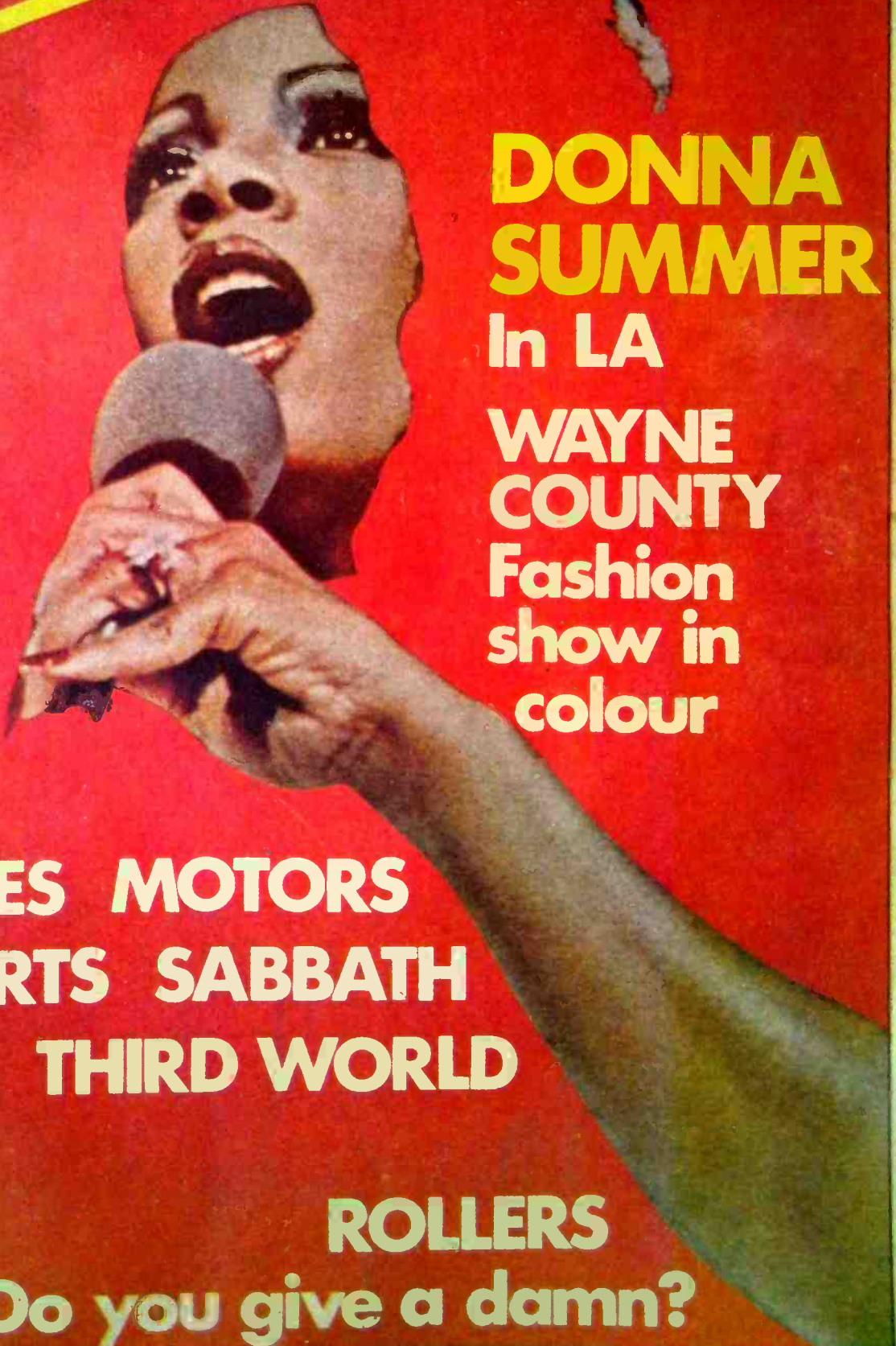


RECORD
MIRROR



**DONNA
SUMMER**

In LA

**WAYNE
COUNTY**
Fashion
show in
colour

**YES MOTORS
DARTS SABBATH
THIRD WORLD**

ROLLERS
Do you give a damn?

JUICY LUCY

Menace Demis

WELL MY DARLINGS I'm going to start this week with the biggest story of them all. Mark my words, it's a whale of a tale. Of course I'm talking about Demis Roussos (over 20 stone), the gargantuan Greek to you.

The enormous superstar this week jumbo-jetted into England, only to face a frosty reception from those that should love him most dearly. That is, members of his fan club. The faithful, enrolling at £3 per annum, were sadly not informed of this cuddly Demis' movements this month or his plans for a British tour. With the result that they are now too late to buy tickets. Doesn't that hit you where it hurts?

Still worse the fan club's organiser claims he is owed £15,000 and he can't afford to print a fan letter — if indeed he had any information to put in it.

Come on Demis, play the swarthy Greek! Don't keep them waiting. Sell a few gold bath taps for heavens sake! You know it makes sense! (On second thoughts, perhaps the worrying will make a thin man of you yet.)



SO ONCE again to America, land of the stars. And it seems, no matter how much you may distrust his judgement in terms of elegantly muscular football players and recorded output, that superstar Elton John (over 30) has just made a wise move. Only last week Elt, our man with the expensive bald patch, put his Los Angeles home on the market for £1 million, opting instead for the bijou luxury of his Watford mansion (so much nearer to the dressing rooms my dears).

Now we hear that the fires are raging all around rock's most laid back city and that even Bob Dylan's home is threatened by the burning brush that surrounds L.A. Snakes have fled the fire and are terrorising passers-by, while millions of pounds worth of real estate is in danger. Steve "friend

of the firemen" Harley where are you now?

IF LA's burning, Queen are boring — as I never tire of telling you. Now Freddie and the boys have taken all the unkind criticism to heart... and banned the snide, inaccurate and appallingly biased British music press from all of their American gigs. "You can't go and that's final," stamped their whimpering representative. "Queen don't want you there." Dear, dear, what can we have done to upset these highly strung artists? Do they think that we might not enjoy their rusty pyrotechnics?

■ **The Who** are still top of the pops... and that's official. The group hold their record as the world's loudest rock band in the latest edition of 'The Guinness Book of Records' out this week. Each copy also carries the warning that the decibel chart-busters could damage your hearing.

I'VE HEARD some preposterous rumours in my time I don't mind telling you, but this time I'm going to break my rule and tell you one — because I'm sure you'll be interested. An American friend tells me that the latest LA gossip (don't you love it?) has linked Californian Governor Jerry Brown with Olivia Wooden-John in a secret romance situation. Darlings, would you credit it? The handsome Brown was, until recently, the steady escort of chubby Linda Ronstadt, the best roller skating dancer on the West Coast. Linda has departed for New York in a huff, my source reveals, leaving Olivia and Jerry to date secretly. Very secretly is all I can say!

AND A big welcome to this week's battle of the giants. First, how about (in the red corner) Australian Impresario Robert Stigwood versus (in the blue corner) big Dee Anthony, dynamic manager of Peter Frampton? Frampton, somewhat upset that he didn't receive top billing for 'Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' has now filed an injunction, via his manager, against golden-fingered Stigwood. The film, meanwhile, has yet to prove the box-office blockbuster it was meant to be. We



IT'S 'DUMB DANCING' You'd never guess that this was the tough Brooklyn kid or the biggest stud in Rydell High would you? Italo-American superstar John Travolta demonstrates how to trip the light fantastic... and looks like he's about to trip over his voluminous trousers! Travolta, in his best-fitting suit, and partner Marylou

Henner were pictured (above) at a private party in America recently. He, as you can see, is following instructions from the autoco-e cunningly placed on the parquet floor. She, as you can also see, is skilfully avoiding bruised toes by keeping a sensible distance.

await with bated breath for the clash of mighty swords.

OR HOW about Mick Jagger and Van Halen? The rubber-lipped one seen last week at the Rainbow checking out the activities of the bare-chested ones at the Rainbow in the company of everybody's favourite promoter Harvey Goldsmith. Words, however, were not exchanged.

'Harv', of course, is turning into something of a golden boy these days. I last glimpsed the former chemistry student in LA (where else?) being undressed by a stripper with the biggest chest I've ever seen at a party held for Yes — and a very nice chest he's got too. Now I hear he's working on a plan to mount Britain's biggest ever music festival over a week next summer, using both outdoor and indoor venues and the world's top rock acts. That's what I call going places.

THEN COMES Monday — and I don't mind telling you I'm just as prone to that Monday morning feeling as the rest of you. But to make it all the worse I attended a press conference to promote the



IT'S Rachel Swot! Life on the road isn't all girls and glamour, as 15-year-old Rachel Sweet from Akron, Ohio, is finding out to her cost. The tiny singer has to find time for schoolwork just like everybody else. Just as well she's one of Stiff's best-trained signings! The Coke can (above, actual size) shows the scale.

autobiography 'Which One's Cliff' by the master of eternal youth himself Cliff Richard, as anyone will tell you, is so smooth and jolly that he makes anyone feel old.

Of intimate revelations there were none. Did you know for instance that Cliff was a Christian? That he preferred flared trousers to straight? That he isn't giving up yet? Back on your feet this instant, my darlings.

There was just a tiny flicker of interest when Cliff announced that he would like to do a rock musical — "if the part was right". But my hackles rose when he was asked how he kept his, ahem, slim shape. "I only eat one meal a day," replied the well-preserved Mr Webb. Your faithful correspondent left in disgust... for a hearty breakfast.

ONCE AGAIN I find I have to make my sympathy for Princess Margaret's friend Roddy Llewellyn public. The poor dear was dreadfully shocked last week to find that his wonderful album of love songs — 'Roddy' to you — had been unceremoniously dropped by Radio 2... after only two days on the playlist. What a shame after all the work that his record company had put in to make his voice sound flat and uninspiring — and oh-so-different from those riveting secret sessions with the Princess and the piano. Undeterred, your faithful correspondent has gambled heavily that the album will succeed.

WELL, MY darlings, here was one party I just had to leave my fur coat behind for (of course it's a fun fur but you can't expect everybody to know that my dears) — the "royal" premiere of 'Watership Down'. The only trouble was the disappointing turn out of stars... something that no amount of appealing burrowing by our little furry creatures could make up for. Still, there was Jonathan King (30-ish), in a multi-coloured wig, and that other King apparent Prince Charles, who really is as handsome as they all say. Haven't I always told you that?

But what's this I hear about Prince Charles having a "perfectly normal sex life"? And the selfsame reference being taken out of that wonderful best-seller 'Majesty' by Robert Lacy? There are some things even best friends

shouldn't talk about, never mind reveal, that's what I always say! (Know what I mean, Chris?)



SUNDAY IS definitely my day for lying in bed. Or at least that's what I like to think. But if you were offered a roast lunch with witty Mancunian punk poet John Cooper Clarke (over 30) would you refuse? On second thoughts I wish I had, what with all these silly people in false glasses and moustaches — the things people will do to work for a multi-national conglomerate like CBS. I ask you — parading around it was as much as I could do to raise fork to mouth.

After lunch JOC (as his friends call him) took a stroll down to Speakers Corner in fashionable Marble Arch and, I don't know how to say this politely, my dears, mounted a stand! Young John, however, is sadly out of practice at public speaking and was unable to be heard among the multitude — later efforts to cheat by using a microphone all but resulted in his arrest — and his message remained undelivered. Hard luck John!

Oh, and a star turned up to watch the fun. This time I do mean Elvira Costello, trying desperately hard not to be recognised... and **SUCCESSING!** Bad luck, El.

But if the happily-married (one child) Elvis was invisible his lovely "escort" certainly wasn't! She none other than Bebe Buell, the much-photographed escort before... last to Rod Stewart!

Another ex-Doll down on his luck Johnny Thunders spotted "Flogging" new copies of his album 'So Alone' to a well-known London secondhand record store last week... for £1 each! What would "glamorous" Moira Bellas (28) think of that I ask myself!

I'll be back with you all next week, unless Freddie reverts and lets me hold his hand in Anaheim after all. Take care my dears, fireworks are so expensive these days. Byeeeee.

MANU DIBANGO

SUN EXPLOSION (8.05 min)

BIG BLOW (8.00 min)

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U.K. Premier Release — 8 minute version of 'Big Blow'.

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RECORD MIRROR

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SID BACK IN HOSPITAL

PUNK STAR Sid Vicious was taken to hospital in New York on Monday after attempting to slash his wrists with a broken light bulb and a razor blade.

And Vicious, who is on bail accused of murdering his girlfriend Nancy Spungen, is said to have told friends and police: "I want to die. I want to join Nancy. I didn't keep my part of the bargain."

He was stopped from hurling himself out of the window at his Madison Avenue hotel by his psychiatrist. Vicious, aged 21, was later taken to Bellevue Hospital.

According to NME photographer Joe Stevens Vicious cut his wrists in the bathroom of his eighth floor suite while his mother, Mrs Anne Beverly, was in the bedroom.

And Stevens added: "He missed the main vein. He said he was trying to join Nancy because they



had a suicide pact. He told me about the pact after he got out of prison."

He also said that Vicious was scared of being sent back to the "notorious" Rikers Island Prison, where he spent four days before being released on £25,000 bail.

In a report in last week's NME Neon Leon, a guest in the Chelsea Hotel where Nancy Spungen was found dead two weeks ago, said that Vicious had given him his leather jacket and "a book of press clippings" the night before Nancy died. Said Leon: "Why else would he have given away his most treasured possessions if he hadn't intended to commit suicide?"

The murder case was last week adjourned until October 30.

SHOWADDY-WADDY GO FLASH

CREPE-SOLED rock revivalists Showaddywaddy have been selected to appear at this year's Royal Variety Show at the London Palladium on November 13.

But the lads from Leicester won't only be appearing in front of the diamond and furs crowd - they'll also be playing a nationwide tour in November and December.

And a new single from Showaddywaddy is out this week. Their latest "revival" is 'Pretty Little Angel Eyes', first recorded in 1961 by Curtis Lee. The original disc had the distinction of being among the first produced by Phil Spector and like Showaddywaddy's last hit 'Under The Moon Of Love' it was co-written by Tommy Boyce.

Tour dates are: Bristol Colston Hall November 5, Swansea Top Rank 6, Cardiff Top Rank 7, Bolton Blighty's Club 8-11, Oxford New Theatre 16, London Rainbow 17, Bournemouth Winter Gardens 18, Derby Assembly Rooms 30, Coventry New Theatre December 1, Manchester Apollo 2, Sunderland Empire Theatre 3, Middlesbrough Town Hall 4, Sheffield City Hall 7, Hanley Victoria Hall 8, Preston Guild Hall 15, Halifax Civic Theatre 16, Harrogate Royal Hall 17, Birmingham Odeon 18, Leicester De Montfort Hall 19.

TOUR/SINGLE FROM REZILLOS

SCOTTISH NEW wave band the Rezillos, recently in the charts with their debut single 'Top Of The Pops', are to undertake an extensive British tour next month, coinciding with the release of a new single.

'Destination Venus', a popular stage favourite, is out on November 3 and the tour begins at Leicester University on November 11.

Other dates are: Canterbury Odeon 14, Reading Top Rank 15, Plymouth Metro 16, Cardiff University 17, Southampton University 18, Bristol Locarno 19, Blackburn King George's Hall 21, Sheffield Polytechnic 22, Lancaster University 24, Bradford University 25, Redcar Coatham Bowl 26, St Andrews University 27, Warwick University 29, Newcastle City Hall 30, Manchester Free Trade Hall December 1, Liverpool Eric's (two shows) 2, London Lyceum 3, Birmingham Town Hall 4, Keele University 5, Malvern Winter Gardens 6, Bournemouth Village Bowl 7, Brighton Sussex University 8, Colchester Essex University, 9, Croydon Greyhound 10, Dublin McGonagles 12, Belfast The Pound 13 and 14, Portrush Arcadia Ballroom 15, Falkirk Monique 18, Aberdeen Fusion 19, Dundee Samantha 20, Strathpeffer The Pavilion 21, Edinburgh Odeon 22, Glasgow Apollo 23. Support will be Irish group the Undertones.

MILLER BACK

GRAVEL-VOICED Scot Frankie Miller, currently recording a new album for New Year release, goes out on the road again next month.

He plays a series of club and college dates through into December as follows: Newcastle Mayfair November 10, Rochdale Champness Hall 11, Redcar Coatham Bowl 12, Nottingham Trent Polytechnic 13, Aberdeen Ruffles 15, Glasgow City Hall 16, Edinburgh University 17, Dundee University 18, Dumfries Stage Coach 19, Sheffield University 21, Keele University 22, Hull University 23, Huddersfield Polytechnic 24, Birmingham University 25, Malvern Winter Gardens 29, Wembley Arena 30, Salford University December 1, Doncaster Bircotes Leisure Centre 2, Blackburn King Georges Hall 3, Plymouth Metro 5, Cardiff University 6, Swansea Nitz Club 7, Leicester Polytechnic 8, Slough College 9, Poole Wessex Concert Hall 11, Canterbury Odeon 13, Bristol Brunel Technical College 14, Birmingham Barbarellas 15, West Runton Pavilion 16, Croydon Greyhound 17.

X-RAY SPEX SEE AGAIN

X-RAY SPEX are to play their first live performances for nearly six months in November as they begin a UK tour to promote their debut album 'Germ Free Adolescence'.

The album, released on November 10, features several new compositions from Poly Styrene as well as old favourites like 'Identity' and 'The Day The World Turned Dayglo'.

Confirmed dates so far are: Liverpool Eric's November 17, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 18, Bristol Tifanys 23, Cambridge Corn Exchange 24, Hammersmith Odeon 27, Manchester Apollo 29, Birmingham Odeon December 10.

Tickets for the Hammersmith Odeon go on sale on October 28 and are priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. The band also appear on BBC 2's 'The Old Grey Whistle Test' on December 5.

EXTRA P/FUNK TOUR DATE

DUE TO "overwhelming ticket demand" an extra date has been added to the first - ever British tour by George Clinton's Parliament / Funkadelic circus.

In addition to the three previously announced dates they now play London Hammersmith Odeon on December 14. Tickets for the show go on sale on October 27. Pop guns and battery - operated lasers won't be available until the show opens!

CLASH/RHODES SEPARATE

THE CLASH have parted company with their controversial manager, former garage owner Bernard Rhodes.

The split, rumoured for several months, was officially confirmed by the band this month. But Rhodes has already instigated legal action, and is seeking to freeze all the band's earnings.

Proceedings issued by Rhodes will be heard in the Chancery Division in London today (Tuesday). Clash will be counterclaiming and are expected to be present at the hearing.

Brian Lane, manager of Yes, is just one name that has been rumoured as a replacement for Rhodes, although no decision is expected until court proceedings are completed.

Meanwhile the band's new single 'Tommy Gun' has been delayed, and won't now be released until November 24. The Clash 'Sort It Out' tour now starts later than previously announced - at Middlesbrough Town Hall on November 17. + Bernie Rhodes talks about the "split". See Off Centre page 18.

TOP SINGLE

10CC's 'I'm Not In Love' is the most popular single of the last 25 years, according to London's Capital Radio listeners.

The radio station, currently celebrating their fifth anniversary, held a poll to find the top 500 "most requested singles for their 'Hall Of Fame'". Out of 180,000 votes cast 10cc came out on top, closely followed by Simon and Garfunkel's 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' and the Moody Blues' 'Knights In White Satin'.

Other placings in the Top 10 were: Procul Harum: 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale', Queen: 'Bohemian Rhapsody', Derek and the Dominoes: 'Layla', the Beatles: 'Hey Jude', Rod Stewart and the Faces: 'Maggie May', Elvis Presley: 'Jailhouse Rock', and Led Zeppelin: 'Stairway To Heaven'.



LP PIC

BLONDIE FANS are to get a chance to purchase a specially imported picture disc featuring Debbie Harry.

For Chrysalis, Blondie's UK company, are to import 10,000 copies of the American promotional edition of 'Parallell Lines' with a full colour picture printed on the record. It will be available next week at £7.99 per copy!

More miserly fans can content themselves with the band's official new single: 'Hanging On The Telephone' (b/w 'Will Anything Happen') is released on October 27.

POLYDOR COMP

A COMPILATION "alternative hits" collection has been assembled by Polydor Records for the Christmas market.

The "K-Tei" - like collection, entitled 'Twenty/Of A Kind', retails at full album price and contains tracks from Polydor bands such as the Jam and Sham 69 as well as "hits" from other labels, by the Stranglers, Generation X and the Adverts.

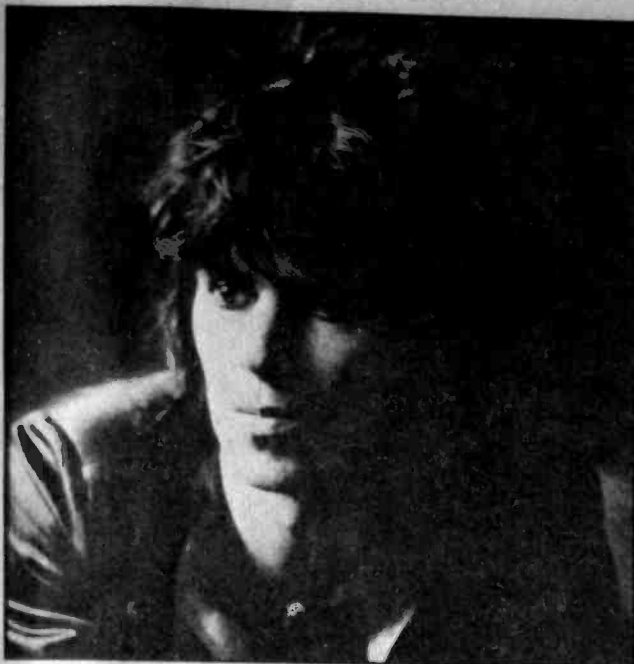
Full track listing is: Side One: 'Hong Kong Garden' (Siouxsie and the Banshees), 'In The City' (The Jam), 'Sweet Suburbia' (The Skids), 'Beware Of The Flowers' (Otway and Barrett), 'Borisat Breakout' (Sham 69), 'Killing An Arab' (The Cure), 'Suspect Device' (Stiff Little Fingers), 'Gary Gilmore's Eyes' (The Adverts), 'Ready Steady Go' (Generation X), 'Homicide' (1999), Side Two: 'No More Heroes' (Stranglers), 'The First Time' (The Boys), 'Irrelevant Battles' (Patrick Fitzgerald), 'If The Kids Are United' (Sham 69), 'No Excuses' (The Jolt), 'Really Free' (Otway and Barrett), 'Born To Lose' (The Heartbreakers), 'Emergency' (1999), 'I'm On Heat' (The Lurkers), 'A Bomb In Wardour Street' (The Jam).

MAC, ELTON, T REX CHEAPOS

BUDGET RECORD label Pickwick International, are to assault the Christmas market with 20 new releases at the beginning of November.

The 'Pickwick Limited Edition Collection' will feature 20-track albums, with each release limited to 250,000, and retailing at £1.95. Using a range of press - advertised slogans such as "We refuse to double our prices to be taken seriously" director Alan Friedlander is expecting to "sell out by Christmas".

And he added: "No other record company offers 20 original tracks on one album for a mere £1.95". Artists featured in the Pickwick series include Fleetwood Mac, Elton John, T Rex, Jim Reeves and Johnny Cash.



KEEF'S FREE

ROLLING STONE Keith Richards walked free from a Toronto court yesterday after being found guilty of possessing heroin.

But was given a year's probation by the Canadian judge who said: "You will do more good to the community at large than behind bars."

The judge added the condition that Richards should play a concert "solo or with a band of his choice" for the Canadian blind people in the near future.

Richards, aged 34, had earlier pleaded guilty to the charge of possessing heroin in a Toronto hotel suite, which was raided by police in February 1977. The more serious charge of drug trafficking was dropped by the prosecution when the trial opened on Monday.

The court heard of Richards' nine-year battle against heroin addiction during the trial, in which his defence said: "He took heroin not to achieve highs, but merely to survive."

They had urged for Richards' freedom so that he could continue working and continue his magnificent battle against his heroin habit.

Richards, who had sat unsmiling throughout the hearing, made no comment as he left the dock.

Fellow Rolling Stone Mick Jagger last night said he was "delighted" by the judge's decision.

And he added: "Keith would be great in a solo concert!"

FEST ADDS

SIX BANDS have been added to the Great British Musical Festival running from November 29 to December 2 at the Wembley Arena.

On the 29 the Bernie Torme Band, and Patrick Fitzgerald have been added to a bill headed by the Jam. The following day sees Bandit and Mike

Elliott added to a bill headed by Lindisfarne. And on December 2 The Movies and Nick Van Eede have been added to a bill headlined by David Essex.

EDNA SHOW

AUSTRALIA'S FAVOURITE grandmother - Dame Edna Everage - is to appear in London's West End again

this Christmas. The Dame, described as "the thinking man's Eva Peron," and in reality comedian Barry Humphries, plays 'A Night With Dame Edna' at the Piccadilly Theatre from December 14.

There's also a new album, "The Sound of Edna" (based roughly on the 'Sound Of Music') featuring the Dame released on November 10.

FORMER FAIRPORTS

FOLK ROCKERS Richard and Linda Thompson, the former a founder member of Fairport Convention, play an 11-date British tour in November with a full backing band.

They play: Salford University November 3, Cambridge Lady Mitchell Hall 6, Wolverhampton Polytechnic 8, Basildon Towngate Theatre 10, London Theatre Royal 12, Plymouth Woods Club 13, Penzance The Garden 14, Exeter Routes 15, Huddersfield Polytechnic 17, Leicester University 18, Sheffield Polytechnic 19.

Their new album 'First Light' was released last week.

LONNIE SKIFFLES BACK

LONNIE DONEGAN, famous for hits like 'Rock Island Line' and 'My Old Man's A Dustman', returns to the road this month for a short British tour.

He plays: Nottingham Royal October 30 - November 4, Ipswich Gaumont 7 and 8, Taunton Gaumont, 9 and 10, Southampton Gaumont 11, Manchester Opera House 13-18, Coventry Theatre 20-25, Aberdeen Capitol 27, December 1, Hackney Odeon 4-6, Liverpool Empire 7-8.

A new album from Donegan is expected to be released to coincide with the tour.

IN BRIEF

CANCELLATION of last week's mini-tour by legendary soul artist Ray Charles was apparently due to "insurmountable contractual problems" a management statement claimed. Refunds can be obtained at relevant box offices.

NEW band Shooter, whose debut album 'Shooter' has just been released, tour as support to Smoke in October and Suzi Quatro in late October and November.

TWO showings of 'The Grateful Dead Movie' have been arranged at the London Rainbow at 4 pm and 8 pm on October 28. Promoter Harvey Goldsmith arranged the showings of the film, not previously seen outside America, for Grateful Dead fans who were unable to see the group after their British visit was cancelled recently. Tickets are £1.

THE 'Grand Final' of the 'Saturday Night Fever' disco dancing competition organised by RSO, Polydor and the National Association of Youth Clubs, will be held at London Hammersmith Pajals on December 10.

AMERICAN originated Beserkely label, with Jonathan Richman, Greg Kihn and the Tyla Gang (among others) on their roster, will now have UK releases distributed by Polydor. Singles from Greg Kihn, Smirks and Richman are expected shortly.

THE SECOND anniversary of the Afro Caribbean Post newspaper will be marked by two-day

celebration at the London Hammersmith Roxy Theatre, on October 27 and 28. Artists so far listed to appear include Aswad, John Holt, Vivian Weathers, Matumbi and Alton Ellis. Concerts will begin at 8 pm. Tickets are £3. Boney M have also been invited as 'guests'.

THIRD WORLD'S London concert at the Leicester Square Empire ballroom has been switched to the Rainbow on November 18. They also play London 100 Club on November 16.

AUSTRALIAN punk rock group the Saints, who moved to Britain after the success of their first single 'I'm Stranded' in late 1978, have split up it was revealed this week.

BARBARA Dickson's London concert at the Rainbow on November 18 will be a benefit for 'Greenpeace', the campaign for ecological conservation. Yes and ELO are also contributing royalties to Greenpeace, in particular for their 'Save The Whale' campaign.

ALAN Price plays London Drury Lane Theatre on November 19. The concert will be recorded for subsequent broadcast by Capitol Radio.

IRISH band the Radlators play their only London concert this year at London's Electric Ballroom on Halloween night, October 31. Also on the bill are Stiff Little Fingers.

ROCKABILLY band Whirlwind are to play a series of free lunchtime "hops" at the Notre Dame Hall in London's Leicester Square from October 27 to November 1. The shows, running from midday to 2 pm, will also feature rock 'n' roll discos.

RELEASES

BAY City Rollers, shortly to begin their own TV series in America, release 'All Of The World Is Falling In Love' as their new single this week - and it's billed as "smooth and seductive easy listening".

A REGGAE version of their hit 'Mind Blown' Decisions' now the last minute B-side of Heatwave's new single 'Always And Forever' after 'heavy import demand'.

DOUBLE A-sided 'Strummin' / 'I'm In Trouble' is the latest single from Chas and Dave, from LP 'Chas And Dave With Rockney'.

PINEAPPLE vinyl is the latest colour to hit the shops with new singles from the Flies released this week. 'Walkiki Beach Refugees' sells for 45 pence (yes 45 pence) for the first 15,000 "pineapple" copies.

JAZZ fans will have to fork out £25 for latest Warners' Charlie Parker six-album box set released shortly. Only 4,000 hand-numbered sets will be available!

STIFF Records are to "re-release" all five albums from their 'Stiff Tour 78' stars in black vinyl! Each will be in a limited edition of 2,000 copies - after which they revert to their original colour of Mickey Jupp (blue), Wreckless Eric (green), Jona Lewie (yellow), Lene Lovich (red) and Rachel Sweet (white). It's billed as a Stiff "service to collectors".

NEW reggae signing to A & M, Knowledge, release their debut album 'Knowledge' this week. Album was produced by Tapper Zukie in Kingston, JA.



THE CONTROVERSIAL documentary about the life of stripper Phyllis Dixey - in which 'Evita' star Elaine Paige appears nude - will be screened by Thames TV on November 1.

The 95-minute programme portrays scenes from Dixey's shows at London's Whitehall Theatre in the forties. At the time the strippers were banned by law from moving on stage and appeared in immobile classical tableaux (see picture above).

"It was all very tastefully done and it didn't bother me a bit," says actress Lealey-Anne Down, who plays the lead role. "Phyllis was a lovely gentle woman who believed her work was artistic."

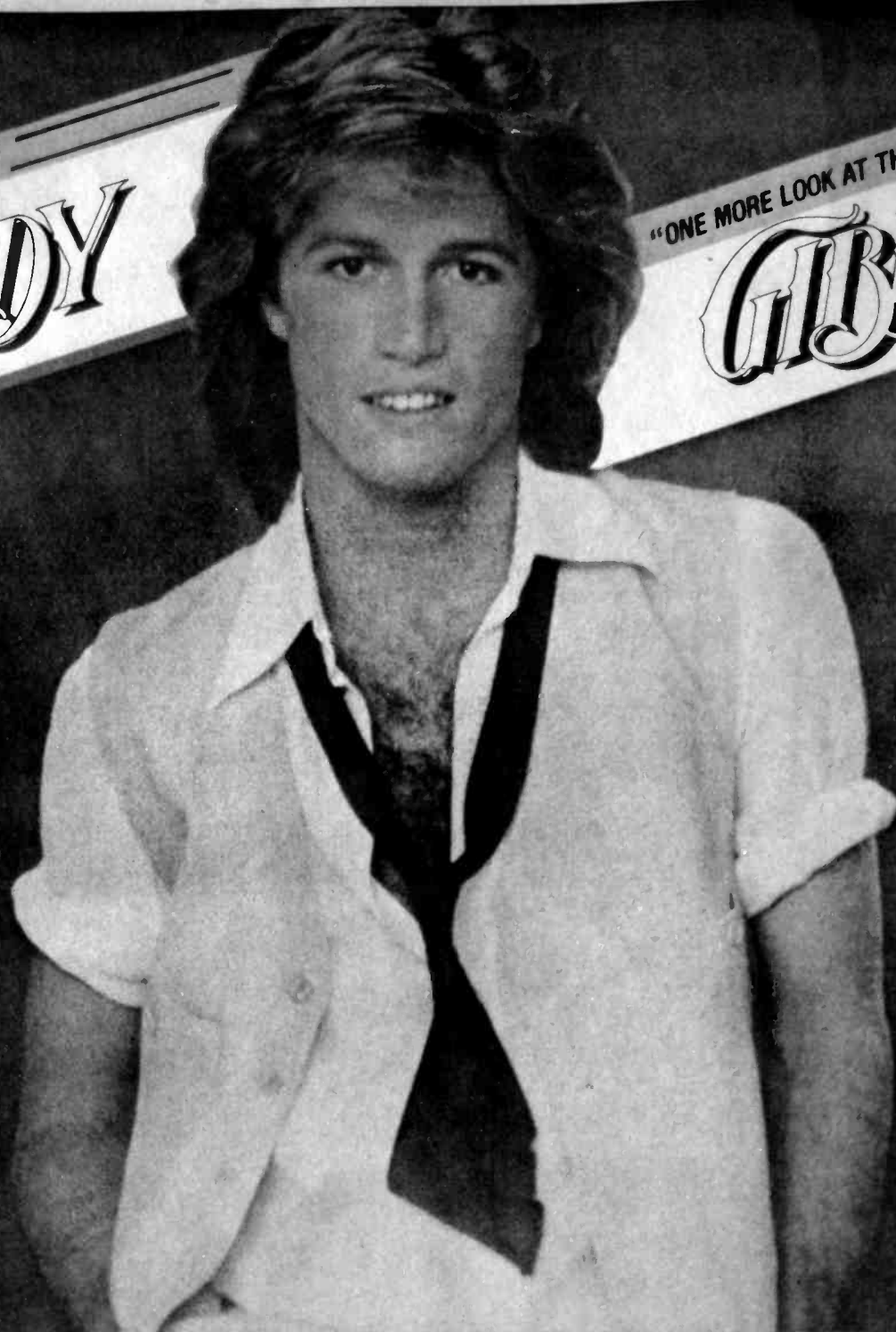
Jacqui Tong and Patricia Hodge also appear in 'The One And Only Phyllis Dixey', along with Elaine Paige, pictured second from right above.

See Elaine Paige feature on page 42.



"WHY"
ANDY

"ONE MORE LOOK AT THE NIGHT"
GIBB



FOLLOWING THE SILVER SINGLE "EVERLASTING LOVE"

THE NEXT HIT

"WHY"

AVAILABLE IN SPECIAL FULL COLOUR BAG
FROM THE SILVER ALBUM

"SHADOW DANCING"

THE ALBUM DESTINED TO BECOME ONE
OF CHRISTMAS' BIGGEST SELLERS

ALBUM RSS1 : CASSETTE TRSS1





Click... click... whirrr

Disco queen Donna Summer is this year's superstar in the making. JOHN SHEARLAW went to Los Angeles to find out why... and a tape supplied the answers. Now listen on.

CLICK... The following is brought to you courtesy of... **WHIRRRR**... (music, the unmistakable sound) "I remember yesterday..."

UP AND DOWN Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles huge glittering billboards reflect the blue-hazed sunshine above the buildings that comprise Hollywood's 'Record Company Row'

The West Coast's own, the biggest in Las Vegas or this week's million dollar promotion vie with each other in a blaze of sparkling colour. Helen Reddy, Barry Manilow, Boston, Fleetwood Mac, Linda Ronstadt, Diana Ross. Pick your name, advertise your star.

And add another name to the list. Donna Summer. This year's legend. The signs are unmistakable.

In America, as of now, Donna Summer truly is the "Queen Of Disco". And some, in Los Angeles, the city where every cab driver bell-hop knows somebody in, or something about, the music business, she's publicly reckoned "a hot lady".

She's also got one of the best billboards on the Strip, as it happens.

The process has only taken two years. Breathily, synthesised sex symbol to "near" superstar. From hit records to encores at one of the most prestigious theatres on the West Coast. Or in America, come to that. From Munich Musicland to the cover of the 'Rolling Stone'.

Her second full-scale American tour this year starts this week, on the back of the live album. While Donna is already looking to the future — "I'll never stop trying once I reach somewhere", she offers — with next year's plans.

"Possibly I might start a touring company in New York," she says, "although I'm still touching in the dark! You've got to do that — if I dwelled on my laurels it would prevent me from becoming better."

In many ways Donna has returned to the States, this time for good. Born in Boston, she left America for Germany with no hint of what was to come. She ended up (like at least one of the current Euro raves Boney M) in a German production of 'Hair', and, at one point, singing for the Vienna Folk Opera!

Success started with her discovery by the rapidly-emerging production partnership of Pete Bellotte (English, at one time responsible for hits like Chicory Tip's 'Son Of My Father') and Giorgio Moroder (Italian, with a strong bent for the computerised syn-drum sound that typified so much of the Munich sound and still does), and the launching of Donna Summer on the second wave of the Eurodisco explosion.

All synthesisers and suggestion. Black beauty and the beat. 'Love To Love You Baby'... and soft vibrated on.

In time she discovered herself. She was a European chart sensation first, and later an American performing artist. The

first US tour (at the height of her popularity, present upward curve excepted, this side of the Atlantic) was a fair-to-middling triumph. Good, but should get better. This year she made it.

The spring tour with rave notices — you know the stuff Americans write, or at least what record companies claim they write: "a near superstar", "outstanding" and "it's time to say she's great" — ended with three nights at the Universal Amphitheatre in Los Angeles... sensibly and excellently recorded for 'Live And More'.

And just as the icing on the cake there was 'Thank God It's Friday' — a disco-extravaganza (what else?) movie with Donna somewhat self-effacingly cast as the aspiring young black singer in need of a break.

"I was 19-years-old in the film... and I just DO IT!", she remarks. "It was a very touching moment."

The second US tour this year, 'Live And More' naturally, starts this week. She's hot.

Catching up in Autumn 1978 we've turned full circle. In British eyes the taster of 'TGIF' (never as big here as in America) and the sudden chart arrival of 'MacArthur Park' have blasted Donna back into the limelight. Consolidating the faithful disco market, which she's always had, wooing the pop market all over again.

In England last year the first exposure to Donna's live talents resulted in a strange mixture of accolades and put-downs. The fact that she was a singer and not some resurrected ghost of Jane Birkin, some anonymous embodiment of a computer producer's dream, led to incredulous surprise in some critical quarters — at least in an office not a million miles from here.

Donna Summer was a disco singer, a face on a record sleeve — vocal treats with photography to match — how could she launch into the "all-round entertainer" routine? She did... with gusto. Top hat and tails, silver cane and stockings. We didn't only get hits we got her own songs, concepts that were only just beginning to be formulated.

And that was only a start! The hit formula that began on GTO — "whatever it was we got, me, Pete and Giorgio, we ran with it". Donna admits modestly — was replaced as Ms Summer moved to a new record label, Casablanca.

Thence came the real blossoming, the entertainer's "fairy tale" that was 'Once Upon A Time...'. Ironically after a muffled bout of litigation last Christmas' release bonanza saw Donna Summer's 'Greatest Hits' (on GTO) lining up against the double-concept album (on Casablanca). In England the hits won out against the hint of better to come — but only just. She was still a "name" and even under the disappointments of bottom 50 chart entries one could sense changes rumbling.

Then America took over. "They're a harder public to

please, they're, what do you say, more spoiled", says Donna Summer. "You have to be so much better for them because they're exposed to so much."

A surprise perhaps? And another one: "European audiences are much more eager, ready to accept a lot of things." But America has accepted Donna Summer as a "near superstar", in Britain she's a household name, sure enough, but one with a "sexy" image that will probably only emerge with the "entertainer" image when she plays a few more concerts here. How about that?

"I'm not, uh, unhappy with my image," she claims, "but I would like to think I could expand into another image."

"What I mean is I don't have any false ideas of how people see me — not that I could ever really control that. There isn't really any reason why anyone, my daughter say, should feel ashamed or embarrassed. I mean I won't run around doing naked pictures of myself or anything like that."

"But our society has it that a woman who is sexy can't be intelligent. That's what I'd like to do away with. You can be both. I certainly don't want to close out any portion of my public, nor do I want to be 'just a fad'."

"The image is part of where I want to go. I would like to gear myself to every type of public — excluding none. Really I'd like to be an all-round entertainer — have, what you say, longevity."

That's how you would say it. And it would be unfair to couch it in terms of 'Las Vegas here we come'... this early. The delightful Donna is a long way from hitting the pits of maudlin MOR. Witness the, how would you say, contemporary excellence of 'MacArthur Park'.

"I hope the whole disco thing will continue," she says. "The more entertainment and less violence there is the better we are. People are happier, there's a lot more positivity going into their lives. You kinda hope they'll feel more elevated."

Disco saves soul? Apparently so.

"The whole movement —

hand-in-hand with movies — is a great thing for our society right now. Like 'Thank God It's Friday', which was a comedy, a very funny film. It's entertaining as a film and people can go home taking something with them — it's accessible to them on record."

The "visual experience" seems especially important to Donna. One is reminded immediately of the slickly choreographed British shows, costume changes and dances, front rows and fanfares: The show has changed but the thoughts remain the same?

"Yes, it's 'popera'! Discopera if you want to call it that, or pop opera, whatever. We've gone to great lengths to create stage sets — for as many places and people are reachable. The basic things we've kept very simple, so as the what do you call it, 'elaboracy' won't prevent us playing anywhere. That way we'll reach places that don't normally see shows like mine."

And you've given up using choreographers?

"I've spent a fortune on choreographers in the past, and after spending so much time and money I find I don't need them!"

"I'm very spontaneous personally, I don't like doing the same thing twice. If it doesn't feel totally, exactly natural I'd just do something else. I stage my shows for what I want them to be myself."

Herself. Has she succeeded on the live album?

"I just hope we've got enough energy on the record itself to create an image. Obviously if you've seen a performance, or you've got a performance to go to, you can relate to the music a different way."

"But in years where people didn't have TV, or didn't go to movies, they'd turn on the radios, or listen to a small group of musicians, y'know the old European thing, and it created an image — that's that we hope we've got on the live album."

Donna Summer, Pete Bellotte, Giorgio Moroder. That's we. One reason Donna has achieved such elevated status, particularly in the US, is that her part in the

producer/artist/product triangle has been an important one. She's always received songwriting credits and production credits, even in the days when it was tacitly assumed that Bellotte and Moroder were the masterminds, she merely the window dressing, for a synthesised takeover that very rarely attracted the attention of the European Monopolies Commission.

"We were always struggling with each other," she says, "trying to keep a commercial sound. They're insane people! Pete and Giorgio are both romantics, and I'm very emotional, but we came up with something!"

"And I do write a lot of songs, sometimes with other people in mind. I'm getting more and more into it, and starting to spread the material around. My sisters (who sing back-up to Donna live) are making their first LP with some of my songs on it — as Sunshine."

"Sometimes I feel it's the only recreation I have!"

Apart from waking up singing — it's true, although people don't believe it," she says — and getting better. At entertaining of course.

"I don't ever want to feel satisfied with what I do. I believe that satisfaction isn't good for you — but I appreciate when things are good. I just want to make them better."

"In striving for perfection I try to eliminate things from my sight — so I think I won't have them — that I'm still working for them."

Very successfully at that. Donna Summer is, as yet, only 29. Once married (to a German a while ago, hence the daughter, 'Mimi's Song' on the live album is dedicated to her) but with "no steady" boyfriends (at the moment) She'd probably say she was too busy working. If you ever got close enough to ask her. Very few people do, of late she's not been the most, how would you say, accessible of stars.

CLICK... The above was made possible by... WHIRRRR (more music) "Last dance, last dance, last dance..." "CLICK" Donna will be touring Britain next year — but not before the summer. End of recorded message.



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OCTOBER		NOVEMBER	
25	NEWPORT Stowaway	YORK	Pop Club
26	PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic	CARLISLE	Market Hall
27	L'P'CESTER University	PRESTON	Polytechnic
28	DOUGHBOROUGH University	LONDON	Lyceum
29	RENT University		
30	LEEDS Polytechnic		



One over the eight

TIM LOTT, our teetotaller, (liar, Ed) watches Nick Garvey and Andy McMaster of the Motors attempt to drink the Germans under the table at a Munich beer festival



THE Motor with the poncey accent makes room for more...

OUT-CROSSING ten thousand drunken Teutons is not an easy thing to do. Only the Motors could manage it with consummate and lusty ease. You may see Nick Garvey and Andy McMaster singing love songs on television from time to time. Don't let this fool you. They are hardly the Byron and Browning of the modern world, wiling lilies and pasty faces. On the contrary, their social behaviour is more akin to that of oxen. As British ambassadors in a foreign city — in this case Munich — they are not quite the recommendation to the British nation that Her Majesty might hope for and expect. Garvey was that night — at the Munchen Oktoberfest, at which everybody in Germany gets drunk, hunk up and generally has the Deutsche archetype of a good time — perhaps the most beautiful of the good name of our green and pleasant land. Tanked up on

'Lowenbrau', he threw his hefty bulk around with a belligerence that made at least half a dozen locals stare darkly and mutter obscure German threats. This did nothing at all to phase Garvey's latter day Falstaff impersonations. Even my attempt to stem the flow of beer by dropping a large pretzel in his jug made no difference. The German representative of Virgin confides in me meekly, unnerved by being in the unfortunate location of Garvey's left flank and consequently showered with beer, abuse etc. "I don't know how to handle this," says Klaus Peter. "I am not used to it. The Motors, they are different from the other bands we have here." You hit the nail on the head there, Fritz. After a bit more fizzy swilling, followed by Andy McMaster darning spiritedly on the flimsy table, Nick finished off the session by biting the head off of a single rad now owned by a lone kraut who had bought it for his wife.

Nonplussed, the unfortunate Munchenpilsarlist still managed to salvage some of his dignity by offering around the remaining sorry looking petals to other members of the party. As Dave Allen put it.

"Wonderful stuff German beer. Two pints of it and you want to invade Poland." It was all moderately good fun; but it exposed a side of the Motors that is not always obvious. For instance, Garvey

Isn't just a loving merry drunk type. He can get extremely petulant, physically. In fact, it was quite an effort not to take a swing at him at times but then (a) he's bigger than me and (b) he's quite civilised when sober. It wasn't only Garvey who showed a different face that night. Andy, who I had rarely before heard be anything but polite, got in a bad temper about something rather trivial. It wouldn't even be worth mentioning, but it highlights the sort of situations that arise under pressure and goes some way — in being typical — towards explaining why the Motors had to lose Bram Tchakovsky and Ricky Slaughter (drummer Richard Wernham). In the taxi to the Oktoberfest, the conversation turned to TV interviews — not surprisingly, since the band were in Munich to do a TV appearance. Klaus Peter mentioned that Andy — because of his thick Scottish accent — was difficult for interpreters to understand. Nick, he said, with that classical public school intonation, was far easier to follow. Garvey, fairly logically, agreed. Andy didn't. And what started at the hotel as a fairly reasoned argument became a petty and quite unnecessary squabble by the time the Oktoberfest was reached. Here is a rough précis of the argument, admittedly taken from memory, but the substance is basically correct. Nick: It's true, Andy. It's just common sense. People don't understand what you're saying. Andy: It's their lough luck! Nick: Look... Andy: It's MAH BAND! Ah write the songs! Ah'm from GLASGOW, AH WAS BORN IN THE GORBALS! Nick: Yes, but if the people don't understand what you're saying... Andy: Ah don't care. At least ah don't sound like bliddy NEWS AT TEN! (a reference to Garvey's plum in the mouth accent). To lighten the argument a bit, I suggest that the TV

stations should employ two interpreters — one to translate from English to German and one to translate Scottish to English first. Andy: You've hit the nail on the head! That's what they'll have to do! Have TWO...ing interpreters. Nick: For Christ's sake, Andy... And so on. There was more. By the time we reached our destination, to an outsider, they appeared to be at the point of blows. This, we must remember, is not a couple of teenagers, but two grown men, one of them pushing 40. The argument is not quoted to ridicule one or the other, but merely to make the point that in the interminable pop circuit, it's very easy for (lies to become elephants, and mountains, molehills. It's a result of some sort of social claustrophobia peculiar to rock 'n' roll bands and bored wives and husbands. Which brings us on nicely to the next morning and this quote from Nick. "Worrying about too many people gets on my nerves. It drives me crazy. That's why we had to spill up the Motors. Andy is enough to worry about. In other words, the Motors spill — which, incidentally, was easy to see coming more than a year ago the first time I met them — more for personal reasons than anything else. "When we started," said Nick, "we needed Bram. Something to do with our image. I suppose, I led him to believe originally that, although Andy and me wrote all the songs, that situation might change. But it didn't. The sort of songs Bram wanted to do didn't fit into the set. "So the situation remained that Bram and Richard were working more for me and Andy. And we can be very difficult to work for. I suppose. They had to do what they were told. "It got to be a total pain in the arse. They resented their position. And it didn't help, that they became friends with us." Bram left of his own accord, but as Andy is

quick to point out. "If he hadn't left, I would have sacked him." Nick is determined not to let the same sort of thing happen again. The Motors will now stay as Nick and Andy plus a strictly temporary band for touring purposes. "I couldn't go through all that again," he says. "If we'd have carried on, we'd have split up totally. "From now on, I'm looking after number one." The personal problems within the Motors — even now spotlighted by the sometimes strained relationship between Nick and Andy — are currently being relieved by a few separate projects. They are producing a disco singer for Ariola, and Nick has produced Bram's single on Radar. Andy, meanwhile, is writing. For the next six months they are going to take a respite — writing material and rehearsing it. Meanwhile, the pre-Christmas single for the band is the mushiest track on the excellent 'Approved By' album. Andy cackles: "Can ye see it, Tim? For all the mums and dads at Christmas!" This reminds me of something Richard Ogden, the band's manager, had said during the taping of the Motors' 'Forget About You' for German TV in the afternoon. "We've given up all attempts at 'credibility' now," he said, with an expression that might have been the facial equivalent of rubbing your hands together. "So we can finally get down to the real business. Selling records." "I think it's a wonderful song," says Nick (is it my imagination or is there a trace of irony in the delivery). "We tried to make it as a pure rock band. Our success was limited. As soon as we changed it started getting more successful. It's as simple as that. We took the right decision." You may draw your conclusions yourself and then apply them accordingly to practically every successful rock band ever.



GUZZLE, glug, glug, glug, glug, glug, glug



SLURP, guzzie, glug, glug, glug, glug, glug... betch!

SHOWADDYWADDY

Pretty little
**ANGEL
EYES**

Keep your eyes open for the latest single
from Britain's premier Rock 'n' Roll band.
ARIST 222



SINGLES

Reviewed by SUSAN KLUTH

ON YER BIKE!

QUEEN: 'Bicycle Race'/'Fat Bottomed Girls' (EMI 2870). If this one does nothing else, it certainly gets Her Majesty's regal schizophrenia off to a Q, which is a jolly good and ethical reason for putting out double A-sided singles, 'Bicycle Race' is in their best 'Night at the Opera' vein, all choparound verses, whipcord vocals and acappella bicycle bells in the middle. 'F.B.G.' opens up like something out of a Harlem Episcopal church meeting and breezes into the heavy honeydripping hardrock at which the band are so surprisingly successful. Queen haven't featured in the charts for quite a while now, but no one's gonna regret the wait.

MANU DIBANGO: 'Sun Explosion' (Decca FR 13810). Perhaps not as charismatic as he has been, nevertheless a prime eight minutes of trucking disco cut with a certain gayways slant. In a certain gayways slant. Silky-soft voices and insistent line, this is certainly Sun Life Assurance, though where it'd catch us at age 55 is anyone's guess. 'Big Blow' is the B-side of the 12-Incher, though whether that's cheating (like Boney M) or good value, is a debatable point.

SCOTT FITZGERALD: 'Joy Of Love' (UA UP 36466). Yugg! Talk about heads down mindless boogie. Demeaning reggae thud, trickling clavinet, swooping strings, big booming choirs and the tune of 'Can't Help Falling In Love'. Look 'ere, sunshine, there's at least 67 shoplifting days to run till Christmas.

BAY CITY ROLLERS: 'All Of The World Is Falling In Love' (Arista ARIST 212). Another philanthropy special by the looks of it. Certainly in better taste however. Slow, full ballad with 'Sgt Pepper' trumpet tooting away and standard acappella bit from the Tartan Lads. Yea, verily, a credit to the machine.

CHIPS: 'Sooner the Better' (Decca F 137802). No. 1 rock band in Ireland. Is this a joke?

RIVVITS: 'Saturday Night At The Dance'/'Grl Next Door' (Alien ALIX 001). 'Dance' is a mix of trendy and unbeatable beat from the sixties with a touch of '66 Tears' (punk when punk was punk if you follow). 'Grls' is more of a Tommy Roe/Shads thing, all about a chick hanging up her knickers. Perhaps not surprisingly the Rivvits do it all as a hobby, which is a smart way to make smart music.



MEAT LOAF: 'All Revved Up And No Place To Go' (Epic S EPC 6797). 'Baker Street' meets Tom Jones. Trendy soupy sax plus that beefy bite and the kind of story-of-my-life lyrics that'll have all those menopausal curlers rockin' away down at the hairdressers in a few weeks. Speedy ending to show who's boss.

DAVE MASON: 'Don't It Make You Wonder' (CBS S 8207). A guy who's made sheer magic in his time. This makes out well with a honky guitar and one of those glistening, canyon productions — a youthful ploy that's soon killed off with tubfuls of strings. So it's no walking miracle, I'm afraid: just kinda pedestrian.

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: 'Hopelessly Devoted To You' (RSO 17). Apparently in Equador or some such exotic Latin territory 'Grease' is literally translated in their charts as 'Vaselina'. Haw haw. Compose yourself (if you don't know it to death already) for a nice filly-willy ballad with a low-slung and sold rhythm base. Unavoidable smasheroo.



WRECKLESS ERIC: 'Take The Cash' (Stiff BUY 34). If you ask me, writing songs about money and direct debit rather than the subjective affairs of the heart, is a free ride to anyone's pocket... buy 34 indeed. Not quite up to the standard of 'Whole Wide World', but recognisably the same guy, which should comfort all conservative radio stations across the land. Check out B-side, piece of honest psyching, entitled 'Girlfriend'.

DOLLAR: 'Shooting Star' (Carrere EMI 2871). A spinoff operation from Guys & Dolls. Surprisingly dull vocals on a safe-as-milk (sorry, commercially viable) riffy pop tune with a touch of space dust.

THE DAZZLERS: 'Phonies' (Charta CB 325). The record that brings back movement into music. Haul the spiral-printed inner bag out of the spiral-printed transparent plastic sleeve and, whoopee, there's real kinetic art in action. Fun! Safe! Educational! Hours of uninterrupted viewing pleasure!!! Wot about the vinyl though? Well, there's always room for talent, phonies included, in this business.

BRYAN & MICHAEL: 'Mam When's Mi Dad Coming Home' (Eye TV 46330). The old clog-and-cobbles clone from those matchstick Men... about as honest as a glitter-flecked Christmas card. Not a bad song however with a brass band



A pair of pairs

coating, a kiddies' chorus of epidemic proportions, and a suitably unhappy ending. Smasheroo again.

PHIL HURTT: 'Giving It Back' (Fantasy FTC 161). From the album of the same name, third or fourth time round 'Giving It Back' suddenly takes over as an excessively attractive cut. Main features are hustle beat, high sliding vocals and a truly whisksaw production. The stuff of which crossover is made.

NICK VAN EDE: 'Rock 'n' Roll Fool' (Barn 204 128). A further protege of Chas Chandler (like Slade and Hendrix... meanwhile, how many failures?). Nice sensible sort of song with not-as-simple-as-you'd think singalong melody. The lad has a good voice too. Flat-heeled brogue to the spiked stilettos that some of the industry wears.

DAVID McLAINE: 'Rostie' (Rampage RAM 11). Found-love song that would have done better to have been tackled by a John Stewart for maximum choking effect. As it is, sheer perennial transcendence.

JAPAN: 'Sometimes I Feel So Low' (Ariola AHA 529). A rock record in a week of pop, with barking under-riff, catchy hook



line and a lyric that makes sense even in your darkest hours. For some obscure (alternative) reason it's pressed on blue vinyl. I mean, why not use blue rice paper; at least you could then swallow your pride.

SHOWADDYWADDY: 'Pretty Little Angel Eyes' (Arista ARIST 222). This is where those versions start to roll in. Energetic but depressing cover of zealous Curtis Lee '61 hit. Wish this band, or someone, would go for the Shaweez' 'No One to Love Me'. Destined for inelegant success and recognition.

CHAS & DAVE: 'Strummin'/'I'm In Trouble' (EMI 2874). Yes, m'dears, the Chas & Dave & Rockney of last week's 'Feedback'. Two endearing little tales ('Trouble' is the better), really neatly written and half-spoken, half-sung over a warmer, if still minimalist backing. Put it another way, rather less lugubrious but still in the Ian Dury vein. Any road, makes you feel real again (sorry, Sylvester).



BOBDYLAN: 'Is Your Love In Vain' (CBS 12-6718). Somewhat church-like cut off 'Street Legal'. Not up to the scratch of 'Baby Stop Crying'/'New Pony', but doubtless that precedent plus the human-intrigue angle and Jim's pastel-gritty voice should do it well enough. But why a 12in?

JULIE COVINGTON: 'Bright Lights' (Virgin VS 225). OK, another cover, but this song, penned you may recall by Richard Thompson, is a gem that should do the whole darn world a power of good by being heard again. Julie of course has a fine voice, clear as logic, and she's capped by a fine, rollaway arrangement. 'Argentina' be damned, 'Bright Lights' must get away or know the reason why.

EMOTIONS: 'Whole Lotta Shakin' (CBS S 6787). Maurice White production, but of course, from the girls to give us, and the annals of soul music, yet another minor masterpiece. Oddball rhythm for an oddball world, chiming horns, ice-crystal vocals and so on... you'll be hearing this soon enough anyway.

FINGERS: 'Hold On I'm Coming' (Pye 7N 46129). It's happened again: new version of an old song, and have you hit the granules and the babel-in-arms-alike right between the chocolate semolina? Little hope here, I fear. It's a great ballad, thanks to Sam and Dave, and a credit to the Central Electricity Generating Board, but otherwise too passive a rendering. Big floppy fingers?



STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: '78 Revolutions A Minute'/'Alternative Uster' (Rough Trade RT 004). Having set a few bars on fire with 'Suspect Device' S.L.F. return with a clean-devised powerpack brace of where-it's-at. If you can't find this on yer ray-di-o, go into your real record shop and demand to hear it. This is one place I'd almost condone politico lyrics.

TOMMY MORRISON: 'When This Pub Closes' (Real Records ARE 6). Very obviously true Brit soul grit, veering into the gentler side of sixties pop-rock mood, fight down to the rucky 'Dream-Lover' guitar and a meanin' in that maudlin singing. A deserving cause.

MICKEY JUPP: 'Old Rock 'n' Roller' (Stiff BUY 36). A telling tale about a reactivated Chuck Berry era singer: really fine motivatin' raunchy rhythm and great lyrics. Great for dancing, great for a laugh. And if you ever liked Darts, you'll wet your knicks over 'Old Rock 'n' Roller'.

MADLEEN KANE: 'C'est Si Bon' (Decca FR 13806). Ethereal smoocher that floats away into vampishness... and you may just be able to decipher that it's another old romantic battlexe of a ballad given a fun-fur coat. For diamond-roughers and crotch-rotters alike.

MANKIND: 'Dr Who' (Motor MTR 001/12). Heavenly blue vinyl ain't gonna cloud the fact that this is true blue disco dress. Only thing is, the 'Dr Who' theme is such a natch for dancefloor treatments, I'm surprised no-one's done it already.

FLYING LIZARDS: 'Summertime Blues' (Virgin VS 230). Ethically minimalist (as I believe you arty types say) version — and we're going to hear a great deal about versions this week — of the Cochran anthem. Grouchy androgynous vocal is answered by a backing seemingly constructed on Party Seven cans, not quite in time at that. What with Jah Wobble and now this, those Virgin guys are obviously shaking off some pre-Venue nerves. Rather fine.



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TALES OF ROTOGRAPHIC MOTIONS

JOHN SHEARLAW joins Yes roundabout in Los Angeles



STEVE HOWE: Still rotating.

"MASTERS ON their mettle. A triumph not often equalled, even in the world of rock hyperbole." (Derek Jewell reviewing a Yes concert in the Sunday Times, 1977.)

"The Sunday supplement school of rock... relying on... maximum pomposity, maximum pretension, maximum elaboration, all covering up minimum inspiration." (Shella Prophet reviewing 'Tormato' in Record Mirror, 1978.)

"YES, BUT IS IT ART?" said the Cynic to the Convert.

His companion said nothing, unformed words flooding gently and noiselessly from half-open lips. The time was evening. The place was the Los Angeles Forum, tier 51B. The occasion was a concert by the "British progressive rock group Yes", nearing the end of their tenth anniversary tour.

"Would you believe rock on a church organ," the Convert countered eventually. "A triumph of symphonic sound in a basketball stadium?" It was sufficient comment. For a long while afterwards neither spoke. There was no need. No desire.

Around them a crowd of some 18,000 — "die-hard Yes fans, every one of them", thought the convert to himself — sat, stood, shouted. Every opening riff, every recognisable chord, brought forth a bellow of recognition. Instant and ecstatic.

For one of the multitude the whoops and hollers, so instant, so soon, were an irritant. "Christ!", snapped the Cynic. "They must all be on mandibles... or their brains have gone! What's going on here? What's really happening?"

"All these kids, and they are only kids — stunted little hippies from the Valley. They must be stoned! They must get off on anything, man!" His companion, wisely he felt, remained silent. The music was already loud enough.

Another hot dog trek, the last of many and the first of many more, began in the row in front of them. Two angular figures in blue T-shirts ("Tormatour" T-shirts, naturally) clambered across six pairs of feet, pausing only momentarily to throw their arms aloft as another thundering conclusion rent the air from the direction of the circular stage.

Burning sparks from a well-chewed reeder flattered down into the row behind.

"YOOOARGH!" screamed the Convert, excited for the first time. "Amazing. It's going to be a great show." Already he recognised songs from "Going For The One", a new song from "Tormato", thingummy — God he'd heard it so often! — from "Time And A Word".

Under the spotlights the quintet played. Two angular figures with guitars. A caped figure controlling a bank of keyboards. Another matchstick controlling an enormous sparking drum kit. And a hirsute ruffian in the middle, shuffling around the suspended microphones. Almost as they watched the stage began to move.

"Well, what about the roundabout?" the Cynic asked. Beseechingly he felt.

"The song you mean?" his companion enquired.

"No you fool. I mean the stage. The revolving stage!"

For a moment their two minds were one, their gazes locked in admiration as the enormous dais began to trundle round. Above it, suspended banks of speakers broadcast the fruits of the artists' endeavours. Below it a dedicated sound crew — locked in for two-and-a-half hours with only a custom built drinks cabinet to keep them company — sweated in the confines of their working environment.

(One night in New York the motor, which drives the stage around at a steady one mile per hour four times every hour, broke down. It's rumoured that the roadies were actually required to push the "clam-trailer in minutes" beast... albeit at a slightly slower pace.)

The Convert spoke first. "It's Yes in the round, y'see. They've taken this 'revolutionary' stage (he paused at the obvious pun that even Jon Anderson had been drawn to on its first outing) and played on it all over America — to

audiences of upwards of 15,000 people each time!

"Nearly a million people in all, and they've all seen all of the band."

He sucked in breath and waited. The motions began again, this time Rick Wakeman's back, enfolded in a silver and blue suit and betopped with a blue and silver cape slowly passed their seats.

Next stop — Chris Squire.

The stage — a gigantic enterprise by any standards — was an excellent spectacle. The Yes American tour schedule was built around it, the band only playing gigs that could accommodate such an ambitious structure.

It is being brought (as you read this, already has been) to Wembley Arena this week. Bolt by bolt, wheel by wheel (and of course board by board). Yes are then talking about taking it to Brazil!

The Convert continued to relish the rotations. "A constantly changing panoply," he thought. "A new facet of the band every 15 minutes. A really different approach — no-one's ever made it work before."

"So much better than bombardment and binoculars," He smiled. No wonder Jon Anderson had been upset when one reviewer described the stage as resembling a wedding cake! "Bloomin' cheek. Big top rock circus and that's all he can think of!"

He settled into a new song, Anderson introducing MISTER Steve Howe, as he'd introduced MISTER Chris Squire previously.

The Cynic kept his dark thoughts to himself. The Big Top was one thing... he checked. The image floating through his mind wasn't of a circus, but of a fairground. One of those "attractions" that goes round and round with gaily painted horses rising and falling to the strains of a steam organ. Children and grannies alike clutching the worn necks of their mounts, straining over the top of the hoopla stall, dipping to the level of the bystanders — a blur of smiling faces.

"They probably see us like that," the Cynic concluded

gloomily as a mightily collective "Yooorargh" erupted from tier 56. He wondered if any of the crowd had ever seen an English fairground. Probably not, he decided. Another song over.

Funnily enough the songs weren't as long as the Cynic had imagined. The framework was taut and recognisable, the musicianship undoubtedly superb. Once or twice he even felt rhythm coursing through his rockaboogie veins.

They had something, his better self exhorted. He must have nodded off for a brief instant, for the next he knew his friend was on his feet shouting, emulating those he could just make out on the other side of the auditorium.

"They're playing songs from all the albums," the Convert beamed triumphantly. "I've been a fan for years and there are ones here I've never heard live before!"

He had the look, the Cynic thought, of a man uplifted. The Convert went with every tortuous turn in the score, saluted every embellishment of theme, hurried the cementing symphonic swarms from the battery of keyboards twiddled, cooseted and occasionally hammered by Rick Wakeman.

The Cynic was reading the letters on the silver cape.

Yet it was certainly something he'd never seen before. And, if he was quite honest with himself, something he'd never even dreamed about. His thoughts ran riot. Here, he felt, was discipline and progression, held somehow within a rock framework. A mesh of sound that owed nothing to sustained synthesis — the shorthand of studio magnificence — nothing to eerie technology (dimly the memories of plinked and plunked albums of interminable monotony came and went), nothing to the outrageous solo efforts from any of the five musicians who came, stopped, and 15 minutes later went again.

Solos there were though — he remembered an unearthly bass, a Spanish guitar, much later a splendid organ romp. All preceded by MISTER (if not the crack of a ringmaster's whip). But all

seemed involved: an intense mixture of sound — occasionally he felt for its own sake but the licence was there to be used — and rhythm.

The thoughts were inescapable and he hated himself for thinking them. Sound pictures? Directed by a ringmaster? Anderson played his role to perfection on his central podium, delivering a parched "counter-tenor" against all the odds.

Often high-pitched and clear daubing of lyrics and phrases, occasionally an eerie, hollow opposite to the fiery instrumentation. In control, leading his four-headed Medusa into musical battle. Charging exhilaratingly across uncharted oceans.

At that moment a frisbee — with the uncompromising momentum of a flying object — hit him squarely in the back of his head. Jolted back to reality he dismissed the preceding thoughts as swiftly as he'd brushed the ash from his trousers only minutes earlier.

What could he have been thinking of?

He curled the object artfully into the dark, gratified that arms reached for it several hundred feet away.

The Convert glanced at the Cynic. If he'd noticed any change in his companion's behaviour he made no comment. He was happy. Aggressive and ethereal together, the scope of what he'd heard and beheld had already reached him. Grace and guts, he might have said if a comment had been requested from his left. It wasn't. He was moved anyway.

The splendour and the solos mounted and passed. Anderson, almost mediaevally dressed in smock and bizarre slippers, at one point appeared with a diminutive harp.

The Cynic groaned. The Convert made his lusty contribution to the "YOOOARGH" from Tier 51B. Then there was "Save The Whale" — a splendid "rock" song with admirable sentiment. Once again the concepts bombarded the Cynic's hardened cranium. Classical? No. Jazz-like? No. Symphonic? Not really. "A bright palette of sound and instrumental

colour?" Maybe. Ambitious new music from masters of progression? He gagged at the thought and shelved his conclusion. He'd wait until the encore.

Yes are ten years old this tour the Cynic reflected. What started off as "good vocals well backed" has turned into the band being "willing to spend ten hours a day on a minute of music". Which has led many to describe them as "cerebral". If not worse. And as if on a seasaw their fans jump on one end sending their detractors ever higher into the ether. Or at least that was the way the Cynic had originally seen it.

He wanted body, he got esoterics. He wanted books, he got virtuoso progression. He might, just might, have been wrong. That much he admitted to himself. Yes, his companion reminded him, had sold 30 million LP's in their time. They were an institution.

He found them interesting, at times stimulating. He wondered morosely if their performance varied from night to night — if strains of "ordinariness" crept into the fierce matterlessness of their playing. Probably not, he decided.

After a judicious break, a dimming of the lights and the beginnings of an almighty roar the 'soundinground' returns. For 'Roundabout'. With a minimum of display the band exit on a relaxing fanfare, leaving the stage — it almost appears as if for the first time — together. The first front evident outside the music.

Even in the vastness of the Forum — a basketball stadium by any other name — they'd been piercing, acute and at times intimate.

The Cynic recovered first. "I have to confess that I've never seen a concert like that before," he said a trifle tartly. "Their uncompromising invention actually seems to work! I mean (his voice rose a pitch) it actually gets to people! They love it!"

He was suddenly reminded that the Forum had been illuminated by hand-held lighters before the show even began.

"Do they do that every time?" His fervour returned, memories banished. "All that, all that... cosmic claptrap! It's now here! I couldn't tell through that again, not if you paid me."

The Convert smiled beautifully. "It's a fusion of the unique inventiveness of five musicians, a combined single presentation that's one of the pioneering, unmistakable voices in contemporary music," he said. He'd read it somewhere (perhaps in a newspaper, perhaps on the back of an album) but he felt he had to defend his experience.

"Music you can really listen to..." He fell he'd won.

Later they went to a party given in Yes' honour. They found Yes were real people who smiled at record company executives, who liked their families, their girlfriends and their privacy. They saw Yes being presented with rather impressive motorcycles in honour of having attained rather impressive record sales in the parish of the West Coast of the United States.

And then the night, or maybe San Francisco, claimed them. They heard later that the band had been splattered with water pistols, fireworks and cream cakes on the last night of their tour. Perhaps they were a rock group after all, the Cynic thought to himself.

The Cynic and the Convert went home and listened to "Tormato". Once again the Cynic noticed that the album had more songs on it than he had perhaps anticipated. That they were all different. That some of them he could actually listen to... eventually.

The Convert fell asleep, as oblivious to the sounds lapping round his drooping head as any forgotten shoreline is to the waves transgressing its barrier.

"I'd like to get to Wembley," he mumbled incoherently, "see it all over again..."

The Cynic rubbed the ketchup stain on his trousers thoughtfully before flipping the album over. "I'd like to interview these guys" sometime. He thought to himself. His last waking thoughts of brightly painted horses rising and falling and of organ pipes hissing tunelessly as the mounts merrily rotated.

And in its dreamlike crowd roared their approval.

RACHEL SWEET



LIVE ON THE CURRENT 'BE-STIFF TOUR'

ALBUM OUT NOW - 'FOOL AROUND' IN WHITE VINYL, RRP £3.99, SSEEZ 12. PLUS LIMITED EDITION OF 2,000 IN BLACK VINYL

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PHOTO: LAURIE LEWIS



OFF CENTRE

Edited by TIM LOTT

Elbows out for Bernie

"I'VE BEEN given the elbow. I'm sick to death of being the villain, and sick of being misquoted."

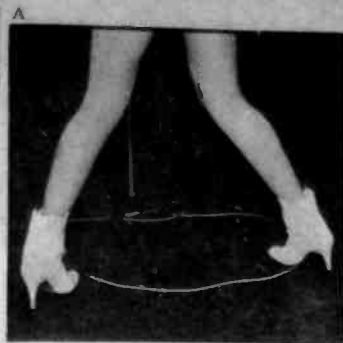
That there wuz Bernie Rhodes, ex-manager of The Clash, spilling on about 'the split' earlier this week. A prompt phone-conversation confirmed that the Bern planned to go ahead with his proposed lawsuit (he plans to see The Clash in court, dunnee?), though when the wrangles started isn't exactly clear just now.

"I'm sad. I always knew they'd make it. I hope some big corporation doesn't get hold of them and mess them up. I FORMED the group and put three years of my life into it, but I've always been seen as an ogre who's stopped 'em from spending money..."

Clearly, much of the man's vitriol is directed at the press, as well as the band members themselves. He wasn't around when — wait for it — the 'final touches' were added to the 'Give 'Em Enough Rope' (or whatever it's called now) mix, out thar in El Aye.

Right now, he's free to consider a 'Project' (very vague, very secretive) with Malcolm 'Prophet/Profit' McLaren, who you ought to know by now. He'll also be concentrating on his other bands, The Black Arabs, The Specials and Subway Sect (whose second single is released by Rough Trade sometime this week).

CHRIS WESTWOOD



LEGS ELE (12)

TO ALL the fetishistic, greased-up dribblers out there: somewhere in this vicinity you'll find a bunch of gross-out, revealing (yawn, etcetera) fotos . . . in fact, the legs of six exceedingly famous persons, namely Fay Fife, Patti Smith, Debbie Harry (how the hell did she get in here?), Fred Mercury, the delectable Wayne County and Poly Styrene.

All you gotta do is ogle up the visuals and decide which carcass the respective limbs belong to. Then, if you can be bothered, just flick over to page 19 for the answers. CHRIS WESTWOOD



D

E

F

TURN OVER AND SEE THE TOP HALVES



"FEELING THE HEAT OF NIGHT, PUT THE BEAT IN MY SHOES"

CITY MUSIC BY DAVID BOYDELL
TAKEN FROM HIS FORTHCOMING ALBUM "CITY MUSIC"

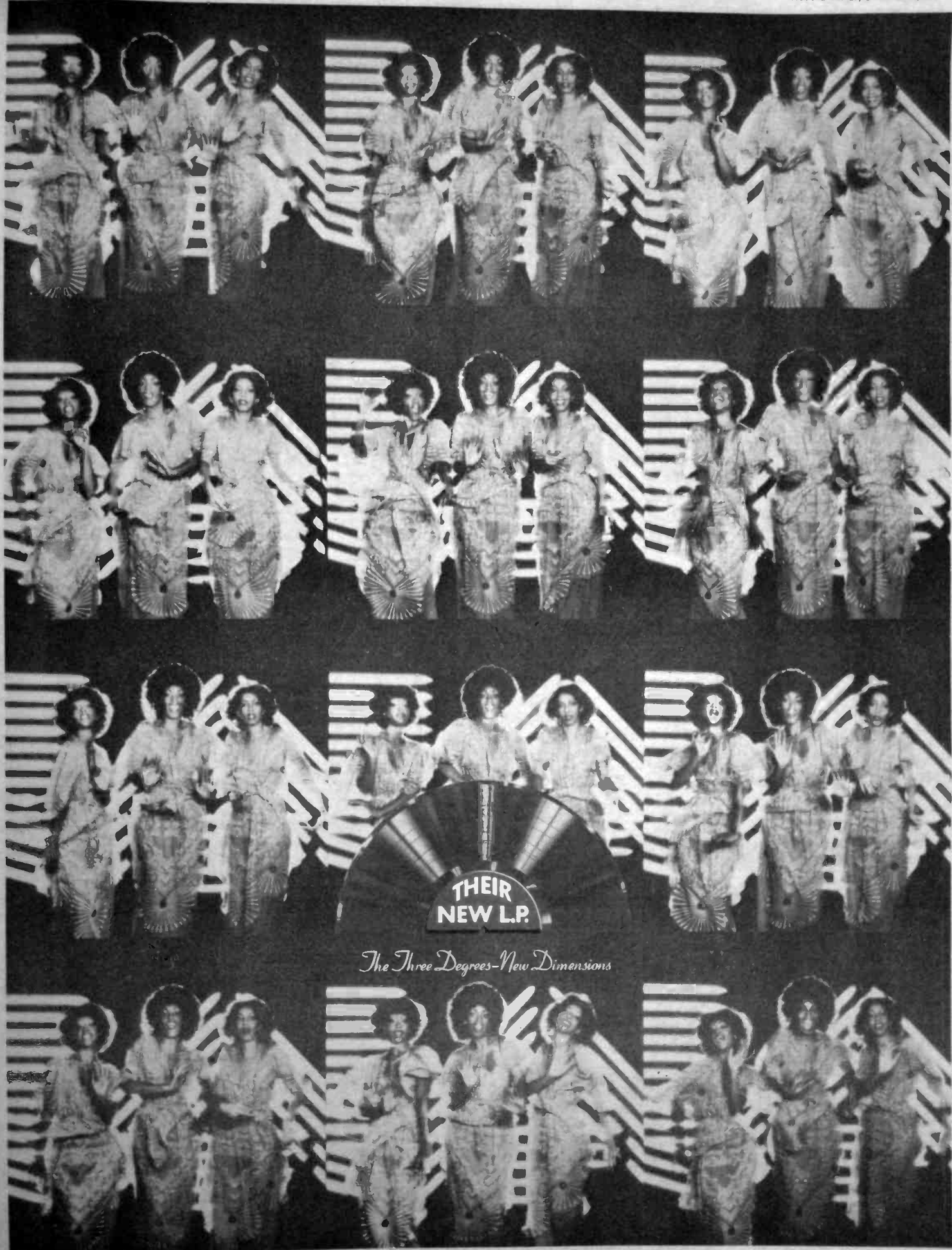
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THEIR
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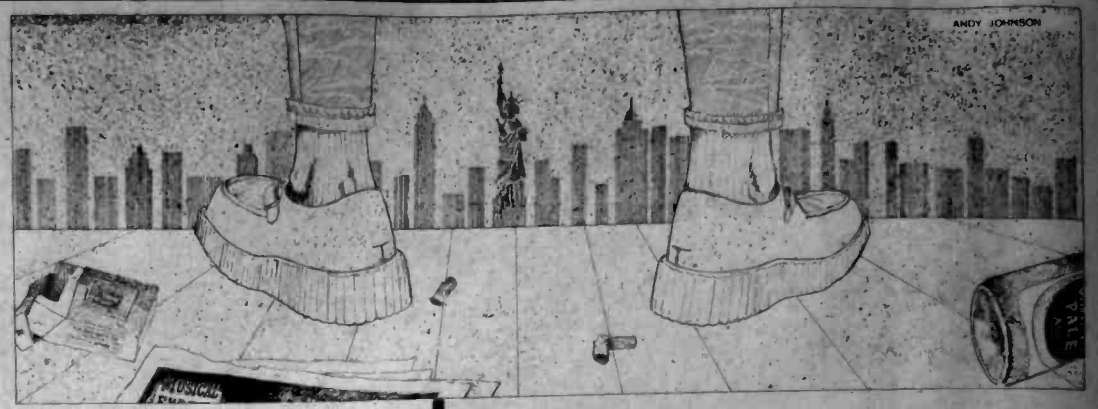
...hear them move!

Includes "Giving Up, Giving In"



OFF CENTRE

Edited by TIM LOTT



WILL EUROPOP BE EUROTOPS?

THE STOCK city joke of a frustrated stockbroker standing at the window of his office and shouting at the indifferent metropolis: "CONSUME DAMN YOU, CONSUME!" may be striking a rather sour note with one or two record companies over the next year or two.

the UK didn't have too much competition from the continent. This is changing. European imports from France, Germany and Scandinavia are becoming more important.

"If you are an overseas group and want to make it big in England you will go to one of the big record companies here. This means that some of the smaller companies may be in for a tough time."

The problem for the smaller companies don't end there. Earl says that the increased emphasis on chain stores stocking Top 100 albums at cut price is beginning to take its toll on the smaller, more varied shops.

This, of course, could have the severest implications for the industry. If a situation came about where shops only stocked the Top 100 albums, following the closure or amalgamation of the more imaginative retail outlets, the industry

could well begin to stagnate.

And it's by no means impossible. Earl thinks that the record shops with the wider scopes are driving themselves into "smaller and smaller corners." So the time may not be far off when if you want any record outside the Top 100 you are going to have to order it.

The third prong of this sinister trident is record and tape piracy. This isn't so much a necessary evil as a mixed blessing.

Earl is worried that people buying blank cassettes and taping new albums — that's you, the customer — are robbing the industry of a lot of its revenue. In some countries, as much as 60 per cent of product listened to is pirated, and Earl believes that situation could easily come about here.

The piracy has its good points for you — a new album for under a quid instead of the five or the majors seem to be asking now. But for

industry it's bad, bad, bad, though they are working on sophisticated methods of preventing Joe Blow taping their valuable product.

But the overall message for the industry is that over the next few years they are going to be making rather less money than they have previously. This has consequences; the companies don't have so much money to spend on new talent, so they stick to tried and trusted formulas to bring in the quids. Certainly nobody outside the industry would shed any tears to see such a financially bloated industry make a few less bob. But sadly, an unhealthy biz tends to mean torpid product on the market.

So for your own sake stop buying all these silly Raffaella, Carra, Smurf and Boney M records. To update the joke rather, don't just CONSUME, but CONSUME BRITISH, damn you.

Not for the faint hearted

SEPTEMBER 24 1978 isn't a date Chicago, Illinois is going to forget in a hurry. Because on that autumn day they will discover the real meaning of grease.

On September 24 Chicago airport gets invaded by 388 slicked-back-lamb-chopped John Travolta surrogates — all British.

The party responsible for this culture clash is a firm called GMC Promotions, who will be airlifting a DC 10 full of rock 'n' roll fans out to America for a city tour of rock 'n' roll music's heritage.

They will be visiting nine cities in 14 days — Chicago, St Louis, Little Rock, Dallas, Lubbock (Buddy Holly's incubation ground), Austin, Memphis (naturally), Oklahoma City, Kansas City and back to Chicago.

"The tour, as you can see, is not for the faint-hearted," says organiser Jerry Coates. "It will be a hard schedule. We are advising everyone to have a good rest on the day of their arrival — it may be the only chance they get."

GMC are also arranging a series of concerts to correspond with the tour — one in each city. They hope to book names like Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry and Fats Domino.

And British rock 'n' roll won't go unrepresented. GMC are taking the "number one British rock 'n' roll band," Crazy Cavan And The Rhythm Rockers, over with the holidaymakers to appear in every city with the bigger American acts.

The Teds, once they've arrived at Chicago, will travel to and from the cities by Greyhound bus. The £375 fare will include all meals, accommodation and concerts.

The tour is being launched on November 11 at a rock 'n' roll festival at the New Roxy Theatre in Harlesden, London where Ronnie Hawkins is making his first British appearance for a decade.

All deposits paid then will guarantee a seat on the plane next year. And there will be HP firms at the festival for any fans who need a bit of time to pay the full amount.

At the end of the American tour, GMC will throw a big party "for those people who manage to survive."

If the project is a success — and GMC are convinced that it will be — then the concept could be extended. There could be a headbangers tour; five coachloads of confused Status Quo fans following their band round the States.

The potential damage to the American way of life is probably incalculable.

COULD YOU TELL FREDDIE'S LEGS FROM DEBBIE'S?



All you ever wanted to know but were frightened to ask



BOB BARTON renders all other do-it-yourself men helplessly redundant. He has single-handedly compiled, written, published and marketed a disc jockeys' manual, "All You Want To Know About Being A Dee-Jay", whose third edition has just been completed.

Like all schoolboys, Bob used to emulate his heroes on the airwaves and play at introducing records to a non-existent audience in a bedroom fantasy world. The only difference was that he decided to make the transition from fiction to fact and become the real McCoy.

"I wanted to start a mobile disco and searched around for information on it," he explained.

"I couldn't discover a single publication on the subject, so I set about compiling one of my own."

Bob, who works for the British Tourist Board, interviewed and wrote to hospital radio presenters, university broadcasters, disco jockeys and the giant radio stations to collect the information he required.

He then decided to bypass the publisher and produce "All You Want To Know About Being A Dee Jay" from his Uxbridge, Middlesex home.

The first edition, released in 1975, when he was only 20, was a massive success. Mostly through mail order ads in the music press he sold all 2,000 copies within six months.

Bob hopes the new, improved third edition will chalk up double the 5,000 copies he's already sold. It's 40-odd glossy pages, feature advice on making an audition tape, developing suitable banter and running a mobile disco. There are informative chapters on amateur and professional radio and discos, plus guidelines on tax problems and remedies to electrical faults.

"It's not meant to be a list of commandments reading like a book of school rules," said Bob, now 23 and a regular Hospital Radio Hillingdon presenter.

"I've done my best to cover every aspect of the DJ scene so that it gives them ideas and lets them know what's going on in other fields, whatever stage they've reached on the ladder to success."

"I don't know how they got to know about it but I've even received orders from Poland and Czechoslovakia with payment in postage stamps to get round their currency laws."

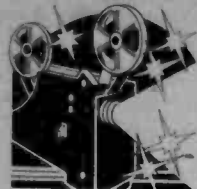
"Incredibly, the book has proved so popular in the Philippines that a special edition is being printed out there. I had no idea they were even into rock music!"

"All You Want To Know About Being A Dee-Jay" can be obtained by post only from 104 Harefield Road, Uxbridge, Middlesex at 90p, plus 10p postage.

STEVE GORDON



BOB BARTON



'Watership Down' Cinema International Corporation.

LET'S GET one thing perfectly straight I have nothing against bunny rabbits. Nothing at all. They are perfectly delicious with a few sprouts and a dash of claret.

On the other hand, rabbits that try and make it as film stars have a few major handicaps to overcome. Would Robert Redford have got where he is if he went around thumping his foot on the ground and twitching his nose?

Image problems apart, the makers of Watership Down had their work cut out for them when they started the project. The big difficulty is perennial and in this case has proved insuperable - cramming a lengthy and detailed book into about an hour and a half.

This drawback has no solution short of lengthening the film, and it's a bit late for that now. The result is that 'Watership Down' is rushed and shallow, hardly any of the scenes lasting for more than a few minutes.

The book was a children's books for adults. The film is a children's film for children. It has been reduced to the level of a very insubstantial adventure story, without any of the subplots and stories that Richard Adams originally included.

The actual animation is beautiful and the voice characterisations - among them John Hurt as Hazel, Richard Briers as Fiver and Ralph Richardson as the Chief Rabbit - cannot be faulted.

But the speed at which the story is rendered doesn't allow for development of any of the characters.

It's not a bad film by any means, though it has been reduced to no more than a story for infants.

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

Pearls this week by Barbara Kirk of 52 Greenwood Road, Tingley, near Wakefield, Yorkshire. Swine from John Harvey, 142 Bertram Road, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.

- PEARLS:**
1. '0538 Overture' - ELO. From the period when the Ork were regarded as Roy Wood's band, and sure enough Wood overshadows Jeff Lynne here. Good song, loud strings and the ubiquitous chingchingching of the acoustic guitar. Liked it as a snotty-nosed kid and I still like it as much now, seven years later.
 2. 'Hong Kong Garden' - Slouxsie And The Banshees.

A real surprise - who would have thought that Radio One would consider this daytime fodder. Slouxsie really has a voice of her own - not like Rotten impersonator Poly Styrene.

3. 'Trick Of The Tail' - Genesis. The first non-Gabriel effort of theirs I heard. The lyrics are a bit fairytale, they may be out of vogue - but who cares?

4. 'Going Steady' - Jilted John. Part two of the story, John has taken up with Sharon, and they spend their time babysitting. They hope to be married soon (naah).

5. (actually, Barbara only sent in 4 Pearls so I am forced under severe duress to provide the fifth myself, one I criminally left out of my first list - TL) 'Maiden Of The Cancer Moon' - Quicksilver Messenger Service.

From 'Happy Trails', the album that was to guitar music what 'Sergeant Pepper' was to pop. Quicksilver were a bunch of old hippies but along with the Grateful Dead, they were the first band to really extend rock guitar beyond the cute Shadows instrumental or the hook in a common or garden pop song. 'Maiden Of The Cancer Moon' is one of the most apocalyptic instrumental passages in rock and sounds no less remarkable 10 years on.

SWINE:

1. 'Flowers For Mama' - JJ Barrie. Perhaps the most dire emission of carbon dioxide ever captured on vinyl. It tells of a small boy paying his last respects to his mother with a little philosophical slush thrown in for good measure. Too hideous to bear.

2. 'I Feel Love' - Donna Summer. Donna opens the floodgates to a tidal wave of plink plonk space disco. A billion number ones later, the human race has been engulfed.

3. 'Again And Again' - Status Quo. Self-parody does little to dispulse Quo's total lack of new ideas and painfully uninspired guitar riffs.

4. 'An Everlasting Love' - Andy Gibb. The man of many a stolen song title delivers more tweeze muzak for the Radio One generation.

5. 'Where Did Our Love Go?' - Manhattan Transfer. Come that, where did you get your limited MOR capabilities go? This is nothing but a cheap imitation of Donny Albert.

Send your contributions to 'Pearls Before Swine', c/o Tim Lotl, Record Mirror, 40 Long Acre, London, WC2. 15 paid for printed submissions.



Smashing new RM comp

FOR ONE week only, the Record Mirror Super Bonanza Off Centre Pull Your Plonker competition. Absolutely NOTHING to be won.

All you have to do is spot the difference between these two photographs. The one above is the original advertising artwork for the new Queen single. The one below is the actual cover that appeared in the shops.

And here's your clue! The pictures are different because some chain stores found them too offensive to stock. Can you guess which one and why?

Answers on the back of a pair of Y-Fronts to 'Make A Total Fool Of Yourself' c/o 'Big Bottoms Bonanza, Soho.



WUNDERBAR

WHAT DOES Rusty Egan, gregarious drummer with The Rich Kids do with himself when he's not "pounding" the "skins" with Midge, Steve and Glen? Apart from coming into our office and delivering interminable monologues about his trouser fetish, that is.

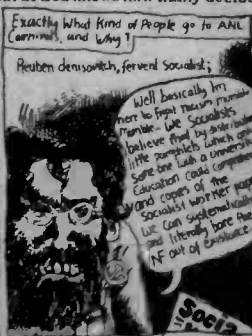
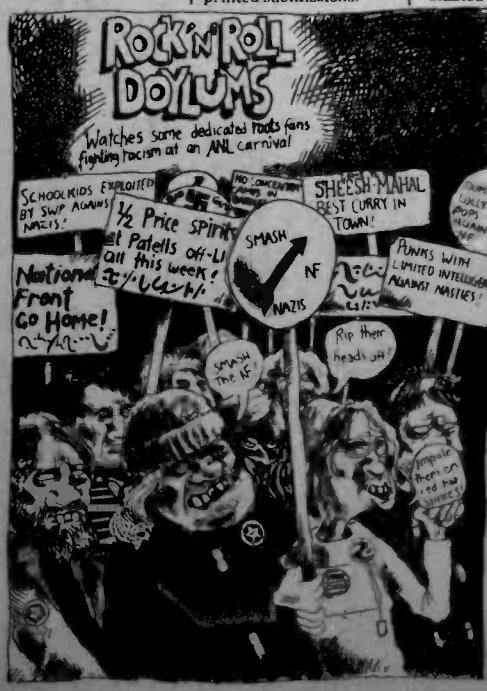
Actually, I have no idea. What I do know, however, is how he spends his Tuesday nights.

Rusty is, for one night a week, the disc jockey at Billy's, a flashy West End club in London's Mead Street, Soho. But it's a disco with a difference - the musical diet being almost exclusively David Bowie and Kraftwerk.

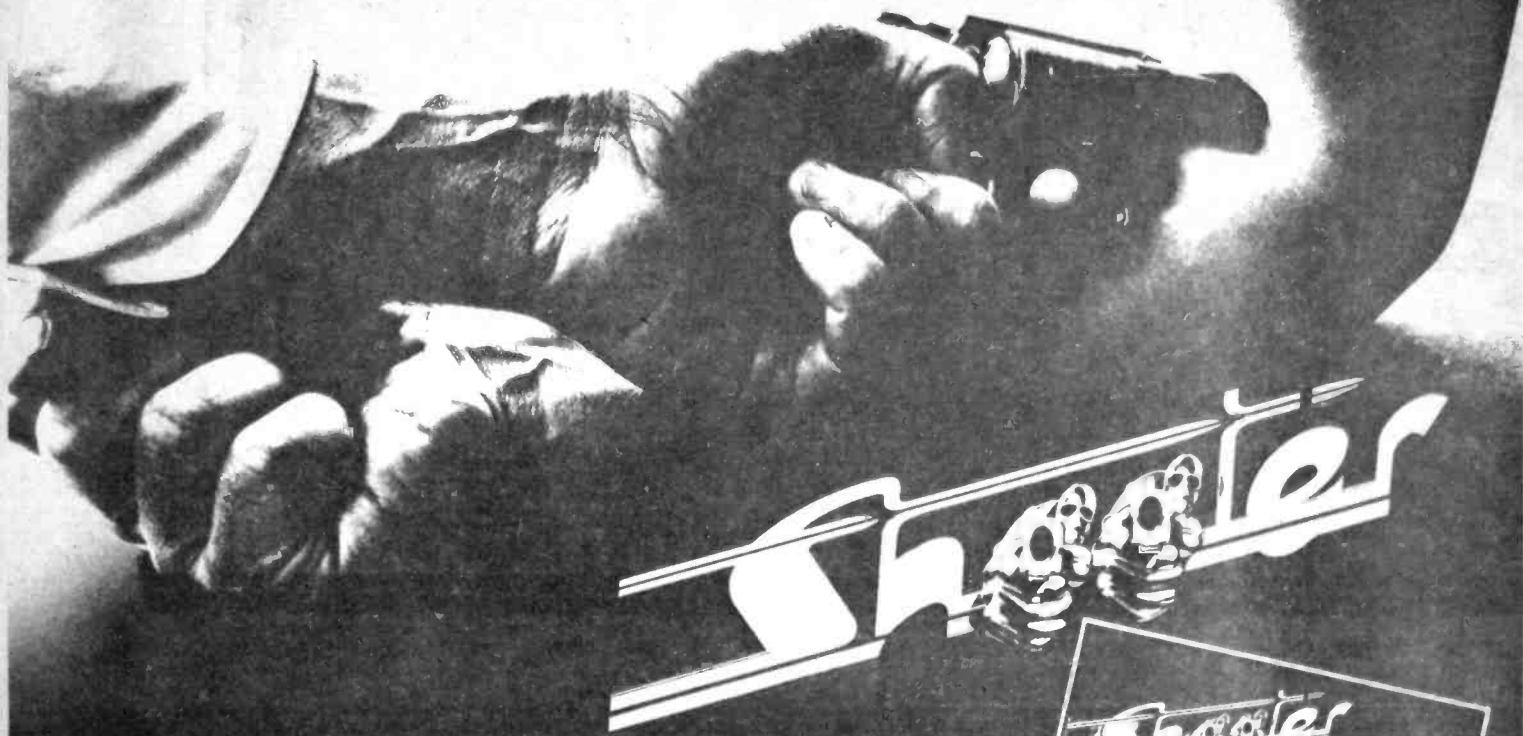
The Bowie Fan club make it a regular hangout, and as a result visitors are likely to hear some remarkable rartles. The night I went, Rusty played a recording of Bowie's final concert at the Hammersmith Odeon with Jeff Beck.

The clientele are colourful, if a trifle decadent (my girlfriend tells me there were three girls stuffed in one toilet cubicle taking photographs in rather dubious taste).

It opens until 3 am and admission for non-members is £1. Drinks are a bit pricey, but it's still worth a visit, if only to hear 'Neon Lights' by Kraftwerk blasted out at God knows how many decibels. Wunderbar.



A shot in the arm for Rock and Roll.



SHOOTER have pedigrees like Chelsea, Generation X, Dirty Tricks and the Adverts. SHOOTER is loaded.

"Fool In Love" is the band's new single INT 570.

Draw a bead on their debut album 'Shooter'. It'll hit you right between the ears. INS3022



ON TOUR

WITH SMOKIE

6th Oct BOURNEMOUTH
Winter Gardens
7th Oct EASTBOURNE
Congress Theatre
8th Oct CROYDON
Fairfield Hall
9th Oct WOLVERHAMPTON
Civic Hall
12th Oct BIRMINGHAM
Odeon
13th Oct COVENTRY
Theatre
14th Oct LIVERPOOL
Empire

15th Oct MANCHESTER
Apollo
16th Oct NEWCASTLE
City Hall
17th Oct GLASGOW
Apollo
20th Oct PETERBOROUGH
ABC
21st Oct LONDON
Rainbow
22nd Oct OXFORD
New Theatre
23rd Oct PRESTON
Guildhall
24th Oct BRADFORD
AlHambra

25th Oct BRADFORD
AlHambra

WITH SUZI QUATRO

27th Oct IPSWICH
Gaumont
28th Oct PETERBOROUGH
ABC
29th Oct MANCHESTER
Apollo
30th Oct SHEFFIELD
City Hall
2nd Nov HAMMERSMITH
Odeon



ALBUMS

Disguise in sane



JOHN COOPER CLARKE, 'Disguise In Love' (CBS 83132)
(I Listened To) A Scouse With A Voice Like A Dishwasher
by Tim Andy-Lott

with scouse locks rinsed blue and shades (non see thru) dinky spoon hanging from pinky ear the inspirational spark of john cooper clarke isn't all that it seems to appear in noxious northern nembuthal drone his puns are pure anti-gravity but he's out of the groove until they remove his larynx from his nasal cavity for a sharp commercial tool he has wafford gap cool imitation charged deadpan battery man if he nipped off me like he did bobby the zee I'd sue him for assault and battery with bill nelson on loan, and assorted unknowns and pete shelley all having a bash cooper clarke sports a pout; that they should rent themselves out for red nose and a plastic moustache of course poetry's art with a capital i and columbia see this quite clearly and offer genuflection to their artsy predilection god knows it's gonna cost them so dearly a voice like a drain, yet a very fine brain with a wealth of wry comment in it but the threshold desk is barely a sec' with rigor moris at thirty five minutes these are snappy epistles and despite critics' whistles cooper clarke has scored his own goal but even he can't reply to the prosaic war cry maan it just ain't rock n'roll.

+++ TIM LOTT



JCC: too old for a dummy?

more like a fourth - form fallout to me). Heavy, far out, cool and all that, but the resultant album is exactly what you'd expect. It reinforces the idea that psychedelic means, 'lots of bells' and that youth's ideals soon give way to the two R's, Rationalization and reality. But back to, er, conceptual ideology. Groove No 1 is titled, 'Hurricane Fighter Plane', (when the ride is over you can go to sleep). Imagine yourself in a sitting - room with the Beatles, 'Revolution No 9' on the mono with 'Custer's Last Stand' on the telly, both turned up full vol and this is as near a sonic description as you'll get. As the yankees start to lose the battle, 'Transparent Radiation' starts which is almost a normal song. A blues harp blows alongside a voice terribly like Talking Heads, David Byrne, (is it him?) the total effect not unlike some Roxy Music opus, (remember this is '67) and 'War Sucks', with the odd raga weaving in and out

clases side 1. Slide two is generally incomprehensible except that the title track recalls the sound of horned beasts sowing seeds somewhere in the far east. Overall, the record serves a purpose as a document of the period but really has little relevance to post - punk, still apathetic Britain, and no sign of a messiah yet. Afficionados of John Cage will love it and Virgin would've been ecstatic had they have been around then. I'm sending this copy to Steve Hillage. Also, don't buy it because it's on Radar because their credibility fades daily and there are still too many good young English bands to be signed yet without recycling modern kitsch with various mortals blowing in bottles whilst playing buzzsaws. In fact, it's so perfect it could all conceivably be a joke. S.M. gives way to T.M. And I actually like 'Tanz Der Youth', Ouch!

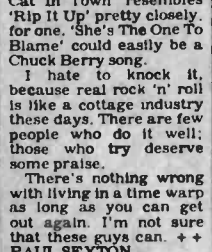
+++ JAMES PARADE. MATUMBI are certainly



CRAZY CAVAN AND THE RHYTHM ROCKERS: 'Crazy Rhythm' (Charly CR31068)

A RE-RELEASE, it seems, from 1975. The first album from Crazy Cavan and the team is, very predictably, straight rock 'n' roll. No fewer than 18 two-minute bursts of the stuff, in fact, it has an audience, albeit a minority one, and in a way it's good that people are still playing this sort of thing, but this is hopelessly repetitive. The style and songs of Cavan and his cronies are purely derivative. They don't actually cover any rock 'n' roll greats but they might as well do that as these imitations. Cavan Grogan, the lead vocalist, has picked up mannerisms from most of the legends of the genre, and apparently finds it necessary before almost every guitar break to yell "Let's go, boys" or "Let's hit it" etc. His catalogue of fictitious dream girls includes 'Sadie', 'Caroline', 'Fancy Nancy', 'Rita' and 'Marilyn'. What's more he's 'Got a Date With Sally'. I'm surprised he knows which way is up. Several of the melodies are rather similar to Elvis songs - 'Wildest Cat In Town' resembles 'Rip It Up' pretty closely, for one. 'She's The One To Blame' could easily be a Chuck Berry song. I hate to knock it, because real rock 'n' roll is like a cottage industry these days. There are few people who do it well; those who try deserve some praise. There's nothing wrong with living in a time warp as long as you can get out again. I'm not sure that these guys can. ++

PAUL SEXTON

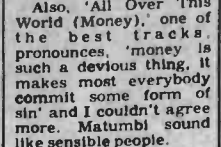


MATUMBI: 'Seven Seals' (Harvest: SHSP 4080).

JOHNNY BRISTOL: 'Strangers' (Polydor Super 2385 511).

one of the best live bands around in any category; the sound they create is almost that of a record so their first album is basically a faithful reproduction of the live act. They haven't suffered at the hands of some silly producer and have wisely chosen to produce themselves. Luckily the DIY job has been successful with the only criticism being that they could have perhaps employed a few more changes throughout. The lyrics, for once, seem to offer some sensible advice which makes a change from the usual reactionary rubbish. The second track, 'Hook Deh' offers the advice 'You take them pills, but you can't afford your bills' and the song is decorated by nice percussion rhythms and a quite unexpected end. Also, 'All Over This World (Money)', one of the best tracks, pronounces, 'money is such a devious thing, it makes most everybody commit some form of sin' and I couldn't agree more. Matumbi sound like sensible people. They must have a potential hit single in 'Bluebeat And Ska' which sounds like late sixties reggae used to. And with its soulful backing vocals and hypnotic one - note guitar I can almost hear it on the Noel Edmonds show. EMI have however decided to issue 'Empire Road' as a single, presumably because it comes on the box once a week but I'm afraid I can't see it in the chart (and I wear glasses). Finally, it's a pleasure to listen to a record where all the sounds are true and clean without having to be distorted or reverbed to make something powerful which really shouldn't be or to cover up fluffs and errors, (they've even spared us the use of too much dub). It's reggae not like it used to be but reggae like it should be. ++ ++ JAMES PARADE.

PRISM: 'See Forever Eyes' (Ariola ARL 5014)



PRISM are a Canadian band in the HM / East Coast vein plus a weeny touch of the Yesosons... I've been trying for the last week to remember the title of a very Starship - trucker type single that appeared about nine months ago. But can't. 'See Forever Eyes' is the son of its father, however, an instantly impressive second album with a rather timeless flavour and a warm, clear production. File under 'Play It Loud'. (Think: will Ariola be using this quote for their publicity handouts in years to come?). From the acoustic piano opening of 'You're My Reason', building up into Queen - like symphonics, through Nickels and Dimes' which boogies on like an old rolling stone, up to the closing, title track, all yearning melodies, twinkling keyboards and general h a r d e d g e straggles - well, there's a lot of variety. However, in the long run, the complaint is that Prism stay close enough for comfort to too many known quantities. That's not to say that in a year or two they won't be one of the really rated bands of their type. But, regrettably, at the moment the metal rather swiftly wears a little bit thin. ++ SUSAN KLUTH

JOHNNY BRISTOL: 'Strangers' (Polydor Super 2385 511).

MOST TOP soul



LITTLE TINA AND FLIGHT '66

LITTLE TINA AND FLIGHT '66: 'This Little Girl Is Gonna Rock It.' (Charly: CR 30155). THE RIOT ROCKERS: (Charly: CR 30158).

ROCK and Roll isn't supposed to be dead is it? Well, after listening to these two albums I'm not so sure. Both are newly released by Charly and produced by Bert Rockhulzen in Holland, presumably because it's the homeland of Charly Records self - styled emperor, Joop Visser. You may remember Charly had a hit with their first single, Hank Mizell's 'Jungle Rock' but, sad to report there ain't no hits here. I always thought that energy was to Rock and Roll what Twinkles is to tea but these records both sound as flat as Holland itself. Little Tina manages some bright moments but sounds from her vocal texture to be more suited to 'South Pacific' than rockabilly although from the cover, which is wonderful by the way, she could be the most voguish thing this side of the Iron Curtain, and 'Flight '66' look nomadic enough to fit the Rocker bill. The music is definitely authentic - sounding although the best track is Frankie Lyman's classic, 'Why Do Fossils Fall In Love', and the con-

tributions song - wise from Tina and piano player Dave Taylor are fairly unspectacular, the latter turning in a barely adequate version of Meade Lux Lewis' 'Honky - Tonk Train Blues'. The nicest thing to say about the Riot Rockers album which they describe as, 'skiffle - billy' is that the drummer from the cover at least has the complete star quality look sewn up. The rest look as though they've just sat through 30 episodes of 'I Claudius'. The Rockers, under the leadership of Johnny Fox, tumble through such almost classics as, 'Boppin' the blues' and '6.5. Special' and are said to be influenced by, 'the sound of steam locomotives'. For those who haven't seen the cover, The R.R.s all look a bit ancient. ++ JAMES PARADE.



THE RED CRAYOLA (WITH THE FAMILIAR UGLY): 'Parable Of Arable Land' (Radar, Rad 12).

IT'S difficult to say who the 'Red Crayola' or 'The Familiar Ugly' for that matter, actually are. They reportedly turned up at "Andrus studio" one night in '67 to record an album of, Free - form Freak - out, (yes, they're serious, though it sounds

EVEN GRANDER ILLUSIONS



STYX: some devastating tracks

STYX: 'Pieces Of Eight' (A&M AMH 64724)

YES FANS will delight in the first side of US outfit Styx's latest album 'Pieces Of Eight', with its generous quota of harmony vocals, but I doubt whether hardcore Styx enthusiasts will be ecstatic about it. Songs such as 'Great White Hope' and 'Song For The Day' just aren't up to scratch and I wondered whether the title of the last album 'The Grand Illusion' had been prophetic. Slide two demolished my fears and is a killer, depicting Styx in better form than ever before. First up is 'Blue Collar Man (Long Nights)', a recent entry into the US singles chart, which grabs you by the scruff of the neck. The sound is more representative of Styx's

capabilities and includes a charming Tommy Shaw guitar solo. 'Queen Of Spades' is black magic, commencing with acoustic guitar before surging into a pulsating drive, lead by a solo from the group's other axeman James 'JY' Young. 'Renegade', 'Pieces Of Eight' and 'Aku-Aku' are all of the same majestic quality, performed with total precision. I long to hear this material on stage and I'm sure it will be red hot. This album assures Styx of success, both now, and in the future, provided that other recordings will avoid the pretentiousness of the first side like the plague. Still, despite its weaker moments, 'Pieces Of Eight' is genuine coin of the realm and has some devastating tracks. Slide One: ++ Side Two: ++ ++ STEVE GETT

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WEATHER REPORT: 'Mr Gone' (CBS 82775)
WEATHER Report have got themselves into the enviable position of not only being a highly popular and admired outfit (remember 'Birdland'?) but one which actually continues to make true advances in music. Where 'Heavy Weather' was ace, this one is post-ace. It's sheer undaunted

brilliant. Take Jaco Pastorius' 'River People' for example. A deadpan burning bass riff, a dancefloor handclap, an amazing, heady sweep of synth that veritably chimes at the corners, and Wayne Shorter's discreet, dancing soprano sax over it all.
Funky for some, cerebral for others, it doesn't have to sell itself into any bag at all.
Or the title track, with Josef Zawinul walking out on Oberhelm bass, followed by a cascade of soft splinters of his many keyboards.
If nothing else, this is all living proof of how the synthesiser can come alive. I ain't gonna say no more... go and join 'em. ++++ SUSAN KLUTH.



JACO PASTORIUS: Weather Report's distinctive bass player



LEON RUSSELL: 'Americana' (Paradise K56534)

THE FRONT picture shows Leon with a little dog and it's not apparent at first which is which. However reviewers only talk about sleeves when they can't think of anything to say about the records so, moving right along here...
'Americana' is really just that: a bunch of purely Stateside songs put out in the usual Russell drawl.
A lot of them show Russell to be so laid back, to use a second-hand phrase, as to be almost horizontal; tracks such as 'Elvis and Marilyn', 'Housewife', 'When A Man Loves A Woman' and 'Jesus On My Side' are a little somnolent but they generally work out quite well.
Leon doesn't quite fall into the abyss of schmaltz, although he comes close from time to time. You must know the sort of thing he and so many others are up to now: lots of unassuming guitars and more self-important horn sections (come in Marty Grebb, Lee Loughnane, James Pankow and Walter Parasalder).

Russell wrote most of the album with Kim Fowley, in case you wondered what he's been doing lately. 'Americana' doesn't exactly make me yearn for California any more than I did before but with the passage of time Russell is shaping up slightly better than he might have done. ++++ PAUL SEXTON

Smoke will know what's coming next, that is that they come in the same category. Thus 'The Montreux Album' recorded in that Swiss resort, features 'A Few Dollars More', 'Oh Carol' and the current 'Mexican Girl', but also a lot of stopgap stuff.
'Dollars' and the latest single have a similar acoustic ring and group chorus. 'Oh Carol' was I thought one of their better singles — outrageously commercial of course, but with impudent charm and for that reason second only to 'It's Your Life' in the Smoke singles file.

The other material on the album is not weak, merely insipid. Most of the songwriting credits go to Chris Norman and Pete Spencer of the band, with a few Chinnichay guitarists and two by the remaining members, Alan Sison and Terry Uttley.
'Liverpool Docks' is the strongest of them, mainly because of the well-deployed chorus, but 'Petesey's Song' is really, as twice as they come, and both songs were written by Norman and Spencer.

At last they share the lead vocals around so they've gained something from this. Montreux escapes. I know they must get a kick out of the occasional album but they're better sticking to singles. +++ PAUL SEXTON

FRANK ZAPPA: 'Studio Tan' (Discreet K56210)
WITH 'Studio Tan', Frank Zappa has failed to summon up enough of the effervescent wit and delightful guitar playing that made one enjoy 'Hot Allures' and other recent recordings.
Side one of the new album is a 20 minute extravaganza, relating the story of 'Gregory Peccary', and punctuated with some low-key Zappa humour.

Here his music neither thrills nor excites. The rest of the offering is somewhat more entertaining, commencing with the short 'Let Me Take You To The Beach'. This boppy, disco number with its high-pitched loony vocals, is fun and has some neat instrumental pieces.
'Revised Music For Guitar And Low Budget Orchestra' includes piano work and a slick, jazzy instrumental.
However it isn't the 'Redunzi' that Zappa produces a solo worthy of note and this is a strong doubt the least recommended.
'Studio Tan' is spoilt by self-indulgence and will not enhance Frank Zappa's reputation. To find this man at his best a journey back to his recommended. STEVE GETT



SMOKE: 'The Montreux Album' (Rak SRKA 6757)
SINGLES BAND start at a disadvantage when it comes to albums because they're being asked to do more than their usual three minutes of pop material. You tend to think with Hot Chocolate, Showaddywaddy and so on that any album of theirs will simply be a round up of their most recent hits, with one or two future smashes and a lot of makeweights.



FRANK ZAPPA: unalluring studio tan

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NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND A TECHNICAL REGGAE BAND

— WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WITH IT?

NOW I'M commencing to think that I'm not the sort of person that likes to go around asking too many questions, it generally being regarded in this town that a man that goes around asking questions is in the process of looking for answers.

And the best that a law-abiding citizen is expecting from finding out the answers to questions is a punch in the snoot. If not worse: However there comes a time when even the most public-spirited of citizens is becoming curious about events.

One such is the timely arrival of Third World in Britain.

Last here in 1975, as support to Bob Marley for his legendary 'Live At The Lyceum' concert (in the Strand, in London, England) rumours and even 'stories' have been rife that the band would be making an imminent return visit. Last year it was 'definite' at least twice, with the recording of '96 Degrees In The Shade' (their second album) finally taking precedence.

This year the most recent flurry came with the announcement of Third World as support to the, um, Tom Robinson Band. Again no dice. ("What is he man?", asks Third World's Michael 'Ibo' Cooper in Los Angeles. "I've heard he's a punk, he's gay, every damn thing!")

Now, finally, it's all happening at once. Third World are on the move. One of the year's hottest singles in the British charts, and a new album straight into the charts as well, they began an American tour last week and they're in Britain and Europe this week.

More by fluke than good fortune we collided with the band on the West Coast, almost at the beginning of the outing. 'Now That We've Found Love' isn't yet a hit there, but, as they say, it's causing ripples.

And it's going down a storm in the discos. Not bad if you've been labelled a technical reggae band? "Nothing wrong with disco music, to dance to," agrees Ibo, alias Michael Cooper, alias Third World's keyboard player, writer and (on this occasion) spokesman.

Disco music? "Yeah, dance, dance, dance, DANCE, DANCE. That's great, that's OK. Disco music have the riddim — but not the attitude," he says.

"We add the attitude, yeah, the riddim and the attitude. Together that really amounts to som' thing y'know.

He tails off into private thoughts, momentarily. I'm told later that he's tossing round some ideas for a song that he's been working on since arriving in LA. Soon come, but we do like to have people dancing and getting up, it's what the music is for," he continues. Contact restored.

It's a pity on reflection that Third World's London concert has only recently been changed from the hallowed "stand up" Empire Ballroom in Leicester Square to good old "sit down" Rainbow — due to "noise restrictions". It was a good try.

"Right now we jus' play the music all night long." (He laughs). "When people ask me about all them fool other things, I just tell them, listen to it! That's the scene.

"Reggae music, seen, is the only music that is criticising society. Really feeling it. It's the same with British reggae bands, they're experienced, they're under pressure — National Front and all those things — music is still their communication. Like ours."

All of which could have meant little or nothing in America — "It's just one big raas market," Ibo laughs — were it not for the fact that 'Now That We've Found Love' is picking up plentiful radio plays on both coasts. And, what's more, in the 'stretchin' out' seven minutes plus disco version.

For despite claims that reggae is "evolving" Stateside — a land where critical raves mean virtually nothing in the face of even one local radio station playlist placing — the market hasn't yet been established. Even Bob Marley, with big campaigns and the cover of Rolling Stone is a name without enormous sales to back him up. The audience he does go to is the white rock audience. Peter Tosh, similarly, attracted a lot of interest in LA

JOHN SHEARLAW didn't ask Third World's Michael 'Ibo' Cooper that question (well he wouldn't would he) but he managed several others along similar lines.



THIRD WORLD: From left, Richie, Cat, Carrot, Ibo, Bunny and Willie

(the last reggae concerts before Third World) because of his involvement with Mick Jagger.

As our own correspondent at the time pointed out rumours of Uncles Mick'n'Keef appearing with Tosh packed the joint anyway.

Third World, however, with two nights at the prestigious Los Angeles' Starwood (bar, tables and dance floor — how a Texan might describe his version of Dingwalls back home) straight after Devo, and press receptions when they head back to New York seem to be starting confidently.

"Money-wise it's the most important country to play, for what that's worth," says Ibo. Precise and clipped.

"Inspiration-wise it's Africa, and what's most important to the artist? No way is it money for me — Jah (the Father) covers for me.

But they're here anyway. And very organised. The lights in the Starwood go down on an impressive staging for a small (well, smallish) club. Ibo is mounted in the centre of the stage in between his bank of keyboards, flanked on either side by a drum kit (William 'Willie' Stewart) and

multi-facet percussion (Irwin Jarrett). The front line is also a three-piece: Bunny Clarke (lead vocals and guitar), Stephen 'Cat' Coore (lead guitar) and Richard 'Bassie' Daly (bass).

Beats having a compere, don't it?

What comes out live is a combination that works. A mixture — sometimes the explorative rhythmic directions that the albums chase and catch, sometimes the smooth, clear harmonies that are nearer to soul than Jamaica (both the same thing at heart) and sometimes the bone roots of percussive invention, the latter the biggest surprise of all.

They're not a band that rest in any of the aforementioned grooves, switching tack as they do so easily, so effectively. Instead of 'heart-throbbing bass' and "cracking rim shots" and a song trade they can quickly replace three-part vocal harmony with instrumental work-outs — led by the keyboards — and just as easily pare down to the bare dancing with four of the band pouncing across the front of the stage.

Under strobe lights no less quite a thought, quite an effect.

While they're discernibly "reggae" (in loping feel) the musical directions of the band spill out all over the place. In sufficient quantities, indeed, to make them widely accessible — in Britain they're unlikely to be the darlings of only the "roots" crowd.

A good thing too, I hear you say? Especially with a monster hit single that's an excellent re-work of an old Philly song?

"That's fine, I hope it hit in more charts," says Ibo. "It's for everybody, y'know. Now that you've found the answer is love you think of your next move. One more chance to build the world again.

"We just like the song, and we're putting it across in a different way. Putting music out how we feel. It's something new, the unexpected arrived.

'Now That We've Found Love' penned by Gamble and Huff, was an O'Jays song of roughly late sixties vintage. Definitely unexpected.

But then that's what Third World have always been about. Often their name is linked in reggae matters with "technical" expansion of Jamaica's most

vibrant export as, say, the opposite end of the spectrum to Marley's "commercial" music.

Nearly right. Third World do use synthesizers and they're not afraid of cutting loose into virtual free-form themes (witness the instrumental, organ-synthesizer-led title track of the new album — 'Journey To Addis').

"Technical isn't really right," says Ibo. "We just like to use sounds — experiment. A man cannot stay in the same place. Like, it's a contrast between living in the city and living in the country. If you look at the contrast between electronics and drums ... well, it's a huge spectrum.

"With synthesizers and a rhythm section we've got something new, and still a roots vibe.

Instrumentals, soul and reggae — most of the tracks on the new album couldn't be anyone else, but if one stands out other than the hit it's 'Journey To Addis'.

"It's just an instrumental arrangement of one song — a chance to stretch out and improvise. There's no particular 'Third World direction'." He turns away. "You know something, we were pioneers. With 'Explanation' in Jamaica this year — it was the whole thing. Reggae theatre, cinema, films and dance. We'll be doing it again, '79 style with a lot of new vibes. That's a sort of direction.

"It's just creation, from the land of creation ... A tailing off, as if this is explanation enough.

The creation hasn't been without its problems however. After their first Island album 'Third World' it seemed an age before '96 Degrees In The Shade' made an appearance last year. The album was in fact recorded three times, once with Chris Blackwell producing, before the final band-controlled version hit the shops.

'Journey To Addis' has suffered similar hold-ups, having been in the pipeline since last year, and it's recording seemingly the reason for the band's often-delayed return to Britain. The final version was laid down in Nassau this spring with the band again in charge — for a "natural vibe". Third World music.

Says Ibo: "I try and listen, no I do listen, to all sorts of other music. Everything, man.

"Some people get so hyped up on reggae and the Rasta scene. Then they, people like you, think — THIS IS IT! And nothing else can be. That can't be right. There's a lot of people in Jamaica who can play all sorts of things, it's still the best place. That's a positive aspect of reggae music."

What about your portrayal of Rastafarianism? That's an aspect that people seem — especially in England and America — idly curious about?

"If you just play the music — like it goes all over — you hardly have the problem of people not understanding where it's coming from. Like, that's the hype again.

"People spend more time asking about my family, my friends, politics, the scene — every raas claal thing! — than about the music. I don't know. English people are more free with their political issues — as long as you don't mention the Queen", he laughs.

"I don't like so much curiosity about things outside the music, but man is getting used to it. Even now people want to know what 'dread' is about.

"That curiosity is OK, that's what I want to deal with. Rastafari is cool. We don't want our part, we want all of it. Like apartheid — you know "a part of it." Not that. Peace, like 'One Love' peace, is only a part of it.

"Every man must stand up."

And let the music play? Under the strobe lights, in front of the scribes, Third World get their message across. It's a set that gets tighter and tighter with songs like 'No Cold Vibe' and 'Fret Not Thyself' standing up alongside 'Now That We've Found Love'. Those and the instrumentals, including the magical 'Journey To Addis'.

On this viewing it looks like their stage presentation is likely to improve with each gig, and after the American warm-up they look set to cause a surprise over here. The musical scope is limitless — and they're up to matching it.

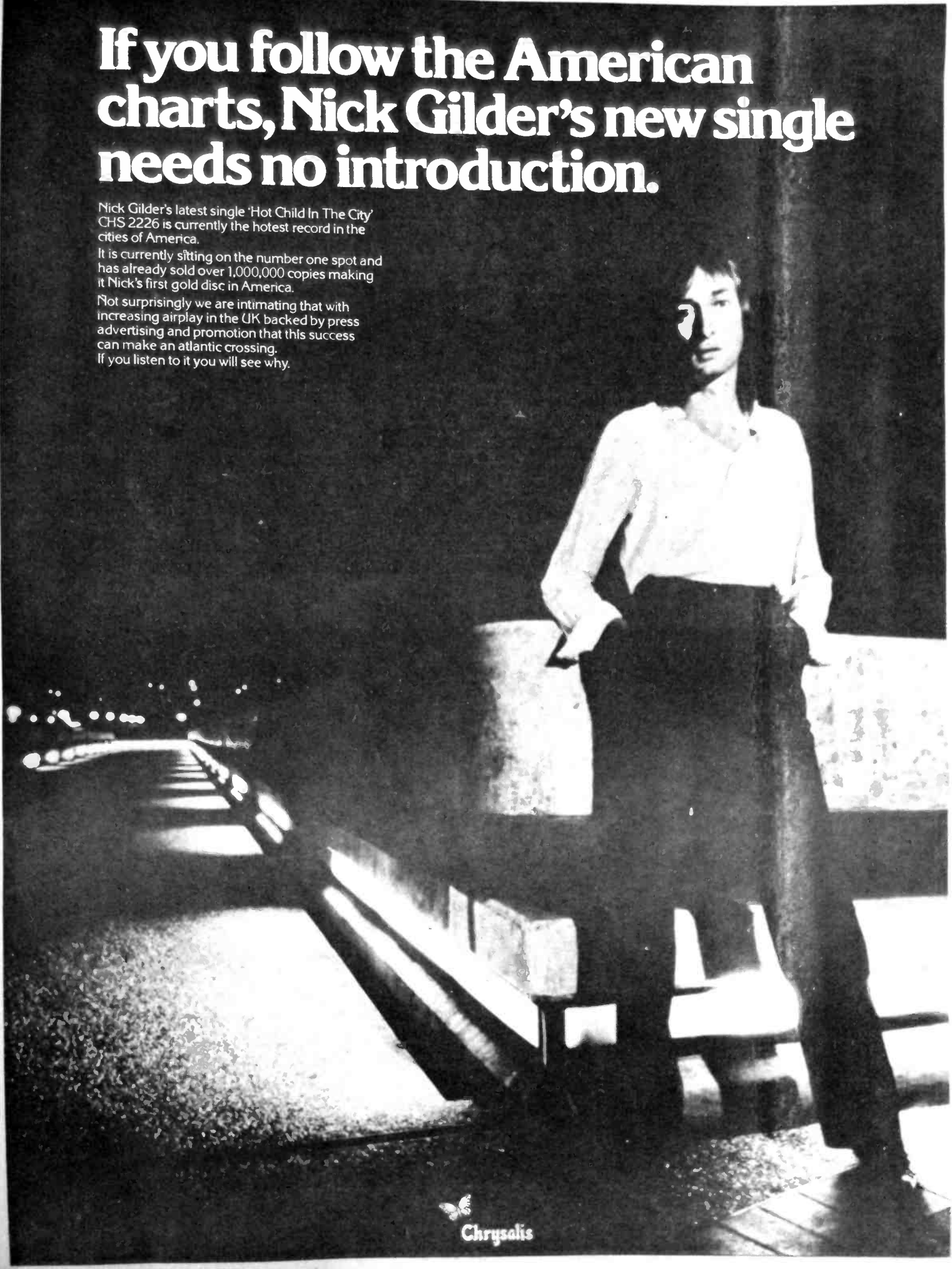
Reggae got soul. Reggae got technical ecstasy. Third World will repay further attention without any fear of a bust in the beezie!

If you follow the American charts, Nick Gilder's new single needs no introduction.

Nick Gilder's latest single 'Hot Child In The City' CHS 2226 is currently the hottest record in the cities of America.

It is currently sitting on the number one spot and has already sold over 1,000,000 copies making it Nick's first gold disc in America.

Not surprisingly we are intimating that with increasing airplay in the UK backed by press advertising and promotion that this success can make an atlantic crossing. If you listen to it you will see why.





ERIC FAULKNER: "the band are no longer five toothbrushes"

Three years ago most girls would have given their all to know where the Bay City Rollers were going. Now they don't give a damn. Or do they? The Rollers are in a new era and heading in a new direction. Could this be . . .

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE ROLLERS?

RONNIE GURR thinks so

"IN DUBLIN'S fair city, where the girls are so pretty," hummed the ace cub hock as he strolled over O'Connell Bridge and down towards the street of the same name. He hummed the tune to create that certain romantic atmosphere and, well, because the lyrics to the tune are still as precise as ever.

Marina, Lisa and la belle Jeanne show all the classic signs of youthful paranoia as they stare our red-jacketed hero

down. He stops humming and observes the three nubile colleens. They're waiting for their men to wine and dine them in a Sat' day night fever. That's their escape now, but a few years back these girls and, literally, millions like them were part of a far greater plan.

"Three years ago those same three wenches would have given their all to know what I know or go where I'm going," mused the red-coat. That thought made him happy. "Now," he concluded, "they couldn't give a damn." That thought saddened him. I know it did because I was that red jacket.



Could this happen again?

Let me explain I'm in Dublin to speak to someone who was part of the biggest pop phenomenon since the Fab Four. Dublin, city of the Republican dream, slums and drunks, and home, for the next six weeks, of Eric Faulkner alias Rikky Fender. Mr Faulkner is one of the Bay City Rollers.

Whaddya mean Bay City who? They sang 'Shang-a-Lang' as they ran with the gang doing doo-op-bee-doo-bee-doo-we, with the juke-box playing and everybody saying that music like theirs couldn't die.

Remember 'Remember'? Shimmy shammy shom they used to make up songs, remember? OK, now forget it. "We don't ask for any great favours... all we ask is that we're given a fair hearing," states the Moredun lad who has come a long way from delivering potatoes in his native Edinburgh. It's clear from the tone of his voice that he craves for have, up until now, not been granted to any of his work. Which is the reason I'm here; his work; his music; the BCR's.

The first thing one notices about Eric is his weight. To the casual observer he would appear to be grossly overweight but, when it is explained that in the hysteria heydays here, he kept the kilos off thanks to the various pills which made the dreadful pressure bearable, one can appreciate that the Eric Faulkner of today is very much his own man.

The second thing one notices is the huge stetson which sits atop the famous spiky barnet. When such a character informs you that he is in the studio laying down tracks for a projected album based around the poetry of William Blake, it's then you begin to think that, hell, maybe the pressures of being a Roller have scrambled his brains. Over the next couple of days I was to discover that nothing could be further from the truth.

While the other four Rollers have, to quote Faulkner, "pissed off on holiday," he is spending a hefty four figure amount on six weeks studio time. The object of this exercise is "to do something (he has) always wanted to do" and to get some ideas down for some of the next Rollers album which, hopefully, should surface around Christmas.

The man's desire is to go in and do a work based around a literary theme. "I was going to do something based around 'The Odyssey' but David Bedford beat me to it." So now Faulkner

is trying to create an expressive interpretation of the poetry of Blake an artist, in the real sense of the word, whose contemporaries thought him to be mad.

No doubt there are parallels to be drawn with Faulkner, and indeed the progression from the Rollers' shuffle beat to the grandiose koto-laced instrumental which I heard in the studio in Dublin which seems slightly difficult to comprehend.

Hopefully this music will surface as a solo album at a later date, although the man emphatically states that he wouldn't release a solo album if it interfered in any way with the future work of the band.

"The Rollers are," he states, "a democracy not a dictatorship." Which leads us nicely into a discussion about the internal politics of the Rollers.

The first evening we met, Faulkner, myself, and Julie, Arista's artist relations lady, convened in Falk's modest hotel room for an informal little tête a tête. He spoke freely on personal matters concerning the band and their trials and tribulations of the past few years and said some things which are far too personal to be committed to paper. The basic gist of the conversation was the shift in the balance of power in the Rollers' camp, the current personality problems therein and the band's stifling record company contract.

In the early days of the Rollers, it appears, there were two overpowering personalities dominant. Now, as all the band mature, a new power axis is on the rise and, as a result, there has been trouble. Which prompted me to ask about Les McKeown and the stories of strife which have been filtering back to this country. On this matter Faulkner simply states that "I think people can see the forest from the tree, but I think we're past all that. I'm past all that, I think it'll be cool."

Things, however, had been heavy between the two factions n'est-ce-pas? "Yeah, they were heavy because we were living in Hollywood and Hollywood's a funny place. There's a lot of pretty heavy people out there who can put things in your head. Like you should have three maids, a butler and somebody who can shine your shoes in the morning because you're a Bay City Roller, and that's a bit sad, it's sick really."

"You get to know these people and you either avoid them or get friendly with them and, unfortunately, Les got mixed up

with some of them... but I think he sees them... he trails off optimistically.

"Hopefully the rest of them will drift over here after their holidays and it'll be cool," he concludes.

Hopefully it will, and as Faulkner shows no sign of animosity to McKeown, it seems likely. Indeed on the evening of our first meeting he spoke warmly about Les stating that "I need him and he needs me."

Another factor which seems to have put pressure on the band is their record contract, which they signed with Clive Davis shortly after the 'Wouldn't You Like It' album.

That album showed just how prolific the Tartan pretty boys were, with Faulkner and Wood penning all but one track. The exception was Phil Walman's 'Give A Little Love' which was only flung on after the powers that be deemed that the band's own songs were not strong enough. A strange fact, even stranger because Eddie Kendricks covered one of their songs. After this album, which contains the hilarious — intentionally so — 'Derek's End Piece' — get it? — the band re-signed to Arista US and then came more problems. This deal only gave the band 50 per cent artistic control — this was later upped to 85 per cent — which meant that every Rollers album had to have a set number of cover songs which were published by Arista's publishing company.

The band still have no say in what is released singles-wise. A situation which I reckon will not last much longer. Faulkner has grown up. He now seems to realise fully all that went down during the peak years in this country and seems determined to enjoy a certain amount of autonomy. The band are no longer, as he put it, "five toothbrushes." With such a deal Les' and Alan's songs are forced to take a back seat to Arista's songs, a situation which causes more strife within the "grown-up" Rollers.

What's needed is a swift live album of material of the band's choice. Faulkner played me a tape of a recent live gig in Japan where the hysteria lives on.

As one who regarded girls' screaming with contempt during the early years, this tape, you would think, would be a complete and utter turn off. Yet, curiously, the sound of 15,000 Japanese girls singing every word of every song sent the little hairs on the back of my neck a-tingling.

I asked Faulkner how he felt looking back on the British, or

as he insists on calling it, English Rollermania, and especially how he felt listening to, say, 'Rollin' in retrospect.

"Looking back I think it was naive, but that's how we were. I think it had a certain energy and roughness which the fans could feel. Yeah, I think it had a certain naive charm," he concludes.

On the hysteria "I would never knock it because I'm grateful to the fans. But I think the whole image thing was just too strong and I don't think the songs that we were doing were helping much. It's like you think back to things like 'All Of Me Loves All Of You' and you wonder if it would have been a hit without the whole image thing? Or should we have been more adventurous with the music, and maybe it could have sold because it was us?"

You have to remember though that we weren't in control then and there was a lot of hassles to gain control.

How does he feel about the situation now? "Well, it's taken a long time to sit down and try and convince people that you're not crazy and that you're not rushing off blindly in another direction, we've had to fight the 'I'm making money, so why should you change it?' attitude," he relates.

Now, with a new direction established and with a blossoming maturity in all aspects of the biz, Faulkner feels the Rollers can be a success under their own terms. "We have to prove it to ourselves because we've never had anything else," he explains.

I, for one, hope that the new album 'Strangers In The Wind' can force the British public to accept that the Rollers are actually a good band and not the Dodos everyone seems to think they are.

Faulkner, however, is wary of the Great British Public. "It would be nice to be successful in Britain again, if only so our parents could stick it up to the next door neighbours and say 'look, they're not dead'." He believes the British market is still geared towards the gimmicky levels which brought the Rollers to fame and this seems to be an anathema to him.

"I know people just don't listen, they still relate to songs like 'Shang-a-Lang' which we stopped doing years ago."

He, and the rest of the band don't feel the need to rush back in a blaze of tartan because he believes that "it is not in the British public's mentality to forget the past and give

something a fair chance." Likewise with the press. "We'd sooner live in the States because there's less aggravation and we're accepted for what we are. Okay, maybe some of the critics don't like us but they realise we're successful and they don't slag us for it. But in Britain it's a kind of 'I hate the Rollers so you should too' or 'Bay City Rollers record, make it into an ashtray' attitude."

For these reasons the band are merely going to put out the new album in Britain and leave it. Faulkner thinks their faces would "just get in the way" and as he said, "the Rollers stopped chasing markets years ago."

Not that they need to chase markets. They are currently starring in 'The Kroft Superstar Show' in the States. A programme which goes coast to coast, Saturday prime time for a season, and is nothing like the embarrassing 'Shang-a-Lang'. The new platter has huge advance sales in the US, Japan and Germany, and as Faulkner says they can be accepted in these countries as a good live band with little or no aggro.

Faulkner: "What we're really aiming for is to be commercial and substantial. We'd really like to have the hysteria and credibility."

To my knowledge only the Beatles and the Stones achieved that — that's not to say I place The Bay City Rollers in the same league — yet I have a feeling and a vision that, given time, Britain will come to accept the band in much the same way as the A.O.R. (Adult Orientated Rock) public in the States.

To paraphrase a song from 'Strangers In The Wind', 'The Rollers have been stuck in the middle now you know how it feels. They've been wasting time/You've been chasing them/Now you're out of their mind/Time has set them free/And they're back on the street/Back on the beat.'

If you like good melodies, harmonies, and pop music, you should steal your little sister's copies of 'Dedication', 'It's A Game' and buy the new album. As Eric, a man who's now into my own living god, the ever-excellent Jackson Browne, said, "I don't think anybody should be ashamed of owning a Roller's album or going to a Roller's gig."

Catch the beat kids, the Roller renaissance is about to begin.



RECORD
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MAILMAN

Write to Mailman, Record Mirror,
40 Long Acre, London, WC2E 9JT.



SYLVESTER: inspiring?



RONSTADT: brilliant?

Jean Jaques cuckoo fever

I WAS ever so thrilled to read the interview with my idol Jean Jacques Burnel. Isn't he sweet? I am really sorry I didn't get to see him and his merry little band when they played Lancaster. That girl must have been cuckoo to hesitate about going to Morecambe with him. I would have gone without any hesitation. Oh, how romantic it would have been. He could have serenaded me with 'No More Heroes' as we strolled along the prom. The next day he would have come to my house for tea. Later he could mow the lawn for my dad and feed fish in the pond. In the morning we would have taken him to church and he could have practised his choral singing.

Some things are never meant to be.
Ann Anonymous, Newcastle
● Ah well, at least somebody loves him... Now let's move on to some hatred.

Cret stredibility

I HAD a good laugh when I read your interview with JJ Burnel of the Stranglers. Those silly bastards sold out long time ago and now they're trying to say they have street credibility. All they were ever in it for was the money. Well they're fighting a losing battle they're old hat now. Thanks for the great Buzzcocks interview.

Michael Tyrell, Poplar.
● But would you say that to his face?

Treat of the weak (sic)

YOU BITCH Rosalind Russell. Thanks a lot for ruining a pretty good week. I've just got the very album you tore to bits: Linda Ronstadt's 'Living In The USA'. I expected a rave review over this great record and within a few seconds I had thrown up my lunch on the biggest load of crap I have ever read. One star — how dare you. Everything Linda has done or ever will, deserves six stars. Double chinned indeed. I'll bloody double chin you if I ever have the misfortune to come within one hundred miles of your filthy habitation. I'll smash every bone in your body, tear you limb from limb and feed you to the rats in London's sewers and when they've puked you up again then I will be satisfied. The album is brilliant. Of course she gets into 'Back In The USA' in a convincing way. You don't like it cos it's 'easy listening' eh? Well why compliment 'When I Grow Too Old To Dream', that's as easy as the rest. So Russell get back to reviewing those lesser known drop out bands — slag them apart if you want, but by God, say another wrong word about the greatest female band on earth and you'll regret it.

Simon Walker, Edinburgh.
● I wouldn't tangle with Russell. She's 6ft 2in and likes to weightlift in her spare time. Calm down, you excitable little man!

Gurr against Blue Oyster Cult

JUST THOUGHT I'd write and let you know that I think Ronnie Gurr is a tit. I can't understand why he did not judge 'I Think Blue Oyster Cult are crap' instead of extracting the name from them in the most pathetic, one sided review I have read. It wouldn't be so bad if he got



JEAN JACQUES: love or money?



QUEEN: not spotty



QUO: prettier?



ELVIS: not silly

SWEET: omitted

his facts right. 'Some Enchanted Evening' was recorded at three halls in the USA and one in Britain. I read that on the cover so Mr Gurr must be in need of glasses. As for Gurr stating that BOC are of 'lower cerebral capacity' than the Stranglers, I advise him to ask any normal person which of the two is the better live band — for I have seen them both and BOC came out on top by light years.

Not content with this, Gurr has knocked just about every song on the album (particularly 'Astronomy' and 'RU Ready 2 Rock'). He makes me sick. Why could you have not given the album to Tim Lott (What's happened to him anyway?) to review. He reviewed 'Spectres' with no bias whatsoever and he is by far your best reviewer.
The Lone Car Crash Victim, Grantham.
● Gosh thanks — TL

Brotherhood bestiality

I SEE you're taking the piss out of Brotherhood Of Man. I am a true fan of there's and have all their super records. I find your mag repulsive.
Steve Morgan, Glaston.
● Then don't read it.

Queen/Costello radio snipe

DID YOU hear the remarks Tony Blackburn made about the new Queen single on 'Kid Jensen's Round Table'? I, as a dedicated Queen fanatic, have never been so offended. He implied that they are "spotty faced kids". Obviously he does not realise that none of them are under 27. His remark about

Elvis Costello being a "silly little man" made it blatantly obvious that he is unaware he is one himself. I for one will never listen to another Tony Blackburn show again. Love and peace to all the RM staff (even Tim Lott).
Mercuria Lap Of The Gods, Surbiton.
● Two mentions for Tim Lott. What about a line or two about the equally gifted Robin Smith? (Uh? — Ed).

Gett this Prophet!

RIGHT, own up. The editor's gone mad hasn't he? He must be crazy to employ that gorgeous young starlet Steve Gatt who actually writes fair reviews of Slade's new releases. I thought Alf Martin only employed people who had Sheila Prophetitis — the disease whereby the person slags anything and everything Slade

do. Anyway, thanks Steve for giving Slade an honest review. Us Sladists will stick with you — even though you may get the sack in the meantime for committing such a sin.
Dave Kemp, West Hampstead.
● At least somebody's happy.

The Smith regime (cont.)

ALTHOUGH I have only been buying RM for a few weeks it is patently obvious that many people dislike (nay hate) Robin Smith. This is clear because hardly a week goes by without somebody complaining about his album reviews, concert reviews or the way he combs his hair. To avoid wasting valuable letters space why not have a page devoted solely to complaints about Robin Smith (or other reviewers come to that) I'm sure it would be a success.

A Bright Spark, Shoreham.
+ Come round here and I'll kick your head in — RS

Travolta/Quo beauty debate

HOW COME Travolta gets a bloody four page bit in your snot rag eh? All Quo get is a one page interview. Don't you know that Quo are the best?

● Maybe, but John Travolta is prettier. Are there any literate Quo fans out there. It took me 10 minutes to make some sense out of this letter. And some of the language was horrible.

Sweet FA on Sweet

I NOTICED that Steve Gatt's A-Z of heavy metal stated that all bands would be featured. Although he did mention great bands as yet unestablished like Riot, Sammy Hagar, Reo Speedwagon etc, I feel he made one glaring omission. The band I mean is, of course, Sweet. He mentions Generation X earning their place on the strength of three minutes of a certain track. If that's the case, what about 'Desolation Boulevard', or 'Sweet FA'?
David Hales, Merseyside.
● Hmm.

A Roller fan writes at last

I HAVE to admit I don't idolise the Bay City Rollers like I did when I was 18 years old in 1975. I now have different tastes in groups and music but I still enjoy listening to the Rollers and I congratulate Ronnie Gurr on the Rollers latest album review. I totally agree with him in saying it is about time some people dropped their musical snobbery and associate the Rollers with music and not the teeny pop market as they were associated with in 1975. Like their fans they have grown up and are quite capable of producing music well worth buying. Well said Ronnie Gurr and keep up the good work Rollers, even if it isn't in this country.
Susan Henby, Wakefield.
● Hey Ronnie, dry your eyes somebody's written you a nice letter.

Glittering silence

WHAT HAS happened to Gary Glitter. We have not heard any singles or any albums this year?
Paul Bhogal, Teddington.
● Isn't that something to be thankful for?

Good reading guide

AFTER buying Sounds, NME, Melody Maker and RECORD MIRROR, I have to say RECORD MIRROR is surely the best. Keep up the good work RM.
A mental fan, Geordieland.
● We keep telling the Editor we won't get more money by writing letters.

HELP

HOW SEX BEFORE MARRIAGE GOES COLD

MY GIRLFRIEND and I are planning to get married in February (and all her family, (and mine), are talking about it a lot of the time. Her mother is the worst. Some of the arrangements have already been made. This irritates me a bit, but I love her very much. She was my first real girlfriend. Our problem is that we don't enjoy our sex life as much as we used to and I'm not sure whether it's because of her or me.

When we make love nowadays, I can't seem to come properly. I do come but I don't seem to make as much semen as I used to either. Really, I don't feel much, even when I masturbate. I used to masturbate a lot and wonder if this is something to do with it?

This is very embarrassing and I don't know where to turn. What can I do? Am I just going off her?

Richard, Liverpool.

● If you love your girlfriend as much as you say you do and are looking forward to your marriage next year, despite the plethora of parental innuendoes, don't doubt your feelings for her or your chance of making it together. But, if you are starting to worry about your future together, then you must be honest and open the talk things over.

Have you even discussed your current inability to reach a full climax? You must. Your girlfriend is probably feeling equally tense about the whole scene. If you can't be totally honest with each other now, the communication barrier will be even harder to break when you're married. And forget your masturbation theory. According to our medical advisor, what you would seem to be experiencing now may be a form of "partial ejaculatory incompetence." This means that while you do reach a kind of climax during intercourse and when you masturbate, you don't experience the sensation of total release normally associated with orgasm, but only achieve a "half" climax - almost like coming without realising it. Another indication of this condition is a slow seepage of semen rather than the usual strong ejaculatory spurt.

Partial ejaculatory incompetence is usually only a short-lived condition. It can happen when you're physically or mentally exhausted or under great emotional strain or it can be a symptom of a physical illness such as diabetes, as yet undetected.

Make an appointment with your GP, to check that you're medically OK. If the problem is more deeply rooted, he can refer you to a specialist sexual counsellor for therapy, if necessary. Alternatively, you can both go along to your nearest Marriage Guidance Council at 7 Copperas Hill, Liverpool L3 5LH (051 709 2068). Make an appointment any weekday - 9.00 to 5.00 pm. Marriage Guidance isn't just for

married people but offers general advice on emotional and sexual difficulties in any relationships. They will discuss your experience in complete confidence and can also put you in touch with medical help. Pluck up the courage to make that appointment. You owe it to your future.

Misery of romance on the ole

I'M A 28-year-old guy, have been jobless for over five years and feel isolated as I have no friends and no self-confidence. My patience at leading such a solitary life is getting exhausted. Since I saw this girl who works in a shop though, I've felt much more alive. I am totally infatuated by her and feel like asking her out. She's 17 by the way.

So what's the problem? I wouldn't know where to take her, or what to say. I've never really talked to a girl - to me they might be another species. My mum says she feels it's unwise to ask the girl out while I'm jobless. Even if she did say yes, I'd be lost. You see I've never been to a disco and have only been to the pictures once.

What should I do? Martin, Loughborough

● Pull yourself together and make a determined effort to climb out of your present rut, that's what. You're positive and aware enough to realise that your life could be much richer with a large slice of self-motivation - some people never do.

You've never tried it before, but, as you admit yourself, you'd feel a lot more confident in asking any girl out if you had a job behind you. Resolve to find one and get back your self-respect. True, the UK is blighted with unemployment on a large scale, but there are jobs around if you're prepared to wear - out some shoes leather and look. Your employment exchange can offer work training schemes, and you might find one of them interesting enough to try. Pages of job vacancies can be found in the daily and evening papers. Once you have a job you'll start socialising with people again.

Meanwhile, steel yourself and go to a disco, even if it's only to stand on the sidelines. You'll feel better for having had the courage to take the plunge. Try out the cinema some more. See some gigs. Work out what your interests are. We're sending you some fax on informal social contact groups nearby who'd welcome you along. Give 'em a whirl.

You'll find friends, and a girlfriend, once you start to like yourself again.

Girls' clothes an obsession

SINCE I was a small boy, I've enjoyed dressing-up in women's clothes. I don't want to be a woman. I just get a kick out of it. Recently I've started experimenting with my girlfriend's make-up and she thinks this is a laugh, but doesn't realise how serious I am about it.

I know I'm not gay, as I don't feel in the least attracted to other guys. I'm really into girls in fact - I work in a women's boutique, which is great. I don't want to break-up with my girlfriend over this, but feel that if I can't talk to someone soon, I might do something silly. Can you help?

Dave, London

● If by "something silly" you mean you're likely to start walking

around the streets in drag - for your own sake, don't, unless you happen to know a place where other transvestites go. You could find yourself in trouble with the police for causing a breach of the peace or "insulting behaviour". Dressing-up in the privacy of your own room is harmless enough.

You know your girlfriend best, and if you feel she wouldn't understand if you told her about your interest in all things traditionally "feminine", don't break the news. Alternatively, she might already know you better than you think, and if the subject comes up naturally and easily - talk about it.

If you want to contact a counsellor who'll give you constructive advice in complete confidence, contact the Albany Trust, 16-20 Strutton Ground, London SW1. (01 222 0701). Albany offers help and information to anyone who feels they may have a sexual identity problem. Send a stamped addressed envelope for further details.

It's also worth contacting the Beaumont Society, BM Box 3084, London WC1V 6XX - another free help and counselling service - for transvestites.

Don't confuse transvestitism, (the desire to "dress-up" in the clothes of the opposite sex) with homosexuality. The two aren't the same.

FEEDBACK

FEEDBACK answers your questions. Send your letters to: Record Mirror, 40 Long Acre, London WC2E 9JT. Please don't send a stamped addressed envelope as we can't answer your letters individually.

MANY readers seem to be taking a more than usual interest in the vast range of talents, (great and small!) displayed in the current singles charts. Noting that the resourceful Police, Stewart Copeland, (drums), Sting (bass & vocals), Andy Summers, (guitar), are currently hitting the high Forties with latest slice o'sound 'Cant Stand Losing You', Dean Parker of Liverpool wants to check - out even more of their material. OK fanz - all Police material is still available, if not instantaneously, on order thru' your local vinyl emporium. Singles are 'Fall Out / Nothing Achieving' (Illegal Records IL01), 1977, 'Roxanne', (A & M AMS 7348), 1978, and, of course the current climber (A&M AMS 7381). Their fist album, as yet untitled at the time of going to press, but likely, by a vast flight of promotional imagination to be called 'The Police' will be released by A & M on November 10th.

Third World supporter Glenn Green of Addington, also hot on the trail of hot wax wants to know some more about album tracking, courtesy of Island's brown-eyed boys, currently touring the UK for the first time in three years. The band have three albums to their credit, Third World, (ILPS 9359), 1976, '96 in the Shade' (ILPS 9443), 1977, and 'Journey to Addis', (ILPS 9554), 1978. According to Island, all singles before 'Now That We Found Love' are deleted.

APPRECIATION organisation requests for people in the charts, (fan clubs to the unpretentious), are coming in thick n'fast this week too. Any chance of a Boomtown Rats set - up asks Sue Miller of Rotherhithe? Almost. Ensign, vanishing fast under a long-accumulated pile of letters from punter land are about to organise a speedy information service for the anxious multitudes, as a follow-up to Johnny Fingers vallant but incestuous attempts to operate an info service on himself. Write to Boomtown Rats, c/o 44 Seymour Place, London W1. Biographical bumpf only on Crystal Gayle, from Press Office, United Artists, 37 / 41 Mortimer Street, London W1. Junk on the Jacksons from PO Box 640, Hollywood Station, Hollywood, California 90228. Rap on Rose Royce c/o Warner Bros, 20 Bond Street, London W1. Stuff on Leo Sayer at his fan club c/o Angela Miall, 22 Sutton Lane, Chiswick, London W4. Large - ish stamped addressed envelopes are welcomed by record companies and individual adulation secretaries alike.



XTC • ARE YOU RECEIVING ME • THE NEW SINGLE • NOT FEATURED ON THE NEW HIT ALBUM "GO 2" •

SO THAT'S dew drop . . .

No, no, no. That's doo
WOP.

Doo what?

Doo wop! The slumshadow alternative to barbershop harmony. Harlemette jivers on sweaty Sunday nights swelling with sweet, sweet sinful lattice work lullabies that burst in the heat and float up to some little tiger's window — and she just out of the bath and all...

Doo wop.

But ain't the Darts doo wop? Sure they are. Maybe there is a kinda corpulent, tourist class detachment about the music. But that don't stop them from being juke dukes. They opened the freezer door where the sound has been on choc ice for 20 years. Gave it some heat treatment and eased it into an iron lung.

Dart for Darts sake. A fusion of good ol' metrofied midden melodies with an all that glitters, pre-packaged pop-suckle.

On the biggest band-in-the-land abyss — then Den Hegarty, the Marty Feldman of honky tonk, quit. The sword of Damocles merchants got the knives out and predicted disaster. But the remaining members have an unshakeable confidence that the idiosyncratic Irishman's exit ain't gonna screw 'em up.

They're auditioning now.

"We've seen 300 bass singers in a month but we still can't find a replacement." Rita Ray told me in her sloppy grey jumper in her poppy publicist's office in Victoria.

"Some days we saw up to 30 hopefuls. But so far nobody has really caught our eye yet. The main trouble is they all want to be another Den. What they don't seem to realise is that he's irreplaceable."

Maybe the elusive Mr Bassman will materialise in New York.

The band are going there shortly to check out the local talent who ain't likely to come on like a surrogate Hegarty.

"We've given this country a fair crack of the whip," said lovely Rita. "We even put ads up on billboards all over South London."

Brixton even.

"But we'll get one. Even if there's a disease that wipes out all the bass singers in the world we'll still find one, somewhere."

That was a Griff Fender special. Ex-pilot and just 24. He was seated next to Rita and watched with some interest as she rolled a (haha, thought I was gonna say joint didn't you? Well, you're wrong. Just a plain, old fashioned Rizla roll-up).

Bob Fish played with his bobble in the other corner. He appeared to be a perpetual bobble fondler. Maybe he should buy a cap that hasn't got one.

Now, the three were gathered together there that day — ostensibly wary, acutely critical of the question and answer routine article by Tim Lott (a splinter of this parish).

"He thought we were boring," said Rita. "Yes, we are boring. Us boring people haven't got much to talk about . . ."

"Except boring things," interrupted Bob.

Cutting wit, what. Now, I must be honest (sorry Tim). I didn't find them boring at all. Not even slightly tedious. But then again . . . I am a crawler.

So er, why did Den depart? (Pause for predictable "Oh no, please don't ask us that again". Surprisingly there's no such retort.)

"We had one of our monthly band meetings and it was decided to tour for eight months next year. Now, Den's an epileptic and he decided he just couldn't handle such an extensive itinerary," said Bob the bobble fingerer.

"Touring doesn't suit his personality y' see and he used to get so low on the road sometimes. So he handed in his notice."

Gonna miss him huh.

"Obviously," said Rita keeping her fingers firmly on the papers, "but the way I see it when you lose one of your senses the others automatically become stronger. We'll continue to develop as a unit. And maybe we'll end up a better band."

A paradox. Den was certainly entertaining. Den was certainly the focal point of The Darts' 'presentation'. But after the third or fourth viewing his antics could become antiquated. Climbing curtains and wandering around with a tea chest on your nut is okay to lift a band but ultimately it will only lead to detraction and so annoyance. The Darts are pretty good now and maybe they don't need the ape walk no more.

So, far from being in abeyance The Darts are r-r-r-rarin' to go.

"I think we could be even more entertaining in the future," said Griff who had nothing to finger for the duration of the interview.

Well, that's what the band are all about . . . enter Rita.

"Even in the old days, when we used to get £100 for a show to be shared between 11 of us, even then we always made sure we looked good. And it cost us money."

"We're a showbiz band and proud of it. When we dress up and go on stage it's like we're steppin' out for a night on the town. And if we have a good time the kids are gonna have a good time. Right?"

Right Reet.

(Thumbnail biography. African born. Then zipped across to States with her family. Then across the pond to Britain. Then across the wild blue yonder of pubescent presentirment into post

pube popularity).

"The public demands colourful bands these days," she continued in that laughing voice.

So that's why you look so succulent and tender on stage Rita, yeah?

"Look, if I really thought I came across sexy in front of audiences I'd lose all my confidence. It would make me feel so damned uncomfortable."

"But I guess to some people I do shape up as a turn on. When we first started I always seemed to attract lesbians to our shows. They used to sit right up the front and make eyes at me like I was a bloke or sumthin'."

At least someone in the band can get the girls to concerts. Cos' the rest of them ain't exactly peaches. Not my word of course.

"A girl once came up to me in the dressing room after a gig," said Bob, "and said: 'None of you lot are peaches, are you? You wouldn't have a chance in hell of getting into Child'."

"So I squirted shaving foam into ringlets all over the top of my head and said 'Howzat'?" (Got a great sense of humour these boys — Ed).

"Still, I don't mind. Mick Jagger and Johnny Roten are regarded as sex symbols these days" (Huh! — Ed) "and you certainly couldn't describe them as 'peaches'."

But despite the withering glam galvanism the Darts' fan following is fan-atical, tastic, dango (?). I mean, here's a little scene to make your heart strings sag.

"The other night after a show," recalled Griff in that tone peculiar to late thirties movies when the star, looking positively moribund, resumes an incident from his gay exciting life and the scene ripples back into the past . . .

Again — "The other night after a show a hundred kids

stood outside our dressing room door and serenaded us with 'Come Back My Love' . . . in harmony would you believe!"

But Bob, whose bobble was fit to burst, claimed that adoration on that scale was always around The Darts.

"Even before we signed a record deal it was. We came along when the music biz was really stale, when it needed a big shot in the arm."

"People were sick and tired of going along to concerts and watching introspective bands whose faces you couldn't see because of their lank long hair."

"Those guys would get out of their limousines, walk on stage without bothering to change their clothes, play for a couple of hours, strictly to themselves, walk off, get back into the limo and drive to the next gig."

"Call that entertainment?" Rita has rolled! Surfing in on the wave of that particular success she goes over the top.

"We're having a party, all the time," she says. "We all really love touring and being together. Why, the three of us even live in the same block of flats in Clapham. Now that's what I call friendship."

"But just because we have a party on stage that doesn't make us a comedy act. If we make people laugh that's wonderful. But if people come along demanding The Darts to make them laugh, well that's another matter."

Who's laughing? So now they're off on the quest for a Boy from New York City to fill the yawning gap. Will they find him? Will he be as popular as Den? Will Dart to Dart chats be a thing of the future? Will Rita find the right man? Will Bob and Griff find the right women? Will Bob forget about his bobble and concentrate on singing? Will (fade into oblivion . . .)

BARRY CAIN

PARTY PEACHES

They're not sweet but the Darts have fun all the time



RITA RAY: she's the one on the left. Bob Fish, he's the other one.

5705

WHAT A NIGHT



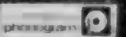
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OSZY OSBOURNE makes a spectacle of himself.

IS THIS MAN A PARROT?

ROSALIND RUSSELL forgets to ask. OSZY OSBOURNE provides an answer anyway

BLACK SABBATH have had it with the insults. They are sick to the back teeth with people making cracks about Brummies being thick.

Toni Iommi took it to the limit and punched a reporter from another music paper, after certain observations had appeared in print.

"I wouldn't have taken those measures," Ozzy Osborne told me. "We don't need all that sort of stuff. But Tony said he'd punch him in the mouth and he did. If we take time out to be interviewed, we don't expect to be made to look complete fools.

"I'm a Birmingham bloke, I'm a human being. To say that all the people from Birmingham are thick idiots, well, you just can't say that sort of thing.

"A lot of people have admired the fact that we're fighting back, but I don't like it. I don't want the fans fighting. We'd rather they took out their aggression at the gigs, rather than mugging some old lady in the street.

"It seems that the Press

have got a book of bands they like to slam and Black Sabbath's in it. Well, I don't think I'm thick. I don't think you're thick because you've got a Scottish accent. I don't care if you're Chinese, as long as you don't make me look a fool. We're not zombies and don't insult me by saying I'm a drip. I don't want people to think we're good for a fight."

A change of image isn't something that Sabbath need. After 10 years, they've found their market and are surviving well. Ozzy's still wearing his fringed jackets, long hair and flashing the peace sign onstage. And somehow, they keep finding new fans that have got frozen in an early seventies time warp.

"Black Sabbath are not a musical band," admitted Oz. "In fact, the band nearly died because we got branded as heavy metal. I don't understand that. What's heavy metal supposed to mean? People in divers' boots? It's the trendies that screw everything up by giving things labels.

"It's like the punk movement. It was a great idea, tremendous. But it was cheap to manufacture and a cheap money return for the

record companies. In the end they were forgetting what they were putting out.

"I don't like being branded. I don't think I'm a star. I'm a rock and roll singer. I only let it influence me once — I used to believe what I read in the Press. But not any more. I never expected to be a successful rock and roll singer."

Oz admits that the pressures got to him, no matter how hard the band tried to avoid getting involved in all the excesses that the rock biz entails. It got so bad, that he split from the band at the beginning of this year. But not for long.

"The initial reason I left was because my father died," said Ozzy. "He was 64 and he had cancer. There's a song on the new album — 'Junior's Eyes' — that's a farewell song to my father, about my grief. We were very close, we were like brothers. He died on my daughter's sixth birthday, in the same hospital she was born in. It was weird.

"It's only now that I can talk about it to anyone. I made a fool of myself at the funeral, it was awful. I thought he was just ill, I had no idea he was dying. I

just couldn't cope with it. We were planning to go to Canada . . ."

The death of his father was the last straw for Oz, but his problems had been building up for a long time.

"There were other reasons," he told me. "I needed a break. This is like a 24-hour-a-day job. I couldn't sleep, I was drinking, taking a lot of pills. I would have ended up as another rock and roll suicide. Life isn't worth putting yourself through such agony. Now I'm even trying to give up smoking. I was on uppers and downers, going round and round. I've had two nervous breakdowns in the past 10 years.

"So I threw all that junk in the dustbin and came back to Sabbath. I knew in the first week after leaving that I'd made a mistake. And they were finding it strange too. But when I came back, they helped me get over my father's death. They helped me, held me and talked to me about it. They were beautiful. Now I can talk about it. He wouldn't want me to be upset. My father was an inspiration to me."

The 'Junior's Eyes' track is taken from the 'Never Say Die' album and is part of

a resurgence of interest in the Sabs. Their European tour has been pulling them in huge crowds and they've been playing well — despite Geezer Butler having dysentery.

"Illness just goes right through this band," said Oz. "If one person gets 'flu we all get it. We have our ups and downs in this band, but we don't dislike each other.

"One thing that freaks me is people that tell me to act my age. What's that supposed to mean? I'm 29 but I don't feel it. I feel so young. Some guys that age have got their mortgages but they never go home to their wives. All that stuff. How do you know what age you're supposed to be acting?"

Oz is married himself — his wife Thelma was out on tour with him — and he has three children, the eldest of whom is 12. But as he's discovered, giving up the band isn't as easy as it looks. And the Sabs without Ozzy just doesn't work.

And if you've any doubts about the fervour of the fans: let me tell you they went berserk in Frankfurt. I still have the bruises to prove it.

Autographs

Chris Gent and Raggy Lewis of the Autographs sign in with KELLY PIKE and they certainly left their mark.



CHRIS GENT and RAGGY LEWIS

SCENE 1: A mid-summer eve in the auspicious, and well trodden surrounds of The Nashville. Upon the boards a young, new and highly professional pop band can be seen going through their particular motions. Their name is Autographs, and judging by the performance and reaction, seem set to receive more than their allocated 15 minutes of stardom.

Scene 2: A later and far chillier autumn evening at that well known dimly lit dance hall, Dingwalls, where the same band are playing to a medium size gathering at ear-rending volume. By now they have been snapped up for instant fame/recognition/promotion by notoriously successful arch entrepreneur of popular music, Mickle 'I-Can-Spot-A-Hit-At-Fifteen-Paces' Most.

They have by now recorded their debut single, 'While I'm Still Young', a truly wondrous little ditty for Most's own RAK label, and are in the midst of their grooming for superstardom. Through the gloom, several adolescent females shake and wiggle in front of the stage, and in particular the dashing vocalist.

Scene 3: That lovable lingers pub, The Ship, in one shady corner I am flanked by vocalist, saxist and the frontman Chris Gent, and a revamped version of amiable guitarist Raggy Lewis.

I say revamped because now Raggy sports a rather rampart perm to his brown locks,

and a pair of contact lenses (possibly to blame for his perpetually bewildered look), instead of his more studious straight hair and Robin Day glasses which so earmarked him for acclaim/criticism in The Stukas.

Yes, the Stukas! It is a period in the band's history which (though definitely not life) they seem rather reluctant to discuss, particularly (and understandably) Chris, who along with guitarist Dave had little more than a passing flirtation with the aforementioned band.

"Dave and I were never full-blown members of The Stukas," explains Chris. "We stood in at the end of the band's career, but never managed to completely get into it — mainly because it got to a point where the band suddenly sat down and thought about the situation it was in, and realised that it was never going to make it together. To get away from the usual pub/club circuit there would have to be a reappraisal of the situation — and that was where Autographs came together."

Dave, Chris and Raggy split from the rest, and formed Autographs in the summer of '78. Unlike many bands they decided to get out on the road, gigging and gaining experience immediately, rather than waiting for the word to come to them — a common, and usually fatal mistake among bands.

"As soon as we found the line-up we were truly happy with, we wanted to get out and working — the only way to get attention is to grab it." Chris emphatically explains, leaving no doubts that with that attitude, attention had a poor chance of escaping.

"For me it was just great to feel really at home with a band, with Autographs I've got an extra confidence — I think all of us do — which I've never really had before."

"The Stukas are dead

now," continues Raggy. They had finished long before Chris and Dave arrived so it wasn't a case of them breaking up the band. It had been fun to begin with, but by then the fun had gone completely.

"It's only natural that everybody associates us with them — even though musically there are few, if any, similarities. The Stukas were more R&B inclined, whereas we play on a more standard rock basis. Also there's a lot more scope now, with Chris taking a lead with sax more often."

It's true. The sax does play a prominent role in their music. Chris is an accomplished player, often having guested upon other bands' shows and albums, in particular those of his old friends Radio Stars — a band with whom, many are quick to point out, there are clear similarities.

"I think people only see similarities because we both choose our material very carefully, making sure we use the best, and most immediate we can," defends Chris, a frown spreading across his brow. "Also we used to have quite a bit in common in the way Andy and I used the stage, we were both extra active, and used the equipment and anything else available in our acts. Now though I've calmed down quite a lot — I mean, for a start it's not that easy to clamour around with a sax strapped around your neck."

"Another reason is that I used to rely upon the antics to get attention and make up for the deficiencies in the music. It's difficult to entertain people when you're on stage, knowing that as the frontman you've got most of the attention focused upon you, unless you've got total confidence in what you're doing — which until now, I never had. Now I don't have to continually worry whether I'm moving around enough — I can play it by ear, knowing that the music can

support itself — and acting how I want to rather than need to."

"We're a far more visual band now," interjects a suitably resplendent Raggy. "I'm the one who likes to have all the girls screaming at me — it makes me feel like a pop star. I look a lot better like this than I used to."

There are an awful lot of pop bands around at the moment, I offer in an attempt to change the subject.

"No," quips Raggy. "There are a lot of awful pop bands around

Who, I continue, are trying to become a success in the pop world. What makes you think that you've got a

better chance of success in such a competitive field?

"I think we're stronger than most other bands," says Raggy simply. "We've got stronger material, and we're a very tight band because we're all perfectionists. Also we've got good backing. On the single we've got Tommy Boyce, the

guy who produces Darts, for instance so I think that stands a good chance of charting," adds Chris. "It was made with the charts in mind, but then I think singles should be. I wouldn't want to bring out a single if I didn't think it deserved to be a hit — what's the point?"

KELLY PIKE

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Some like it rough

Dr Feelgood have had their ups and downs, their knocks and praise but that's what keeps them going say Lee Brilleaux and Gypie Mayo



STANDING IN a huddle in the cocktail lounge of a Newcastle hotel, the Feelgoods look out of place. Amidst the ripening women trying to drape themselves delicately across the furnishings, and the balding men with their starched white shirts and starched white faces, the

Feelgoods' presence is more than a little incongruous.

With fine disregard for the disquiet roused by their descent, Lee Brilleaux poses one of the questions Dr Feelgood have become famed for — "What do you want to drink?"

From above the hubbub of orders, their publicist does the gentlemanly, and foolish thing, and offers to stand the first round.

I must wash under my arms sometime

"Mine's a large vodka and tonic then," replies Lee simply, taking up the offer with commendable speed and retiring to a nearby corner, where, amidst a fair jungle of plastic potted plants, the interview is to take place. Joined by guitarist Gypie Mayo and a bevy of beverages, we begin.

The opening gambit is a fairly obvious one, the current single, 'Down At The Doctors' which is securing a place for itself in the charts, playlists

and popularity. My opinions of it however are less favourably inclined, a fact which is openly known to the band before my arrival due to a rather cutting review. Without any attempt to change my view, but merely put forward their own case for the defence opens.

"I don't think it's a work of art, but then that's not what we set out to make," points out Lee.

"It's a change in the sound from some of our recent stuff, like 'Wind

Up' for instance, but it's still very Dr Feelgood. Lots of people have compared it to 'Back In The Night', and in the tempo point of view I agree, but I suppose the main similarity is that it's a crowd pleaser. It always goes down well at gigs, without making us lose our edge.

"I don't think we'd ever go out to make a contrived 'hit single' like Abba for instance, because if we did then I'm sure we'd be inclined to fall. But if we went into the studio and started laying down something which sounded very poppy, and we believed in what we were doing, the fact that it was commercial would probably help us carry on.

Commercial

"I'd love to have a Top 10 single, if we make a commercial rock record it'd be great; but we wouldn't just make a pop (he spits the word out) record for the sake of it. It must be on our own terms — not because we're snobs — but for straightforward business reasons. There'd be no point in us making a record if we couldn't play it live on stage — we'd lose as many fans as we'd gain."

A pause, and then he adds, with a demonstration of Canvey Island logic. "It's like asking a bricklayer to do a plastering job, he could do it, but it wouldn't be very good — and with a bad name he wouldn't get any more work as a bricklayer."

That parable led us very handily into a counter attack against the criticism most frequently levelled at R&B — it's all very well, but does it actually, and here's the magic word, progress?

"Well, when people say progress, what do they really mean? Rhythm and blues is a very basic form of music," stresses Gypie, remonstrating wildly with his, by now empty, glass. "The way we play it there are no frills, but if you take it out of its basic form, you can find progression in the form of maybe disco music."

"Disco music did come out of it," reaffirms Lee. "... or reggae, because that came out of it the same way as everything else."

"If it wasn't for rhythm and blues there wouldn't be anything else." (A short pause follows as frate readers scabble for pen, paper and Mailman's address).

"If it's real R&B your talking about, we're not strict adherents anyway. I mean, much as we like the music, love it an' everything, we don't try to copy real 'fifties and 'sixties R&B. We don't look upon it as a past and finished music style, as far as we're concerned it's still living today — we're no museum piece doing faithful reproductions of old R&B — we do it in our own style. It's goodtime music, and dance music is fun music. It's not to be taken too seriously. People don't usually hear that in mind," finishes Lee.

"Why should it progress? If it did it wouldn't be R&B. It's spontaneous, and though that can be a good or bad thing, you can lose the essence of it if you try to get too clever," adds Gypie.

Inspiration

"We're influenced by everything else that happens around us. We have this tag of being a 'rivrum and blooze' band, but although the inspiration comes from it, we're not 50 years old black geezers from Chicago!" cries Lee, almost spilling his drink with emotion. "Everyone loves to put a tag on music, even if it's only for convenience sake. If we get called an English rhythm and blues band, then that's all right by me. I can't think of a better name without going into a long winded analysis of it all — cos I think we're a group by ourselves, for better or worse."

"I don't think we're

ever gonna get stale, as long as people are being turned on to the music. When we started in '72 no one wanted to know, it was like a kind of bravado, we'll do what we wanna do. Now, to see kids of 14 turn up at gigs, it gives us a great buzz. Obviously there are times when I've gone up on stage and thought 'Oh no, but they're only flashes. I'm a lucky man to be able to get up there in the first place. There are probably times when you're sick of being a journalist, or when Fred Smith's sick of driving his train, it's only natural. But if it got to the stage where I was just going through the motions I'd knock it on the head."

Standards

"There'll always be a place for us, as long as we keep standards up," continues Gypie, catching the uncharacteristic melancholy in Lee's voice. "The more adversity we get the more likely we are to stick together — as long as the enthusiasm's there, we'll carry on, regardless of external troubles."

"It's true," concludes Lee, "our secret lies in the internal communication. Everyone said we were finished when Wilko went, but we proved them wrong because we were so determined and because we found the right replacement in Gypie. We couldn't have gone on as a band the way we had been before that, cos the fun had gone out of it. Now though we have a good time, and we really work hard. The only thing that would finish us now, as Gypie said, was if there was a big ruck within the band. The more the world treats us rough, the more we'll stick together."

KELLY PIKE

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Fri. 10th	St. Georges Hall, Bradford
Sat. 11th	Playhouse, Manchester



JOHN WISHART talks to Elaine Page



EVITA'S HOLIDAY IN GREASE

IT WAS not so very long ago that the now high flying adored 'Evita' star Elaine Paige was belting out 'Summer Nights' six nights a week in the London Stage production of 'Grease'

Ms Paige, who incidentally appears bare-chested on TV next Wednesday in a stripper saga 'The One And Only Phyllis Dixie', spent nine months playing Sandy Dumbrowski opposite Paul Nicholas as Danny Zuko, the Travolta role. "It was a great show. I loved it," a suntanned Ms Paige enthused. Surrounded by plush comfort at the South London home of her EMI record producer Brian Wade, the diminutive 29-year-old ash blonde sipped a soft drink and took her time answering questions. The interview took place at midday. Any earlier and it might not have taken place at all, for like many singers with taxing roles it takes her a bit of voice exercising in the morning to get back into shape.

Well then, why was 'Grease' only moderately successful here whereas it is the longest running stage show in America?

"I think the reason it didn't last so long here was because it was so thoroughly American... the dialogue especially."

Millions are now acquainted with Olivia Newton-John's characterisation of Sandy. How did Elaine see the part?

"Sandy's a bit wet really — rather a prim girl who doesn't go out with boys. It seems odd that this Sandra Dee type girl should hit it off so well with a bunch of girls (the Pink Ladies) who are much more sexually aware than she is."

Elaine had not seen the movie at this stage so could not comment on it. But more of the stage show.

"I had a genuine fifties leather motorcycle

jacket to wear for the final scenes where Sandy dresses up as a rocker to get Danny..."

That wasn't the first time Elaine had played 'tarty' ladies. In another West End musical 'Billy' she got to play the tough broad again. And as everyone knows, this year she got to play the toughest lady of this century — Eva Peron.

Since Fleet Street (with the exception of the News of the World) dubbed her an "overnight star" she has coped with the attendant adulation with mixed feelings. Some of the follow-up stories about her voice problems were gross exaggerations. She still hopes to be chosen to play the role of Eva Peron in the American production.

Meanwhile, she's been busy recording the original cast album of the stage show as well as completing a solo album for EMI. One of the tracks 'Don't Walk Away Till I Touch You' made it to the nether reaches of the charts last week. Another track from the album will be heard on the soundtrack of a soon to be released movie 'The Boys From Brazil'. No songs from 'Evita' will be on the EMI album owing to copyright reasons.

Brian Wade explained that EMI have "researched the market" for Elaine. She is to be presented as a "contemporary" artist. No period songs for Peronist pop pickers. But be warned. The whole enterprise is being promoted by EMI's MOR division.

Elaine herself gets off on the likes of Stevie Wonder, Millie Jackson and Aretha.

"I like most kinds of music — even some punk I like." She offers no names.

Perhaps that's not so surprising considering her period as a West End hippy in 'Hair'. Even then she was a member of a recording group called Sparrow. The other four members were all boys from the Hair cast. She still knows them.

A couple of years ago she recorded a country song for EMI. Neither she nor the company were pleased with it and it was never released.

Naturally, she's apprehensive about the future. She would like to do concerts and perhaps get into movies (would everyone please forget about her appearance in 'Confessions Of A Window Cleaner', she requests).

"I think I've aged in the past three months," she confides. But she looks fine. The price of fame has so far been a far from enervating whoosh of adrenalin. And there the dates with Dustin Hoffman and that night after the show when the proprietors of The Vicarery Of India restaurant in Clontarf were recognised and recognised again by each other and her friends, could eat.

That's when I thought. If this is fame I like it.

PAUL SEXTON breathes deep and talks to Eddie Henderson

THE FUNK SURGEON



EDDIE HENDERSON

THE DISCO appeal of 'Prance On' looks like providing trumpeter Eddie Henderson with something of a breakthrough in Britain.

Until now the Funk Surgeon has been a specialist taste over here, as well as in the States. But through the medium of the discos, which has made a name — although often transitory — for so many artists, he's beginning to arouse interest. His new album 'Mahal' is a skilful blend of funk, jazz and disco.

So how does it feel to be a disco star all of a sudden? On a line from the Bronx Eddie explains: "I'm learning to enjoy it, but remember I didn't write 'Prance On' anyway. It was written by Mtume, who also wrote 'Say You Will', which was out last year."

"The fact that he wrote both of these songs and that they're both disco tunes is probably no coincidence. He makes a conscious effort in his songwriting to compose catchy tunes."

The two tracks are actually back to back on a new single, which you should hear in full 12 inch version for best effect.

"The new album's doing very well — it's certainly my most successful so far. We didn't aim to make it a disco album but it's probably more commercially attractive than previous ones. 'Prance On' and 'Cyclops' seem to be the two tracks most people are picking up on."

"We put the album together in about a month, when I wasn't fast. I just used the

best people I could on it. Mtume is a very talented musician who's worked on my last three albums, I think."

Somebody else who was quite influential on 'Mahal' was Herbie Hancock, who has indeed played a large part in Eddie's musical career as a whole. He played with Hancock's Sextet/Sextet between 1970 and 1973.

How would Henderson describe the music he's playing now?

"I really don't know how to describe it. You can't call it jazz because the word jazz means different things to different people. It's just contemporary music."

Eddie's debut album on Capitol was last year's 'Comin' Through', but he'd been around on vinyl for a while before that. His first solo album was 'Realization', which appeared in 1973. Three more followed — 'Inside Out', on Capricorn like the first, then onto Blue Note for 'Sunburst' and 'Heritage'. He's actually averaged an album per year since he left Hancock.

Henderson is called the Funk Surgeon because he is a qualified doctor, and also has a degree in Zoology. There's always been a conflict between the two.

"Music and medicine are both subjects which you have to do full-time. You have to give yourself to one or the other. But at the moment I still practise medicine because I can't afford to stop. Until things really happen for me in a big way I'll carry on. Medicine can be a far more lucrative profession but I'd much rather play music all the time."

Eddie began to play the trumpet at the age of 10 — although with little interest. His passion for music began to grow when he was at medical school.

"In 1970 Herbie Hancock came to San Francisco needing a trumpeter. He wanted Woody Shaw but I knew Woody very well and he did me a favour. He told Herbie he could play for some of the time but that he should call me. He did and I played with the group until it broke up in 1973."

"I'm currently about three weeks into a two-month nationwide tour of the States. I did a small East coast tour last year but this is my biggest tour so far. I enjoy touring and recording, but I don't think I'll ever become a session musician. I used a lot of them on 'Mahal' but that was because they were good musicians. For example Hubert Laws came in and played for about an hour of the whole month we were in the studio. I don't think I'll ever do that, even though that's where the money is."

"I really like songwriting as well but I like to write slower tunes."

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"I really like songwriting as well but I like to write slower tunes."

Eddie wrote three of the seven songs on 'Mahal' and the very titles of them seem to prove what he says. They have light, breezy titles: 'Emotions', 'Ecstasy' and 'Mahal' itself, and they all feature Henderson's distinctive style prominently.

"I'm hoping to do a foreign tour in the Spring. It would probably have to be a European one to justify itself but I hope to come to England."

Perhaps by then more people will have recognised his talent.

by Paul Sexton

THE RIVVINS

"SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE DANCE"
"THE GIRL NEXT DOOR"

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A BID FOR BRITAIN

And there's no
competition for Biddu.
In the disco stakes,
as a producer, he's No 1

BIDDU TALKING: "On the Continent you've got Frank Farrien, Giorgio Moroder, Cerrone. In America you've got... well, a lot of people. But here, to be very honest you've got my name and you don't think of anyone else when you're talking about disco and dance music. However, that doesn't really help me. If you had just a couple of others who had that tag, good or bad, then at least you'd have a British sound. But as it is, you don't."

Biddu is leader in a field of one. The No. 1 UK producer of dance sounds. Probably best known for his work with million-selling Tina Charles (they're off to Japan shortly for her entry in the World Popular Song Festival '78 with a thing called 'Love Rocks'), he was also behind Carl Douglas' hoary old 'Kung Fu Fightin' which was one of the songs in early '74 that really put the British disco scene back on its feet again.

Biddu's also had a run of albums under his own name with The Orchestra, most recent being 'Futuristic Voyage'. The tradition's been somewhat broken however with the fun marathon of his latest, 'Disco Gold', of which more anon.

Unlike the image projected by many of those publicity shots, Biddu is rather less of a soft romantic than you'd expect and more of a snap, crackle and pop realist. Right down to his title:

"If I was going to change it for a stage name," said Biddu of Biddu, "I'd go for something exotic like, ah, Rock or Tab or Duane. But even in India there's nobody called Biddu."

Because, as probably most of you'll know, the guy who's sewn up black music and British audiences isn't quite either black or British himself. His only qualification: "I genuinely like pop music!"

"I come from Bangalore," explained Biddu, "a little town in the south of India, but moved over to Bombay when I started singing. What I used to do was basically Trini Lopez type material, all the old American folk songs, the Byrds... I came over to England in '68 thinking I was gonna set the world on fire and found I was at least three years behind the times!"

The music scene wasn't too hot back home? I asked, remembering back to the Beatles trucking off to the maharishi and everyone suddenly brandishing sitars.

"Sure, there are some great musicians in India, but for Indian type music. But over there it takes 20 or 30 years for changes to happen, and we still don't have any studios or other facilities. The primary occupation is still trying to feed ourselves, keeping away from floods or the heat. Really, music or anything like that, is so secondary that we really

don't have much of an outlet for it. I mean, you'd have one hour a week of Western music on the radio, and half the damn songs were Jim Reeves."

Having wound up friendless, penniless and prospectless in London, Biddu worked in a hamburger joint (he's a great fan, incidentally, of junk food) for six months, saved some money and cut his first record.

"I'd never heard soul music or anything in India," Biddu confessed. "But it just happened the kind of records I made, you could always dance to."

So what about 'Disco Gold' with its 12-minute segue of oldies you have loved, and TV-advertised, what's more? (Well, let's face it, it's one way of getting your stuff heard if you don't go on the road and you can't trust the radio playlists.)

"Basically," explained Biddu, "I was getting a little jaded with what was happening and decided to do an album of what had been my favourite songs over the last 15 years. The list was enormous but eventually I whittled it down to 20 including 'Telstar' and 'Jailhouse Rock' which weren't necessarily disco records at all, gave them a dance treatment — I prefer saying 'dance' to 'disco' — and segued the songs into one another."

"If you listen," he continued, "you'll see that I've also tried to change the songs to an extent without taking anything away, infuse a certain amount of imagination. People don't always appreciate what a lot of work goes into an arrangement. The trouble in this country is, everyone's always trying to copy what's been happening. I'm trying to create something different in the context."

Biddu is readily accepted as an arranger and producer (as he is on 'Disco Gold') but you'll remember too he was a singer back in Bombay. The vocals on the album is pretty economical, but credits must go to Tina Charles, to a session guy called Tony Charles and to Biddu himself.

"If I'm successful with this one," said our lad, "then I'd like to use it as a stepping stone to come out myself as a vocalist. People tend to get put into certain bags in this business, and it's very hard if you're a producer or involved with instrumentals just to turn round and say, hey, I want to sing!"

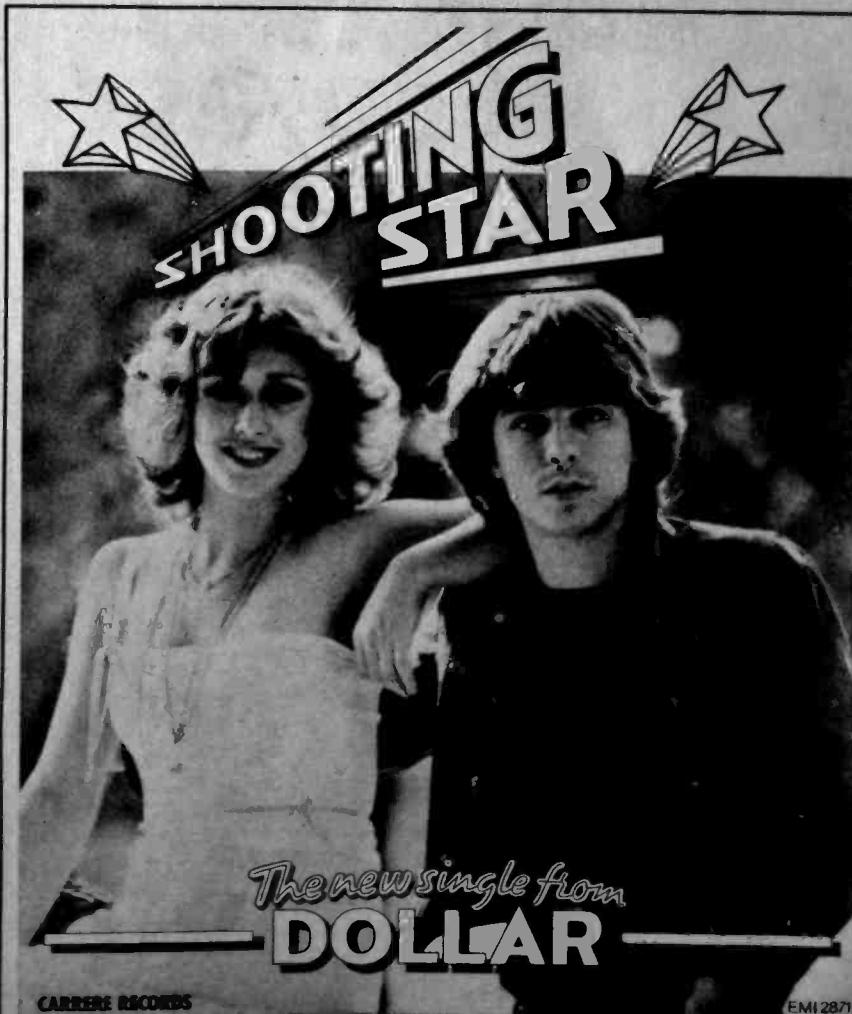
"On 'Disco Gold' the rhythms are generally fairly well laid down because that's the way people are dancing at the moment — but I wonder if in a few months we won't be doing it differently to a slower beat. I personally would like to go back to some of those loping South American rhythms that we used on some of Tina's records. Maybe also something with a slight reggae beat. Who knows?"

Anyway, Edith knows one thing, and that is, if 'Disco Gold' makes the charts in the next three weeks, Biddu has it on oath to take her out for a meal. Knowing his taste, it's liable to be McDonald's.

Over to you... SUSAN KLUTH



BIDDU: can you imagine him as Tab?





ROB HALFORD — Photos by Fin Costello.

CALL FOR THE PRIEST!

STEVE GETT kneels and listens to a lesson on Judas Priest from lead vocalist Rob Halford and guitarist K. K. Downing

ON A bleak, grim October afternoon in outer Birmingham, I visited Rob Halford and K.K. Downing to discuss the present state of Judas Priest. An apt location as this is the corner of the world from which the unit

emerged: the full depths of the Midlands.

The silence of the lead singer's house is broken by the occasional purr of a cat, stalking around the living room. Turning away from his massive book collection, Rob gazes out of the window and speaks obliquely. "It's like the lull before the storm."

'Too true, as the Priest are about to set off on a 30-date tour of the country. This coincides with the release of their new album 'Killing Machine', which already boasts advance sales of silver status.

Yet their success has not been accomplished overnight and it is only after four albums and what must have seemed an eternity on the road that the band now rank as one of Britain's primary heavy metal concerns. Their first, 'Rocka Rolla', dates back several years and is the one with the Coke bottle top cover design.

Judas Priest had existed as a group long before then, although with a very different line-up from that of today; and Rob dates their real development from the time of that recording.

"We've always said that Judas Priest got together with 'Rocka Rolla'. There had been numerous personal changes up until that time, when the name itself existed but little more. Making that album was an interesting experience; the songs are great but frankly the production is not very good."

"Yes, I'd love to be able to do it again," adds K.K. "Just to take it round to the producer and say 'that's what it should have been like'."

So in 1975 with more sense of direction they approached their second studio venture, 'Sad Wings Of Destiny'.

which has subsequently turned out to be a cult classic. It is enhanced by such stage favourites as 'Victim Of Changes' and 'The Ripper'.

"As you know we co-produced that album," explains Rob, "because we thought we must avoid what happened to the first. It's very important when you are recording to capture what the band is about at a specific time. 'Sad Wings' did just that and, in fact, when we go out to play those songs, we do so in very much the same manner as they were recorded. I love the way the kids demand the standards. We'll always go ahead and do them because we enjoy playing them as much as they like to hear them."

"We were especially surprised that people in Japan knew them. Even more astounding when we went over there this year, for the first time. We were heading two or three thousand seater venues — it was incredible."

Another Japanese tour is scheduled for the New Year as well as a third Stateside trip. America is also enthusiastic for the band, with popularity increasing with each visit. This summer they found particularly strong response from audiences in the Mid-West, and there seemed to be good initial reaction wherever they went.

The 'Sin After Sin' album followed 'Sad Wings' and also saw a switch in record company, from Gull to

CBS. Rob recalls their days spent in the hands of the former with a cynical eye.

"It was only a small record company and we were the best band they ever had. They should have realised the fact and put their money behind the right product."

Ex-Purple bassist Roger Glover was the producer but his involvement came at a late stage. Again problems arose, due to the fact that Glover wasn't too familiar with the band or how it sounded live. So here also the set-up was unsatisfactory.

The last offering 'Stained Class' completed earlier this year was much nearer to the kind of recording style that the Priest were striving for, and possessed more memorable moments. One track, 'Beyond the Realms of Death', is masterful, commencing with an acoustic passage before leaping into some stunning riffing and a pair of lightning solos.

That album also saw the beginning of the group's association with producer James Guthrie, who handled one number, the single 'Better By You Better Than Me'. K.K. feels that he made sufficient impression to merit his working on the latest.

"We've had a change of producer on every album, having struggled to sound as exciting and as heavy on disc as we do live. James is adopting more of a live feel, more so than on 'Stained Class'. Rather

than go for a studio effect we've aimed more for a concert spontaneity"

The four tracks that Rob played to me certainly managed to reflect this in the same way that UFO did with their 'Obsession' album, yet still retaining the full flavour of the band.

Rob agreed wholeheartedly with my opinion.

"I think that it differs from our previous work mainly on the production side. Musically the songs are shorter and we've tried exploring different fields that we've not entered before. I played all the albums the other day and there's a continuity running through the lot. From the first album to this one, they are all Judas Priest songs; there's nothing diverse or weird. Reverting to what K.K. was saying about James's work, we got on really well with him and I'm sure we'll use him again. He's so efficient, so quick and has very go-ahead ideas."

The recording was executed within a relatively short space of time, five weeks to be precise, and this has

doubtless contributed to the immediacy of the music. Most of the material is fresh, and there were only a few ideas from 'Stained Class', which Rob doesn't feel were concrete enough to work on.

"There were a few things, but nothing in the form of a complete song, just ideas put down on tape to set us off. We always do a demo album first and so go into the studio knowing pretty well what we're going to do, although there are dangers along the way. In the past everybody's said that Priest on stage and Priest on album are two completely different matters, but I'm sure that 'Killing Machine' will change quite a few people's minds."

I share their confidence that this album will prove to be the necessary catalyst in elevating the band to the heights of major rock.

Right now Judas Priest are on tour, preaching the heavy metal gospel and these 'Saints from Hell' will have the headbangers on their knees in no time.

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Dave Tice, vocals



Oliver Reed, machine gun and silly hat



Pat McMullen, bass and sillier hat



Zenon De Fleur, guitar and silly name

KELLY PIKE hears THE BISHOPS' confession

SCENE ONE: Pushing open the huge, creaking wooden door, they slowly march through the hallowed halls, footsteps resounding from the cold stone walls. Reaching the altar they ascend, backs to the assembled thousands, and a great hush falls. Suddenly they turn, guitars in hand and burst into 'Route 66'. The Bishops — live at Westminster Abbey!!! A publicist's dream.

Scene two: As they stroll onto the famed stage the crowd is awash with hysteria — fans are carried out, and those who survive the incredible heat and excitement scream in worship (geddit?). After a scorching set they are brought back for 15 triumphant encores, and yet still the milling millions

are not sated. The Bishops play again... a band's dream.

Scene Three: Back to reality. Backstage at the Music Machine The Bishops are trying to pass the time before they take to the boards.

Tonight they are not a happy crew, for the previous week both band and roadies managed to leave all the guitars behind after playing the Nashville, with the result that they were unaccountably 'lost' before they could be claimed.

At Music Machine, those guardian angels Motorhead come to the rescue, lending their gear, so temporarily the problems are solved; with only bassist Pat McMullen getting wound up fearing that some indignant Motorhead follower (a terrifying sight) will think that his Lemmy has been ripped off, and fight his way through to kill, wound or maim the culprit.

While McMullen quivers singer

Dave Tice sits in one corner discussing the situation with various members of BF and The Heatwaves, who have perpetrated the security, whilst the remaining three Bishops try to get themselves into a reasonable frame of mind, for the interview.

"I think we play more the newer style R & B, it's more progressive than the older type R & B rock 'n' roll, a little more contemporary," says drummer Paul Balbi, making his first and last contribution to the conversation.

"Rhythm and blues is a very big field you see," adds guitarist Zenon De Fleur (I kid you not). "Even the stuff half the punk bands are doing is R & B hiding under a different name."

"You get any funk song, and put BB King's rhythm section behind it, you'll get the meanest blues around," finishes American import, Johnny Guitar (guess what he plays folks!).

"There's always a market for R

& B because there are always people, particularly boys, who just wanna go out on a Saturday night and hear some real live head-banging music. The thing is, whether it's cool for them to go and listen to an R & B band in the first place.

"But basically it's just down to having a good time, whatever the rest of the crowd say," he draws.

It was the feel which the music gains from live performances which prompted them to release a live album as their second.

"In the beginning we had just recorded the Roundhouse date so that we could put a couple of tracks onto a Chiswick compilation album, but when we heard how it had turned out we decided it would make a better release than if they were redone in a studio," explains Zen.

"In the set we tend to do about half our own numbers and half cover versions. I think it's important to maintain that balance.

because a lot of people come along to hear the classics alone, as well as those who come for your original stuff.

"We've been playing most of the material for a few years now, taking the songs in and out of the set every so often. The new single is really old, 'I Want Candy'; it's on the live album, but we released a studio version as the single."

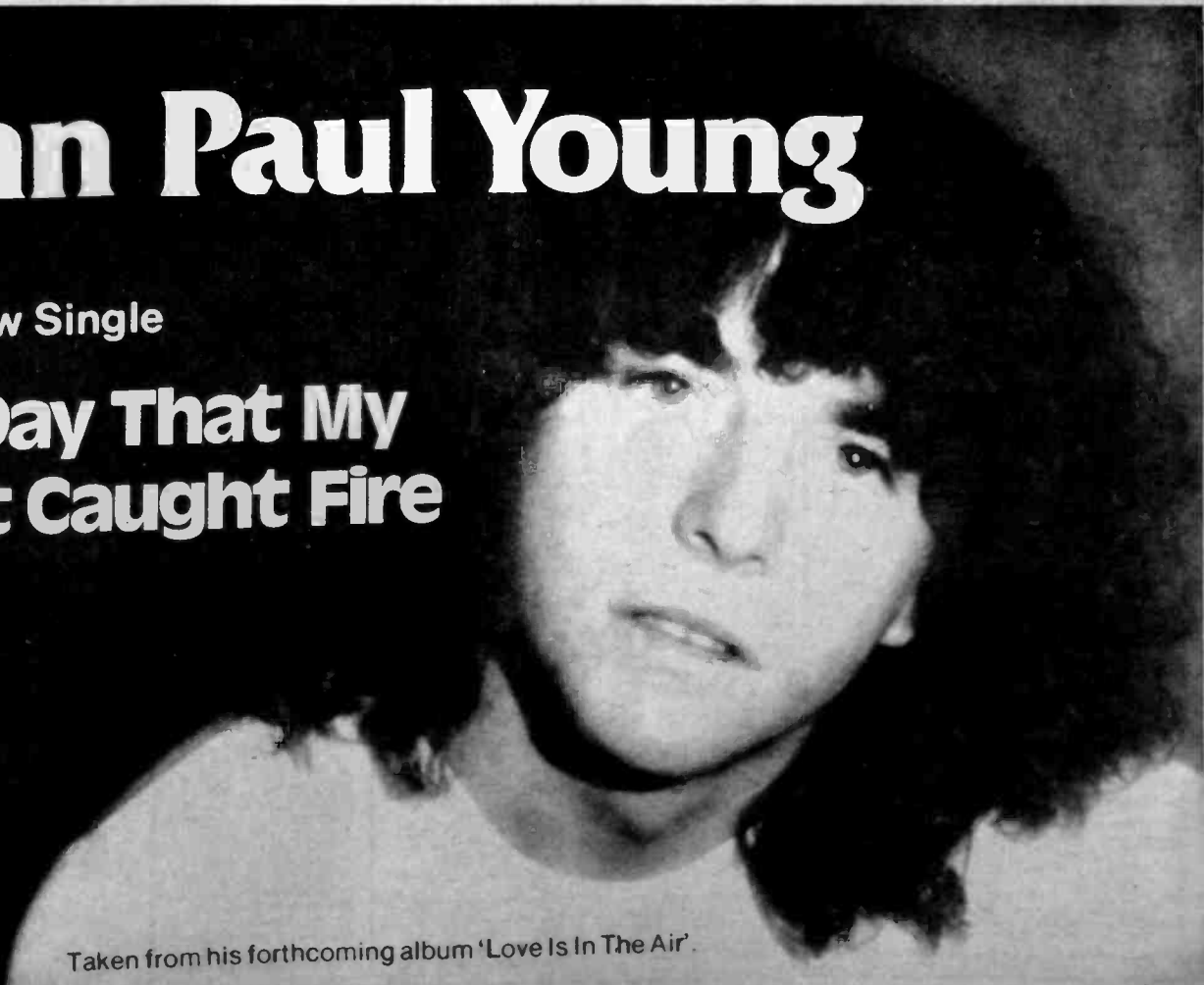
"We've made it more commercial too," concludes Johnny. "Although the last one was getting quite a bit of airplay, it didn't exactly leap into the top five. But we're hoping for more success with this one because we've used a producer who makes songs specifically aimed at the radio. It isn't some kind of candy-pop song but it is just that bit more acceptable."

"Besides," he says, throwing all artistic integrity to the winds, "What's the use of bringing out a single if you haven't got the radio and charts in mind?"

John Paul Young

Brand New Single

The Day That My Heart Caught Fire



Taken from his forthcoming album 'Love Is In The Air'



WUNDERKIND

AL DIMEOLA is a bearded, bespectacled 24-year-old guitar prodigy who has recently become the widely toasted wunderkind of the jazz world. He joined Return to Forever five years ago which thrust him into the spotlight. Now, on his

own, and guided by rock mogul manager Dee Anthony (of Peter Frampton fame) Al is finding touring fun, but airplay scarce. This month he visited London for one gig only. HANNAH SPITZER spoke to him in New York before he left.

HE STRETCHES back in the armchair and stares intently through his owl spectacles. He has an air of someone who's had a busy year.

In July Al Di Meola and his six piece band were touring America with Renaissance, mostly headlining. Next month they begin a tour of Europe.

"It's really good," he says, "because it allows more time to perfect sound and get everything staged properly, no rushing. I've played Europe before, twice with Return to Forever, and I did one short little thing with Stomu Yamash'ta.

"I joined RTF when I was 19. It was pretty much of a surprise. I didn't even audition. I had gone back to Berkeley School of Music after playing with Barry Miles for about six months. Then I got a call from Chick Corea who was my favourite musician and an idol of mine. It was like a dream come true.

"He was desperate for a guitarist and he had heard a tape of mine and loved it. He wanted me to join. He said 'Come on down tomorrow', for a gig. He didn't tell me he had Carnegie Hall sold out for three nights until later!

"I didn't back out, he wouldn't let me. So I packed up my things and never saw my Boston apartment again. And now it's been five years."

How did you go about starting a solo career?

"I was nervous, but I had to do it and whatever I did had to be something really special. It was a great opportunity for me, but I didn't want to do another fusion

album, there was too much of that happening and that kind of music has been getting a bad name. Also, I did what my roots led me to. I included a lot of latin. I think that the music — because of that concept and its harmonic concept related to the latin really helped shape a different form — within progressive music as such. I think that makes it kinda special."

How did a jazz performer such as yourself link up with a rock manager like Dee Anthony?

"Dee was aware of me through charts and stuff. At the time I didn't have a manager and my album had just entered the charts at around No 80 which is pretty high to enter. So, anyway, he came down to see me in a show in New York. He liked it and came to see another one in Santa Monica. I was impressed that a manager of his stature liked someone outside of rock and roll. He has Emerson, Lake and Palmer, Joe Cocker and Peter Frampton, of course.

Judging from the crowds, it seems as if a lot of the rock audience are becoming fans.

"Well, I like that of course, I still have to prove to a lot of people that it's not jazz, because it's not. It's really not rock and roll either. It's a progressive sort of music. I mean, it blends other kinds of music in itself. It's really percussive in the latin sense, so I call it progressive.

But you have other sounds blended in there, besides latin?

"Yeah, some heavy rock and roll, rock jazz, latin, you just know that there is a lot. I'd rather promote the latin than the jazz because jazz is what everybody calls it right now, you know.

Rock jazz?

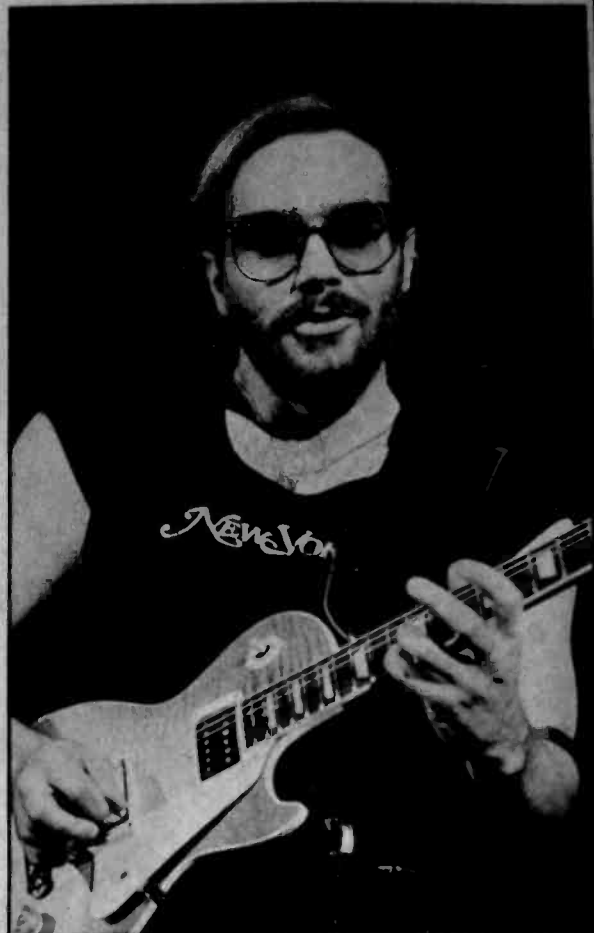
No, I don't care too much for that, either. There are so many other artists and groups that fall into that category. When I listen to them I feel they are quite a distance away. There's not too much jazz happening today like real jazz. There's funk, or R and B but as for jazz-rock, how could I fall into that category as it's so different from what I do?

"That's why I'd rather promote where I get the inspiration from. I get it from composers and certain countries. They happen to all be Latin countries. So, I guess it's because of what I know about that kind of music and what I write I can call my music progressive latin. I think it's because people are not too familiar with the music I like personally, and that's the reason they call it jazz. But, I try to make it more familiar to them through my music.

Have you ever played rock music professionally?

"Well, when I was younger I listened to rock music and I played it but my style was so different. I used all my fingers to play riffs, rock riffs. I really wasn't accepted and one thing that turned me off was that everyone was playing the same style.

"And they still seem to be doing the same thing today," he adds.



AL DIMEOLA: the word is Latin

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PHIL THOMAS of Crown Heights Affair: his only vice is women!

EXCUSE MY naivety, but I always thought most US soul black outfits weren't slow in enjoying the benefits of — uh — modern science. Y'know, not afraid of indulging in the ol' amoral delights of the chemical and distillery worlds.

Not that their caucasian counterparts were exactly clean, no sree, just that the whole black attitude seemed a little more carefree. . . . I mean, even their vocabulary reflected the indulgences — esoteric, ring a ding springy and distinctly stacatto.

Now, either I've been labouring under a delusion for some while or we are entering into the epoch of black abstinence.

Recently I've interviewed Earth, Wind and Fire, The Commodores and comparative new boys Crown Heights Affair. And you know something? Not one member of those bands partakes in anything stronger than coffee in a chipped cup.

It appears that glorious era of the spaced out, Afro-barnet, metre stud doyen of 'grit it on' flash has been overtaken by a whole generation of entertainers who see their salvation in the bible rather than a line of coke.

Weird huh?

So how come this new found straightness? Walter 'Sweet' Orange of The Commodores reckoned the 'people' (I guess that's you) got sick and tired of black bombers screwing up through various nefarious compounds when on the verge of greatness. They demanded their money's worth — not tired limbs in tight trousers going through ever decreasing motions.

Interesting theory. But altogether erroneous.

Phil Thomas, lead singer with Crown Heights Affair, has a more convincing notion about the metamorphosis. "Music simply reflects the times. Take your punk rock. Its ramifications in the States are meaningless because the socio-economic structure is on a higher plain than it is here.

"In the sixties many had the opportunity, for the first time, to tell the world of their depressions, which were much more evident than they are today. Colleges in the States now are pathetic. They have reverted to the fifties attitudes — everything is done in the name of superficial escapism.

"Music has to be easy to listen to. It has to be easy to dance to. It doesn't require much effort to make it or hear it. Music is like energy, you can't change its character but you can channel it. It can never be destroyed. Everything is more free and easy. No hassies, no worries. In this climate who needs drugs?

"I've never desired them. Okay, I come from a religious background anyway. My old man was a minister in Brooklyn. Even during that whole acid trip I managed not to disgrace them. I've met doctors on valium, psychiatrists that are manic depressives. All this stuff about blacks freaking out to get away from their poor lives is rubbish.

"I never even knew I was deprived till somebody mentioned it on television. And I came from Newark, New Jersey, which makes Harlem look like Beverly Hills."

Phil is short, stout and smily. His bushy, quasi Zapata (or is it David Essex) moustache makes him look a little

older than his 28 years. In fact, he's the eldest member of what is, ostensibly, a very young band.

The nine piece set up have just scored their first UK hit with 'Galaxy Of Love' which is essentially little more than a down to earth re-working of an EW&F style number — high voice, high hats, high horns, high society. In fact, everything about the song is high — except, of course, the band themselves.

It's competent, in a flamboyantly flaccid way, but it doesn't mean anything. Still, that's exactly what Phil was talking about in that achromatic hotel suite on his first visit to this country for the band's short tour.

"We started out with the original 'disco sound' which has been connected with black people since the early sixties when we had house parties. You'd pay a quarter, gain admittance and in the red light gloom you'd dance till your legs fell off. 'Saturday Night Fever' ain't nothing new.

"Disco has become clinical, formularised — but that's the attitude of the public. Once you start programming and marketing a particular product nothing is sacred. Why, they've even disco-ed our national anthem.

"People take anything provided it's marketed right. Like, everyone thinks Muhammed Ali is the greatest fighter in the world. Much as I love the guy that's bullshit. He just ain't anymore and I wish to God he would retire."

Crown Heights is the name given to a rather seedy looking area in New York from where most of the band originate. The Affair bit was added 'cos when the band first started up the movie 'The Thomas Crown Affair' (remember the theme song 'Windmills Of Your Mind?') was doing the rounds. Cute huh?

Many of the band have had formal musical training, a trend that is becoming increasingly more synonymous with black artists, when once backstreet blues brothers required only a rudimentary feel and a slovenly dedication to join a band.

"The things I do musically," said Phil, "are based on the training and education I have received. So it is predictable that guys like me are gonna be called quasi-white musicians. Fact is, my tastes are too wide to be categorised like that.

"All the band's ideas about music are developing. Maybe it's our place to expand people's interests too. Hey, I can remember listening to 'She Loves You'. That made absolutely no impact on me whatsoever. It was trite with no imagination and I was 11 years old at the time. I guess I was a little too old for it 'cos I sang in my father's church choir at the time.

"But The Beatles developed. See, there always has to be a vacuum in music."

You mean like a cleaner dontcha Phil, sucking up all the dross, all the mindless garbage that piles up month after month and teems out of the RECORD MIRROR singles' cupboard. It beats as it sweeps as it cleans.

Crown Heights Affair are lively, competent and bound to be short term successful. They're a little low on ideas at the moment, but give 'em time. It's just that the video cassette-ness of it all is sometimes too acerbic on the tongue.

Hey Phil — you don't drink, you don't smoke, you don't take drugs. Aintcha got any vices at all?

"Women."

BARRY CAIN

VICE ON ICE

Drink, drugs. Who
needs them say
Crown Heights Affair

This month in
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THE BERNIE TORMÉ BAND



On Tour With Bethnal

OCTOBER

- 27th DUBLIN—Trinity College
- 28th CORK—Arcadie Ballroom
- 30th BATH—University

NOVEMBER

- 3rd PLYMOUTH—Metro
- 4th LUTON—Luton Tech.
- 8th LIVERPOOL—University
- 9th PORTSMOUTH—Polytechnic
- 13th CAMBRIDGE—University
- 15th BRADFORD—University
- 16th NORTH STAFFS—Polytechnic
- 17th NEWCASTLE—Polytechnic
- 18th Manchester—University
- 22nd LOUGHBOROUGH—University
- 23rd LEEDS—Polytechnic
- 24th SHEFFIELD—Polytechnic
- 25th LONDON—Hammersmith Odeon
- *29th WEMBLEY ARENA—Great British Music Festival

DECEMBER

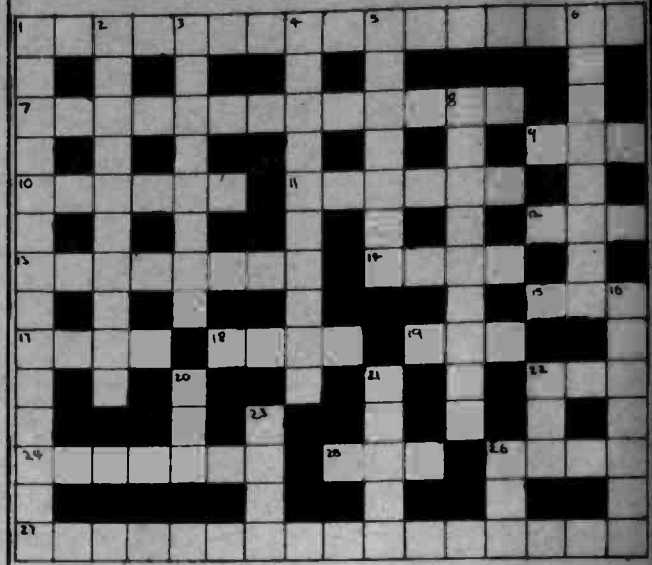
- 1st NOTTINGHAM—University
- 2nd WARWICK—University
- *This date without Bethnal

THE SINGLE IS
"I'M NOT READY"
PURE POWER FROM
THE BERNIE TORMÉ BAND



JET 126

XWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Sweet's last UK hit (4, 2, 4, 6)
- 7 Roxy Music's debut single (8, 5)
- 9 The Kink's man (3)
- 10 1966, Who classic (2, 1, 3)
- 11 Japanese electronics wizard who had a Firebird in 1976 (6)
- 12 Doors singer (3)
- 13 Lennon/McCartney composition that was a hit for The Fourmost, (2,2,4)
- 14 Edmonds or Redding (4)
- 15 John Martyn's world (3)
- 17 The Stranglers wanted to drive their very own ... (4)
- 18 Led Zep guitarist (4)
- 19 Steve Marriott had a Humble one (3)
- 22 He had a 1969, No 1 with Dizzy (3)
- 24 They went through the desert on a Horse With No Name (7)
- 25 Mick Ralph's company (3)
- 26 Country rockers who had a Rose of Cimaron (4)
- 27 Matt the Hoople classic (4, 4, 3, 5)

DOWN

- 1 1978, hit for John Paul Young (4, 2, 2, 3, 3)
- 2 Andrew Lloyd Weber album (10)
- 3 Well known track off Bridge Over Troubled Water album, (2, 1, 5)
- 4 1966, Hollies No 1 (1, 4, 3, 2)
- 5 Former member of Eric Clapton's group who caught night fever (7)
- 6 They can't stand the rain (8)
- 8 Jam debut (2, 3, 4)
- 16 1968, Turtles hit (7)
- 10 Kate Bush label (1, 1, 1, 1)
- 21 Joe Strummer's group (5)
- 22 Label used by 5 down (1, 1, 1)
- 23 Bob Marley album (4)
- 26 Mr Travers (3)

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION

ACROSS

- 1 Just One More Night, 9 A Day At The Races, 10 Ayres, 13 Flag, 14 J.J. Cale, 15 Maddy, 16 Anna, 17 Chelsea, 21 Rutles, 23 Dec, 24 Stooges, 28 Identity, 29 Devol, 31 Give Peace A Chance.

DOWN

- 1 Joan Armatrading, 2 Space Oddity, 3 O'Jays, 4 Elton John, 5 Bory, 6 Mica, 7 Gasoline, 8 Thing Called Love, 11 Jail, 12 Pete, 13 Spoon, 14 Alley, 20 Red, 22 Stay, 25 Anne, 26 Life, 27 Dean, 30 E.C.

Daryl Hall John Oates



Along the Red Ledge

Produced by David Foster

The new album: *Along The Red Ledge*.
Record: PL 12804. Cassette: PK 12804.
Includes the single, *The Last Time* (PB 9324).



Management and direction
Tommy Mottola

RCA

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

OCTOBER 26

ABERDEEN, Russells, Zones / Skids
 Ayr, Caledonian, The Pleasers
 BATH, Fortis Banquet Hall, John Spencer's Louts
 BATLEY, Crumpets, Bram Tchakovsky's Battleaxe
 BELFAST, The Pound (23990), Bethnal
 BIRMINGHAM, Barrel Organ (021-622 1353), Ricky Cool and the Icebergs
 BIRMINGHAM, Odeon (021-645 6101), Steel Pulse / Cain Street
 BLACKPOOL, Tiffanys (21572), John Otway Band
 BOURNEMOUTH, Village Bowl (26636), The Pirates
 BRADFORD, Princeville (78845), Jab Jab
 BRADFORD, St Georges Hall (82514), The Buzzcocks
 BRIGHTON, Alhambra (27874), Nicky and the Dots / The Smarlies
 CANTERBURY, University of Kent (65224), World Service
 CARLISLE, Market Hall (22233), Mike Harding / Hedgehog Pie
 CHELTENHAM, Shaftesbury Hall, Roy Hill Band
 CORBY, Stardust Centre (2741), Screamin' Lord Sutch
 COVENTRY, Hand & Heart (74284), The Utensils
 COVENTRY, Warwick University (20859), Third World
 DEAL, Asior Theatre (61161), Berlin / Harry Helmet & The Large Portions
 DONCASTER, Gaumont (4626), Jumper Carrott
 DUNFERMLINE, Glen Loure, Simple Minds
 FARNCOMBE, Three Lions, Nightrider
 GLASGOW, Amphora (041-332 2760), Underhand Jones
 GLASGOW, Apollo (041-332 6065), Steve Hackett
 GLASGOW, Strathclyde University (041-552 1270), Jeny Darren
 GRAVESEND, Prince of Wales, Rednite
 HIGH WYCOMBE, Nags Head, London Road (21756), The Smirks
 IPSWICH, Gaumont (53641), Boomtown Rats / Reggae Regular
 KEELE, University (625411), Andy Desmond
 KINGS LYNN, Norfolk College of Art, Dawnweaver
 KINGS LYNN, Tiffanys (5075), Kangaroo Alley
 LEEDS, F Club, Brannigans (865 282), Wayne County & The Electric Chairs / Agony Column
 LEEDS, Florde Green (823470), The Larkers
 LEEDS, Polytechnic (41101), Rich Kids
 LEICESTER, De Montford Hall (22850), Leo Sayer
 LIVERPOOL, Erics (051-236

PERTH, St Albans Hotel, The Tools
 PETERHEAD, Rendezvous, The Valves
 PLYMOUTH, Metro (61326), Matumbi
 PORTSMOUTH, Locarno (25491), XTC
 PORTSMOUTH, Polytechnic (61041), 999
 READING, University (806222), Slade
 SHEFFIELD, City Hall (22885), Gordon Giltrap
 SHEFFIELD, Josephines, Muscles
 SHEFFIELD, Limit (730940), Wire
 SHEPTON MALLEY, The Centre, George Melly
 STIRLING, University (6171), Micky Jupp / Wreckless Eric / Rachel Sweet and The Records / Lene Lovich / Jona Lewie
 TREForest, Glamorgan Polytechnic, Dawnweaver
 WATFORD, Carey Place (28243), Apocalypsee / Helix
 WOLVERHAMPTON, Civic Hall (21359), Judas Priest
 YORK, University (58128), The Yachts

FRIDAY

OCTOBER 27

ABERDEEN, University (40241), The End
 ABERYSTWYTH, University (4242), Radio Stars / Reaction
 BATH, Brillig (64364), After The Fire
 BATLEY, Crumpets, The Blahops
 BIRMINGHAM, Aston University (021-359 6531), The Adverts
 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Brent Ford and the Nylons
 BIRMINGHAM, Festival Suite, Eclipse Roots / The Prefects
 BRIGHTON, Alhambra (27874), Nightrider
 BRIGHTON, Falmer Polytechnic, Nicky and the Dots / Vitamins
 BRISTOL, Colston Hall (291768), Washbone Ash
 BRISTOL, University (24161), The Smirks
 BURNTISLAND, Half Circle Ballroom, Pallas
 BURTON ON TRENT, 76 Club (61037), Little Acre
 CAMBRIDGE, Corn Exchange (68761), Motorhead
 CHATHAM, Central Hall (Medway 4036861), The Four Tops
 DUBLIN, Trinity College (772941), Bethnal
 DUDLEY, JE's (53897), The Neon Hearts
 DUNDEE, Technical College (27225), Jenny Darren
 DUNDEE, University (23181), Zones / Skids
 EDINBURGH, Napier College, The Tools
 EDINBURGH, Odeon (031-667 3805), Whitesnake / Magnum
 EDINBURGH, University (031-667 4200), The Pleasers / Simple Minds
 FARNHAM, Old Vets, Club (Bolton 20358), Bobby Sox and the Prize Guys
 FELTHAM, Rock club, Matchbox
 GALASHIELS, Tallsman, Underhand Jones
 GLASGOW, Apollo (041-332 6065), Siouxas & the Banhees
 GORWAY, West Midlands College, Benny and the Jets
 GUILDFORD, University of Surrey (71281), Slade
 HUDDERSFIELD, Polytechnic (38158), Penetration
 ILFORD, Odeon (01-554 2500), Dr Feelgood / Squeeze
 IPSWICH, Gaumont (53641), Suzi Quatro / Shooter
 KENCHORN, Quaise Nook, Medium Wave Band
 KIRKALDY, Dutch Mill, Sirocco
 LANCASTER, University (65201), Steel Pulse
 LEEDS, Haddon Hall (1751115), Zhai

BACK FROM a 34-dater Stateside tour, including sell-out performances at Madison Square Gardens, YES, armed with the ultimate in stage effects, a revolving centre platform for singer John Anderson, and more, celebrate their tenth anniversary with four gigs on home territory. The venue? Where else but London's Wembley Arena. (Thursday, Friday and Saturday). Due to popular demand, a special 3 pm matinee has been added for Saturday afternoon.

SANTANA, comprising the line-up featured on their new 'Inner Secrets' album, follow on at Wembley with mucho Latin rock. (Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday). And, if you're into black roots, veteran soul man ISAAC HAYES arrives with a cast of millions for his long-awaited visit which kicks-off at Manchester Free Trade Hall (Tuesday). HOT BUTTERED SOUL SINGERS, no less than 36 musicians, plus special guest EDWIN STARR make-up the full revue, billed as the Isaac Hayes Movement.

John Lord, ex-Purple keyboard whizz, joins WHITESNAKE on their first major tour, with 19 DATES IN ALL, going thru' November. Catch 'em this week at Newcastle City Hall, (Thursday), Edinburgh Odeon (Friday), Glasgow

Apollo (Sunday) and Brighton Dome (Wednesday).

Whole lotta AC/DC, opening a mid-autumn marathon at Liverpool Empire (Monday), Edinburgh Odeon, (Tuesday), Glasgow Apollo (Wednesday), Nubble knees - heavy rock.

SUZI QUATRO hits the road again, with one new addition, keyboard player Bill Hurd, packing most of her micro trek into this seven day's Ipswich Gaumont (Friday), Peterborough ABC (Saturday), Manchester Apollo (Sunday), Sheffield City Hall (Monday), Oldham Civic Hall (Tuesday).

Nashville sounds a plenty from Cavalcade queen BILLIE JO SPEARS and entourage, bringing that other kind of music to a spectrum of carefully-selected cities, starting Ipswich Gaumont (Saturday).

BETHNAL, BOOMTOWN RATS, BUZZCOCKS, ANDY DESMOND, STEVE HACKETT, LEO SAYER, SPIRIT, THIRD WORLD are still travelling the gig circuit. And November marks the beginning of new tours for SHAM 69, Edinburgh Odeon, JAM, Liverpool Empire, and DIRE STRAITS, Bradford University, (Wednesday). Check-out the best of the rest before you go. Good week.



YES: London's Wembley Arena, Thursday, Friday and Saturday



SUZI QUATRO: Ipswich Gaumont, Friday

AJ's NIGHT CLUB
 HIGH STREET, LINCOLN
 Thursday
 26th
 Saturday
 28th
GAFFER
IMMIGRANTS
 Seven Piece Reggae Band
 Ex Otis Waring Band and Gonzales

MAI introduces Genesis Guitarist
STEVE HACKETT
 and his band in concert
 MONDAY 30th OCTOBER at 8.00 pm
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RAW DEAL plus DREAM WEAVER
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 SATURDAY 28th OCTOBER
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 TUESDAY 12th DECEMBER
LINDISFARNE
 WITH SPECIAL GUEST "CHRIS REA"
 Advance tickets £2.50 - Book Now

LEEDS, Trinity & All Saints College, Salford Jets
 LEICESTER, University (50000), 999
 LIVERPOOL, Erics (051-236 7881), The Yachts
 LIVERPOOL, Polytechnic (051-236 2481), Rich Kids
 LONDON, Aeklam Hall, Porotobellow Road (01-960 4590), Prag Vec / Pam / Nestor Liz Christian / Clapperclaw
 LONDON, Basement, Covent Garden, Random Hold
 LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), The Vipers
 LONDON, City Polytechnic (01-247 1441), Sore Throat
 LONDON, Deptford Arms, Deptford High Street, The Monitors
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden (01-267 4967), Jab Jab / Live Wire
 LEEDS, Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet (01-449

0467), Jerry The Ferret
 LONDON, Electric Ballroom, Camden (01-485 8006), Tribesman
 LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4601), Judas Priest
 LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Juice On The Loose
 LONDON, Kensington Russell Gardens, Dead Ringer
 LONDON, Marquee, War-dour Street (01-437 8603), The Movies / Street Band
 LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Supercharge / 29th and Dear Born
 LONDON, Nashville, Ken-sington (01-603 6071), Star Jets / Fun
 LONDON, New Roxo Theatre, Craven Park, Harlesden (01-965 6946), John Holt / Bill Fredericks / Rico / Rico Simon / Aston Ellis / Vivian Weathers / Stella Star Raw Funk Band / Kirk St James / Norma White / Blackstones / Kandidate / Ken Sloley
 LONDON, Notre Dame Hall, Leicester Square, Whirlwind (lunchtime)
 LONDON, Pegasus Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), The Monos
 LONDON, Queen Elizabeth College (01-937 5431), Bouncer
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Soft Boys
 LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-886 4112), Chris Hill
 LONDON, South Bank Polytechnic (01-261 1535), The Late Show
 LONDON, Wembley Arena (01-602 1294), Yes

LONDON, White Horse, Willesden Houndog
 LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 64003), COG 8
 MANCHESTER, Apollo, Ardwick (081-273 1112), The Buzzcocks
 MANCHESTER, Factory
 THE Edge
 MANCHESTER, Manchester 4041233 42317, Brian Tchakovsky's Battleaxe
 MANCHESTER, UMIST 081-236 91147, Richard Digances
 MANFIELD, Great Northern Hotel (581111), The Vye
 MELTON MOWBRAY

Painted Lady (812121), Johnny Johnson and the Bandwagon
MIDDLEBROUGH, Rock Garden (241990), Wire
NEWCASTLE, Doice Vita (26797), The Cruisers
NEWCASTLE, Mayfair (23109), The Real Thing
NEWCASTLE, Polytechnic (28761), Cado Belle / Sandy & The Backline
NEWPORT Village (811940), The Larkers
NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper (54281), Wayne County and the Electric Chairs
OXFORD, Caribbean Sunrise Club, Mity
OXFORD, New Theatre (44544), Leo Sayer
OXFORD, Oranges & Lemons (42660), Left Hand Drive
READING, Merry Maidens, Tokyo
RUGBY, Woolpack, Dawnweaver
SALFORD, University (061-736 7811), The Pirates
SCARBOROUGH, Penthouse (63204), The Cimarrons
SEAFORD, Third World, Immigrant
SHEFFIELD, Josephines, Muscles
SHEFFIELD, KGB Club, Revelation
SHEFFIELD, Limit (730940), The Only Ones
STAFFORD, Polytechnic, North Staffs (58383), John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights / Sucker
STOKE HANLEY, Victoria Hall (24641), Hawklords
STEVENAGE, Swan (54721), Zaine Griff
STOKE ON TRENT, North Staffs Polytechnic (412416), Roy Hill Band
STRATHPESSER, Spa Pavilion Ballroom, The Valves
SUNDERLAND, Boiler-makers Arms (73724), Lmelight
TELFORD, Oakenegates Town Hall (61311), Flinlock
WALSALL, West Midlands College (29141), Benny and the Jets
WINCHESTER, Riverside Inn (4556), Stax Marx
WOBBURN SANDS, Fulbrook Youth Club, Scratch
WOLVERHAMPTON, Lafayette (26285), John Otway Band / N.W.10
YORK, Revelation (26224), Samuel Goodnight and the

Passengers / Agony Column
SATURDAY
OCTOBER 28
ABERDEEN, University (40241), Sandy and the Backline
ATHERTON, Briar Cross Youth Club, The Accelerators
AYLESBURY, Friars, Maxwell Hall (88948), Steve Hackett
BARKINGSIDE, Old Maypole, Freddie Fingers Lee
BATH, University (6941), Fabulous Foodies
BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), CGas 6
BIRMINGHAM, Odeon (021-643 6101), Spirit
BIRMINGHAM, University (021-472 1841), Radio Stars / Reaction
BLACKBURN, Set End Inn (62285), 21 Shades
BRADFORD, University (33466), Slade
BRISTOL, Crown Cellar Bar, The Wild Beasts
BRISTOL, Granary (28267), Hi Fi
CAMBRIDGE, University (58383), Soft Boys
COLCHESTER, Essex University (44144), XTC
BLACKPOOL, Norbreck Castle Hotel (52341), Benny and the Jets
CORK, Arcadia, Bethnal
COVENTRY, University of Warwick (20359), World Service
CROYDON, Red Deer (01-688 9291), Sucker
DERBY, Bishop Lonsdale College (514911), Eram
Tchinskovsky's Battleaxe
DERBY, Kings Hall (31111), The Buzzcocks
EDINBURGH, Herriot Watt University (031 229 3574), Jenny Darnen
GLASGOW, University (041 338 8855), The Pleasers
GOSPORT, John Peel Hotel (Farnham 281893), The Executives
HALLSHAM, Crown Hotel, Vagrant Rock Band
HALIFAX, Good Mood, John Otway Band
HAMILTON, Aces Club, The Zones
HOPWOOD, Caravan Park



AC/DC: Liverpool Empire, Monday

(5043), Brent Ford and the Nylons
HOVE, Adur (Brighton 413402), Stax Marx
H U D D E R S F I E L D, Polytechnic (38156), Wire
HULL, University (42431), Budgie/Stirte
HUNGERFORD, Plume, NW10
IPSWICH, Gaumont (53641), Billie Jo Spears
KINGS LYNN, The Fair-stead, Kangaroo Alley
LEEDS, Cherry Tree (453383), Red Eye
LEEDS, University (39071), Wishbone Ash
LEICESTER, Polytechnic (27832), Redbrass

LEICESTER, University (50000), Steel Pulse
LINCOLN, A.J.s (30874), The Automates
LIVERPOOL, Eric's (051 236 7881), Penetration (two shows)
LIVERPOOL, Wookey Hollow (051 263 2796), Spooky
LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01 485 3073), Out Of The Blue
LONDON, Chelsea College (01-352 6421), Black Slate / The Panties
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden (01-267 4967), Nobody's Business / The Leopards

LONDON, Electric Ballroom, Camden (01-485 9006), The Bishops / The Innates
LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham (01-385 3942), Cheap Flights
LONDON, Goldsmiths College, Lewisham Way (01-892 0211), Belt & Braces
LONDON, Green Man, Plumstead (01-854 0873), Thief
LONDON, Haldane Room, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, The Smirks / C.P. Lee
LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081), Dr.

Feelgood / Squeeze
LONDON, Hope - Anchor, Ilington (01-359 4510), Merger (Albany Empire Benefit)
LONDON, Maria Gray College, Twickenham, Simon Townsend Band
LONDON, Moonlight, Railway, West Hampstead (01-677 1473), Jab Jab
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Ramrod / Bombshell
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-693 6271), Sore Throat / The Stickers
LONDON, New Roxy Theatre, Craven Park, Harlesden (01-985 6946), Matumbi / Aswad / Tribesean / John Holt / Bill Fredericks / Rico / Tito Simon / Alton Ellis / Vivian Weathers / Stella Starr / Raw Punk Band / Kirk St. James / Norma White / Blackstones / Kandidate / Ken Sioley
LONDON, North East London Polytechnic, Walthamstow (01-471 4957), The Night
LONDON, Notre Dame Hall, Leicester Square, Whirlwind (lunchtime)
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5830), Big Chief
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3981), Fischer-Z
LONDON, School of Economics (01 405 1977), The Smirks
LONDON, Three Rabbits, Manor Park, Jerry The Ferret
LONDON, University, Malet Street (01-580 9531), The Only Ones / Patrick Fitzgerald / Ethos Trapp / Blaat Furnace
LONDON, Wembley Arena (01-892 1234), Yes (21 shows)
LONDON, Western Counties, Paddington (01-723 0885), Rednite
LONDON, Wheatsheaf, Chelsea (01-736 3535), Overseas
LOUGHBOROUGH, University (63171) 999
LUTON, Kingsway Tavern, Matchbox
MANCHESTER, Mayflower (061 223 4231), The Larkers
MANCHESTER, Russell's Club (061 226 6821), Matumbi
MANCHESTER, UMIST (061 236 9114), Rich Kids
MELTON MOWBRAY,

Painted Lady (812121), Johnny Johnson and the Bandwagon
MIDDLEBROUGH, Rock Garden (241990), The Canteen, Cimarrons
NEWCASTLE, Doice Vita (26797), The Cruisers
NORTHAMPTON, County Cricket Club (32317), Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders / Left Hand Drive
NORTHAMPTON, Nene College, After The Fire
NOTTINGHAM, Boat Club (849032), Little Acre
NOTTINGHAM, University (5912), Third World
NUNEATON, 77 Club (336321), Dawnweaver
OXFORD, University (51172), Scratch
OXFORD, New Theatre (44544), Leo Sayer
OXFORD, Oranges and Lemons (42660), The VIPs
PETERBOROUGH, ABC (3504), Suzi Quatro / Shooter
PETERBOROUGH, Focus Chestnut Avenue, The Larkers
ROYSTON, Old Bull Inn, Hazard
SHEFFIELD, Josephines, Muscles
SHEFFIELD, Polytechnic (730940), Richard Dignace
SHEFFIELD, University (24078), The Pirates
SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont (2204), Boomtown Rats / Reggae Regular
ST ANDREWS, University (4863), The Adverts
ST IVES, Curlews, The Fall
S U N D E R L A N D, Polytechnic, The Vye
TORBAY, Festival Theatre (58641), Hawklords
TWICKENHAM, Maria Orey College, Simon Townsend Band
WALFORD, Carey Place (28243), Crisis / Owma (RAR)
WENDOVER, Corporals Club, RAF Halton, Dozy Bony Muck & Tich
WEST RUNTON, Pavilion (203), Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas
WEYBRIDGE, National College of Food Technology (42120), Star Jets / Squire
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ROADSHOWS

Warming up well

BE STIFF TOUR '78, Strathclyde University, Glasgow

WITH THE first week of this package tour over, the six hopeful acts are sorting themselves out into some order of merit, while various pundits plump for their own favourites to emerge as Star of the Show. And why not? It's basically a fun venture, so I'll just go along with the rest and give you the latest form.

Actually, the most immediate impression was made by none of the musicians or singers on display, but by MC and all-purpose extrovert, the inimitable Kosmo Vinyl, who was responsible for some witty introductions and 'over the top' audience-baiting. The enthusiastic way in which he prepared the crowd for each succeeding act, had a lot to do with the eventual raucous atmosphere generated.

Each night on the tour, the order of appearance alters. Tonight's unfortunate was Wreckless Eric — or rather, the unfortunates were those who arrived late and missed a fine set. Lots of us seemed to remember the stumbling idiot who abused his audiences (and band) earlier this year, but thankfully Wreckless Eric seems to have come full circle from last year's 'Bunch Of Stiffs' tour and is now just a regular wacky rock 'n' roller.

'Cheerfully obnoxious' is how my lady love described him, and from the moment he sauntered on stage (minus guitar, and wearing a train driver's hat — "Sorry I didn't get toggled up, and we just got here"), he delighted and excited the motley crew of assembled students. Songs from the new album, such as the ultra-poppy 'Let's Go

To The Movies' and the plaintive 'Veronica', were mixed in with more R&B b-type numbers like the old standard, 'Lights Out' which really suited Eric's gruff vocal delivery.

His infectious, self-effacing wit ("I've only nearly fallen off stage once tonight, not bad eh?") carried him through until the superb closing 'Whole Wide World', had everyone clapping and singing along. The Wonderful World of Wreckless Eric, indeed — just wish I could see him when he's last in the bill.

Jona Lewie, however, was a different matter altogether. Looking every inch a Flat salesman, he ran through some spirited (but uninspiring) rockabogie tunes. Impressive keyboard work and pumping right foot, but hardly the stuff that makes you rush out and buy the album. Not that it was unappealing, I'm just not sure who it was appealing to. 'Love Affair Ground' caused cheers when Jona strapped on his piano-accordion, and he went down well enough, but it's strictly support-slot stuff, I reckon.

On the other hand, The Records could well have arrived at the right time, now that the 'power pop' insults have faded away, this tight brash quartet could hit big with their sixties sound for the seventies. Will Birch's tunes and guitarist Huw Gower's fine lead runs drive through to set the fingers snapping and the toes a-lapping.

'Rock 'n' Roll Love Letter' never sounded so good from the Rollers, and the proposed single 'Starry Eyes' reminded much of No Dice and the Rich Kids, but with a bright, clean sound. The acceptable face of power pop?

The Records had barely left the stage (the longest gap between sets



RACHEL: hotter 'n' hell

was ten minutes) when they returned to back 'The princess of Rubber City', Rachel Sweet. To tell the truth, I thought this short, precocious country protegee would drone and whine me into submission, but instead, I'm delighted to report that her up-tempo countrified pop/rock songs went down a storm with the audience and surprised me as well.

'Wildwood City, especially, was beautifully evocative. 'Pin A Medal on Mary' has a great commercial hookline and only Costello's 'Allison' didn't quite convince — "I heard you let that little friend of mine / take off your party dress" just don't sound right from a sixteen-year-old girl! No matter, her voice has a fine resonating quality that won over most doubters and from here on in the temperature got hotter 'n' hell.

Both the tempo and the heat were maintained by Micky Jupp's own brand of Sarfend rock 'n' roll, which is always a treat to dance to, with songs like 'Short List' and 'Switchboard Susan' coming over best. Some devastating ivory-tinkling from Geraint Watkins offset Jupp's casual air of confidence and a good time was had by all.

However, it's undemanding but hummable music — thoroughly enjoyable at

the time but fairly forgettable afterwards. Rarely do 'Living Legends' become commercial successes, but I think Jupp is past caring — a pity, because he still has a lot to offer.

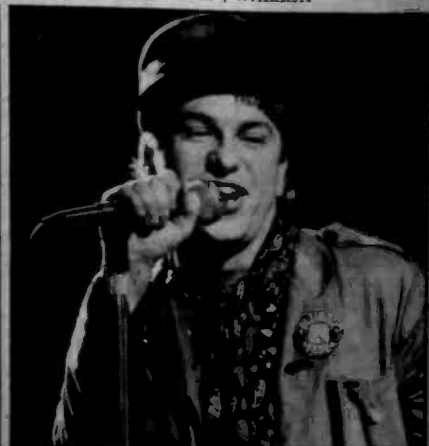
As does (previously) virtual unknown, Lene Lovich, the surprise of the tour, the star of the night and my tip for the future. Not only does she have the strongest visual appeal — a mutant half-sister of Sophia Loren as high-priestess of Stiff — but she's put together a sympathetic band with a clutch of fine songs.

With arms flailing and pigtails flying, she makes good use of experience gained with a circus and as a go-go dancer, while her distinctive voice occasionally recalls Patti Smith's phrasing. That 'sen-best classic 'I Think We're Alone Now', as opener showed up the Rubinoos attempt, while later a version of Nick Lowe's 'Tonight' was transformed from a lush fifties love song to a strong beat number with a reggae feel to it.

'Say When', with its interesting, almost acapella break and quirky arm movements was an excellent highlight and a fitting example of how Lene Lovich will reach a lot of audiences this time round. Don't be caught out — make sure you catch her! JOHNNY WALLER



LENE: surprise of the tour



WRECKLESS: wacky rock 'n' roller

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It was very much designed for their fans, not to endear them to new followers. The teenyboppers (how I dislike that word) were there in force, with a fair number of shall we say older people as well.

My preconception of the gig was that it would consist almost entirely of the band's hits and I wasn't far wrong.

They claim to have had 12 hits over the last three years — I make it 11 but no doubt they're including 'Wild Wild Angels'. Anyway they played a medley of several of them and did full versions of the rest. I was disappointed the band didn't give full coverage to 'It's Your Life', their most interesting single for me, despite the amazing similarity of its middle break to the Beatles' 'Baby You're A Rich Man'.

'Oh Carol' was given a really boppy treatment and the wildly enthusiastic audience respon-

ded with handclaps, banner waving, the works.

They didn't give their new 'Montreux Album' the saturation plugging I had expected: apart from the singles they only played three tracks from it, and two of those as encores. 'Liverpool Docks' again sounded the best of them.

I felt sorry for drummer Pete Spencer, who seems a bit left out of all the adulation. I can't rave about Smokie, but they know their market and they perform to it very well. **PAUL SEXTON.**

AL DIMEOLA Hammersmith Odeon

ONCE UPON a time the guitarist with Return to Forever, young Al has produced a series of worthy and relentless albums, last one being 'Casino'. However, last week was the first opportunity we've had of seeing the man onstage fronting his own band.

The band was a six-piece, with drums, percussion, bass, keyboards, marimba and DIMEOLA himself doubling on guitar and timbales. The net result was a nervy but powerful set, dominated

by the axeman's indubitable dexterity and relieved by the warmth of keyboards and marimba.

It was hardly thoroughbred Latin, despite all the percussion, which was used mainly as background texture and to gun up excitement for the high-energy parts.

DIMEOLA was fairly obviously pitching his playing for the audience's benefit, frenetically neat phrases and little runs through dampened strings, and he got his reward for it. They wouldn't let him go in a hurry.

Like many other forms of music, this kind of jazz-rock once belonged to the radical elite. If it's now part of the establishment elite, then you can number Al DIMEOLA among its leaders as from now on. **SUSAN KLUTH.**

BLAST FURNACE AND THE HEAT- WAVES

London Dingwalls

AWRIGHT, so we all know by now that Blast Furnace is really Charlie Murray who writes for the NME.

And now we've gotten that outta the way, let's say that Blast Furnace and the Heatwaves are —



SMOKIE, perfect the art of looking wet

as the moniker suggests — a hot, hot R & B combo who obviously love and know a lot more about the form than I ever will, so all I can say here is that I've seen 'em and they were GREAT.

Dingwalls gets hot when it's packed ass-to-ass from wall-to-wall, and stuck in the middle of the pack with one too many jars down the hatch is the only way to get off on this music.

Blast was good, exhibiting a real feel for gen-you-line R & B-isms, singing more than adequately and contributing some tasty axelines along the way, but the real murderer here was the hyper-earthy mouth-harp as performed by Skid Marx, which near as dammit lifted the top of me head off.

'The material? All good, all danceable, all part of the whole, possibly a cross-section of standards and original material, though — like I said — I ain't exactly 'au fait' with this stuff... I was just there and I loved it.

So if — as I'm informed — there's an actual R & B movement underground right now, and Blast and the Heatwaves are just the initial suggestion of that 'movement', then the future, dear reader, looks fine, fine, fine. **CHRIS WESTWOOD.**

THE LOOK: London, The Rock Garden.

WATCHING the Look is like watching 'Top of the Pops' in colour — a string of hit singles, with capital

letters, every one delivered, catchier than the last with instantaneous hooks guaranteed suitable for Tony Blackburn. Don't let the name put you off as they have absolutely nothing to do with, yuchh, (I clear my throat) powerpop. In minute letters. In fact, their music has nothing at all in common with the recycled tired new and old wave cliches.

Y'see the Look are weird, really weird. They come on as if ten seconds ago they'd just decided to play somewhere, and maybe it will be to their disadvantage eventually that they show absolutely no respect for the stage, the audience or themselves for that matter and take the stage as if it were not a performance but their lunch-break.

Songs like, 'Double Life', 'Joan' or 'Cashiers Craze' should be classic pop hits someday. Singer Jonny Fontaine actually has a good voice, though his diction could be better, and guitarist Mick Bass has all the glamorous pizzazz Robin Nash could wish for. Added to this, girls definitely go for 'em and they give the impression that they haven't a care in the world.

To see them in some obscure club in New York I wouldn't be surprised but to find them in nothing is happening London is a real treat. If you're fed up with the ANL, the SWP, the NF or anything else that has nothing to do with music, go see 'em. I wouldn't want you to miss them for the world. Take your lunch. **JAMES PARADE.**

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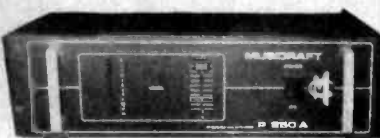
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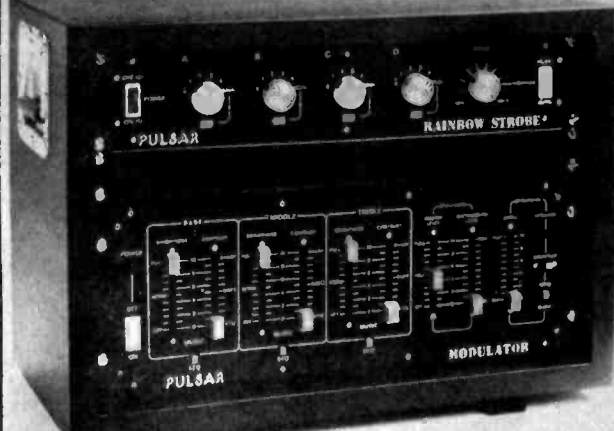
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DISCO

Staggering jocks

BEING AWAKE on Sunday I did actually make it to the Thames Valley DJ Association meeting near Slough as did half of their staggering 145 members. Well, the meeting was in a pub, but it wasn't the members who were staggering (much!), it was their number that is staggering when you consider that the Association is less than a year old and already far and away the country's largest.

Culled from an area that encompasses the countryside west of London out to roughly Swindon, the members meet once a month to hear advice about obscure but relevant topics like crime prevention, music publishing or insurance, to have new product demonstrated for them by record company

pluggers, and to welcome guest artists dropping by to say hi.

This Sunday, former Radio 200 jock and disco veteran Tony Holden, the TVDJ's honorary president, conducted interviews with myself and the visiting DC La Rue, gave the floor to Pye's David Yates, Phonogram's John Waller and EMI's Pete Dyos, and ended up by taking John, Pete and myself home for lunch with his wife Fifi.

Anyway, to the point: Tony and the other Association officers are doing a darned good job, taking care of business, and combining both social and practical aspects of a DJ association into something that jocks really do want to belong to.

If you live in their

Thames Valley area and would like to know more about joining, contact the TVDJ's Secretary, Mark Anthony, 2 Stratford Drive, Wooburn Green, Bucks HP10 0QH. If you don't live in that area but wish you had a similarly well-run association locally, check first to see if whatever exists in the way of a DJ association near you is affiliated with the DJ Federation (there are lots of associations now, but few belong to the central DJF yet).

As the Thames Valley people seem to be infiltrating the DJF rather rapidly, it probably won't be long before their experience and capabilities will be felt nationally, to everyone's benefit. The obvious lesson to be learnt is that weight of numbers gives a DJ association both political and financial power, so that the sooner every part of the country has a DJF affiliated local association the more sense it will make for everyone to belong to an association.

To find out about DJF affiliation, drop a line to the Disc Jockeys Federation (GB), 53 William Street, Herne Bay, Kent CT6 5NR, but remember, it is a federation for existing local associations, not itself an association for individual DJ members. If you apply as an individual, you will be directed to your nearest DJF member association, or encouraged to start one yourself. Of course, you could always move house, down to Reading or somewhere!

DISCO NEWS

GRAHAM THORNTON, Tea Council Young DJ winner, is confirmed as the early hours 2 to 6 am Sunday morning man on Macheater's Piccadilly Radio from next weekend (Nov 5), but meanwhile jocks this Saturday (28) at Boroughbridge Hotel Cottages, Polydor have imported 15,000 of Alicia Bridges' US 12in to sell here at £1.25.

Phonogram beat the opposition to get Rahni Harris and rush it on 12in as soon as possible! Others from them include Crown Heights Affair Gonna Love You Forever / 'Say A Prayer For Two' on remixed 12in next week and Village People's ultra-gay 'YMCA' 12in out mid-month more for November are Shalimar on 12in, War 'Youngblood' 12in, Voyage 'Souvenirs' (from the upcoming 'Fly Away' LP) flipped by 'Lady America' on 12in, Aquarian Dream LP, Diana Ross/Michael Jackson 'Ease On Down The Road' 7in next week and James Brown 'Nature, Pt. 1/2' 7in the week after. Pulse 'The Warrior' (1pt Tombi LP 15), an exciting 12in to mix out of 'British Hustle' or Manu Dibango, is available via Spartan Distributors (01-905 4753) - so tell your local shop if you've been having trouble somehow my idea of disco radio is not incessant repetition of Dan Hartman, Sylvester and Sugar Cane, interspersed with Gordon Lightfoot, Barry Aldiss and ads for a Byrds compilation. Is it yours? 'Yvonne' Marvill needs specialist rock jocks for her mailing list at Shabooie Promotions Ltd, 148 Charing Cross Road, London WC2R 0LH, so send details of your rock jags, while Andrew Bunker (currently working on Chrysalis disco product) invites all jacks to send him

their work details at Leapfrog Promotions, Priory House, Kingsgate Place, London NW8... Strathelyde DJ Assn challenge various local showbiz teams to a double-headed charity Five-A-Side football tournament this Sunday (29) at Glasgow's Kelvin Hall, starting 3pm later that night at 8pm the South Eastern Disco Assn meet in Wrotham Spring Tavern. Chris Archer, founding father of the East Anglian DJ Assn, has resigned for personal reasons as secretary, which role will now be handled temporarily by Peter May of Aerodrome Road, Thorpe, Norwich, Norfolk (Norwich 38084)... the DJ Federation affiliated, association for the central south coast is the Solent DJA, c/o Ray Hewins, 29 Allens Road, Southsea, Portsmouth (0705 2829) - OK, Andy Desmond? guess what, Brighton Metro's Great World music magazine, but not as DJ John Lewis hastens to explain, because people in jeans would be barred! the original backers of proposed DJ World music magazine, have dropped out, but guiding light Garrell Redearn still plans to publish, eventually - OK, Ashley Woods? Enri Yori of Peckham Red Bull fame, keeps reporting disgraceful rip-offs by record shops who ignore the advertised price of 12in issues and sell them at way above the proper price - something else that unlimited 12in runs should put an end to!

HOT VINYL

IMPORT BREAKERS other than those 'bubbling under' in the DJ Hotline list, include Chic 'Le Freak' (Atlantic 12in), Cameo 'Ugly Egg' (Salsoul), Anything But Wanda Do' (Casablanca LP), Village People 'YMCA' / 'Cruisin' (Casablanca LP), Macho 'I'm A Man' (Prelude LP), Laura Taylor 'Dancing In My Feet' (TK 12in), Quazar 'Funk N Roll' / 'Workin On The Building' (Arista LP), Love Symphony Orchestra 'Let Me Be Your Fantasy' (Parlophone LP), Erotic Drum Band 'Plug Me To Death' (Prism LP), Prince 'Soft And Wet' (Warner Bros), Bytvers 'Don't Stop Get Off' (Casablanca), John Handy 'I Can Tell' / 'Lady Lady' (Warner Bros LP), Jeff Lorber Fusion 'Curtains' / 'Katherine' (Inner City LP), Della 'My Life Is So Wonderful' (ABC LP), Tashna Thomas 'Shoot Me With Your Love' (Orbit 12in), Wilson Pickett 'She's So Tight' (Atlantic 12in), Free Life 'Second Coming' (Epic LP), Phyrework 'My Funk' (Mercury LP), Cheryl Lynn 'Got To Be Real' (Columbia), Ritchie Family 'American Generation' / 'I Feel Disco Good' (Marlin LP), Lemon 'Freak On' (Salsoul 12in), Boris Midney 'Beautiful Bend' (Marlin LP), Meco 'Themes From The Wizard Of Oz' (Millennium), Bell & James 'Lvin It Up' (Friday Night) (A&M), Damon Harris 'It's Music' (Fantasy 12in), Benny Maupin 'Baker Street' (Mercury)

DJ HOTLINE

BUBBLING UNDER the Disco Top 60 are Finished Touch 'I Love To See You Dancing' / 'Need To Know You Better' (Motown LP), Brecker Bros 'East River' (Arista), Carrie Lucas 'Street Corner Symphony' / 'Tic Toc' (RCA 12in), Melba Moore 'You Stepped Into My Life' (US Epic 12in), Ronnie Foster 'Happy Song' (US Columbia LP), Willie Hutch 'Easy Does It' (US Whitfield LP), Betty Lavette 'Doin The Best That I Can' (US Curtom 12in), Linda Clifford 'Gypsy Lady' / 'I Can Tell' (US Ariola LP), Kool & The Gang 'Everybody's Dancin' (US De-Lite LP), Rodney Franklin 'I Like The Music Make It Hot' (US Columbia LP), Marsha Hunt 'The Other Side Of Midnight' (Magnet 12in), Chaka Khan 'I'm Every Woman' (US Warner Bros 12in), Switch 'We Like To Party - Come On' (Motown LP), KC & The Sunshine Band 'Do You Feel Alright' (TK), Supermax 'World of Today' (Atlantic), Four Tops 'I Can't Help Myself' (Motown), Lord Kitchener 'Sugar Bum Bum' (Ice 12in), Willie Bobo 'Always There' (US Columbia LP), Ollie Baba 'Stomp Your Feet' (US Polydor LP), Rick James 'Mary Jane' (Motown), Pulse 'The Warrior' (1pt Tombi 12in), Munich Machine 'A Whiter Shade of Pale' (Oasis 12in), Carol Douglas 'Burnin' (Midsong 12in), Rinder / Lewis 'Envy' (Pye 12in) Continuing by geographical order, chart contributing DJs include John Delaney (Bexhill Continental), John Lewis / George Emerson (Brighton Metro), Phil Lppard (Brighton Jenkinsons), Steve Orpin (Brighton Night Fever), Paul Clark (Brighton Inn Place), Johnny Diamond (Hove Cliftonville), Chris Lynn (Lancing Place), Dennis Brynner (Southampton Centre), Trevor Jones (Southampton Magnum), Dave Lester (Southampton Shield & Dagger), Zippy Zimmerman (Dorchester), Neville Rowe (Plymouth Boobs), Rob Grose (Truro), Andy Symons (St Erth Smugglers), Kevin Graves (Newquay), Doc Hayes (Taunton Camelot), Mike Allard (Weston - Super Mare Sloopys), Steve Boley (Weston Blades), Martin Starr / Maic Haynes / Larry Speed (Bristol), Alan Hughes (Worcester Western Bar), Chris Jones (Cardiff), Shaun's Disco (Cardiff Bargoed Suite), Tom Lafford (Barry), Steve Wiggins (Barry Rugby Club), Phil Black (Barry Pelican), Alan Christo (Mountain Ash Palace), Dave Kramer (Neath), Jeff Thomas (Swansea Cinderellas), Barry Dean (Bury St Edmunds), Bob Cheek (Yarmouth Wheel), Chris Ryan (Yarmouth Cleopatras), Jon Taylor (Norwich Cromwells), Mick Ames (Bedford), Steve Allen (Peterborough Line Tree), Ashley Woods (Shefford Quarrington Hall), Liz Bailey (Leicester Society), Steve 'Shugs' Cain (Leicester Fusion), Ian Freeman (Nottingham Palas), Paul Anthony (Derby Cleopatras), Dave Brennan (Burton Eves), Ric Simon (Tamworth), Lawson Mair (Nuneaton Club 77), Graham Wood (Kenilworth J&J2), Shaun Bryce (Birmingham Opposite Lock), Paul Anthony (Birmingham Runner), Don Young (Birmingham Mayfair), David O'Hanlon (Birmingham Rum Runner), Don Young (Birmingham University Soul Club), Roger Davis (Halesowen Tiffanys), Cisco (Longacres Ship), Trevor John Hughes (Telford), Peter Haze (Nantwich Roosters), Stuart Swann (Nantwich Cheshire Cat)

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Please send me one copy of the Record Mirror album, Private Pleasures.
I enclose a complete set of six coupons
(The special bonus coupon may replace any one of the six coupons)
and a postal order or cheque for 60p made payable to SPOTLIGHT PUBLICATIONS.
Send album to: — (Please write in capitals)

Please repeat your name and address clearly for return

Name _____

Address _____

Name _____

Address _____

Cut out this form and send to Record Mirror Album Offer No. 2, PO Box 16, Harlow, Essex.

All orders must be received by us no later than Monday 6 November. Allow 28 days for delivery within the UK while stocks last.

BONUS COUPON

If you have only managed to collect five out of the six coupons you will be able to make up your complete set of six coupons with a special bonus coupon which will appear in Record Mirror next week. This bonus coupon may be used in place of any one coupon No. 1-6 which you have not collected.

OFFER RULES AND REGULATIONS

This offer is exclusive to readers of RECORD MIRROR. Employees and their families of SPOTLIGHT PUBLICATIONS LTD, SPOTLIGHT MAGAZINE DISTRIBUTION LTD, MORGAN GRAMPAIN AND SOUTH EASTERN NEWSPAPERS LTD and any subsidiary or associated company are not eligible to enter this offer.
The complete set of six special coupons, numbered 1-6, will be published in RECORD MIRROR only, and will allow the bearer to receive one copy of 'PRIVATE PLEASURES'

The offer is open to all readers of RECORD MIRROR in the UK and BFPO districts. Postal requests are to be accompanied by 60p per album. The publishers of RECORD MIRROR cannot be held responsible for the non receipt of entries or guarantee the arrival of postal delivery of albums. The closing date for all orders is 6 November. No orders will be accepted after that date. All albums will be dispatched to readers from 4 December 1978 and NOT before that date.

THE JAM

ALL MOD CONS

- ROADSHOW TOUR TO**
NOVEMBER
1st **EMPIRE** - Liverpool
2nd **BRIMPTON** - Leicester
3rd **ST GEORGE'S** - Bradford
4th **CITY HALL** - Newcastle
5th **APOLLO** - Glasgow
6th **CAPITAL** - Aberdeen
7th **UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREW'S** - Fife
7th **POLYTECHNIC** - Sheffield
10th **UNIVERSITY** - Leeds
13th **APOLLO** - Manchester
14th **ODON** - Birmingham
14th **COVENTRY THEATRE** - Coventry
17th **CORN EXCHANGE** - Gosport
18th **A.D.C.** - Great Yarmouth
20th **UNIVERSITY** - Cardiff
21st **THE DOME** - Brighton
22nd **T.O.A.** - Canterbury
24th **BUNGHALL** - Portsmouth
26th **COLSTON** - Bristol
29th **WEMBLEY ARENA** - London



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