rhythms and dance. Up until now, dancers have moved to the rhythm of the drum.

But Kraftwerk have designed a drum that responds to body movements by a series of light circuits. When a limb breaks a light beam it activates a drum beat; thus the drum is played without actually touching a control, and responds directly to the tempo of the dancer.

Perhaps the most controversial aspect of their automatic vision is the Kraftwerk dummies.

These dummies — fashioned in the exact likeness of their God-creators — are currently little more than immobile mannequins. But, like Frankenstein monsters, they are developing life of their own. They will, sooner or later, to all intents and purposes, become Kraftwerk.

"We intend to send the dummies on tour", says Ralf. "They will be programmed to perform our music with a random factor, as that they will improvise it themselves."

"It is practical. We do not like touring very much, because it is not productive. These models could do more improvisation than any of the performers in the rock idiom."

Also, Kraftwerk do not like touring because of the delicacy and value of their precious machines. When asked if the hardware is as expensive as it looks, Ralf will reply with a rare flash of humour, "no, it is more expensive than I look."

The Kraftwerk philosophy, though some might view it as heartless and anti-creative, has its social advantages. Humility for example.

"All this 'I am an artist' stuff is really stupid. We see through all those arty types."

"We are robots. We have become robots through our experience of working and living. We are just musical workers."

The cover of the album bears some Russian characters. Translated, it means 'robotnik', the Russian word for worker. You see, there isn't that much difference between robots and workers. So what if we four Kraftwerks are robots? We sing to ourselves."

For robots, Kraftwerk display some very non-mechanoid characteristics. Their hobby is disco dancing, a little known preoccupation among such relatives as washing machines and lawn mowers.

Also, unlike machines, they are in their own control. They manage themselves and act as a self-contained business unit.

"Many groups", says Ralf, with uncharacteristic venom, "are puppets. It is very hard to do management. But we do not want to be put into the position of commodities."

"Many people put all that stuff to one side."

Ralf throws his head back in mock prima donna style.

"They think it is beneath them. They are artists. It is really stupid."

Just before I leave Dusseldorf for London, we have high tea on a pavement cafe. Ralf has an immense appetite, for a robot.

He stares suspiciously at a middle aged man walking innocently past.

"You can tell them," he says, grimly. "The nazis. They are still here."

"There is thus a huge generation gap in Germany. The youth are very badly disposed towards the older generation. They all had some connection with the things that happened."

The elderly man shuffles on.

"Kraftwerk music is political. Everything that has the potential to change things is political. Science is always political because it deals with realities."

"We are introducing sounds to society. That is political."

And Ralf chews astronomically on his steamed leg of pork. On the street and in the glass offices, cash registers clank, computers stutter, wheels turn and engines snort. In a discotheque somewhere in Europe, the DJ spins Donna Summer's 'I Feel Love', the first hit realisation of the Kraftwerk sound. In Austria, lunatics are saved.

And in Dusseldorf, the occupants of the tiny flats above the Kling-Klang studios, look faintly irritated as entirely unfamiliar sounds permeate their privacy.



GIRL ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE

Barry Cain finds out about Joan Armatrading's dark past

JOAN ARMATRADING ain't exactly my idea of a carnival ride with a mouth full of candyfloss. She's never particularly appealed to me. Saw her once two years ago. Distinctly unimpressed. Her introspection reminded me of a Guinness ad, y'know taste the black through the white. 'Cept with Jooney you're tasting the black through the black and that gets more than a little tedious.

The albums never got to me. Understood, I guess, why the fuss but neither concurred nor cared. So the prospect of an interview was not daunting. Nor nervy. Nor for that matter too interesting. I was not in love, but may be open to persuasion.

I remained unimpressed. I think.

I didn't really gather that much from her during our short tele-a-tete. Except that she was an awkward customer. But that's been said before by those more articulate than me who loved Jooney dearly but who came away intensely frustrated after meeting her.

But I sussed out a few things about her.

She's black. I mean real black. A blackness that perhaps extends down into her soul, not her heart you understand, simply her soul.

She adores flat caps. Well she never told me that exactly but she wore one throughout the

interview and didn't even bother to doff it in a gentleman's presence. What is this ultra-feminine make-up bag world coming to?

She talks intimately only to friends. (Previous interviews had revealed a tendency to substitute herself for others that had experienced emotions. Habit forming and ultimately a character suicide).

She could be the 20th century female version of Peter Pan — the little girl who never grew up.

See what you think.

Hullo Joan. Let's talk about 'The Wild Geese'. Now what's a nice young black lady like you doing writing a song for a blood and guts movie like this which depicts in delightful but red detail scenes of white guys gunning down myriad black guys?

"I like the film," she answered in distinct ingreent English tones. Could pass for a cockney on a Caribbean beach but for the ebony pigmentation.

"Okay, so a lot of blacks get killed by whites — but the film does carry a message, albeit one slightly hidden by a multitude of scenes straight out of Boys' Own."

"I always wanted to write for films."

Mission accomplished. Summary so far — nervous afflictions two, an indefatigable desire to play with the peak of her Andy eap and gentle but incessant tapping of the knees. Also — she answers immediately. None of the clumsy "er's" and "y'know's" common to many stars'.

What of the current race problems manifesting themselves in the Bengal twilight zones of the East End? Impressions, maybe even the

occasional view?

"Journalists are always trying to make out I have a problem because I'm black. Let me tell you something... I don't."

"Journalists are always trying to make me say I grew up in a deprived Birmingham ghetto. Let me tell you something... I didn't."

"Sure, it happens in some cities. And don't think I had it easy. I was one of six kids and we were very poor. We just didn't happen to live in a ghetto. So I never had to fight for anything on that score."

"So don't ask me about contemporary race problems. I refuse to voice an opinion publicly. I may talk about it to friends but I don't want to see what I think politically in writing. Besides, people in my position who do talk openly on political matters have the unfortunate tendency to influence the thoughts of their fans. And I don't think that's quite ethical."

She goes on (and on) to bemoan the state of journalism, or, more precisely, the state of journalists whom she has encountered. "I just get disappointed when I read my interviews."

Hi Joan — what do you think of it so far. Disappointed huh? Thought so.

We talk of Blackbushe (bear in mind this was before the event).

"Bob Dylan contacted my agent and asked him if I would play at the festival. Apparently I've been told he really enjoys my work. I must admit, the first Dylan album I bought was 'Blood On The Tracks' so I guess I'm not an ecstatic fan. But I do like some of his stuff."

"The last time I played an open air festival was Reading — and I spent

my entire set untangling the chains around my neck which I fiddled nervously with beforehand."

Shy huh?

"I was very shy. See, when I was younger I had to spend a lot of time with my brothers. But they didn't really want anything to do with me so I found myself alone most days."

"They were too busy having boy fun so more and more I had to rely on myself for company. So I just reached the point where I couldn't relax with people."

"But now I've learned to relax. It was a case of having to tell myself 'It's pointless making a hard job of this' and from then on I started enjoying myself."

"But I won't relax completely until I do everything I want — like playing more gigs and making more records and having more people like me."

"That's not to say I'm a different Joan Armatrading from the one that first started out in this game. I once wrote 'No, you haven't changed — I've just got to know you better'. Like, you don't really get to know someone for three years."

What type of person do you take the trouble to get to know?

"Unselfish, considerate people. People who think of others — though not necessarily putting others first. How can you help others if you can't help yourself?"

"I guess I've only got one really good friend. She would do anything for me and I would do anything for her. She was very good to me when I first started out and put me up. My income then was £6 a week and my

rent was £5 — but I didn't want for anything. That's how good she was."

"I'm not really very close to my family. I still occasionally see two brothers and a sister but not my parents. They still live in Birmingham and it's just a question of time."

One of those instant memory bobbies burst.

"My dad kicked me out when I was 18. He was fixing the telly and I made a silly remark when he just blew his top. It was the damndest thing."

"I ran into my room and packed my school satchel with some books, a toothbrush, limeticks I had written over the years and a camera! Know something? To this day I've never been able to understand why I took a camera. No food, no clothes, no money — but a camera!"

"I went and stayed with my brother's girlfriend for a while — till my parents begged me to return home. And when I walked back through the front door I finally realised I could never stay."

"See, most of my childhood was spent looking after my brothers and sisters. I knew that was no way to carry on and I couldn't spend the rest of my life doing that. So the row I had with my dad had just brought everything to a head."

Mmmnnn. Sometimes this 27-year-old non-smoking, non-drinking DOES give more than simple scratch the surface answers. But it doesn't last long.

We're all entitled to be introverts — but mainly by choosing her particular occupation Miss Armatrading must have a little ostentation in her make-up. Somewhere.



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SINGLES

PHILIP HALL sends his love

DEAR JOE PUBLIC, HAVING A GREAT TIME IN THE SUN LISTENING TO:

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: 'Badlands' (CBS 8532). The classic rock 'n' roll mumbler, back with a song that confirms Springsteen's mighty power. He may sound painfully bitter, but this single still lifted me immensely. The song builds up to a sky high climax, with burning sax and guitar solos contributing to the urgent atmosphere. A 'turn the volume up' single.

JOHNATHAN RICHMAN: 'Abdul & Cleopatra' (Beserkley Bzz 19). Young Johnny gets back to his Egyptian roots with a song full of Eastern charm and innocence. Not quite as brittle as his last effort, but still full of simple chants and handclaps. A hit with camel dealers, Yassa Arafat and ME!

STEVE HARLEY: 'Roll The Dice' (EMI 2830). I've always admired Mr Harley, probably because I've never had the misfortune to meet him. This single is strongly Americanised; very smooth, very polished, with Harley's voice less distinctive than usual. It's got a hook line which I can't stop singing, and which you should give a listen to.

MET A LOT OF INTERESTING NEW PEOPLE.

THE LURKERS: 'I Don't Need To Tell Her' (Beggars Banquet Beg 8). Crash, bang, wallop. Simpler than The Ramones, faster than Sham, minimalism lives on. I like The Lurkers in the same way as I like reading comics. No need to use your mind. Primitive pleasure.

THE HIPPIES GRAVEYARD



JOHNNY G.

MR CURT: 'Write Down Your Number' (Euphoria ESS 008). No, not another intellectual Yankee weirdo. It is a piece of melodic sixties pop. It's good, above par, radio listening. Obscure, but well worth the effort.

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES: '14th Floor' (SRTS/CUS 77088). Home made single, with staples holding the cover together and a simple message, "Please review this single, that's all we ask." This is amateurism at its most appealing. Almost a punk ballad, with the flat vocals, singing a sincere statement on high rise living. Worth a hundred other singles, simply because it is a record everyone can relate to. No flash production, but honest band next door music.

NEON HEARTS: 'Answers' (Satri 8AT 133). Bouncy pop, with a fizz that leaves a pleasant taste behind. Singer Tone Dial, seems to keep acquiring a sore throat! Would be power pop, if there was such a thing and that's no insult.

THE DICKIES: 'Eve Of Destruction' (A&M AMS7373). Crazy sprinting version of an almost unrecognisable sixties classic. Weird vocals, conventional punk backing track and bleeps, to add to the futuristic feel. Comes and goes, demands replay.

THE LATE SHOW: 'I Like It' (Decca F 13788). Sounds a bit like one of those songs found in early sixties British pop films. It's corny, has a cheeky cockney singer and is mildly exciting. Even so, at least Decca have at last found themselves an unusually interesting young band.

MTFUJ: consistently big in Japan



CORNWALL: sells well. Great pasties 'n' cream riffs

Wish you could hear

THE STOAT: 'Up To You' (City Records NIK3). Jangly new wave rodents. The Stoat are quite harmless but friendly, and though rare are well worth looking out for.

MEATLOAF: 'Two Out Of Three, Ain't Bad' (Epic EPC 8281). Meatloaf goes mellow, sounding old fashioned, romantic and far from repulsive. This song should be as huge as Meatloaf, but somehow doesn't build up to the climax you expect. Though highlighting Meatloaf's versatility, it's probably too slight to be a hit, aah!

SAW SOME OLD FRIENDS.

SMALL FACES: 'Fifty Rich' (Atlantic KIII73). "If I was famous, like my best mates are", sings Steve Marriot (who?). Touching, down to earth, music hall, singalong number. It's nostalgic, sentimental but sadly out of date.

BRYAN FERRY: 'Sign Of The Times' (Polydor 2001 789). Newcastle's world famous tailor's dummy returns with a rather uninspired ditty. It's catchy, short and deceptively simple, but still sounds very ordinary to me.

EARTH, WIND & FIRE: 'Magic Mind' (CBS 6490). E. W&F stand out like Rolls Royces in a world full of mass produced machines. This single with its pooping horns and truly soulful rhythm, is both listenable and danceable, a rare achievement.



10cc: 'Dreadlock Holiday' (Mercury 6008 035). Not a bad product from those Kings of sterility, 10cc. It's got a fairly authentic reggae beat, and even the lyrics mark a return to their former high quality tongue in cheek style. Trouble is, it's not all that commercial, but I like it and that's all that matters, to me anyway.

PLENTY OF DOWN 'N' OUTS AROUND:

PLASTIC BERTRAND: 'Sha La La La Lee' (Vertigo 6059 209). Effeminate Froggy blunders his way through an important part of

our British heritage. Bert Plastic, the novelty's all worn off, now it just sounds foreign to me.

RICHARD MYHILL: 'We've Got Something More' (Mercury Tango 2). A great cabaret single, music to eat to. If it had been on triangular vinyl it would probably have been a hit.

RINGO STARR: 'Tonight' (Polydor 2001 795). If Ringo lived in England he'd probably host a Saturday night TV 'spectacular'. He certainly has the right qualifications. He's bland, boring and has a knack of choosing reject love songs.

VERDEN & LUTHER: 'On The Rebound' (Jet Records JET 112). Two ex Mott men sounding rather dated. Fairground beat on a Big Dipper of a song.

BRYAN & MICHAEL: 'Evensong' (Pye 7N 48115). The one you've all been waiting for, the follow up. It's dismal, farewell lads, nice knowing you.

THE NIGHT LIFE'S AVERAGE:

PUSH: 'Cambridge Stamp' (Sticky Label STK500). Stop go dance record from Sheffield new wavers. A bit too clever, but still semi enjoyable.

DERRINGER: 'Lawyers, Guns & Money' (Blue Sky SKYR2484). A Warren Zevon penned US rocker. Cheerful sound with lyrics which actually contain a sense of humour. Proves that LA does still contain traces of intelligent life.

DOUBLE LIFE: 'Angel Street' (Quiet Records SCH1). A good song spoiled by an over the top MOR production. The sort of band that wins New Faces but achieves little else.

UFO: 'Only You Can Rock Me' (Chrysalis CHS2241). Watered down heavy metal EP. Clever stuff for headbangers with brains. It sent me to sleep.

JOHNNY G: 'Hippy's Graveyard' (Beggars Banquet BEG7). One guy who definitely wasn't at Black-bushe. Obvious lyrics, obvious music.

TONIGHT: 'Wheels' (TDS Records TD54). Hypnotic Blue Oyster Cult riff. Doesn't seem to have the strong hook line you'd expect from them, therefore little commercial potential.

PHOENIX: 'Time Of The Season' (Rocket ROKN 543). Classy single from a band formed out of the ashes of Argent. FM music for fashionable morons.

TANYA TUCKER: 'Save Me' (MCA 372). Passionate plea on behalf of the hunted seals. Surprisingly not too wet, but genuinely commercial.

RANDY MEISNER: 'I Really Want You Here Tonight' (Asylum K13130). Ex Eagle man not sounding as dull as I expected. Good smoochy voice, Bread like song, average MOR.

JIMMY BO HORNE: 'Dance Across The Floor' (TK Records TKR8028). Strong KC rhythms almost made me move my arthritic limbs. Superior repetition.

WET 'N' WINDY.

THE DRIFTERS: 'Closely Guarded Secret' (Arista ARIST 202). God, isn't this nothing? Yes my son, that raises an important theological question, what is nothing? Nothing, is a closely guarded secret!



SHEILAB. DEVOTION: 'You Light My Fire' (Carrere Records EMI 2828). Classic Woolworths disco noise. Music to shoplift to.

JOE BREEN: 'Oh I Want You' (Mountain Records TOP40). Lush Euro style ballad. A bad sad song. Crossroads emotion on vinyl!

LIGHTNING BRINGS BACK OLD MEMORIES.

THE TROGGS: 'Wild Thing' (Lightning Lig 9001). Influential teaser.

CHICOORY TIP: 'Son Of My Father' (Lig 9003). Bouncy pop classic. Still enjoyable.

PYTHON LEE JACKSON: 'In A Broken Dream' (Lig 9004). Brilliant early Stewart number.

LINDISFARNE: 'Meet Me On The Corner' (Lig 9005). Pleasant ethnic pop.

SHOCKING BLUE: 'Venus' (Lig 9006). Breezy early Dutch single. Sounds typically foreign.

GILFORD T. WARD: 'Gaye' (Lig 9008). Sentative ballad deserves another chance.

GARY SHEARSTON: 'Get A Kick Out Of You' (Lig 9009). Unusual hit, still appealing.

THE FLOWERPOT MEN: 'Let's Go To San Francisco' (Lig 9010). Nostalgic stuff for old hippies.

DANIEL BOONE: 'Beautiful Sunday' (Lig 9007). Trite dated pop. Suitable for commercials only.

SIMPLY YOURS, PHILIP HALL

REZILLOS: 'Top Of The Pops' (Sire SIR 4001). Slightly restrained sound from these mad, mad young Scots. Faye Fife's screeching vocals have been smoothed out, while their live energy has been refined to create a single full of polished hooks and riffs. Definitely too good for it ever to be heard on TOTP. But you never know.

DARTS: 'It's Raining' (Magnet Records MAG 198). Will the onslaught of consistently enjoyable Darts singles never stop? This, their first self penned A-side, is slightly softer than usual, but of course still contains their impeccable harmonies. Universal music from the thinking man's Showaddywaddy.

THE REACTION: 'I Can't Resist' (Island WIP 6437). Fast reaction, and a short sharp burst of power from these Rods lookalikes / soundalikes. Nifty single though hardly bursting with originality.

SHOOTER: 'Moneymaker' (EMI INT 563). Driving straight rock number with an annoyingly repetitive chorus. Hard to forget, however hard you try.

MICK FARREN: 'Half Price Drinks' (Logo GO 321). Boozey blueser with Farren praising the virtues of cheap alcohol. Rough 'n' ready that'll sound better after you've had a few. Definitely one for the stoned minds of the world.

ZONES: 'Sign Of The Times' (Arista ARIST 205). Yet another group of young Scots, producing imaginative new wave sounds. Tends to drag on a bit losing some of its initial commercial impact. However, there are so many similar sounding singles out this week that it makes you realise that luck still plays an important part in breaking a group. If they get the airplay, they'll be alright, otherwise.

P. S. (WILL THEY NEVER STOP?)



CITY BOY: changed the words of their single

Jesus, philosophy, world chaos, astrology, ancient mystics, oh, and of course, City Boy

ROBIN SMITH dives in, feet first

5-7-0-5-4-3-2-1-zero. Would you have bought a record with the title of 'Turn On To Jesus'? Would it have been played on TV or radio? Probably not.

So get ready to let City Boy's keyboards player, back-up vocalist and guitarist, Max Thomas tell you the story.

"It was originally a song called 'Turn On To Jesus'. The chorus was going to be 'Turn on to Jesus I have seen the light'. But while everybody liked the tune, people thought it might be better to change the words. The song could be taken as religious satire. So in the end we came up with a silly, telephone song and the chorus came from the five numbers we dreamt up."

Damnation

The song is based on a religious sect who allegedly employ young women to sell their bodies in the name of Christ. According to Max they hang out at airports pouncing on unsuspecting men. Quite what 'ol JC thinks about this isn't known, but it's more novel than preaching hell fire and damnation.

While not being conventionally religious himself, Max is no mean philosopher.

"Half the religious people in the world are a bunch of hypocrites," he says. There's no need to go to church to prove what a good Christian or a good Jew you are. The answer is for all of us to work together. The West is very outward, it's all get out and grab. The East is very inward thinking but they tend to do that on a personal level, individuals trying to discover things about themselves and that's a bit selfish. If only we could combine the two schools of thought.

"I believe a time will come when we're going to have to examine ourselves more closely. There's going to come a time of utter chaos but we'll survive it. Fuel

supplies will be cut off because of international trouble and industry will break down and there will be millions of people unemployed. We'll have to stop being so dehumanised and learn to look at ourselves a little more. Combining the East and West philosophy is a good idea."

Max believes that while we're in this state, higher powers might take a hand to help us. He says they haven't shown themselves in any vast number before because we've been in a position to fight back thinking they were a menace. With so much chaos we'd be too confused.

Max has also studied Astrology. He believes there is definite proof that the moon and other planets do exert certain forces on the earth. When these forces are working, disturbing changes can take place. Some people think this occurs before the outbreak of wars.

"Some fish also follow the action of the moon," continues Max. "They rely on one tide to push them up on the beach so they can shuffle into warm sand and lay their eggs. If the magnetic pattern of the moon is disturbed, it could alter the tides, their eggs will be washed away. It could lead to chaos in the fish world."

Max also has an interest in the teachings of Nostradamus, an ancient mystic who, amongst other things, foretold the coming of

Napoleon and Hitler. But we haven't escaped from tyrants yet, there's a villain still to come from the East.

Max also knows someone whose house was haunted by an old miser. But the ghost left after being convinced by a medium that he was dead.

When Max was in the States he met an old lady who said that in a past life she'd fought at the battle of the Alamo. On a trip there she'd had a feeling of belonging and was overcome by a dizzy spell. Under hypnosis, she revealed she was one of the brave people who set fire to a powder magazine as the Mexicans launched a vicious attack against the stout hearted Americans. Max still corresponds with her.

Nucleus

But we digress too much (you can say that again. Get to the point - Ed). The nucleus of City Boy was formed in 1971 in Birmingham. Until 1974 they were semi professional hitting upon the name City Boy in 1975.

They've released three albums but recognition hasn't exactly been fast in Britain. They're another British band who've done better in the States (how tired I am of writing that line).

"In a way the new wave here upset things for us," continues Max. "We couldn't relate to that. I'm not angry enough. I

come from a middle class background. But now the excitement has died down giving more chance for us to come through. The survivors of new wave will carry on and we'll hopefully get more coverage.

"But it has been frustrating and although we've got this single out we won't be able to tour over here yet because we're booked to appear with Hall And Oates in the States. Their management think our music is compatible with theirs. But our record company in the States haven't got behind our single over there.

"Our albums have been geared more towards the American market but I don't think Americans are more musically aware than the British it's just that they've got more opportunity to listen to all kinds of music, with all those radio stations.

"I remember supporting Be Bop Deluxe and it seemed as if the audience were there just to see us. The set was really emotional and in the end we were in tears, the heat of the moment got to us so much. The crowd rushed to the front and during Be Bop's set half of them left."

Physicist

Let's turn to Max's life. He studied physics and went into teaching. "Maybe it's strange to be a physicist and play in a band, but my ancestors seem to be composed of Welsh singers or poets," he says. "In some strange way I'm related to Ivor Novello.

"I'm a hyper active person so it's good for me to channel that into the music. There is no greater thrill than when you realise you have basic chords of a song. That's a supreme moment of creativity."

In the future City Boy will be releasing another album called 'Book Early'. The title was apparently inspired by Fred Ponton's slogans on holiday adverts.

For the present 5-7-0-5-4-3-2-1's Number One It's Top Of The Pops(?)

IF THE KIDS ARE UNITED!

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B SIDE HAPPY MORNING NIGHTMARE



OFF CENTRE

Edited by TIM LOTT

Branson branches out



RICHARD BRANSON: hippy millionaire with an eye on the sky

THIS MAN — described by his employee Johnny Rotten as an "old hippie" — is entering space race.

The bunny teeth and ragtag hair belong to Richard Branson, millionaire entrepreneur and owner of Virgin Records, that bastion of mythical alternative capitalism.

Branson, who made his fortune after opening a mail order discount service in the late sixties — and who has since retained a large amount of his original "credibility" thanks to the relatively esoteric approach of his label — is diversifying his interests in a £13m expansion scheme.

Branson has acquired the rights to all the footage of the American NASA space shots and over the next year will be compiling them into a full length feature movie for distribution through the local cinema network.

"The film will involve very little dialogue," says Branson. "Mike Oldfield will write a soundtrack for it, so long as it ends up as a 'fantasy' film. He would not be interested in soundtracking a documentary."

Branson has spent many thousands of pounds. Apart from the NASA footage — which should be finished next year, the 10th anniversary of the

moon shot — Branson has acquired the 'Scala' Cinema in Tottenham Court Road.

This is only one branch of Branson's investment programme. He is currently spending £400,000, or thereabouts, on the renovation of The Metropole in Victoria.

On or before November 1 he intends to open the venue as London's first club along the lines of New York's Bottom Line.

There will be seating for 600, and the club will open until 3 am.

"It isn't planned to be very expensive. It's not an alternative Talk of the Town," says Branson. "London has very little in

the way of late night entertainment, and this should fill the gap.

"There will be waitress service but people will not have to eat.

"We hope that the sort of bands who might play the Hammersmith Odeon but would prefer a more intimate atmosphere. Hopefully we could put on somebody like Van Morrison for £3."

It is rumoured that Bruce Springsteen will open the club but Branson will not confirm this.

"Still," he mutters, pensively, as if another idea has been hatched in his exceptionally fertile brain, "you never know".

HUNTING out my hip phrase book and shades I primed myself for my first meeting with A Ramone, or rather the ex-Ramone, Tommy.

Sitting in the hectic offices of WEA, practising my sneers and cool repuses, I awaited the arrival of the former pinhead with studious indifference.

"Kelly, meet Tommy," instructed a neighbour-hood PR, pointing me in the direction of a small, neat individual who, with his hand outstretched towards me, seemed to have modelled himself upon Woody Allan.

"Hi," said Tommy politely, opening the door for me in true gentlemanly style, whilst I floundered behind, totally disconcerted. With his ultra-short hair, natty denim jeans and jacket, brown moccasins and owl-like glasses the chap looked nearer an off-duty bank manager, than one of the leading figures in the American new wave scene.

You see, for the past four years, Tommy Erdelyi has been dividing himself between two roles, firstly as producer, engineer and studio wizard, a career which he has followed for many years; and secondly as the drummer, and co-songwriter in The Ramones — the celebrated New York metal-pop combo.

Sitting talking to Mr Erdelyi, now looking the complete antithesis of a



TOMMY RAMONE now and (insert) then.

Ramone, the thought crosses my mind that I may be in the company of THE utter schizoid.

"When The Ramones first started, I was their manager," he explains. "They were totally unique and different, and as far as I'm concerned, the best. I started drumming with them because we couldn't find anybody who was right for them — and because it was so much fun."

"All my time with them has been great — I just feel that now was the right time to progress to new things. Being with the Ramones I have had literally no free time in four years. I really like being in a studio, producing, making records... and although I did produce both the Ramones and other people like Talking Heads while I was with them, I

found that I didn't have enough time to do everything that I wanted to. It was mainly because of the touring, I found that very time consuming, and often quite boring... but now I've finished with that for good."

"At the moment I'm helping out with the Ramones' film, it's a live one made to coincide with the double live album which was recorded at the Rainbow last time they were over here."

"I produced that album, and I'm also working on the new studio album they are making with their new drummer, Marky. (Formerly known as Mark Bell, and lured from Richard Hell and The Voidoids). He's settled in really well, he's playing a combination of my style and his style and what comes out is just fantastic! He's an old

friend of the band, he comes from Queens too, and the obvious choice. He's definitely going to help them progress."

"Although I'll still be working closely with The Ramones, I'm enjoying my new freedom... I've always been independent, I like being alone. I've got enough money to satisfy my needs for the moment, and plenty of work to keep busy."

"I'm over here now doing some work with a new band called The Squares, who come from Leeds and have just signed to Sire. I'm also looking for more new bands... I don't really mind what they play, as long as it's original and good."

"After so long with just one band, I just wanna make records, play the field, and do interesting things." KELLY PIKE

SEX PISTOLS

Vellied threats of unsavoury litigation have failed to halt publication of the story of the decade. And fortunately for most of their fans (that's you), the SEX PISTOLS FILE is comprised mainly from large format, easy-to-read pictures and ripped-off newspaper headlines. The whole heartwarming story of the four lovable duffers who've changed the face of pop music for at least ten minutes is told in the boy's witty, inclusive vernacular and Ray Stevenson's exclusive, writ-proof snaps. Large format, lots of pages, thick paper.

SEX PISTOLS FILE
 Edited and photographed by Ray Stevenson

IF Punk rock violence is sinister

Sex Pistols get bullet from EMI

FILTH OBNOXIOUS! Police move in on punk Banned Pistols storm up chart

Worthless, decidedly inferior, displeasing...

Available at your local bookshop (unless it's W.M. Smiths) or direct from the publishers at £1.95 plus 30p P & P

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Freshies doomed TV campaign

AUGUST 20-27. Make a note of it in your diary. Circle it in red ink on the calendar. And prepare. For August 20 sees the start of one of the most extensive television campaigns ever launched. Yes, it's — Freshies For TV Week!

"The idea of the campaign," explains chief Freshie Chris Sievey, "is to see how many TV shows we can get on in one week. The band are all working hard, but we have had no successes yet from the producers of shows like 'Coronation Street', 'Columbo' or 'Police 5'. We did however get a reply from Chris Tookey of 'Revolver' so things could be looking up.

"The campaign," he adds, "is really to be an every TV show that week, but it is a campaign that will obviously fail."

Still, failure has never dampened Chris's spirits in the past. After collecting "millions of rejection slips" from just about every record company going, Chris decided that "if you want a thing done, do it yourself" and formed his own label, Raze Records, which is run from an estate in Manchester.

So far the group has produced one EP at a cost of £300, which sold all 500 copies that were pressed, covering the original outlay "plus a bit extra". The group's latest project is an album.



CHRIS SIEVEY: 'We're a do it yourself band'

entitles "All Sleep Secrets", at the moment available only on cassette, because, according to Chris, it's cheaper to do small runs on tape.

"We sold the EP at selected shops," says Chris, "but while we were selling it at 50p or 60p at gigs, they were charging anything up to £1.50, which I think is rather a lot. So we'll probably just be selling the album at gigs and by post."

If you want to get the album by post, all you have to do is send £1.50 to Raze Headquarters, at 21 Yattenden Avenue, Brooklands Estate, Manchester K23 9EB, and Chris will rush one to you.

Of course, there is the possibility that, before you splash out your hard-earned cash, you might like to know just what kind of music the Freshies play — something you won't already know unless you live in the Manchester area,

where the group currently play about two gigs a week.

Over to Mr Sievey again: "Where our audience lies, we're not sure, people think we're Jazz (?), Punk (?), Pop (?), Disco (?), Heavy (?), Wet (?), and a long list of descriptions beyond belief. We've been booed and catcalled and we've done encores to scenes of hysteria. It's odd, we don't understand it, but we all have a great laugh, and we keep on doing it."

Which just about sums it up, really. Chris's current plans are to make the movie (8 millimetre film lasting 45 minutes) of the album, and to construct "a giant banana island for a stage set which we will use next year with the film."

So if EMI came along tomorrow and offered the Freshies a contract, would they accept?

There's a pause as Chris mentally scratches a chin at the other end of the phone line.

"I dunno, it depends. We would like a licensing deal, where we just hand over the finished tapes and they put them out, but we're not likely to get that. I don't think we're that much into it, actually — I mean, there's loads of bands in Manchester that have been signed up, who play all the time and are on £20 a week. I don't think it's worth it. I think when you do that, the fun goes out of it."

ALBUMS

++++ Unbearable
 +++ Buy it
 ++ Give it a spin
 + Give it a miss
 * Unhearable

Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club BLAND

PETER FRAMPTON AND THE BEE GEES: 'Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band (A&M AML7 006000)

THIS IS like trying to reproduce an old master using painting by numbers and watercolours. Wallpaper music from the movie of the same name, starring Goldlocks and the Musical Millionaires. Peter Frampton plays Billy Shears who leads the band to stardom against a collection of nasties.

There's also an expensive back up cast including Aerosmith, Alce Cooper, Earth Wind And Fire, Steve Martin (who's he?) Paul Nicholas, Billy Preston, Frankie Howard and Sandy Farina (who's she?).

Of course, it doesn't help if you've heard the original works by the Beatles. These versions have been so sanitised and made accessible for every man, woman and child in the world, that they quickly lose power. The key word to use is BLAND, as the muzak conveyor belt starts rolling. The title track should stun you but the production renders it mait, not glossy.

Frampton is presumably cast as a bright eyed and bushy tailed character and often his voice sounds like a choirboy's on the verge of breaking into the big time. Sandy Farina seems intent on sounding like a cloned version of Olivia Newton-John. That's not such a bad thing except that there's no depth in her voice and 'Here Comes The Sun' winds up rain sodden. Frampton hobbles around 'Getting

Better' and what happened to the atmosphere of 'With A Little Help From My Friends'?

They've made 'I Want You' sound like a tacky theme from a 50's thriller and actor Donald Pleasence seems to be cast as some kind of cliched moustache twirling villain. Ho hum. She's Leaving Home' has no pathos whatsoever. It begins with Sparky The Magic Piano effects before a Bee Gee singing as if he's got a clothes peg clamped over his nose, sounding like the old days.

But there's nothing quite so crass on the entire album as 'Maxwell's Silver Hammer'. It's sung by Steve Martin and is a terrible example of American television humour. 'Nowhere Man' is backed by incongruous musical shuffles and is allowed only a brief visitation before a reprise version of the title track lasting five minutes 11 seconds. 'Got To Get You Into My Life' sounds like one of those big production Wombie numbers by Mike Batt.

At last I like something. 'Strawberry Fields Forever' has the same hazy feeling until it's ominously shattered by a disco beat and overbalsances and topples. Throughout the album I was constantly reminded of 'Bert Wetherby's Sextet perform Greats By The Beatles', or some other comfortable easy listening piece of vinyl. The trouble is that the four sides are so lightweight and FUN that the album hasn't enough substance. It's probably better as part of the film but naked on a turntable it's disappointing. ++ **ROBIN SMITH**

Toussaint always sounds like he is concentrating hard on getting all the technical side of things right and forgetting the really hard part. It is even harder than usual feeling real personality and soul escaping from these grooves because of Jerry Wexler's overly lush production.

Try listening to Frankie Miller's 'With You In Mind' and then Toussaint's treatment of this beautiful song. All credit to Toussaint for writing the song and all the honours to Miller for bringing its meaning all back home.

There are two other classic songs on this record. 'Night People' that Lee Dorsey has already bettered and 'Optimism Blues' that still awaits its proper home. New Orleans never has any need to be ashamed of one of its most prodigious talents but this does seem a bit too self indulgent for my liking. ++++ **GEOFF TRAVIS**



ALLEN TOUSSAINT: 'Modon' (Warner Brothers K54473)

ALLEN TOUSSAINT is a rock and roll craftsman. A perceptive and sensitive lyricist that has provided stunning material for Lee Dorsey, Little Feat and Frankie Miller to name but a very few. As a horn arranger he is capable of invigorating even mediocre material with some unusual but haunting horn punctuations.

As a solo artist he has always trod a very uneven path. Hindered by a voice that hasn't got any real personal self expression in it,



THE BEE GEES and Peter Frampton in Thank God It's Saturday Night, or, Sergeant's Fever. Eh?

STAINLESS STEAL: 'Can Can' (Hansa EMI 3258)

I WANTED to review this because there's a lady wearing suspenders on the cover. Her skirt billows above trim thighs and tight brief panties delicately trimmed with lace. She's even wearing silver coloured stiletos matching the sequins on her stockings.

The enjoyment of the cover is marred only by the record. More Euro-pop including a disco version of the Can Can lasting a brain frying 14 minutes 22 seconds, occupying all of side one. I made it to side two with 'More Than Meets The Eye' and other sundries. + for the album ++++++ **FOR THE COVER ROBIN SMITH**



THE SHIRTS: 'The Shirts' (Harvest SHSP4089)

ANTICIPATING the next New York package plus glitter plus pin-up proves a pretty formidable task. The Shirts from Brooklyn, New York, and for all you aened adolescents waiting for the Blondie replacement on which to vent your now overspent libidos, we-e-ell, I think you're in for an eensy-weensy surprise.

Annie Golden is not the aphrodisiac you imagine. Not a sex-goddess (on record anyway), no breathy dronings or hints of misplaced passion. The Shirts are, as she once told me, a rock 'n' roll band, a heterogeneous bunch of kids playing their kind of music. Annie has the clear-cut choral tones you expect from a short-trousered-friend-of-the-vicar sort of kid, before the voice breaks. Not by any means the lady of ill-repute you probably expected.

The Shirts are lost somewhere in the no-man's land of the sixties, but still very saleable in the seventies. Perhaps a relief and a rest from the Cleveland and Akron lot America still retains some of its sanity. Music as opposed to mechanic love sonnets and r'n'r



PETER FRAMPTON and Sandy Farina, who's tu-tu much.

melodies. A proficient bunch of lads bashing out the a-fashionable stuff which is too easy to ignore.

The Shirts - good on first hearing, and promises to get better and better. Who knows. The Shirts might take us all to the cleaners +++++ **BEV BRIGGS**



VAN DER GRAAF: 'Vital (Live)' (Charisma CVID 101)

AT A time when more and more live albums tend to be glorified "greatest hits so far" packages, it's a pleasure to report that Van der Graaf hasn't fallen into this trap. Happily, 'Vital', a new double live cut, has five previously unreleased tracks as well as five established numbers. Of the new material, the opener 'Ship Of Fools' and 'Door' are by far the best. Also freshly minted, and refreshing to hear,

CARLENE CARTER: 'Carlene Carter' (Warner Bros K56502)

THE SINGLE 'Never Together But Close Sometimes' was a turntable hit, in London at least, and suggested that there might be something here a little unusual. So there is. Carlene Carter has one of those lazy Southern accents, a distinct songwriting ability and a friendship with Graham Parker - a combination which leads to an interesting solo album.

She records one of Parker's songs, 'Between You And Me', on which Parker himself sings. Bob Andrews, Brinsley Schwarz, Andrew Bodner and Steve Goulding all play on various tracks. Andrews providing some memorable boogie piano on 'I've Been There Before'. Schwarz and Carlene form a new vocal group, the Rumouettes, for the single and 'Alabama Morning'. Even Nick Lowe turns up singing on 'Love Is Gone'. Ms Carter's voice lends an air of country to several soft rock numbers, but one of the most outstanding tracks - and none of them are throwaways by any means - is a pretty self-penned ballad, 'I Once Knew Love'.

Throughout the album a certain freshness and compactness pervades her name is well worth remembering. ++++ **PAUL SEXTON**



VANGELIS: 'Beaubourg' (RCA PL 25155)

WELL, Vangy old boy, you've certainly come up with a bumper this time. 'Beaubourg' is nothing more than a selection of bangs, squeaks and other assorted noises under the guise of ART. Most of the album sounds like computers copulating, a series of discordant wheezes in the night. There don't appear (to me) to be any commercial possibilities on either side and little that's vaguely listenable. What the hell does 'Beaubourg' mean anyway? + **ROBIN SMITH**

JAN AKKERMAN: 'Aranjuez' (CBS 81443)

IT IS difficult to review an album of classical extraction having little knowledge of that field, particularly when it must be related to the rock context. But I can say that Jan Akkerman, ex-Focus, has united with arranger and conductor Claus Ogerman to produce an album of chilling classical beauty.

Most of the tracks are new interpretations of classical pieces: they serve well as introductions to the work of such composers as Rodrigo, whose 'Adagio From Concierto de Aranjuez', a much used theme, is included, and Ravel's 'Pavane Pour Une Infante Defunte'. Their reading of Rodrigo may lack the power which the writer originally intended, but their viewpoint on Ravel gives a piece of great sadness, but also great strength. Akkerman's mellow guitar pours over a weeping string accompaniment.

Each artist is given one self-written work, and Ogerman's 'Nightwings', while contemporary, retains a true classical elegance which is present throughout.

In his sleeve notes Willem Duys calls Ogerman's orchestration "little less than a marvel of brooding strings and lamenting woodwinds". Akkerman's guitar work complements it excellently. It is only through the endeavours of people such as him that the gap between rock and classical music, in reality not such a wide one, will ever be bridged. ++++ **PAUL SEXTON**

JAN AKKERMAN CLAUS OGERMAN



BILLY SWAN: 'Billy Swan' (CBS EMBASSY 31674)

THANKFULLY, CBS have not taken the easy way out and called this 'Billy Swan's Greatest Hits'. The album is an accurate and generous compilation of some of Swan's best material over the last four years. He does more than regurgitate old rock 'n' roll standards of the fifties; her performs such songs as 'Blue Suede Shoes', 'Ubangi Stomp', 'Shake Rattle And Roll' and 'Don't Be Cruel' in the seventies' idiom, giving them new appeal.

His version of the old Elvis classic (and current hit) is a startlingly original reading, slowed down to walking pace. To my knowledge, some seven of the sixteen tracks here were released as singles, and most of them secured at least some airplay, even if they weren't hits. Fine value at full price, but at only £2.29, well worth investigating. ++++ **PAUL SEXTON**



ALBUMS

PULSE AT THE PEAK



STEEL PULSE: reaching Everest, or impersonating it?

STEELPULSE: 'Handsworth Revolution'
(Island ILPS 9502)

GOD IT'S been a long time coming. But that sort of perfectionism doesn't give a 'clart' about time. Either it's perfect or it doesn't go out. No half-hearted jesterism.

Pulse are at the tip of the spearhead of the comparatively new movement of live British reggae. Along with the likes of Matumbi, Aswad, Cimmarron, and Reggae Regulars they are fighting against the strong Jamaican tradition of recorded music, the sound systems, the deejays and toasters, the dubmaster producers and the snobbery / one upmanship for pre-releases and heavier cuts.

But the Pulse aren't flying straight into the hurricane. Of course

their visual image, the soldier, the prisoner, the preacher, the page boy and the KKK hoods helps set them apart. But it's the delicious fusion of hard-edged rhythms and the swirling, layers of textured dub production techniques (in combination with the more traditional dexterous gospel influenced vocal harmonies and the European trait of formal arrangements) that's put them one step ahead.

It's all made infectious and moving by their commitment and their complete understanding of dynamics which gives them the tension to highlight their message.

It's a message about 400 years of soldiers coming, the theft of their land, the humiliating enslavement, the shootings in Wolver-

hampton, the physical attacks in Brick Lane and the moral attacks of Nazis.

The Black Man's Burden.

On record, Steel Pulse have created something that's more rarified, cleaner and lighter than they are live. Their music demands the space and air that most JA product refuses. Consequently the powerful Steve Nisbitt (drums) and Ronnie McQueen (bass) are slightly dissipated but that allows Selwyn Brown's organ to melt through the gaps like hot butter while his synthesiser fills float on top. It also allows the filigree knitwork of Basil Gabbidon's guitar to take off at tangents and create new patterns.

The innocent and

vulnerable voice of David Hines is cradled in this framework that's lined by the lush, honey throated harmonies of Fonso Marlin and Michael Riley.

The material should be familiar to all those who've seen them on their exhaustive tours and any criticism I make will be about microscopic blemishes. With gems like 'Steve Biko' and 'National Front (Rock Against Racism)' on the touchlines I'm almost tempted to send them back to the studio.

But they needn't worry, because I doubt that there'll be many rock albums to reach this Everest this year. This is craftsmanship at its finest. + + + + MIKE GARDNER



MILLIE JACKSON: 'Get It Outcha System' (Spring SP-1-0719)

PRESENTING what I reckon will be the first commercial album the very direct Millie Jackson has so far dumped on the British public.

Ms Jackson is the voice of the well-off, female, black middle class American. An AB lady who has a bidet and a toilet, (at least) two cars, knows the affair-in-a-motel syndrome inside out, and KNOWS that happiness begins - and ends - at home in the strong and loving arms of some ulcer-prone bread winner.

She's also a very fine soul singer.

For her "meaningful marital sex" is something to SHOUT about. EVERYTHING else is total bulls - (her words, not mine) and OUGHTA be flushed down the pan where it belongs.

For EXTRA emphasis Ms Jackson is on the front cover - sultry and sexy and a beautiful black lady in a white dress. The toilet bowl - in tasteful blue - is on the back.

The songs, you can be assured, come second to the message. Sex begins at home - a haven of Domestic bliss. If ya got a mouth ya talk about it. IF ya got a voice ya sing about it. Ms Jackson,

bleased with both in brazenly large quantities, firmly takes the initiative.

Whether it be 'Keep The Home Fire Burning' (keep stoking your man?), 'He Wants To Hear The Words' or 'Why Say You're Sorry' it's a direct assault. Strong soul and straight talking, with all the blistering attack of a heavy dose of Brobat.

The purge ends, hopefully I think, with a superb cover of Kenny Rogers' 'Sweet Music Man'. This, which (I guarantee) will be her first hit over here, gives the whole story. Do what ya want to get what ya need, and if ya ain't gettin' it, get whatever's stopping ya gettin' it OUT'CHA system. Great and this one will run and run + + + + JOHN SHEARLAW

consciousness. But the work that your ears must do, are amply rewarded. The basic song is treated to a disco-style treatment.

Recorded and mixed at Channel One the sound is rock hard. No edge chiselled off to keep the attention of the non-existent controller of the MOR media. All the songs are excellent, with the understated moving voice of Roy Coustins proving itself worthy of as much attention as some of his more celebrated compatriots.

Jamaica currently stands supreme at producing three voice vocal groups that can produce harmonies as moving as the Impressions and see them safely into the seventies. + + + + GEOFF TRAVIS

SATURDAY NIGHT BAND: 'Come On Dance, Dance' (CBS 82887)

JUST THREE tracks on this disco album. Side one is very hard to remember even after five listens. Side two has enough breaks to sustain interest but it is a stringing together of cliches of the very worst kind.

It is far from bad but so competent that it's irritating that their obvious lack of imagination can leave the producers and the band feeling nothing but self satisfied.

This is pop - disco of the kind that leaves me unmoved. The tempo is too slow to make me feel like a dancing. When the breaks come it works, but when it settles back into the regular tempo it starts to feel very sluggish. If it's called, 'Come On Dance, Dance' and it doesn't make you feel like dancing, forget it! + GEOFF TRAVIS



THE ROYALS: 'Ten Years After' (Ballistic Records UAS 3018B)

"I FEEL the sweat, running down my face, oh it tastes like blood in my mouth" - Roy Coustins sings the opening verse like a mixture of Leadbelly and Wilson Pickett. There is dignity and wisdom in the face of the pressure without any romanticism.

The Royals are regal indeed. They are subtle and they take time to wind their way into your

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GEORGE DUKE 'Don't Let Go' (EPIC EPC 82821)

GEORGE DUKE is a rather chubby Black man whose face is set in a seemingly perpetual grin, and who shares Demis Roussos' taste in clothes. He also composed most of 'Don't Let Go', arranged it all, and sang and played upon many of the tracks too. A man of many talents indeed, for this is a constantly changing album, which at times sounds nearer a compilation of the work of several bands, such is the variety of styles upon it.

Using a selection of male and female vocalists, he passes through funk, soul, ballads, instrumentals and even one peculiarly ethnic sounding track, 'Percussion Interlude' which consists of chanting over a background of tribal drums, short and sharp.

The good thing is, that he doesn't merely dabble in each style, thus producing a varied but shabby collection — but he appears to have studied each field carefully, and mastered it to its full effect. 'Morning Sun' and 'The Way I Feel' stand out, the first with its exchange of vocals over an incessantly charged backing, and the latter for its slow easy drift, highlighted by the vocals of Josie James, whose voice bears a strong resemblance to that of Deniece Williams.

A strong versatile album, never boring, always high class. A must for fans of all Black music. ++++

KELLY PIKE



TYS VAN LEER: 'No To Have Met You' (CBS 86658)

AN ALBUM of almost entirely instrumental music from the ex-Focus man, in a rather more modern vein than the new release by his former colleague Jan Akkerman. Tys plays flute throughout but is greatly assisted by Ralph MacDonald and Tom Scott (who also produce the effort) the Brecker Brothers, Harvey Mason and Steve Khan, Scott giving an expert tenor sax solo on 'Super Fishell'. The album succeeds in demonstrating van Leer's savoury flair on the flute, but none of the melodies, most of them written with or without assistance from others by Tys himself, are particularly memorable and while you don't come across many albums by modern flautists, the novelty wears off rather quickly.

Speaking of novelty, there is a version of the old Focus hit 'Hocus Pocus' which is so fast that it has you scrambling to the stereo to check that it's still playing at all. The

Dutchman's yodelling ability on this track is quite something, but his album lacks any real depth. ++ **PAUL SEXTON**

CAPTAIN & TENNILLE: 'Dream' (A & M AMLJ 81707)

YET ANOTHER moderately sick album from that notoriously boring husband and wife team. Sick in the sense that it deals with extreme emotions with smiling blandness.

They tell us that 'Love Is Spreading All Over The World' in a money making, uninspired manner. The tracks are catchy, like a cheap Carpenter, all gloss but no substance. 'You Need A Woman Tonight' was the only track that I could listen to, simply because it had an excellent melody, which would sound impressive regardless of who sang it. It's an American housewife's dream. ++

PHILIP HALL



DANDY LIVINGSTONE: 'The South African Experience' (Night Owl NORLP 1001)

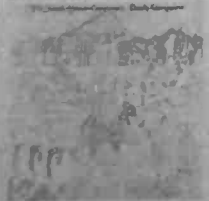
You may notice that in this album review there is a definite absence of enthusiastic words, such as exhilarating, terrific, stunning etc. You may also observe that there are several descriptions which could be substituted by such adjectives as boring, mundane and listless.

For this album is less of an experience, and more of a gentle drift into the harmless world of laid-back banality, suggesting that South Africa is to the rastas, what California was to the hippies.

Variety was certainly not in Livingstone's mind when he recorded this — collectively the album sounds like the soundtrack for a factory assembly line. The effect is rather polished, and impersonal — whereas a few more raw edges would have helped no end. Whilst on the subject of raw edges, why is Livingstone so obsessed with rastas, as demonstrated by such titles as 'Rasta Fusion', 'Babylon Forces' and 'Every Blackman is A Rasta', when he sits, pictured upon the cover in a neatly trimmed afro and beard looking like a well-berthed business man. Could it be he is cashing in on the current reggae interest, I ask myself?

Reggae? Experience? Songs for African supermarkets, more like. ++

KELLY PIKE



MARK COLBY: 'Serpentine Fire' (CBS 82868)

MARK COLBY uses his prowess on tenor and soprano saxophone to record new, modern jazz-style versions of a couple of American hits. Stephen

Bishop's 'On And On' and the title track, an Earth, Wind and Fire number, plus four other long instrumentals.

Side One, the more interesting, carries the two very imaginative cover versions, 'Serpentine Fire' having some excellent acoustic piano by Bob James. Part of the melody of 'On And On' is by Bob Milltelle's flute. Jay Chattaway's 'Daydreamer' has Colby playing a very relaxing, lazy soprano sax. On Side Two 'Renegade' is enlivened by a scat vocal, by the splendidly named Hiram Bullock.

The album is full of the sort of jazz you must listen to many times before you remember, and fully appreciate, the melodic intricacies. In the meantime it often seems to be common or garden material. There is an awful lot going on in all the tracks but very little immediately. Colby's skill, all the same, is undoubted. +++ **PAUL SEXTON**

GUY MARKS: 'Loving You Has Made Me Bananas' (ABC ABCL 82588)

WARNING: this album contains the following lines —

"I asked for iodine but I dined alone."
"Now and forever as each day goes by we'll spend together in love you and I."

"Meet me tonight by the postage machine after your work is through."

And I used to think watching the Benny Hill show was bad. + **ROBIN SMITH**



always leaves me cold. It is machine music. Rhythms that float around your head as you supposedly drift into tomorrow. Musical intellectuals constantly try to tell us that these robotic German bands lay down noises which perfectly capture emotions, moods and atmospheres.

At times the tunes here are listenable, but for me they are never compelling. In fact at any moment someone could take off this album and I probably wouldn't even notice. It is simply trendy background music. Only when a few voices were added did this album interest me. 'Give Me No Roses' the music is still essentially the same, but the vocals lift the track out of monotony. The vocals made this track the only one that I could relate to, otherwise Can's album was for my mind simply 'Out Of Reach'. +++ **PHILIP HALL**



FREDDIE HUBBARD: 'Super Blue' (CBS 82886)

TO EVERYONE who thinks that jazz has become monosodium glutamate — aided pulp — here's an answer that's not so much a compromise as a success all round.

Trumpeter Freddie Hubbard has been one of the most musically stable and verbally articulate bridgers of the gaps between jazz and rock over the last few years, and 'Super Blue' doesn't spoil the record. Clean-handed, even-keeled trumpet phrases roll out over decisive but undogmatic rhythm build-ups, courtesy two great talents of jazz's liberation, Ron Carter (bass) and Jack de Johnette (drums). Also present are Kenny Baron (Piano), the classic-sounding Joe Henderson (tenor), a strong Hubert Laws (flute) and a guesting on 'To Her Ladyship' from a modest George Benson.

This is good, easy, sold jazz with no heavy electronics and no strings attached. Some numbers may fall short as being just a little too unimpressive. If you're not tuned right into the mode, but title track with its means — business theme and raunchy bass line is a real gem. While 'The Surest Things Can Change' is a ballad with slow dazzle. ++++

GEOFF TRAVIS



VARIOUS ARTISTS WITH NARRATION BY ALAN FREED: 'Alan Freed's Memory Lane' (PVE PKL 5572)

Memory Lane is a compilation of unobtainable (or with great difficulty) songs by the original artists put together by Alan Freed, the DJ who coined the phrase 'rock 'n' roll'. It

consists of 14 rock ballads, the titles of which almost all fail to ring any bells with me (I'm not that old) often by similarly obscure sounding groups. 'Tonite, Tonite' by The Mellow Kings and 'Goodnight My Love' by Jesse Belvin, along with many more, don't come into the memory lane category so much as the unexplored territory.

Those titles which are familiar though, every one will know — 'Tears On My Pillow' and 'Crying In The Chapel' for instance. But how many know that they were originally done by Little Anthony and The Impellaires and (wait for it) Sony TI and The Orioles? For rock and roll fans it's an album certainly worth listening to, although unless indulging in nostalgia try to avoid the comments by Freed between each song, and for many, worth buying. A piece of the rock 'n' roll heritage, but for the converted, or reminiscers alone. ++++

KELLY PIKE



DAVID JOHANSEN: 'David Johansen' (Blue Sky Sky 82335)

CONFESSION: I know little, in fact nothing about The New York Dolls. Not very hip am I? Johansen, I gather was the lead singer and driving force behind the influential Dolls.

This, his first solo album, establishes him as an honest raunchy rock 'n' roller. Not very exciting you might think? Well, Johansen does not attempt anything new, but sings songs that I imagine would go down a storm among the cool hustlers in New York's dingy bars. In many ways Johansen reminds me of Jagger, and the songs here are certainly worthy of comparison with those of the almighty Stones.

'Funky But Chic' and 'Cool Metro' both rock along with amazingly strong chorus lines. On the two harsh ballads, Johansen excels himself, sounding strained, never a penny slick, chic sensitive but powerfully

sincere. His band contribute tight rhythms to this impressive sound. With names like Frankie LaRocka and Buz Verno in his band, Johansen has managed to create a piece of pure Manhattan movement in music.

Analyzing it is pointless as the album covers sums up Johansen's sentiments perfectly. 'Let's Just Dance'. +++ **PHILIP HALL**

SCOTT ENGLISH: 'Scott English' (EMI EMC 3245)

FOR THE past seven years the name of Scott English has been lying quietly in the 'One Hit Wonder' file, the record in question being 'Brandy'. Sad to say his 1978 attempt at re-emergence will, I fear, fall largely on disinterested ears.

This is a collection of very average songs — all co-written by the American English, some with the help of Barry Mann (Remember? He was searching for an answer to that age-old question 'Who Put The Bomp?'). The effect is helped none by the singer's thin, reedy voice, which I suppose is unfortunate more than anything else, but it gets being annoying after a while.

At best, on the higher notes, he sounds not unlike Ari Gfunkel, and with this quality manages to win through on a couple of ballads, 'Dance 'Till You're Out Of My Life' and 'Yesterday's Gone'. These apart, the album has little to offer: like so many others these days, technically competent but intellectually arid. ++

PAUL SEXTON



THE WHISPERS: 'Headlights' (RCA FL 12774)

IN ALL honesty, not proved first division talent in this country, the Whispers are however certainly no strangers with their limp, disco-sanitized soul. Pick out a track from their umpteenth album, eg 'Let's Go All The Way' and you have arcing voices, brisk horns and fairly frenetic backing — the usual two-

a penny slick, chic classiness which could

render this a good album but never a special one.

Take another random dip, and you find something like 'The Planets of Life' which rather than being one of those inoffensive 'I'm Joe and I'm a Gemini' circuits is a really fun-gunning epic journey with half a mental asylum apparently left loose in the studio midstream. 'Headlights', having opened up with a piece of craze rap, runs on to an extended hole-in-my-soul dancier with the light capping backing voices giving the tender touch.

In other words, a worthy album but with quite a few surprises and maybe a little more personality than most. Producer Dick Grifey's Solar Records ('Sound of Los Angeles') carries on from where the band's previous Soul Train label left off. +++ **SUSAN KLUTH**

T. FORD AND THE BONESHAKERS: 'Rock Battle and Roll' (Spish CPLP 1004)

IT'S TOO easy to write off pure rock and roll as being anachronistic in 1978, but I'm certain that, properly performed, it does have a place.

T. Ford and the gang have put together 15 well-chosen, and for the most part well executed pieces of rock and roll here. Well-chosen because although most of the songs are cover versions, the band does not fall into the usual trap of recording and adding to the old standards. 'Blue Suede Shoes' and the rest.

The best known cuts here are 'Twilight Time' and the old Gary US Bonds hit from 1961, 'Quarter To Three' — here it sounds just like 'Runaround Sue' meets 'Dancing Party' but it's none the worse for that.

The intro of 'Sorry I Ran All The Way Home' is very Darts-ish and there's a breakneck version of Neil Sedaka's 'I Go Ape', also coming out on a single. A lesser known Roy Orbison single, 'Crying', and Sam Cooke's 'Aln' That Good News' get the treatment and T. Ford's reading of Lloyd Price's 'Just Because' is strong.

The production, though, is a little disappointing. These songs would be much better for the full, mean sound which someone like Dave Edmunds achieves. +++ **PAUL SEXTON**

Life getting boring? Try the Crusaders

THE CRUSADERS: 'Images' (ABC ABCL 82520)

TWO THINGS about the Crusaders: they're a band that have to grow on you, and yet they're a band that never really change. The Crusaders are an LA-based outfit who've been around a long time under various titles and eventually, about six or seven years ago, got into a very sneaky r&b-type bag which was nicely timed for the fusion jazz movement. It also earned them a big new following

while nauseating a lot of the old brigade, which was pure jealousy on their part.

Loss of guitarist Larry Carlton hasn't changed things too much, as replacement Billy Rogers is an able sailor for both lead duties and punchy rhythms. On their typically rich, light-funky tunes, saxman Wilton Felder unerringly carries some tremendous weights on his shoulders. The trademarks — Stix Hooper's snappy drumming and Joe Sample's colour-box keyboard

work — have a particularly open airing in 'Marcella's Dream' with its scintillating, off-centre first phrases, while bassman Pops Popwell gets a very funny showing on 'Cosmic Reign'.

Wide-reaching and compact, fine and dandy as ever, 'Images' is the usual thoroughbred Crusaders album that should do very nicely, thank you. But despite what I said about growing on you, it just doesn't have that very final breeze of 'Free As The Wind'. +++ **SUSAN KLUTH**



CLOUT



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HAVING BEEN (unjustly) reproved for filling this page with trivia and loonies, I thought I'd start you off on a serious note this week.

Apollo closure protest centre

THIS IS a serious note. The Glasgow Apollo finally closed its doors on July 5th, through no lack of protest from the people of west and central Scotland. Now at last, a fund is being set up and we need support. Stay

away from Mecca bingo halls - let them know how you feel. It wasn't the acts that made the Apollo. It was the people, the kids... and the kids won't give up.

Superstar, Glasgow.

● Closely followed by

SAVE THE Apollo. Now it's your turn to help the

save the Glasgow Apollo and stop Scotland being turned into a rock desert. We need your help and we need the help of everyone in the music business. Send suggestions, ideas to: Save The Apollo Campaign, c/o 12/10 Longstone Place, Glasgow G333 JN.

Andy Hart

● But something even more sinister is happening in a London theatre

Ecotplasmic

Elvis

ELVIS PRESLEY'S ghost is walling in the wings at the Astoria Theatre.

El's Angel.

● Perhaps he's waiting for a pretty ghoul to turn up.

Reader's opinion

JOHNNY ROTTEN was the Sex Pistols. Ronald Biggs stinks. Sham 69 rule. Dave Parsons is divine.

Eileen, Crawley, Sussex.

● You have a succinct grasp of the English language, madam. Congratulations.

Giving it up

I WISH to tender my resignation as from 21st July, 1978.

The Sidcup Strangler, Sidcup, Kent.

● Things getting to hot for ya, cowardy?

Mother report from Blackpool

TO THE person who's orang utan is pining Well. I must confess it was me who borrowed your mother. If you watch this space, in a few weeks I'll tell you where to look for her. At the moment, she's with my yellow dog, chasing flying saucers across Oxfordshire.

The Little Brown Fox, Blackpool.

● I trust your vivid imagination won you a high mark in your English Lit O level?

All hieroglyphics to us Rosetta

AFTER SEEING the ad for Rosetta Stone's new single in the July 8th issue, which read, "they're enough to make a punk throw up". I watched them on a TV programme. Yes, they really did make me throw up.

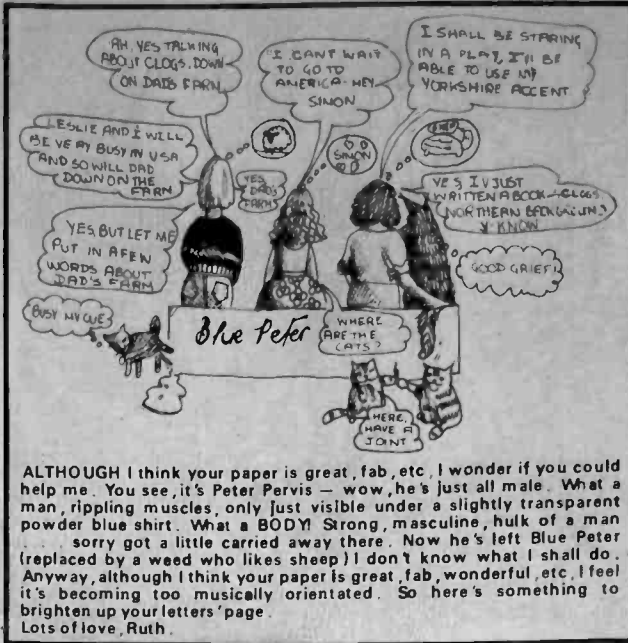
A Strangers Fun, Kil-marnock.

● Emetic rock could be the next big thing.

Jane finds

her Tarzans

I JUST wanna thank the Rich Kids for the good gig at Eric's and a special thanks to Glen Matlock for letting me chat to him afterwards. If you're reading this, Glen, this is



ALTHOUGH I think your paper is great, fab, etc, I wonder if you could help me. You see, it's Peter Pervis - wow, he's just all male. What a man, rippling muscles, only just visible under a slightly transparent powder blue shirt. What a BODY! Strong, masculine, hulk of a man sorry got a little carried away there. Now he's left Blue Peter (replaced by a weed who likes sheep) I don't know what I shall do. Anyway, although I think your paper is great, fab, wonderful, etc, I feel it's becoming too musically orientated. So here's something to brighten up your letters' page.

Lots of love, Ruth.

Jayne who's gonna be a journalist and write about you.

Luv, Jayne.

● When you grow up I presume?

The bitch on Harley's back

WHAT THE hell does

Rosalind Russell think she's doing, giving Steve Harley's new album a bad review? 'Hobo With A Grin' is the second best thing he's ever done. Steve Harley is the greatest man that ever lived. His albums and singles are better than anybody's, the best being

'Face To Face' released last year and given a great review by Sheila Prophet. Now there's a lady who knows what's she's talking about, not like that Russell bitch. Anon.

● Snarl to you too, custard face.

Biggs cover shock reaction

OK I haven't heard the single by the Sex Pistols / Ronald Biggs, but I feel I must protest at the obnoxious photograph of the train robber on the cover of the July 15 issue. Reformed he may be, but this is no excuse to have a picture of someone who tried to steal a lot of cash from me and you. Jeremy Nye.

● From me? He never pinched a penny from me. In fact, someone sent me a penny today but I don't see it as bribery. It was from...

The marrying kind of Bob

PLEASE Inform July Lucy that she has got her facts completely wrong. Bob Geldof (what a hunk!) has not even thought of marrying anybody except ME. Boomtown Rats female freak.

PS I enclose a penny to cover extra postage.

● Hope you're not expecting us to send him to you.

AND NOW FOR POETRY CORNER. GET YOUR VIOLINS READY

TO MARK the first anniversary of the death of Elvis Presley, I would like to dedicate the following poem to his eternal memory

Bop gaunt guerrilla on the fifties streets
At dawn sleeping now
Valhalla's golden minstrel
Through music graded
Eternally reborn
Legend Bright
The Fiery King
Invincible

Rockin' Ron Newton, Feltham, Middx.

● And as if that wasn't enough...

A POEM for Mr Bowie: To Newcastle and Glasgow we went
Stafford and London too
And though we ran out of money
And had to sleep rough
We'd do it again
Just to be near you.
Gilly, Doug, Sarah and Ziggy, Liverpool

● Have none of you lot ever heard of scan? Or even rhyme? Why don't you take up painting?

And if that isn't enough

I AM writing to ask what has John Travolta (swoon) got that us normals of the male species are without (depends what you consider normal - MM). I would like to know what enables him to get rich, birds by the dozen AND his hands on Olivia Newton John. Tell me, what can I do to become a John Travolta (swoon) besides considering an operation (my voice is too deep)

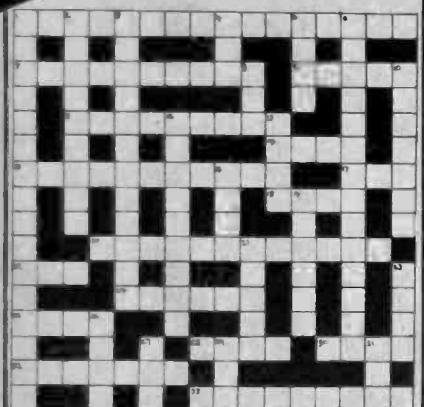
A Misery, Birmingham.

● Try wearing tighter trousers. It's cheaper and not as irrevocable.

From a dental institution

I LIKE the letters page so much that I've changed to Crest!
● A True Loony.
● By gum!

XWORD



- | ACROSS | DOWN |
|--|--|
| 1 1977, Reggae chart topper (2,4,3,7) | 1 Where you might find The Tom Robinson Band (2,7,3,4) |
| 7 He never wanted her to slip away (6,4) | 2 The Motor City Madman (3,6) |
| 9 They have just told us about a White Man in Hammersmith Palais (5) | 3 1977, Leo Sayer No. 1 (4,1,4,3) |
| 11 They told us about Demons and Wizards (5,4) | 4 Trio who cut Malice in Wonderland L.P. last year (1,1,1) |
| 14 Parsons or Price (4) | 5 Original Velvet Underground member (1,3,4,6) |
| 15 Multi - Coloured D J (4,7) | 6 Rod Stewart not being serious (1,3,4,6) |
| 17 He's still the same Ten Years Later (3) | 8 Kiki or Dave (3) |
| 18 John Cale told us about Helen of (4) | 10 They told us about the Neanderthal Man (7) |
| 20 Who classic (2,10) | 12 They gave us a Natural Born Bugle in 1969 (6,3) |
| 22 Head wear for Steeleye Span (3) | 13 Jethro Tull were living in the (4) |
| 24 How the Brotherhood of Man stood in 1970 (6) | 16 Group that started as a backing band for P. P. Arnold (4) |
| 25 Ron or Roy (4) | 19 Beatles Imitators (6) |
| 28 1973, Clifford T. Ward hit (4) | 21 Had 1975 hit with Angle Baby (5) |
| 30 Gerry Rafferty partner in Stealers Wheel (4) | 23 Nils Lofgrens old outfit (4) |
| 32 Nightbirds who featured Nina Hendryx (7) | 26 David Coverdale Purple (4) |
| 33 Railroad that run On Time in 1970 (5,4) | 27 Eddie's Partner (3) |
| | 29 It was all The Hollies needed to breathe (3) |
| | 31 Ms Peebles. |

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION
ACROSS 1 Follow You Follow Me 8 Easter 9 M.C. 10 Fame 12 E.M.I. 13 I'm Free 14 Load 15 Harper 17 Elaine 19 Car 21 Association 22 Run 23 Easter 24 Can The Can 26 Music 30 A Night On The Town 32 Dark Side Of The Moon
DOWN 1 Free Electric Band 2 Lost In France 3 One Of These Nights 4 Faces 5 Lucille 6 What Do I Get 7 Eve Of Destruction 11 Dear 15 Price 18 Lane 20 Dion 25 Cuff 27 Sun 28 Todd 29 Fest 31 Ode

So you're angry!



Then don't waste it! Write to Mailman and get it off your chest. Ali and Amanda Lear did and look where they are now!



I JUST wanna thank the Rich Kids for the good gig at Eric's and a special thanks to Glen Matlock for letting me chat to him afterwards. If you're reading this, Glen, this is

HELP

Edited by **SUSANNE GARRETT.**
Send your problems to Help, Record Mirror, 40 Long Acre, London WC2E 9JT.



She's so heavy

I'VE BEEN going out with a girl for three years now, since I was 15. About 18 months ago we broke up for ten months and got back together just after last Christmas. Since then things have been getting rapidly worse. You see she goes out with this slightly younger girl every night. Now if I want to see her it has to be at 6.30 in the morning as she goes to work or when she comes back from going out with her friend.

Why has she taken this attitude? I love her so much and often tell her so. In fact, she gets everything she wants from me. I seem to be putting everything in and not getting anything out. Mick, Chesterfield.

• To say that your girlfriend DOESN'T get everything she wants from you right now won't be shattering any illusions, because in your heart of hearts you know there's something badly wrong with the relationship. She knows how you feel about her and simply seems to be testing you to see exactly what you're willing to do for her. Asking you to give up a good friend, and meet her

at unusual hours only, if at all, smacks of drawing blood.

Does she want a boyfriend or a stooge? Is she keeping up a friendship with this girl because she really likes her and only sees you as second best? Either way, what's happening now is unhealthy for you.

It's possible that she sees your attitude to her as over-possessive and is showing you, in the cruellest possible way, that she's a person in her own right. But just how much punishment can you take?

Does she want to go out with you or not? You must find out and whatever the outcome remember you can always find another girlfriend who'll be willing to give as much as she takes.

Excitement and stains

WHENEVER I am with my boyfriend and heavy petting starts (even when it doesn't), I get a white heavy vaginal discharge which is embarrassing as it shows on some of my lighter pairs of trousers

and stains them yellow. Even on a day when I don't see my boyfriend, the discharge is still there — but very light.

Can you tell me what it is and how I get rid of it. Boomtown Rats Fan, Tyne & Wear.

• Every female of the species has a certain amount of whitish, non-smelling vaginal discharge — it's there to keep the vagina clean and healthy. When it dries on underwear, or, if you don't happen to be wearing any, on trousers, it's yellowish in colour, as you describe.

But if the discharge is extremely heavy and you personally feel that something is wrong, this could be a warning signal of some kind of minor infection. A dark coloured or bad-smelling discharge, on its own or accompanied by other vaginal changes such as soreness or dryness, itching or burning, rashes

or sore spots and an itching or burning shouldn't be left to take its course. A bacterial or fungal growth of this kind can be easily cleared up by your doctor. Make an appointment. The doc can save you embarrassment and even if there's nothing wrong, he can set your mind at rest.

For free leaflets on vaginal hygiene, health and infection write to Help, Record Mirror, 40 Long Acre, London WC2.

From bad to worse

I'VE BEEN going out with my girlfriend for some time now and it's become a regular thing for me to wait at her house until she gets home. One night I went there as usual, and only her father was home. We sat down and talked and, after a while, he put his hand on my leg. I panicked and made some excuse to leave the room. Since,

then, he has made several advances towards me.

I can't say or do anything about it as I love my girlfriend very much and this might turn her against me. Although I find this disgusting it excites me in a strange way (I'm 15).

Dave, Basildon.

• Is your imagination working overtime? Are you mistaking affection for a sexual opening gambit? Think about it. If you're still convinced that your girlfriend's father is making advances you're probably right. So if you love your girlfriend as much as you say you do, your first loyalty must be to her, no matter how equally attracted and repulsed you may feel when you're alone with her father.

Plucking up the courage to get the message over to him, in the plainest possible terms, might do your ego a lot of good, yet, as you realise, could make it difficult for you to see her again. Try a more subtle approach. Arrive at her house just before she gets home, not well in advance. Avoid the nights when her dad is likely to be there alone and start a new conversational relationship with her mum, instead.

Even better, if you stay away from the house for a while and arrange to meet her at a cinema or disco instead, her mother is likely to start asking pointed questions and her father is bound to get the message.

If he approaches you again, get up and leave the room, and as a final word tell him about how much you love his daughter.

FEEDBACK

Bob Marley fan club

PLEASE COULD you let me know if there is a fan club address for Bob Marley.

A. Arnets, Brighton.

• Bob Marley's fan club address is PO Box 561006, Miami, Florida 33156, USA.

Charts book reprint

• In answer to many queries, we can now reveal that Tony Jasper's '20 Years of British Record Charts 1955-1975' will be re-issued, in a new improved up-to-date version by Macdonald and Jane's in October this year. The period currently covered is, of course, 1955-1978. Inside are year by year lists of best-selling singles and artists; the top 100 singles over the last 23 years; the top 100 best-selling albums since the album charts started, and much more.

Who exhibition in town

I HEAR that there is to be an exhibition about the Who. If this is true please could you tell me when and where it is, how much, the nearest tube and how to get from there to the theatre.

G. Crowe

Stoke-on-Trent.

• The Who exhibition is being held at London's ICA Theatre in The Mall. It runs from the 1st-31st August between 12-8 pm. Admission to the exhibition is free but non-members will have to pay 25p admission to the ICA.

When loving ELO gets heavy

PLEASE could you tell me if the Electric Light Orchestra have got a fan club?

Jayne Webster

Middlessex

• E.L.O. have now formed an official fan club covering the UK and Europe. The membership fee is £2.50 here and £3.50 across the water! For this you get four news letters a year, a selection of pics, a complete discography of ELO and more. The address to write to — E.L.O. Fan Club, Membership Application, PO Box 2BF, London W1A 2BF.

DIRE STRAITS



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John Illsley
Bass

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Record Business

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New Musical Express

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Phil Lynott, Thin Lizzy

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PEEPING STEVE

'I was 18 when I got done for being a peeping Tom. I wouldn't mind but I was only trying to break into this house without realising there was some bird changing next door'



STEVE JONES: you can stop running Steve, the cops aren't behind you

NO ONE IS INNOCENT — not even pebban pistolero Steve 'Calorie Counter' Jones.

It appears this gay young thing often spotted arm in arm Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers fashion with Paul Cook doing The Continental at London's fashionable tete-a-tete nite spots has rather a dark past.

Er, make that black. In fact, Steve has had no less than 13 brushes with the old bird for burglary, shop breaking and peeping tomfoery!

He admitted his criminal adolescence while soaking away the day's cares and night's traumas in a bubble bath at his rock star swisho pad in the Waste End.

"I was 18 when I got done for being a peeping Tom. I wouldn't mind but I was only trying to break into this house without realising there was some bird changing next door."

"She thought I was looking at her tits and rang the police. I was nicked and got fined 50 quid."

Steve was a member of that exclusive members only club when he first joined The Pistols — the Order of Probationees. No subscription required, merely an unfortunate tendency to get caught a lot and an uncontrollable urge to drive Rolls Royce's around.

"I was in Northolt one night when I downed a couple of mandies and nicked a Rolls," recalls Steve while gazing lovingly at his rubber duck — not all it's quacked up to be — floating merrily on his bubblebun.

"I was skidding all over the place — but I pulled a darlin' bird."

But Steve, I mean Steve, didn't you have any, well, QUALMS about stealing other people's property (that's my public service question over again for another week)?

"Nah. Anyway, I never used to break into council houses — just places where it was obvious the owners had plenty of dough. I did a year in approved school once for taking and driving away."

But for God's sake (dramatic effect bit) why did you do those things Steve?

"Boredom I guess. See, I never knew me ol' man. He was a boxer who ran off before I was born. Then this geezer moved in with me mum. He never liked me so he refused to let me have a key for the front door.

"He used to lock me out of the house when I came home late from the boozier. He made life a misery for me. One night it all came to a head."

Are you all sitting comfortably? Another episode in that continuing saga 'Keeping Up With The Joneses'.

"I came home late as usual and he just wouldn't let me in. I started banging on the door and swearing and he finally came out. Before I could say anything he went for me. We started fighting and me mum came rushing out screaming and crying."

"I left home that night and never returned."

Like a scene from one of those awful forties British movies where a baby faced Richard Attenborough, sporting a ridiculous phoney Cockney accent and an

embarrassing line in soprano hysteria storms out of the parental home into a life of sordid crime, ennit?

Steve never saw his mum again until a few weeks back.

"She was working in a hairdressers and I happened to be passing. 'Doing alright for yourself then son?' she said? But I don't think she cares much either way."

"Maybe she feels a bit proud of me now — but she should have felt like that years ago."

True, true. But maybe she couldn't afford packets of Persil to keep you looking whiter than the other boys Steve.

He's looking very white now though, covered from head to toe in soap — something you would never associate with those grubby, gruesome suburban guerillas The Pistols. But then Steve ain't a Pistol no more, neither is his flat mate Paul Cook the elegant blonde skinsmaaaan who has just joined us in the mirrored bathroom.

These two guys, the quiet ones in the Rotten camp, have undergone a unique metamorphosis over recent months. The chimerical but chintzy ragamuffin chicanery, i.e. it was considered both unethical and unprofessional for either of them to be seen out at one point, has vanished making way for a lighter, cutegrinning image.

They got fun, they got videos, they got 160 a week, they got their own hit records. And they got each other. (You mean they're) no. Strictly negro. Metro hetros enjoying their reputations.

"When we're seen in night clubs," says Paul,

"everyone immediately says 'Oh yeah, street credibility slashed', but we ain't got no money. Sure, we've got a video, hi-fi and a flat, but no hard cash. We ain't even got bank accounts."

"We're just two healthy young fellers trying to enjoy ourselves. What's wrong with that?"

"Right," splashed Steve. "Why should I sit at home every night crying my heart out? I wanna enjoy meself."

Unfortunately, ahem, Steve does tend to overdo it a bit. "I seem to get VD every week. But it ain't nothing to be embarrassed about. I can't help it if I like screwing."

"I've never been in love. Hold it. If being in love means you want to keep seeing the same bird all the time then I think I might be at the moment. But generally women are all right when you're pissed."

"Don't get me wrong. I like women's company, but I'd rather be with blokes. They've got a better sense of humour. You can't have much of a laugh with birds — and you couldn't nick cars with them around!"

I guest you couldn't describe him as a Casanova — more a legova merchant. But he's happy. And he's more than happy that the Pistol pressures incumbent on both him and Paul have vanished.

"I just woke up one morning and felt so free after I finally realised that the Sex Pistols were no more."

"But," interrupts a slightly melancholic Paul, "it's sad when you look back on the whole thing. The scene seems to have gone back to where it used to be. There's

nothing, nothing. People won't let us die. Why can't they realise that the Pistols simply don't exist anymore."

"There will always be a Sex Pistols," interrupts Steve with a defiant gesture. "I don't want it to die because the kids don't want it to die. We started so much."

"I'll never regret anything," says Paul. "There was no other way things could have gone. Everything just happened so quickly. The whole episode has made me more wary of people. I'll never trust a soul again as long as I live. I may have been naive once — not anymore."

Does he still see Rotten? "I've seen him once since we came back from the States. I ain't got any grudges against him. I hope his new band works out — but he's gonna face a lot of problems. Still our record company seem to think a lot more of him than us."

But enough of this indelible depression. Let's just leave Jones & Cook Ltd. with the shaky finances and the flaky scruples in that soapy bathroom in that smart flat in that crumbling block in that side street they call home. No one could argue that they've earned the right to indulge themselves, no matter how shallow the indulgences may be. They're far from indolent. Several projects for want of a better word, appear on their sun kissed horizon — a concept album about the boxer Liddle Towers who died in dubious circumstances for one.

The soap opera may be over but the malady lingers on. **BARRY CAIN.**



SID VICIOUS: "I act like a complete dummy"

SID'S WAY And Nancy's

WHEN IT comes to the crunch, it's comforting to have a bit of muscle behind you. And Sid Vicious' girlfriend Nancy Spungen is a pretty — and effective — bit of muscle.

During his time with Sex Pistols, Sid only needed his strong arm lady to help him in his fights. Now she's putting her considerable strength to other uses — as his manager. Sid's joined forces with Johnny Thunders to form a new band called The Living Dead.

"Nancy's certainly managing me at the moment," said Sid. "but I don't know if Johnny will have enough faith in her. But she's smart, damn smart. She's been around the music business since she was 13 and she knows a lot of guys. She can pull a lot of weight."

Must be all that experience she had, yanking Sid out of awkward situations — not to mention her previous career as an "exotic dancer". But when will we see the results of Nancy's business acumen as The Living Dead get on the road?

"I can't answer that," replied Sid. "I'd like it to be today, tomorrow, but there's legal hassles... and Thunders' general unreliability."

Although Sid's keen to get things moving with the new band, there's still a lot of unfinished business with the Pistols. Like the film they were making...

"I've got no interest in it at all now. I just did my bit for the money. I thought my bit was quite good," he added modestly. "I don't care what the rest of it is like."

'I'm not stupid'

"People will see what a star I am." Sid mimicked in a John Rotten voice. "As a clause in doing the film, I made it so that I had the chance of having Malcolm McLaren manage me if I wanted him to. I'm not stupid. This is the way I fool people — I act like a complete dummy. They underestimate me so much that when it actually comes to it, they find I've fooled them completely."

And of course, there's also the single, Sid's 'My Way' was on the B side of the Pistols' 'No-one is Innocent' and so has also been banned by the IBA.

"When they first asked me to do 'My Way' I refused, because they wanted me to do it straight. But then I hid on the idea of doing the first verse in the Frank Sinatra way, but changing the words. Then all of a sudden it rocks out... people would really be fooled by the beginning."

"I wasn't on 'No-one is Innocent'. That was done in Rio De Janeiro and I didn't go there. They tell me that travel broadens the mind, but my head's big enough already."

Sid is unimpressed with Ronald Biggs' performance on the A side, and scoffs at suggestions that Biggs might be a good replacement for John Rotten in the Pistols.

"The Sex Pistols are finished," he declared. "Steve and Paul might go on, but they'd need to find a new bass player because I wouldn't play with them. At the moment, I'm friends with John, but the other two aren't friends with him. And they don't want to play with me because they think I'm a junkie. They're too straight. I'd rather have a band where there's more freedom to do what you want in your spare time."

"And no, I didn't want to be in a band with John again. Once I've done something that's it."

"They still owe me money, from the album and the singles and the film. If anyone tries to cheat me, I'll go down and sort them out."

Like threaten physical violence?
"Yeah. They'll be so frightened that they'll cough up."
Despite all this tough talk and bad feeling, Sid is still upset that the Pistols split and misses playing with them. Are these regrets genuine?

"Awfully, terribly," he told me. "Sometimes it upsets me so much that I cry about it. That band stood for so much. It stood for freedom of youth and bad feeling. It was a revolutionary band. At times I get very emotional about it. I cry because it was such an incredibly worthy little band. There was never ever another band like it." **JOHN TOTTEN FR**

SOUL

DANGER! FUNK AT WORK

Susan Kluth cables messages from the well insulated heart of Hi-Tension

IT'S NOT very often that a band — and a UK band at that — springs on the public with as much impact and as little hype as Hi Tension. Nor is it often that so many tales of mystery and intrigue should surround such a band in so short a time.

With that in mind, plus the outfit's much-awaited follow-up single to their premier and long-lasting smash 'Hi Tension' due in the shops in a day or so ('British Hustle' b/w 'Peace on Earth', if

you were wondering), we asked Island Records for the loan of their most accommodating seating, a few cups of coffee, and pulled in the brothers Joseph for some hopefully hot rap.

And the very first thing that keyboard leader David Joseph requested was that some facts should be put straight regarding recent appearances / otherwise on Heatwave's tour.

"Some of our fans were disappointed because they had the information that we were supposed to be playing with Heatwave all along, and then we didn't turn up for certain gigs," says David Joseph.



HI-TENSION: more full value to come

"We'd already got our own tour fixed up, which of course we didn't want to mess up, and we then arranged to play just five dates with Heatwave at some of the bigger venues.

"But apart from that — the Heatwave tour was all right! For one thing, we didn't know we had so many fans. The only fans we had at first were entirely London-based, from Ronnie Scott's to Willesden Green."

(Willessden is, of course, the untrendy location where most of Hi Tension grew up, went to school and dutifully studied their Oscar Peterson and Ray Brown tutors for some

secret ingredients to their sound.

"The fans liked what we were doing, but we weren't really satisfied. For venues the size of Hammersmith Odeon, we didn't really have time to sort out a really good show — we'd like a really master show."

Hi Tension pride themselves on being already one of the major forces of British funk: as far as they're concerned, the sky's the limit. Or is it? Most of their day-to-day (if not night-by-night) work is in the smaller clubs and discos up and down the land.

"Soul bands like us don't want to be like rock bands — playing in pubs.

You want to do a proper performance, you want a progression through the venues. There really ought to be some kind of national circuit. And I think record companies could size up our soul bands more, but they're all too frightened."

Anyroad, once all eight of Hi Tension are perched on the handspan width stage of yer favourite nite spot, what can you expect from them?

"The kids want disco songs," agrees David. "But then again they want good slow songs. Everything we play, you see, we emphasise that it's got some kinda rhythm, and the kids know it relates to the kind

of music that the DJ has been playing them."

So a number of UK disco-funk bands have been in error then, in reckoning that funk has got to be fast as Barry Sheene?

"Most people expect that initially," says Ken Joseph, "but people were surprised when Rose Royce went from 'Car Wash' to that soft ballad, and I thought it was a very good move for them."

"Eventually we'd like to be related to EW&F in particular — in the sense that we can do disco numbers, then jazz-funk numbers, then ballads, all kinds of things."

'Peace on Earth' is of course a slow beauty thing

with a strong vocal emphasis while 'British Hustle' (6'40" of it on the 12" version, folks) is much hotter stuff, a real head-splitter after a play or two.

"Certain British bands when they try to play funk, they don't have the know-how, they don't get it right," says David. "You can see the faults straightaway."

"We've got faults, but we've got the right people in the right places to pull it all off, and there might sometimes have to be a few changes to get it right."

Hi Tension have made it so far largely on their own merits — and they know it. OK, there's been four years of hard groundwork and the odd bonus recently like the 'Blackcurrent' TV show.

But 'Hi Tension' simply sold itself: 80,000 copies had gone before Island began really pushing it all round.

Fame is also having its spinoffs — guys marching into gigs without paying, under the heading that they're one of Hi Tension.

Says David: "The money situation in Britain is not as good as America, but I think all bands should bring themselves down to a reasonable level."

Right now, Hi Tension's prime goal is just to get better and better. Not that there'd be many complaints about the standard of what they've done so far. The message in the music still is: they're not just a street funk outfit, full stop.

"Eventually", Ken concludes, "if people are patient enough they will see the full value of Hi Tension."

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Produced by
ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Directed by
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WIMBLEDON Odeon
WOOD GREEN Odeon

UPFRONT

THE information here was correct at the time of going to press, but it may be subject to change so we advise you to check with the venue concerned before travelling to a gig. Telephone numbers are given where possible.

THURSDAY

JULY 27

BASILDON, Double Six (20140), The Paoties
BIRMINGHAM, Sydenham Small Heath, Model Mans
BRIGHTON, Peepers Club, Grand Hotel (26301), Body
BRIGHTON, Gmarty (26287), Terraflame
EASTWICK, Country Club, (21466), Three Degrees
EASTWOOD, Shipley Boat Inn (Langley Mills 3561), Race Against Time
EDINBURGH, Astoria, The Valses/Inaz
EXETER, Grouchos (78070), Timepiece / Jah Mole
GLASGOW, Maggi Sauchiehall St. (041-332 4374), Zhalia
GLASGOW, Shuffles (041-332 3572), Rich Kids / The Sils
GRAVESEND, Lions Den, Red Lion (86127), First Aid
HIGH WYCOMBE, Nags Head (21756), Doctors Of Sadness
ILFORD, Cranbrook (01-554 8659), Jerry The Ferret
INVERNESS, Muirton Hall, The Monks
LEEDS, Vivas (456249), Black Cat Yard
LINCOLN, AJ's (30874), The Whizz Kids
LIVERPOOL, Eric's (061-236 7861), Those Naughty Lumps
LIVERPOOL, Havanah Club (061-709 4145), Spider

LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2688), WarmJek
LONDON, Dingwala, Camden (01-287 4967), The Boyfriends
LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4310), Charlie Dore's Back Pocket
LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street, (01-638 0933), Culture
LONDON, John Bull, Chiswick, Some Chicken
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6063), The Advers
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), The Clash / Suicide / The Spectab
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), 999
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 6930), Fringe Prim
LONDON, Red Cow, Hamersmith (01-748 5720), Starjets
LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-240 0198), The Extras
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), White Cats
LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-886 4112), Crazy Cavan / Dynamite
LONDON, Tidal Basin, Canning Town (01-476 7791), Autographe
LONDON, Trafalgar, Shepherds Bush (01-749 5005), Joker
LONDON, Trashed, Woolwich (01-855 3371), Menace / Amber / Ranking
LONDON, Traubador, Old Brompton Road, South O' The Border

APPEARING AT the Radio 1 Roadshow 'Fun Day' special at Leicester Mallory Park on Sunday are The Darts (who'll be playing), and Bryan Ferry, Smokie and the Goodies (who'll be talking) 999 are headlining three benefit concerts in aid of One Parent Families at the Nashville Kensington (Thursday, Friday and Saturday). Their new single 'Feeling All Right With The Crew' will be released on August 18.

The Rezillos are back on the road, touring to coincide with the release of their first album 'Can't Stand The Rezillos', and the single 'Top Of The Pops'. They play Plymouth Metro (Friday), Manchester Mayflower (Saturday), Hull Tiffans (Monday) and Newport Stowaway (Wednesday).

Scottish band Ignatz are currently touring their native highlands see them at Dingwall Town Hall (Friday) and Fraserburgh Station Hotel (Saturday). Kevin Coyne presents his own musical during a

four-night run at the Rock Garden from Monday to Thursday. It is entitled 'Babble' and appearing with him are Dagmar and Zoot Money.

The Rich Kids continue touring this month with dates at Glasgow Shuffles (Thursday), Edinburgh Clouds (Friday), Lincoln AJ's (Saturday), Cardiff Top Rank (Tuesday) and Torquay Town Hall (Wednesday).

Merger, the band that so impressed Bob Dylan, have dates at Wolverhampton Rising Star (Friday) and The Acklam Hall, Portobello Road (Saturday).

On Thursday see Culture at the 100 Club Oxford Street and on Friday at the Rainbow Finsbury Park.

Japan take a break from recording to play the Music Machine (Monday). The Banned play the Marquee (Sunday), The White Cats are on at the Rock Garden (Thursday), Dogwatch have a gig at the Tidal Basin (Saturday) and The Young Bucks are in Wimbledon at Nelson's Club on Wednesday.

LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), 999
LONDON, Notre Dame Hall, Leicester Square (01-602 6071), Am: Sinter
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 6930), Crazy Cavan
LONDON, Plekrets, Lock Centre, Edinnton, Matchton
LONDON, Rainbow, Finsbury Park (01-282 3109), Culture
LONDON, Red Cow, Hamersmith (01-748 5720), Fringe Prim
LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-240 0198), The Autographe
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Jonnie MacNeil / Desiringer
LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-886 4112), Fun 4000
LONDON, Tidal Basin, Canning Town (01-476 7791), Johnny Curious And The Strangers
LONDON, Uptaira At Ronder, Frith Street (01-439 0747), Pressure Shocks
LONDON, Windor Castle, Harrow Road (01-268 8403), Rambo / The Ruth
MANCHESTER, The Factory (Rundeil Club) (061-226 6821), Suicide / Jay Division / The Actors
MANCHESTER, Pildslay Rugby Club, The Reducers
MIDDLESBROUGH, Marmite Club (241905), Fringe Benefit
NEWCASTLE, Bridge Hotel (27780), Marshall Hall Experience / Warrior
NEWCASTLE, Mayfair (23109), Steve Brown Band
NEW MILLS, Bees Knees, Juggernaut
NOTTINGHAM, Megalomania at Sandpiper (54381), The Lurkers / The Two Timers
OXFORD, Corn Dolly (4761), 4761), Roll Up
PERTH, St Albans Hotel (21494), Sirocco
PLYMOUTH, Metro (53326), The Rezillos
RETFORD, Porterhouse (4981), Jenny Darren
SANDWICH, Admiral Owen, Keith Pearson's Right Hand Band
SCARBOROUGH, Penthouse (63204), Joliny Moped
SHEFFIELD, Limit (730940), The Next Band /

MARGATE, Bowlers Arms (Thanet 26833), Steve Boyce Band
MIDDLESBROUGH, Marmite Club (241905), Fringe Benefit
PAISLEY, Three Home-shoes (041-869 9965), Charley Browne
PERTH, St Albans Hotel, The Zones
PLYMOUTH, Metro (53326), Whirwind
PORT RUSH, Arcadia (23786) Advertising
ROCHESTER, Nags Head (31501), Hotline
RYDE, Carousel (62730), The Motors / The Jolt
SHEFFIELD, Limit (730940), The Smirks
SWANSEA, Circles, The Invaders
THORNABY, Thornaby Club, Son of A Bitch
WORTHING, Balmoral, Nightrider
YORK, Barge Club, The Hipjinks / The Rendors / Rite Off
YORK, Munster Bar, Melkon



REZILLOS: Plymouth Metro, Friday

FRIDAY

JULY 28

BASILDON, Double Six (20140), Dogwatch
BELFAST, The Pound (29990), Advertising
BIRMINGHAM, Bournebrook, Selly Oak (021-472 0416), Model Manta

BRADFORD, Star Hotel, Westgate (32119), Cut Throat Jake
CAMBRIDGE, 14th Cambridge Folk Festival, Cherry Hinton Hall Grounds (57851), John Renbourn & Steve Grossman / Richie Havens / Hot Yuletrees / Alex Attonson / Hamish Imaich / Fred Wedlock / Happy Traum / New Victory Band et al
CARDIFF, Top Rank (28538), The Motors / The Jolt
CHATHAM, Tam O'Shanter (0634 400187), Steve Boyce Band
CIESTERFIELD, Brimington Tavern (32344), Race Against Time

DONCASTER, Stainforth Democratic Club (841259), Strange Days
EDINBURGH, Clouds (031-229 5533), The Rich Kids / The Sils
EXETER, Grouchos (78070), Timepiece / Skyrider
ILFORD, Cranbrook (01-554 8659), Jerry The Ferret
IPSWICH, Kingfisher, Agnes Strange
KINGHORN, Quinzie Nook, Charley Browne
KIRKALDY, Dutch Mill, Skeeth Boliver
KIRKLEINGTON, Country Club (Eaglescliffe 780983), The Law Show
LEEDS, Compton Club, Sullford Jets

LINCOLN, AJ's (30874), The Accelerators
LIVERPOOL, Eric's (061 236 7881), John Cooper-Clarke / The Fall
LONDON, Acklam Hall, Portobello Road (01-960 4590), Light of the World / Ribbit / Basement Band
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden (01-267 4987), Racing Cars
LONDON, Factory Club, Clapenham Mews, M15
LONDON, Hope and Anchor, Islington (01-359 4310), White Cats
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6033), Chelsea
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Meal Ticket / Tall Story

'DANCE ACROSS THE FLOOR'

JIMMY 'BO' HORNE

Come blow your Horne...



With this steaming hot 'n' slice of dynamic disco action, 'Dance Across The Floor' It's taken from the album of the same name, produced and arranged by the great K.C. and played with true funk devotion by Jimmy 'Bo' Horne. So slap it on the deck, turn up the volume and blow your Horne.

LIMITED EDITION 12" SINGLE

FULL LENGTH DISCO VERSION

STEVENAGE, The Swan, Chelmsford, Roger The Cat
STATHFESBER, Ball Room, The Monks
TAL, Town Hall, Ipswich
THURSBOURNE, The Sun
WOLVERHAMPTON, Rising Star, Merger

SATURDAY JULY 29
AYLESBURY, Friars (8848), The Motors / The Jolt
BASILDON, Double Six (35146), Jackie Lynton's II D Band
BELFAST, Pound (29960), Advertising
BIRKENHEAD, Rascals (031-647 7237), Spider
BIRMINGHAM, Fighting Cocks, Moseley, Model Band
BRIGHTON, Alhambra (17874), Dandies
BRIGHTON, Canary (26267), Buster James Band
BROMLEY, William Morris Hall, The Bombshells / X-Film
CAMBRIDGE, 14th Cambridge Folk Festival, Cherry Hinton Hall Grounds, (57851), Billy Connolly / Tom Paxton / Richie Havens / 5 Ravens / Fred Wedlock / Alex Atkinson / Muckram Wakes / Pete & Chris Coe / Na Sil / Chris Brunicaudi
CORRY, Nag Head (63174), Linnlight
CORRY, Shafts, Ray King Band
CROYDON, Red Deer (01-688 9291), Desperate Strats
DEVIZES, Corn Exchange (Bristol 26787), The Sparks
DINGWALL, Town Hall, Ignatz
DUDLEY, JB's (53597), The Young Bucks
EASTBOURNE, Archery (22069), Steve Royce Band
GALASHIELLS, Privateer, Charley Brown (lunchtime & evening)
GOOLE, Station Hotel (3981), Void
MAINAULT, Old Maypole, Barkingside, Danny Wild And The Wildcats
MILLINGTON, Sports & Social Club, The Injections
ISLEWORTH, Islebridge School, The Condemned / The Delinquents
LEEDS, Florde Grene Hotel (623470), Steve Brown Band
LEEDS, Vivas (456249), Jailer
LETCHEWORTH, Pelican, Matchbox
LINCOLN, AJ's (30874), The Rich Kids / The Sils
LIVERPOOL, Eric's (051-236 7881), Suicide / The Actors
LIVERPOOL, Red Lion, Litherland (051-928 8023), The Eddy
LIVERPOOL, Shippers, Juggernaut
LONDON, Rowley Gate, Ray King Band
LONDON, Acklam Hall, Portobello Road (01-960 4980), Merger / Tribesman / Back Arabs
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2386), White Cats
LONDON, Dingswails, Camden (01-267 4967), Ramrod / Chims Street
LONDON, EJA Studios, Belsize Grove, West Hampstead, Black Superstition / Mainlin
LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Inmates
LONDON, Leyton Youth Club, Gnasher / The Convent Nuns
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Lambstrips
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Bonja Kristina's Escape / Pandes
LONDON, Musicians Collective, Gloucester Place, Circadian Rhythm (24-hour concert @ pm-9 pm)
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), 999
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), Big Chief
LONDON, Red Cow, Hammersmith (01-748 5720), Ramrod / The Ruts
LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-240 0198), Punishment of Luxury
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Sore Throat

SUNDAY JULY 30
BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Ralnmaker
BISHOPS STORTFORD, Triad Leisure Centre (56333), Newtown Neurotics / Gangsters / Rabbits
BLACKPOOL, Imperial Hotel (02037), Co-Co
CAMBRIDGE, 14th Folk Festival, Cherry Hinton Hall Grounds (57851), Billy Connolly / Dis Dingley / John Renbourn & Stefan Grossman / Dave Swarbrick & Friends / Tom Paxton / Pete & Chris Coe / Red City Ramblers / Ougenweide / Brian Cookson & Hot Vultures / Muckram Wakes / New Victory Band
CARLEISLE, Border Terrier, Charley Browne
CHESTER, Variations, Those Naughty Lumps
CLIFTONVILLE, Queens Hotel, Keith Pearson's Rat Hound Band
EASTWOOD, Grey Topper, Salford Jub
FRASERBOROUGH, Station Hotel (33483), Ignatz
HIGH WYCOMBE, Nags Head (21758), The Cheaters
KIRKALDY, Station Hotel, Simple Minds
LEEDS, Florde Grene Hotel (623470), Krakatoa
LEEDS, Vivas (456249), Overlord
LEICESTER, Radio One Road Show, Mallory Park, The Darb
LINCOLN, Brant Road Social Club (22652), Strange Days
LONDON, City Arms, Angel (01-253 2889), Hoolies
LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Punishment of Luxury
LONDON, Lyceum, The Strand (01-836 3715), Magazine
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), The Banned
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Ramrod
LONDON, Red Cow, Hammersmith (01-748 5720), Fischer Z
LONDON, Regents Park Open Air Theatre (01-935 584), The Rubinoos / The Smirks
LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-249 0188), White Cats
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Gentry / Zulu
LONDON, Torrington, North Finchley (01-445 4710), Dick Morrissey / Jim Mullen
LONDON, Upstairs at Ronnie's, Frith Street (01-39 0747), Baby Grand
MACCLESFIELD, Bears Head (21597), Juggernaut
MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall (061-832 8625), Spherical Objects
NEWBRIDGE, Institute (24301), Whitebird
NOTTINGHAM, Boat Club (869032), Arslshire
OLDHAM, Boundary (061-628 3441), The Eddy
THORNHE, White Hart Hotel, Linnlight

MONDAY JULY 31
BRENTFORD, Hermit Club (71704), Roger The Cat
CHILTERNHAM, Plough (2087), Accelerators
DONCASTER, Outlook (94434), Krakatoa
EDINBURGH, Tiffany's (031-536 6292), Suicide / The Actors
GUILDFORD, Junction, Quarry Street (72422), The Monos
HULL, Tiffany's (28280), The Resillos
LEEDS, Vivas (456249), John Hedley Baggett
LONDON, City Arms, Angel (01-253 2889), Diablo
LONDON, Dingswails, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Valentino / The Directors
LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), The Records
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Tourists
LONDON, Moonlight Railway Hotel, Hampstead (01-677 1473), Adam and the Ants / Neeromancher
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Japan / White Cats
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), The Autographs, The Edge
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), Shooter
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Kevin Coyne
LONDON, T Ramshead, Woolwich (01-855 3371), World Service
LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 4403), Desperate Strats
MARGATE, Bowlers Arms (Thanet 28633), Rebel
SOUTHEND, Talk of the South (67821), JALN Band
ST ALBANS, Horn of Plenty (36820), Joker
WOLVERHAMPTON, Queens Hotel (22839), Atlas

TUESDAY AUGUST 1
BISHOPS STORTFORD, The Triad Leisure Centre (56333), Heat
BRIGHTON, Alhambra (17874), Nightrider
BRIGHTON, Richmond (28234), Raped / Wirty Birds
CARDIFF, Top Rank (26538), Rich Kids / The Sils
CHESTER, Smarties, Buster James Band
LEEDS, F Club (Rooft) (663252), Suicide / The Actors
LEEDS, Vivas (456249), The Monos
LONDON, Dingswails, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), White Cats
LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), The Autographs
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Michael Chapman
LONDON, Moonlight Railway Hotel, Hampstead (01-677 1473), Adam and the Ants / The Nobodys
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Jackie Lynton's HD Band / Showbiz Kids
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Sarsie's / Dead Ringer
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), Pekoe Orange
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Kevin Coyne
LONDON, T Ramshead, Woolwich (01-855 3371), Samson
NEWCASTLE, Cooperage (28286), Blitzkrieg Pop
PLYMOUTH, Metro (51326), The Accelerators
SOUTHEND, Totts Club, JALN Band
YORK, Munster Bar, The Void

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 2
LEEDS, Vivas (456249), The DenDoo
FFORDE GREEN ROCK SCENE
 BOUNDARY ROAD, LEEDS 8
 *
 Thurs 27th ACROBATS
 Fri 28th HOWARD ELLIS BAND (ex-Ennigby)
 Sat 29th STEVE BROWN BAND
 Sun 30th KRAKATOA

MONDAY TV
JULY 31
THURSDAY
NBC 1 - Dr Who (7.00-7.28). Cloned micro-copies of The Doc and Leela set off on a journey deep into the wilds of the Doctors brain.
BBC 1 - Top Of The Pops (7.28-8.00). Jimmy Savile takes us on a journey deep into the wilds of the charts.
BBC 1 - Rowley Fibers (8.35-10.20). The story of Lennon and McCartney from their days in The Quarrymen to the Beatlemania era.
Granada - What's On Special (10.30-11.15). A documentary (unfortunately not fully networked) on Howard Devoto of Magazine (ex-Buzzcocks) and Pete Shelley of the Buzzcocks. Following their musical career and experiences from their first concert at Manchester's Lesser Free Trade Hall, two years ago to the present time.
SATURDAY
LWT - The Monkees (10.15-10.45). Les Lads fall behind in their rent so their landlady moves in another tenant to sort things out.
LWT - Laverne & Shirley (8.00-8.30). Bowling for Razorberri! Laverne decides to settle a feud and stages a do or die match at the local bowling alley.
LWT - Revolver (11.15-12.00). Introduced by Peter Cook, Chris Hill and Les Ross with Ian Dury and the Blockheads, Sloukie and the Banshees, The Vibrators, The Buzzcocks, Bonnie Tyler and The Roy Hill Band. The support band are Sore Throat and the nostalgia is provided by the Kinks.
MONDAY
ITV - Kenny Everett's Video Show (6.45-7.30). Continuing the saga of Captain Krem, Kenny and the guests who have the (mis?)fortune to be there!
TUESDAY
ITV - Breakers (4.15-4.45). The Pleasers.
WEDNESDAY
Granada - A Little Night Music (12.30-12.45). Featuring The Bowles Brothers

MONDAY TO FRIDAY
Radio One - John Peel (10.00-12.00). Every night with a wide selection of records, and tapes from some of the big and lesser known bands around.
THURSDAY
Radio One - Kid Jensen (6.30-7.30). Running through the new BBC album chart.
Radio Luxembourg - Album Of The Night (12.00-1.00). Featuring the album from Marshall Hall 'Free Ride'.
FRIDAY
Radio London - Rocks Off (7.00-7.30). A new in concert spot running for seven weeks, presented by Mike Sparrow. This week half an hour from Leo Kotke.
SATURDAY
Radio One - In Concert (8.30-7.30). Stefan Grossman, John Renbourn, Davey Graham and Happy Traum.
SUNDAY
Radio One - Road Show (3.00-5.00). From Mallory Park in Leicester, live music from the Darbs, plus interviews with Bryan Ferry, Smoke and The Goodies.
MONDAY
Radio London - Breakthrough (8.30-10.00). Mike Sparrow reviews the latest releases plus his comprehensive guide as to what's on rockwise, in London.
TUESDAY
Radio One - So You Wanna Be A Rock 'n' Roll Star (8.00-8.30). Kid Jensen discusses songwriting and stage presentation with Phil Lynott of Thin Lizzy.

LONDON, Dingswails, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), The Monos
LONDON, Red Cow, Hammersmith (01-748 5720), Ramrod
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Kevin Coyne
LONDON, White Hart Acton (01-450 3449), White Cats / Satellites
NEWPORT, Stowaway (50978), The Resillos
TORQUAY, Town Hall (0244), Rich Kids / The Sils
WORTHING, Balmoral Nightrider

PORTERHOUSE CLUB
 20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.
 Fri 28th JENNY DARREN BAND

VILLAGE BOURNEMOUTH
 GLENFERN ROAD 0202-26636
 Sunday Disco Club 7.30-12
 Every Monday 8-1 Capital Radio DJ
KERRY JUBY
 Tuesday 1st August ROKOTTO
 Wednesday 2nd August
THE JAM
 Thursday 3rd August SIMON BATES
 Every Friday and Saturday 8-1
 The South Coast Top Disco Party Night
 with ANDY ST. JOHN and TONY

FFORDE GREEN ROCK SCENE
 BOUNDARY ROAD, LEEDS 8
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MR. BIG THE SINGLE SENIORA

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Limited Edition Picture Sleeve

ROADSHOWS

GOOD CLEAN? FUN

SQUEEZE
Old Waldorf, San Francisco

IT'S A long way from Deptford to San Francisco and Squeeze have been taking the long way round on their first US tour, the success of which has been varied as the amount of promotion that has proceeded them. Triumph at CBGB's in New York, six gigs supporting vanity queen Patti Smith in Texas and, on the opposite scale, an appearance somewhere in a huge hall before five people.

The audience at the Old Waldorf is something of a stumbling block as they lack both in numbers and a sense of humour. Getting them to dance is like squeezing blood out of a stone, set as they are behind cocktail tables which waitresses circle like vultures. Jools Holland, sardonic as ever behind shades and cigar, informs them that they seem to lack legs and then proceeds to outdance all concerned. Despite Gilson appearing from behind his cymbals to admonish them, the audience continues its imitations of furniture until about three numbers from the end of each set. Further, they have a problem with ze English sense of humour, know what I mean? During 'Strong In Reason' a hired muscle man appears on stage and goes through his act staring narcissistically and vacantly at the lights, not hearing the lyrics which describes him as 'meat rack' amongst other insults. Like the crowd, he misses much of the point - a cultural barrier that Squeeze will have to overcome.

Mind you, England's recent exports are all a trifle on the eccentric side of stardom what with Costello and his physical jerks, Duran ('nuff said) and now the Squeeze muscle men. Not only are all these acts non-contenders in the Mr Universe stakes but they all share an obsession with sex and close encounters of the inadequate, not to say somewhat perverse, kind.

Nothing inadequate about the music tho' - Squeeze rock out, half the tunes new, half from the album and a couple of classics, 'Do The Mess Around', 'Love Potion No. 9' plus they're great to watch. Gilson on drums is the star, head switching from side to side, playing with the sticks like a gunfighter with a pair of Colt 45's (not the beer) mouth open like a goldfish, hitting the cymbals as though beheading a rattlesnake then starting after the blows like he was just darning them to twitch. Harry Kakoulli on bass, somewhat restricted by the plastercast on his foot broken by a stage somersault in Texas, stomps around, off in a private catatonia while Chris Difford rotates around stage like a mutation of Sparko and Wilko in the original Feelgoods, joining Glenn on the occasional dash around the boards and onto the tables fronting the stage.

Despite themselves, all rock by the end of each set and if the band's wit falls on fallow soil - well it's a weapon that enables them to survive America and make damn good music. They may not be beautiful, but they're good clean (?) fun. **MARK COOPER**



Mickey Yung of Squeeze

THE FALL COLUMN, DURUTI Deeply Vale Free Festival

MEIN GOTTI! It is only a thin line that separates a rock festival from being an arduous training exercise at the best of times, but this?

well, just finding the site was a major orienteering expedition, o'er hills, dale and bumpy farm tracks. Still, once there it was worth it, the festival took place in a leafy meadow surrounded by makeshift wigwam, wholefood wagons and the unmistakable strains of Hawkwind and 'Silver Machine'. On the stage, where 20 completely unknown local bands have followed one another over the past couple of days, a banner proclaims 'Legallise Dope' while another says: 'Cosmic vibes courtesy of Deeply Vale'.

Mark Perry was supposed to have been bringing the remnants of 'Alternative TV' along while Brian James blew his big chance of leading a psychedelic revival by never arranging to come in the first place. Still, who needs 'Tanz Der Youth' when you've got The Fall?

Any progress The Fall might have made in the past 12 months has been frustrated by a constant succession of line-up changes which have mainly been due to the uncompromising attitudes of singer/songwriter and front man Mark Smith.

The Fall's music mainly concerns the alienative effects of modern industrial life and the false set of values promoted by a consumer-conscious society. The attendant theme of boredom and frustration are also present, as on the opening number, 'Repetition', where the empathy between words and music is underlined by a relentlessly nagging keyboard riff.

Songs like 'Music Scene', 'New Thing' and 'Futures And Pasts' were also included in the set and although my first impression was that they are not as strong, the band itself think otherwise. Bearing in mind their enormous potential, I am prepared to be proved wrong.

Duruti Column are more overtly subversive, as their gimmick name implies; it is taken from a gang of Spanish Civil War dissidents and was revised by a group of anarchists during the

events of May '68 in Paris. Since most of Phil Ralnford's vocals were lost in the poor sound mix, it was difficult to tell whether they live up to their monicker.

Titles like 'Natty Front', 'Hallotosis' (dedicated to Margaret Thatcher) and 'Sex Offender' failed to move the predominantly hippy audience, which was not really surprising since their primal metallic shrieks were hardly at one with the rural festival atmosphere.

The same could have applied to The Fall, playing their first ever outdoor gig. Songs of urban desolation might seem inappropriate in the countryside, although their feelings are likely to have been shared by large sections of the crowds for them to have made the trek out of the city in the first place. Whatever the case, festivals are always good for a laugh.

MIKE NICHOLS

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES, THE SHIRTS Roundhouse

ANYONE WHO said punk is dead would have felt rather embarrassed on Sunday night. The Roundhouse audience was totally dominated by multi-coloured punks, waiting impatiently for one of the last bastions of this now unfashionable movement. New York new wavers The Shirts soon found out that their brand of high-powered pop was not to the liking of a small hostile minority. Annie Golden, lead singer and part-time pixie skipped around the stage backed by a band of organised posers making it somewhat contrived entertainment. A few morons spat and threw cans at the band showing a total lack of guts walked off after five numbers.

'Spizz Oil' consisted of a lead skulful guitarist and a small converting vocalist, came on next and bravely faced the front line of insults thereby gaining the respect of the rest of the audience. Their short set, full of ear shattering numbers revealed a remarkable new talent, the charismatic dancer come vocalist let out a series of tortured vocals complete with high pitched screams. He was in total control of everybody's eyes and ears, returning for a well deserved encore.

The Banshees expanded on Spizz Oil's brand of pounding new music but their songs were far less imaginative. Siouxsie marched around the stage like a mad puppet adding somewhat tuneless vocals to the raw noise of her band. The music was aggressive and threatening, creating an uneasy atmosphere which was not helped by the skirmishes at the front of the stage. It was not enjoyable music but then Siouxsie and her band are playing mechanical rhythms which are not easy to accept. This is music for the future. The trouble is at the moment the punks are more interested in indulging in old pastimes such as spitting, chanting and fighting, leaving Siouxsie with fans who only seem to rally around her because of who she is, rather than what she is now attempting to create. **PHILIP HALL**

acted as a cue for every controversy under the sun to rear its head. 'Gay Boys On The Corner', a chorus of bondage plus assorted racist and sexist lyrics all sung a la Lou Reed, failed to inspire. It seems to me that Rambow are just another average rock and roll band.

KELLY PIKE

LANDSCAPE Ronnie Scott's, London

LANDSCAPE is one of those encompassing names that doesn't tell you much about what the band is like. As they were playing at Ronnie Scott's I expected certain jazz influences. But then they've recently played the Music Machine and even the Roxy, so they obviously have a versatile sound.

The label jazz/rock doesn't quite do them justice. Theirs is a highly individual music - touches of Steely Dan, Herbie Hancock but also big band jazz.

Their line up is hardly conventional - electric (lute (John Walters), electric trombone (Peter Thoms), electric piano (Chris Heaton) and their two rhythm men Andy Pask on fretless bass and Richard Burgess on drums. Note the role of lead guitar - conspicuous in its absence.

They seemed tailor made for a place like Ronnie's - profes-

RAMBOW, The Torrington, Finchley

THE TORRINGTON is one of those amusing little places, tucked away in outer Finchley, where the sound is far better from outside than within the walls.

Venturing in at the risk of perpetual deafness one is confronted with a stage like a window ledge and an atmosphere as stimulating as cold rice pudding. This is the gig.



PHIL RAMBOW: average

Rambow took to the night like a duck to cement. The trio are named after their mentor ex-Winkie guitarist and, if you pardon the expression, vocalist Phil Rambow.

Dressed in baggy beige trousers and a checked shirt and braces, Phil looked like a refugee from Candlewick Green on the rampage. He led his band into a godly selection of self-penned numbers, which showed an interesting flair for variety if little else.

The guitar is certainly his strong point. He's not brilliant but has a definite style of his own. Unfortunately, his singing is a different matter. Words tumbled out in a mixture of slurs, yaps and squeals, so that one was tempted to applaud each rare opportunity that he hit the correct note.

Collectively, they could hardly be termed stunning, although one can only admire, or possibly laugh at the way Mr Rambow conducts himself - rather like a retiring superstar with an enviable air of commanding modesty. They were at their best through 'Don't Call Me Toronto' a fast number of average content, but at least played with otherwise elusive relish. Far more than can be said of the following song which

sionalism sugared with cool-as-ice intros, articulate and sophisticated. Shimmering sounds from piano started the first number, creating a little mystery in the air, then a snappy drum rhythm was laid on, followed by pungent brass melody, with the bass creeping in somewhere while you're not noticing to layer the music with a solid stomp. The result is an engagingly satisfying sound, smooth as silk but feverishly funky.

The first number turned out to be 'Too Many Questions', which was followed by one of John's compositions called 'The White Visitation', leading straight into 'Gravity'. Short numbers with abrupt and inclusive changes of pace. And no vocals in any of them, which I always miss.

I missed the lead guitar sound too, being a phillistine when it comes to jazz. Some of the most provoking stuff was when piano or trombone took over that role. But they play too democratically to allow that to happen much - they don't push a hero out in front of you to worship.

'Highly Suspicious' finished their set, the best song yet, with Richard's experience of reggae bands showing through in the percussive rhythms. A cunning choice for a

last number that left me wanting to hear more of their polished gems, unshattering as they may be. I'd like to see how they go down in front of a Marquee audience. **ALEX SKORECKI**

WALTHAMSTOW CARNIVAL FOR RACIAL HARMONY Selbourne Park, Walthamstow

PRESENTED BY the Waltham Forest Campaign Against Racism, this Festival combined side shows, theatre, pamphletting and local acts in a cosy, relaxed show of solidarity very fitting for a Sunday. Bad weather not withstanding, a fair throng rocked to an interesting bill.

Bearing the tattered standard of punk the Leyton Buzzards played a smart set, a stone's throw from their Record Company, Small Wonder, itself close to the hairdressing salon which boasts the Buzzards' patronage.

They take Daily Mirror-derived punk to new heights; sensationalist songs about Baader-Meinholds (last year's Red Brigade), Joyce McKinney (this year's Janis Jones), and the teen self-destruct solution in 'Youthanasia' and '19 And Mad' ('I won't reach 20 and I don't want to'), both sides of their first single. Everything fits, from the skilled cold Light Metal to the singer's Bowie inflections and the tubby bassist's leopard skin vest (eyesore of the day).

More entertaining, though, was a short turn by 'Clapperclaw' a local feminist trio and the most charming militants you'll meet, who combine shoddy musical pastiche with impish satire, and whose pure relish of their time onstage makes their political format fresh. Forget Siouxsie - Rix of Clapperclaw is my cult heroine for '78.

Strictly showbiz Black Slate bill-topped with a tedious set of smug, Uncle Tom, Rut Schlock, Rebel Reggae. Rastafarian platitudes dominated their endless cool-and-respect Participation riffs.

The singer dropped the Selassie-I sexism for one number to haul a black baby on stage to air-punch with tiny fists. Love, understanding and oneness - Black Slate's concerns - are noble ideals and worth striving for but the band's reliance on the slogan tokens of their culture makes only for complacency. Harsh words yes, but partly a reaction to those 'radicals' and critics so frenziedly backing reggae while picking apart the stances of white bands.

"If you wanna fight racism go down Brick Lane", was one young hoodlum's friend's verdict. But the carnival was not pure escape - several speakers invoked the East End battle ground which the loathsome and divisive Front do their best to terrorise. Events like this get a spur to further involvement in the 'real' battles, and in themselves the convincing little displays of friction-free co-existence.

So Clenched Fist Congrats to RAR, 'Clapperclaw' and the Brick Lane commandos, and the Waltham Forest Campaign for a crazy lazy Sunday. **JOHN KNIGHT**

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ROADSHOWS

IMAGE — NEGATIVE

RICH KIDS.
The Outlook, Doncaster.

FRANKLY, THE whole Biggs-Pistols escapade/rip-off really sets the bile bubbling and pisses me off no end, and — although I'd reckoned Jones and Cook had more sense — I hope they all choke on their advances. As for repulsive old Biggs, well, I just wish he'd sod off and leave us in peace.

As far as I'm concerned, it's sickening that the press should continue to hype his disgusting entourage, though — as we all know — it WON'T go away. The Pistols DO exist, but they've blown it totally and no longer count, so what of the band's wiser-than-wise ex-members?

There's Rotten, of course, who's yet to submerge... or there's Sid Vicious, a talentless cide who needs someone like Johnny Thunders to act as benefactor if he's gonna get anywhere.

And there's Matlock,

who's calm and quietly been grounding The Rich Kids for the past nine or ten months. Tonight, however, calm and quiet they were NOT. In fact, they were bloody lo-u-d. L o u d a s i n "AAARRGGHH! Turn the damn PA down, will ya?" Not only that, but the sound itself was some godawful blancmange-slush, distorting and mixing all the instruments into a lousy aural swamp-mush, and making the whole thing most impenetrable, if not unlistenable.

Which, I think, is a grave misfortune. The Rich Kids may not be the hippest thing since Teenage Jesus and the Jerks (who, incidentally, ARE good), but they write pretty strong 'numbers' and bash 'em out with negligible pretension. Maybe their greatest problem is the lack of an 'image', or could that be part of their approach?

The PA was such that material, whether new, old, good, bad or



STEVE NEW of the Rich Kids

whatever, all sounded the same (or too similar for comfort). The stuff which was most familiar came off best as a result of this, and 'Sound of Marching Men' (a fine single), 'Burning Sounds', 'Put You In The Picture' and 'Rich Kids' gleaned the most enthusiastic responses from a somewhat shell-shocked audience.

A single obligatory encore (Iggy's 'Shake Appeal' plus 'Rich Kids' reprise) and then it was all over. Not a bum gig, but then again, not a resounding success. Still, give me this over Ronald Biggs any day. There IS some ace material nestling in there somewhere, so the sooner the sound problems are sussed the better.

CHRIS WESTWOOD

WHIRLWIND Dudley

IT SEEMED rather strange to be going to revitalize rock and roll band during the era of new wave music. So much of what has been good in music in the last few years has been forward looking and new and so attempts to resurrect bygone days does seem rather out of date and strange.

Nevertheless, Whirlwind, an up and coming rockabilly outfit, are beginning to carve a name for themselves amongst the many echelons of the music business and so, like anyone else, are worthy of consideration.

They comprise Mick Lewis on lead guitar, Nigel Dickson on rhythm guitar and vocals, Chris Kimo on bass, Gary Haasset on drums and vocals. These four eager, fresh faced young men played rock and roll as though they were teenagers in the 1950s not the 1970s. And although the audience were small in number, they generated enough enthusiasm themselves to get the place rocking.

Their repertoire sounded traditionally familiar and authentic, although many of the numbers were new to the audience. The most distinctive sounds were 'One More Chance', 'My Advice' and 'The Right Goodbye' but their selections were sufficiently brief to ensure that anyone taking exception to any of them would not have been displeased for long.

As recreators of a past era Whirlwind are no mean outfit, although it remains to be seen if they possess sufficient panache, flair or originality to be more than just passing through. NIAL CLULEY

VARIATIONS Royal Festival Hall, London

SPOT THE top at the Royal Festival Hall. Matrons squeeze themselves into creaking seats while husbands half their size puff on oversized cigars. The Geraldines and the Justins and the Samanthas and the Peters arrive in cotton and velvet.

For you peasants out there, 'Variations' is a

modern adaptation of the works by virtuoso violinist Paganini, conceived and written by Andrew Lloyd Webber the man who made a star out of Jesus Christ and Evita Peron. Paganini played with such vigour that the church was convinced he was in league with the Devil and refused to bury him in consecrated ground until five years after his death.

But enough of the history and on with the show. Messing around with the classics is either successful or a total disaster. Like James Last doing a version of the 1812 Overture. But Lloyd Webber's treatment keeps the intent of the original pieces, the instruments so cleverly involved with each other that it doesn't end up as a cheap gimmick.

There isn't a pause or let down in the entire repertoire — ranging from the quirkiness of the initial piece played by his brother Julian on the cello to the unbridled sentimentality of Barbara Thompson on flute and so many other different patterns.

The changes are often sudden but this doesn't alter the links between the works. You find your senses reacting to the spontaneity and there's even space for a brief Shadows type routine.

But the concert builds cleverly to a climax. Under dim lights Julian Lloyd Webber tears into the cello before the final desolation of the last few rasping notes.

I think it's great. Next time I'll wear a velvet jacket so that I can look like Melvyn Bragg as well. ROBIN SMITH

JAPAN/METAL URBAIN Music Machine.

WHO IS the prettiest group around? The Runaways, the Love Machine, Page 3, no it's JAPAN isn't it? Well, of course you know it is. Are they girls? Nope, they're all boys and judging from the female quotient at the Music Machine they're all "all-boy". They're also really nothing to do with the New York Dolls (shouldn't even mention them really), they are not Glam-rock, nor a bunch of woofers or a publicist's hype. Japan are a white funk band; y'know, funk, all them jerky nervous rhythms and dancey off-beat beats.

They even do a very emotional version of "Earth, Wind and Fire" which features a slinky solo from keyboard player Richard Barbieri. Singer David Sylvian has an appealing bananash voice (slippery) and this shows to most effect on their single, Streisand's "Don't Rain On My Parade". Any band who decides to cover that must know something.

Amazingly, Japan are still all around twentyish and pre-date punk, which brings us to the support band, Metal-Urbain are French, well, I'm reliably told they sang in French, although to be honest it sounded so awful it might as well have been anything (they'd probably call it futuristic). With bands like these around it's difficult to see why fame and fortune don't rain on Japan.

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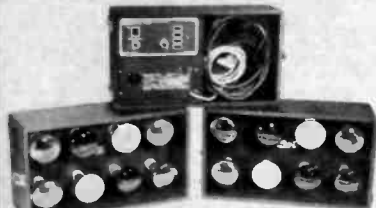
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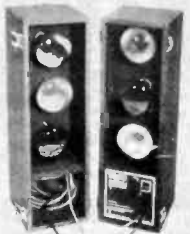


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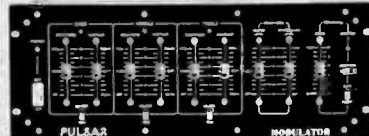
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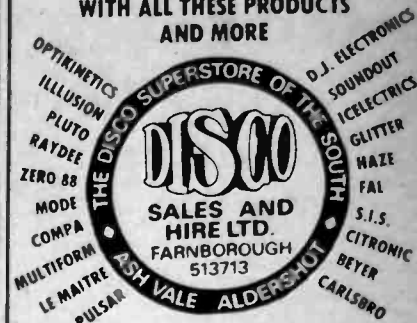
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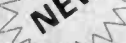
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DISCO DATES

THURSDAY (27) Paul Burnett is Radio One DJ at Bournemouth Village. Alex George funks ultra-hip Six By Six Club in London's Diplomat at 19 Oxford Street. Stuart Robinson reggae Leeds Allerton Grange VC. John DeSade funks Maidstone's London Tavern, Chris Gentry and Three Degrees entertain HRH Prince Charles for charity at Earlbourne Kings Country Club, EMI LRD Disco Dance at Tottenham Charles Bury Rebecca, High Wycombe Tuesdays, **FRIDAY (28)** Robbie Vincent and Ashley Wood funks Elizabethan Barn in Lansdale Gardens, Ashley Woods funks Sleaford's Carrs Grammar School for the local rugby club, Chris Gentry (OBE) hits Cirencester Com Hall, Caroline Raeburn plays Chelmsford City FC, EMI LRD do Blackburn Cavendish, Bristol Romeo & Julietts, Birmingham La Dolce Vita, London Leicester Square Emolite, **SATURDAY (29)** Levton Buzzard's Ron Brown and Blacktop's Simon Tattersall are Luxembourg Celebrity DJs, 'International Soul Personality' Sean French funks Southgate Royalty, Jim Kershaw funks Sheffield Troika Echo on Primrose Hill; **SUNDAY (30)** George Power, Paul Gratias and Bob Jones funks all day at London's Crackers on corner of Oxford and Vauxhall Streets from 2pm-midnight, Les Aron rocks in bope Shoreham Casablanca; **MONDAY (31)** Chris Hill and Pete Tong funk Margate Hades, **WEDNESDAY (2)** Kerry Joby's Capital DJ at Southgate Royalty, Ashley Woods funks Sleaford's Black Bull Inn, Alan Hughes hits Worcester Western Bank then gets married on Saturday!

DISCO NEWS

THIS SUNDAY (30) Greg James of London's US-style Embassy Club teaches American mixing to the South-Eastern Disco Assn at the Oxford and Vauxhall pub in Tunbridge Wells. Prospective members are welcome at this luncheon meeting. Meanwhile, without any ballyhoo, Paul Nice continues his own American-style mixing counting the Beats-Per-Minute at Chadwell Heath's Regency Suite. Heatwave are so impressed by Tyrone David's great reorganization of their 'Mind Blowing Decisions' ID-Roy FORCE 2012, 12in that they've copied his version for US release! Karen Young's sizzling 'Hot Shot' will be out here next week on Atlantic 7in and 12in, but both will be different edits from the US hit. Other hotshots Lenny Williams 'You Got Me Running' will be on ABC 12in on August 11th, Gilla 'Bend Me Shape Me' is due on Anota Hansa 12in any day, Gary Criss 'Rio De Janeiro' is on UK Carrot 12in now. Crown Heights Affair 'Galaxy Of Love' (De-Lite), Hamilton Bohannon 'Let's Start The Dance' and Charles Earlard 'Let The Music Play' (Mercury), Frankie Valli 'Grease' (RSO) are all out on 45 within a week, while after heavy plugs on Kenny Everett's TV show (those dancers - wow!) Cerrone's 'Supernature' is released on commercial Atlantic 12in now. WEA's Fred Dove points out to his mailing list DJs that he still has over a hundred copies of the US 12in rema 'Whistle Bump' that those jocks would ransom their granies for!

DJ TOP 10

ROB HARKNETT, mobile with his Lovers' Leap Disco (Roydon 2329) and resident at Harlow Gibbey Vintners staff club, has a list of albums he considers a must for the more traditional MoR parties and functions. The first five are all by Sydney Thompson on his own Sydney Thompson Records label (to save space).

- 1 PARTY DANCES, Sydney Thompson PDR 1
- 2 DANCE AT YOUR PARTY, Sydney Thompson PDR 2
- 3 MUSIC FOR CELEBRATING SPECIAL OCCASIONS, Sydney Thompson PDR 4
- 4 BALLROOM DANCETIME, Sydney Thompson DST 8
- 5 FAVOURITES IN SONG AND DANCE, Sydney Thompson VCR 302
- 6 STRICT TEMPO DANCETIME, International Dance Orchestra Contour 2870352
- 7 WORLD OF WALTZES, Roberto Mann Decca SPA 23
- 8 100 GOLDEN GREATS, Max Bygraves Ronco RTDX 2019
- 9 40 ALL-TIME HONKY TONK HITS Robin CPB 1930
- 10 DIXIELAND PARTY, Alex Welsh Black Lion BLP 12131

BROTHERS JOHNSON 'Bam! LP (A&M AMLZ 64714), Dynamic funky album full of goodies like the chugging 5:36 'Ain't We Funkin' Now' with amazing beefy bass, jaunty 'Ride-O-Rocker', snappy 'Mista Cool', lurching slow 'It's You Girl', lazy 'Sireenave' and P'unky title track. Looks like another 'All 'N All' in the making.

FOXY: 'Get On (TKR 6040)' Long-awaited 'whoop-whoop' filled exciting sparse bumper on 3:30 7in, should now be huge (if not too late).

CISY HOUSTON: 'Think It Over' (Private Stock PVDD 6) Already big on import, the fast Michael Zager-produced flier's on full 12in or edited 7in (PVT 166).

NIGEL MARTINEZ: 'Better Things To Come' (State STAT 81). Lickety-split on 7in, the terrific 3:32 instrumental funk-jazz jumper could now be enormous.

MICHAEL ZAGER: 'Music Fever' (Private Stock PVDD 5). Idiotically, this already hot and logical follow up (featured in the 'British Hustle' movie soon) is hidden as flip to the naff 'Soul To Soul', but at least on 12in and edited 7in (PVT 161).

NORMA JEAN: 'Saturday' (Beersville K 15541). Skittering smooth creamy thumper by the Chick chick, sadly edited for 3:24 UK 7in from the hot red vinyl 6:04 US promo 12in (another for collectors!).

GARY BARTZ: 'Shake Your Body' LP 'Love Affair' Tower EST 11789). P'unky happy 6:20 burbler - edited for 4:23 7in Capitol CL 15939) - while John Coltrane's 'Giant Steps' becomes a lovely leaving 6:01 jazz funk bossa-nova that works well with Herbie Hancock.

RENZO FRAIESE: '12 Engle Street' (Pye 7N 25788). Great

NEW SPINS

much imported hot funk-jazz jumper, hidden as 3:52 flip to a dreary but 'safe' ballad, 'Angela'. The label spells him 'Reio'!

PAUL JABARA: 'Trapped In A Starway' (Casablanca TGFS 3). Bright and breezy romper from 'Thank God It's Friday' by the pudgy chap who ends up like the title.

AMII STEWART: 'You Really Touched My Heart' (Atlantic K 11178). Soulfully wailing cool thumper builds up the boat quite hypnotically.

LONNE JORDAN: 'Grey Rainy Days' (Nasty MCMA 380). Lovely summery swayer with tapping Latin rhythm - like a new 'Groovin'' - and funky slow flip with wheezing synthetics, both with his War sound.

THE KING: 'I Just Can't Leave Your Love Alone' (ABC 4228). Great unusual jaunty 4:45 bluesy rapper with a discolored backing for sophisticated fun.

SMOKEY ROBINSON: 'Daylight' (Motown TMG 1114). Beautiful lush smoocher, messy fast flip.

DARTS: 'It's Raining' (Magnet MAG 126). Temptations-type slow sounds like a mid-'60s oodle but is actually new.

TAPPER ZUKIE: 'Wings' (Archiv The Rednose Reindeer) Lmer 602, via Rough Trade). Exclingly ethnic reggae, the flip

could even go Uptown Top Ranking!

JANET KAY: 'I Do Love You' (D-Roy GUN 150, via Pye). Winsome reggae version of Billy Stewart's classic swayer.

ROBERT PALMER: 'Best Of Both Worlds' (Island WIP 6445). Label mix-ups made me review the lovely mis-titled flip recently, while this is a lively pushing reggae chugger.

GLADIATORS: 'Dreadlocks The Time Is Now' (Front Line FLS 111). Quite fast ethnic reggae throbber, getting big.

ROY ALTON: 'Disco Bongo' (Tackle TAC 020). Happy jumper doesn't pull off the Hi-Tension funk-reggae fusion it attempts.

MADLEEN KANE: 'Rough Diamond' LP (Decca SKLR 5302). Swedish-American model girl goes the deadpan disco route in typically cliched gay New York style. Title track (now nabbing here), 'Let's Make Love' and the long 'Fever' are the fast ones.

VARIOUS: 'Sgt. Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band' (A&M AMLZ 66800). Star-studded but disappointing double LP set, saved by Earth Wind & Fire's funky retreat of 'Got To Get You Into My Life' - but wait, it deserves to be a 45!

EDDIE REGAN: 'Playin' Hide And Seek' (SAPPHIRES: 'Gonna Be A Big Thing' (ABC 4221). Typical northern stomper, the really fast flip being a grille group 60s backing.

LORRAINE SILVER: 'Lost Summer Love' (Casino Classics CC 2). Dusty Springfield / Susan Maughan-type chick with typical northern-loved nostalgically bad 60s backing.

SMITH BROTHERS: 'There Can Be A Better Way' (Igrapevine GRP 109). Jack Ashford - produced but strictly northern oldie charm.

GAYLE MCCORMICK: 'It's A Cryin' Shame' / 'Rescue Me' (ABC 4222). Old (though relatively recent) chumers with northern appeal.

SPELLBOUND: 'The Beat Is Yet To Come' (EMI America AMI 502). Fairly routine soul vocal group thumper.

ROCK JAMES

NEXT WEDNESDAY (Aug 2) something rather special happens when Capital Radio gives me an hour and a half of air time in which to discuss the development of Rock 'n Roll! Starting at 7.30 pm, in place of Adrian Love's normal phone-in, I will first give a potted history of the music before the lines are opened at 8.00 for the world (including you?) to call in with embarrassingly tacky questions. The subject matter may not have much to do with modern discos, but I know that a lot of jocks found my last phone-in fairly stimulating, so I hope you'll listen (on 194 MW/95.8 VHF, in the South-East only) it's not that Rock 'n Roll is my special subject, but that's all there's time for so we may as well start at the beginning (hint, hint, Capital?)!

UK DISCO TOP 90

CONTINUING the positions from page two

- | | | | |
|----|----|--|---------------------------------|
| 21 | 31 | ONE NIGHT AFFAIR, Samona Cocks Mercury/12in promo | Bohannon US |
| 22 | 24 | LET'S START THE DANCE, Hamilton Mercury LP | Mercury LP |
| 23 | 12 | BOOGIE TO THE TOP/ONE WITH A STAR/S-E-X, Idria Muhammad Kudu/A.P./12in promo | Idria |
| 24 | 29 | YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY REAL/DANCE (DISCO HEAT), Sylvester US Fantasy 12in | US Fantasy 12in |
| 25 | 21 | WHISTLE BUMP, Eumir Deodato Warner Bros/12 in/US 12in promo | Warner Bros/12 in/US 12in promo |
| 26 | 19 | MIND BLOWING DECISIONS, Heatwave GTO | Heatwave |
| 27 | 16 | RUNAWAY LOVE/AF MY FRIENDS COULD SEE ME NOW, Linda Clifford Curbom/US 12in/12in/LP | Curbom/US 12in/12in/LP |
| 28 | 47 | ME AND MYSELF, Ronnie Jones Lollipop/12in promo | Ronnie Jones |
| 29 | 40 | SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER (LP), Bee Gees/etc RSO LP | Bee Gees/etc RSO LP |
| 30 | 50 | IT'S THE SAME OLD SONG, KC & The Sunshine Band TK/12in | KC & The Sunshine Band |
| 31 | 69 | YOU GOT ME RUNNING/STILL REACH OUT/MIDNIGHT GIRL, Lenny Williams ABC LP | Lenny Williams |
| 32 | 50 | LOVIN' LIVIN' AND GIVIN', Diana Ross Motown/Casablanca LP | Diana Ross |
| 33 | 32 | CAPTAIN CONNORS/STELLA, Norman Connors Buddha/LP | Norman Connors |
| 34 | 18 | MISS YOU, Rolling Stones Buddha/LP | Rolling Stones |
| 35 | 62 | NIGHT FEVER, Carol Douglas Epic/12in | Carol Douglas |
| 36 | 26 | GET UP (6 LET YOURSELF GO), JALN Band Magnet/12in | JALN Band |
| 37 | 22 | LET'S GO DISCO Real Thing Pye | Real Thing |
| 38 | 70 | EVERYBODY'S SINGIN' LOVE SONGS, Sweet Thunder US Fantasy WMOT 12in | Sweet Thunder |
| 39 | 35 | I'M FIRED UP/SNAKE, Fatback US Fantasy WMOT 12in | Fatback |
| 40 | 86 | ONLY YOU, Teddy Pendergrass Phil Int LP | Teddy Pendergrass |
| 41 | 30 | DANCE WITH ME, Peter Brown TK/12in | Peter Brown |
| 42 | 48 | THREE TIMES A LADY, Commodores Mtown LPAUS 45 | Commodores |
| 43 | 42 | EYESIGHT/THE SPANK, James Brown Polydor/LP | James Brown |
| 44 | - | COSMIC TALES/MERRY-GO-ROUND, Crusaders ABC LP | Crusaders |
| 45 | 34 | MELLOW OUT/TIME OF THE SEASON/SISTER JO, Gap Mangione US A&M LP | Gap Mangione |
| 46 | 53 | LAW AND ORDER, Love Committee Salsoul/LP | Love Committee |
| 47 | 68 | GOT TO HAVE LOVING/GARDEN OF LOVE, Don Ray Polydor/LP | Don Ray |
| 48 | 37 | CONQUER ALL, Kenne Delt & Prane Mercury/US 12in | Kenne Delt & Prane |
| 49 | 36 | LET'S GET FUNKIFIED, Boiling Point Warner Bros | Boiling Point |
| 50 | 41 | SUN IS HERE, Sun Capitol/US LP | Sun |
| 51 | 58 | DAYS OF PEARLY SPENCER, Trade Mark RSO/12in | Trade Mark |
| 52 | 78 | SUBSTITUTE, Clout Carere/12in | Clout |
| 53 | 51 | MIDNIGHT AFTER DARK/STARBOOTY, Ubiquity Elektra/12in | Ubiquity |
| 54 | 85 | LAST DANCE, Donna Summer Casablanca/12in/LP | Donna Summer |
| 55 | 56 | LAY LOVE ON YOU, Luisa Fernandez Warner Bros | Luisa Fernandez |
| 56 | 44 | SATISFY MY SOUL, Bob Marley Island | Bob Marley |
| 57 | 46 | TEN PER CENT, Double Exposure US Salsoul 12in | Double Exposure |
| 58 | 61 | BAMA BOOGIE WOOGIE, Cleveland Eaton US Ovation 12in | Cleveland Eaton |
| 59 | 45 | YOU/JUST US, Samuel Jonathan Johnson US Columbia LP | Samuel Jonathan Johnson |
| 60 | 63 | TILL YOU TAKE MY LOVE/WHAT'S GOING ON, Harvey Mason Arista/12in/LP | Harvey Mason |
| 61 | 59 | I LOVE NEW YORK, Metropolis Salsoul/US 12in | Metropolis |
| 62 | 39 | MORE THAN A WOMAN, Tavares Capitol/RSO LP | Tavares |
| 63 | 43 | RISKY CHANGES, Bionic Boogie Polydor/LP | Bionic Boogie |
| 64 | - | MAGIC MIND, Earth Wind & Fire CBS | Earth Wind & Fire |
| 65 | 64 | WARM RIDE, Rare Earth Prodical/12in promo | Rare Earth |
| 66 | - | HEADLIGHTS/ALL THE WAY, Whispers RCA/12in | Whispers |
| 67 | 80 | THINK IT OVER, Cissy Houston Private Stock/12in | Cissy Houston |
| 68 | 33 | FUNK THEORY, Rokoto State/12in | Rokoto |
| 69 | 84 | THE CLAPPING SONG, Shirley Ellis MCA/12in | Shirley Ellis |
| 70 | 49 | THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY (LP), Various Casablanca LP | Various |
| 71 | 88 | BOOTZILLA, Bootsy's Rubber Band Warner Bros/12in | Bootsy's Rubber Band |
| 72 | - | BEND ME SHAPE ME, Gilla Anota Hansa | Gilla |
| 73 | 67 | RIO DE JANEIRO, Gary Criss Carere/12in | Gary Criss |
| 74 | - | THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY, Love & Kisses Casablanca/12in/LP | Love & Kisses |
| 75 | - | DOIT WITH FEELING, Michael Zager Moon Band Bang 76 | Michael Zager |
| 76 | 85 | A 5TH OF BEEHOVEN, Walter Murphy Private Stock/12in/RSO LP | Walter Murphy |
| 77 | 71 | HOLDING ON/JAM/YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN I NEEDED LOVE/TOGETHER FOREVER, L T D A&M LP | L T D |
| 78 | - | A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP, Showaddywaddy Anista | Showaddywaddy |
| 79 | 57 | LET YOURSELF GO, T-Connection MCA/12in | T-Connection |
| 80 | - | MY FAVOURITE FANTASY, Van McCoy TK/12in | Van McCoy |
| 81 | 88 | COME BACK AND FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED, Gladys Knight & The Pips Epic | Gladys Knight & The Pips |
| 82 | - | SAVE AND SPEND, Cheryl Barnes Buddha | Cheryl Barnes |
| 83 | 75 | I LOVE AMERICA/GOT A FEELING, Patrick Juvet Casablanca LP | Patrick Juvet |
| 84 | - | ROUGH DIAMOND, Madleen Kane Decca LP | Madleen Kane |
| 85 | - | GROOVE WITH YOU, Isley Brothers Epic | Isley Brothers |
| 86 | - | IT'S SERIOUS, Cameo Casablanca/12in/LP | Cameo |
| 87 | - | SHAKER SONG, Spvrn Gvra US Amherst/LP | Spvrn Gvra |
| 88 | - | STANDING ON THE VERGE, Platinum Hook Motown LP | Platinum Hook |
| 89 | - | HOW DO YOU DO, Al Hudson ABC LP | Al Hudson |
| 90 | - | STAY, Jackson Browne Asylum | Jackson Browne |

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Cold As Ice, Foreigner
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Dancing In The City, Marshall, Man
Don't Let Me Down Again, Buckingham-Nicks
Don't Wanna Say Goodnight, Kandidats
Dreadlocks Holiday, 10cc
5-7-06, City Boy
Fill, Steady Dan
Forever Autumn, Justin Hayward
From East To West, Voyage
Got A Feeling, Patrick Juvet
If The Kids Are United, Sham 66
Is This A Love Thing, Raydio
It's Raining, Darts
It's The Same Old Song, K. C. & The Sunshine Band
I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend, The Rubinoos
Life's Been Good, Joe Walsh
Like Clockwork, Boomtown Rats
Love's In You, Georgia & Chris
Magic Mind, Earth Wind & Fire
Northern Lights, Renaissance
On Money, Delegation
Roll The Dice, Steve Harley
Run For Home, Lindisfarne
Scotts Machine, Voyage
Senora, Mr Big
Sha la la la, Plastic Bertrand
Slow Train To Paradise, Tavares
Stay, Jackson Browne
Substitute, Clout
The Race Is On, Suz Quatro
Took The Last Train, David Gates
Use To Be My Girl, O Jays
Who Are You, The Who
Willie West Hero, Electric Light Orchestra
You Light My Fire (Sheila B. Devotion)
You're All I Need To Get By (Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams)
You're The One That I Want, John Travolta & Olivia Newton John
RECORDS OF THE WEEK
Dave Lee Travis: Mama's Little Girl, Spookey
Simon Bates: Two Out Of Three Ain't Bad, Major Laff
Paul Burnett: Sign Of The Times, Bryan Ferry
Kid Jensen: Madison Blues, George Thoroughgood

Arista
CBS
Capitol
Warner Bros
Suddah
Warner Bros
Polydor
RAK
Phonogram
Vertigo
MCA
CBS
GTO
Casablanca
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Magnet
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Asylum
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Oasis
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EMI
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GTO
EMI
Sire
Capitol
Asylum
Carere
RAK
Elektra
Phil Int
Polydor
Jet
EMI
CBS
John Epic
Decca
Epic
Polydor
Sonet

RADIO PLAYLISTS

BBC BLACKBURN

HIT PICKS
Jude Bunker: DREADLOCK HOLIDAY, 10cc
Nigel Dyson: EVENSONG, Bryan and Michael
Rob Salvidge: IT'S RAINING, Darts
Phil Scott: I WANNA DANCE, Alan Price
Trevor Hall: KISS YOU ALL OVER, Exile
Pat Gibson: DISCOINFERNO, Trampas
Gerald Jackson: LOST SUMMER LOVE, Lorraine Silver

Mercury
Pye
Magnet
Jet
RAK
Atlantic
RKC

BBC ULSTER

ADDONS
DAYS OF PEARLY SPENCER, David McWilliams
STEPPIN' IN A SLIDE ZONE, Moody Blues
LOVE SYMPHONY, Luvbug
SENORA, Mr Big
NIGHT FEVER, Carol Douglas
RUN JOEY RUN, Billie Davis

EMI
Decca
Galaxy
EMI
Gull
Magnet

RADIO FORTH

HIT PICKS
Mike Scott: A ROSE HAS TO DIE, Dooleys
Steve Hamilton: ROLL THE DICE, Steve Harley
Bill Torrance: COPACABANA, Barry Manlow
Mike Gowar: TOP OF THE POPS, Rezillos

GTO
EMI
Arista
Sire

ADDONS
THE RACE IS ON, Suz Quatro
OH I WANT YOU, Joe Breen
YOU LIGHT MY FIRE, Sheila B Devotion
DON'T LET ME DOWN AGAIN, Buckingham Nicks
NIGHT FEVER, Carol Douglas
I DON'T WANNA GO, Joey Travolta
WAIT UNTIL MIDNIGHT, Yellow Dog
BABY IT'S YOU, Racey
ANTHEM, New Seekers
OPENING OUT, Renaissance
AN EVERLASTING LOVE, Andy Gibb

RAK
Mountain
EMI
Polydor
Gull
RCA
Virgin
RAK
CBS
Warner Brothers
RSO

DOWNTOWN RADIO

HIT PICKS
John Paul: I WANNA BE YOUR BOYFRIEND, The Rubinoos
Trevor Campbell: A ROSE HAS TO DIE, The Dooleys
Candy Devine: COPACABANA, Barry Manlow
Eddie Vee: ICE FIRE AND DESIRE, Hundred Percent Whole Wheat

Beserley
GTO
Arista
Pye

ADDONS
AMOR, Rod McKuen
SINCE YOU WENT AWAY, Elke Brooks
STEPPING IN A SLIDE ZONE, Moody Blues
SHA LA LA LA LEE, Plastic Bertrand
SCHOOL TO BROADWAY, Geraldine Sunday
BEST OF BOTH WORLDS, Robert Palmer
MAGIC MIND, Earth Wind and Fire
ROCKIN' BAND, Intergents
YOU LIGHT MY FIRE, Sheila B Devotion
WILL YOU TAKE MY LOVE, Harvey Mason
WALK ON BY, Strangers
MY FAVOURITE FANTASY, Van McCoy

DJM
AGN
Decca
Vertigo
CBS
Tand
CBS
Atlantic
EMI
Arista
United Artists
MCA

LUXEMBOURG

BULLETS
SENORA, Mr Big
BABY STOP CRYING, Bob Dylan
IT'S RAINING, Darts
WE'VE GOT SOMETHING MORE, Richard Mvhll
A ROSE HAS TO DIE, Dooleys
WHERE WILL I BE NOW, Chris East
CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET, Drifters
ROLL THE DICE, Steve Harley
DON'T WANNA SAY GOODNIGHT, Kandidats
MADISON BLUES, George Thoroughgood

EMI
CBS
Magnet
Mercury
GTO
GTO
Arista
EMI
RAK
Sonet

POWER PLAY

1999, Headline
TWIN SPIN
CRYING OUT LOUD, Meat Loaf

Mercury
Epic

BBC HUMBERSIDE

RECORDS OF THE WEEK
Dave Sanders: LOVE SYMPHONY, Luv Bug
Barry Stokdale: WHERE THE BOYS ARE, Connie Francis
John Howland: SAVE ME, Tanya Tucker
Pam Gillard: REED ISLAND, David Winter

Galaxy
United Artists
MCA
Blue Inc

BBC MERSEYSIDE

PERSONAL PICKS
Billy Butler: IT'S RAINING, Darts
Terry Lenname: THREE TIMES A LADY, Commodores
Dave Portner: TRAPPED IN A STAIRWAY, Paul Jabara
John Kennedy: ANGEL STREET, Double Life
Phil Ross: IDENTITY, X-Ray Spax

Magnet
Motown
Casablanca
Virgin
EMI International

RADIO HALLAM

HIT PICKS
Keith Skues: IT'S RAINING, Darts
Roger Moffat: WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR LOVE, Hodges James and Smith
Johnny Moran: ABDUL AND CLEOPATRA, Jonathan Richman and the The Modern Lovers
Colin Slade: WALK ON BY, The Stranglers
Bill Crozer: I WON'T MENTION IT AGAIN, Ruby Wright
Ray Stuart: YOU LIGHT MY FIRE, Sheila B Devotion

Magnet
London
EMI
United Artists
Creole
EMI Carere

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ROGER, HAPPY 29th!
We love you so much. — Julie and Tiffany
ROGER TAYLOR: Happy birthday tenement funster! Keep yourself alive! — Love Vera
MARC, LIFE'S not a gas anymore. Miss you more every day. Rock on Boogie Child of our age — Mike Barram.
KATE BUSH have a very happy birthday, Steven Gibson. 37 Lomond Crescent, Cumberland, Glasgow, Scotland.

ROGER TAYLOR happy birthday keep drumming, driving, drinking, smoking and writing, love and kisses Caroline Hayes, Middlessex.
BRIAN KOTZ, Quiz Kid '77. Fancies Sarah and Debbie — Harry, Rick.
DAVID BOWIE. Love on ya strange hero. Thanks for introducing me to your universe — Suzy (Lillingstone) Bucks.
GARY GLITTER, good luck with new single and Australian Tour. Can't wait for the British tour — Love always, Mandy, xxxxxxxx.
MARC AM under your Eastern spell. — Teresa xxxxxxxx.
JIM MORRISON is not dead — Jeepster Jeepster Jeepster Live
MARC YOU are my light of love — Claire.
DEREK CHIN wears eye pencil. He has funny legs. — Jeepster.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY David Essex. Have a wonderful day and keep up the good work as Che. Give it plenty! — Lots of love, Mandy and Elaine, xxxxxxxx.

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Wanted

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