

# RECORD MIRROR

**CAN JAPAN  
MAKE A  
SPLASH?**

**ROD  
STEWART  
IN COLOUR**

**MIKE  
OLDFIELD**

**PATRICK  
JUVET**

**PERE UBU**

**BRUCE  
SPRINGSTEEN**

**VOTE IN  
THE POLL**





# UK SINGLES

1	1	RAT TRAP, Boomtown Rats	Ensign
2	2	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU, Olivia Newton-John	RSO
3	5	MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL, Cars	Elektra
4	14	DO YA THINK I'M SEXY, Rod Stewart	Riva
5	7	PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EYES, Showaddywaddy	Arvola
6	6	DARUN', Frankie Miller	Chrysalis
7	3	SUMMER NIGHTS, John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John	RSO
8	8	INSTANT REPLAY, Dan Hartman	Blue Sky
9	18	HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE, Blondie	Chrysalis
10	4	SANOY, John Travolta	RSO
11	13	BICYCLE RACE/FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS, Queen	EMI
12	22	I LOVE AMERICA, Patrick Juvet	Casablanca
13	10	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE, Jacksons	Epic
14	23	ALWAYS AND FOREVER, Heatwave	GTO
15	9	MAC ARTHUR PARK, Donna Summer	Casablanca
16	24	PART TIME LOVE, Elton John	Rocket
17	12	GIVIN' UP GIVIN' IN, Three Degrees	Arvola
18	25	TOAST/HOLD ON, Streetband	Logo
19	30	GERM FREE ADOLESCENCE, X-Ray Spex	EMI Int
20	16	DIPPETY DAY, Father Abraham & The Smurfs	Decca
21	17	PUBLIC IMAGE, Public Image Ltd	Virgin
22	11	RASPUTIN, Boney M	Atlantic
23	40	LE FREAK, Chic	Atlantic
24	72	IN THE BUSH, Musique	CBS
25	31	I LOST MY HEART TO A STARSHIP TROOPER, S. Brightman/Hot Gossip	Arvola
26	—	TOO MUCH HEAVEN, Bee Gees	RSO
27	28	DON'T LET IT FADE AWAY, Oats	Magnet
28	33	DON'T CRY OUT LOUD, Elkie Brooks	A&M
29	64	DANCE (DISCO HEAT), Sylvester	Fantasy
30	39	SHOOTING STAR, Dollar	EMI
31	70	LYDIA, Dean Friedman	Lifeson
32	38	I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE, Alicia Bridges	Polydor
33	35	LAY LOVE ON YOU, Luisa Fernandez	Warner
34	15	SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN, Electric Light Orchestra	Jet
35	29	RADIO RADIO, Elvis Costello	Radar
36	19	HURRY UP HARRY, Sham 69	GTO
37	—	PROMISES, Buzzcocks	United Artists
38	27	LUCKY STARS, Dean Friedman	Lifeson
39	21	DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT, Jam	Polydor
40	—	HOMICIDE, 999	United Artists
41	53	STUMBLIN' IN, Suzi Quatro/Chris Norman	Rak
42	—	YMCA, Village People	Mercury
43	20	EVER FALLEN IN LOVE, Buzzcocks	UA
44	49	HAMMER HORROR, Kate Bush	EMI
45	61	EASE ON DOWN THE ROAD, Diana Ross/Michael Jackson	MCA
46	34	EAST RIVER, Brecker Brothers	Arista
47	36	GIVING IT BACK, Phil Hurtt	Anola
48	—	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS, Streisand/Diamond	CBS
49	—	ACCIDENT PRONE, Status Quo	Vertigo
50	—	DESTINATION VENUS, Rezillos	Sire
51	50	IT SEEMS TO HANG ON, Ashford & Simpson	Warner
52	58	STRUMMIN' I'M IN TROUBLE, Chas & Dave	EMI
53	—	PROMISES, Eric Clapton	RSO
54	41	CLOSE THE DOOR, Teddy Pendergrass	Phil Int
55	57	TEENAGE KICKS, Undertones	Sire
56	47	I'M GONNA LOVE YOU FOREVER, Crown Heights Affair	Mercury
57	66	I (YOU GOTTA WALK) DON'T LOOK BACK, Peter Tosh	EMI
58	42	WHITER SHADE OF PALE, Munich Machine	Oasis
59	45	BRANDY, O'Jays	Phil Int
60	46	YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY REAL), Sylvester	Fantasy
61	54	RIDE-O-ROCKET, Brothers Johnson	A&M
62	—	JUST TO BE CLOSE TO YOU, Commodores	Motown
63	75	GOODBYE GIRL, Squeeze	A&M
64	—	LAY YOUR LOVE ON ME, Racey	Rak
65	60	WHAT A NIGHT, City Boy	Vertigo
66	51	PRANCE ON, Eddie Henderson	Capitol
67	—	DR. WHIG, Mankind	Pinnacle
68	43	GREASE, Frankie Valli	RSO
69	48	TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP, Crystal Gayle	UA
70	—	RAINING IN MY HEART, Leo Sayer	Chrysalis
71	71	RIVERS OF BABYLON, Boney M	Atlantic
72	—	WELL ALRIGHT, Santana	CBS
73	26	RESPECTABLE, Rolling Stones	EMI
74	44	I CAN'T STOP LOVIN' YOU, Leo Sayer	Chrysalis
75	—	SOUVENIRS, Voyage	GTO

# UK ALBUMS

1	1	GREASE, Original Soundtrack	RSO
2	—	GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE, The Clash	CBS
3	2	EMOTIONS, Various	K-Tel
4	11	LIVE, Manhattan Transfer	Atlantic
5	3	25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM, Shirley Bassey	United Artists
6	5	NIGHTFLIGHT TO VENUS, Boney M	Atlantic/Hansa
7	—	20 GOLDEN GREATS, Neil Diamond	MCA
8	9	WAR OF THE WORLDS, Jeff Wayne's Musical Version	CBS
9	7	IMAGES, Don Williams	K-Tel
10	10	A SINGLE MAN, Elton John	Rocket
11	4	CAN'T STAND THE HEAT, Status Quo	Vertigo
12	14	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS, Boomtown Rats	Ensign
13	6	ALL MOD CONS, Jam	Polydor
14	—	HEMISPHERES, Rush	Mercury
15	27	BOOGIE FEVER, Various	Ronco
16	8	THE BIG WHEELS OF MOTOWN, Various	Motown
17	21	EVERGREEN, Acker Blik	Warwick
18	13	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, Various	RSO
19	15	CLASSIC ROCK, London Symphony Orchestra	K-Tel
20	18	OUT OF THE BLUE, Electric Light Orchestra	Jet
21	16	LIVE AND MORE, Donna Summer	Casablanca
22	—	MIDNIGHT HUSTLE, Various	K-Tel
23	—	IF YOU WANT BLOOD YOU'VE GOT IT, AC/DC	Atlantic
24	30	EVITA, Original London Cast	MCA
25	17	INNER SECRETS, Santana	CBS
26	58	AMAZING DARTS, Darts	K-Tel/Magnet
27	22	DON'T WALK — BOOGIE, Various	EMI
28	—	JAZZ, Queen	EMI
29	—	DOLLY PARTON, Dolly Parton	Lotus
30	26	PARALLEL LINES, Blondie	Chrysalis
31	19	BROTHERHOOD OF MAN, Brotherhood of Man	K-Tel
32	23	I'M COMING HOME, Tom Jones	Lotus
33	12	TORMATO, Yes	Atlantic
34	—	SMURFS IN SMURFLAND, Father Abraham and The Smurfs	Decca
35	28	EXPRESSIONS, Don Williams	ABC
36	—	LION HEART, Kate Bush	EMI
37	29	TO THE LIMIT, Joan Armatrading	A&M
38	25	WELL SAID THE ROCKING CHAIR, Dean Friedman	Lifeson
39	33	BLOODY TOURISTS, 10cc	Mercury
40	36	STRIKES AGAIN, Rose Royce	Whitfield
41	40	STAGE, David Bowie	RCA
42	31	LEO SAYER, Leo Sayer	Chrysalis
43	38	JAMES GALWAY PLAYS SONGS FOR ANNIE	Red Seal
44	32	KILLING MACHINE, Judas Priest	CBS
45	—	THE BEST OF JASPER CARROTT, Jasper Carrott	DJM
46	56	SOME GIRLS, Rolling Stones	EMI
47	—	LOVE SONGS, Various	Warwick
48	52	LIFE AND LOVE, Dennis Roussos	Philips
49	44	LIVE BURSTING OUT, Jethro Tull	Chrysalis
50	39	LIVE AND DANGEROUS, Thin Lizzy	Vertigo

# UK SOUL

1	1	INSTANT REPLAY, Dan Hartman	Blue Sky
2	2	MAC ARTHUR PARK, Donna Summer	Casablanca
3	4	CLOSE THE DOOR/ONLY YOU, Teddy Pendergrass	Phil Int
4	5	PRANCE ON, Eddie Henderson	Capitol
5	3	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE, The Jacksons	Epic
6	15	GIVING IT BACK, Phil Hurtt	Fantasy
7	20	I LOVE AMERICA, Patrick Juvet	Casablanca
8	—	GONNA LOVE YOU FOR EVER, Crown Heights Affair	Mercury
9	12	GIVIN' UP GIVIN' IN, Three Degrees	Arvola
10	7	SUN EXPLOSION, Manu Dibango	Decca
11	—	ALWAYS AND FOREVER, Heatwave	GTO
12	6	NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND LOVE, Third World	island
13	10	YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY REAL), Sylvester	Fantasy
14	—	DISCO DANCING, Stanley Turrentine	Fantasy
15	—	EAST RIVER, The Brecker Brothers	Arista
16	—	DANCE (DISCO HEAT), Sylvester	Fantasy
17	13	BRANDY, O'Jays	Phil Int
18	16	SHAME, Evelyn "Champagne" King	RCA
19	11	GET ON UP GET ON DOWN, Roy Ayers	Polydor
20	18	HOT SHOTS, Karen Young	Atlantic
21	—	SUPPLIED BY BLUES & SOUL, 42 Hanway Street, London W1	

# RECORD MIRROR

## OTHER CHART

1	CHILD IN TIME (from Deep Purple In Rock), Deep Purple	Harvest
2	CARRY ON WAYWARD SON, Kansas	CBS 12"
3	PRETTY POISON, American Ram Jam	CBS
4	I AM HORSE (from "Motorhead"), Motorhead	Bronze
5	QUEEN OF SPADES (from Pieces of Eight), Styx	A&M
6	THE GREAT WHITE HOPE (from Pieces of Eight), Styx	A&M
7	LONG LEGGED LINDA, Status Quo	Phonogram
8	GETTING TO KNOW YOU BETTER, Trevor Rabin	Chrysalis
9	BAD BOY BOOGIE (from If You Want Blood), AC/DC	Atlantic
10	FINDING MY WAY, Rush	Mercury
11	HELL BENT FOR LEATHER (from Killing Machine), Judas Priest	CBS
12	EMERALD (from Jigibreak), Thin Lizzy	Phonogram
13	SIMPLE MAN (from Pronounced), Lynyrd Skynyrd	MCA
14	JUNIORS EYES (from Never Say Die), Black Sabbath	Phonogram
15	TALKIN' 'BOUT A FEELING, Frank Manno & Mahogany Rush Live	CBS
16	SOLDIER OF FORTUNE (from Bad Reputation), Thin Lizzy	Phonogram
17	TOO OLD TO ROCK & ROLL, TOO YOUNG TO DIE (from Bursting Out), Jethro Tull	Chrysalis
18	MY LOVE (from Caravan To Midnight), Robin Trower	Chrysalis
19	TEAR YA OOVN (B side), Motorhead Single	Bronze
20	AIN'T TALKIN' ABOUT LOVE, Van Halen	Warner Bros

Made up from record requests at Heavy Metal Sound House, Kingsbury Circle, London, NW9. Tel: 205-1780, 204-7360.

## UK DISCO

1	1	INSTANT REPLAY, Dan Hartman	Blue Sky/US 12in/CBS promo LP
2	2	YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY REAL), Sylvester	Fantasy/12in LP
3	5	MAC ARTHUR PARK/SUITE, Donna Summer	Casablanca/LP/12in promo
4	3	RASPUTIN, Boney M	Atlantic/12in
5	7	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE, Jacksons	island/12in
6	4	NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND LOVE, Third World	island/12in
7	8	PRANCE ON/SAY YOU WILL/CYCLOPS (45 rpm)/BUTTERFLY, Eddie Henderson	Tower 12in LP
8	9	DANCE (DISCO HEAT), Sylvester	Fantasy/LP/US, 12in
9	6	GET ON UP GET ON DOWN, Roy Ayers	Polydor/12in LP
10	15	IN THE BUSH, Musique	CBS/12in LP
11	12	GIVING IT BACK, Phil Hurtt	Fantasy 12in
12	10	SUN EXPLOSION/BIG BLOW, Manu Dibango	Decca 12in
13	21	LE FREAK, Chic	Atlantic/12in
14	20	I LOVE AMERICA, Patrick Juvet	Casablanca/LP/12in
15	11	SIX MILLION STEPS, Rahm Harris	US Inspirational Sound/12in
16	19	GIVING UP GIVING IN, Three Degrees	Arvola 12in
17	13	IT SEEMS TO HANG ON, Ashford & Simpson	Warner Bros/12in
18	32	I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE, Alicia Bridges	Polydor/12in
19	17	SUMMER NIGHTS, Travolta/Newton-John	RSO
20	22	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE, Funkadelic	Warner Bros/US 12in promo LP

## STAR CHOICE



1	JOU JOUKA	The Pipes of Pan
2	TROUBLE MAN	Maryanne Gaye
3	UNTOUCHABLE	Johnny Thunders
4	SHRIVEL UP	David
5	TICK TOCK	Alpa Band
6	MY GUY	Maryanne Gaye
7	DIRT	Alpa Band
8	HELTER SKELTER	Source and The Redskins
9	(JUST) MY IMAGINATION	The Rolling Stones
10	WALK IN THE ROOM	The Seals

# US SINGLES

1	1	MAC ARTHUR PARK, Donna Summer	J. Webb
2	2	DOUBLE VISION, Foreigner	Atlantic
3	3	HOW MUCH I FEEL, Ambrosia	Warner Bros
4	5	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS, Barbra Streisand & Neil Diamond	Columbia
5	4	YOU NEEDED ME, Anne Murray	Capitol
6	37	LE FREAK, Chic	Atlantic
7	8	I JUST WANNA STOP, Gino Vannelli	A&M
8	12	I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE, Alicia Bridges	Polydor
9	15	TIME PASSAGES, Al Stewart	Arista
10	10	YOU NEVER DONE IT LIKE THAT, Captain & Tennille	A&M
11	11	READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN, Barry Manilow	Arista
12	13	SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER, Dr Hook	Capitol
13	14	OUR LOVE, DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY, Andy Gibb	RSO
14	16	STRANGE WAY, Firefall	Atlantic
15	17	ALIVE AGAIN, Chicago	Columbia
16	19	MY LIFE, Billy Joel	Columbia
17	22	Y.M.C.A., Village People	Casablanca
18	6	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY, Nick Gilder	Chrysalis
19	20	DANCE, DISCO HEAT, Sylvester	Fantasy
20	23	STRAIGHT ON, Heart	Portrait
21	21	BLUE COLLAR MAN, Styx	A&M
22	24	SWEET LIFE, Paul Davis	Bang
23	3	HOLD THE LINE, Toto	Columbia
24	26	DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT IT, Pablo Cruise	A&M
25	27	CHANGE OF HEART, Eric Carmen	Arista
26	30	HOW YOU GONNA SEE ME NOW, Alice Cooper	Warner Bros
27	29	POWER OF GOLD, Dan Fogelberg & Tim Weisberg	Full Moon
28	28	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE, Funkadelic	Warner Bros
29	31	OOH BABY BABY, Linda Ronstadt	Asylum
30	34	PART TIME LOVE, Elton John	MCA
31	35	TOO MUCH HEAVEN, Bee Gees	RSO
32	32	EVERYBODY NEEDS LOVE, Stephen Bishop	ABC
33	7	KISS YOU ALL OVER, Exile	Warner Curb
34	36	I'M EVERY WOMAN, Chaka Khan	Warner Bros
35	9	WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND", Kenny Loggins	Columbia
36	38	THIS IS LOVE, Paul Anka	RCA
37	45	WE'VE GOT TONIGHT, Bob Seger	Capitol
38	39	ON THE SHELF, Donny & Marie Osmond	Polydor
39	41	RUN FOR HOME, Lindisfarne	Atco
40	42	PROMISES, Eric Clapton	RSO
41	43	THERE'LL NEVER BE, Switch	Gordy
42	46	NEW YORK GROOVE, Ace Frehley	Casablanca
43	47	INSTANT REPLAY, Dan Hartman	Blue Sky
44	18	BEAST OF BURDEN, The Rolling Stones	Rolling Stones
45	56	BICYCLE RACE/FAT BOTTOM GIRLS, Queen	Elektra
46	48	FUN TIME, Joe Cocker	Asylum
47	49	CAN YOU FOOL, Glen Campbell	Capitol
48	50	FOREVER AUTUMN, Justin Hayward	Columbia
49	51	MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL, Cars	Elektra
50	54	HERE COMES THE NIGHT, Nick Gilder	Chrysalis

# US ALBUMS

1	1	2nd STREET, Billy Joel	Columbia
2	2	LIVE AND MORE, Donna Summer	Casablanca
3	3	DOUBLE VISION, Foreigner	Atlantic
4	6	A WILD AND CRAZY GUY, Steve Martin	Warner Bros
5	5	GREASE, Soundtrack	RSO
6	4	LIVING IN THE USA, Linda Ronstadt	Asylum
7	7	PIECES OF EIGHT, Styx	A&M
8	9	SOME GIRLS, Rolling Stones	Rolling Stones
9	15	COMES A TIME, Neil Young	Warner Bros
10	10	TORMATO, Yes	Atlantic
11	12	TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS, Dan Fogelberg & Tim Weisberg	Full Moon/Epic
12	13	LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY, Anne Murray	Capitol
13	14	HOT STREETS, Chicago	Columbia
14	16	CHILDREN OF SANCHEZ, Chuck Mangione	A&M
15	20	TIME PASSAGES, Al Stewart	Arista
16	17	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE, Funkadelic	Warner Bros
17	19	BROTHER TO BROTHER, Gino Vannelli	A&M
18	18	DOG AND BUTTERFLY, Heart	Portrait-FR
19	26	CRUISIN', Village People	Casablanca
20	28	LIFE BEYOND LA, Ambrosia	Warner Bros
21	25	A SINGLE MAN, Elton John	MCA
22	24	BURSTING OUT, Jethro Tull	Chrysalis
23	23	THE STRANGER, Billy Joel	Columbia
24	8	WHO ARE YOU, The Who	MCA
25	27	CHAKA, Chaka Kahn	Warner Bros
26	11	DON'T LOOK BACK, Boston	Epic
27	29	IS IT STILL GOOD FOR YA, Ashford & Simpson	Warner Bros
28	31	INNER SECRETS, Santana	Columbia
29	30	MORE SONGS ABOUT BUILDINGS AND FOOD, The Talking Heads	Sire
30	32	WEEKEND WARRIORS, Ted Nugent	Epic
31	37	LIVE BOOTLEG, Aerosmith	Columbia
32	34	GENE SIMMONS	Casablanca
33	21	NIGHTWATCH, Kenny Loggins	Columbia
34	36	WAVELENGTH, Van Morrison	Warner Bros
35	35	BISH, Stephen Bishop	ABC
36	38	CITY NIGHTS, Nick Gilder	Chrysalis
37	39	SWITCH, Gordy	Gordy
38	40	REED SEED, Grover Washington, Jr	Motown
39	42	ACE FREHLEY	Casablanca
40	41	THE WIZ, Soundtrack	MCA
41	43	PAUL STANLEY	Casablanca
42	47	ELAN, Firefall	Atlantic
43	45	PETER CRISS	Casablanca
44	89	TWO FOR THE SHOW, Kansas	Kirshner
45	48	STAGE, David Bowie	RCA
46	46	MIXED EMOTIONS, Exile	Warner/Curb
47	52	THE MAN, Barry White	20th Century
48	49	I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CRAZY, Waylon Jennings	RCA
49	66	GREATEST HITS, Steely Dan	ABC
50	51		

# JUICY LUICY

## Paper to burn

**WELL MY DARLINGS,** we've snatched them all! And of course I'm talking about our last minute deal with every record company and every pop group in the land to provide exclusive coverage of all their activities for the next year!

By perfectly acceptable and above board methods - and the payment of a staggering £85 million - Record Mirror will soon be the only music paper on the streets.

Your faithful correspondent was shocked and stunned as anyone by this latest piece of fair trading but all I can say now is that TV have nothing on us. Read all about it - only in Record Mirror! The paper that moves quickest, and pays the most.

**WHAT A pity** that HRH Prince Charles didn't bow to the occasion and name his blushing bride at his palace party last week. Despite being entertained by his favourite group - dusky vocal three-piece The Three Degrees - Charlie was veryone's darling and nobody's room, even retiring early to get some sleep, the better to be able to amp out of aeroplanes, ski, swim and sail the very next morning.

The Three Degrees, meanwhile, no strangers to HRH's attention, arrived in delicately shimmering chiffon tiers for the party - hanging into skin-tight split-toe, high stage costumes for their now "so as not to deprive Prince Charles of a quick glimpse", I'm told. So now you know too.

**WILL BONEY** M fever once again sweep the land before Christmas? Apparently so according to Colchester farmer George Story (over 40). He's ordered no less than 10,000 couples of the new single - "Mary's Boy Child" - in order to make a special Christmas package for his customers of a bag of potatoes, onions and carrots and the single - all for £5! Seems a sensible enough idea, for with advance orders of nearly half-a-million everyone else seems to be buying the record by the gross anyway. Commented Boney M's record company, Warners: "This is known as a 'country marketing policy'."

**THE APPALLING** wave of so-called Travolta-fever has claimed another victim, and I can't resist a nigger my dears. This time however it wasn't some unfortunate dying of starvation in the queue for 'Grease' in Sutton Coldfield, rather a hapless entrant in the 'Grease' (and I quote) "Disco night of the year" competition in Surrey's stockbroker belt in Sutton. Lee Harold, a 20-year-old hairdresser (and they usually make the best dancers my dears!) hit upon the unusual tactic of somersaulting backwards and knocking out his opponent's front teeth - and was promptly disqualified for dangerous dancing! Young Lee's hopes of becoming the British Travolta

have now been firmly nipped in the bud, he claims, and he's now setting his sights on aping Bruce Lee instead!

**THE ANTICS** of my fellow "sisters" (as we aware women are prone to say) often give rise to mirth among those who should know better, but even I have to smile at the latest slice of ardent feminism from, of all places, Reading Women's Lib organisation. These worthy people (aren't I careful?) are attempting to ban the Fabulous Poodles - a humorous pop group with little claim to fame, apart from the fact that they live in community-conscious Deptford - from playing in the town because they're sexist. And they're all men too! Will these tedious red stockings stop at nothing?

**I'M surprised** to hear that teenybop idol turned movie mogul David Cassidy, 28, has acquired the film rights to the life story of millionaire John Paul Getty III. Does this mean that David, who intends to star and produce in the film, will have to recreate the famous love-in-the-bandstand scenario where Getty was caught with his trousers down in Hyde Park at dawn?

**IT'S ALWAYS** a problem knowing what to wear for a coach trip my dears, but had I known where the Pere Ubu charabanc was headed last week I would have obtained the sartorial advice of Scott of the Antarctic. I don't mind telling you, Chislehurst Caves it was, scene of many a Screaming Lord Sutch concert in the sixties, and I can only say that the Ohio fatties "blew up a blizzard", what with drinks freezing in their glasses and not a trace of iron rations to stave off the subterranean shivers "I'd rather sweat in an Akron tyre factory."



**IT'S A fat trap!** The huge Hellenic and the Dublin drawers dropper (Demis and Bob to their friends) show that there's more to the Hokey Cokey than meets the eye after a Roussos concert in Birmingham last week. The fact that the Rats' heads have now got nearly as big as the Greek's stomach is proved by the fact that the Mediterranean maestro is actually wearing Johnny Fingers (that's the tiny one on the left) pyjamas!

grumbled more than one rowdy guest on the homeward journey, and perhaps Pere Ubu will soon be doing just that if they continue to treat their friends in such a manner.

**WELL,** I expect you all know by now that the Oxford Street lasers are nought but a bore, and of course I don't mean that literally. I was pleased therefore to see the real thing in action at the Planetarium... at a party held for new singer Duncan Browne. Just for once, more of us media types were blinded by the light and not the refreshments, and had I bumped into young Duncan I would have congratulated him on a great party. But what if all had to do with an album called 'The Wild Places', I'll never know.

**DARLINGS, CONSIDER** my heart strings well and truly hurt. Remember Cat Stevens? He's become a practising Moslem and changed his name to Yusuf Islam (but will it affect the back catalogue?). Remember Steve Ellis, whose finest hour was not singing on Love Affair's 'Everlasting Love'? He's gone bankrupt, with debts of over

£42,000. And remember Nicky Headon, pistol-toting drummer with the Clash? He's had all his clothes stolen and is extremely unhappy about it. It's a hard life.

**I DO feel sorry** for clean-cut pop group the Boyfriends, my dears, who found themselves - inadvertently - providing the background music to a 'Rag Drag' Ball in London last week. As if this wasn't enough their lead singer went ahead and won the competition as the best 'Drag Queen'. Makes Paul 'I've never been to Hollywood' Cook's attempts at dressing up (as he did only recently) appear positively feeble. Which, indeed, they were.

**ALL THE** expected filth and depravity I had feared was evident in profusion at a grimy party given for AC/DC in unfashionable Hammersmith last week. In order to recreate an at home atmosphere for these tasteless Aussies, glamorous party-giver Moira

Bellas (29) had thoughtfully restricted revelling space to the dimensions of an average kitchen. Perspire, glow and sweat we did as the tiny rockers showed us how to really put it away while standing on each other's toes. Wee Angus Young (over five feet) was the most decorous of those present, but more than one drunken Antipodean was seen - many hours later - attempting to get back to the Earls Court Road the easy way - on their hands and knees! The docile Cars, also in attendance, remained non-plussed by the colonialists' behaviour.

**IS THE** much-reported happy, reformed, and totally and meaningfully outgoing new-style Mike Oldfield persona for real? Or has the 25-year-old millionaire been taking lessons in the studied ad Mb from Virgin stablemate Julie Covington (over 30)? Interrupting young Mike at an extremely lively XTC concert last week - deep in conversation with Al Clark (30) - I was horrified to find that his emotional jollity bore more than a passing resemblance to words uttered to more than one scribe the week previously. "Mike Oldfield finally blows his brains out," he mumbled, before breaking into operatic aria, which he claims will be the next step.

He was happiest discussing a recent series of 'nude' photographs (of the artist as a young man), artfully snapped for posterity only a week ago. "Not at all bad," your correspondent smiled knowingly.

"Do you think they're good enough for Playgirl?" the composer replied, quick as a flash.

And just for the record, he "didn't particularly like XTC," while that ever-lively Swindon combo were equally reluctant to believe that it really was him at the traditional backstage rendezvous!

**SO OVER** to Ireland, a country where a mass is something that doesn't defy gravity. Churchgoers at a church in Athlone (where?) were reportedly horrified when the sound of the Boomtown Rats echoed around St Mary's Church during a service. Apparently freak electronics (or perhaps normal Irish wiring) had connected a radio station to the church speakers. Urgent talks are taking place to prevent a repetition, and it's reported that the Athlone churchgoers still prefer their own number one to that of the bare-bummed Boomtown Rats.

**AND CAN** Rod really be wanting to make a baby? The former gravedigger was only last week complaining of a swollen stomach (literally actually - Ed) and of feeling sick. But don't worry darlings, according to the same report these problems will soon be shared by the leggy Alana Hamilton - now in a secure future situation with the Scottish football supporter - and eager to get the bouncing bairns on the way. But Rod's problems I hear you ask? Nothing more than too much port and brandy. Rod's now on the wagon with all the Richards - not forgetting Kris Kristofferson.

**THE Y'VE** DONE it at last! And I am talking about controversial dance troupe Hot Gossip, now so high in the charts that for their record not to be on 'TOTP' soon will put them in a Sex Pistols situation. But who'll do the dancing? Surely not Legs and Co? Apparently the video planned by Gossip's mastermind is so, er, titillating, that the programme will have to be switched to a late evening slot, and I look forward to the fireworks.

**THUS WINTER** draws on and your correspondent must once again become selective as to whose festive cheer she will willingly partake of. Just before I go let me remind you that my favourite news man, Reginald Bosanquet to you and Reggie to me, is to turn his talents to disc jockeying this week at Reading Top Rank on Saturday... and that's a sight I won't miss for the world. And I'm sure that won't be all I'll be able to tell you about next week. Join us after the break. Till next week... byeeee!



**WELL, DID** you spot last week's deliberate mistake? Of course we printed Blondie's old line-up (you know, that lot who make all the row behind Debbie Harry) in a picture that must have been a Victorian fake from some photo museum. These are the real lads (pictured right)... and as you can see they've got them pretty well lined-up already.

And just as a bonus (were our faces red!) here's the new-look Shangri-Las (left) which you should also have seen last week. As you may have realised the hair-grips fell out of those bee hives a long time ago.



# NEWS

News Editor JOHN SHEARLAW

## MORE ROD

**SUPERSTAR** Rod Stewart will play three extra concerts in December.

In addition to his 12 previously announced dates, Stewart will play Birmingham National Exhibition Centre on December 17 and Olympia on December 28 and 29. Tickets for Olympia are priced £6 and £3 only, while tickets for Birmingham are all £5.

There are still tickets left for Leicester Granby Hall December 8, 9, and Brighton Centre 11, 12, 13. A spokesman for Stewart's record company, Riva emphasised: "the kids have no need to go to agencies and pay extra money for tickets".

**HOW TO BOOK:** London: Postal applications including an SAE to BHMFC Concerts, c/o Olympia, Hammersmith Road, London W11. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to BHMFC Birmingham; postal applications only to BHMFC PO Box 414, London W1A 4LQ.

## AND RATS

**IRISH** chart-toppers the Boomtown Rats have added the stuffing to their 'Seasonal Turkey' tour... with an extra London concert before Christmas.

In addition to their concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on December 7, which apparently sold out within hours, the Rats also play there on December 15 the last date of their current tour.

The band, led by former freelance journalist Bob Geldof, recently celebrated their third year in the business — as well as their first No 1 hit!

## And Wings greatest

AN ALBUM of Wings' "greatest songs" will be released in December.

'Wings Greatest' released on December 1 covers their history from 1971 to 1978. There will be 12 tracks on the album including 'Silly Love Songs', 'With A Little Luck', 'Band On The Run', 'Hi Hi Hi', 'Let 'Em In', 'Jet' and of course... 'Mull Of Kintyre'.

## DARTS DATES

**CHART STARS** Darts are to play their first live concerts since lead singer Den Hegarty left the group... in Ireland.

Darts' two new members, vocalist Kenny Andrews and keyboard player Mike Deacon, will make their debut appearances with the band at Belfast Ulster Hall, November 30, Portrush Arcadia December 1, Dublin Stardust 2 and Cork Savoy Theatre 3.

The band, currently in the singles' charts with 'Don't Let It Fade Away', are also lining up other British concerts for the New Year although no details are yet available.



**THE RUNAWAYS.** America's most notorious all-girl group, have replaced guitarist Vicki Blue with the unknown 21-year-old Laurie McAllister (pictured above).

The band have also signed a new contract with Phonogram International for Europe, with a new album 'And Now'... The Runaways' due out before the end of the year.

There are no plans as yet for a British deal or British release of the album. The Runaways were "dropped" by Phonogram UK after two albums last year.

## Showaddy's greatest

**LEICESTER** - BASED rock revivalists Showaddywaddy release their second 'Greatest Hits' album this week — and Ariola Records are making their biggest ever marketing campaign to promote it. 'Greatest Hits 1978-78' is the follow-up to Showaddywaddy's 'Greatest Hits' released at Christmas 1976. The new 12-track album includes 'You Got What It Takes', 'When', 'Dancin' Party', and 'I Wonder Why'... as well as the current hit 'Pretty Little Angel Eyes'. (see review on album pages).

The marketing campaign is spearheaded by a two week national TV campaign with excerpts from four of their songs. Showaddywaddy are currently on a major tour, climaxing in a home town gig at Leicester's De Montfort Hall on December 19.

## Doomed tour

**REFORMED PUNK** group the Doomed, with three of the four original members of the Damned in their line-up, are to play a short British and Irish tour before Christmas.

And the gigs are to include two special Xmas gigs — one in their home town of Croydon.

Full dates are: Portrush Arcadia November 29, Belfast Pound 30, Cork Arcadia December 2, Dublin MacGonaigalls 3; Liverpool Erics 8, Manchester Russell Club 9, Aberdeen Ruffies 14, Edinburgh Clouds 15, Birmingham Barbarellas 19, London Electric Ballroom 21, Croydon Greyhound 24.

## Eagles single

**AFTER** A long silence West Coast outfit the Eagles are to release a new single.

And the latest offering from the American superstars is to have a Christmas flavour! 'Please Come Home For Christmas', available in a full-colour bag from this Friday, was written in the fifties by Californian bluesman Charles Brown and Gene Redd and recently re-recorded by the Eagles in Miami.

## Albertos follow up

**MANCUNIAN HUMOURISTS** Albertos Y Lost Trios Paranoias are to follow the success of their maxi-single, 'Heads Down No Nonsense Mindless Boogie', with a short pre-Christmas tour.

The Albertos, who recently shocked the News Of The World with the inclusion of a four-letter word on the single; then bared all for a best-selling men's magazine, will be promoting material from their latest album 'Skite'.

They play the following December dates: Bath University 1, Sheffield Top Rank 3, Oldham Civic Hall 4, Derby Assembly Rooms 7, Newcastle University 8, Glasgow Strathclyde University 9, St Andrews University 10, Edinburgh Tiffany's 11, London the Venue 13, Cardiff Top Rank 17, Exeter Roots Club 18, Plymouth Woods Club 19.

'Juan Lopez' is the band's new single, released this week. The Albertos describe it as "a last ditch attempt to gain the acceptance of the John Denver market".

And they added: "We've decided to come clean and go back to slacks and pullovers... with a disco beat of course."



## LIZZY SPECIAL

**THIN LIZZY** are to play a London concert at Hammersmith Odeon on December 17, supported by Irish band the Undertones.

It will be Lizzy's "Christmas special", and their last live gig before they go into the studio early next year to record a new album. Tickets priced from £2.00 to £4, are available now.

Pictured above is Lizzy's Phil Lynott with the triumphant Miss World 1978 — Miss Argentina, 19-year-old Silvana Suarez — after the competition last week. Lynott was one of the star judges at the event, which reached a TV audience of nearly 20 million.

# ISAAC HAYES

A fantastic tour and a great new album 'For The Sake Of Love' featuring Isaac's very special rendition of 'Just The Way You Are' and hot disco cuts 'Zeke The Freak', and 'Shaft II'.

Isaac Hayes For the Sake of Love



Album Cassette



# Cars are missing

HAVE you heard the one about the American in London who had his cars stolen from inside his car? The red-faced victim was Boston-born Rick Ocasek of American band the Cars — currently high in the singles charts with 'My Best Friend's Girl'.

And the 'Cars' that went missing were the finished tapes for the new Cars album — the only ones in existence.

Ocasek had left his car outside London nightclub Dingwalls last week, when his briefcase — containing the tapes — was stolen.

Now Warners are offering a reward. Ring Dave Jarrett on 01-434 5232.



AN ALBUM containing a string of four-letter words enclosed in a sleeve of disgusting tastelessness. That's the festive offering from Virgin Records. The album is the third from former TV comedy duo Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, under the pseudonym of Derek and Clive. 'Ad Nauseam' released this week (see cover above) is described by a Virgin spokesman as: "The filthiest thing we've ever brought up."

# ELVIS TOUR AND ALBUM

ELVIS COSTELLO is to follow his London Christmas shows with a full British tour in January.

With his third album 'Armed Forces' scheduled for release on January 5, Elvis and the Attractions begin a 30-date British tour just after Christmas — their first UK foray since the 'This Year's Model' tour last spring.

The tour begins on December 27 at the Brighton Top Rank following their seven night stint at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, London.

Support acts on both the Dominion gigs and the tour will be John Cooper Clarke and Richard Hell and the Voidoids.

As a special bonus to Costello fans, Radar have included free with the initial pressing a three-track EP recorded live at Hollywood High School during Elvis's third American tour last June. The tracks are 'Alison', 'Accidents Will Happen', and 'Watching The Detectives'.

Track listing for 'Armed Forces' is: Side One: 'Accidents Will Happen'; 'Senior Service'; 'Oliver's Army'; 'Big Boys'; 'Green Shirt'; 'Party Girl'. Side Two: 'Goon Squad'; 'Busy Bodies'; 'Sunday's Best'; 'Moods For Mode is'; 'Chemistry Class'; 'Two Little Hitlers'.

Dates are: Brighton Top Rank December 27, Portsmouth Guildhall 28, Bath Pavilion 29, Canterbury Odeon 30, Oxford New Theatre 31, Hemel Hempstead Assembly Rooms 2, Ipswich Gaumont 4, Birmingham Odeon 5, Derby Bradford St Georges Hall 9, Newcastle City Hall 11, Glasgow Apollo Centre 12, Aberdeen Capitol 13, Dundee Caird Hall 14, Edinburgh Odeon 15, Carlisle Market Hall 16, Preston Guildhall 17, Sheffield City Hall 18, Stoke Victoria Hall 19, Leeds University 20, Coventry Theatre 21, Leicester De Montfort Hall 22, Oldham Civic Hall 23, Taunton Odeon 25, Exeter University 26, Cardiff Sophia Gardens 27, Bristol Locarno 28, Southampton Gaumont 29.

## Sid 'n' Keef

ROLLING STONES Keith Richards may have to appear in court again on the charge of possessing heroin.

For the Province of Ontario have appealed against what they describe as "lenient treatment" given to the guitarist in a Toronto court last month.

Richards was given a year's suspended sentence and ordered to play a concert for the blind. But the sentence has since been criticised in the Canadian Parliament.

And former Sex Pistol Sid Vicious appeared in the New York supreme court today ('Tuesday') — to plead guilty or not guilty to a charge of murdering his girlfriend Nancy Spungen.

## Jack Good back with 'Oh Boy'

LEGENDARY PRODUCER Jack '6.5 Special' Good is to recreate his famous early sixties TV show 'Oh Boy' on the London stage in January.

Good, who produced the smash hit musical 'Elvis' — still running at London's Astoria Theatre — will be running the stage presentation as a series of Sunday concerts at the Astoria. The four planned so far are on January 28, February 4, 11 and 18. . . the nights when 'Elvis' won't be playing.

The original 'Oh Boy' was one of the pioneer rock 'n' roll programmes on British TV, and the new version "aims to recreate the non-stop music" of the original.

The line-up will include members of the 'Elvis' cast, as well as guest artists and rock 'n' roll groups.

## TOURS

### GILLAN

GILLAN: after a mini-tour of Ireland the band play the following December dates: Oxford Polytechnic December 1, St Albans Venue 2, Southampton University 6, London Music Machine 7, Birmingham Aston University 8, Maidstone Technical College 16.

### DAVID JOHANSEN

DAVID JOHANSEN: has changed his gig from Manchester Mayflower to Manchester Factory on November 26.

### BLAZER BLAZER

BLAZER BLAZER: Great Yarmouth Star And Garter November 23, Leeds Trinity 24, York Revolution 25, Sheffield Penthouse 27, Halesowen Tiffany's 30, Burton on Trent 31 Club December 1, Halifax Good Mood 2, Brentwood Hermit Club 4, London Windsor Castle 5, Norwich Boogie House 7, London Marquee 8.

### RICH KIDS

RICH KIDS: Wolverhampton Polytechnic November 25, West Runtun Pavilion 26.

### PENETRATION

PENETRATION: following the success of their first album 'Moving Targets' Penetration are touring next month: Wolverhampton Lafayette Club December 1, Birmingham Mayfair Ballroom 2, Croydon Grayhound 3, Norwich St Andrews Hall 5, Derby Kings Hall 7, Middlesbrough Town Hall 8, Manchester Mayflower 9, Cambridge Corn Exchange 15, London Thames Polytechnic 16, Newcastle City Hall 18.

### SUPERCHARGE

SUPERCHARGE: Birmingham Barbarellas December 1, London Thames Polytechnic 2, London Marquee 3, Chippenham RAF Station 7, Hampstead Westfield College 8, London Chelsea College 9, Fulham Golden Lion 10, Durham New College 12, Preston Polytechnic 13, St Andrews University 14, Dundee Technical College 15, Dumfries Stagecoach Hotel 17, Blackpool Technical College 18, Plymouth Metro 20, Bristol Granary 21, Newport Village Bowl 22, Dudley JBs 23, Leeds Ffordre Green 24, Liverpool Erica 26, Redcar Coatham Bowl 9, London Music Machine 31.

### BEAVER

BEAVER: London Western Counties November 22 and 23, London The Kensington December 5, 12 and 19.

### WILD ANGELS

WILD ANGELS: Bretton Hall College December 8, Sunderland Polytechnic 9, Twickenham Technical College 16.

### CYGNUS

CYGNUS: Edinburgh Heriot Watt University November 28, Edinburgh Ial Club 30, Sunderland Polytechnic December 2, Cardiff Top Rank 5, Manchester Mayflower 7, Dunstable California Ballroom 9, Liverpool Erica's 11, West Runtun Pavilion 15, London Rainbow 16 and 17 (supporting Dillinger), Edinburgh Tiffanys 18, St Austell New Cornish Riviera Club 29.

### THE TROGGS

THE TROGGS: Edinburgh Heriot Watt University December 8, Sunderland Polytechnic 9, London Greyhound 14, 15, 16 and 17, Basildon Sweeney's Disco 19.

### 90 DEGREES INCLUSIVE

90 DEGREES INCLUSIVE: Bath Academy Of Art December 1, Sterling University 6, Aberdeen College Of Commerce 7, Hamilton Bell College 8, Edinburgh College Of Art 9, Harrow Leisure Centre 13, Canterbury College Of Art 14, Drogheda The Gem 18, Dublin McGonnagles 19, Portrush Arcadia 20, Belfast Pound Club 21 and 22, Cirk Arcadia Downtown Camous 23.

### HAREM SCAREM

HAREM SCAREM: Fulham Golden Lion November 21, Exeter Lucifers 28, London Rock Garden December 1, Romford Rabbits 2, Wrexham Jolly Tavern 6, Reading Target 8, Dingwalls Camden Town 11, Oxford Corn Dolly 12, Stevenage The Swan 15, Liverpool Sportsman 17.

### TIGER ASHBY

TIGER ASHBY: Middlesex Polytechnic November 24, Holkfield New Centre 27, Nottingham College December 15, Nottingham Sandpiper 16, Bishops Stortford Triad 28, London Swan Hammersmith 30.



PENETRATION

### STRANGEWAYS

STRANGEWAYS: Nunston 7 Club November 28, York Revolution December 15, Wakefield Technical College 16, Leeds Royal Park Hotel 23, Barnsley Centenary Room 31.

### REGGAE SPECTACULAR

REGGAE REGULAR: fresh from their tour supporting the BopTowns Hala play the following dates: London Music Machine November 23, Newcastle University 34, Sunderland Polytechnic 25.

### LINDISFARNE

LINDISFARNE: final added date: Salford University, December 8.

### THE BISHOPS

THE BISHOPS: whose single 'I Want Candy' is hovering around the lower reaches of the charts play the following dates: Nottingham Boat Club November 23, Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic 24, London School of Economics 25, Newcastle University December 1, Maidstone Art College 8, Hull College 12, Harrow Polytechnic 13, London Thames Polytechnic 16, Salisbury College Of Further Education 20, Middlesbrough Rock Garden 22, Scarborough Penthouse 23.

### MATUMBI

MATUMBI: as previously reported, the British reggae band support Peter Tosh on his forthcoming tour starting at Manchester Apollo on December 1.

### THIS HEAT

THIS HEAT: London Goldsmiths School Of Art November 10, London Institute Of Education December 1, London Basement December 9.

### THE LURKERS

THE LURKERS: London Electric Ballroom (two shows — 6-6 pm and 7-30 pm) December 10.



LURKERS

### WRITZ

WRITZ: Exmouth Royal College December 9.

### DEADRINGER

DEADRINGER: London Golden Lion November 23, London Kensington 24, Southend Shrimpers 26, London Queen Mary College December 1st.

### GENERATION X

GENERATION X: have changed their gig at Manchester Mayflower on December 15 to Manchester Factory on November 27. They also add Leeds Brannigans on December 11, Dunstable California Ballroom 12, Colchester Woods Leisure Centre 13.

### PERE UBU

PERE UBU: added date Chelmsford Chancellor Hall December 3.

### JOHNNY RUBBISH

JOHNNY RUBBISH: supports Pere Ubu at the London Electric Ballroom November 28. He also supports Japan And Edge at the London Lyceum, November 26.

### ROCK AGAINST RACISM

ROCK AGAINST RACISM: promote their first official 'anti-racism / anti-sexism' gig at Brighton Polytechnic on November 25 with Misty. The Piranhas and black female band Reality. More joint "political awareness" gigs are planned for the near future.

### THE STOPS

THE STOPS: the new wave band from Hull who supported the Rich Kids on their last tour, London Windsor Castle November 28, Bishops Stortford Triad 29. The band, recently signed to Black Bear Records, will be touring in their own right in December.

### DP'S

DP'S: Nottingham Sandpiper November 23.

More news on page 6



# SOMETIMES I FEEL SO LOW

AHA 529

SINGLE-PIC BAG-BLUE VINYL-LIMITED ED-FROM 'OBSCURE ALTERNATIVES'



# NEWS

## RELEASES

**FORMER** punk comedian Johnny Rubbish enters into the festive spirit with his new single — 'Santa's Alive' (in collaboration with the Bee Jesus Brothers) — on November 24.

**WHILE** the Kinks re-release their Christmas disc, 'Father Christmas', this week. First released in December 1977, it's coupled this time with 'Prince Of The Punks'.

**REGGAE** label Greenleaves have launched a new 'love rock' label, known as Cool Rockers. First release is 'Silhouettes' from London band Cygnus. Other Greenleaves new reggae include a Keith Hudson 12", 'Bloody Eyes', and sirtillar from Ranking Joe and the Steppers, 'The Hotter Claps Clap Them'.

**FORMER** Hollies vocalist Allan Clarke back with new American — recorded album 'I Want' Born Yesterday' out next week on Avra Records. Contains US Top 20 hit 'Shadow In The Street'.

**FIRST** British single from 'Belgium's answer to John Otway', Tjens Couter, out this week on Big Bear Records. 'Honeybee' will have an edition of 10,000 in Brussels. Couter is expected to visit to promote the disc.

**GRATEFUL** Dead bring out their first album since last year's 'Terrapin Station' on December 1. 'Shakedown Street', to be released simultaneously in Britain and the US, was produced by Little Feat's Lowell George. Album's completion was apparently the reason for postponement of the Dead's British concerts until next year.

**NEW LP** from long-serving American outfit the Outlaws — entitled 'Playin' To Win' — released on November 24.

**AMERICAN** funk giants Earth Wind & Fire, with 'Greatest Hits' album out (see albums pages) release re-recorded version of 'September' as a single on December 1.

**LATEST** Gladys Knight and the Pips single, 'Do You Hear What I Hear', backed with 'Gospel Medley', released on December 1.

**SINGER**/songwriter Jack Tempchin, an early associate of the Eagles, has new single — a version of the Eagles-recorded 'Peaceful Easy Feeling' — out this week. Taken from debut solo album 'Jack Tempchin' on Arista.

**SPECIAL** rush-released 12in version of Village People's 'San Francisco (You've Got Me)' already an American disco hit, out this week 'by public demand'.

**RUDE** English reggae star Judge Dread, a former wrestler, has seasonal collection entitled 'Judge Dread's Greatest Hits' released this week. It includes such memorable and "banned by the BBC" hits as 'Big Six' and 'Up With The Cock'. Also out from the Judge is his Christmas single — 'Jingle Bells'/'Hokey Cokey'.

**THE** Shadows new single, out this Friday, is an instrumental version of 'Don't Cry For Me Argentina' — first played by Hank Marvin on the original cast recording of 'Evita'.

**FIRST** Genesis live set, 'Genesis Live', to be issued by Charisma next month at special price of £3.25. Album first out in 1973, was superseded by 'Seconds Out' live set but now once again in demand.

**DECCA's** 'Blue Roots' series continues with Volumes 6 (British r'n'b), 7 ('Savoy Brown') and 8 (John Mayall) all out at the end of the month.

**NEW** releases on small labels this week include the first from Mettle Records, Tony Hayes' 'Coming Home To You', Alligator Records second single 'Rockin' On Down The Line' from teenage rockabilly band Gina and the Rockin' Rebels, and 'Take It All Away' from City Records' all-girl band Girls School (who appear at the London Music Machine on December 5).

**TAJ MAHAL**, American blues artist and long-time stranger to Britain, will be making a one-off appearance at the London Rainbow on December 11, are available now.



LES McKEOWN: walked out

## ROLLER LES QUILTS

**FORMER** Tartan terrors the Bay City Rollers have parted company with the group's vocalist Les McKeown because he's "too wild".

McKeown has been replaced by South African singer Duncan Faure. And last night McKeown claimed: "They just couldn't stomach my wild life. If you're a star you've got to live like one."

23-year-old McKeown earlier this year "walked out" on the group during an American tour after undisclosed "rows" with the rest of the group. He later told a newspaper that he'd been offered the chance to buy himself out of his Rollers' contract for £250,000.

The Bay City Rollers, currently more successful in America than in Britain, are already rehearsing with Faure. Their management denied McKeown's claims that he'd been sacked.

Said a spokesman: "He left because he couldn't get on with the rest of the group."

Now McKeown, who plans to form his own group, is intending to see solicitors to protect his royalties from the Rollers' records sales.

## Muddy with Eric

**LEGENDARY** blues artist Muddy Waters is to appear as a special guest on the forthcoming Eric Clapton tour.

And the 'Hoochie Coochie' man is also to headline a London concert in his own right... at the Rainbow Theatre on December 8. Muddy will be appearing with his own six-piece band in his first London concert since last summer.

The Eric Clapton tour begins in Glasgow this Friday (November 24).

## Extra Elkie shows

**SINGER** Elkie Brooks is to play two extra shows at the London Dominion Theatre in December — due to public demand.

With her two previously announced shows on December 10 and 11 already sold out Elkie will also be playing two matinee shows (at 7.00pm) on the same days, with the second performance then beginning at 9.30pm.

Tickets for the extra shows are available now.

## Streetband on the road



**RABID** toast munchers Streetband take to the road in December.

The band have also been spending the last two weeks putting the finishing touches to their debut album 'London' scheduled for February release.

Confirmed tour dates are: Sheffield Totley College December 6, London Marquee 6, Wimbledon Arts Centre 7, Hatfield Polytechnic 8, Manchester Polytechnic 9, Plymouth Woods Club 12, Exeter Routes Club 13, Bristol Granary 14, Dudley JB's 15, Bewbridge Institute 17, Swansea Circles 18, Leeds Brannigans 20, Sheffield Limit 22, Cleveland, Kirklevington Country Club 22. More dates will be added later.

# OLDFIELD'S APRIL TOUR

**DETAILS** OF the London concerts by best selling composer Mike Oldfield, reported in Record Mirror two weeks ago, have now been announced.

Oldfield, whose new album 'Incantations' is reviewed on page 24, will play six concerts in all — at three separate venues.

The season begins at the Royal Festival Hall — scene of Oldfield's last public appearance at a 'Save The Whale' benefit with David Bedford this summer — on April 21, with two shows at 6.15 pm and 9 pm. He follows with one show per night at the Wembley Conference Centre on April 25 and 26, and one show per night at the Wembley Arena on April 28 and 29.

At this early stage tickets are not yet available by personal application, but can be obtained by post from: 'Mike Oldfield Box Office', c/o Andrew Miller, 1a Craven Terrace, London, W2. Prices are Wembley Arena; £4.25, £3.50 and £2.75, Wembley Centre; £5, £4, £3 and £2, Festival Hall; £5, £4.25, £3.50, £2.75 and £1.20. Applicants should enclose a cheque or postal order to Mike Oldfield Box Office.

It's stressed that the tickets will not be despatched until January 1979.

## IN BRIEF

**THE** Clash have cancelled two concerts at Glasgow Strathclyde University on December 4 and 5 after the band realised that the shows "wouldn't be open to non-students union members". A public licence had been applied for but reportedly wasn't operational. Band are hoping to reschedule Glasgow concerts at alternative venue as soon as possible.

**LATEST** edition of rock magazine Zigzag contains their invaluable (and updated) 28-page Small Labels Catalogue. If you've wondered where to get those obscure and elusive records... look no further. The relevant November issue is out now — price 40p.

**LONDON** - based new band the Magnets face a bleak future after having £3000 - worth of gear stolen in Bradford last week. The band play London Dingwalls on November 27, which according to their manager "may be the last gig before we're forced to disband". Any information on the missing gear to Guy Ponsford on 01 - 226 9156.

**BRITISH** premiere of the Kias movie 'Kias Meet The Phantom Of The Dark' goes ahead at the end of the month. Selected local release expected in the new year.

**FORMERLY** with Small Wonder Records, cult artist Patrik Fitzgerald (currently supporting the Jam on their British tour) has signed to Polydor, with an album and single expected early next year.

**NEWS** from Skrewdriver camp indicates the group have not split up, and are about to undertake a short British tour. Meanwhile they support Slade at Manchester Mayflower Club on November 26.

**BRITISH** Eurovision Song Contest winners in 1961, the Allison's, staging a comeback this year with 'The Allison's Sing Christmas', a 33-track album described as "the biggest Yule tide feast ever". The brothers are also planning a tour next year.

**FORMER** Bonzo Dog Band inspirator Vivian Stanshall continues his comeback with gigs at London LSE Theatre on December 1 and 2. Stanshall also released new album 'Sir Henry At Rawlinson End', last month.

**LONDON** - born singer Tina Charles, who hit with 'I Love To Love' and others, a recent winner in the World Popular Song Festival in Japan. Singing 'Love Rocks' Tina scooped the 'Grand Prix' Award.

**BEGGARS BANQUET**, whose artists include the Lurkers and the infamous Ivor Biggun, will now have product distributed and licensed by WEA. First release under the new deal will be Biggun's 'The Winker's Album', — out this week.

**LIVERPOOL** Romeo and Juliet is the fitting venue for a post-Christmas Beatles' Convention to be held there on December 28. The "event" runs all day, including a session of Beatles' films (with a rare showing of 'How I Won The War' starring John Lennon). Tickets are £5 from: The Beatles Appreciation Society, 15, Telegraph Street, Stafford. Further information from Stafford 48089.

New venue, the Check In, opening at Altrincham, near Manchester this month plans to feature new wave and reggae and local bands each week. Capacity is 300 and admission will be kept low.



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# BILLY JOEL

MOVES ON TO

# 52<sup>ND</sup> STREET



If you got acquainted with 'The Stranger' you'll find a lasting friendship on '52nd Street'.

'52nd Street' is the name of Billy Joel's new album, and it's got everything you've come to expect from him. Caustic, incisive lyrics. Melodies that linger forever. Subtle blends of light and shade, that derive from all kinds of musical styles yet retain the magic and individuality of Billy Joel.

Explore '52nd Street' the new album from Billy Joel. '52nd Street' includes the single 'My Life'.

Produced by Phil Ramone

83181



Record & Cassette



# DECOMPOSER MAKES DEMARX

MIKE OLDFIELD cuddles,  
kisses and caresses everyone  
in sight. Flowers start  
blooming afresh in Highgate  
Cemetery and bunny rabbits  
put their waterships down to

blink at the celebrated corpse  
anglais giving piggy back  
rides to stunned scribe  
ROBIN SMITH.  
Slabstick pics by  
JILL FURMANOVSKY.

**I** HAVE a slight problem. On the cover you'll see that we've billed MIKE OLDFIELD in gorgeous lettering. Cleverly suspecting that the article is written by me, you obviously couldn't wait to turn to this page.

After all, it seems years that Oldfield last spoke to the press — and of course you want to know about the new album and what he's going to do in the future. But you can't always get what you want. Oldfield does not like extremely silly. Anyway, I think you'll agree that the pictures are pretty good, especially the one of me on his back, taken from my best angle. So cue headlines and get the credits, as I present My Happy Day With Mike Oldfield. (Cont'd on P. 10)



# DOWN TOWN DISCO Party

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## OLDFIELD AGAIN

None of your half-hour interviews, for this tucked away in a office little gentleman. Virgin Records have decided to spend the week taking interviewers and victim to various exotic locations around London by Bentley (dammit, you said it was going to be a Rolls). I'm given a choice between the London Dungeon, the Tower of London and Highgate Cemetery. Fancying a bit of fresh air, I pick the latter.

"Hello, I'm Mike Oldfield, I'm very famous. I made 'Tubular Bells' you know." Oldfield cuddles me and Jill the photographer, before setting back on the luxurious seat, humming noisily to himself. The first thing you notice about the man is his eyes. They're an intense, smoky blue colour and he can fix you with a two minute blink free stare.

We break the ice by discussing our childhood in Reading. I still live there, while Oldfield was clever enough to move out.

"I well remember my headmaster being a really vicious brute," he says. "He had a selection of canes and each one had a name. To be a teacher you've got to be a part-time sadist. They really do seem to like all that whipping."

"If he gave you the cane you weren't meant to show any emotion. If your upper lip didn't tremble at all, he used to give you a sweet and say 'stout fellow, you're a real man — well done'. All that time you had this primal scream of agony inside you, wanting to burst out. Shall I demonstrate?"

Yes please.  
"Aaaaaaaaarghhhhhhheeeeee."  
The noise is ear splitting and the chauffeur takes a sudden swerve to the right in terror. Oldfield looks pleased with himself and continues.

"There was no freedom at school. I left at 15 because they ordered me to get my hair cut. I couldn't stand it, my hair was so beautiful and they wanted to cut it all off."

Oldfield smiles and gives my shoulder a squeeze. I'm beginning to get worried.

At last we arrive at the cemetery, home of Karl Marx and other famous persons. There's a section, closed to the public, but we head for it anyway.

"I want a juicy bone," says Oldfield.

I pursue him up a leafy track past decaying tombs. The trees blot out the sun and Oldfield is nowhere to be found. At last he emerges, casually walking down a path.

"It's so peaceful here," he says. "Can't you feel the presence of so many people around you?"

God, he's using that eerie stare again. So I hustle him across the road where it's more open.

"I used to be shy and boring", he says. "I used to be an old hippy. Some people might call my music boring, and I think they're right. 'Incantations' isn't very much different from 'Tubular Bells'. I've just been playing around in my studio again."

Non-plussed I search desperately for more questions.

Ahem... you seem to be more extrovert these days Mike.

"Ah well, I've been on this course called 'Exegesis'. It costs £85. You sit in a room for a day while a person talks to you. You're only allowed a few breaks and it helps you relate to the world. It makes you realise you are in control of yourself."

I ask him to explain a bit more but he won't. He just leaps in the air, stretches out his arms like wings and makes a noise like a jet. He lands near Karl Marx's statue and stares intensely at the bronzed head.

"I want to have a monument like that some day," he says. "Perhaps the inscription will read 'I'm Mike Oldfield you know, I made 'Tubular Bells'. I got the idea when I sat down at the organ one day. I took the tape to CBS and they said it wouldn't make any money."

We head for a selection of less impressive graves.

"When I die I want to be eaten by the lovely ladies on 'Top Of The Pops'," he says. "I want to have them crawling over my body, licking and sucking at me. I want them to dribble all over me as they chew my fine white flesh. Oldfield enquires if I'd like



One great man to another?

a piggy back and for five minutes he carries me round the graveyard. Perilously he negotiates a steep hillside.

"My initial encounters with girls weren't very successful," he says. "I used to make them hate me. I was the victim of a repressive childhood. My mother's dead but my father's still alive. Everything seemed to be going fine till the age of five."

I try to spur him on to explain further, but he just looks at me and stares. It's nearly time for lunch so we head back for the car.

"I want to buy a Lear jet, I'll be able to afford one in the next four years. I'm not a millionaire, most of my money has been ploughed into my studio and house. You know, I really would have loved to join the Red Arrows flying team."

We park outside a plush Hampstead restaurant. Oldfield spies a shop selling illuminated mirror things and other nick nacks. Like a kid, he rushes over to buy some. A little earlier in the week he spotted a gold watch in a Bond Street window and without the bat of an eyelid dashed off a cheque for something like £2,500. He also owns a Maserati, all of which leads me to believe that he's richer than he says. But back to the ladies.

"I'm no longer shy with girls," he says. "I have a whole string of them coming down to visit me. They seem to stay about three weeks and they leave. I have a macaw at home, three dogs and a cat that dribbles."

Mike decided to get married recently. It lasted two weeks before he wanted a divorce.

"I'm what you could call totally irresponsible. My philosophy is that regardless of what happens, everything is perfect. You're perfect, I'm perfect — and even somebody who can't see is perfect. If you go around thinking like that, then you have no problems."

Are you mad, Mike?

"How can I be mad if everything is perfect? What does eccentric or mad mean anyway? I will a lot of things to happen, you know. I willed 'Tubular Bells' to be a success. I willed that 'Hergest Ridge' would be boring. I like people to hate me, then to like me."

Pause for an interruption by an Italian waiter.

"I hear you are something to do with museeem. I write leercis myself they come from the heart. Sometimes the leercis they do not fit."

Mike joins in a vocal duet with the waiter.

"Someday I want a really great love song," Oldfield continues. "I conjured my wife up, she was like a vision of the Goddess Diana. I shall dedicate it to her."

I ask him if his bizarre attitude is cultivated.

"No, I'm just behaving like I did when I was three. It was a very happy time for me. I'm just not being repressed anymore."

Pause for a further interruption from the lady from the mirror shop. She tells Mike his purchases will be sent to his home by Securicor.

"My gosh, you do stare at people don't you," she twitters. "But your eyes are very appealing. Are you somebody famous?"

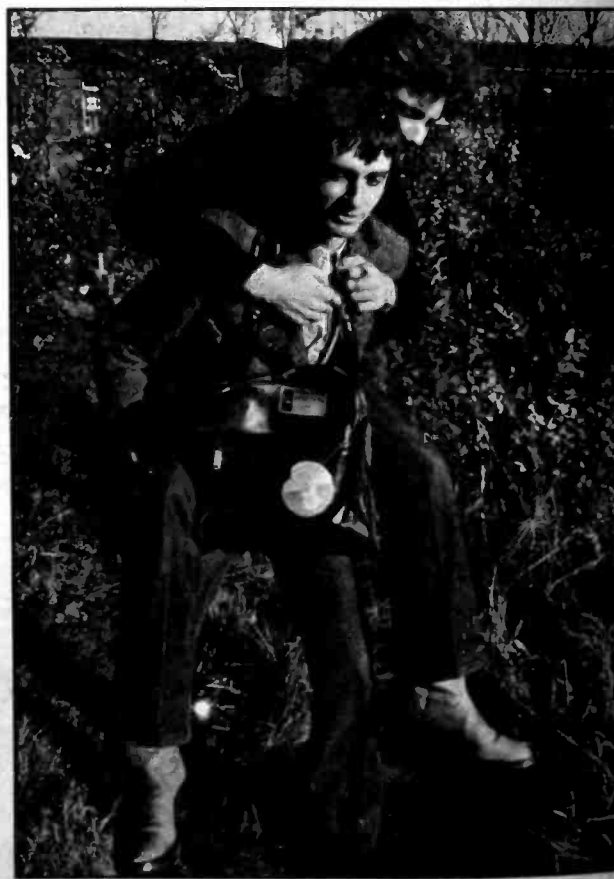
"Hello, I'm Mike Oldfield, I was responsible for 'Tubular Bells'."

"Oh gosh, really. I never know what to say when I meet celebrities."

Oldfield proceeds to smother her hands in kisses before pulling back her sleeve and doing the same to her arm. She shivers with passion.

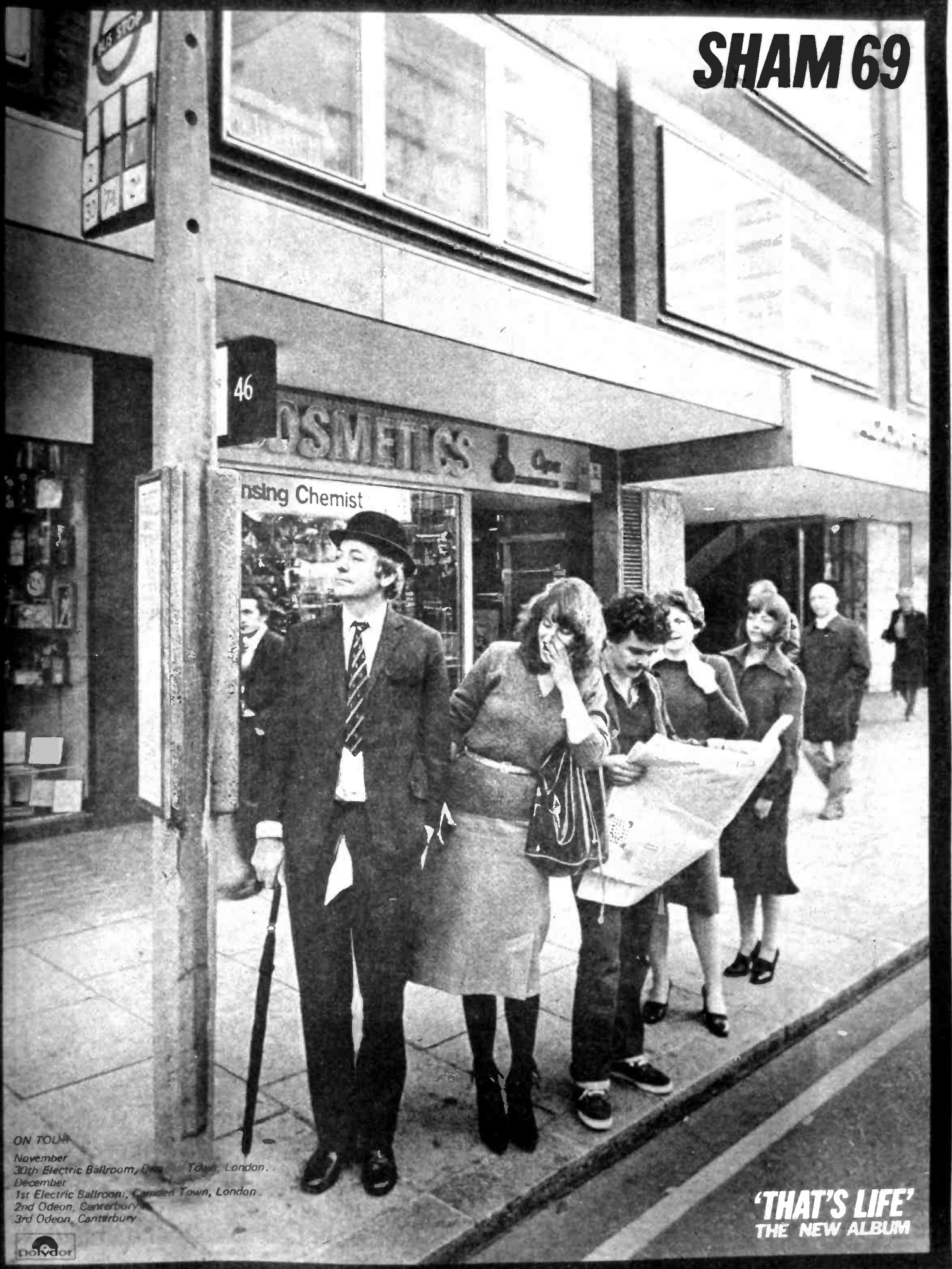
"My what a saucy young man," she murmurs before departing.

Phew, we've come to the end of the story. Before you go Mike, how can I enrol on that Exegesis course?



RS being carried (Not for the first time — Ed)

# SHAM 69



**ON TOUR**

November  
 30th Electric Ballroom, Camden Town, London.  
 December  
 1st Electric Ballroom, Camden Town, London.  
 2nd Odeon, Canterbury  
 3rd Odeon, Canterbury



**'THAT'S LIFE'**  
 THE NEW ALBUM



# SINGLES

reviewed by ROSALIND RUSSELL

## Masters of the Megahit

**BONEY M:** 'Mary's Boy Child' (Atlantic). If this isn't number one within a couple of weeks of release, I'll be greatly surprised. I might even put money on it. This lot have the market so well taped it fair takes my breath away. With the sure footedness of Abba, they've cleaned up this year

and the Xmas market is an obvious target. Their delicate harmonies and light Jamaica coating has given this the Midas glow. You'll be sick of it by the time you're hanging up your pillow slip — I guarantee it. A sure sign of a megahit.

**S.T.O.P.S.:** 'Glad I'm Not Woman' (Black Bear). Sounds as though they've had a couple of good ideas and tried to match them up into one song. The marriage doesn't really work, but I liked the sinister little breaks that come through every now and then. Unfortunately it's not strong enough to carry the song and it's not helped by being half way between a gallop and a canter.

**NEO:** 'Trans-Sister' (Jet). On the couple of occasions I saw Neo, I didn't like them because I thought they were all aggravation and front with nothing to back them up. I'll take it back now. The aggression has been transformed into a driving front line and they've pulled together the previously directionless ideas into a cohesive sound. Deserves to do well.

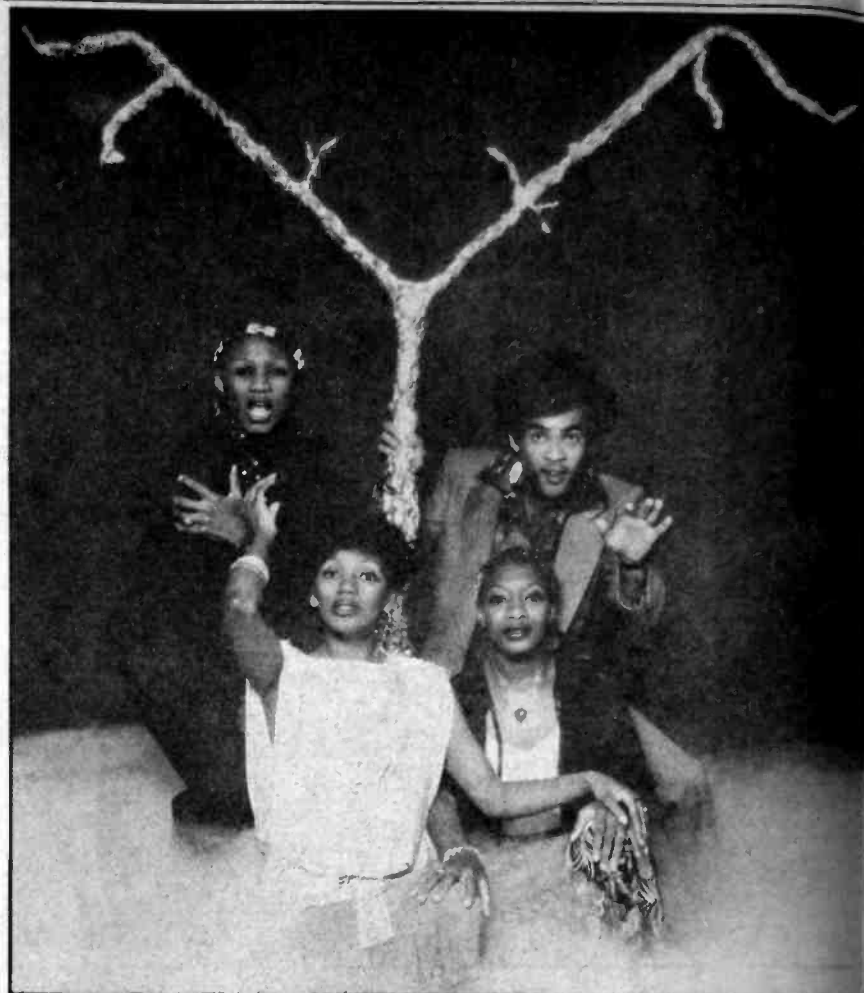
**FUNKADELIC:** 'One Nation Under A Groove' (Warner Brothers). Let me tell you now that I'm only reviewing this because you're likely to buy it by the barrow load, like your brothers and sisters in the US of A. I think it's rubbish. I can't bear all that messy scat singing and tedious old bass lines. It bores me to death. A hit.

**NEIL YOUNG:** 'Four Strong Winds' (Reprise). Talking of bores, here's the cookie to take them all. That whining drone drives me to drink. Another pensive paralysing. Mine's a gin.

**GLORIA MUNDI:** 'Glory Of The World' (RCA). It's about a thousand times better than the live performance I saw (and never forgot). It has the added advantage of being shorter than the live show, which is a relief. Short on originality but long on brass neck. Could even be a hit.

**DAVID ESSEX:** 'Goodbye First Love' (Phonogram). What a load of old cobblers. I'm not above a bit of sloppy sentimental romance (quite like it actually) but this is soaking wet. Wonder if he's got shares in Kleenex? I've never really thought much of his voice, but this ballad doesn't tax his voice as much as some of the other rock stuff he's attempted. He struck his niche, but I don't want to crawl in there with him.

**10CC:** 'Reds In My Bed' (Phonogram). Nice clean sound, well scrubbed production. Lots of tricky little effects with a faint echo of Queen-like arrangement. But I don't like Brillo rock and my



BONEY M: a No. 1

brain isn't technically minded to appreciate all the wonders of modern studios. Gimme some DIRT!

**SLADE:** 'Merry Xmas Everybody' (Polydor). And dirt we have. Or grit really. Not only that, but five year old grit, cos this first saw you through the Xmas of '73. Wonder how many copies they had left over that they're still releasing it... A hit of course, but a shame they couldn't do something new cos I think they're great.

**BEE GEES:** 'Too Much Heaven' (RSO). Get your Bastidon Bond out, prepare to start your vitriolic who-the-hell-do-you-think-you-are hate mail. I don't care. Another contender for the Big Spend period, but they might not get Boney M off the top this time. It's a ballad — ideal scope for all those tight trousered

falsetto wobbles — and so becomes the last record played at the disco. Save the last dance for me and all that sort of thing. It's the kiss 'em and leave 'em anthem, rather than the getting to know you grind. (I'm beginning to sound like our own James Hamilton. Is this serious?).

**CIMARONS:** 'Rock Against Racism Truly' (Polydor). I don't mind grooving round the Music Machine to this, but unless I was on my feet I'd go to sleep. I might even drop off standing up listening to it. Nice though.

**IAN MATHEWS:** 'King Of The Night' (Rockburgh). The UK's answer to Neil Young, our very own somnambulist singer/songwriter. A pretty good song but it's hardly gonna shake the charts. The

kind of thing you'd spend the night alone with and get all moeey. You can book space to cry on my shoulder.

**THE CLASH:** 'Tommy Gun' (CBS). Well I like it a lot more than I liked 'White Man In Hammersmith Palais', but I still think that the vocals let them down when the music is so brash and blinding. They're really better to watch live because their aggressive approach to music is more immediate, but this isn't a bad second best. The staccato bleep they've run through this song is a lot like a section of a Vanilla Fudge song, but as I don't suppose the Clash have ever bothered with VF, it's not likely they ripped it off. I think I'll have to live with it for a while before I decide to get really enthusiastic about it. It doesn't strike right away.

BEE GEES: start the hate mail now



S.T.O.P.S.: sinister breaks





**FATHER ABRAHAM & THE SMURFS: 'Christmas In Smurfland'** (Decca). This must be the biggest thing to happen at Decca since they turned down the Beatles... but wouldn't you like to get your hands round the throats of these annoying little squeaky voiced biobs? And listening to these squawks going on about sentimental claptrap. Let me at them...



**RACHEL SWEET: 'B-A-B-Y'** (Stiff). This lady is magic. Her voice is so... so... well, it's great. Listen to her album and you'll see how versatile she is. This single is her Brenda Lee period, a cracker, and should be a huge hit. I think she's one of the best female singers to emerge in years — and she's got more guts than the Elkie Brooks or the Julie Covington of this planet and they have hits. So buy it.



**KELVIN BLACKLOCK: 'I Don't Want Our Loving To Die'** (EMI). A young man with a mildly interesting background and even more mildly interesting is that this was produced by the Rich Kids' Midge Ure. Even more amazing is that Robin "Van Winkle" Smith has wakened up to point out that this was a hit for the Herd (remember them? Remember Frampton in 1968? It was a reasonable song then and it's not bad now. Well done wee Midge. It might be a hit.

**LINDISFARNE: 'Brand New Day'** (Phonogram). "I've seen the light of a brand new day" is a line I've seen somewhere,



everywhere before. And Lindisfarne don't need to use lines like that when I know they're talented enough to come up with something better. This isn't their best, not even their second best, though it's got a fairly attractive late sixties sound about it. Try again.



**WALTER EGAN: 'Hot Summer Nights'** (Polydor). Polydor are bringing out a lot this week. Pack it in chaps. Anyway, there's a lot to be said for the element of surprise in marketing. And what could be more surprising in the middle of the Xmas stampede — than a song about hot summer nights. I suppose they're hoping you'll be looking at next year's holiday brochures at the time. It's all right actually, I don't mind it at all.



**CRAWLER: 'Sall On'** (Epic). A fair to middling attempt that features (as always) good vocals but the rest of the band could do with vitamin B shots. Or shots of almost anything that would keep them off their bums. I like them but I don't think they extend themselves. This just makes my eyes glaze over. S'all right if you like having glazed eyes.

**V2: 'Man In The Box'** (TJM). The intro's pretty lousy, but it improves. If they cut off that dirge at the beginning and zipped straight into the song I'd have like it a lot more. They've got a lot of power and it's an encouraging start to a career. They've got the feeling, but they could use better lyrics. This lot are a bit duff.



# The Jacksons: Destined to Boogie

After ten great years making music, The Jacksons hit a new peak with their latest album 'Destiny.'

'Destiny' features the hit single 'Blame It On The Boogie' plus seven more soul stirring tracks that show that the wide-eyed Jacksons magic is stronger and more infectious than ever. Your 'Destiny' is in the record shop. Find it there today.

**The Jacksons  
Destiny**

Features the hit single:  
**'BLAME IT ON  
THE BOOGIE'**

83200



Record & Cassette



# THEY CAME FROM CLEVELAND

Square cut or Pere shaped these rockers won't lose their shape. BARRY CAIN collared the dope smokin' Ubu tribe in Toronto



**PERE UBU** cling to Cleveland, the spot that spawned them, nurtured them, kill . . .

I'd like to give a great big Toronto welcome to those dozens of demagogues, those inveterate veterans of *The Different*, Pere Ubu. Yoohoo Ubu!

First, let's say hullo to David Thomas, singer and co-composer. Look at that chateau of a body (Gasp), that light fingered walk (Wow), that freshly baked face (Aaaaah!) Doesn't it make you want to just die? The man's a walking Billy Smarts with eyes that curl away from you like a fire-eater's moustache. But only when he talks.

And now let's say a big high to the rest of the band — Tom Herman, Scott Krauss, Tony Maimone and Allen Ravenstein — all looking as though they missed the 5-45 to Woodstock and have been waiting for the next bus ever since.

They're gathered in The Horseshoe Tavern, Toronto. I still can't figure out on which side of the city The Tavern was situated simply because one part of Toronto looks very much the same as another part of Toronto — there's shops next to offices next to hotels next to homes, there's roads with cars in, there's people (but not at night) on the pavements.

This godforsaken hole is the most undistinguished metropolis it has ever been my misfortune to encounter. No wonder Keef turned to the white stuff here. It was either that or make obscene

telephone calls to the operator all day for kicks.

The Tavern reflects its mother. All round tables and freezefox faces. If they become Ubu neophytes by the end of the night then maybe there's hope for the place.

Thomas and company amble on. The Big Top looks uncomfortable in an ill-fitting suit that covers his bulky 20 stone frame and six foot two inches height like a pair of silk pyjamas on a rhino. His brow is perpetually creased, but it's a feigned seriousness, as is the impassion of his pleas to the audience.

Thomas is a unique performer. He looks terribly uncomfortable on stage as if he realises every movement, every word is a hideous faux pas. Yet you know it's an act. The guy's been doing it too long for it not to be. Masterful.

But that's in between 'songs'. When he actually 'sings' it's for real. Through the sweat showers and the pounds of facial flesh comes the Ubu mesmerism — at once moribund and about to be born, lachrymose and joyful. Unlike their two albums the sound is fluent. The 'special effects' are substituted by meticulous musicianship.

It appears the audience are diehard Ubu fans anyway, actually calling out requests, imagine shouting 'Life Stinks' or 'Non Alignment Pact' at your friendly neighbourhood concert. Thomas realises they have the technology and capitalises on it by sweating some more.

And when it's all over Toronto dies again.

Pere Ubu have been together for three years with just the occasional line-up alteration. They released a number of singles on their own label. That was followed by an album 'The Modern Dance' before they signed a deal with Chrysalis who have just released 'Dub Housing'.

They toured Britain earlier this year and got an orgasmic reception from avant guardian egg heads with a certain air of snobbery pervading their arse licking.

But there was no doubting Ubu possessed a morbid sensibility — each track on their album is like the dismembered victim of a sex murderer. A leg in the long grass, a head in the hedge, an arm near the arch. All mean nothing until gradually pieced together on the bloodstained pathologist's slab. It takes time, but the cadaver begins to resemble somebody, somebody you've known in the past, somebody you can't quite put a name to, somebody who might have meant something. Long ago.

Like they love to hear you say "Pere Ubu are expanding the boundaries of expression."

Backstage Thomas sucks grass fumes from underneath a glass, up, up into the wide blue yonder of his nostrils. Almost immediately he emits an uninterrupted series of catapault coughs that renders him incapable. His face puffs up, turns crimson. His eyes bulge. You can just see the whites which ain't as white as maybe they should be.



**Points of Interest**

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- 144 Old Stone Church
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- 154 St. John's College
- 171 St. Peter's Church
- 182 Society National Building
- 188 Southern Towers Monument
- 191 Stuyvesant Tower
- 211 Trinity Cathedral
- 220 Union Terminal Exhibition Hall
- 230 Union Park
- 240 Western Reserve University
- 250 Wallace Park

He finds a chair and drops, still wheezing. The others take no notice as they form an orderly queue behind the grey fume filled grassglass.

The dressing room is tiny and with Thomas in it, positively claustrophobic. The smoke doesn't help matters. He's wearing a cheap blue mac that's as ill-fitting as his suit. Everything he seems to wear looks far too short. Even his . . . but that's another story.

"I was a high school drop-out," he says and right away the eyes begin their darting movements, movements that persist throughout out little tryst.

"It didn't seem to make much sense staying on. Everyone appeared to be pretty uninteresting. It just didn't seem to make any sense.

"I was going to be a teacher like my father, but that lasted six months. Then I started writing for a music paper. I wrote under the name of Crocus Behemoth. The name was given to me by an old girlfriend, a white panther, who used to collect names.

"I ended up writing virtually everything in the paper. I got tired of it. Tired of writing about music. I wanted to go out and do it."

Wonder if Jimmy Olsen ever felt that way? The room is getting smokier, the glass is getting emptier, the mac is getting bluer, the body grosser, the ceiling lower.

"I know we're described as an industrial band and that's erroneous. I guess I can understand it when some people say our music has nightmare qualities — but to be honest I don't really think about it that much. I say what we are is a folk band. We approach the whole thing like a folk band. I mean, the Velvets used to be described as a folk band."

"When people start trying to intellectualize on the subject of our music I feel sorry for them. We really don't think about it that much."

"Rock should be fun. It's a game this business. I still can't get over the fact that somebody is giving me money to record. We used to have to borrow money from our friends to do that. I think it's wonderful that we're getting money to do what we want. I don't understand why. But it's wonderful."

"None of us have to work outside of music any more. We can go over to Europe. Ain't it great. And what's even funnier is we don't have to give them back anything. We're just doing exactly what we want to do and nobody is telling us otherwise. They put us up in hotels, drive us around. Ha. He's actually thinking this as he

goes along. Not a hint of premeditated thought. Why, he even gets into "I can't imagine ever being popular. It would be fun if it happened — I've nothing against making it. But I still can't really see it happening."

Does he regard himself as the leader of Ubu?

"The band is the leader of the band. If one person doesn't want to do something we won't do it."

Democratic huh?

"No, anarchical." Naturally (I say that simply because Thomas couldn't really be anything but) he's pessimistic about the future. But it's an unconcerned pessimism.

"Sure, something will go wrong, something will go bad. We try to be very practical people and that's often mistaken for pessimism," whoops, "but let's face it, how many bands last that long?"

"Rock is about music, not personalities."

"I am nothing outside of Ubu. The photographs that were taken of us today are the first ones we have actually posed for in two years. It's an uncomfortable situation posing for photographs — like interviews. But we are doing them as a favour to our record company."

He doesn't buy the new music convenience.

"Industrial rock is nothing more than a hook. In the early days we used to talk about it and its relevance to Cleveland. But it's just not important. What is important is getting away from Joe Public buying his ticket to see a show, listening and then going home."

"He's supposed to expect something just because he bought a ticket. That's old thinking. He's as much part of the show as the artist, of equal importance. There's no discipline and there should be. I have a job to do, the audience has a job to do."

"I've never gone to a show and expected something. Whether I'm listening to a record in my room, or having some friends around, or watching a western. I never expect to have a good time. That causes too much trouble and worries because then it starts getting into 'Am I having a good time or not' and that's a waste of time."

"The only thing I ever expected was to get accepted in Cleveland. I just hoped that at some point, some day Cleveland would come around. It was wrong. Oh, I don't lose any sleep about it, but it's a drag."

"All it boils down to is I do my job. This is my work. This is my life. I enjoy my job and I expect other people to enjoy their jobs. Cleveland is in Ohio."

# SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES



## THE SCREAM



it isn't a grind you up  
it's a turn you up

# OFF CENTRE

Edited by TIM LOTT

SHOULDN'T THERE be an 'I' somewhere in the middle of that billboard? This unprepossessing lavatorial facade is in fact, the famous Roxy Club, the incubus of London's punk movement in 1976. It's gone the same way as the vast majority of bands it fostered; to ruin and obsolescence. Now it's being rented out again. Those with any brilliant ideas about pioneering the next big thing in rock 'n' roll should ring Bancroft and Co 01 724 3448 and check the rent.

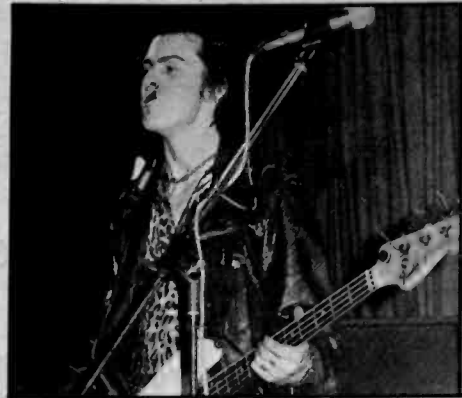


## SID VICIOUS

# Nightmare in New York



SID AND NANCY



SID IN 1977

IT IS now exactly six weeks since John Ritchie, otherwise known as Sid Vicious, former Sex Pistol, was arrested at New York's Chelsea Hotel and indicted for the alleged murder of his girlfriend Nancy Spungen. Ritchie's future is still precarious, but new evidence that has come to light since his arrest has made the odds stacked

against him seem less daunting.

Spungen's death occurred between the hours of five and nine on the morning of October 12. Medical experts ascertained the cause of death was internal haemorrhaging resulting from a stab wound in the lower abdomen.

The conclusion immediately jumped to by members of the "punk community" on both sides of the Atlantic was that death constituted half of a suicide pact between Ritchie and Spungen.

This immediate suspicion was not diminished by Ritchie's

actions after being balled out of court on trust of 50,000 dollars. Within a week he tore open his right arm with a broken light bulb allegedly shouting, "I want to join Nancy, I didn't keep my part of the bargain."

Now the police have admitted that a robbery did take place in the couple's hotel room on the night of the death.

This, in itself, proves little. The Chelsea Hotel is notorious for its sordidness, the lower portion of the hotel being largely populated by degenerates and drug traffickers. Robbery is anything but rare, and

the disappearance of money from the room could have occurred post mortem by any of the scavengers that frequent The Chelsea, prior to the police being called in.

But statements made by one Rockets Redglare — who had apparently been acquainted with the couple for about a month — suggest that this wasn't necessarily the case.

Rockets, a methadone addict, occasionally supplied Sid and Nancy with Dilaudid, a drug usually given to cancer victims. He turned up at their room that night because Nancy had "ordered" 40 Dilaudid

Capsules at 20 dollars apiece.

He had been unable to get hold of the drug, but he saw that Spungen's purse contained a wad of 100 dollar bills. The purse was empty when, hours later, the police arrived after Ritchie's befuddled emergency call to them.

Rockets says that when he left Spungen and Ritchie at 5 am, he went downstairs and made a phone call in the hotel lobby. He claims he saw an acquaintance, known to him as Steve, who also supplied the couple with drugs, heading for the elevator. Steve didn't notice

Rockets, and later denied being in the hotel that late in the morning.

Rockets Redglare was interrogated by police for nine hours. Towards the end of the interview, the detectives asked him if he knew whether Steve owned a knife.

Rockets announced that Steve had shown him a knife three months ago, a long-bladed knife with a jaguar carved on the handle. He drew a sketch of the weapon, which the detectives took to study in another room.

When they returned, they offered to drive Rockets to a methadone clinic. This change in attitude convinced Rockets that the detectives believed he had drawn the weapon that had caused Spungen's fatal wound.

The accounts of the night of the murder are further confused by a character called Neon Leon. In whose room some of Ritchie's most prized possessions were discovered shortly after the incident.

Leon, who went into hiding for a few days after the death of Spungen, claimed that the couple knocked on his door at 3 am on the morning of the death, and left Ritchie's touring jacket, gold records and various bits and pieces from the Sex Pistols tour. Leon also claims that Spungen rang him at 4.30 am. Rockets denies that any calls came into or went out of the hotel room.

Leon also was reported as saying that Ritchie had said earlier in the evening that he was "going to kill somebody".

Ritchie is currently in a psychiatric ward, recovering from more self-inflicted wounds. His state of mind can only be guessed at.



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New Day





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# OFF CENTRE

By Our Television Affairs Correspondent

## COP OF THE POPS

### ITV GO FOR THE DOUBLE

'TOP OF The Pops', the long-running BBC programme featuring pop artists miming to their hit records, has been sold exclusively to ITV... for a price estimated to be "in excess of £8 million".

ITV chiefs last night revealed how they had "gone behind the back" of the Corporation to forge a last minute deal with the country's pop stars which they hope will lure viewers away from the BBC in the "crucial" early Thursday evening slot.

"It was a touch and go situation," admitted an ITV executive. "We've been after the programme for some time and when we realised that it was up for offer at what we considered to be a bargain price we didn't think twice."

ITV have recently "lured" hit programmes such as 'Morecambe And Wise' and 'Match Of The Day' as well as artists like Bruce Forsyth, from the BBC. But the latest shock move in the ratings battle has left the BBC flabbergasted.

Admitted a BBC spokesman: "We don't know which way to turn. 'Top Of The Pops' has always been our 'family' show and we had what we call a

gentleman's agreement with the artists appearing on it that it would remain that way."  
And he added: "We feel that ITV have opened their cheque book and acted unfairly in this situation. How can we, as a public corporation, afford to spend more than £1,000 in keeping such a vital show on the air?"

ITV now plan to screen 'Top Of The Pops' on Sunday mornings at 10 am — in direct competition with BBC's 'Farmers' World'. And it's also rumoured that they will be changing the title of the programme to 'Family Favourites'.

But said an ITV executive: "There's no chance of the format being changed. The artists will be paid much more, they'll receive much less blanket exposure and besides which the BBC have been sitting on a goldmine for too long. We feel we have obtained a bargain in a situation where everyone will benefit."

ITV's shock move has already angered BBC chiefs, who last night promised a full-scale enquiry into what they described as "underhand tactics".

When Record Mirror contacted 'Top Of The Pops' producer Robin Nash, currently on holiday in Farnugusta, he said: "I'm stunned and shocked."  
And he added: "You haven't heard the last of this." — HUGO WELDON



**BACKSTAGE ROCK** by Clem Gorman (Published by Pan, in paperback, price 90p).

IF YOU really want to know what it's like backstage, I'd advise you to blag your own way there instead of forking out 90p on this load of cobbles.

Mr Gorman (an Australian immigrant) sees backstage life (both of the artists and the stars), through the eyes of an innocent. And a hippie innocent at that. His little cameos are liberally sprinkled with stories of people standing at the side of the stage holding joints, or rolling up joints. I can honestly say it's been some time since I saw anyone do that. So how up to date

is his knowledge? About five years out, I'd say.

His attitude to the music biz is humourless to say the least. He opens his books with a long chapter on roadies (hard working chaps) and immediately goes right over the top with his description of them as having "a lot in common with bands of Samurai" — Samurai? Most roadies would laugh in his face. But the best bit there was when he suggests that to prevent boredom amongst the fans while gear is being shifted around, the road crew should carry mikes and keep up a running commentary to the audience as to what they're actually doing. Worse — that a young lady could point out the functions as they happen. What a prat.

I was most amused also by his idea of how a rock writer lives — getting up midday and casually knocking together a story in the afternoon before taking the bird out for the evening. Apart from being a sexist, he's obviously living in cloud

cuckoo land.

The pictures aren't much to look at either, so save yourself the money and the time and put it towards going to a gig where you'll probably observe more than Gorman has managed to during his entire period of research into this bunkum. ROSALIND RUSSELL

**DOLLY** by Alanna Nash (published by Reed Books)

I'D LIKE to get one thing straight. Right now I am not a man. And never have been. So if Ms Nash would like to take one of my quotes for any future publication (and she is welcome to do that) I would appreciate it if she got my sex right. After all, it's important to me. I was going to carp on about her accrediting one of my other quotes to some chap from the Melody Maker, but she points out that Dolly Parton does have the habit of doubling up her best lines, so I've decided not to.

And now to the book itself: the story of Dolly I think Dolly's right when she says she hasn't lived long enough to merit a biography, but the material Ms Nash did collect wasn't bad — that is, the story as told by Dolly. But she ran far too much of the (sometimes non relevant) ramblings of the peripheral people. And when she did come across someone prepared to put Dolly down, she didn't appear to really get to the root of the problem. She was also impeded by some of Dolly's family who were reluctant to talk about the genius in the family, so she missed a great deal of necessary detail.

What did come across was Dolly's hard headed attitude towards her career and she describes the struggle Dolly had to disentangle her business from her family. Although that's described in some detail, I still felt that a closeness hadn't been established between writer and subject. I know myself that this is quite difficult to do with Dolly Parton — she lets you get just as close as she thinks you ought to.

The problem with Dolly is that you tend to get bowled over with her charm and so you hesitate to say what's really on your mind. It's a pity that's worked well for the divine Miss P. She fends off questions with a style that rarely allows you to take liberties. Only once did she get a little rattled with me — and it was about something I stumbled on by accident while talking to her after a disgustingly posy party in Beverley Hills. I asked her if she felt comfortable with all these Tinsel Town types and she misunderstood me to mean that she wasn't polished enough to cope with them.

I'm not saying that the function of a biography is to annoy the subject into making disclosures, but I think Alanna Nash could have got closer to the truth Dolly than she did.

ROSALIND RUSSELL



**WALLABY DAMNED!** However did a nice Australian housewife get mixed up in this fine mess? The very nice Barry Humphries, yes Barry, an Oz through and through... how could he mock one of Britain's national institutions? The sound of Edna indeed! Call that a sense of humour, hmmm, I'd rather get a message from a half-starved kangaroo — and you know what they're like after a few days in the bush! But Barry, Edna, the Dame, call yourself what you will, how dare you suggest that Australia has a culture, or even one famous person besides yourself? I mean, all those thinly-disguised famous faces on the cover Barry, my dear, honestly they're more Pom than a dingo's donger, more Brit than an outback dunnee! Olivia Wooden John (born in Cambridge), the Bee Gees (born in the Isle of Wight)? Think we came up the Murray River in a Fosters' can Dame Edna? As for this down under spoof... all I can say is that it's on the funny side of Everage.

FERRY NOVEL

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## MORE LIVE THAN DYED

**ROD STEWART:** 'Blondes Have More Fun' (Riva RVL P 8).

THE RIDER on the back of the sleeve says "Or do they...?" Well, the bottle-blonde one should know. He and I have been through most colours of the rainbow at one time or another, but speaking personally I don't think that specially nice things happen to blondes.

Mind you, this album he's made as a blonde is 100 per cent better than 'Footloose And Fancy Free' which he made as a redhead (I think... well, half way between red and blonde). After my review of that, he went mad at me, saying that I was five years behind the times and was still hanging on to the old days of the Faces. Well, it wasn't the old band I particularly missed (though they were a favourite of mine). It was the quality of the songs and Stewart's persona I happen to think that his personal life affects his music quite a lot and a year ago he wasn't too happy.

But now it's all changed. He's unloaded

blonde Britt and seems to be settled with the blonde Alana. And although he'll probably be narked at me saying it, this is his best album since 'Gasoline Alley'. Although the others all had some songs on that I really liked, this is the first in ages that I enjoyed almost completely (I'll come to the reservations in a minute).

It starts off with the single track 'Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?' which gives no indication of the trend of the rest of the music. It's by far the most sophisticated song he attempts here and is so different, it sounds as though it was made as a single and not as an integral part of the album. You'll probably have heard it already, so I'll give no more than a brief description of it as a disco type song.

By the time he slips into 'Dirty Weekend' you realise this is more like the Rod we know and love. I don't know if he's changed tack because of the flack he's got in the past couple of years, but he's got back to basics, back to love songs — be-



ROD goes back to his roots

they broken hearted, or out and out lust. And the arrangements have changed accordingly. He's ditched a lot of the schmaltz and honed down the sound, making it less like a Hollywood film score and more like rock and roll.

One of my favourite songs here (possibly THE favourite) is 'The Best Days Of My Life', which could easily have come off a pre-'Atlantic Crossing' album. I don't see this as going back, but using the talent he always had. Instead of

smothering it under a ton of theatrics. It's a ballad in the best traditions of 'Mandolin Wind', there's even a vocal line from 'Gasoline Alley' in it. 'Ain't Love A Bitch' also gives a reference to the past — a passing nod to the memory of 'Maggie May'. "You made a first class fool out of me/oh Maggie if you're still out there/the rest is history." The acoustic guitar gives it the atmosphere of late Faces, and 'A Nod's As Good As A Wink'. I was relieved to hear these two tracks, because it's

stopped the feeling I'd had that he had gone past his peak. As always, he mixes his tracks well, and the two rock numbers here (out and out rock as opposed to the soft rock) are 'Attractive Female Wanted' and the title track. They're fairly straight forward bum waggling songs and an indication of what we can expect when he does his UK dates at the end of the year. By the way, also expect a change in line up of the band then too. Keyboard player John

Jarvis has gone and as well as a replacement for him, there will probably be a sax player.

As Stewart's songs tend to be biographical, he couldn't really let Britt get away without comment. Well, at least everyone is going to think 'Is That The Thanks I Get?' is about Britt, so why should I be different? Here's an example: "You kicked the shit right in my face/is that all the thanks I get?/They said we made such a pretty pair/Living in harmony/I'm sorry honey but I disagree/It seemed more like a comedy." It's a hell of a good song and gives final proof (if any is needed) that Stewart can come up with the goods when he's mad enough. I love the way his voice breaks in the middle of the line "Is that the thanks I get for loving you", but in case you're thinking he's still upset about it, he follows it with a laugh.

That's all the congratulatory stuff out of the way, now to the rest. He's included 'Standing In The Shadows Of Love', which is a fair enough version, but I don't understand why he puts in old standards on his albums when he's capable of producing excellent material himself.

'Last Summer' didn't seem as strong as the rest of the songs, with its 'Giri From Ipanema' type arrangement. It's all right, but not great. And last — 'Scarred And Scared' which comes into the 'Killing Of George' category. While I think it's well done, I don't think Stewart is at his best singing about something that far out.

side his personal experience (it's about the singer killing someone), Tom Jones got away with it in 'The Green Grass Of Home', but Rod's attraction lies in people being able to identify with his love songs (if not his lifestyle). But despite that, this is a fine album and one which should put his musical reputation straight with lot of (and it has for me). ++++ ROSALIND RUSSELL.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: '20 Original Rock Hits' (Pickwick PLE 7001)

ANOTHER of those somewhat haphazard bunches of ditties not from The Hyde, NW9. The curious thing is, why after they've told you that these are mere lasters to whet your appetite for further Pickwick goodies, they then give you pix of T Rex and Bee Gees' albums, neither of which artists appear on '20 Original Rock Hits'.

As usual take the title with a certain pinch of salt. It wasn't the Animals' 'Bo Diddley' that made the charts as a single, nor did the Duane 'Suck Shift' hit the 50 — although it's a celebrated bit of hot-rod legend. Anyway, the ones you might want to include Mr Bloo's 'Groovin With Mr Bloo', The Troggs 'Wild Thing' and 'With A Girl Like You', Johnny Guitar Watson's 'I Need It', Fleetwood Mac's 'Man Of The World', The Shangri-La's 'Leader Of The Pack' and 'Remember (yet again!)' and 'Take Me To The Pilot' from Elton John. Not a bad bunch however, and definitely cheap at the price. ++++ SUSAN KLUTE

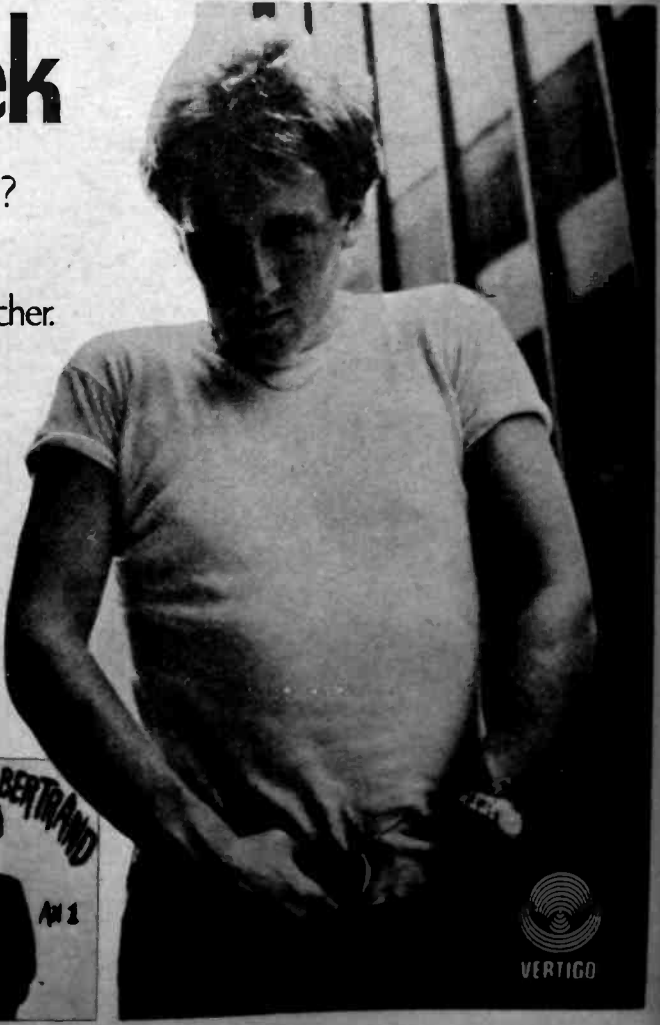
# Le single de la week

Remember Le Quatre Seasons' classic hit "Walk Like A Man"? Now Plastic Bertrand has come up with un nouveau version with the nouveau title "C'est Le Rock 'N' Roll". The first 15,000 are in a full-colour bag that's a real yeux-catcher.

## C'EST LE ROCK 'N' ROLL

# Plastic Bertrand

.....and ne forget pas Plastic Bertrand's album AN 1.





**THE PALEY BROTHERS:** 'The Paley Brothers' (Sire Records SRK 6052)

**THE PALEY** Brothers wear clean white shirts and clean faded jeans. They have Kleen faces and shiny teeth. They are American pop stars and I should hate them, if I was hip. But try as I might I'm not, and so my verdict is give these boys a break.

The music is sheer sticky sixties bubblegum. All the tracks are highly commercial, highly disposable, boy meets girl melodies. At times they even sound like The Monkees, which can't be bad. However it is the Spector influence which dominates. The boys sing pleasantly but the big production adds the character to this essentially nice album.

'Rendezvous' and 'Too Good To Be True' are the clever toppers, full of jangling tambourines and subtle sound effects. 'Come On Let's Go' features The Ramones and is a thrashing rough 'n' ready piece of pop. This is a controlled album full of cheap songs, which will sound great on a cheap radio. At what they attempt in their own simple way, The Paleys succeed. They look like / sound like potential teenage heartthrobs. You have been warned. +++

PHILIP HALL

'Pronto Monto' is one of those albums that comes very close to achieving a lot but, in coming so close and failing, might as well have missed by a mile as a yard. The sisters write cleverly and interestingly. If not particularly innovatively. Their eclecticism is quite endearing but in all their songs there's little finally. Too often an intriguing verse is followed not by a climatic chorus but by an instrumental break or a repeated verse, or a chorus that just isn't strong enough. Take 'Dead Weight': it's a pleasant song but the chorus seems to be toned down for some reason, so that Julie Covington's version of it on her new album is at least as effective - and it shouldn't be, because Kate and Anna wrote it and they of all people should know how to interpret it.

'Bundle Of Sorrow, Bundle Of Joy' works better, being more complete; and the title track, sung in French, is reminiscent of 'Complainte Pour Sainte Catherine' from their first album. The incongruity of the old Elvis song 'Trying To Get To You' is quite successful, too. There are lots of near misses; it's almost very good, but is that enough? +++

PAUL SEXTON



**ALVIN LEE:** 'Let It Rock' (Chrysalis CHR1190)

**LIVING** on former glories is a sad thing. Trading on them is even sadder. 'Let It Rock' is a sorry little exercise in rock'n roll preterition which deserves pity rather than a cynical critique.

The accompanying biographical blurb tells Alvin's story to date. Emerged from late sixties, post-blues boom Britain, Hamburg, Marquee, Windsor Blues Festival, Fillmore, Woodstock, Isle of Wight, Ten Years After, solo...and now. Now Alvin has a new solo album, with 10 new Alv compositions, a fresh chapter in the career of one of rock's premier guitar heroes.

The album opens with 'Chemicals, Chemistry, Mystery And More', a limp dirge wherein Lee informs the listener that, hey, "Life is all one great big universe of chemicals, chemistry,

mystery and more!" Spot on, eh fellow aesthetes. This observation is followed up with "Life is what you make it". Yea, verily arrant nonsense of the most insipid kind.

Every track sounds grossly unoriginal, but then again the big 6, was never Ten Years After's or, presumably, Lee's bowl of brown rice, so I suppose we can excuse him on that score. To expand on that last remark - half the product is pure fingerlickin' Macon blues. 'Through With Your Lovin', 'Ain't Nobody' and 'Downhill Lady Racer' exemplify the Nottingham redneck's preoccupation with this most tiresome genre 'World Is Spinning Faster' and 'Images Shifting' are dire, or rather, steals from Clapton's '461 Ocean Blvd' repertoire. 'Little Boy' finds Lee coming on like JJ Cale coming off the downers, and worst comes last, 'Let It Rock' contains the most Berry and Lee Lewis cliches you'll find this side of a Steve Gibbons album.

Still, apart from make albums which will appeal to culturally deprived Yanks, what can a poor boy do? Show some respect for everyone concerned and retire from the world of Lingalunga Lee with some modicum of grace, I would suggest.

This is a farce. ++  
**RONNIE GURR.**



**DARTS:** 'The Amazing Darts' (K-tel DLP7881)

**K-TEL** presents 20 tracks from the amazing Darts. Wowiee. The ideal Xmas present for any member of the family. Everyone will love these catchy melodies, why even Gran will bop along to 'Daddy Cool'. This is trendy music of the fifties.

Watch the advert, buy the record. Thank God Darts have some talent in their limited field of recreating dated rock'n'roll. By the way all these tracks are available on Darts last two albums. However this is the album which will make Darts a household name. It is a professional, slick product. Darts are fun in a very harmless sort of way. They are easy listening entertainers, full of polish, but sadly lacking in excitement. I liked the singles but this album is too much of a muchness. Millions will prove me wrong. +++  
**PHILIP HALL**

**KATE AND ANNA MCGARRIGLE:** 'Pronto Monto' (Warner Brothers K54561)

**REMEMBER** when Kate and Anna McGarrigle used to be important? They were one of those bands you were allowed to like, because the press reception of their first album and its sequel 'Dancer With Bruised Knees' was favourable. Now whether you continue to like them is entirely up to you and nothing I say will make any difference, but I must admit to finding the McGarrigles, not a little frustrating.

**Nothing like a dame**

**EDNA EVERAGE:** 'The Sound Of Edna' (Charisma CAS 1140)

**MY HEROINE!** I mean, what other lady could tackle such delicate songs as the tragic 'The Night We Burnt My Mother's Things' and the poignant 'I Miss My Norm' (about her hubby's - excuse me for being blunt - prostate operation) with such taste and sensitivity. You thought she was just a pretty face? Wrong, Edna does of course have niceness (niceness being defined as using an under-arm deodorant and cleaning your teeth three times a day) but she also has taste and sensiti - oh, I've said that already, haven't I? Her abilities don't stop there though. She also applies her natural talents to a wide variety of other subjects, from the sympathetic 'Life In A Goldfish Bowl' to the jolly 'Every Mother Wants A Boy Like

Elton', a very clever take-off of a certain other superstar. In fact, Edna's only real mistake is to record a 'punk' song - if I can give you just a teeny weeny bit of advice, dear, I think it's best to own up to your age, and not to try to sound younger than you are. After all, there's nothing wrong with being in the full bloom of your middle years, is there?

Of course, a mere record can never replace the wonderful rapport Dame Edna achieves with her audience during live performances (when, as she so rightly puts it, you feel just like family) and to be perfectly frank (I hope you don't mind me mentioning this, Edna) the appeal of this album does tend to pall after a couple of listens. However, it would make a lovely Christmas idea for all those of you who number Australians among your acquaintances. (And don't we all). XXX SHEILA PROPHET.

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**'BACK TO '78' THE NEW ALBUM**





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- ◆ Unbearable

## BUM'S RUSH

QUEEN: 'Jazz' (EMI EMA 788)

LEANING on the backstage bar at Hamersmith Odeon last week, after another enjoyable Judas Priest gig, I noticed a mirror printed with the lettering of Mott The Hoople and their support act on that 1973 tour, Queen — the days of regal splendour when Freddie and the lads had just released their exciting debut platter.

'Queen II' and 'Sheer Heart Attack' were more than welcome follow-ups, but '76 saw the band on the sad road to commercialism, after the enormous success of 'Bohemian Rhapsody'. Since then, three disappointing platters have ensued, none of which managed to retain the vitality of earlier efforts. Back to the

present and Queen have emerged with 'Jazz' and unhappily this merely continues where the likes of 'News Of The World' left off.

Recorded in Montreux, during the jazz festival (geddit?), it does have its moments, certainly more than that last LP, but these are still few and far between. 'Bicycle Race' and 'Fat Bottomed Girls' are of course included, as well as a number of very nondescript tracks, these being mainly Mercury compositions. Opening the first side is 'Mustapha', complete with hideous religious-like wailing, and this along with the cuts from the current single is only redeemed by John Deacon's 'If You Can't Beat Them', and 'Let Me Entertain You', two rockers which bring a sparkle of life to the proceedings. Yet the



QUEEN: have they hit rock bottom?

lyrics of the latter are embarrassingly bad, with our Fred singing about making albums for EMI and Elektra, amongst numerous other wonderful things — still, nothing like a little piece of advertising for the record companies.

I suspect that the words are meant to be taken in a light-hearted manner, like those of 'Fat Bottomed Girls', but they hardly reflect much of a sense of humour. Indeed a further lack of wit is seen on the triple gatefold inside cover picture, of a multitude of naked females with their torsos supported by — yes, you guessed it — bicycle saddles!

The flip side of the record is a collection of seven numbers and the

best of the bunch are the two written by drummer Roger Taylor, namely 'Fun It' and 'More Of That Jazz'; also 'Dead On Time' should not be forgotten. Therefore, out of a baker's dozen, to deliver only five winners simply isn't enough and definitely doesn't merit compulsive buying.

Production is back in the capable powers of Roy Thomas Baker, who recently scored well with his work for The Cars, and who was responsible for those initial Queen albums; but then he had material of a higher quality to deal with.

'Jazz', however, will doubtless continue to increase the financial holdings of messrs. Mercury, May, Taylor and Deacon, but it is a

great pity that they couldn't have supplied something more action-packed, at the same time. I would dearly love to like Queen as much as I did in the early seventies but the task is becoming increasingly impossible when their products are void of the correct ingredients. Queen '76: by appointment to commercial pop / rock addicts only. + + ½ STEVE GETT

BETHNAL: 'Crash Landing' (Vertigo - 0102 029)

IF THERE'S one thing that sickens me it's the scummy rat-pack mentality that deems certain bands U and some Non U. Evaluated on this sad level Bethnal would

almost certainly be regarded as infra dig.

Those of you capable of transcending all that bullshit, however, know and love music that is good and will judge it on solely that criterion. 'Crash Landing' is good, often great music.

The title track of this little beauty opens and closes with some potent staccato drum riffing backed by some brazen synthesiser work. The refurbished sense of dynamics is immediately hammered home when you realise that the hard rock roots which dominated the first album are now offset with some marvellous glissando harmonies. Indeed throughout the album Bethnal continually avoid the formula that made 'Dangerous Times' such a fiery affair. Songs like 'Crash Landing', 'Nothing New' and the old stage favourite 'The Fiddler' all contain the grandiose punch of the old Bethnal yet the magnificent production here highlights melody as well as bombastic power.

Full marks to the Caspo/Williams writing axis for not allowing themselves to be restricted in one field of composition. The two most blatant examples of the pair's progress are two smoochers entitled 'Sometimes' and 'You're A Dreamer'. The latter I found to be the album's most irresistible moment. Musical seduction exemplified, the song features exquisite acoustic guitar and violin interplay and brought to mind the same kind of musical texture that The Faces achieved in their 'Mandolin Wind' / 'Maggie May' period.

Although every track on 'Crash Landing' is of true value and worth, especially noteworthy is side two which features 'Clown In The Crowd'. Who songs that Townsend never wrote. 'Talk Of The Town' — good tune, great gettar hook-and 'Odd Man Out'. This gem is the album's toping jiggerama, bristling with hummable jacks and dozing with the cosmopolitan Roman feel that is Bethnal's unique forte.

To sum up, 'Crash Landing' is a fine, fine record and should appeal to anyone who loves good rock with a bit of light and shade. This is melodic, intelligent and honest rock. PHILIP HALL

GENE COTTON: 'Save The Dancer' (Ariola ARL 5015)

GENE COTTON'S name is one you're probably trying to forget after last year's near-hit 'Me And The Elephant'. But if, like me, you found that through that record's overt sentimentality it was still enjoyable and quite sad, you might be interested in the gentleman's new album, and in particular a track called 'Before My Heart Finds Out' which is in the same style and at least as good. Neither was written by Gene Cotton — that single last year was penned by Benny Whitehead and the track in question here is Randy Goodrum. Gene did co-write the pleasant 'You Were Right' here, and his latest US single 'Like A Sunday In Salem' which is a little more abrasive, but with 'Shine On' he achieves little that one is just too lightweight and dispensable, as is Walter Egan's 'Only The Lucky'.

The remainder of the songs are, if not works of art, at least very listenable — 'She's Sweet She's Somebody' and 'Going Through The Motions Of Love' are typical of them but 'Save The Dancer' is more aggressive. His duet with Kim Carnes, 'You're A Part Of Me' (written by Kim) is also, dare I say it, "nice". It is possible to have too much of this; there are times when it's not just easy listening, it's an absolute cliché. Even so it's music I would defend from the knockers. + + ½ PAUL SEXTON



KINGFISH: 'Trident' (Jet Records) JETLP 215

'TRIDENT' includes a song entitled 'Moving Down The Highway'. The title alone clearly explains this band's intentions. They are an embarrassingly dated West Coast band. Almost all the songs are second rate, laid back melodies. 'Take It Too Hard' is an average rock number with an above average guitar solo; bloody uninspiring music. These are songs to flap your flared-jeans along to.

However there are some good points for trends still interested in California. In fact on the slower numbers they sound almost pleasant. 'Hard To Love Somebody' stands out as a very crisp country rocker. I almost found myself singing along with it and the 'I've Got a Pretty Night Eyes' and 'My Eyes' are imaginative, un-haired libelous, mmm, nice. That's about the strongest term I can use. This is a well produced, well sung, well played album. At times they even sound like The Eagles, which I suppose makes them sound very untraditional. PHILIP HALL

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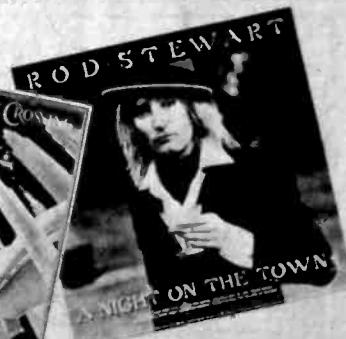
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# ALBUMS



**ARLYN GALE:** 'Back To The Midwest Night' (ABC ABL 5261)

IT SEEMS that the two years Mike Appel held up Bruce Springsteen's career with litigation, while the star tried to escape his managerial clutches, were not wasted. Appel has been busily nurturing the talents of Mr Gale.

Five years ago there was a plethora of pretenders to the Dylan crown, including Springsteen. Now Bruce is the one to beat and poor Arlyn has been railroaded into the competition. The cover has him, looking like a cross between Nils Lofgren and Bruce, under the muck of what seems to be Brooklyn Bridge.

Luckily Arlyn is quite a bit more than a cheap photocopy. Sure there are some Springsteen styled mannerisms and the first few bars of the title track don't do much to dispel any preconceived notions. But the overall sound has too much lightness, too much soft jazz and funk influences for the comparison to stand up for long while still retaining a healthy foundation in rock and roll.

But the real knockout punch is the misty 'Tiger On The Lawn' with its washes of synthesizers, shimmering harmonics and stealthy bass while Arlyn's plaintive vocal wraps up a strong atmospheric piece with its deserved delicacy.

But it's really the decoration on a tasty and very filling cake that is a slow burner in terms of immediacy and I get the feeling he would, like Springsteen, make more sense live.

These are early days in Mr Gale's career and I, for one, am more than interested in any future output. But I shall wait till the next album before rejoicing in Mr Appel's talent finding skills but this offering is enough to say that it's worth making the arrangements for the celebration. + + + +

MIKE GARDNER



**GRUPPO SPORTIVO:** 'Back To 78' (EPIC EP 83263)

THESE are perhaps the only foreigners I believed in. I thought they played wry pop songs, but then I'd only heard selected tracks. Now that I've heard a full album, doubts are settling in. I knew we shouldn't have joined the EEC.

'Back To 78' confirms that Gruppo can write catchy melodies but it

also shows that they are a tinny, cheap pop group with a collection of very silly lyrics. Even when they use a horn section as on the superior 'My Girl', the production still sounds unbelievably thin. Criticisms aside, at the moment I keep playing this record. It is appealing, but I wonder how long it will be before I tire of what is essentially a superficial sound.

One of the most successful songs is 'PS 78' where most of the lyrics are in French. However on 'Bernadette' and 'Shave' they use childish innuendoes in their attempt to be humorous. On 'Real Teeth Are Out' and 'The Pogo Never Stops', John Lydon is the subject of their weak satire, sacrilege!

They play Opportunity Knocks music, full of instant variety but sadly lacking in style. All the tracks are very commercial but little more. On the fast frantic numbers they almost sound convincing. It's ironic that on my favourite track, 'Blah Blah Magazines' they admit, tongue in cheek, that:

"We're like the Monkees, We've got no ideas of our own.

We are a cross between, Abba and eheheh!" + + +

+ 1/2 PHILIP HALL



**THE POLICE:** 'Outlandos d'Amour' (A&M AMLH 68502)

FORGET THE cracks about the Police being an arresting band, what about the album? I suspect they're something of a "cult following crew" - that expression sometimes means a band has about seven fans but not in this case. 'Roxanne' was one of those singles that received lots of acclaim but for some reason avoided the charts, and 'Can't Stand Losing You', although it grappled into the 40s of the top 75, never quite did itself justice. (Incidentally, it's interesting how many singles stop just short of the BBC - publicised top 40. I demand a national inquiry). Perhaps there is some rough accuracy in the singles market, because 'Can't Stand Losing You' is for me the best track here, attractive in its simplicity and tinges of reggae.

Their new single is 'So Lonely', marked by a frantic chorus, but a better choice might have been 'Born In The 50s', if only for its easily remembered chorus. 'Be My Girl', Sally tells the story of an inflatable young lady (never mind the Feelgoods' 'She's A Wind - Up', in this one she's a blow - up). The whole album jogs along with a sort of lightweight metallic theme to it. It's nearer bubblegum than punk but apart from certain occasions in songs I've mentioned it falls between the two stools, and is ultimately a bit unimaginative. There you are lads, a long sentence. (Damn, I wasn't going to do any Police jokes) + + +

PAUL SEXTON

# MAGIC MIKE...

**MIKE OLDFIELD:** 'Incantations' (Virgin VDT 101)

AAA. Aaaaaaaah. Here I am midway through side one. There's a flute warbling and a chorus from a girl choir. The sun's shining and I feel blissful.

Every home should have a copy of 'Incantations' nestling on the coffee table. I thought that by now I might have got a bit jaded with Oldfield. But no, the spell is still cast.

This is Oldfield at his most pastoral. Side one is flosy bunnies sniffing at the flowers music, from one of those BBC 2 documentaries. But at the beginning of side two, the Disney feel is interrupted by the old ploy of strident whining guitar. The tranquillity is continued with the choir and steady pulse beat building into an incandescent chant. The theme is broken by a Cecil B De Mille jungle epic, completed by droning sounds and native tom toms. Maddy Prior (I think) intones a piece from Longfellow's Hiawatha (I don't understand the significance

of it either). Side three is like a crazy English madrigal, with its collection of warbling pipes and rasping cymbals before the guitar dominates again. It's in danger of becoming tedious until just at the right moment Oldfield sweeps skillfully across with the pipes - blending them again with the main theme. The whole piece is spiced with a growing feeling of urgency.

It climaxes with shimmering cymbals and guitars en masse producing hypnotic whirling dervish notes. Side four is a fantasy (sorry about this I'm getting a bit carried away) of harp sounds replaced by the xylophone and a sudden twist into light reggae.

The climax is a pounding of brass broken by the xylophone and more guitar. The main theme is eventually revisited by crystallised keyboards.

Anybody want to hear it again? What do you mean it's boring? + + + + ROBIN 'THUMPER' SMITH



## But Kate's a myth

**KATE BUSH:** 'Lionheart' (EMI EMA 787)

AGAIN, the question, "Why me?"

Am I supposed to be objective about this, to critically analyse something about which I know sod all and care even less?

Can I ever forget that ridiculous dirge they called 'Wuthering Heights', that castrated screechy vocal abrading every bone, glass and gold filling in sight?

Do you expect me to come right out and proclaim this, the Lionheart's second long player, to be the proverbial icing - on - the - cake, the crucial move, the album which'll finally jack - knife our Katie onto a truly monumental platform?

Well the hell I won't. I won't because, if one takes the time out to leer through the make-up, anatomy and gaga - overkill, through the clinical production, the air - brushed soft focus techniques, through the entire myth, one is greeted with a "product" which is, at best, moderate, lacking, and often severely irritating.

Kate's surrounded herself with a crowd of sessioneers: Duncan McKay, Stuart Elliot, David Paton, Ian Bairnson, and they sound like session - men, being thoroughly anonymous, nothing more than a foil for the lady's own highly - attuned ego, consistently lacking any genuine "push", zeal, tension, desperation, identity.

Therefore, the feel is often bland and soulless. Strictly MoR with a "clever" tinge: lyrics vague enough to lift the project out the purest - wallpaper slot, and into... what?

'Symphony In Blue' which actually opens, is marginally less laughable than most of the other goods, being genuinely catchy in a trivial kinda way, it gives out to a moody, part - successful 'In Search Of Peter Pan', which unfortunately collapses into pointless daftness with a tenderly - delivered "When you wish upon a Star" supplement, and a backdrop of brooding strings. And it all sounds so serious, dammit.

'Don't Push Your Foot On The Hearbrake' is also mildly entertaining fodder which nearly rocks along (in a studious, designed, calculated, placid, safe manner) though Kate's vocals at this point become pure nails - on - black - board screechola.

Strictly aw - ful are 'Oh England My Lionheart' and 'Coffee Home - ground', which are bare - faced testaments to Bush's occasionally horribly cringe - inducing high - pitched whine, evidenced best (or worst, depending on where you're standing) by the lines "Pictures of Crippin, lipstick - smeared / Torn wallpaper, have the walls got ears here?"

But - sorry - you won't get me with yer catchy choons, and you won't get me with yer clever lyrics, five - star 'accomplished' musicians and production perfectos.

This is flat, conceived, silliness: don't know where it's coming from, don't know where it's headed, don't really care. I can't say it's a waste, I simply dislike it and am not fainable. This opinion, this review, others like them, you will be a superstar, Kate Bush, you will be tomorrow. + + + + CHRIS WESTWOOD



**DAVID KUBINEC:** 'Some Things Never Change' (AMH 68501)

KUBINEC's past career has been varied if not stunning. The only part worth mentioning though is the fact that he was Patrick Moraz's vocalist in his band in Switzerland, but as the blurb informs, "this isn't as significant as it may sound." It certainly isn't. 80 per cent of the tracks bear no relation to Moraz's symphonic rock. The music is much more in the vein of his producer / keyboards player John Cale.

Cale has influenced him heavily, all the tracks bear a strong Cale sound, but Kubinec has given them a more commercial sound 'Tear Myself Away' on the second side is in fact "total pop".

The exceptions are 'Out In The Rain' and 'Elf Sires'. They both veer towards his Moraz roots but he has bagpipes instead of synthesizers, yes, bagpipes. Enough said? 'Elf Sires' is a rather whimsical number based on a past civilisation who had all our technology but blew themselves up. Deep eh!

Never fear though. There are eight other racy tracks on the album. There does tend to be a lack of distinction between them, mainly due to his voice range which doesn't vary throughout. But one track that does really stand out is 'Love In The First Degree' which has a strong background bass line and a clarity to Kubinec's voice, which in parts has a certain Jaggeresque quality to it. + + +

+ 1/2 JON FREWIN



**VOYAGE:** 'Fly Away' (GTO GTLP 035)

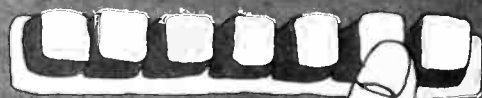
INCREDIBLE to think that the first album from Voyage hit these streets (officially) only six months ago. But here, Marc Slim, Pierre - Alain and the gang (more than one of those names turn up on Carrone's newie, by the way) are back with a versatile, rather beefy and generally quite daunting LP that is, as they say, better than ever.

The album opens with 'Souvenirs', a tenuous lightweight thing worthy of a Three Degrees type outfit, followed immediately by the heavy jazz funk of 'Kechak Fantasy' featuring a supreme vibes break. 'Let's Fly Away' is a slice of fantasy folly with Sylvia Mason doing a Karen Carpenter, and this month's bit of exhibitionism. 'Golden Eldorado' carries on the same beat into a Latin hustle format with an even greater set of romantic sixties touches - sobbing trumpet solo et al. Not that 'Fly Away' is anything but '78, and with songs virtually segued into each other, it should be a handy way round parties + + + + SUSAN KLUITH

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# ALBUMS

## THESE BOYS NEED 'ELP



ELP: resting on their laurels

EMERSON LAKE AND PALMER: 'Love Beach' (Atlantic K30552)

NOW IS the time for ELP to fart around. Now is the time for them to rest on laurels and recline in the sun. Now is the time for me to carry out something of a hatchet job in not less than 300 words.

In all honesty, 'Love Beach' reeks of putrefaction. It grieves me that I have to say that, after liking ELP for so long, 'Love Beach' is a rough album compared with the art deco of 'Works'. The experience is like taking a cold shower after a warm bath.

Lake's voice is allowed to rampage all over the first four tracks. Only the title tracks stands apart, with its heavy injections of frisky drumming. 'Taste Of My Love' is a bore. Lake's voice battling above keyboards and drums as he meanders around some turgid lyrics. There isn't enough room for the band to breathe as they follow each other around in ever-decreasing circles. The songwriting team of Lake and Sinfield seems to have lost its inspiration especially on 'The Gambler' which seems a dull echo of past funnies like 'Jeremy Bender'.

Then there's 'For You' with a wide-eyed Spanish flamenco type opening. Lake attempts to smoulder through the song — but the edge in his voice disappears and he sounds like a cabaret singer attempting to bleed emotion all over the floor.

'Canario' is Emerson's solree and the saving track of side one. Nimble fingers pound away before a flurry of drums and then moments of sombre peace. Side two is completely taken up with 'Memoirs Of An Officer And A Gentleman'. A wedding cake of a concept especially with 'Love At First Sight', about a virginal girl in white satin. The track just drips and gushes. Instead of feeling sentimental you just want to laugh.

'Letters From The Front' is the final tumble downhill. The concept begins to sound like a Gilbert and Sullivan production in the village hall or a Pythonesque drama of our chaps gamely fighting the Hun.

This hurts but ++ ROBIN SMITH



ERIC CLAPTON: 'Backless' (RSP Deluxe RSD 5001)

CLAPTON may not be clapt-out just yet, but he's getting there. This, yet another tasteful but slightly monotonous exercise in the art of being Laid Back, could probably be more accurately titled 'Testicle-less' rather than 'Backless'. Still, maybe it's an improvement on the previous ones, which would have been best characterised as 'wound of his earlier

albums. It's a matter of relaxed discipline and unashamed plagiarism; Clapton is no longer an innovator in any sense at all, but a superstar copycat. Only four of the 10 tracks here feature EC as composer, and those four are so stereotyped that they are as good as being by someone else (except for 'Golden Ring', which, despite sounding very similar to The Band, has a real charm of its own).

Of course just about everyone in rock 'n' roll copies everybody else, but the trouble with Eric is that he keeps copying the same people — J J Cale, Delaney and Bonnie, American roots music, cajun, blues, r'n'b, country and western. Palatable, but not exactly pushing forwards the barriers of music. I suppose he's happy standing on the same spot all the time, but the grass

is really beginning to show under those feet. Frankly, I can barely tell the difference between 'Backless' and the first Clapton solo album. There's even a J J Cale track on both of them — this time it's 'I'll Make Love To You Anytime', which is an exact replica of Cale's style.

But it's difficult to dislike or condemn Clapton for what he's doing. If he wanted to make more money he could always go back to being God, but it's a temptation he's resolutely resisted.

The only trouble is, he's resisted it too pedantically. Really, Clapton's only genuine talent is guitar playing. He has a rather mediocre voice, and as a writer, he's competent but humdrum.

He should take a lesson from Bowie, who, realising that he'd once and for all shaken off the stigma of Ziggy Stardust, was confident enough to recreate him this year, knowing no one could trap him in 1973 amber because of all he's done since. Clapton should consider the same; he's proved himself to his public, so now he can afford to let himself go.

Unfortunately, 'Backless' relies on the same formula of half amplified guitar, natural blues, and southern swing that Clapton worships. Like Ferry and Bowie and Dylan and many others, he has had a go at paying tributes to the sort of music he enjoys most, rather than trying to come up with something new.

The trouble is, all the others got it out their system in one album (except for Ferry, who is just as deserving of criticism). Clapton won't let go of the past, and I'm beginning to think that he couldn't if he wanted to. ++ TIM LOTT



BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS: 'Babylon By Bus' (Island ISLD 11)

IN A year where Bob Marley has done everything he possibly

can survive in the unlikely position of world class rock star and the devout and soulful figurehead of a socio / religious cult — the contradictions are many and one has just got to believe his position is unique — what better than an excellent live album?

And excellent it is. 'Babylon By Bus' is Marley so far, the best of a stage show that has travelled the world in a cocoon that is both bizarre and breathtaking and with its coming one can only sense that all involved are relieved to have got it all down.

It's an album that allows both for a rest and a statement. Starting from the dressed-up (and equally successful) re-working of 'Lively Up Yourself' (already heard raw on the 'Live' album) Marley covers territory ranging from 'Concrete Jungle' ('Catch A Fire'), 'War', 'No More Trouble', 'Stir It Up' right through to the more recent triumphs of Marley the soulman (and Marley the Rastafarian, don't let it be forgot) in 'Jamming' and 'Is This Love'.

It's an album that features — whatever the pariahs ("I was at the Lyceum in 1975, man, and he's sold out since then") may gloomily elaborate — one of the best music and rhythm outfits ever consummately treading the electric line between reggae, rock'n'soul. All the influences channelled unerringly into one voice; that voice, one message. One love. He believes it, he delivers it. It's true.

And if the faster and ever heavier strains of 'Exodus' — pulsating guitar and bass and the "movement of Jah people" — are now more in tune with movement of white Europeans (from London to Lucerne jiggling furiously in the front rows... well, The perils of being a superstar can't be easy to come to terms with, and especially so for a religious-cum-musician figurehead which Marley has become.

Bob Marley is at the top of his tree right now, his music easily accepted on the pop airwaves, yet still capable of offering live excitement that lasts over two albums (even if the "best" of the tapes were culled from concerts as far apart as Toronto and Rotterdam).

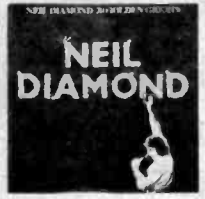
The poses may be becoming strained — the arms outstretched, the dreadlocks flying, the rhythm section crackling

into life perhaps not as often as they once did — but the power is still there. And 'Babylon By Bus' catches most of it. With the last live album (from the Lyceum concerts) Marley was not yet "broken" as the across-the-board star. A quartet of best-sellers later he is — and who can blame Island, or Marley, for capitalising on the fact?

The album, hopefully, will run in tandem with a recorded — at the Rainbow movie 'Bob Marley And The Wailers Live' Both are "the story so far", both excellent entertainment, and both a pinnacle until the next move.

If, as Marley indicated all too briefly in Jamaica earlier this year the next stop is to be a serious move back to Marley the introspective Rastaman, or if, as is the more likely it will be Marley taking another step into the American reggae/funk/soul commercial arena 'Babylon By Bus' will still be history.

Superb for the times, and an unmissable epitaph for an era. +++ JOHN SHEARLAW



NEIL DIAMOND: '20 Golden Greats' (MCA EMTV 14)

AND HOW can this be anything less than brilliant?

Since Diamond's latest bout with Britain at Woburn Abbey and the London Palladium we've heard little enough from him — and as the world waits for the next step (Diamond as movie star) who can blame his, ahem, former record company for, in those immortal words, "capitalising on back catalogue"?

To all intents and radio purposes Neil Diamond — longer than most the top-grossing, top-selling superstar on the US circuit until ousted by the infinitely less charismatic Barry Manilow only this year — sprang to attention in 1970 along with 'Cracklin' Rose' followed by hit after hit of the 'Sweet Caroline' and 'I Am I Said' kind.

He still relies on those songs for his stage performances (shall we say the songs of the peak years) and although his subsequent work with CBS has been equally as rewarding (if not as instantly accepted) the greatest hits aspect in his case has scarcely been over-exposed.

So, as seen on TV, here's 20 of 'em for Christmas. Remember 'Shilo', 'Soulaimon' or 'Song Sung Blue'? 'Cherry Cherry', 'Play Me'? There's not much missing, even if you already have 'Love At The Greek' (live, newer, double), and Diamond — even in this concentrated dosage — is essential listening.

Fair crack of the whip and all that — whether it's the big newbie from CBS or the big oldies from MCA Diamond will be a winner. Actually I consider him one of the premier singers / songwriter / performers of the decade, but casting subjectivity to the winds — one of the best "TV releases" so far. +++ JOHN SHEARLAW

# BOWWIE

NEW LIVE SINGLE  
BREAKING GLASS  
ART DECADE  
ZIGGY STARDUST

THREE TRACKS  
FOR 99p (rrp)  
IN COLOUR BAG  
FROM THE ALBUM  
'STAGE'

Record: PL 02913  
Cassette: PK 02913  
Single: BOW I







# ROD STEWART

RECORD  
MIRROR





# MAILMAN

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

## HOME IS WHERE THE HEAD IZZZZZ

I FEEL I must write this letter as I feel stoned. I have just got back from a Hawkwind gig and my head's not all there. (This is a common symptom arising from repeated physical contact between the cranium and a Marshall amp — A Doctor Writes). Well, would yours be after dropping LCD (LCD? — What do you know that we don't? — MM) and getting into a Hawkwind gig. It's really neat. Anyway, back to my so called letter. I've liked Hawkwind since their first album but since that excellent guy Lemmy left them, I'm not so keen. Hawkwind have even changed their name to the Hawklords and that's really bad swag. So how about an interview, poster or something. They're a pretty unmentioned band. I'll have to go now as this letter's doing my head in.

### The Freaky Tripper

● My God, where did they dig YOU up from? And by the way, I DON'T think it's the letter that's doing you in. It's these funny new chemicals you seem to have discovered. Stick to Junior Aspirin.

## AT THE FEET OF THE PROPHET (PART 57)

SHEILA PROPHET, you're great!! For once I do believe you've given Slade a decent review. Not only have you given the album a fair hearing — for that I take back everything I've ever said about you — but you'll find they're on the way back up. Anyway you sexy thing, how about a signed photo. Or better still, will you marry me?  
● Kevin Massey, East Ham, London.  
● Sorry, she's set her heart on Mike Oldfield... must be his tubular bells.

## ANOTHER WOUNDED YES FAN WRITES

IF SHEILA Prophet is a critic, I'm Fozzy Bear. What did she do before she became a music critic? Was she by any chance in the Labour Party (Labour? — never done a days work in her life, how dare you — MM)

because like them she doesn't know what she's talking about. That review she gave to Yes' 'Tormato' was a pack of lies. You can tell by the first couple of lines that she hated the group. Did she listen to the record? Why do you hate this group. In its 10th year of music this month.  
● Andrew Tweeddale, Marlow, Bucks.  
● Yeah, it sounds like it too Foz, old son.

## GETT'S KISS OF DEATH

I AM not writing to tell you how disgusted I was with Steve Gett's useless, pathetically hopeless write up on three superlative albums by Kiss. I simply want to know what happened to the write up of the fourth album, by Gene Simmons. That's all.  
D. Teague, Bourne, Lincolnshire.  
● Sorry DT, my fault. I was so overcome I forgot to put it in with the rest. It went in the Nov 18 issue.  
— Rosalind Russell.

## HEART TO HEARTLESS

WHO THE hell is Chris Westwood when he's at home? (I don't know who he is at home, but when he's here he's definitely Chris Westwood — MM). He obviously has no taste at all because Heart are one of the best bands in the world. They have minds infinitely superior to his but then everyone has. I'm buying my copy of the album today just as soon as I stop writing to morons like you.  
L. Lory, Manchester.  
● How does it feel to be one of a minority group?

## PROPERTY STRANGLEHOLD

AFTER READING Susie Taylor's letter about Dave Greenfield of the Stranglers becoming her neighbour, I wonder if her father would be interested in selling his house?  
The Swedish Vagrant.  
PS Are the clouds interesting in Milton Keynes?  
● Look, I have enough manias writing to me without you starting... oh what? Take a look at this cracker...

**Hawklords helped  
me lose my wind**

This is not an  
endorsement for  
Alka-Seltzer

rude letters to music papers about it (Maybe that's WHY you've been waiting two years — MM). It's quite obvious that Magnet has the foresight to realise what a large record buying public gay people are. May I thank all the hard working people in the promotion departments for all the good work they're doing for the music business, whether I am on their mailing lists or not.  
Liz Bailey, Leicester.  
● Of course, you COULD always try crawling, but I don't suppose you've thought of that.

## PEARLY GATES VS TECHNICAL ABILITY

IF ANYONE from Radio Luxembourg is reading this, perhaps you could let me know why you chose to take on a girl singer, Pearly Gates, as opposed to employing a female disc jockey? It seems ridiculous not to give the first girl disc jockey plating to a girl disc jockey (Keep going, you've lost me but I'll catch up — MM). Sheila Prophet asked why there are no girl disc jockeys well, there are and I am living proof of one. Admittedly we don't number as many as the men, but we are around. Unfortunately, we are not considered seriously and are there to play sounds. Managers, in general, want us to wear sexy clothes and are not really interested in our technical ability, only in the fact we are gimmicks they can use to promote a sexy image for the club. All I can say girls, is go out to get appreciated for the music you play and stand up to the manager who wants you to wear / not wear certain items of clothing. We'll win through in the end.  
Cherie Kennedy, Maidenhead, Berks.  
● I'm sure they're all terribly interested in your technical ability. Keep at it.

## SAME OLD KRAUT MACHINE DREAM

BEWARE, THE day of Kraftwerk domination is nigh. The day we shall become showroom dummies or man machines. The day we will all travel by Trans Europe express or autobahn. You have been warned.  
Clone 2714, Dusseldorf.  
● Oh, so they're even making that LCD stuff in Germany?

## WHAT THE, WHO THE, ETC.

WHAT THE hell does Ronnie Gurr think he's doing, giving Kate Bush's single 'Hammer Horror' a bad review? Is he insane, or deaf?  
Kate Bush critic, Swindon.  
● Possibly both, but we won't tell him if you won't.

## NOW SERIOUSLY...

IF ANY of you out there are reasonably sane and sober and would like to write to others of the same ilk (can't be many left, looking at this weeks mail) we've had a request from an English teacher in Korea who's looking for people to correspond with students there. If you're interested, send details of yourself and your hobbies (clean ones, please) to Young-ae Kim, PO Box 5550, Central Seoul, Korea.

## ON AN' ON AN' ON AN' ON

John Lennon  
Yoko Ono  
Waiting in ooob  
the great artists are living but why are artists like them great and true not allowed to expose themselves into focus  
Where has the world gone, when the great artists have to sleep?  
Anon.  
● That LCD's certainly getting around, ain't it?

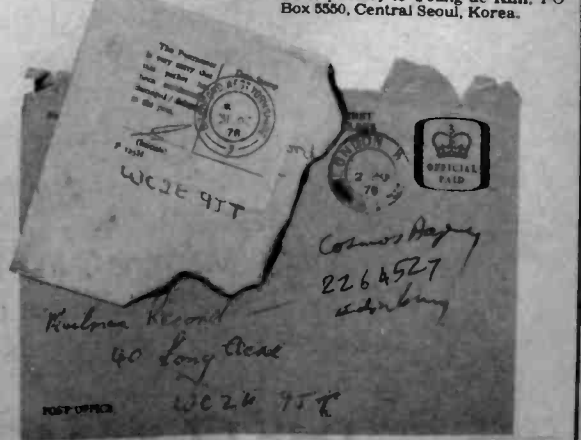
## THE CASE FOR RUDE LETTERS (CONT.)

I READ with great interest the remarks of Jim Black of Southsea complaining about not being on Magnet's mailing list. I have tried for two years to be accepted on some mailing lists and in some cases have had no answers but I don't write



## TIM LOTT; RIP HIM TO SHREDS!

DEAR TIM Lott, I hate you. How can you call Jethro Tull's new single dim and wayward? It's exactly the opposite. As for Blondie, which you reviewed on the same page, they churn out pathetic bubble gum music which is easily dispensable. However, because of prats like you it'll go bounding up the charts.  
Yours, with much love and affection, Paul Kennedy, Colchester.  
PS God, what a boring letter.  
● God, you're right.



ANYONE WHO says we don't get the hottest letters can eat their words — preferably before the GPO cooks 'em like they did with this one.





## TWELVE SMASH HITS.

In recent years, the Commodores have established themselves as passed masters of sophisticated soul.

Sensitivity, exuberance or downright no-nonsense funk. You call the tune, they'll play it.

To signal the success of this unique blend of musicianship and raw excitement, Motown Records has released an album containing the Commodores' most unforgettable material.

From "Machine Gun," theme tune of 1974, through the classic song of parting, "Easy," "Just To Be Close To You" and the searing "Flying High" to an evergreen love song which will take its place alongside the great popular songs of the century, "Three Times A Lady."

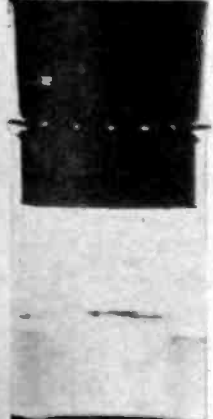
### "THE COMMODORES' GREATEST HITS"

EMI

TCST/ML 12100 (cassette) ST/ML 12100 (album)

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MOTOWN



**GERM-FREE**  
**ADO**  
**LESC**  
**ENTS**  
 THE ALBUM  
 INS.3023

"SAY, are these guys stars in England," whispers a local reporter, glancing suspiciously at Japan as they stand in a relaxed huddle, "or do they always look like that?"

It's the evening of Japan's first show in New York, and they are midway through a lightning visit to America. So far, despite their protestations that the dates were disasters, the reaction, and the reviews to the shows in Los Angeles have been very good. In New York however the people, or at least the press who have been gathered together for a before show party, seem a little less certain as to how they should behave, preferring to eye the band across the spacious confines of The Hurrah, than to risk outright confrontation.

The Hurrah is New York's newest venue, still holding a vaguely underground status. It was once the city's top disco, but since the arrival of Studio 54, its demise in popularity has forced the management to turn to live music for salvation. Inside, a few adventurous souls wander to the front of the stage — but the majority linger by the bar, still clearly uncertain as the band fly straight into 'Don't Rain On My Parade'.

Whether it's the time, the place or the atmosphere, Japan produce a taut, almost hypnotic set, certainly the best I've ever seen them do. As the songs wind into one another, forming an eerie, impenetrable bond, the audience mtd shifts. Those at the back are thrown, all illusions of a heavy metal band shattered, and more wander forwards as if drawn by the electric aura hovering in the air. Throughout the set Japan keep this hold.

Afterwards in the dressing room the band are not overjoyed by the set. Outside, at the bar the punters delicately pick around for clues as to general opinion. General opinion is still undecided.

"Are you a band?" asks the incredulous shop owner as we enter, eyes fixed upon Mick's coisise and tangerine baret.

"Yeah," replies Mick, surprisingly tolerant, as he answers the question for the hundredth time that day.

"What music do you play?"

"Well... it's difficult to describe."

"Is it crazy?"

"No."

"Is it disco? Rock? Jazz?" persists the owner.

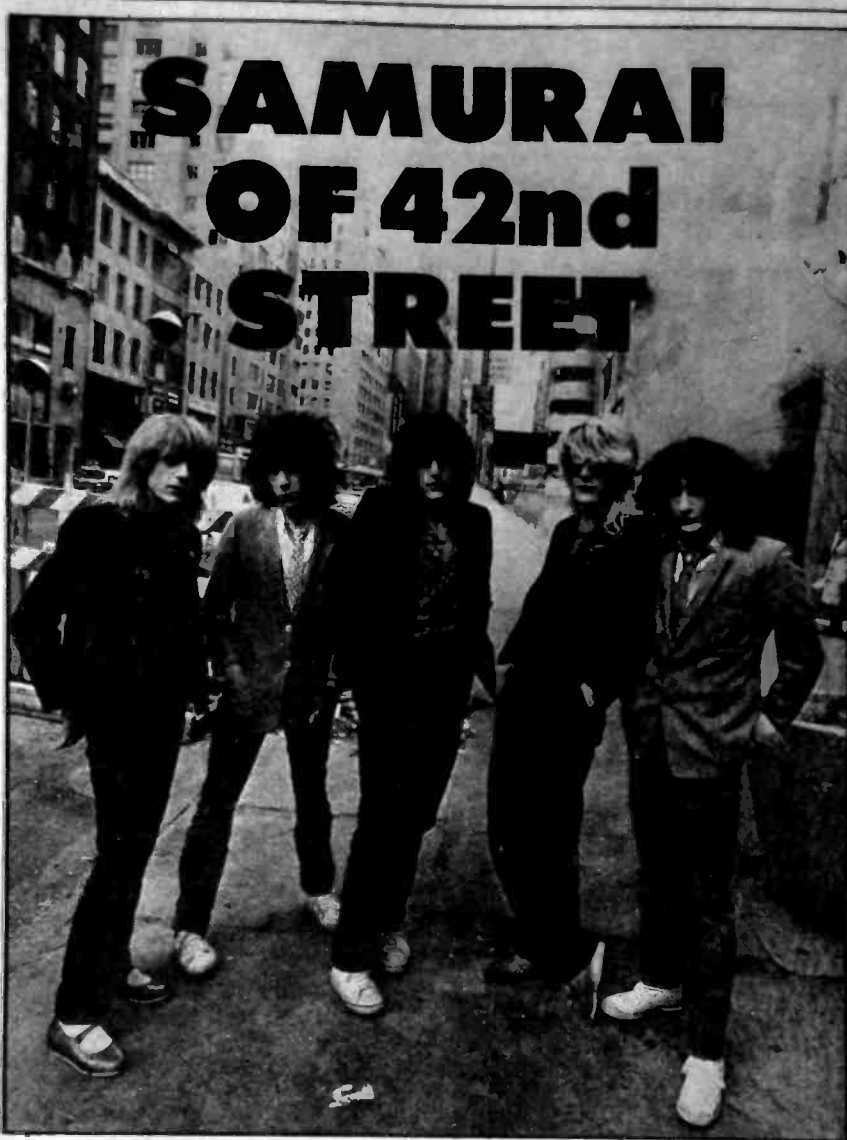
"Not really..."

"You are in the band, aren't you?" he presses, suspiciously.

"Ask them," cries Mick, as he makes his escape, "I'm just the roadie."

The band are by now used to the constant questions and looks as they walk down the street, brought upon by their hair, clothes and make-up. Today is one day when the band, and Mick in particular could do without the continual harassment by curious passers-by.

They have just emerged from a gruelling afternoon of non-stop interviews in their American press office — preceded by a mammoth questionnaire from '16' magazine.



MICHAEL PUTLAND

Japan play their first show in New York and find their freak value to native New Yorkers a bit of a trial.  
 KELLY PIKE watches and listens sympathetic like.

Sample question: "Where would you take a girl for an ideal evening out?" and "What's your favourite song/book/girl" etc.

"It would be nice if we could get to the point where we didn't have to do non-stop rounds of interviews like that," says Mick, still reeling from the afternoon, having spent most of the time drugged up to the eyeballs with painkillers after falling down some steps the previous evening (stone cold sober too) and fracturing his ribs.

Today it was the entire band who faced the barrage of international press — but after their final date in Boston, Mick will be returning to New York with Dave for two more solid days of cross-examination.

These two are now established as the spokesman — Dave obviously as the composer of all Japan's material and vocalist, and Mick as the main focal point — but the partnership of the two goes deeper than mere hair colour and contortions.

"Although we are all very close within the band, Dave, Steve and I are the closest," says Mick, "probably because

we have been together for the longest. It was us three who got together and formed the band from nothing four years ago, and though Rob and Rich have been friends since school, they only joined the group a couple of years ago."

The unity within Japan shows both onstage, where they are scrupulously tight, and off, where during the three days I spent with them, there wasn't a cross word.

"I think that's because we're all such good friends," Dave offers.

"If there is an argument nobody takes it as a personal affront — and it's usually over within a few minutes. Also we as a band take care of purely the musical side of things — telling Simon (their manager) exactly what we need done, and letting him take care of the business side of things in his own way. That way we all get what we want, without interfering with one another the whole time or bickering. Although an exchange of views is healthy — when it gets to the stage where a band's career revolves around the arguments, then I think it's all over..."

By the time they took to the stage the next

night, The Hurrah was overflowing with people, but the frontline of the crowd was most definitely female. Japan attract them in their hundreds. As row by row appeared the glitter brighter, and the skirts shorter. Femme fatales drape themselves across the PA, whilst yet more wriggle enticingly within the band's view.

Their efforts are wasted however, for while the band are on a stage they are oblivious to all. Again, they produce a painstakingly good set. However, despite the technical perfection and enthusiastic audience, the set seems to me to lack the tense, biting edge of the night before. The menacing attack so evident the previous evening was abated, and the set climaxed early on, during 'Love Is Infectious', the B-side of their new single.

The band however are far happier with the second night's performance. As they sit, drenched and exhausted, a steady stream of well wishers, liggers and of course, girls, girls, girls wander in. America it seems, is taking Japan to it's heart.

Carefully picking his way across the often human debris, guitarist Rob Dean surveys the scene. Rob is nicknamed by the rest of the band 'Mr Normal' — and they take great delight in recalling his average reactions — hiccupping when he drinks, sneezing when he uses pepper — the list, they say, is endless.

Despite his normal attitude to life, he does not take advantage of the fact that there are a queue of girls stretching far out of the door. But to no avail.

"We're not really into having a dozen girls on each arm everywhere we go, like some status symbol," says Rob. "In fact a dressing room full of simpering females from the moment you come off stage is a nuisance we can do without."

Mick later catches the drift of the conversation and adds: "It's not that we're not interested, and me in particular, but it's just that we'd rather go out after a show when we're on the road to relax and enjoy ourselves — and it's impossible to turn around and say: 'We're going out at the moment, but meet us later on after we've been out and

had a good time' I suppose we're just not interested enough."

The band leave alone. Saturday morning hits us right between the eyes, for although it is officially the group's day off, a photo session has been arranged, taking in every main tourist attraction of the city — not least the band themselves.

As we traipse through the streets from one site to another, it's amusing to watch the Pied Piper effect the band produce. Central Park, Rockefeller Centre, Empire State Building — everywhere they go cameras materialise and eyebrows raise as the world stops to let them by.

With the image they have created, Japan have layed themselves wide open to attack. At a time when short hair, lank appearance, and 'I'm just the same as you mate' attitude is rife, Japan are slammed for their tacky glam appearance and for, in a well worn phrase, daring to be different.

"We don't go out gigging — we leave that to Japan," claims a certain member of Sham 69. A lovely quote lads, if only it were true; as Mick says: "Everyone has a kind of set image of us, going to parties the whole time, running around trying to get our faces into everything, whereas it's not true. I'd rather go to see a good movie any day."

As darkness falls, once again they are besieged by autograph hunters — this time on the ferry to Stratten Island. Not wishing to take a dip, there is no escape route, so Japan grin and bear it — one more time.

Outside, drummer Steve Jansen finds salvation on deck. At 18 he is the youngest member of the band, and along with keyboards player Rich Barbieri, the quietest.

"It gets to be a joke when there are dozens of people flocking around just because you look a little different from most other people," he says, staring pensively at the distant horizon. "In England people usually just stare, but here they come and ask you for your autograph, and then ask who you are in the same breath. They don't care who or what you are," he sighs. "It just all seems totally ridiculous."

Despite the constant harassment, Japan have nevertheless chosen America as the site to record their next album. After their British tour in December, there will be a lengthy break — not for holiday reasons, but necessity.

"I've got to go into hospital and have my tonsils out — which means that I won't be able to sing for two months. During that time though, we should be able to get quite a bit of new material together, before we go to Japan in March," explains Dave — clearly relishing the prospect of a visit to the country, for the album shifted 100,000 copies in the first week of release and fan mail is streaming in at the rate of 600 letters per day.

"We'll be doing four dates in the country, and then coming straight back to America for a major tour. We'll stop off after that to record the album probably in New York — and with a different producer. After that though, who knows?"

Who indeed?



# HELP

## GAY DESPAIR AT THE BATHS

I NEED advice before I do something desperate. I'm 18 and starting, with reluctance, to think I'm homosexual. At this age I know I should be going out with girls but I have no interest in them as they don't arouse me at all.

It does turn me on though when I go to the local swimming pool as I get enjoyment out of watching younger boys in their swimming trunks. One day soon I feel I'll go up to one of them and touch their equipment. This would probably get me into trouble.  
John. Sutton Coldfield.

● For your own sake, resist the urge to live out your fantasies at the local baths. Your behaviour would be regarded as anti-social, to say the least, and you could find yourself down in the deep end of the swimming pool with a black eye — or worse. Everyone fantasises — it's a healthy way of letting off steam and, to a certain extent, relieving tension, but when the borderlines between fantasy and reality meet there can be trouble.

Ultimately, you're the only person who can be sure of your sexuality. No one else can decide for you. But before you start

putting labels on yourself, live a little more. Not every guy finds a girl he really relates to on every level, mentally, sexually and emotionally until he's much older than you are. Many people who don't see themselves as being homosexual go through a time when they don't have much time for the opposite sex and are strongly sexually attracted to their own. Others give it a try with their own sex before eventually adjusting to a relationship with the opposite sex. Some boys start off by dating girls but can really get it on with other boys. And so on. The permutations of human sexuality are many and varied.

At present, you're channelling your sexual urges into the role of an onlooker. Loitering on the sidelines won't help you find where you're at. Fantasise about the little boys if you want but, for your own sake, make a positive effort to get it on with people of both sexes in your own age-group. Your wet-dreams could lead in a new and more attainable direction.

If you seriously think you're gay and aren't just

I'M 22 now and am fairly good-looking. Since the age of 16 or 17, I've slept with quite a few girls, but the fact is, I don't want to have a lasting relationship with any of them

because marriage doesn't appeal to me

I not only stopped going out with the girls I knew, because of this, but I also lost their friendship.

copping out write again for details of organisations who can offer constructive counselling and advice. Meanwhile, masturbation helps.

### Going bald, but why me?

I AM 21 and have a fear of going bald. At the moment I have a good head of hair. In fact, my mates are always telling me it needs thinning out slightly. However, my father who is nearly fifty is very thin on top with baldness showing through and has been that way for a long time now. I'm worried in case I'll end up the same way.

Can you tell me if baldness is passed down from father to son, or is happening? How do I maintain a good healthy growth of hair? At the moment I am using a well-known brand of hair tonic. What else can I do? Pete, Newcastle

● Specialists agree that baldness or a luxuriant growth of hair into old age are the result of

hereditary factors. Like father, grandfather or great grandfather — like son. Illness or shock can also lead to hair loss too, but if you've inherited the propensity for baldness then there's nothing you can do to stop your thach from thinning at a pre-determined age.

If it does happen, see a hair specialist, easily contactable through any doctor, to ascertain whether or not your scalp is naturally heading for the point of no return. Hair transplants are commonplace nowadays — healthy hair is taken from one part of the head and transplanted at the point of baldness, in relation to the cause celebre of vanity, is cheap at the price.

Worrying about what MAY happen in the future is a little premature though. You may not personally have inherited the bald gene in a way which will show after all, even though there may be a history of baldness amongst males in your family. Your son, in turn, may be the next in line for a patch in the hatch. Not you!

Any good hairdresser will advise on how to care for your hair in the meantime.

### Cooling off at the idea of marriage

While I hated doing this, it was very hard to explain the way I felt to them. It seems to have affected my present attitude towards girls

When I go out with friends, I always end-up getting pretty drunk and can't seem to be involved with girls the way I used to. I actually think I'm too good for some, and just ignore them - or let things pass by. Yet I feel really low sometimes, and there's nothing I'd like more than a nice friendly relationship with a girl.  
Roger, London

● You don't want to feel trapped by an all-out relationship and yet you've somehow managed to manoeuvre yourself into a tight little corner, all the same. Your overwhelming personal confidence is to be admired but could just have something to do with your current inability to strike-up a purely warm and friendly relationship with a girl. Perhaps your reputation has travelled before you, or maybe your ultra-desirable image has its disadvantages too. At the same time, perhaps you still expect girls to come to you, without any effort on your part. If you're either too lazy to break the ice with the girls you meet nowadays or dismiss most of them as not being worth the trouble, what do you expect?

If there's nothing you'd like more than a good friendship with a girl, go out and find one. Not every woman is hell-bent on getting her man to the altar, and might not turn out to be quite such a marriagable commodity as you seem to think you are.

# FEEDBACK

## Smaller labels . . . and how to get them

LAWRENCE Blackwood of Kircaldy writes to ask: "Please can you tell me how to get hold of records on the following labels — Do It, Spy, Rebel, Rough Trade and Safari — I'm sure a lot of people would be interested to know through which larger record companies they are distributed as not all dealers have this information."

The current single out on the Do It label ('Modern Man') is distributed by MCA though should you have any trouble obtaining it write and order it direct from Do It Records, 48a Friars Stile Road, Richmond, Surrey. Faulty Products (27 Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London W1) distribute the Spy label, and Lightning Records (841 Harrow Road, London NW10) distribute Safari. Rebel is one of those funny foreign ones (French actually) but records on this label along with those on Rough Trade can be ordered from Sue Dunn (Mail Order Department), Rough Trade Records, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W11. There is also a magazine called 'ZigZag Small Labels Catalogue 77-78' available (again distributed by Faulty Products) which lists virtually all the lesser known/very small labels.

## Replacing album sleeves

DAVID EDWARDS from Feltham, Middlesex would like to know if he can buy replacement sleeves for his albums with tatty covers.

Record dealers are able to order sleeves from the record companies although service is apparently very slow and the record company can only usually fulfill a small percentage of requirements. In addition the sleeve will cost you about 40p.

## Subscriptions to American trades

PETER ADAMSON from Surbiton asks: "Could you print some details of how to subscribe to any of the American music trade magazines especially Billboard, and could you find out if they do cheaper rates for hard-up students?"

I feel I ought to break this gently... the yearly subscription rate to Billboard (they don't consider shorter periods) is £75 whether you are rich or poor.



## Alternative Routes

The new album from Tradition

(PL25186)

Also available from Tradition  
'Tell Your Friends About Dub'

(PL25169)



See Tradition at:

- Nov. 15 . . . . . Music Machine, London
- Nov. 20 . . . . . Tiffany's, Edinburgh
- Nov. 24 . . . . . Central London Polytechnic



# NEXT WEEK

RECORD MIRROR

brings you

## THE CLASH

and

## THE JAM

and

## AC/DC

and heaps

more interviews

# COMPETITION WINNERS

## WAX DASH

THEY'RE HERE AT LAST. You Wax Dash competition entrants have been paragons of patience. But the results couldn't have come at a better time what with Christmas on the doorstep.

The four lucky first prize winners who receive the Harlequin album prize are:

M. Daly, London; A. Claydon, Cheshunt; S. Mann, Kent; D. Watkins, Sussex.

The six winners of the second prizes of Ferguson Radio Cassettes are:

M. Riding, Merseyside; S. Brick, Kingston; P. Bartlett, Birmingham; R. Thohani, Middx; B. Handy, London; P. Spicer, Leicestershire.

Winners of the 50 third prizes of Bib Cassette Care Kits are:

Stephen Smith, Liverpool; Christopher Payne, Manchester; P. A. Nisbett, E. Sussex; David Flanagan, Bradford; Ian Lightfoot, Tyne & Wear; Flora Harmer, Haris; John Donaldson, Lancs; Stephen Iotti, Glos; Michael J. North, London; Mike Pawley, Willowdene, Middx; Russell Carey, London; H. Burton, West Midlands; David Bowen, Swansea; Mr Phil Read, Cardiff; John Bone, West Lothian; Malcolm Rhodes, South Devon; Anthony R C Trent, Dorset; Kevin Williams, S. Glam; Martin Smith, Lancs; Philip Rigby, Merseyside; Kevin Kemp, Beds; Gillian Welsh, Merseyside; Mr G. E. Leslie, Newcastle on Tyne; Susan Spittle, London; Nige Higby, Merseyside; Dave Chapman, London; M. A. Freeman, Haris; George Booth, London; Miss C Frost, Norfolk; Mandy Game, Hitchin; Brian Heathcote, S. Yorks; Alan Harding, Wilts; John G. Parker, Gloucester; Mark King, Stratham; Keith Smith, Lincolnshire; Neil Gardiner, North Yorkshire; Michael Grant, Northampton; David Peatey, Bucks; John McMyler, Manchester; Peter Cowley, West Sussex; Adrian Cox, Merseyside; Mr Philip Hollands, Surrey; Mr Simon Maynard, Kent; Miss B Lewis, Lancs; Mick Hinchliffe, Sheffield; Mr Brian Carr, Merseyside; K. Hickson, Coventry; Mr Nilesh Shah, London; Andrew Croome, West Midlands; Derek Cottrell, Avon.

## 999 COMP

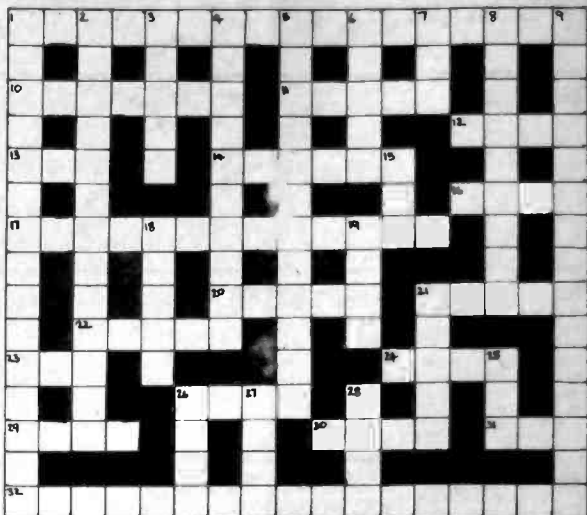
LIFE looks roster for thirty 999 fans, who have won a copy of their new album 'Separates' just for answering three questions.

(1) The name of the lead vocalist in 999 was, of course, Nick Cash  
(2) The name of 999's own label before they joined United Artists was Labritain.

(3) Their first single on this label was 'I'm Alive'

And the 30 first correct entries received were those sent by:  
David Evans, Avon; Barry Antchison, Scotland; Paul Robson, West Yorks; P. Homden, Kent; Paul Maulkin, Kent; K. Palmer, Wilts; M. Tolley, Kent; Nigel Daily, Surrey; Kenneth Gill, Cleveland; S. Houghton, Essex; Steve Sluchfield, Essex; Stuart Salt, Manchester; Ian Bradshaw, Lancashire; Rick Snarski, Middx; Keith Woodger, Derbyshire; Philip Cheeseman, Suffolk; P. R. Chandler, London; Derek Cottrell, Avon; Tony Smith, London; A. Ashworth, Middx; Steven Dunn, Lancashire; Ian Bridge, Worthington, Cumbria; Mark Brown, Nottingham; Roy Spencer, Warwickshire; Richard Scott, Avon; Richard Charlton, Leicester; S. Crummett, Lancs; Will Jacob, London; Mr Peter Derek Woodhurst, London; Christopher Lloyd, Essex.

# XWORD



## ACROSS

## DOWN

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 The Rats looking after the soldiers. (5,3,3,6)                       | 1 Commodores No. 1. (5,5,1,4)                             |
| 10 Unproved statements from Fleetwood Mac. (7)                         | 2 A single from the Album. (4,2,3,4)                      |
| 11 No relation to Roger Waters. (5)                                    | 3 Elvis Presley said Don't Be ..... (5)                   |
| 12 A new shoe for Ian Dury. (4)  | 4 1978 UFO album. (10)                                    |
| 13 Recent Elton John single. (3)                                       | 5 1972 Stones hit. (8,4)                                  |
| 14 Hawkwind's machine. (6)   | 6 Hot Rod leader. (5)                                     |
| 16 Jackson Browne hit. (4)   | 7 Mr Davies. (3)  |
| 17 & 24 Across. 1965, Wilson Pickett hit. (2,3,8,4).                   | 8 Chris Farlowe being different to everyone else. (3,2,4) |
| 20 Slade frontman. (5)   | 9 Magazine under attack. (4,2,4,5)                        |
| 21 The Blockbusters. (5)   | 15 The Band that brought us the Crunch. (3)               |
| 22 Nick Lowe loved the sound of breaking ..... (5)                     | 18 Broughton or Winter. (5)                               |
| 23 Reversible Steely Dan album   | 19 An Advert. (4)   |
| 24 See 17 Across.  | 21 What The Fortunes had in a teacup. (5)                 |
| 26 The Beatles were .... there and everywhere. (4)                     | 25 Paul McCartney L.P. (3)                                |
| 29 S.A.H.B. leader. (4)  | 26 Graham Parkers treatment. (4)                          |
| 30 Commodores album (4)  | 27 They gave a Farewell To Kings. (4)                     |
| 31 Dirty pop group (3)   | 28 She had a Big Yellow Taxi. (4)                         |
| 32 Marv Johnson original that was a hit for Showaddywaddy (3,3,4,2,5). |   |

## LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION

### ACROSS:

1 ted John 6 Shoe 10 Elkie Brooks 11 Holly 14 Anchor 17 Smoke On The Water 19 Skellern 20 Ghosts 21 Dion 22 Motors 24 Lost 26 Mike 27 Tea 29 Dr 30 Eric Carmen 31 ABC.

### DOWN:

1 Joe Walsh 2 Like Clockwork 3 Elenore 4 Jar 5 Hook 7 Hull 8 Easy 9 Ash 12 Ob La Di Ob La Da 13 Love Bites 15 Waterloo 16 Mael 18 Only You Can 21 Damned 23 Stone 25 Tonic 28 EMI.

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<b>Band</b>	<b>DJ</b>
<b>Best gig-Artist/Band</b>	<b>TV show</b>
<b>Male singer</b>	<b>New artist</b>
<b>Female singer</b>	<b>Best dressed</b>
<b>Single/EP</b>	<b>Bore of the year</b>
<b>Album</b>	<b>Favourite feature in RM</b>
<b>Single/Album sleeve</b>	<b>What do you dislike in RM</b>

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ON ROLLING STONES

# X-ray Spect

# If they told me I was dying, I'd spend the rest of my time watching Bruce Springsteen

BARRY CAIN catches a glimpse of heaven

Pictures by CHRIS GABRIN



BROOOCE: ain't he so damned cute?

CHRIST IT'S hot in here.

The guy behind me is pawing my neck with his heavy on the onions hot dog breath. The girl beside me keeps hitting my leg with her swimming pool palms. The fulsome closed circuit system above my head revels in zoom a loom close-ups. You can almost see the microbes getting it on in each sweat droplet racing down his face.

It's a 15,000 humanwatt heat, fulminating on stage, unleashing microwaves that permeate the cavernous auditorium leaving the outside untouched but burning the shit outta them pumping organs grinding away inside.

A smile has been super glued on each and every face. No matter how hard you try it won't peel off. You're stuck with it for three hours. Then you realise there's something wrong with your legs. You know you should sit down, but the stewards keep telling you, but they won't respond. It's a three hour clockwork wind up and if you force them they'll snap.

Your eyes refuse to leave his face. The lids won't close because you'll miss something if they do. You're stone all right but your heart is cruising. You're waiting, just waiting to respond. The song climbs to its climax. You're straining to shout. Not yet. Not yet.

"I am a prisoner of rock 'n' roll," he screams. And the stone melts...

BROOOOCE. BROOOOCE. BROOOOCE!

And then he goes into the next song...

YET FIVE years ago Bruce Springsteen (for it is he) was just another bearded electric folkie hanging out in Greenwich village and an obvious target for pernicious critics who sneered in their Manhattans at anyone who even vaguely resembled Dylan i.e. strung more than two metaphors together in the same song.

His first two albums were castigated for the preponderance of "intermittable" rhyming techniques that exploded in his lyrics - "Madman drummers bummers and Indians in the summer with a teenage diplomat. In the dumps with the mumps as the adolescent pumps his way into his hair" - and "over reliance" on "cutie pie alliteration" - "Silver star studs on my duds like a Harley in heat."

But it was patently clear to anyone who professed a love for rock 'n' roll heroes that this guy was, how can I put it, something else?

With his third album 'Born To Run' the accolades were piled up in a heap and burnt in a ceremonial arson job. Squalid squabbles ensued. Springsteen found himself behind closed doors for the most part unwilling to talk, legally unable to perform and following the advice from his lawyers that public utterance would ultimately lead to condemnation in the eyes of the law.

After a long and winding court case his affairs were eventually sorted out. Jon Landau, the Rolling Stone writer responsible for the "I have seen the future of etc." quote replaced Mike

Appel as the wonderboy's manager. And a less hirsute Springsteen was back in the studio recording 'Darkness On The Edge Of Town' and then back on the road in an American tour of epic proportions.

And that, kids, is how this guy came to be standing on that stage in the Capitol Centre, Largo, Maryland.



But standing is altogether an inappropriate word. Springsteen never simply stands. He WORKS. He TOLLS. He DEFIES the laws of human endurance. Shortness of breath is unheard of, it's inapplicable. The show is a joyous celebration of rock 'n' roll the way it should be done and the extravagant time factor is merely a fulcrum for him to flex his irrefutably hypnotic ostentation.

If they told me I was dying, I'd spend the rest of my time watching Bruce Springsteen (Take that Mr Landau).

Along with his band, of course. Especially white suited saxophonist Clem Clemons a veritable Empire State of a black whose presence is redolent of either a heavyweight champ at an exhibition bout or one of those fer-ashie, fermenting spade pimp pushers immortalised on cheap TV cop shows and movies.

And when he spins in that saxo stuffing splendour pumping those mellifluous mega rhythms out into the hall it's like you've caught a glimpse of heaven.

Hey, this is getting out of hand. Let's just say the songs mean much more when you see them performed live. Like you've spent all your life with only one eye and they've just given you another wrapped up in starry paper for Christmas.

So are the 14-year-old girls as they queue up at the backstage door armed with flattering photos of their idol and hankerchiefs soaked with tears.

I guess it does seem strange that a 29-year-old New Jersey urban cowboy who growls of love and death and 'Streets Of Fire' should attract hordes of prurient pubes who have been playing Andy Gibb records at home before coming to the show.

But then you get to thinking it's the kids who Springsteen sings about. When he cries: "This town rips the bones from your back

It's a death trap. It's a suicide rap. We gotta get out while we're young. 'Cause tramps like us, baby we were born to run' it's aimed at them. Now you know where the Boomtown Hats got their 'suss' songs from.

As the girls giggle and the boys boogie Springsteen sits in his dressing room with a towel draped around his neck. With his hair pulled back off his forehead he looks totally different from what I expected. He IS totally different from what I expected.

His face is lean reminiscent of one of those mean, sneaky outlaws in a fifties western. His manner is extremely polite and he exudes an almost childlike demeanour - wide eyed and surprised that he is popular in Britain, looking away into a mythical sunset sometimes as he speaks of the past and matters that embarrass him.

And it's all wrapped up in those delectable New Jersey five o'clock shadow tones.

"I try to do as much as possible," he says on the subject of his marathon shows. "The kids want to hear 'Born To Run' so I sing it. I've got some new numbers so I sing them."

"See, we originally started off with a two hour set. But when the tour got underway we found it impossible to keep it down to that. It was hard for me to leave anything out."

"So now I play as long as it feels right. Some nights it's too long and others it ain't long enough. Tonight was one night they were about ready for a double dose!"

"I guess most of the songs are pretty durable, at least in the reaction they still get, they seem to be."

I suddenly realise, after coming through all these years listening to the guy breaking his back on my speakers, drooling over his verbosity, trying desperately to identify with his devout 'streetness', after coming all these miles to see him, I can't think of a word to say to him for chrissakes!

The effect of the show has stripped me of my questioning faculties. That's my excuse anyway I garble something about the difference between 'Darkness' and the other albums. 'Y'know, the absence of his cineramic oration.

He seems to comprehend "Each album has been a progression, a real progression. Like on 'Born to Run' and 'Darkness' they could be the same people in the same town only years down the line. You can see the difference. It's, like, older."

"Some people have called it a depressing album. That's untrue. It's just that when you have one successful album people tend to expect the same format for the next one."

Ah, now it seems like the appropriate time to probe. Forgetting my earlier lapse I wondered, out loud, if all of his work was autobiographical.

"No."

Oh. "Oh, sure, some of the characters on a track like, say, 'Rosita' are people I've come across in my life. But most of my songs are fantasies. Should a song reflect imagery or the performer as he really is? You can't get away from the fact that you are making the statements, but then again, is it the song that does that?"

"There comes a point where the song becomes

# GERM-FREE ADOLESCENTS

THE ALBUM

INS 523





more and more like a movie. And when that happens you cease to become its creator and assume the role of director. For you have to be so many different characters and it's better to let them have lives of their own.

"My songs have a kinda drive-in quality about them. They may be about factories, they may be about something else. I'm just there, quietly directing."

"So all those songs about crazy gangs in city heats and fights and drinking — you never lived any of that?"

"Not really. I was always pretty much on my own. I didn't hang out with a crowd or anything. See ever since I was 14 I was playing. Clubs, YMCA's, high school dances, you name it. As a result I felt okay playing to people but not actually being with them."

"And I'm still like that. I am by myself. If there's one other person around, well, that's okay. You tend to find that attitude in most musicians in rock 'n' roll."

"Never in a gang. Wow, and I'd always thought this was one hell of a heavy dude. Er, how about the drinking then Bruce?"

"I haven't taken a drink in around two years."

"Gulp!"  
"I guess I don't really have the time. I never drink much. Oh, there was one time. For awhile I used to hang out with this really big guy. I mean really big Y'know. And together we'd head out to the bars. I was under age but nobody guessed. Anyway, we'd make it to these bars and really shake it down. I had a great time with this big guy. But then I never

saw him again.

"I had time on my hands then. Now, I suppose if I wanted to get drunk I'd go to a bar — on my own — with the precise intention of getting right out of it. But I wouldn't want anybody else to see."

"And what about those early sexual — uh — travels?"

"I was 14 when I first made love. And when I'd done it I didn't know if I'd done it or not." He starts to laugh, all shy and secretive. Well at least he's done something he sings about.

"Funny how pre-conceived notions get their noses rubbed in the dirt. No matter. This guy could never be a letdown. For starters he's too sincere and besides, somebody with a show like he's got could give an interview with a mouth full of marbles and still gain my respect."

"The Asbury Park apparition found himself alone in the run-down seaside resort when his parents upped and headed West — to California."

"I was around 18 at the time and still at high school. I decided I didn't want to go with them. I had a local reputation as a musician and I didn't intend losing that."

"I tried to live there for a very short time but I soon found out the place held nothing for me. Musically I preferred what was going down in New Jersey. I didn't need a job to get by 'cos I could make enough money playing in the clubs."

"Jon Landau wanders in. He looks a little perplexed. The wrinkles in his brow suggest it's time for us to head back to the hotel."

"The moment Bruce emerges into the warm



right the hundreds of kids who have been waiting patiently for a glimpse of her. "BROOOOCE. Oh BROOOOCE. Give me a klas baby."

"BROOOOCE, sign this please please please BROOOOCE."

"I'll always love you BROOOOCE. Ain't he just so damned cute?"

He signs everything flashed in front of him. And that smile ain't false. He loves it.

We climb on the luxury tour bus that boasts a colour TV, sofas, beds and built in stereo. "Hey, ain't it just amazing? I came out on his tour 'cos I wanted to enjoy myself again. I never dreamt it would turn out like this."

"I've done 88 shows, we've got 83 more to do, and every where the reaction is the same. You get the young kids from the suburbs and they're such a great audience. It's funny. At the start the girls would jump on stage, then, after realising what they had done, just stand there and freeze."

"But now they're getting used to it — and so are their tongues!"

"I like running amongst the audience while I'm playing and the other night I thought I'd take a little trip up into the balcony. But as I got in the foyer about ten 15-year-old girls hit me. They just grabbed me and wouldn't let me go. I guess they're more demonstrative at that age."

"They even come around to my house and wait for hours outside. I got a kid sister back in San Francisco and when she tells her friends who her brother is they go wild. Ain't it just amazing?"

Bruce still lives in Asbury Park. "It's still

the same as it always was. If you got enough gas in your car you carry on to Atlantic City. If not then Asbury will just have to do."

"But it'll always be my home. I like Arizona and Holland. London's pretty cool too. My first show at Hammersmith three years ago was pretty tough but the second one was great."

"But I'll never leave Asbury."

"During the long encores at every show, Bruce asks for the houselights to be turned on, and they stay on till the end while he goes through his usual rock 'n' roll medley fare. "When you see all the people, everybody, right up to the back, it's such a great feeling."

"See, it's their night. You may get sore, you may get hoarse, but when you see all these kids out there it's like the first show all over again."

"They may not have seen you before and they might not see you again, so you've always got to make it something real special. If you think like that every time you walk on stage you've got it made."

Jon tells everybody to look out of the windows. "Williya take a look at that," shouts Bruce. Outside the coach is being escorted back to the hotel by a convoy of cars stretching back as far as the eye can see. And each car is stuffed full of screaming kids screeching horns and singing Springsteen songs.

"Wow, that's never happened before," says Bruce.

But it's gonna happen again. And again.

"And left us running burned and blind Chasing something in the night..."

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# BUVEZ-VOUS JUVET?

Oui Oui, says ROSALIND RUSSELL

I THOUGHT I was going to hate him. After I saw him prancing round on Seaside Special (which I hate on principal) in that poncey sequinned jacket, I was really prepared to loathe him.

Then I met him. I encountered his charm, his beautifully broken English. I was so captivated I even ignored his aggressively hairy chest set off by the wound gold chain and his tight leather pants (I ignored them, I said, I DID notice them). I even didn't mind his bottle streaked blond hair.

And I have to say he looks better in the flesh (and what flesh) than he does on the sleeve of his LP where he's wearing revolting make-up and a Dave Lee Roth type macho jacket. I have to tell you, he's nothing like that overblown Van Halen singer.

He's sweet, he's shy, he's... excuse me while I mop myself up off the floor.

He's even got a sense of humour. He laughed when I told him he should give up wearing the tight pants if he wants his voice to drop. On reflection, maybe he didn't understand what I was talking about.

His English is better than my French (which is what this little Swiss [—] speaks) but he can communicate well enough.

"I am a sex symbol?" he asks. "Well, I'm very happy to be that. I love sex..."

(Talk amongst yourselves, I'll be all right in a minute).

"I have lots of girlfriends. One in New York and one in Paris... but you must not say that."

Sorry Patrick, I've said it. If they start a Transatlantic fight, that's your problem.

"Some girls, they

stand in front of my house in Montreux. Sometimes I invite them in, the pretty ones. I cannot answer all the fan mail. In France, it is four or five hundred a day. It is too much work to answer them all. If I was Sean Cassidy perhaps it would be OK — he's a singer for the teensy."

And you're not? "Not in my head. I write music as I feel it. In the disco trip, you know? I live like that. Disco music is very sophisticated, very sexy."

And you think you're sophisticated and sexy? "That's what I feel, I don't say that's what I am."

He smiles. I crumple. Pull yourself together Russell, this is no time to get silly over some foreign disco singer.

"I am very shy," says Patrick. Oh come on, I'm not THAT glibbie. I don't believe this Casanova line.

"You don't believe me?" he asks. "All artists are shy. Two minutes before the show I am so afraid... I shake, how you say? Nervous? But afterwards, it is paradise. I am afraid of the people, afraid of making the mistake, but I need that, to be afraid. So when it is over, I can say to myself, everything is all right."

"Sometimes I make the mistake. I repeat three times the same phrase, and in France, the audience they sing the songs with me so they know when I make the mistake. It happens specially when I drink something..."

Yes, well, we all have that problem now and then.

"I like the English audience. They most hysterique, yes?"

Oh yes, anything you say.

By the way, should you be interested in how eligible Patrick is (apart from his obvious charms), he owns an apartment in New York with a Rolls to go with it.

a house in Switzerland and a Cherokee jeep to go with that. All right so far?

He likes to spend his money on clothes and presents for his friends. He also likes to go out a lot and spends a lot of time in Studio 54 (where else?). But why? Why spend so much of your life in a place like that?

"I like the music, the sound, the lights," explains Patrick. "It is the best disco in the world. I can always go in there. With my single 'I Love America' I can go anywhere."

Yes, what a smart move, I say. Patrick doesn't understand. He looks puzzled. He looks wonderful.

America has opened its heart and its doors for him, so when he wants to live fast, he lives there. When he wants to write and be peaceful, he zips back to Switzerland. Nice, eh?

Lasked him if he really liked all this disco music. He likes most of it, but agrees with me that people like Diana Ross should stick to what she's best at — and she's not good at disco.

"I like Donna Summer," says Michael, and warming to his theme. "and I like the Michael Zager band — you know? They have the record that goes ooooh ooooh!"

Oh la la. Sing it again Patrick. It HAS to be these tight pants.

I tell him I hate New York, ever since I had my purse pinched in Regine's.

"But three months ago, I have everything taken from my hotel in London," he tells me. "but I still like the English. They take my passport, letters I like to have with me, my papers. I have to go to Swiss Embassy because the next day I am to go to St Malo to make the Seaside Special."

Oh yes, well, let's not talk about that.

"I was worried, because in my passport I have the indefinite

stamp for American visa... the girl at the Embassy in Switzerland, she liked 'I Love America' and so stamp 'indefinite' in the passport."

Like I said, a bit of flattery gets you everywhere.

"What sign are you?" he asks suddenly. Oh no, not that old line.

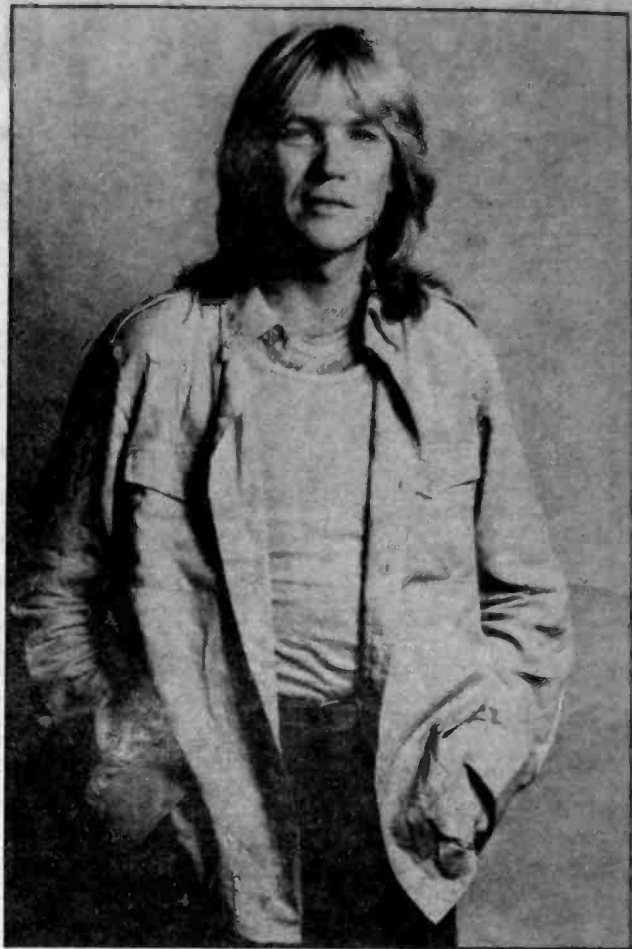
I tell him. He tells me his is Leo/Cancer.

"I have to feel Leo onstage," he says earnestly. "But Cancer is the opposite. I am a romantic person, but I don't want to be. That is for the kids. I don't fall in love often, but when I do it's for a long time. I don't accept that I am a romantic."

I think here is as good a time as any to leave. I thank him for the interview. He thanks me (aren't you all nauseated by now?).

"Excuse me," he says. "I must go make the pee pee."

Out Out



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# DON'T TURN YOUR BACK

Chelsea haven't gone away. They're not the nasty boys you think they are.

Just ask KELLY PIKE



"CHRIST! YOU'RE right, it is quiet!" gasps Dave Martin, guitarist with Chelsea, the band the world loves to ignore, as we enter into a scene straight from a western B-movie. The site is a pub, buried within the heart of Soho. Which, mid-evening, is uninhabited except for two rather wizened but very genteel old ladies behind the bar, who serve drinks with a smile, a shaky 'Sir', and an even shakier hand.

After the bustle of the outside world, it's like entering a time warp — and it takes several minutes of dithering at the bar before we manage to tiptoe across the carpet to a spottlessly clean seat.

A deft flick of the tape recorder and we're away — and, as though on cue — the three members of the band sitting within earshot burst into conversation, seizing the opportunity to talk now that they have a Member of the Music Press, (ahem) a criminally rare occasion, ensconced in their midst.

"I don't know what it is with me," says Gene October, the band's husky voiced lead singer, "but the press just seem to have a dislike for me. I mean," he admits, weighing up the facts with the air of a street trader, "I know I'm not the easiest of guys to get along with — but I certainly don't try to make enemies. I heard a quote from Howard Devoto where he said that he goes out of his way to be hated. I don't; I just automatically get that kind of reaction."

"We don't worry about it," stresses Dave, "we know that the band are going to win through in the end, but guys turn around and slag us without even hearing us."

"We're suffering the backlash of what went down over a year ago. It's difficult to get people to accept that this is a new Chelsea, a new concept, with lots of new

ideas and material — not just a new line-up."

Dave continues: "We've been together nine months as a new band — and only now does it seem people are realising we are someone to be reckoned with. It takes so long!" he cries, his voice rising with passion at the injustice. "They just keep saying, 'It's not worth seeing them — they'll split up again tomorrow; well we won't! Besides, Gene has always been there, and so has James — it's only a couple of different members of the band coming in, yet we're written off as unreliable."

"The reason the line-up has been changing is because I want writers in the band, people with their own ideas and minds, which I never had until now," explains Gene. "Before it was totally me who had to come up with the ideas and it got a bit boring," he says, looking suitably bored.

"Now though," he adds with a fiery glint in his eye, "we work as a unit. Whereas before I would have to continually say 'Do this and do that', ordering every single move, now the rest of the band put their own concepts into an idea — and if they don't like something they'll turn round and tell me where to get off and why."

Speaking to Chelsea, it's obvious that the ties within the band are very strong. Enthusiasm is high, and the whole band share an amazing determination and total trust in themselves — a silent bond of certainty, that if they carry on — they will finally succeed in proving that they have superseded their original punk roots — and gaining recognition as the fine rock 'n' roll band they have proved themselves to be. With previous line-ups, the place of Gene October as leader, was undeniable — but with this form the band appear far more democratic — a fact they are only too keen to verify.

"When you have leaders and followers in bands, I don't think it can work. Previous Chelseas have proved that; the only way one person can be a successful leader is if he goes out as himself

with a backing band — and I'm certainly not a solo artist, I never have been."

"The thing is he's so domineering, he's a very forceful character, you have to learn how to handle him," says James, with a striking candour, particularly as he was in easy striking distance of the hetter Gene.

"I'm not domineering, I'm me," retorts Gene, with equal frankness, "I am outspoken though — and I do tell people what I think of them."

"The reason we can handle YOU," finishes Dave with a fatherly air, "is because we're all basically the same — and although we sometimes have conflicting ideas, we do strive for the same thing in the end."

Amongst other things, Chelsea are at present striving for money to put some of their ideas into action. Their present record company is Step Forward, the independent label which, I will repeat in case you should have slept through the past couple of years, was founded by Mark Perry. However, although they've had three singles out on the

label, 'Right To Work', 'Hi-Rise Living' and their current (and strongest to date), 'Urban Kids Escape', they work without any contract to the company.

"We're not signed to them — it's just a means of putting out vinyl. It's a very good enterprise — they let you have your say, and you have total control over everything that goes out, which I've heard from friends in other bands, you don't get with larger concerns. We're free to sign to anyone else — it's just that nobody seems to realise that," explains Gene.

"The only problems we encounter are occasional mishaps with distribution or something — but they're great, it's such a friendly atmosphere, it's like walking into the local pub with Mark Perry and Nick Jones lounging about the place," continues Dave with a faraway look in his eyes. "They pay us a basic living wage too," he adds, returning to business, "and walking into a major after them could well be like walking into a brick wall. We would like a major, there's no doubt, but the

right one — and we're willing to hang on. We're certainly not losing out on anything by staying with Step Forward."

Throughout the interview Chelsea managed to dispel any thoughts that they were purposely controversial or obnoxious (as was suggested by more than one acquaintance before the meeting) and came across as genuinely, here's the crunch, pleasant guys.

No deals were thrown in my face, there was no aggravation, and the only problem encountered was in trying to decipher the tape — where their constant enthusiastic interruptions left a thousand and one half-finished quotes. Their uniform faith in Chelsea is undeniable — and to echo the words of James Stevenson: "When you come down to it, if you're a good rock band, you'll win through in the end. Whether you call it punk or new wave, all it is loud guitars and good melodies. For some bands — it takes one year, for others it may take five; but if it's there, you'll make it in the end."



"RENTA SANTA" (TOP TEN 1975)

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BIONIC SANTA (TOP TEN 1976)

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OK, WHO loves closing doors, has played drums for James Brown (not the other one, that one) and has a six foot six Teddy bear strictly for decoration?

Taking the first clue first, think of 'Close The Door', couple it up with 'Only You', and the answer's very transparently Teddy Pendergrass. A man who's not been seen in this country since his split over two years ago with Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes — whose smash successes in the dimensions of 'If You Don't Know Me By Now' were arguably very largely down to the wringing, wrenching tones of their featured singer Theodore Pendergrass.

Not seen, but certainly not forgotten. 'Life Is A Song Worth Singing' says his album, and sing it he does. Everything from 'Cold Cold World' to 'Get Funky Get Loose'. The entire panorama of life on one 12 inch slab of vinyl.

"I really do enjoy singing any type of song, ballad or disco, equally well," Teddy confessed when we got together for a rap recently. "It's reflected I suppose in the music I listen to when I'm at home. I mean, I love ballads, Nat King Cole, really soft stuff. But it depends on the mood I'm in, and then again I listen to a lot of really hot stuff... I'd better not give my names, all my friends will start complaining they didn't get a mention!"

I asked Teddy for some more info on the album.

"Well, the first thing to be said is that Philadelphia International is a good organisation to be working for. I should know, I've been with them for long enough! They try to stay small and they concentrate on people they know. And that's why Leon Huff and Kenny Gamble have had so much success. They know what they're doing."

"As for the album itself," he continued, "we wanted to make it a bridge over the gap of pop and R&B. To explain something about the music for people who maybe wouldn't be listening that way. I do feel pretty pleased about the way it's come out. My own favourite track is 'Close The Door'... but I love all the tracks anyway!"

'Life Is A Song' sports the usual Gamble & Huff credits plus a not unusual galaxy of Philly talent: Thom Bell, Jack Faith et al.

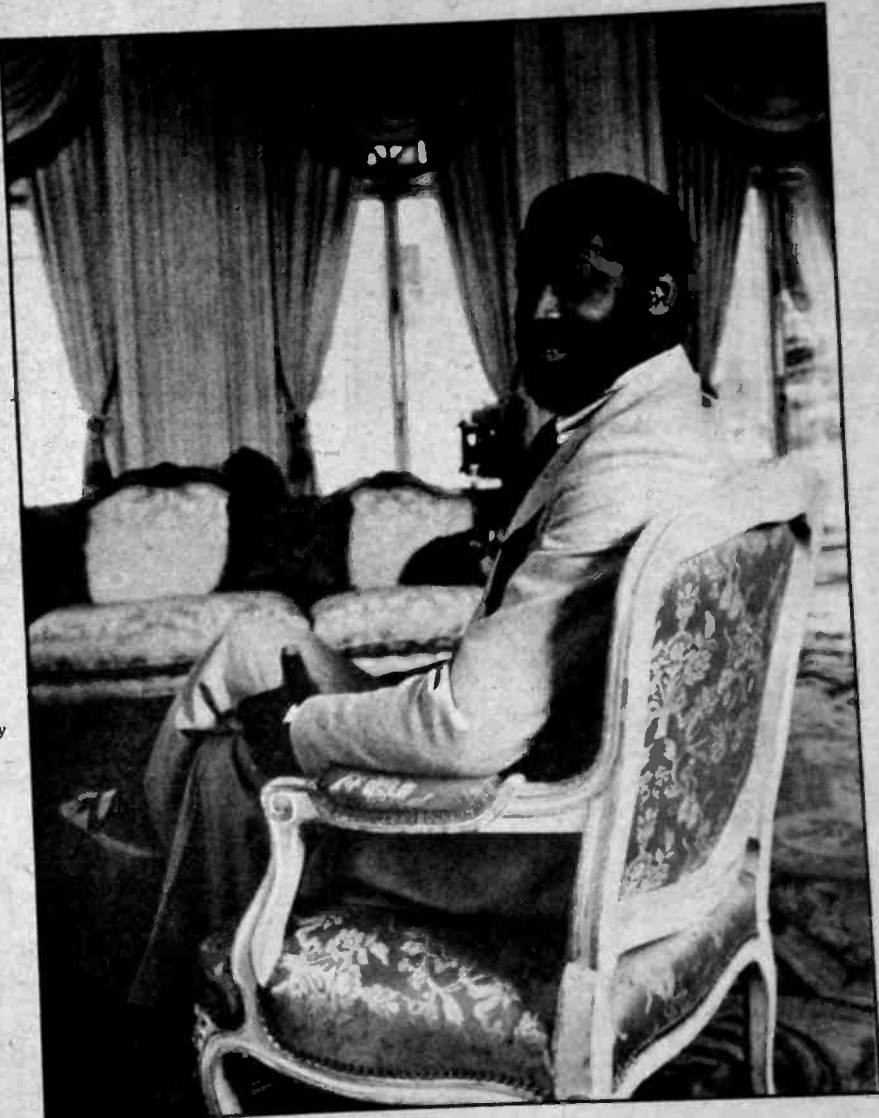
"But I'm involved at all times," Teddy emphasised. "Any song, before you begin to record it, is very open. There are no arrangements, no backing vocals. Nobody knows what's gonna happen... what I'm gonna do."

"The songwriter has brought in some lyrics and a melody, but any song which comes out longer than 2 minutes is me, you're experiencing my additions. I certainly don't just walk into Sigma sound, pick up a mike and walk out again."

OK, point taken. But now for a diversion, and back to our second clue. Not everybody may realise that, for once, Teddy did not start out in a high school doo-wop quartet. Ten years ago he was a rated drummer, and at one point he'd backed a guy called James Brown. But not the James Brown.

# Teddy's got one six foot six long

What? SUSAN KLUTH finds out



**TEDDY PENDERGRASS:** only uses it for decoration

"He looked like James Brown," testified our witness, "sang like James Brown, and said he was James Brown's brother. Real name was Little Royal, but who's heard of him?"

"I did actually play for one night behind the James Brown. How did it feel? Didn't feel anything either way..."

But, back to brass tacks, how does the drummer make the singer, when most featured singers are (if anything) guitar or keyboard players?

"Put it this way," said Teddy, "my musical knowledge has come via a different route. Certainly it's made me sing more rhythmically, but I don't

know what that makes me. More sexy perhaps?"

"Onstage I play a little percussion now, that's all. One of my little secrets is being able to keep a very smooth feeling moving around onstage, almost gliding from mike to mike. But I'm not going to say too much about the show, I don't wanna spoil my chances when I come over..."

And when is that likely to be?

"Well," Teddy continued, "we're trying to get something fixed up for maybe March of next year. But I'd better emphasise try. I've just had seven months on the road in the States and my voice is sounding like an old frog at the moment."

All sounds as if you don't get too much time for doing anything else these days...

"No. Except one thing," Teddy confessed with more than a smile, "and that's collecting teddy bears. Some have been given to me by fans, but quite a few I've bought myself when I've seen them in different places. I've got over 300 now, and the biggest is six foot six."

Well, I ventured, I hope you don't take them all to bed with you. And Teddy did have the grace to admit that kapok-filled growlies weren't his favourite nocturnal companions. "They're strictly for decoration."

SUSAN KLUTH



# 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.

THE CARS fly into London for a one-off concert at the Lyceum on Thursday, special guest band will be the FABULOUS POODLES.

GENERATION X are back on the road after a long lay-off. Their tour kicks off at High Wycombe Town Hall (Friday), Northampton Cricket Ground (Saturday), Croydon Greyhound (Sunday), Cardiff Top Rank (Tuesday) and London Wembley Arena (Wednesday).

The Great British Music Festival opens at the Wembley Arena on Wednesday with THE JAM, THE PIRATES, PATRIK FITZGERALD, BERNIE TORME, GENERATION X and SLADE.

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN (superstar) returns to London to play the Rainbow on Tuesday and Wednesday.

DAVID ESSEX takes to the stage again for a series of concerts which start at Dublin RDS Hall (Sunday), and continue at Belfast Kings Hall (Monday) and Glasgow Apollo (Wednesday).

TAVARES return to Britain for a 13 concert tour, dates this week are Croydon Fairfield Halls (Sunday), Portsmouth Guildhall (Monday), Manchester Ashton Thameside Theatre (Tuesday) and Southport New Theatre (Wednesday).

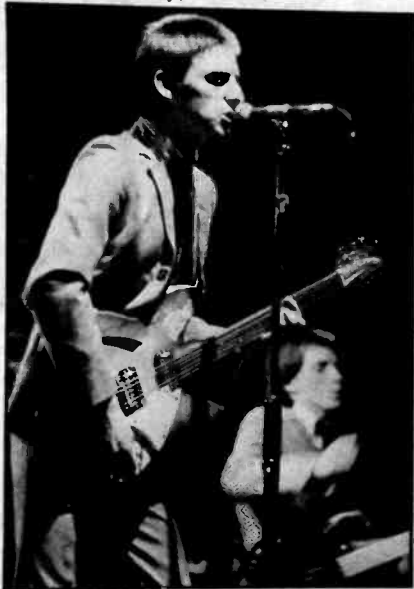
DEVO supported by DOLL BY DOLL begin their tour this week at Edinburgh Odeon (Sunday), Glasgow Apollo (Monday) and Newcastle City Hall (Wednesday).

ERIC CLAPTON and MUDDY WATERS undertake a series of dates together starting at Glasgow Apollo (Friday) followed by Newcastle City Hall (Saturday), Manchester Apollo (Sunday), Hanley Victoria Hall (Tuesday) and West Bromwich Gala Ballroom (Wednesday).

## THURSDAY

NOVEMBER 23

- ABERDEEN, Ruffles (571931), No Dice
- BASINGSTOKE, College of Technology (54141), The Boyfriends / The Backbeats
- BELFAST, Queen's University (42124), Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
- BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Chairman of the Board
- BIRMINGHAM, Railway Hotel (021-359 3491), Orphan
- BLACKBURN, Balleys (622662), Alvin Stardust
- BRADFORD, Sadies, Muscles
- BRIGHTON, Richmond (39234), Nicky & The Dots / Peter & The Test Tube Babies / Dick Damage
- BRISTOL, Tiffany's (34057), X-Ray Spex
- CANNOCK, Troubadour (Burntwood 2141), Amazing Dark Horse
- CHELMSFORD, Odeon (53677), Judas Priest
- CHELTENHAM, Pavilion Club, Dansette / Fusion
- DORBY, Sports Club (89513), Band of Joy
- COVENTRY, New Theatre (23141), Lonnie Donegan
- COVENTRY, University of Warwick (27406), Mud / The Cruisers
- DERBY, Assembly Rooms (31111 & 2255), Lindafarne
- DERBY, Kings Hall (31111), Sham 69 / Cimarons
- DERBY, Tiffany's (41441), Real Thing
- DUMFRIES, Theatre Royal (4209), Boys Of The Lough
- ECCLES, Labour Club (061-789 2586), Belt & Braces Band
- EDINBURGH, Astoria (031-681 1862), The Zones / The Tools
- GLASGOW, Print Studio, Veni-gas
- GLENROTHES, Rothes Arms (753701), Charley Brown
- GRANGEMOUTH, Town Hall (29533), The Jolt / Cuban Heels
- HATFIELD, Forum, The Chieftains
- HATFIELD, Polytechnic (68100), Here & Now
- HIGH WYCOMBE, Nags Head (21756), The Flies
- HORNCHURCH, The Bull (42125), Rednite
- BULL, The University (42431), Frankie Miller / Darling
- ILMARNOCK, Sandrienne, Necromancer
- LANCASTER, No 12 Club (68082), Witchfynde
- LEEDS, J Club, Brannigans (683252), Punishment Of Luxury / The Press
- LEEDS, Florde, Green (623470), The Skids
- LEEDS, The Polytechnic (30771), Sebinal
- LEEDS, Vivas (456249), Red Eye
- LINCOLN, AJ's (30874), Gaffa
- LIVERPOOL, Erics (051-238 7881), The Tear Drop Explodes / Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
- LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), Banacrow
- LONDON, Bridgehouse,



The Jam headline the first night of the Great British Music Festival at Wembley Arena (Wednesday), with Slade, The Pirates, Patrik Fitzgerald and Bernie Torme.

- Canning Town (01-476 2889), Zaine Griff
- LONDON, Chelsea Drug Store, Kings Road, The Homosexuals
- LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Carol Grimes
- LONDON, Duke of Lancastaster, New Barnet (01-449 0467), Cheap Flights
- LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham (01-385 3942), Dead Ringer
- LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01 748 4081), Whitesnake / Magnum
- LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), The Sinceros
- LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01 636 0833), Delroy Wilson
- LONDON, John Bull, Chiswick (01-894 0062), L&M Express
- LONDON, Kensington, Russell Gardens (01-603 3245), Young Bucks
- LONDON, Lyceum, The Strand (01-629 4473), The Cars / Fabulous Poodles
- LONDON, Marquee, War-dour Street (01-437 6603), Interlektaals
- LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Reggae Regular
- LONDON, Nashville, Ken-sington (01-605 6071), Blast Furnace & The Wire / John Potter's Clay
- LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-228 5930), Barry Richardson Band
- LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), John Spencer / Johnny G
- LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-586 4112), Matchbox
- LONDON, Swan, Ham-
- mersmith (01-748 1043), Straight8
- LONDON, The Venue, Victoria (01-834 5500), Magazine (2 shows)
- MANCHESTER, Apollo, Ardwick (051-273 1112), The Clash / The Slits / Pressure Shocks
- MANCHESTER, Kelly's, Slater Ray
- MANCHESTER, Mayfair (061-834 3987), Stadium Dogs
- MELTON MOWBRAY, Painted Lady (812121), Kettle
- NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, The Canteen (28402), John Martyn
- NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, City Hall (20007), Jasper Carrott
- NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, New Park Hotel (662010), Black Diamond
- NORWICH, Cromwells (612908), Detroit Emeralds
- NOTTINGHAM, Boat Club (869032), The Bishops
- NOTTINGHAM, Malibu Dog Bowl, Derby Road (254758), Art Failure / Flexible Toys
- NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper (54381), DPs / Butterflies
- NOTTINGHAM, University (55912), Pere Ubu
- OXFORD, Corn Dolly (44761), Speed-O-Meters
- PLYMOUTH, Polytechnic, Mah Hall, The Hawkfords
- POLESWORTH, Working Men's Club, Incredible Kidda Band
- POOLE, Arts Centre (70521), Albion Band
- PORTSMOUTH, Cum-bernauld Tavern (730445), The Piranhas

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CONTINUED  
 OVER PAGE

# UPFRONT

FROM PAGE 42

**PORTSMOUTH.** Polytechnic, Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers  
**SUNDERLAND.** Fusion Disco (59548), Rakitto  
**WOLVERHAMPTON.** Civic Hall (21359), Leo Sayer  
**YORK.** The Barge (32530), Those Naughty Lumps

## FRIDAY

NOVEMBER 24

**ABERDEEN.** University (1572751), Wild Horses  
**ASHFORD.** Ashford College, Church Road, The Condemned / Iron Pig  
**BASINGSTOKE.** Technical College, Grand Hotel  
**BELFAST.** Harp Club, Monochrome Set

**BIRMINGHAM.** University, High Hall (021-472 1841), Rokitto  
**BLACKPOOL.** Norbeck Castle (82341), Johnny Curious  
**BLYTEHE.** Golden Lion (4348), The Squad  
**BRIGHTON.** Alhambra (27874), The Executives  
**BRIGHTON.** Top Rank (23895), Dillinger  
**BURTON ON TRENT.** 76 Club (61037), Jenny Darren  
**CANNOCK.** Troubadour, Quartz  
**CHALFONT ST. GILES.** Newlands Park College, Scratch  
**COVENTRY.** Lanchester Polytechnic (24166), The Bishops  
**COVENTRY.** New Theatre (23141), Lonnie Donegan  
**DERBY.** Bishop Lonsdale College (514911), Supercharge  
**DERBY.** King Hall (31111), The Clash / The Slits / Pressure Shocks  
**DUBLIN.** Trinity College (772941), Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders  
**DUNDEE.** College of Technology, Marketgate (27225), No Dice

**EASTBOURNE.** Archery Tavern (22069), Nightrider  
**EDINBURGH.** Clouds (031-229 5553), The Skids  
**EDINBURGH.** Heriot Watt University (01-229 3574), The Tools  
**EDINBURGH.** University (031-667 12901), Fairport Convention  
**GANTS HILL.** Odeon, The Chieftains  
**GLASGOW.** Apollo (041-332 8058), Eric Clapton / Muddy Waters  
**GLASGOW.** Jordanhall College, Pigmeat / Flat Out  
**GLASGOW.** Art School, Haldane Building, The Jolt / Simple Minds  
**GLASGOW.** University of Strathclyde (041-552 1270), Venigma  
**GLENROTHES.** Rothes Hotel (753701), BBC  
**GRAVESEND.** Prince of Wales, Samson  
**HAMILTON.** College of Education, Underhand Jones  
**HIGH WYCOMBE.** Bucks College of Further Education, Simon Townshend Band  
**HIGH WYCOMBE.** Nags Head (21758), Here & Now / G-Force  
**HIGH WYCOMBE.** Town Hall (26100), Generation X / The Vents  
**HORNCHURCH.** The Bull (42125), Jerry The Ferret  
**HUDDERSFIELD.** The Polytechnic (381556), Frankie Miller / Darling

**ILFORD.** Odeon (01-554 2500), The Chieftains  
**ILKESTON.** Festival Inn, Strange Days  
**IPSWICH.** First Floor Club, Heathcliffe (Tribute to Elvis)  
**ISLE OF DOGS.** Watermans Arms, Rednite  
**KINGHORN.** Quinze Neuk (598), The Squibs  
**KIRKALDY.** Adam Smith Centre (4364), Redbrass  
**KIRKALDY.** Dutch Mill (67512), Davey Patterson Band  
**LEEDS.** Florde Green (623470), Marsellie  
**LEEDS.** Haddon Hall (751115), John Hedley Haggitt Band  
**LEICESTER.** TUL Club, Freddie Fingers Lee  
**LINCOLN.** AJ's (30874), Loudand Deluxe  
**LIVERPOOL.** Erics (051-236 7881), David Johansen  
**LIVERPOOL.** The Polytechnic (051-236 2481), The Boyfriends / The Backbeats  
**LONDON.** Acklam Hall, Portobello Road (01-960 4590), Gonzalez / Night Flight / Liz Christian  
**LONDON.** Acton Town Hall, Satellites / London Pride / The Pack / Black Enchanters (Acton Community Arts Workshop Benefit)  
**LONDON.** Bedford College (01-486 4400), Advertising  
**LONDON.** Central London Polytechnic (01-486 5811),



Generation X, back on the road this week with dates at High Wycombe Town Hall (Friday), Northampton County Ground (Saturday), Croydon Greyhound (Sunday), and Cardiff Top Rank (Tuesday).

**The Magnets**  
**LONDON.** City of London Polytechnic (01-247 1441), The Innmates  
**LONDON.** Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-261 4967), Fletcher - Z/Zip Nolan & The Highway Patrol  
**LONDON.** Golden Lion, Fulham (01-385 3942), RDB  
**LONDON.** Goldsmiths College, Student Union Hall (01-492 0211), Landscape  
**LONDON.** Green Dragon, Stratford, Paradox  
**LONDON.** Hammersmith Odeon (01-746 4061), James Brown (two shows)  
**LONDON.** Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), The Edge  
**LONDON.** 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-636 0633), West End Stompers  
**LONDON.** Institute of Education, Bedford Way, Young Bucks  
**LONDON.** John Bull, Chiswick (01-994 0062), The Press  
**LONDON.** Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Fabulous Poodies  
**LONDON.** Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Streetband  
**LONDON.** Oval House, Kennington (01-735 2786), The Salistas  
**LONDON.** Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), The Monos  
**LONDON.** Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band  
**LONDON.** Ruskin Arms, East Ham (01-472 0377), Dog Watch  
**LONDON.** Southbank Polytechnic (01-261 1535), Jags  
**LONDON.** The Venue, Victoria (01-834 5500), Magazine (Two shows)  
**LONDON.** Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 8403), Little Bo Bitch  
**MANCHESTER.** Apollo, Ardwick (081-273 1112), Gordon Giltrap  
**MANCHESTER.** The Factory, Pers Ubu  
**MANCHESTER.** Kings Hall, Belle Vue (081-223 2927), Mighty Sparrow  
**MANCHESTER.** Mayflower (061-824 114), Snips & The Video Kings  
**MANCHESTER.** St John's College, Sister Ray  
**MANCHESTER.** The Squal, Teendreams / The Out / The Mekon  
**MARGATE.** Grand Ballroom (Thanet 63011), Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers  
**NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.** City Hall (20007), Jasper Carrot  
**NEWCASTLE.** Polytechnic (28761), Hinckley's Heroes  
**NEWTON ABBOTT.** Seale Hayne College (2323), Mechanical Horsetrough / Cocky  
**NORWICH.** Boogie House, Zaine Griff  
**NOTTINGHAM.** Dutch House, The Frigid  
**NOTTINGHAM.** Malibu Dog Bowl, Derby Road (247534), Guvahlip  
**NOTTINGHAM.** Sandpiper (54381), Gang Of Four / Art Failure  
**NOTTINGHAM.** The University (55912), HI Tension  
**OXFORD.** Polytechnic (68766), Chazy Browne  
**PATTINGTON.** Village Hall, Ricky Cool & The Icebergs  
**PLYMOUTH.** Guildhall (37812), The Jam / Patrick Fitzgerald

**PRESTON.** Polytechnic (58322), Merger  
**READING.** University (860222), Real Thing  
**RETFORD.** Porterhouse (748R1), Penetration  
**RUGBY.** Emmaline, Kidda  
**SCARBOROUGH.** Penthouse (63204), Stadium Dogs  
**SELKICK.** Victoria Hall, Darn Band  
**SHEFFIELD.** Limit Club (730940), Sore Throat  
**SHEFFIELD.** Polytechnic (738934), Japan  
**SHEFFIELD.** University (24078), John Martyn  
**SOUTHAMPTON.** Old Mill, Holbury, Eyes  
**ST ATHAN.** RAF Bridgeford, Muscles  
**STOKE ON TRENT.** North Staffs Polytechnic (412416), Andy Desmond Band  
**SWINTON.** GEC Club, Limeright  
**UXBRIDGE.** Brunel University, The Hawklovers  
**WALSALL.** Town Hall, (21244), Mud / Cruisers  
**WEYBRIDGE.** National College of Food (42120), The Autographs  
**WILMINGTON.** White Horse, Mystery Train  
**YEOVIL.** Camelot Suite, Warm Jets  
**YORK.** The Barge (32530), Louie  
**YORK.** Revolution (26224), New Jets De Tain

**CORBY.** Kings Head, Limeright  
**CORK.** University (26871), Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders  
**COVENTRY.** University of Warwick (27406), Fischer-Z  
**CRESWELL.** Miners Welfare, Strange Days  
**DARLINGTON.** Central Club, The Cruisers  
**DERBY.** Assembly Rooms (31111 & 2255), Leo Sayer  
**DERBY.** College of Education (47181), Mud  
**DUBLIN.** Trinity College (772941), Swift  
**DUDLEY.** JB's (53597), Freddie Fingers Lee  
**DUNFERMLINE.** Glen Ballroom, Pallas  
**EDINBURGH.** Gibson Craig Hall, Currie, Beisen Horrors / Positives (tasteless)  
**EDINBURGH.** The University (051-667 1280), The Squibs  
**GALASHIELS.** Privateer (2767), The Motels  
**GLASGOW.** Maggi, Sauchiehall Street (041-332 4374), Underhand  
**GLASGOW.** Queens Margaret's Union (041-334 1585), No Dice  
**GLASGOW.** Theatre Royal (041-204 1861), Boys Of The Louie  
**GLASGOW.** University of Strathclyde (041-552 1270), Wild Horse  
**GLOUCESTER.** College of Technology, The Edge  
**HASTINGS.** Pier Pavilion (438807), Sham 69 / Cimarosa  
**HAYWARDS HEATH.** Claire Hall, Writz  
**HIGH WYCOMBE.** Nags Head, London Road (217358), CGAS 51, The Good Guy  
**HUDDERSFIELD.** Polytechnic (38156), The Mekos  
**IPSWICH.** Tracey's (214991), Ray  
**KINGSTON.** Polytechnic (01-549 4890), Merger  
**KNOTTINGLEY.** Wallbottle Hotel, Bad News  
**LEEDS.** Royal Park Hotel (785076), The Sneakers  
**LEEDS.** University (39071), John Martyn  
**LEEDS.** Victoria Hotel (452884), Snoots  
**LEICESTER.** Rothley Pippin Inn, Wichehynde  
**LINCOLN.** AJ's (30874), Johnny Moped  
**LITTLEHAMPTON.** Windmill Theatre, Piranhas  
**LIVERPOOL.** Erics (051 236 7881), Pers Ubu / The Soft Boys / Red Gravy  
**LONDON.** Bridgehouse, Canning Town (01 476 28491), Crazy Kat  
**LONDON.** Chelsea College (01-332 6421), Andy Desmond / HI FI  
**LONDON.** Cock, Edmonton, Southern Cross  
**LONDON.** Corner House, Edware, Agenda  
**LONDON.** Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Bulls  
**LONDON.** Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet (01-449 0467), Gaffa  
**LONDON.** Electra 88 Ballroom, Camden (01-486 9006), The Police  
**LONDON.** The Police Pressure Shocks / Gardes Darkx  
**LONDON.** Goldsmiths College, Lewisham (01-692 0211), China Street  
**LONDON.** Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081), Bethnal / Berni Torrie Band  
**LONDON.** Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081),

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## SATURDAY

NOVEMBER 25

**ABERTILLERY.** Aryl Street Social Club, Stax Max  
**ASHTON.** Spread Eagle, The Accelerators  
**AYLESBURY.** Friars, Maxwells Hall (68948), Penetration / Gang Of Four  
**BARKINGSIDE.** Old Maypole, Coast To Coast  
**BASILDON.** Double Six (20140), Speed-O-Meters  
**BATLEY.** Crumpets (Leeds 459937), Supercharge  
**BELFAST.** Harp Club, Monochrome Set  
**BIRMINGHAM.** Barbarellas (021-843 9413), Stadium Ltd  
**BIRMINGHAM.** Caravan Club, Band of Joy  
**BIRMINGHAM.** Frankie Miller (021-472), Darling  
**BOGNOR.** Sussex Hotel (5226), Vagrant Rock Band  
**BRADFORD.** University (3346), Restliss  
**BRISTOL.** Dockland Settlement, City Road (49873), Stargazer  
**BRISTOL.** Granary (28267), Zaine Griff  
**BRISTOL.** Polytechnic (297998), Mechanical Horsetrough / Cocky  
**BUCKLEY.** Tivoli Hallroom (2722), Detroit Emeralds (doubling Wigan Casino)  
**CORBY.** Raven Hall, Wildlife  
**CANNOCK.** Troubadour (Burntwood) 2141, Video  
**CANTERBURY.** University of Kent (65224), Young Bucks  
**CARDIFF.** University (396421), Albion Band  
**LEEDS.** Florde Green (623470), Steve Brown Band  
**CARLISLE.** Flopps (38757), Chazy Browne  
**CARSHALTON.** St Heller Arms (01-642 2965), Johnny & The Jalbirds  
**CHIDDINGLEY.** Six Bells, Nightrider

CONTINUED OVER PAGE



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# UPFRONT

FROM PAGE 41

LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Tribesman

LONDON, London School of Economics (01-405 1977), The Bishops / Blast Furnace & The

LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Fame

LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 8071), Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers / The Stickers

LONDON, North East London Polytechnic, Walthamstow (01-527 7317), The Monos

LONDON, Oval House, Kennington (01-735 2786), The Sadistas

LONDON, Rainbow, Finchbury Park (01-263 3140), Dillinger

LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3861), Gonzalez

LONDON, South Bank Polytechnic (01-261 1535), Dynamite

LONDON, Thames Polytechnic, Woolwich (01-855 0618), Squeeze

LONDON, Wheatsheaves, Kings Road (01-736 3533), VIPS

LOUGHBOROUGH, University (633171), Lindisfarne

MANCHESTER, Apollo (061-

273 1112), James Brown (two shows)

MANCHESTER, Mayflower (061- 624 1140), David Johansen

MANCHESTER, The Venue, Collyhurst Street (061-206 5114), Marseilles

MIDDLEBROUGH, Rock Garden (241005), Anniversary

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, The Cartons (28402), Sabre Jets / Junco Partners / 49s

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, City Hall (20007), Eric Clapton / Muddy Waters

NEWTON ABBOT, Dyrons, The Fans

NORTHAMPTON, Cricket Club (32917), Generation X

NORTHAMPTON, Venus College (714326), Grand Hotel

PORTSMOUTH, Arcadia (03867 2576), The Lurkers

PRESBURGH, Polytechnic (58382), Belt & Braces Band / New Suburbia

READING, University (860222), Fabulous Poodles

RECHESTER, Nags Head (06314 3150), Reddite

STANTON HILL, Working Men's Club, Kidda Band

STROUD, Stroud Leisure Centre (6771), The Chieftains

WEST RUNTON, Pavilion (203), Light Of The World

WEYMOUTH, Technical College (723111), Cheap Flights

WINCHESTER, Theatre Royal, The Allens / Hazard

YORK, Revolution (24224), Blazer Blazer

## SUNDAY

NOVEMBER 26

AYR, Station Hotel (63286), The Motels

BANGOR, Bangor Theatre, The Platters

BIRMINGHAM, Town Hall (021-236 2392), Mighty Sparrow

BLACKPOOL, Jenkinson's (29203), Agnes Strangé

BRADFORD, Princeville (78185), Bad News (Lunchtime)

BRADFORD, Royal Standard (27898), Immigrant

BRIGHTON, Alhambra

BRISTOL, Piranhas

BRISTOL, Colston Hall (291768), The Jam / Patrick Fitzgerald

BRISTOL, Locarno (26193), Dillinger

CARDIFF, Top Rank (26538), The Clash / The Suits / Pressure Shocks

CARDIFF, University (44211), The Chieftains

CARLISLE, Border Terrier

CHESHIRE, Charley Browne

CROYDON, Fairfield Halls (01-888 9291), Tavares / Gonzales

CROYDON, Greyhound (01-881 1445), Generation X

DUBLIN, McGonigall's (774697), Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders

DUBLIN, RDS Hall (680645), David Essex / Real Thing

DUMFRIES, Stagecoach (Colin 605), Cafe Jacques

DUNDEE, Samantha's (25550), The Jolt

EDINBURGH, Odeon (031-667 3805), Devo / Doll by Doll

LEEDS, Ffordre Grene (623470), Stadium Dogs

LEEDS, Staging Post (01-65625), Ice

LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), The Dandies

LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), The Inmates

LONDON, Drury Lane Theatre (01-836 8108), Gordon Giltrap

LONDON, Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet (01-449 0487), Reddite

LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham (01-385 3942), Pantles

LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Little Bo Bitch

LONDON, John Bull, Chiswick (01-994 0062), Cheap Flights

LONDON, Uyeum, The Strand (01-838 3718), Japan

LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Straight 8

LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 8071), Warren Harry / Tennis Shoes

LONDON, Oval House, Kennington (01-735 2786), The Sadistas

LONDON, Palladium (01-437 7373), Leo Sayer / Leyton Buzzards

LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), Fame

LONDON, Ruskin Arms, East Ham (01-472 0377), Dog Watch

LONDON, Torrington, North Finchley (01-445 4710), Five Hand Reel

MANCHESTER, Apollo, Ardwick (061-273 1112), Eric Clapton / Muddy Waters

MANCHESTER, Belle Vue (061-223 1331), Belt & Braces Band

MANCHESTER, Royal Exchange Theatre (031-833

8933), Boys Of The Lough

MANCHESTER, The Venue, Collyhurst Street (061-206 5114), Joy Division / The Passage

REDCAR, Coatham Bowl (74420), Rezillos

REDHILL, Lakers Hotel (61043), Nicky & The Dots

RYDE, (IOW), Lakeside Inn, Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers

STOKE, Trentham Gardens, Detroit Emeralds

UPMINSTER, New Windmill, Haslemere

WILSHAW, Crown Hotel (72612), Underhand Jones

WOLVERHAMPTON, Civic Hall (21359), Lindisfarne

## MONDAY

NOVEMBER 27

BADGERS MOUNT, Black Eagle, Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers

BELLEVUE, Kings Hall (685225), David Essex / Real Thing

BIRMINGHAM, Drakes Drum (021-360 2224), Parade

BIRMINGHAM, Hippodrome (021-622 2576), Jasper Carrot

BIRMINGHAM, Mercat Cross (021-622 3281), Orphan

BOURNMOUTH, Village Bowl (26636), Sham 69 / Cimarrons

CHESTER, Smartz, Warm Jet

DERBY, Rialto, The Platters

EDINBURGH, Tiffany's (031-556 6232), Cafe Jacques / The Trois

EXETER, University (031-37618), Hi Tension

GLASGOW, Apollo (041-332 6055), Devo / Doll by Doll

GREAT YARMOUTH, Fitzjarry's (57018), Hi Tension

LEEDS, Marquis of Granby, Butterflies

LEEDS, Royal Park Hotel (785076), Franc Blanc

LEICESTER, De Montfort Fulham (051-708 3757), Juggernaut

LIVERPOOL, Sportsman (051-708 3757), Juggernaut

LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), Embryo

LONDON, Bridgehouse, Canning Town (01-476 2889), Bandit

LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), The Vains

LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham (01-385 3942), Chins Street

LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road (01-385 0526), Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band

LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081), X-Ray Spex / Invaders / Sore Throat

LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Zane Griff

LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-3803 6071), The Inmates / Lew Lewis Band

LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), Fame

LONDON, Thames Polytechnic, Woolwich (01-855 0618), Young Bucks

LONDON, University College, Gower Street (01-387 3811), The Monos

LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 8403), Sounder

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Guildhall, Steve Brown Band (Gingerbread Band)

OXFORD, Polytechnic (68789), Chas and Dave

PORTSMOUTH, Guildhall (24355), Tavares / Gonzales

ST ANDREWS, University (4863), Rezillos

SHEFFIELD, City Hall (22885), The Chieftains

SHEFFIELD, Limit (730940), Cheap Flights

STIRLING, MacRobert Centre (3171), Redbus

SWANSEA, Circles, Marseille

WARRINGTON, Carlton Club (051-260 8199), Stadium Dogs

BLACKBURN, King George's Hall (58424), Lindisfarne

BRIGHTON, Richmond (29234), NW10 / Piranhas

BRISTOL, Technical College (41241), Cryer

CANTERBURY, University of Kent (65224), Berry & The Jets

CHELtenham, The Plough (266087), The Tights

CHESTER, Smartz, Agnes Strangé

COVENTRY, Tiffany's (24570), The Clash / The Suits / Pressure Shocks

CREWE, Grand Junction, Juggernaut

GALWAY, Seapoint Ballroom (091-62410), Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders

GLASGOW, Amphora (041-332 2760), Necromancer

GLASGOW, Apollo (041-332 3728), David Essex / Real Thing

GLASGOW, Doune Castle (041-649 2745), Underhand Jones

GOSPORT, John Peel (Fareham 282893), Nicky & The Dots

GREAT MALVERN, Phoenix Club, Folley Arms Hotel, Landscape

GREENOCK, Town Hall, The Lurkers

HULL, DERSFIELD, Polytechnic (83156), The Boyfriends / The Backbeats

INVERNESS, Eden Court Theatre (212179), Boys Of The Lough

LEEDS, St. Club, Brannigans (663252), Squeeze

LIVERPOOL, Havana, The Accelerators

LONDON, Albany, Great Street, Gina & The Sharks

LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), Embryo

LONDON, Bridgehouse, Canning Town (01-476 2889), The Cruisers

LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), The Edge

LONDON, Electric Ballroom, Camden (01-485 9006), Pere Ubu / The Soft Boys / Red Crayola

LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham (01-385 3942), Straight 8

LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Fischer-Z

LONDON, Marquee Club, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Adam And The Ants

LONDON, Moonlight, Railway, West Hampstead (01-677 1473), The Passions / The Vains

LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Marseille / Bandit

LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 8071), Mager

LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), Tennis Shoes

LONDON, Rainbow, Finchbury Park (01-263 3140), Queen / Star-John

LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Young Bucks

LONDON, Trafalgar, Shepherds Bush (01-749 5005), Gina & The Sharks

LONDON, Wembley Arena (01-902 1234), The Jam / Generation X / The Pirates / Slade / Patrick Fitzgerald / Berni Tormes (Great British Music Fest)

LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 8403), Bullets

LOUGHBOROUGH, Mechanical Horsetrough / Copy

MALVERN, Winter Gardens (2700), Frankie Miller / Darling

MANCHESTER, Apollo, Ardwick (061-273 1112), X-Ray Spex / Scre Through

MANCHESTER, Hazel Grove Club, The Sull / Johnny News

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, City Hall (20007), Devo / Doll

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, University (28402), The Boyfriends / The Backbeats

NORTHAMPTON, Salon Ballroom (51351), Hi Tension

NOTTINGHAM, Trent Polytechnic, Byron House, Shakespeare Street (42428), Landscape

PASLEIGH, Three Horse Shoes (041-869 9965), Charley Browne

PLYMOUTH, Metro (51326), Pere Ubu

PORTSMOUTH, Arcadia (032622766), The Doomed

SHEFFIELD, Arbourough Hotel, Swift

SHEFFIELD, Limit (730940), Immigrant

SHEFFIELD, Polytechnic (73894), Scene Stealer

SOUTHALL, White Hart, Matchbox

SOUTHAMPTON, University (556291), Mud / The Cruisers

SOUTHAMPTON, White Buck, Burley, The Piranhas

SOUTHPORT, New Theatre (40404), Tavares

STOKE HANLEY, Victoria Hall (24641), The Clash / The Suits / Pressure Shocks

SWANSEA, Centre of Further Education, Here & Now / Trenzles

SWANSEA, University (24851), Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers

WEST HEAD, Hamilton Club (051-643 8092), Light Of The World

BIRMINGHAM, Bogarts (021-643 0172), Video

BIRMINGHAM, Golden Lion, Solihull, Special Club

BIRMINGHAM, Hippodrome (021-622 2576), Jasper Carrot

BIRMINGHAM, Town Hall (021-236 2339), Rezillos

BISHOPS STORTFORD, Triad (56333), No Dice

BRIGHTON, Alhambra (27874), Executives

COVENTRY, New Theatre (23141), Lindisfarne

DONCASTER, Outlook (6434), Tribesman

EXETER, Lucifers, Harem Scarem

EXETER, Routes (38618), The Jolt

GLASGOW, Apollo (041-332 6055), David Essex / Real Thing

HINKLEY, The Croft, Kidda Band

KEEL, University (625411), The Monos

LEEDS, Ralph Thoresby Centre (67911), Belt & Braces

LEEDS, University (39071), Alton Band

LIVERPOOL, Mountford Hall (051 709 4744), Magazine

LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), The Vains

LONDON, Bridgehouse, Canning Town (01-476 2889), Zaine Griff

LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden (01-267 4967), Chas & Dave

LONDON, Green Man, Plumstead (01-654 0873), Scratch

LONDON, Greyhound, Chadwell Heath (01-599 1533), Dog Watch

LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), The Monos

LONDON, Marquee Club, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Adam And The Ants

LONDON, Moonlight, Railway, West Hampstead (01-677 1473), Trans-Am / Local Operator

LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), The Dogs / Scene Stealer

LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), David Blossie Band

LONDON, Rainbow, Finchbury Park (01-263 3140), Olivia Newton-John

LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Bowles Bros

LONDON, Swan, Hammsmith (01-748 1043), Wildlife

LONDON, Trafalgar, Shepherds Bush (01-749 5005), Gina & The Sharks

LONDON, Wembley Arena (01-902 1234), The Jam / Generation X / The Pirates / Slade / Patrick Fitzgerald / Berni Tormes (Great British Music Fest)

LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 8403), Bullets

LOUGHBOROUGH, University (63171), Mechanical Horsetrough / Copy

MALVERN, Winter Gardens (2700), Frankie Miller / Darling

MANCHESTER, Apollo, Ardwick (061-273 1112), X-Ray Spex / Scre Through

MANCHESTER, Hazel Grove Club, The Sull / Johnny News

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, City Hall (20007), Devo / Doll

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, University (28402), The Boyfriends / The Backbeats

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SOUTHPORT, New Theatre (40404), Tavares

STOKE HANLEY, Victoria Hall (24641), The Clash / The Suits / Pressure Shocks

SWANSEA, Centre of Further Education, Here & Now / Trenzles

SWANSEA, University (24851), Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers

WEST HEAD, Hamilton Club (051-643 8092), Light Of The World

BIRMINGHAM, Bogarts (021-643 0172), Video

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BIRMINGHAM, Town Hall (021-236 2339), Rezillos

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**TUESDAY**

NOVEMBER 28

ASHTON, Thameside Theatre (061-330 2095), Tavares

BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (621-643 9413), Fairport

CONVENTRY, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 8403), Sounder

BIRMINGHAM, University (021-472 1841), Albion Band

BIRMINGHAM, Hippodrome (021-622 2576), Jasper Carrot

**WEDNESDAY**

NOVEMBER 29

ABERDEEN, Ruffies (571931), The Lurkers

BIRMINGHAM, Hamilton Club (051-643 8092), Light Of The World

BIRMINGHAM, Bogarts (021-643 0172), Video

BIRMINGHAM, Golden Lion, Solihull, Special Club

BIRMINGHAM, Hippodrome (021-622 2576), Jasper Carrot

BIRMINGHAM, Town Hall (021-236 2339), Rezillos

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- DEC 13 MANCHESTER, APPOLLO
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# ROADSHOWS



LENE LOVICH: the discovery

## Stiff stick to the rails

### STIFFS: Lyceum

THE FIVE faces of freckdom, the gent, the teen, the yob, the tramp, the... I imagine all definitions stop at Lene Lovich.

The gent is Jona Lewis, formerly Terry Dactyl, a smart young man in the habit of waving his arms about in a pigeon-like fashion and singing charming and very simple songs.

Although Jona is not untalented, he is the least exciting of the five faces, simply because he is too flip for his own good. Accordion playing is quite jolly, and very popular on 'Junior Showtime', but terribly limited. 'Seaside Shuffle' was fun, but the other squeeze box shimmies tend towards the dull.

Lewis does more than play the accordion; he plays keyboard, he plays the fool. Homely music, nice-friendly-boy-with-dimples music.

The climax of the set came where it ought to come, at the tail end, with the Sweet sisters, Rachel and Lia and Lene Lovich joining in for some swing and wide eyes and smiles.

A brief summation for a short set - none of the five spent more than about 25 minutes onstage. Jona got polite applause, exactly what a civil set merited.

The appreciation at the end of Rachel Sweet's performance was anything but polite. Rapturous is more like it, and rapture is only her due for what is a behemoth talent.

Her set was the only one that seemed criminally short, so intense was the response of the crowd to her pubescent magic. Beginning with 'Truckstop Queen' from the 'Akron' compilation, she punched her pudgy hands in the charged air, smiled brilliantly between her ribbon tied hair and sang like the cherub she looks.

The frenzy she conjured was driven beyond the barriers of decorum by the appearance of vacuum-cheeked Graham Parker for 'B.A.B.Y.', which he sang with a venom and style that half upstaged the tiny girl's massive voice; but he could never come close to Rachel for zest.

The yob, Mickey Jupp, has no charisma and a faintly pony hairstyle. Of the five, I expected least from Jupp. I was proved very shortsighted.

Having said that, it is true that this so called "legendary" figure is not capable of the invention that some of the stiffers are. He sticks fairly closely to the well trod paths of rock 'n' roll, rhythm 'n' blues, and straight blues.

To make that sort of old hat interesting, you have to be good. Mickey Jupp, fortunately, is.

His particular saving grace is that he doesn't take his affection for oldstyle music too pompously, too religiously. There is an obvious element of send-up in what he does, particularly the heavily purring 'Switchboard Susie' ('when I look at her I get an extension') and the definitely non-autobiographical 'Too Old To Roll'.

It was a set that typified the spirit of the evening, light hearted, incredibly adept in its fashion, and incontrovertibly enjoyable.

So to the seamier side of life, that likeable little tramp and drunkard Wreckless Eric.

"I don't really know why I'm standing up," announced Eric in his best cockney whine, and lurched into a set that was not the most distinguished of the evening.

I don't know whether it was the alcohol that was probably coursing through his veins or a frog throat, but Eric's set struck me as a bit too rough at the edges.

It was especially disappointing since Wreckless' new album, quite apart from its magnificent cover, is a great deal better than anyone expected. Sad to say, but at 25 minutes, Eric's set tended towards the overlong rather than the truncated. And after he put on his best togs as well.

Lene Lovich with stick-on pigtails and demonic voice, closed the tour by confirming my suspicions that she, the unclassifiable bizarro, is the most unique and interesting of all the Stiffs.

A voice like a synthesiser, a voice like a star, she sings songs upside down and makes beautiful sense. She is flexible and precise, from the crooning Nick Lowe romantic of 'Tonight' to the rebellious and sultry 'Home' - "home is just emotion / sticking in my throat". Apart from a giant personal charisma, she is effective, if not technically brilliant, saxophonist and a preposterously imaginative songwriter. Lene Lovich is the discovery of the tour, and the prime talent, with Rachel Sweet very close in the slipstream.

Stiff is becoming an institution, and an immensely admirable one. No other company has embodied the essence of pop music so completely. And even when the inspiration is lacking the all important atmosphere of celebration remains. Sunday night was riveting and tremendous, despite its flaws.

TIM LOTT

### DOLLY PARTON London Ham mersmith Odeon

I COULD count on one hand the number of singers with voices that give me goose bumps. Dolly Parton is one of them. All this stuff about her sounding as though she'd swallowed a Billy goat (see last Sunday's Observer) is just one of the peripheral stories around Dolly - like her joke against herself that people only come to see her out of curiosity. She is a hell of a singer and a very fine songwriter.

She is also astute enough to surround herself with a superb band, led by keyboard player Greg Perry, who has been with her through many line up changes. He controls the guitarists, bass, pedal steel, banjo player and two back up singers.

For her last gig for a

year, Dolly looked radiant in a rainbow coloured chiffon outfit and a less exuberant wig than usual. Despite getting through a couple of dozen songs - opening with 'Higher And Higher' - she managed to hold quite lengthy conversations with an enthusiastic audience. Last year she attracted a lot of rock fans - it looked then as though she was going to move into the Emlylou Harris / Linda Ronstadt market - but this year it looked more like mums and dads, having a night off from the telly.

Although she performed a lot of her classics - 'My Tennessee Mountain Home', 'Coat Of Many Colours', 'Applejack' and 'Bargain Store' - she's expanded her set to take in a lot of the new material which puts her firmly in the MOR / Las Vegas market.

I don't blame her for that at all, she'll make more money this way than she ever would have sitting in Nashville. But I think it may take some time before she writes as good MOR songs as she does rock and country. 'Here You Come Again' and 'Two Doors Down' are two of her best examples of rock songs, but I wasn't so keen on 'Heartbreaker' which is too bland for Dolly's dramatic style.

She really scores on 'I Will Always Love You', where that fantastic voice gets full reign and 'Down From Dover' - an emotional song written early on in her career. But not being one to leave you on a downer, she ripped into 'The Seeker' for her finale.

Dolly's a talented lady and the sooner people see past the image, the better.

ROSALIND RUSSELL

### JOHN MARTYN London LSE

NOTHING STUNNINGLY new from John Martyn 'another day; but then he's an artist whose folk-jazz-ballad-electronic fusions have run off the mainstream at a timeless tangent. Although a new album is projected for next spring, it was the year-old 'One World' and a few of its predecessors that provided the basis for the gig for obviously hardcore fans. It would be nice (if impossible) to see him packing the Rainbow, but a great deal better emotionally to find him packing the LSE Old Theatre.

John Martyn plays solo onstage, self and guitar surrounded by a barricade of knobs and

pedals, heartbeat loops and echoplex spanning out many of his tidily mysterious songs, sung in daintily lugubrious fashion. He's also but natch a very good blueish acoustic guitarist - one of the few survivors of the Great British Blues tradition, would you but know it. Hence 'One World' (that song) sliding with almost religious grace like a slowed down film of an international gymnast at work, and the almost extrovert and funky 'Certain Surprises'.

Inevitably, with so much gadgetry around there has to be quite a bit of order and discipline in the set. But at the same time, John Martyn keeps it real. SUSAN KLUTH

### AC/DC, Hammersmith Odeon

ONE EVENING of electric heavy rock from an AC/DC simply wasn't enough and therefore, having attended the first of their two London dates, I decided to venture back the following night to witness the second - long live metallic masochism! I'm certainly glad I went along, for the final gig was far better than the previous one. Lead guitarist, Angus 'schoolboy' Young, stole the limelight through, stout and when the rest of the band appeared on stage at the beginning, there he stood on his own elevated mini-stage behind the drumkit, poised to leap into action.

The show started with 'Live Wire', an old favourite, and after Angus hit the opening chords, it was a case of hammer and tongs rock 'n' roll for the next hour and a half. This tour has coincided with the release of the live 'If You Want Blood - You've Got It' album, and thus the set was based around the material featured on that platter.

As usual Bon Scott readily alred his gritty vocal chords, proving that he must have one of the dirtiest voices in rock today; also an equally depraved mind becomes evident through such items as 'She's Got The Jack' and 'Whole Lotta Rosie', a tale about a big fat lady Malcolm Young, Cliff Williams and Phil Rudd all worked hard but nothing, bar the collapse of the Odeon, could rob Angus of his well deserved attention. His energy is amazing as he paces around like one possessed by a severe case of dementia. Not only does he manage to provide amusing visual entertainment, but he also succeeds in delivering the goods for aural delight.

The band will also have to prepare their next studio vinyl attack, a field in which they have yet to triumph, with more power, especially as they have now used their trumpcard of a live effort. Nevertheless, in concert they've got it made and if you want raunchy, balsy rock 'n' roll - you've got AC/DC. STEVE GETT

### DILLINGER Manchester Russell Club

Considering it's a West Indian Centre, there sure have been a lot of pale faces at the Russell these last few months, but with a dude like Dillinger in town, it's a cert that the regulars will come down and confirm the excellence of race relations in these parts.

Me? Well, I ain't no fully paid up Rasta (yet), but it sure makes a

change from a front-line of 20 screaming guitars. What's more, the weather's not been too good and as all 'Cokane' fans will know, 'Every time I walk in the rain I feel a pain burning in my bloody brain'.

And of course, you can shake your tail to it, maybe even slip a disc or two. Earlier, DJ Rasta Keith Eastwood had slipped discs of a different kind to the turntable for Dillinger to come toasting on stage.

Then it was the turn of the man 'imself to make an entrance, resplendent in three different sets of stripes. And he sang and danced and strutted and generally provided for the bounding rhythms behind him.

Most of the material was vaguely recognisable as the kind of stuff punk DJs infiduously sandwich between 'Anarchy in the UK' and 'One chord wonders', and whatever else, it's great to dance to. Dillinger himself has enough charisma to lend credibility to his self-description of being 'dynamite' and 'outsight', while his band, usually numbering about five, fall neatly in step.

Understandably, the greatest huzzahs of the night were reserved for 'Cokane in my brain' and 'although I'm still not sure why a spoon, a fork, a bottle and a cork' should spell New York. It was a fun way to spend an evening. MIKE NICHOLLS

### WILD HORSES Salford University

IT'S ALL been kept fairly low profile, but occasional Thin Lizzy guitarist Brian Robertson and ex-Rainbow band Jimmy Bain have gotten themselves a band together and called it Wild Horses. And good lads as they are, instead of launching themselves in a blaze of hype, they're content to start again at the bottom and work their way up via the college circuit.

Along with Neil Carter (rhythm guitar and vocals) and Dixie Lee (drums) the boys have a whole new set of material - so it's obvious that they've been doing more than just hanging out at ligs together these last few months.

The titles - 'The Kid', 'Retribution', 'Streetgirl' and 'Shame' might not exactly be unpredictable, but they know their audience and are giving it the good old-fashioned heavy rock it wants. A couple of journeymen rock 'n' rollers in the tradition of say, Rory Gallagher and Jeff Beck, Bain and Robertson seem relieved to be away from respective egomaniacs Blackmore and Lynott.

For one number Brian strapped on Jim's bass, announcing 'I always wanted to do this but someone wouldn't let me! The rest of the time he was spilling out a succession of the usual exhilarating guitar lines and taking about one-third of the vocals to Bain's two-thirds. On some of the tracks the two of them even attempted to harmonise, but overall this was no-frills, man-size music with no time for Eagle-ish wimpiness.

All things considered, Bain and Robertson have shown considerable bottle in shunning superstardom in order to pursue their own direction. Wild Horses might never attain the dizzy heights of either of the parent bands, but they'll secure a large following, and most important, they are doing what they want. Long may they run. MIKE NICHOLLS



MILLIE JACKSON

### MILLIE JACKSON, Birmingham Odeon

LAST TIME Millie Jackson played Birmingham it was a sell out. This Thursday, the lady billed as 'The Temptress of Soul' didn't manage to lure too many people away from the antiseptic sex of Miss World, to appreciate her brand of rather gutsier sexuality.

Backed by Easy Akshun, Millie belted out a selection spanning several years of her career - none of 'here's yet another song from my new album' routines. She opened with

'Get It Outcha System' but followed with classics like 'All The Way Lover', 'My Man Is A Sweet Man', 'I Don't Wanna Be Right' and an encore version of 'Sweet Music Man' which would lead you to doubt that Kenny Rogers ever heard it, let alone wrote it.

Millie can belt with the best and has a powerful voice in the Aretha Franklin mould; but what really makes her memorable isn't the songs but the raps in between. Or maybe it's the songs that are in between the raps.

'Have you ever seen a lady dress so nice and talk so dirty?'

Good looking men have had it. Any woman who's listened to Millie's advice on where to get the best piece of ass ain't going to be impressed. For those women who weren't there - Millie advises you to get yourself an ugly bald guy with a beard. If he's ugly - "he's gotta be good at sumptin" - and he'll try harder. And the beard and the baldness? Well, I can't go into details here, but it's to do with friction. Listen to 'Feeling Bitchy' and you'll get my meaning.

I guess by the end of the evening it wasn't only her own underwear that was wet just from thinking about it. EILEEN KING



# The New Cave

**PERE UBU**  
Chislehurst Caves

**SECRETS AND** promises are to be broken. the secret was. The promise wasn't.

Everyone seemed to know that Pere Ubu was going to play Chislehurst Caves but the promise that it wouldn't be printed was kept. The reason? The gig would have been blown out if higher authorities had found out. Seems the place is unsuitable.

How did everyone get there? Coaches from a couple of points in London set off on the 'mystery' tour ending up at the caves.

Caves are alright as caves but as rock venues they're bloody cold. A glass of lager in the hand had to be switched from left to right very quickly to stop them from going blue. Brandy was definitely the answer.

Red Crayola were on when we got there but I'm afraid not much can be said of them. Anywhere, most people had come for the lig or to see Pere Ubu.

You can't miss him, he's the big one. Actually, that's being kind, he's obese.

Bloody hell! He doesn't sing as you'd expect. He's got this high pitched shriek of a voice. As though someone's grabbed him by the short and curties and is tugging away. No wonder he uses a throat spray.

I'd like to know what he's singing about. I don't think I could put any of the words to the title of his songs. Well, perhaps a few but I'm sure I'd get most of them wrong. I know it's pretty hip to get into the guy and understand the deeply meaningful lyrics but I'll have to lower my head and admit that I don't know what he's on about.

The stupid thing is, I really enjoyed him and the band. Musically they were good if a little strange at times. It's difficult to describe him but the closest I can get is early Bee Gees! What? Fans of Pere Ubu might say. But if you remember them as bleating lambs and speed it up a bit, that's him.

The people who are in the know and have their fingers on the great man's pulse, enjoyed it. Me? I loved it. He made me feel warm. Or was that the brandy? ALF MARTIN



DAVID THOMAS: warming warbler

And it was £2.50 to get in.

Thank God I enjoyed the music. China Street played an excellent set full of danceable rhythms. They do play reggae, but are not an embarrassing imitation. 'Rock Against Racism' and 'Tequila' are intricate but accessible songs, while 'He's A Star' shows that the band can write equally successful rock numbers. What the band lacks in charisma they make up for in the quality of their musicianship. At times China Street did drag on, but that was because they play dance music and no one dances at Dingwalls, unless they have to.

And so on to Charlie Ainley and his band of stars, including an ex-Cockney Rebel drummer, Tony Ashton and Pete Wingfield on keyboards. Howie Casey from Wings on horns and two glamorous girl singers. The band, due to their sheer numbers, provided unnecessary visual excitement. Ainley has an emotive soulful voice and a whole batch of first class songs. 'Don't Need No Doctor' and 'Heat Of The Night' were the highlights in a hot sophisticated set.

The music is very reminiscent of early Motown; full of powerful r'n'b melodies. Ainley is a star in his own right as he struts around outpacing everyone in the audience. His music may be dated, but it is bloody enjoyable.

The test will come when Ainley tours with a permanent band. At Dingwalls he didn't even do a well deserved encore, but then perhaps his band weren't being paid overtime. PHILIP HALL

**SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS.**  
Manchester Russell Club

GLORIOUS MEMORIES of yesteryear, when Slaughter were a promising young punk band featuring on the Roxy album. Not only did tonight's crowd remember those days, but (for one night) they actually relived them, complete with mass gobbing and pogoging. Yes, my children, it's reunion time, cash in on former triumphs with instant replays.

Unfortunately, Slaughter were rather one paced, unadventurous and,

ultimately, cliched. Fortunately for them though, most of the crowd didn't notice, so intent were they on having a good time regardless. Mercurious versions of 'Sweet Jane' and 'Who Are The Mystery Girls' highlighted the band's mundanity with every crowd - pleasing trick used to cover their musical deficiencies. Even fair songs like 'Victims Of A Vampire' and the repetitive 'Where Have All The Good Boys Gone' failed to prevent a perfect lesson in why never to reform a dead band.

Ed Banger was so utterly dismal with his theatrical heavy metal punk pretensions, that I cannot understand his appeal at all. Playful idiosyncrasy for retarded under fives.

Not a total waste of an evening though, as the first band on, Frantic Elevators, (who played for beer money only) did enough to convince me of their worth. Like early versions of Wire and Subway Sect, their ideas still outweigh their musical ability, but songs such as the stark 'Every Day I Die' with simple drum backing, or the stop

start of 'Exit' were impressive nevertheless. A strange, uneven set, lacking real cohesion or purpose, still proved that new bands are able to be different despite audience apathy, and in singer Mickael Hinkall, Frantic Elevators have a potentially exciting talent. Catch them now while they're still raw. (Don't get sucked in please). JOHNNY WALLER

## HI-FI, Music Machine

THESE guys are in the same position as dozens of others. Busily doing the rounds of the London venues, poised on the edge of a breakthrough, but not quite making it. Which instinctively makes me ask myself why - what are they doing, or not doing, that stops them from getting there?

They were formed late last year by two ex-name band men: Larry Berridge, lead vocals and rhythm, from Mungo Jerry, and 'Dr' Terry Jenkins, lead guitar, who was with Pilot. Credentials like that don't cut much ice these days, but at least it means that they've learned a thing or two about professionalising themselves. Enlisting the services of Byron Con (bass) and Steve Petters (drums) they've put together a decent, if conventional, outfit, and written a couple of dozen neat tunes.

So, that's the hard facts, now for the analysis. Visually they're a clean cut bunch - Byron comes closest to the bad boy character amongst them. Mod crew cut, sneakers and jeans, the Small Faces image, he's all nimbleness and rabble - rousing en-

thusiasm and is certainly their biggest stage asset. The Music Machine's stage is too high to jump off, but when I saw them at the Marquee he was leaping into the crowd with the best of them.

Their music is entertaining - tuneful, well - executed, poppy and fast. And fast is maybe what's wrong. They're so obviously a product of the speed generation, without really having the speed flowing through their veins. There's no seething anger and frustration boiling in their souls, and without that I don't see any point in breakneck renditions, except of course to be in vogue.

The evidence for my argument is their one stand - out number, 'The Silence', and it's a slow one, the only slow one in fact. It begins with spacey lead riffs and deep vocals building up the atmosphere, taking something from the Doors, something from The Shadows even. The title line comes pounding in to break the tension, at which point it's back to those beautiful lead riffs and the next build up I tell ya, it's a killer and if only they had two or three more like that sprinkled through their set they'd be onto a winner.

As for the rest, 'Round And Round' I like best with its interplay between bass and lead, conventional but exciting and satisfying. 'Silhouettes' is good, reminiscent of 'All Or Nothing' and 'Run, Run' is worth a mention, their single out next week. The others just tumble out one after another.

If only they'd allow themselves to pace their set with a variety of speeds they'd be doing their obvious latent talents a favour. ALEX SKORECKI

## XTC London Electric Ballroom

IT'S DIFFICULT to conceive of XTC as anything less than a first division band. They have managed to synthesise pop conventions into a unique and oblique perspective that is always refreshing.

Their slant seems to be that they play their instruments with considerable proficiency yet they have managed to retain the naive and experimental vision of an enthusiastic beginner.

This has led to a surreal reliance on primitive rhythm as the propulsion to their material. Thus Andy Partridge's guttural vocalising or his guitar yodelling becomes literally a rhythm instrument whether he's scrubbing out chords or throwing out jagged solos.

But essentially XTC are about hooks, pop ditties that etch themselves to the grey matter and don't go away. The arsenal of sounds varies from the loopy but dextrous keyboards of Barry Andrews to the fascinating juxtapositioning of the various combinations of polyrhythms conjured by the fertile Terry Chambers and Colin Moulding on drums and bass respectively.

To be honest XTC are playing music too far ahead of the game to have labels conveniently affixed to them, yet still remaining remarkably accessible. Somehow promotion to the first division isn't high enough praise for such a consistently entertaining and enticingly perplexing outfit. MIKE GARDNER

## SQUEEZE Birmingham Barbarellas

THE FIRST time I saw Squeeze was on a sonambulant Sunday afternoon at Reading Festival where their lacklustre performance did nothing to disturb the slumbering hordes. This was the second

time and it was a different kettle of fish who launched into the superb 'Wrong Way' with an overpowering commitment. The audience was ridiculously depleted by the Jam gig down the road but they played to the sparse punters with so much ferocity, it might have been a sardine packed Wembley Stadium.

Jools Holland, shrouded in cigar smoke and those impenetrable shades, ran off the hurdy gurdy runs to 'Saints Alive' with the non-chalance of a Sunday stroll before actually getting up for a tub-berlegged dance during 'Get Smart'. He shared the visual spotlight with drummer Gilson Lavis whose wideboy humour and fluid, witty but firm percussive work was a delight to watch.

The new material is strong enough to overshadow 'Take Me I'm Yours', so the one hit wonder tag doesn't sit too comfortably on their shoulders, especially as they can afford to leave out their superb new single 'Goodbye Girl' without any devaluation in entertainment.

The always interesting vocal combination of Chris Difford's monotone adenoidal rasp and Glenn Tilbrook's more angelic tones were more than adequately harnessed to some bright melodies, slippery lead runs and some driving thrust from the bass of the gum chewing Harry Kakoulli.

Really, I feel sorry for those who couldn't be bothered to make the trip after the Jam gig, because they missed a great gig. I only hope, for their sakes, that they make amends the next time. MIKE GARDNER

## CHARLIE AINLEY / CHINA STREET London, Dingwalls

"THIS JUST isn't rock 'n' roll," commented my mate. I mean, EMI had even installed close circuit TV, so that the pathetic posers could see the bands without moving from the 70p a pint bar.

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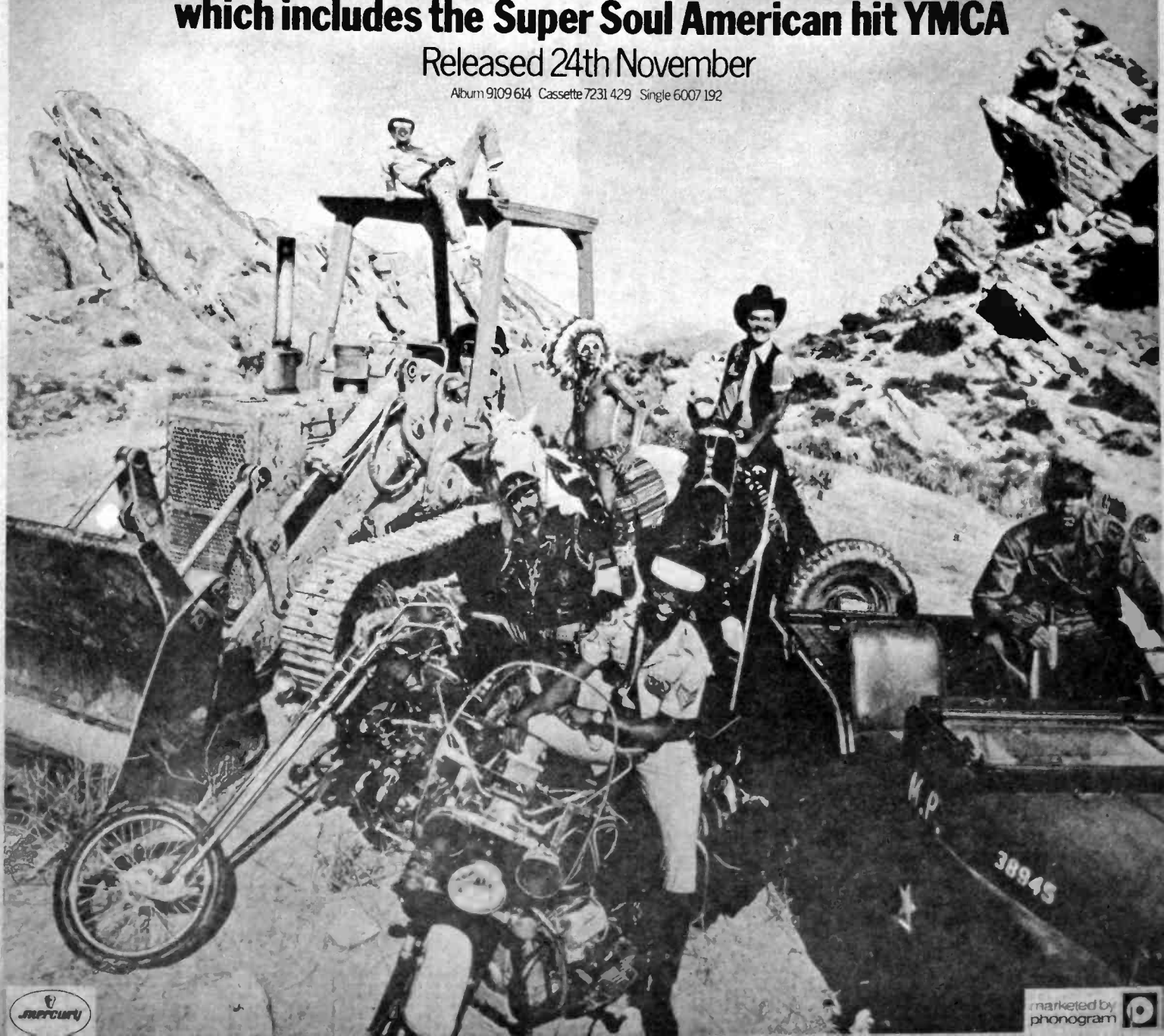
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# DISCOS

By JAMES HAMILTON

Record Mirror — the only music paper with a page for the professional DJ.

## DISCO DATES

WEDNESDAY (22) Tony Jenkins opens Anthony's Soul Club weekly at Harrow's Kings Head Hotel with 100 percent import funk-jazz; THURSDAY (23) Robbie Vincent funks Margate Ocean Nightspot, Paul Burnett and Steve Dee hit Wheeler End's Brickmarchers Inn near High Wycombe, Tony Prince and Mike Parker hit Middleton Civic Centre in Manchester; FRIDAY (24) Dave Elise has fancy dress, freebies and fun at Guildford Bridge's funky anniversary party, Tony Prince and Mike Parker hit Huddersfield's Coachouse, Steve Dee hits Haddenham's Village Hall; SATURDAY (25) Greg 'Slimline' Edwards and Steve Allen funk Peterborough Cresset at Bretton, Sean French and Froggy funk Southgate Royalty, Pete Tong and Mick LaVelle funk Cavendish Woodville Halls, Mick Ames funks Dover Youth Club, Mike Parker hits Weymouth Pavilion, Steve Dee forgets the bananas again at Tyters Green Village Hall; SUNDAY (26) Chris Hill (no stranger) and Colin Hudd funk Canvey Goldmine, MONDAY (27) Chris Hill and Pete Tong funk West Kingsdown Kings Lodge near Brands Hatch, John DeSade funks Otham Orchard Spot near Maidstone, John DeSade funks Macesfield Images, Nikki Peck starts an FMI promotion week at Chatham Scamps, with EMI Disco Dancing on TUESDAY (28).

## DISCO NEWS

THAMES VALLEY DJ Assn members meet at noon on Sunday (26) in Reading's Caversham Road Fire Station to learn, not so surprisingly, about fire prevention and fighting. Satri Records' new disco bluffer is Greg Gregory of London Sundown fame, and he wants more jocks for his list (old applicants please re-apply) at Satri House, 44 Finchley Road, London NW2 2HY. Phonogram are auditioning for an Orions-type three gals/guy oldies group in the Darts style: contact Annie Challis on 01-491 4600. Tricky Dicky's Disco Music record shop at 3916 Mile End Road, London E3 (opposite Mile End tube) is open Mon/Thurs/Fri/Saturdays from noon till 8 pm and serves regular DJ customers (including Chris Hill and Tom Holland) with really cheap prices (no minimum order), i.e.: Imports — LP 4.50, 12in £2.50/2.20, 7in 80p; UK — LP £3.50, 7in 70p. Chic and Ashford and Simpson hit the pop chart last week thanks to being last to waltz after UK 12in Funkadelic's US 12in LP. The LP length version will be available here on their upcoming special 12in EP. Bunny Maloney 'Baby I've Been Missing You' is now on extended 12in (Gull GULS 65-12) but the dub last part isn't very strong, while Shampoo 'Harlem Hustle' is also on 12in (Ensign ENY 1812) with the Chris Hill re-mix as A-side. DJM are coupling Village People's 'YMCA' macho Man' for belated 12in in face of Mercury's 'YMCA' success. Gary Hirst and Paul Kassell's Jewish Teenage Sunday Club has moved from the Sundown to London's Global Village. Pauls Carpenter and Clark Funk Brighton's new Bunnies in the Salisbury Hotel every Thurs/Fri/Saturday.

## DJ TOP 10

- 1 KNIGHTS IN WHITE SATIN, Moody Blues Deram
- 2 BLUER THAN BLUE, Michael Johnson EMI America
- 3 THE GREATEST LOVE OF ALL, George Benson Arista
- 4 TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS, Mary MacGregor Arista
- 5 SORRY SEEMS TO BE THE HARDEST WORD, Rocket Elton John CBS
- 6 LOVE IS SO RIGHT, Bee Gees RSO
- 7 THE WHOLE TOWN'S LAUGHING, Phil Int Teddy Pendergrass
- 8 YOU'RE ALL I NEED TO GET BY, Mathis/Williams CBS
- 9 EMOTIONS, Samantha Sang Private Stock

## CHART BREAKERS

BUBBLING UNDER the Disco Top 80 are Martyn Ford 'Happy People' (Mountain / 12in), Ollie Baba 'Stomp Your Feet' / 'Do It Good' / 'Give Me A Break' (US Polydor LP), Erotic Drum Band 'Love Disco Style' / 'Plug Me To Death' (US Primus LP), 'Who's Who' (promo), Isaac Hayes 'Shaft II' / 'Zeki The Freak' (Polydor LP), Richard Groove Holmes 'Let's Groove' (US Versatile LP), John Davis 'Am I That Enough For You' (US Sam 12in), Ross & Jackson 'Ease On Down The Road' (MCA), Munich Machine Machine 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale' (Gosain 12in), Frankie Valli 'Save Me Save Me' (Warner Bros), Family 'Loving You' / 'Huddle' (Foxy), Switch 'There'll Never Be A Motor' (Polygram), 'It's Dance Tonight' (US ABC LP), Veivelties 'Needs In A Haystack' (Motown), Bunny Maloney 'Baby I've Been Missing You' (Gull / 12in), Eastbound Expressway 'Never Let Go' (Fye 12in), Patricia Rushen 'Let's Sing A Song Of Love' / 'Play' (US Elektra LP), Champion 'Don't Tell America' (French Vogue LP), Liquid Gold 'Any Way You Do It' (Crescent / 12in), Steel Pulse 'Prediction' (Island / 12in), Love Symphony Orchestra 'Let Me Be Your Fantasy' (US Penthouse LP), Macho 'I'm A Man' (EMI / 12in).

## SINGLES FILE

NOWADAYS JOCKS are noting the number of beats per minute (BPM) for records, which is great if you're into US-style mixing — but a few DJs in this country are, my useful. Very early on I developed a shorthand system which depends on the relative sizes of letters in the alphabet — you can use anything really — so that I might mean that the (stippled) intro is DEAD slow, graduating into MEDIUM slow, before becoming a good solid stomper — as well as a plain vertical line, except sometimes I put a V for VERY above it! The final small c means it ends cold, or f means it fades. So long as your system remains constant, you can tell at a glance how each record is going to sound — especially useful for rarely-working mobiles.

## NEW SPINS

RAHNI HARRIS & F.L.O.: 'Six Million Steps' (Mercury 0199066). GI - enormous on import, the enthusiastically skipping instrumental driver is full 6: 56 12in here, but for some reason the weedy vocal version is A - side on the edited 7in (8007198) — don't! Phonogram have faith in our taste!

HI - TENSION: 'Autumn Love' / 'Unspoken' (Island WIP 642). Pleasant if less than mind-blowing soul slowie, totally overshadowed for most jocks by the more typical rhythm-rattling disc flip, which will maybe not total A side quality is already packing dancefloors in London.

TWO MAN SOUND: 'Que Tal America' (Miracle MI-12). Rushed out on Gull's new Miracle disc flip, motto: "if it's a hit, it's a Miracle!", just as the French import shows up, this fast funk - jazz Latin seaper his such a great groove should be huge — so get the 7:55 12in rather than the 3:40 7in.

VARIOUS: 'DownTown Disco Party' (MCA MCF 2888). Instant 'Replays' in the 'CBS Instant Replays' style, with side one mixed continuously in US style. Stargard's 'Which Way Is Up' into 'What You Waitin' For' is superb (and worth the price), but after that Rose Royce's 'Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is' falls flat, not really to return even with War 'Gypsy' / 'Car Wash'. Side two is unsequed oldies by such as Osibisa, Deodato, Shirley Ellis, Len Barry, Double Gray and Love Unit.

MACHO: 'I'm A Man' (EMI 12EMI 2882). Spencer Davis / Chicago classic becomes a powerful late Euro stormer, already out on 7in and now on dynamite extended 10:30 33 1/3rpm 12in with many more exciting instrumental segments.

REAL THING: 'Can You Feel The Force?' (LP 'Step Into Our World' Fye NSPL 18587). Fast funky 8:02 flier leaps along with a catchy 'hup hup - oh oh' variation on the usual chant, and is already hot for some specialist funk jocks.

QUAZAR: 'Funk 'n' Roll' (Arista ARIS124). Parliament - style dated US funk tears the roof off the mother quack energetically, on 3:46 7in, or on the 4:39 LP version (ARTY 157) joins many more Bootsy - type types that please the Mersey / Manchester area!

CHANSOON: 'Don't Hold Back' (Ariola AROP 140). Fairly typical US - style funk jigger with an extended rhythm break and longer 4:05 B - side version, due soon on coloured vinyl 12in too.

JACK PLUGG & THE CABLES: 'When The Chips Are Down' (RCA PB 8124). Pete Winfield (presumably) doing a vintage Norman (General) Johnson impersonation in a remake of

the Showmen's classic 'It Will Stand', aimed at modern do - wop fans but possibly a bit too hip for them.

JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS: 'Buzz Buzz Buzz' (Berkley BZZ 25). Typically idiosyncratic and intimate revival of the 'tweedie - deedie - dee' - filled oldie, produced originally done by Bobby 'Rockin' Robin' Day when with the Hollywood Flames.

ARTHUR MULLARD & HYDLA BAKER: 'Don't Go Breaking My Heart' (Fye 7N 46138). And now Elton and Kiki get sent up for good Mr Fun.

HELEN REDDY: 'We'll Sing In The Sunshine' (Capitol CL 16007). Gale Garnett's oldie stays a pretty MoR swayer.

RACEY: 'Lay Your Love On Me' (Rak 24). Sixties - style organ based pop romper, still different enough to be fun again?

LIQUID GOLD: 'Any Way You Do It' (Creole CR 159). Noisy chick - sung pop stomper recently featured rather strangely on TOTP.

TYRONE ASHLEY: 'Don't Stop Dancing' (United Artists UP 34631). Ian Levine - produced great pairing funky funk with a little rhythmic track sploit by lacklustre lead vocal.

THE MEXICANO: 'Treasure The Moments' (Ice GUY 18, 18 Ligations). Practically fast romantic hustler, without a trace of reggae.

EMOTIONS: 'Whole Lot Of Shakin'' (CBS 6787). By now typical but oddly empty sounding, a little staccato lurching tritter.

FAMILY PLANN: 'Shake It Up, Shake It Down' (Fye 7NL 25790). CK soundalikes from Alan - based heavy 8:10 12in or 3:15 7in.

MAZE: 'Travellin' Man' (Tower 12CL 16017). Slinky slow rhythm popper, similar to and about as useful as 'Where's Your Face', on 5:00 12in or 3:17 7in.

VIVIAN WEATHERS: 'Hip Hug' (Front Line FLS 114). Compellingly sparse stinky soul reggae grinder.

PIM LIND DELIVERY: 'The Creeper' (Creole CR 155). Very laid - back and almost dub - like sparse funky thudder from Wing & A Prayer, on 5:34 7in and 12in.

WREX: 'Overdose of Love' (Fye 7NL 85799). Slowly building mid - tempo jigger eventually reaches the Barry White - like vocal and lots of 'oooh-ahs', on 9:15 12in only.

WOLFGANG: 'Logan's Run' (Bullbird BD 14, via President). Predictable sly stringy disco treatment of the telly theme.

GIGI: 'Honey Do' (Fye 7NL 25794). Phonetic chick sweetly sounding roller with low electronic build - up on 6:35 12in, less on 4:04 7in.

AL SHARP: 'Bewitched' (Ariola ARO 139). Fast overly 'disco' treatment of the 'Bothered and Bewildered' oldie.

FREDERICK KNIGHT & FEARN KINNEY: 'Sweet Life' (CBS 6830). Pleasant swaying dated soul duet.

THE PIPS: 'Baby I'm Your Pool' (Casablanca CANL 130 12). Bunny - style chugger on 7:45 12in or 3:45 7in, each with a different flip.

FOUR TOPS: 'Put It On The News' (ABC ABC 435). Surprisingly undramatic 'newswash' intro to a blandly hustling 4:21 12in and 7in.

JAMES WELLS: 'My Claim To Fame' (Fye 7NL 25800). Happily zipping 9:10 Ian Levine produced 12in, again slyly introducing 'The Pips'.

M.J. WILLIAMS: 'Only Your Love Can Save Me Now' (Ariola ARO 138). Biddu produced dated brothy gay singer, badly out of touch with current tastes (except none at the Embassy, hey Biddu?).

## DJ HOTLINE

SOUTH-EASTERN DJ's return (excluding London) produce a current chart like this: 1 Dan Hartman, 2 Eddie Henderson, 3 Manni Dibango, 4 Third World, 5 Sylvester (new), 6 Mustique, 7 Phil Hurtt, 8 John Harris, 9 Roy Ayers (12in), 10 Chic, 11 Sylvester (old), 12 Ashford & Simpson, 13 Donna Summer, 14 Boney M., 15 Patrick Juvet, Rob Heatwaves, 17 Crown Heights Affair (new), 18 Olympic Runners, 19 Jacksons, 20 Alicia Bridges, 21 Shalimar, 22 Chaka Khan, 23 Three Degrees, 24 Stanley Turrentine, Funkadelic, 26 Aquarian Dream, 27 Goody Goody, 28 Cleveland Eaton, 29 Teddy Pendergrass, 30 Village People. Chart compilers from the areas include: Kevill (Brentwood), Dave Potter (Tilbury Riverside), Glenn Fletcher (Southend henrys), Bob Jones (Chelmsford), John Harris & John Hounsome (Chelmsford), Michael Morgan (Chelmsford), Rob Harknett (Harlow Gilbey Vinters), Rob Davies (Lewes), Ben Jansley, Terry Emm (Dunstable), Mick Ames (Bedford), Robbie Stewart / Dave Middleton (Bletchley Peaches), Del Mead (Watford), Phil Cross (Chesham 1812), Marc Anthony (High Wycombe Tuesdays), Steve Dee (High Wycombe), Ken Briskman (Maldenhead Boleys Ln), Thomas Valley DJ Assn, Andy Davids (Reading), Dave Rawlings / Nick Halliday (Basingstoke Maxwells), Chris Bangs / Robin Nash (Camberley Frenches), Johnnie Walker (Farnborough Gallaghers), Steve Quinn (Farnborough Oasis), Peter Reilly (Ardeshol), Dave Smeeth (Guildford Wooden Bridge), Geoff Buckwell (Godalming Red Lion), Roger Sheldon (Horsham), Alan Crawford (Crawley), Dave Kennard (Crawley), Tim Shaw (Borough Green), Pete Tong (West Kingsdown Kings Lodge), Colin Hudd (Gravesend Wings), Nikki Peck (Chatham Scamps), John DeSade (Maldstone), Dave Stoddart (Canterbury University), Robin Quinn (Hawking), Soundhouse, Frank 'The Polkster' King, John DeSade (Maldstone), Dave Stoddart (Canterbury University), Robin Quinn (Hawking), Soundhouse, Frank 'The Polkster' King, John DeSade (Maldstone), Dave Stoddart (Canterbury University), Robin Quinn (Hawking), Soundhouse.

THOUGH when we reach areas with only a few contributors, so some strange hybrid area groupings may be the result.

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## UK DISCO TOP 90

- 1 INSTANT REPLAY, Der Martin
- 2 YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY REAL), Sylvester
- 3 MacARTHUR PARK SUITE, Donna Summer
- 4 RASPUTIN, Benny M
- 5 BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE, Jacksons
- 6 NOW THAT WE FOUND LOVE, Third World
- 7 PRANCE ON/SAY YOU WILL/CLD OPS 145 rpm
- 8 BUTTERFLY, Eric Henderson
- 9 DANCE (DISCO HEAT), Sylvester
- 10 GET UP ON GET DOWN, Roy Ayers
- 11 IN THE BUSH, Musouge
- 12 GIVING IT BACK, Phil Hurtt
- 13 SUN EXPLOSION/SIG BLOW, Manu Dibango
- 14 LE FREAK, Chic
- 15 I LOVE AMERICA, Patrick Juvet
- 16 SIX MILLION STEPS, Rahm Harle

- 17 GIVING UP GIVING IN, Three Degrees
- 18 IT SEEMS TO HANG ON, Ashford & Simpson
- 19 I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE, Alicia Bridges
- 20 SUMMER NIGHTS, Travolta/Newton-John
- 21 ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE, Funkadelic
- 22 GET IT WHILE YOU CAN, Warner Bros US 12in promo LP
- 23 TAKE THAT TO THE BANK, Shalimar
- 24 MIND BLOWING DECISIONS ALWAYS AND FOREVER, Heatwave
- 25 I'M GONNA LOVE YOU FOREVER/SAY A PRAYER FOR YOU, Crown Heights Affair
- 26 YOU'RE A STAR/IT AIN'T WHATCHA SAY FANTASY, Aquarian Dream
- 27 I'M EVERY WOMAN, Chaka Khan
- 28 LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE/DO IT DO IT, Warner Bros US 12in promo LP
- 29 BRITISH HUSTLE, Hi-Tension
- 30 ONLY YOU/CLOSE THE DOOR, Teddy Pendergrass
- 31 PLATO'S RETREAT, Joe Thomas
- 32 ONLY YOU/SEE ME, Roy Ayers
- 33 GET DOWN, Gene Chandler
- 34 YMCA, Village People
- 35 DISCO DANCING, Stanley Turrentine
- 36 ONE I DEE JAY, Goody Goody
- 37 GREASE, Frankie Avalon
- 38 BURNIN', Carol Douglas
- 39 NIGHT DANCING, Joe Farrell
- 40 SHOOT ME WITH YOUR LOVE, Tasha Thomas
- 41 HAPPY SONG/WHY DON'T YOU LOOK INSIDE, Ronnie Foster
- 42 ONE FOR YOU ONE FOR ME, La Bionda
- 43 BAMA BOOGIE WOOFIE, Cleveland Eaton
- 44 IT'S MUSIC, Damon Harris
- 45 SAVE SOME FOR THE CHILDREN, Howard Kenner
- 46 DA'YA VAST I'M SEXY, Rod Stewart
- 47 I THINK MY HEART TO A STARSHIP TROOPER, Sarah Brightman & Hot Gossip
- 48 CAN'T STOP DANCING, Chanters Sisters
- 49 I LIKE THE MUSIC/MAKE IT HOT, Rodney Franklin
- 50 I LOVE TO SEE YOU DANCE, Finished Touch
- 51 BLACK IS THE COLOUR, Wilbert Longmire
- 52 CONTACT, Edwin Starr
- 53 STANO UP, Atlanta Starr
- 54 LAY LOVE ON YOU, Lusa Farnander
- 55 JUST BE CLOSE TO YOU, Commodores
- 56 HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS/THANK YOU FOR FUNKING UP MY LIFE, Donald Byrd
- 57 NO GOODBYES, Curtis Mayfield
- 58 YOU STEPPED INTO MY LIFE, Melba Moore
- 59 BREAK IN BREAK OUT, Timmy Thomas
- 60 SHAME Evelyn 'Champagne' King
- 61 SANDY, John Travolta
- 62 EAST RIVER, Brother Brothers
- 63 TURN MY WORLD BACK AROUND, Eddie Holan
- 64 I CAN TELL LADY LADY/PLAY THE MUSIC, John Handy
- 65 GET UP/HELP YOURSELF ONE TO ONE, Brass Construction
- 66 BOOGIE FUNK, Solar Flare
- 67 IT'S ALL THE WAY LIVE, Latimore
- 68 GALAXY OF LOVE, Crown Heights Affair
- 69 BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE, A Taste Of Honey
- 70 STAYIN' ALIVE, Richard Axe
- 71 STAR CRUISER/FANCY DANCER/THIS SIDE OF MIDNIGHT, Gregg Diamond's Star Cruiser
- 72 LAY LOVE ON YOU, Lusa Farnander
- 73 ALL THE WAY LIVE, Ramsey Lewis
- 74 PARTY, Leon Haywood
- 75 HARLEM HUSTLE, Shampoo
- 76 THE OTHER SIDE OF MIDNIGHT, Marsha Hunt
- 77 SUDDEN SAMBA, Neil Larsen
- 78 MONTAGE BABY, Sugar Cane
- 79 HOT SHOT, Karen Young
- 80 BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE, Mick Jackson
- 81 RHYTHM OF LIFE, Afro Cuban Band
- 82 I'M FIRED UP, Fatback
- 83 HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU, Olivia Newton-John
- 84 GYPSY LADY/IF MY FRIENDS COULD SEE ME NOW, Linda Clifford
- 85 DON'T LOOK BACK, Peter Tosh/Mick Jagger
- 86 GIMME GIMME LITTLE SIGN/ME AND MYSELF, Tommie Jones
- 87 CALLING PLANET EARTH/GIMME THAT FUNK, Dennis Coffey
- 88 DOIN' THE BEST THAT I CAN, Bettye LaVette
- 89 SOUVENIRS, Voyage

## MIX MASTER

JUST TWO mini-mixes this time, but what poddies! They're both synchronised running mixes and can be kept going for anything up to a minute if you're lucky with your various speed adjustments. Dan Hartman 'Countdown' (US Blue Sky LP), running the main rhythm and piano break into Studio 88 'Mistrial' (US Warner Bros 12in), which can similarly be run with Quarts 'Beyond The Clouds' (Pye 12in), but the latter does seem to alter tempo slightly. Isaac Hayes 'Zeki The Freak' (Polydor 12in) and running into Rahni Harris 'Six Million Steps' (US Inspirational Sounds 12in), which seems to have the same base time.

# SMALL ADS

## Personal

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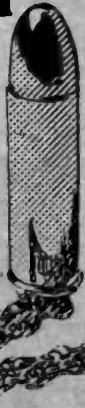
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# BIG WHEELS FROM BOSTON



**SHEILA PROPHET** delivers a germ-free, pun-free run-down on one of the fastest moving groups to come out of Boston (the town)

WHEN I ran into them last week, the Cars seemed to be in low gear... (No, no, no, NO, I WON'T use any Cars puns in this feature. I WILL NOT give in to temptation).

Let's start that again. The Cars, or at least the three members of the group who turned up for our interview — lead guitarist Elliott Easton, drummer David Robinson and "bass machine" Benjamin Orr — seemed a bit down-in-the-mouth. After giving me a distinctly tepid welcome, they sat back, waiting suspiciously for my questions. Disconcerted, I looked at my notes about the band. A few superficial, predictable comments I'd scribbled in the tube on the way to the hotel. "The acceptable face of American music? A neat combination of different sounds — British rock and US MoR pop. An attempt at bridging the two markets? A calculated attempt?" They bristled. "We're not calculated," snapped Elliott. "We just happen to be a band who grew up in America liking British music. We're not self-conscious about it. We have no gimmicks—our gimmick is talent." I bristled back. Obviously, I'd said the wrong thing. We meandered on a bit, maintaining our mutual wariness, changing tacks a few times, getting nowhere in particular, until finally, I got round to the subject of the boys' picey single, which as it turned out, was the reason they were in a bad mood in the first place.

"The British press is being really hypocritical about us," complained Elliott. "They've talked a load of bullshit." "You get some group like the Rezillos bring out a purple vinyl single, and that's all right, that's art. Then we come along and do it and suddenly it's a hype." Unfair, they claim, because for one thing, the group themselves didn't have anything to do with it. "It was the English record company," explained David. "They showed it to us for approval, but by that time the thing was all finished." "We thought they could've done a better job, anyway. A much better job. We would've preferred our picture to be on it than the cartoon car. It seemed like a waste to us." Whatever, such a flash gimmick immediately set the British critics' hackles rising. I explained to the band that over here, we're very suspicious of American newcomers, after the recent influx of such manufactured 'successes' as Foreigner and (oh no!) Van Halen. "Corporate rock," groaned Elliott in agreement. It turns out that the Cars hate all that sort of thing almost as much as I do. (Whew, that's a relief). So what do they identify themselves with? I suggested the Beserkley bands — the connection being strengthened by the fact that David was once a member of the Modern Lovers "before Jonathan Richman flipped. He's impossible to work with now." — but I'm forgetting that Beserkley is not held in much esteem on the other side of the Atlantic. "I mean, what talent do they have?" said Elliott. "Greg Kihn?

He sounds like the Byrds after shock treatment. I mean, if you're going to take from the past, you've got to improve on it." Yes, but how many bands do improve on it? "We do!" he replied triumphantly. Musically, the Cars say they don't want to be part of any wave — "because what's part of the new wave now is part of the old wave in a few months" — but they will admit that they see such names as Tom Petty, Cheap Trick and Dwight Twilley doing the same sort of thing as they are. "Only we're better and we sell more records," they grinned modestly. Interestingly, they see this movement of bands — who sidestep neatly between the two markets by providing tuneful, poppy songs with a hard-hitting, rocky backing — as the people who will one day close the gap between Britain and America — a gap which up till now looked as if it was doomed to widen irrevocably into two totally incompatible scenes. "It swings back and forward," said David. "I think it'll move together again." Although, to British eyes, the Cars' success seems to have happened overnight, they've actually been together for two years now. After getting regular gigs at the Rat Club in their home town of Boston, alongside other vaguely famous names as Willie Alexander, the Real Kids and DMZ, an enthusiastic disc jockey began to play a demo tape of theirs on local radio "and it began to get airplay

like it was a real record". The band had decided that, if they weren't signed within a year, they'd put out an album themselves, but as it turned out, WEA snapped 'em up well within a year. They came over here to make the album, and had the whole lot finished in a mere 12 days. "When we walk into the studio, we've already worked out all the arrangements, we can already play the song live like we want it to sound, so all we do is go in and play it live one more time. There's no point in wasting your money messing around in the studios." Quite. They've got their heads screwed on, these boys. (And I don't mean that bitchily). Onstage, in marked contrast to all those other US bands we dismissed earlier, the group like to simplify things rather than add masses of overblown effects. "Streamlined" and "stripped down" are the adjectives they use. Which, as they point out, is much more difficult than going the other way. "We do look good onstage though," said Elliott. "We all come on in black and red, because as far as we're concerned they're the strongest colours, they're the only colours that don't change under the lights. Red, black and white — it's like a deck of cards." And like their picture single. All very smart. So who comes to see a Cars multi-colour extravaganza? Well, everyone," said Elliott. "It's very mixed," said Elliott. "Like, to people who like the English punk bands, the Cars could be the one other band they like, and on the other hand, to fans of

Foreigner and all those groups, we could be the one cool group they like." Exactly what I was saying in the first place. The Cars have a sort of everyman appeal — the kind of group anyone can like without damaging their credibility. But, say the group, it isn't calculated, it hasn't been cynically worked out, it's just the way it happened. All right? All right. Well, I'm convinced anyway — specially after they apologised to me for their initial grumpiness. The Cars are OK. And if you still don't believe me, one final proof — surely if they had been one of those corporate non-rockers, they would've spelt their name Carz. As in Starz. (Remember Starz? Eeek!!) They groan in unison. "Isn't it horrible? That's why the 'The' is very important to us. It's The Cars, not Carz." David, it seems, chose the name "because it was short and simple." Oh yeah? What about the puns, then? "No, I didn't even think of it like that," he said. "All that came later." It is true though, that in Boston, they played with two other bands called Street and the Mechanics, that they'd love to tour with the Motors, and that every feature ever written about them has contained a Cars pun. "We're just waiting for a feature that doesn't contain a pun," they said. Well, here it is. Do I get a medal?



# TRAVOLTA STRIKES AGAIN.



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