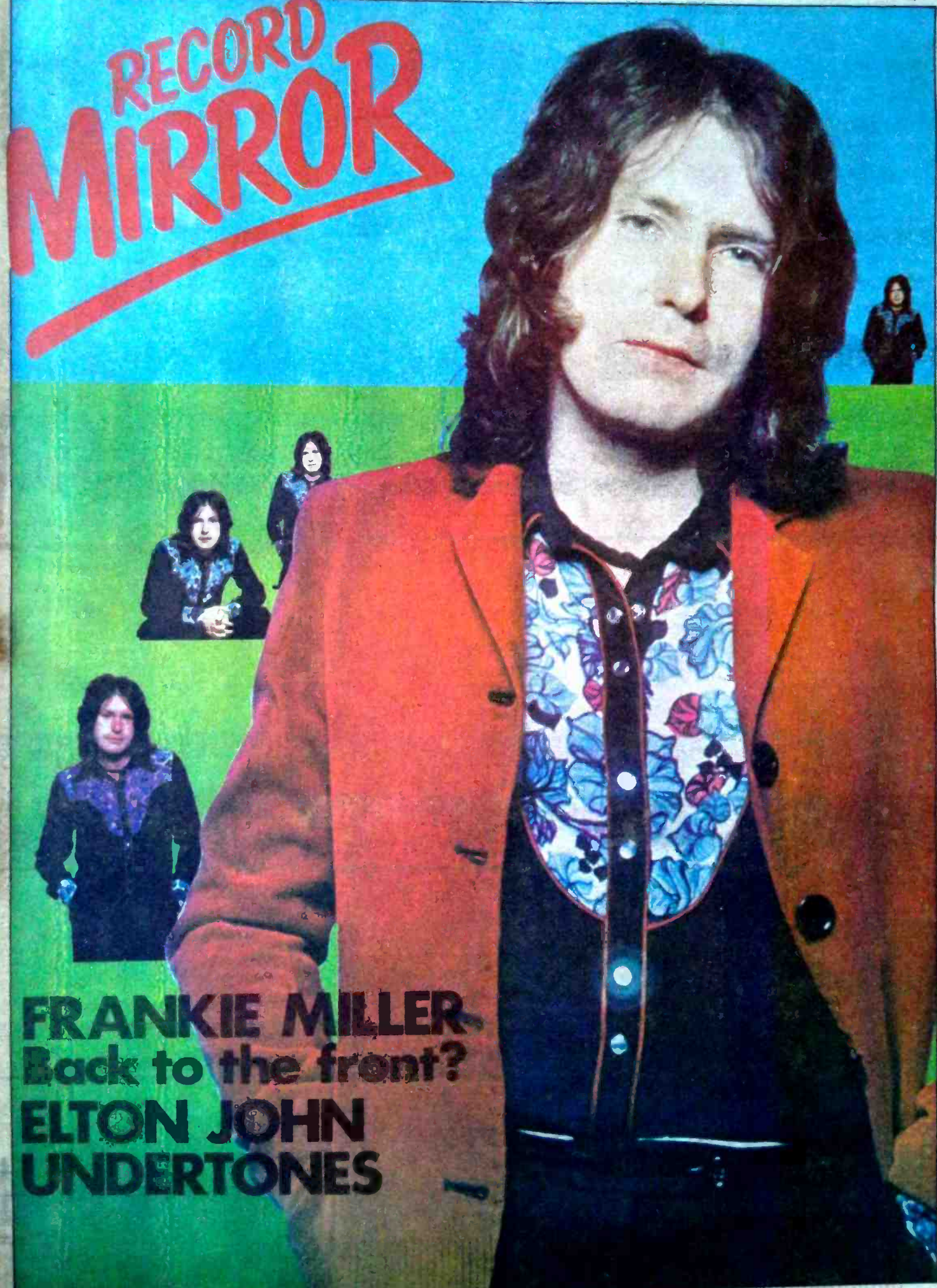


RECORD MIRROR



FRANKIE MILLER
Back to the front?
ELTON JOHN
UNDERTONES

JUICY LUCY

Stranglers grab trophy

WELL MY darlings wasn't it all worth the candle? And of course I'm talking about the fabulous five - a - side football competition organised by the "soaraway" Sun and the Goaldiggers charity organisation (prop E John).

I promised guys and goals last week my dears, and that's exactly what we got. And long before the final whistle blew we all knew it would be those "anti - social" Stranglers who would walk away with the trophy, won last year in bizarre circumstances by Elton John.

In fact Hugh Cornwell (over six foot) was definitely the hit of the afternoon in goal, what with his huge plastic mac, black tights and ballet shoes! Even as the atmosphere became tense in the final run - in with Capital Radio he continued to save deftly - most noticeably by sitting on the ball.

The fact that Hugh's team, however were less than amateurs at this noble game didn't escape anyone's notice. Unabashed a Stranglers' spokesman commented: "If we entered we wanted to make sure we won..." They did so, handsomely.

Still, who was worrying? Certainly not Elton John - knocked out in the early rounds - who congratulated the winners with bottles of champagne and many an amusing tale about Britt Ekland and the former gravedigger.

Britt, of course, wasn't there to see Rod's legs at all. "I'm with ELO, we have the same manager, D o n Arden," she told one ever - attendant reporter. But who could fall to notice (and me my dears, least of all) her last - minute application of

make - up as the hunky Rod took the field with Elton's team? As Britt waited expectantly on the

touchline Rod - maintaining a low profile with new girlfriend Alana Hamilton - swept past with not a second glance.

Elton's All Stars, I'm sorry to report, were a bit of a flop. Rod was tough in defence, Bill Oddie tackled furiously, Billy Connolly was carried on a stretcher, and "Sweeney" man Denis Waterman was merely "plain" and "clothed". And goodness, my dears, isn't Mr Dwight putting on a lot of weight these days?

The real reason, though, for Elton's early bath was the stern resistance put up by both the Rubettes and the Darts. The latter, were dressed in black and took no prisoners in thrashing EJ 3-1. While the plucky Rubettes, marshalled by Trevor Brooking (West Ham and England) were extremely unlucky not to get through - holding EJ and Darts to draws in their two games, Trev scored all the goals, but sterling service was provided by Rubettes' drummer John Richardson (between the posts) and Alan Williamson (between the legs) while "thinning" striker John Shearlaw (over 21) of your ever - caring Record Mirror ran valiantly in search of defensive weaknesses. He didn't find any!

● The game attracted one of the biggest legging contingents for quite a while, with one whole ringside bench taken up with the Irish regulars - Boomtown Rats and a rugged Phil Lynott. The latter only stirred towards the end, elbowing his way to the front to watch the game between the Penhouse Pets and the Playboy Bunnies. (Late result: two each).

Other priceless sights for us girls included a surprisingly beefy Robert Plant playing for, wait for it, the Geriatric Rowdies, an immaculately turned - out ELO (falling completely to emulate the skill and grace of Jeff Lynne's hero Trevor Francis, a hungover but undefeated Rich Kids (pushed mercilessly by QPR bon viveur Stan "The Man" Bowles) and a surprisingly tough little Childside.

Britt Ekland, looking particularly attractive in a chin -



WHILE FEW would question that blonds were more fun. Record Mirror's News Editor John Shearlaw (playing for the Rubettes Allstars team in the Sun - Goaldiggers - charity five - a - side knockout at Wembley on Sunday) came

dangerously close to kicking the shins of Rod Stewart (the blond on the right playing for Elton John's Allstars). This game ended in a 2-all draw. Meanwhile Hugh Cornwell (inset) was in exemplary form for the Stranglers team who were the eventual winners.

length veil and white riding crop, engaged in earnest conversation with virtually everybody, demonstrating that once one becomes an actress social barriers are demolished at a stroke.

INCREDIBLY well - known non - star Al Clark (30) also in attendance at Wembley - easily identified by a piece of paper proclaiming his identity struck to his back.

I'm pleased to hear that the ever - young "Richard" Wakeman (29) has decided to join Richard Burton and Richard Harris in "burying the bottle". Or burying the four (of the "hard stuff") that he used to sink every day. The formerly beitching blond bombshell claims that he's "lucky to be alive" after years of constant refreshment. Not that this should worry Rick, visited after several of his Wembley shows by his "friend" Maurice O'Mahoney - author of "King Squealer". O'Mahoney arrived in a balaclava to avoid attention.

IF you haven't actually got a headache, my dears, you can rely on good old Motorhead to give you one. Not content with mounting a firework display before their London gig on Sunday (with several rockets crashing into the gardens of innocent citizens and causing great damage to spring potatoes) outside the Hammersmith Odeon, they followed with a 10 - minute condensed version of World War Two on film and sound track. A close acquaintance, who should surely know better than to snigger at such depravity, claims to have seen

Hells Angels dancing to the noise of machine guns.

DON'T you just love it when friends return from exotic parts with tales that would make any angler jealous? I do my dears, and I give every word my full attention I promise you! But when Ros tells me tales from Tokyo I don't know whether it's such a good policy. First there's the odd tales of Kate Buah (19 and enormous in Japan) who appears everywhere with Seiko watches strapped to various parts of her anatomy (and mostly her arm). No wonders she hasn't got time for snotty English journalists! And what about the book that will surely become the next best - seller? Hot from the University of Tokyo Press we bring you "Proceedings Of The Second International Workshop On Nude Mice". It's true she tells me, and she's already half - way through her well - thumbed (362 pages) copy...

LESS fun and games than expected when I renewed my acquaintance with dirt - poor, back - porch, waif turned country queen Dolly Parton last week. The last time I met her it was at Wembley during a power failure and I didn't know which way to turn! This time she was in evasive mood, skipping questions about her anatomy with matronly aplomb. "Of course they're real!", she smiled, "everyone can see I've got a big bottom to match them up!" We hadn't of course, but the points were made. And didn't she make Bruce Forsyth (over 50) look a bit smirking on his "Big Night" last Saturday?

● A QUIETER Halloween than usual this year my darlings, although I did go with the soft option by spending it at London's chic Embassy club along with the Southend pop group Tonight. Afterwards I went to a venue I can't reveal to hear the sad tales of former model Dee Harrington. Dee, an escort of Rod Stewart for many years, is still unable to find a paperback publisher for her revelations - entitled "My Rock With Rod".

+SO, Prince Charles has got round to inviting people to his birthday party at last. HRRH, 30 sooner than we'd like him to be, is to have a small bash at the Palace next week - along with a large contingent of past and present girlfriends, and a European Princeas or two. But who's to provide the sweet music 'midst the rumours that the dashing heir will announce his bride on the night? None other than sexy vocal trio the Three Degrees, who, if you must know, I follow everywhere! Well done girls (and I don't often say that)!

A SOMEWHAT grumpy opening for the Venue, London's newest niterie for those of a rock 'n' roll

persuasion. Principal advantage on the opening night appeared to be the late licence for many present with the carefully controlled American - style atmosphere degenerating into sub - Nashville sordidity. As people danced on the tables and congregated in baying hordes at the bar the interior began to resemble a smoke - filled German beer hall - more suited to company than the diminutive Graham Parker's strident urgency.

Still teething troubles were no secret - most of the waiters and waitresses were railroaded members of the Virgin staff - and I'm glad to say that the Venue, by the end of the week, was already beginning to be "the place to be".

FIRST night hawks included former satirist Peter Cook, somewhat dishevelled after the marathon sessions necessary to obtain 30 minutes of "filth" for the new Derek and Clive LP, lesser - known Sex Pistols Steve "Hollywood" LaSorewear, Jones and Paul Cook and Janet Street - Porter (minus, thank God, her appalling TV crews).

BUT perhaps the most surprising behaviour at London's newest American import came from the formerly reclusive millionaire Mike Oldfield, 25. Young Mike, bless him my dears, has completed what we starlets call a transformation - what with a trendy new hair cut and what I'd be inclined to call an "outgoing manner", he's become quite the eligible young man about town. And what young millionaire isn't? Oldfield chatted amiably to such public figures as Harvey Goldsmith (hi Harv!) and appalling former police cadet Bob Harris (32-ish) before getting down to the serious business of exchanging "meaningful dialogue" with large numbers of attractive young ladies.

THUS to Country Cousin for the second time in a week. There to watch a dance presentation offered by the fit and superbly attractive troupe known as Hot Gossip. For all their controversy, however, your faithful correspondent wasn't that impressed...

DAVID BOWIE? "He called me the 'taken queen of rock'! If people have a go at me I'll have a go back. I feel sorry for Bowie." Pause. "Mick Jagger is a (expletive deleted). He gets right up my nose..." Recognise the bad - tempered tones? Right. None other than Elton John (over weight) calling the tunes on Manchester's Piccadilly Radio last week. Elton's current raves, you may remember, include 999 (who?), Elvis Costello, Hugh Cornwell and Watford FC.

AND so we near the end of another exhausting week my dears. I'll be back next week... with more of the same. Byeccccccc!!



YOUNG Ohio - born superstar - in - the - making Rachel Sweet gets to grips with the soft drinks after yet another Stiff Scottish bonanza. Wrong again. That's raunchy Rachel (16) on the right. Our wee slip with the slp - ons is London's youngest Whirlwind fan, pictured at the Notre Dame Hall last week.



THIS year's Celebrity Pop five-a-side Tournament at the Wembley Arena - organised by the Sun newspaper and the Goaldiggers charity organisation - was won on Sunday evening by the Stranglers (pictured above, celebrating with the Penthouse Pets!).
 The Stranglers - with Hugh Cornwell in goal - beat off a stiff challenge from Capital Radio in the final, eventually winning 3-1.
 Other teams taking part included Darts, the Rubettes, ELO, the Rich Kids, Child, the Geriatric Rowdies (with Robert Plant in

midfield), Gonzalez and the Hollies.
 Last year's winners - Elton John's All Stars - this year fielded a strong team including Billy Oddie, Billy Connolly and Rod Stewart but were knocked out in the first round after tough games with the Rubettes and Darts.
 Celebrities in the sell-out crowd included Rod's former girlfriend Britt Ekland, Phil Lynott, most of Boomtown Rats and a strong contingent supporting Elton John, including his manager John Reid.

XPECT AN XPENSIVE XMAS

THIS year's Christmas stocking fillers from the major record companies are to be bigger - and more expensively advertised - than ever.
 Among the artists featured in bumper promotions and festive TV campaigns are Rod Stewart, the Commodores, the Carpenters, Nell Diamond and the Electric Light Orchestra.
 Released this week are the Carpenters' 'The Singles - 1974-78', Nell Diamond's '20 Golden Greats' and the Commodores' 'Greatest Hits' - and the last two will be TV advertised.
 Rod Stewart's long-awaited album 'Blondes Have More Fun' is due out on November 17, while ELO have probably the best Xmas package of all with the special edition ELO 'Christmas Box Set' available on December 1.
 The ELO collection, entitled 'Three Light Years', will contain 'On The Third Day', 'Eldorado' and 'Face The Music' (plus a 12-page booklet) - shrink-wrapped in a silver and blue box and selling for £8.99.
 There will also be a four-track ELO EP available on the same day, in a colour sleeve and only 99p. And finally, for the fan who has everything, a Christmas only blue vinyl pressing of 'Out Of The Blue' will be available during the festive period.

CLASH/SHAM 69 LONDON GIGS: BENEFIT FOR SID

SHAM 69 and the Clash are to play London concerts at the Electric Ballroom at the beginning of next month.
 And the Clash, who Record Mirror understands will play "four or five" concerts at the venue, will play one benefit concert for Sid Vicious - after being approached by Mrs Anne Beverley, Vicious' mother.
 Sham 69 now play the Electric Ballroom, supported by the Cimarons, on November 30 and December 1... towards the end of their British tour.
 The Clash, whose tour now begins at Edinburgh University on November 16, will play their London concerts - almost certainly at the Electric Ballroom - between December 6 and 12.
 Further details of the Sid Vicious benefit weren't available as we went to press, but the former Sex Pistol is hoping to raise "in excess of £100,000" for his forthcoming murder trial in New York.
 The new Clash single 'Tommy Gun' will now be released on December 1.

DURY/RATS GIG DATES

OI, OI! Cockney Ian Dury and his band of Blockheads are to return to the London stage for a series of pre-Christmas shows.
 Dury and the band, shortly to commence European and Irish dates, will also do a London tour, playing along with two support acts yet to be announced. Tickets go on sale on November 10 for the shows at: Lewisham Odeon December 17 and 18, Hammersmith Odeon 19, Streatham Odeon 20, Ilford Odeon 21, Kilburn Gaumont State 22 and 23.
 A new single, 'Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick' b/w 'There Ain't Half Some Clever Bastards', will be available on Stiff on November 24.
 The Boomtown Rats get into the festive spirit with their 'Seasonal Turkey Tour' beginning in December. Dates are: Bracknell Sports Centre December 2, Portsmouth Civic Hall 3, Exeter University 4, Cardiff Sophia Gardens 5, London Hammersmith Odeon 7, Glasgow Apollo 9, Lancaster University 10, Hemel Hempstead Pavilion 12, Manchester Apollo 13.
 Further dates will be announced later.

EDMUNDS/LOWE SOLO SINGLES

TWO of Dave Edmunds' Rockpile are to release solo singles at the end of the month... heralding the band's return to Britain after an American tour supporting Van Morrison.
 Dave Edmunds' own single features two tracks from his last album 'Tracks On Wax' - 'Televistion' and 'Never Been In Love', while Nick Lowe releases the double-A sided 'American Squirm' and 'What's So Funny' About Peace Love And Understanding' - the latter first recorded by Lowe while with Brinsley Schwarz in 1974.
 There are no immediate plans for British Rockpile dates. Nick Lowe for one is currently recording his second solo album as well as completing production on the new Elvis Costello album.

RONNIE HAWKINS VISIT DROPPED

A MERICAN rock'n'roller Ronnie '40 Days' Hawkins has had a heart attack and won't be coming to Britain for the London Rock'n'Roll Festival.
 Hawkins, 46, has been taken to hospital in Toronto, suffering from "a recurrence of the heart problems for which he was treated earlier this year."
 However the festival - set for the London Halesden New Roxy Theatre on November 11 - will go ahead as planned. Last minute bill-toppers will now be fifties Sun artists Warren Smith and Ray Smith, both flying in from America for the one-off appearance.
 British bands, including Crazy Cavan, Flying Saucers and Freddie Fingers' Lee will also be appearing on the bill.

ELTON: HEART ATTACK?

ELTON JOHN collapsed yesterday morning (Tuesday), shortly after leaving his Old Windsor home to travel to Paris.
 But the singer had recovered consciousness when he was later admitted to the coronary unit at a Harley Street Clinic in London.
 Last night his condition was described as "comfortable".
 Said a spokesman: "He will be resting and undergoing tests to find out what caused the collapse."
 No further details of Elton John's sudden illness were available. His manager, John Reid, currently in Los Angeles, last night denied rumours that the singer had had a heart attack.
 Elton John had appeared in "perfect health" over the weekend where he played football for his own team, the Elton John All Stars, in a five-a-side charity match. And only last week he was interviewed by Record Mirror reporter Robin Smith. Says Smith: "He told me he was feeling well, and he looked in the best of health."

RELEASES

SEVENTH album from American funk giants Earth Wind And Fire is to be a 'Best Of Earth Wind And Fire Volume I' compilation. Current hit 'Got To Get You Into My Life' also included on the album which will be out in December.
 CLASSIC Elton John single 'Goodbye Yellow Brick Road' is currently available in yellow vinyl - in a limited edition only.
 STIFF tour heroine Rachel Sweet, Akron - born and 15-year-old, has a new single, 'B-A-B-Y' rush-released this week. Song is a cover of Carla Thomas' 1966 hit, backed by various Blockheads, available by popular demand.

LATEST album from the Rubettes, recorded at Le Chateau in France and entitled 'Still Unwinding', is released on November 17.
 'EVITA' star Elaine Paige follows single success of 'Don't Walk Away ('Till I Touch You)' with her first solo album - 'Sitting Pretty'. Album also includes 'We're Home Again', title track of American blockbuster movie 'The Boys From Brazil'.
 'WEARY EYES' is the new Gordon Giltrap single, released this week and taken from current 'Fear Of The Dark' album.

AMERICAN Billy Joel's follow up to the highly successful 'Stranger' album is '52nd Street' - a nine-track set released this week. Single from it, 'My Life', also out on November 10.

IN BRIEF

CURRENTLY recovering in hospital in California after a serious car accident - Johnny Barbata of Jefferson Starship. Barbata, a passenger in the car in which Starship roadie Terry Hill was killed, suffered "multiple fractures" and had to have his jaw fractured. He'll be in hospital for two months. RCA is apparently planning Starship 'Best Of' compilation for January.
 IAN Mathews has rescheduled his British tour, due to start this month, due to American commitments. He'll now be playing a series of club dates over here in January.
 ALL girl group the Slits to play support in upcoming Clash tour. Group, still without a record deal, have recruited new member - drummer Budgie, formerly with Big In Japan.
 XTC's planned London concert on November 12 (this Sunday) has been switched to the Electric Ballroom on November 17 - due to "noise restrictions" by Camden Council. Tickets for new date are on sale, now priced at £2.
 RECENT EMI signing Charlie Ainley to play London Dingwalls on November 14, 15 and 16. Single 'I Don't Need No Doctor' and album, 'Band Your Door', both out now.
 NEW independent label, Ignition Records, based in London, released first single 'You Must Be Kidding Me' by Carabetta this week.

ELP album due soon

THE mighty Emerson, Lake and Palmer have at last finished work on their new album... and it's to be released on November 24.
 'Love Beach', recorded this summer in the Bahamas, is the long-awaited follow-up to 'Works 2' of last year. Tracks are all original compositions apart from a track written by Spanish classical composer Rodrigo, with the listing as follows: Side composer Rodrigo, with the listing as follows: Side 'Taste Of My Love', 'The Gambler', 'For You'. Side two - 'Memoirs Of An Officer And Gentleman' (in two parts) - 'Prologue', 'Education', 'Love At First Sight', 'Letters From The Front', 'Honourable Company'.
 A single from the album, 'All I Want Is You' (backed with 'Are You Ready Eddy?') from the 'Tarkus LP' is released on November 17.



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The big break

Teetotaler Sheila Prophet goes Dutch with Frankie but finds his cocktail specials are too much for her . . .



FRANKIE MILLER: pensive or pissed?

RATHER LIKE the slimmer who's given up eating — between meals — Frankie Miller has given up drinking. Between shows.

After spending a morning doing a spot on the Dutch TV show 'Top Pop', Frankie heads over to the studio canteen for a spot of liquid lunch. Looking spruced up, bank clerk smart and sober as a magistrate, he pours himself a glass of red plonk — his first of the day — and tells me about his new philosophies on life and alcohol.

"I've been through all the drinking thing. I decided a wee while ago — I just didn't like the idea of feeling bad every morning."

Some people, I suggest, might find this a bit difficult to believe, especially those who, after following Frankie's career over the years, have come to believe that his excessive imbibing has led him to blowing one big chance after another.

"There are so many stories about me," he groans. "I might have a drink after I come offstage, but there's no way I can work when I'm drunk. But I don't mind those stories. I don't mind if what they write is untrue, as long as they write it."

But surely not all the stories are untrue? I tentatively mention Frankie's last gig at the Rainbow, which turned into a rather rambling, embarrassing affair.

"The band just wasn't together that night," he defends himself. "The equipment had been moved back, and by the time I got onstage I couldn't hear any of the instruments. I felt totally out of control."

OK, well what about the other gig at the New Vic, when he appeared a more than a little overtired onstage and beat Tom

Robinson to the starting post by several months by making a few extremely pointed remarks about The Blue Rinses herself, Maggie Thatcher. At the time Frankie claimed someone had spiked his wine, and he's sticking to his story.

"I don't know what made me say that about her," he admits. "I think it was because I'd read a thing in the papers that day about her being a milk snatcher. That really got to me. There are places in Scotland where that daily milk could make or break a person. What does she know about that?"

"I hate her, but I shouldn't have said what I did — it's not my place. I'm there to play music, not talk about politics."

Frankie, it seems, does not approve of rock being mixed with politics — he wouldn't for example do a gig for Rock Against Racism.

"Not that I disagree with them, but I think other things come first — the Irish situation for instance, or the Glasgow situation! We've played in Belfast and it's a heavy place, but no more so than Glasgow. Bands who're scared to go there, as far as I'm concerned, are shit merchants."

"The only politics I really write about are things like The Rock, which was about prisons. I have played prisons, and I'd like to do more, but it costs money, and I don't have that sort of money to throw around. I would like to do a tour of prisons, though. Women's prisons!"

"I once played a gig with the Brinsleys at Wandsworth Prison, where you weren't allowed to bring in drink, so I had to slip a half bottle of whisky in my pocket. They had these very shiny, slippery floors — I suppose there's nothing to do in prison but polish the floor three times a day — and I slipped on it in the middle of the set and slid on

my arse right through all the prisoners!"

But of course, we remember, those days are behind him now. Part of the reason, I suspect, for Frankie's sudden reformation, is the recent closure of the Speakeasy, the notorious watering hole where drunken rock stars were apt to end up at four in the morning. Frankie must've been one of the Speakies' most regular customers — I hated the place myself, and only went there three times, but each time I spotted a well-olled Frankie amongst the boozers. One night I remember him standing on his chair, announcing his intention to make a speech to the assembled company, only to end up falling over onto the table in front of him, scattering pint mugs everywhere. But there I go, telling yet another of those stories about him. Back to the present.

Since the demise of the Speakeasy, Frankie has taken to drinking mostly at his local, and he does. "I miss the rock 'n' roll crowd one bit."

"I don't really like the pop set," he says. "I've been down to Tramps a few times, and it's really sickening. But don't print that, or they might not let me in again!"

"These days I go to bed earlier. Whereas before I would drink till four and go to bed at six, now I go to sleep at two or three. I get up earlier now and spend all day writing songs."

Frankie spending his daylight hours slogging over a desk and typewriter might not fit in with everyone's image of the wee Scotsman, but that's exactly how he does it. All very businesslike.

But if you're surprised by all this organisation in his professional life, Frankie's personal plans seem even more orderly and clear-cut. (Or is he putting me on?)

"I have it all planned out," he says. "I intend to settle down at 33 or 34 . . ."

You mean the whole domestic bit — marriage, mortgages, even mini-Millers?

"Living with a chick?" he says. "I don't know — I can't stand that. With the girls I've lived with before, it's never worked out."

Your fault or theirs? "Bit of both," he decides. "I'm pretty unbearable."

Still, if Frankie did come across a tolerant enough lady, he'd probably whisk her off to domestic bliss in his native land. He admits that, being based in London, he gets very homesick, and would love to go back to live in Scotland.

"I wouldn't live in Glasgow," he says. "I'd like to try the Western Isles — after all, McCartney's managed it."

But McCartney is, of course, rather more successful financially. Would Frankie be able to afford an island retreat?

"I've done no bad," he says enigmatically. "People have covered my songs quite a bit." He orders some more wine and I have a coffee and we ponder a little over the current British music scene. Frankie is not impressed, preferring to stick with his old heroes, Al Green, BB King, Ray Charles.

"I still get a buzz off these people. I do listen to the new stuff — I get the albums and throw them away. Nothing really interests me that much. I like Lizzy, the Boomtown Rats, Rory Gallagher (what's all this about Paddies?) and the Motors — I used to be in a band with Andy McMaster back in 1986 in Glasgow. They were called the Sabres."

As to why, with his single 'Darling' (which I find possibly the most irritating, least attractive track he's ever done) he should

suddenly achieve success after all these years struggling — 15 in all we work out — he is vague, putting it out to people being sick of 'Grease'.

Is it that simple? I wonder. It seems to me Frankie could have made it at any point in the last few years, but despite his enormous and undoubted vocal talents, and his ability to compose memorable rock songs, he held himself back, coming to be thought of with an affectionate sort of disregard. 'Good old Frankie' we'd smile at yet another tale of drunken debauchery.

Maybe Frankie didn't care. I doubt if the idea of material wealth mattered too much to him. A record company person reckons he only really wants to be loved: Frankie says all he's ever wanted to do is 'get people off'.

Which is all very well. But this time, real success is there, within his grasp: at last he has the chance to fulfil all the promises that have somehow always been broken, to reward Chrystal's unflinching faith in his abilities. To sort himself out once and for all and show us he CAN do it.

Perhaps he will. I hope he will. But the last I saw of Frankie was at two in the morning. After consuming several Miller specials — vodka, kahlua brandy and milk, all mixed together (aargh!) and with several more lined up, untouched, on the table, he stumbled off into the Amsterdam night in a somewhat desperate search for further thrills. Next morning, fellow travellers recalled hearing him wandering through the corridors at five in the morning, singing to himself.

The same old, old story. But this time, I'll give the man the benefit of the doubt. After all, it WAS his birthday . . .

UK Squeezed

SQUEEZE



GOODBYE GIRL

Last week SQUEEZE released the world's first 3-D "sculptured" single, "Goodbye Girl" b/w "Saints Alive", which has received an almost unprecedented response and seems set to climb fast up the national charts.

After playing as the special guests of Dr. Feelgood last month, they start their own headline tour of the U.K. today with a date at Manchester University. Full details of their November tour are as follows: Manchester

by 3-D Monster

University (8), Doncaster Outlook (13), Birmingham Barbarellas (14), Norwich Boogie House (15), Preston Polytechnic (17), Plymouth Woods (20), Penzance Winter Gardens (21), Exeter Routes (22), Bournemouth Village (23), Bath

Pavillon (25), Leeds Blanigans (28), York Revolution (29). After these dates, Squeeze enter the studios to put the finishing touches to their new album which is set for release in the new year.

Police Release Outlandos

THE POLICE, whose single "Can't Stand Losing You" is still showing a healthy position this week in the National Charts, release their debut album next Friday, November 17th.

Titled "Outlandos D'Amour", the album by the three-piece unit of Sting (bass and vocals), Stewart Copeland (drums) and Andy Summers (guitar) features 11 band compositions.

Full track listing: *Side One* - Next To You, So Lonely, Roxanne, Hole In My Life, Peanuts; *Side*

Two - Can't Stand Losing You, Truth Hits Everyone, Born In The '50's, Be My Girl Sally, Masoko Tanga.

Police are currently in America for a short tour which includes dates at CBGB's in New York and on their return will be playing selected British dates.

Bass player and vocalist Sting has also secured the part of "Ace", the mod-supreme, in the Who's "Quadrophonia" film which is being shot on location in Brighton at the moment.

The Dickies do with the Jam

U.S. outrage band the DICKIES release their third single on A&M Records, this week. "Give It Back" b/w "You Drive Me Ape" is available as a limited edition pressing in white vinyl with a special bag.

The band will also be touring the U.K. this month as special guests of the Jam, full details as follows: Sheffield Polytechnic (10), Leeds University (12), Manchester Apollo (13), Birmingham Odeon (14), Coventry Theatre (15), Cambridge Corn Exchange (17), Great Yarmouth A.B.C. (18), Cardiff University (20), Brighton Dome (21), Canterbury Odeon (22 & 23), Portsmouth Guildhall (24), London to be confirmed (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26).

A further date at the Empire Pool, Wembley on 29th November is yet to be confirmed.

Styx Blue Vinyl Collar Men

STYX now seem certain to breakthrough in Britain with the same style and enormity as they have in America. Their new album "Pieces of Eight" brims with the confidence and talent which has already earned them the respect of literally millions of U.S. fans.

"Blue Collar Man", the new Styx single, epitomises the band's frightening energy and is at the moment their biggest American success to date. The record is available here in both 12" and 7"

versions with a special coloured sleeve.

Styx are making it to the top the hard way - they've been together in some shape or form for over ten years.

There's a tradition in the music business that says only those who have made the long hard climb are able to maintain it once they hit top.

"Pieces of Eight" and "Blue Collar Man" make it clear. Styx is on top to stay.



Blue Collar Man (Long C/W Superstars

Joe Jackson Dates

JOE JACKSON, premier "spiv-rocker" has his debut single "Is She Really Going Out With Him" released by A&M Records. A U.K. tour is currently being set up.

MEGAFUNK RE-ENTRY



Atlantic Starr
Stand Up
b/w

Being In Love With You Is So Much Fun
AMS 7401

Two Dangerous
New Hits from
The Brothers Johnson
(Already Charted!)

&
Atlantic Starr
ON



The Brothers Johnson
Ride-O-Rocket
b/w

Dancin' And Prancin'
Thunder Thumbs And Lightnin' Licks
AMS 7400

TIM LOTT gets all liturgical over XTC who claim to be

1977 MAY or may not have inflicted lacerations on the bulbous stomach of the music industry. It is open to debate whether all that posing about ever amounted to anything. What is unarguable is that the weapon wielded so bravely among the sloganeering and stance had a two edged blade.

1977 saw the emergence of XTC, along, of course, with dozens of other new aspirants to the heights of rock 'n' roll. This was the "punk explosion" though it was hardly an explosion and certainly not so easy to define as "punk".

And as one after the other these bands were heralded as the week's big thing, and as they were hoisted and cut down, the phenomenon of Great Expectation developed, an unhealthy little malaise that has already resulted in the break up of several bands and will no doubt claim several more before the year is out.

Perhaps XTC will be among them.

The Great Expectation effect amounts to this; when you get hoisted on the covers of music papers willy-nilly when you are totally unprepared for it, you develop certain expectations of yourself. Like a band might start thinking "well if we're so good, then why haven't we got a hit single". And then they think "well if we haven't got a hit, then we can't be any good, so we might as well give up."

Bands didn't always think like this. Once, it was accepted that you had to gradually build up a following over a few years. The speed of life increases, and self doubt with it.

The Great Expectation effect — or perhaps Great Disappointment would be more appropriate — is beginning to manifest in XTC.

It's true they didn't equal, say, The Damned in the premature excitement they caused. In fact the brunt of attention being focused on them has come relatively recently.

But they sprang from the loins of '77 and cannot escape its train of thought conditioning. Which is: if you ain't made it by now, you flunked.

Which is crap. And XTC realise it's crap, but they don't seem to be able to get rid of the sneaking feeling that something is going wrong somewhere. Listening to Terry Chambers and Andy Partridge get upset about... well just about everything careerwise... it's difficult to credit that their second album 'Go 2' has been ecstatically reviewed by practically every journalist published.

"They only said that because we knew them," says Andy sourly. And he used to be such a jolly chap.

Actually he still is. That broad Partridgean smile is undiminished. But even he, Swindon's answer to Anthea Redfern, manages to drop his country wag persona long enough to deliver some sober reflections on the State of Play.

"The new stuff we've been playing," he says, mulling over his glass of orange juice (Andy is a leetotaller), "simply seems to be going over the heads of the audiences. This results in a very low morale for us."

A manifestation of this psychological malaise may be read into the absence of Barry Andrews from the earlier soundcheck. Barry eschewed the rehearsal in favour of getting "anchored" in the University of Leeds bar.

A remark by Terry Chambers, XTC's drummer, appears to encapsulate some of the tensions within the band.

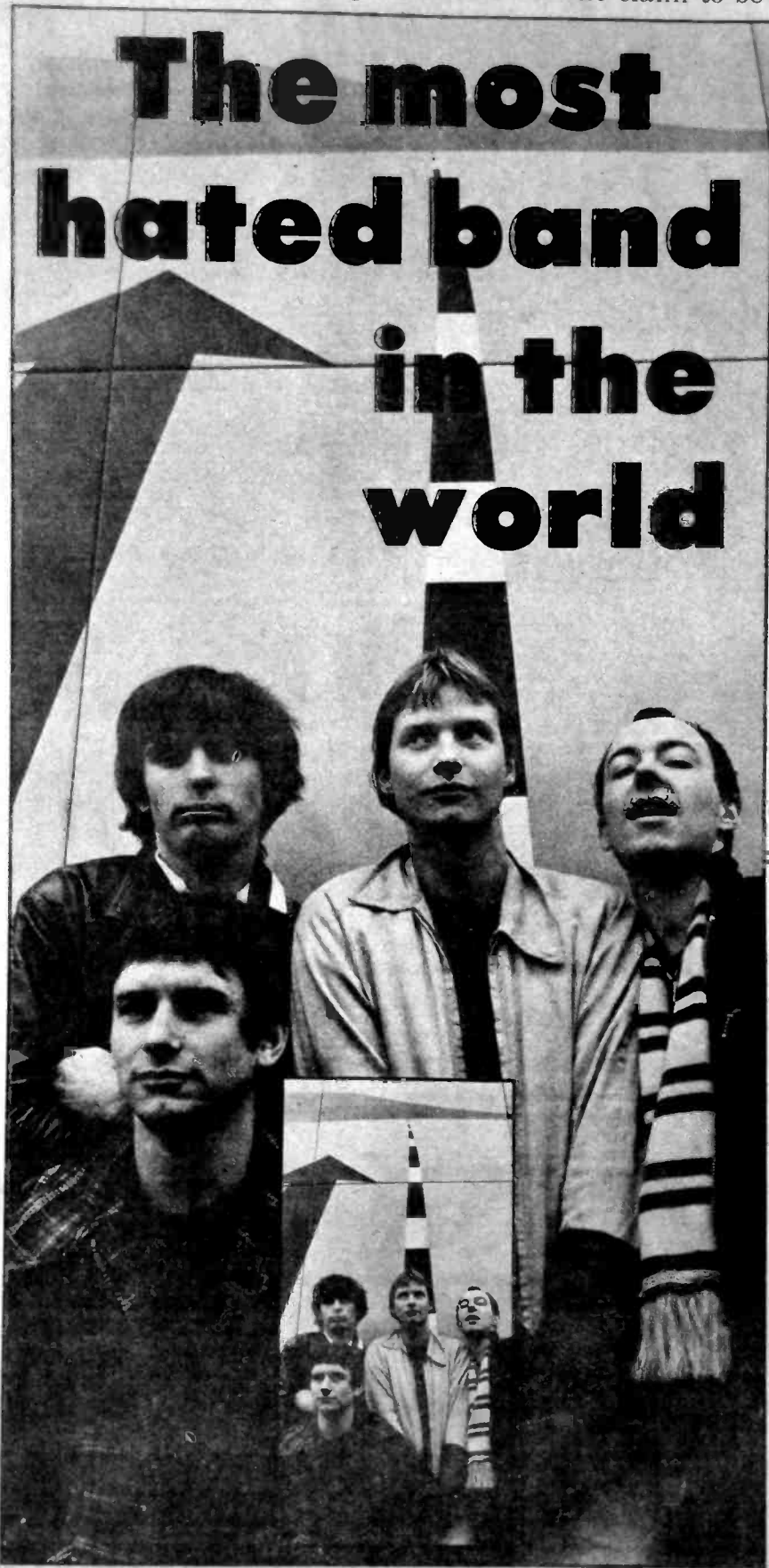
"Poor Barry. He's going bald and nobody likes his songs."

"I'd just hope he doesn't get too anchored, because he'll cock up and make us all look like dorks."

In fact, when Andrews finally does appear, a few minutes before the band are due onstage, no tension is apparent. All four members seem as good friends as they ever were, though Colin Moulding is if anything quieter and more reserved than ever.

The rest of the band refer to him as 'dad', a reference to his

JILL FURMANOVSKY



recent parenthood. But the problems are there all the same, under the surface, both external and internal. The interior rift is referred to obliquely in the Andy Partridge 'fly theory'. "Say I'm an artist and I paint a beautiful blue sky. To me it's perfect. And there's this other artist, who paints seagulls, great seagulls, lovely.

"But if this bloke comes along and sticks one of his seagulls in the middle of my beautiful blue sky then I'm not going to be happy. This is a reference to Andrews. But as Partridge points out, "what can I do? I can't just say, sorry but you can't write any more songs. Barry was unhappy enough about having only two songs on the

album instead of three." Both Terry and Andy attribute their current state of mind to another theory, the famous "Sea Of Shit Theory" which goes like this: In the beginning, there was the pop group. And the pop group made music, and they saw that it was good. And, lo, they enjoyed

audiences rejoiced thereof. And yea, they realised that at the end of the rainbow there should be Success, and that Success would make happy and make men of them all. But between this beginning and this end, there was a second, less joyous stage. Indeed, in between the two islands, there stood a sea. And this was the sea men called, The Sea Of Shit. And Lo! the pop group saw that it was this sea that they were presently navigating. "We are developing" says Andy, "a musical paranoia. We've released three excellent singles, all of which have been ignored completely by the playlist committee. "It hurts me not having a hit single, because we have albums full of them. "What would it matter if I was run over by a bus tomorrow? All I would leave behind me is a BIG FAT debt of £44,000." This all sounds like it should be delivered with a few tears running down the cheek, or a suitably solemn look at the very least. In fact, Andy treats his dilemma — whether real or imagined — with typical lightness. He immediately contradicts himself by admitting that he's currently feeling totally happy, but how much irony the statement holds is debatable. Only a few minutes before he has announced that the band will disband after Christmas, a statement that can certainly be taken with a large pinch of salt. Terry is equally mercurial in his opinions. He seems vaguely more somnolent than usual, but even his faint hearted protestations lack conviction. XTC, he says, "are the most hated band in the world, apart from Ultravox." "We do our best" he laments, "and all we get is pelted by cans." The less than ecstatic reaction on the tour so far is the root of much of the band's discontent. "There's a bit of a sorry atmosphere," says Andy. "Or to put it another way, we are the camel on this tour. And there's ONE HELL OF A LOT OF STRAWS! "I for instance, am the best guitarist in Britain. And XTC are a potential Beatles. "But I get onstage and I'm an IDIOT. I hate touring vehemently." This dissatisfaction with touring leads Andy to the last, and probably the most pertinent, of his many theories.

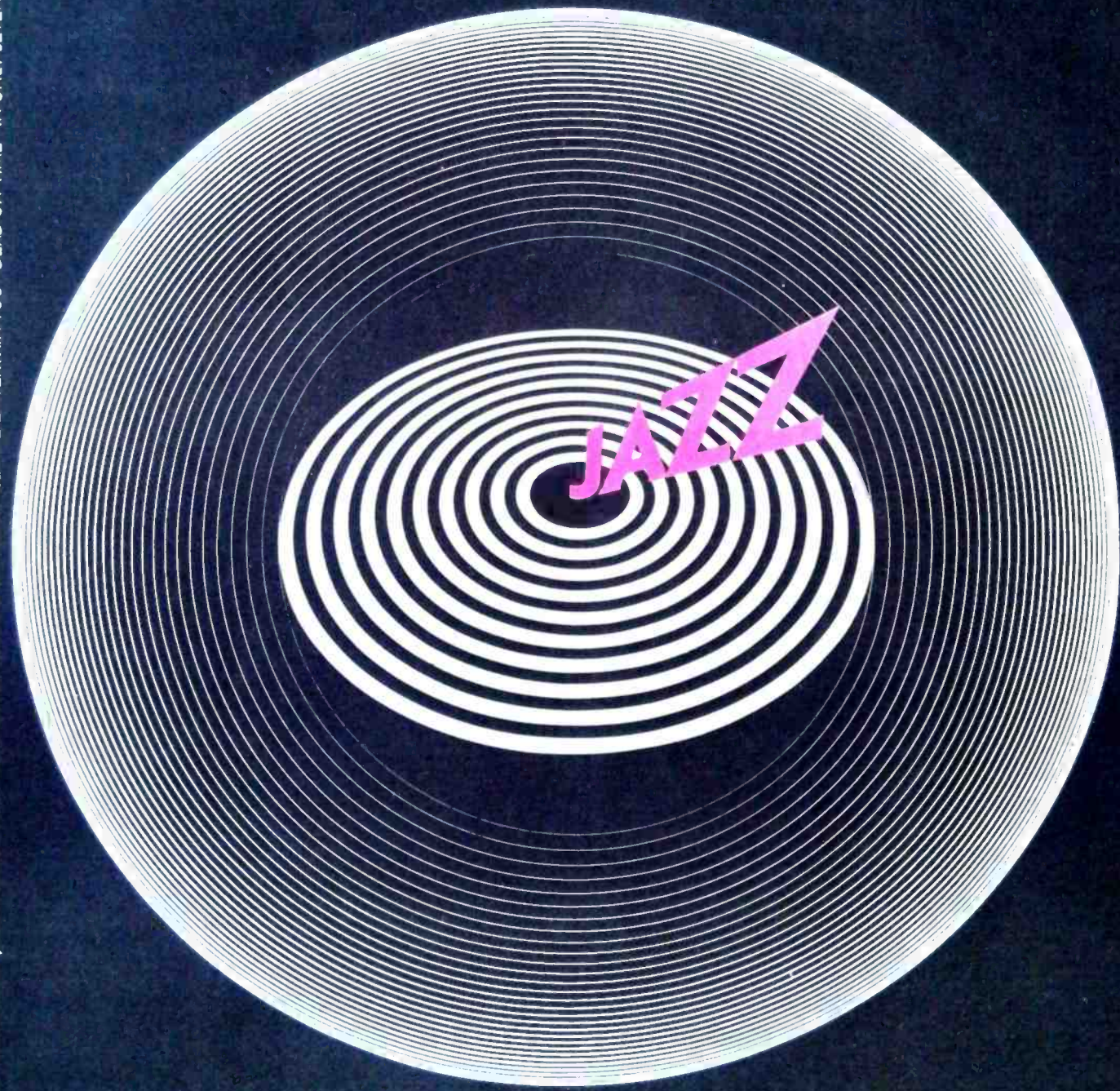
"Say an artist does a painting. People say, 'great painting, Reg.' Then the people who manage Reg say, 'you want to go and tour Reg. Do the same painting every night. What would Reg feel like?' Of course Reg would feel rather piqued, but XTC seem to have failed to grasp the realities of rock 'n' roll, in more ways than one. Firstly, you don't become successful without touring unless you're Kate Bush. Touring is a job, but a much better job than working on the production line at Fords. It's either that or be an 'artist', lock yourself in a turret somewhere and play only when you feel like it. Secondly, the vast majority of bands before punk came along, took a lot of time to get successful and slugged themselves into the ground. Although there's no artistic comparison — did Yes get a hit single after 18 months with a record contract? Did Genesis? Did Bowie? Did scores of others, all who went on eventually to be rich and famous? (which is, I stress, what XTC want) The despondent mood soon lightens anyway, as soon as XTC got onstage that night. They got two encores. They were terrific. I even enjoyed 'Supertuff', Barry Andrews' contribution to the set which is a far better song than I originally realised. They were brilliant, and they came off and moaned. Which just about sums XTC up at the moment: they have the vital spark, but instead of flaunting it they deprecate it, which is both dumb and self-destructive. And Lo! The Lord appeared to XTC in a vision. "Stop farting about," quoth he "and recognise your destiny, for your destiny is greatness, if thou wilt stop acting like a bunch of plonkers."

And XTC heard the Lord. And whether they take any notice or not remains to be seen.

QUEEN QUEEN QUEEN QUEEN QUEEN

MUSTAPHA · FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS · JEALOUSY · BICYCLE RACE · IF YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM · LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU · DEAD ON TIME · IN ONLY SEVEN DAYS · DREAMERS BALL

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NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP NEW LP  ON RECORD ON TAPE ON RECORD ON TAPE ON RECORD ON TAPE ON RECORD

SINGLES

Reviewed by **RONNIE GURR**

Man, god or king

PICK OF THE LITTER

B.B. KING: 'Hold On (I Feel Our Love is Changing)' (ABC). Proof that you can make great music and draw your pension. This little gem left me in a gushy pile, and anyone who makes music to melt to is o.k. by me. Not, I would have thought a hit, but an excellent taste which points to the magic of the 'Midnight Believer' album. B.B. tickles the strings s-o-o soulfully that one wonders whether he is, perhaps, a God in human form. As I say, a gem.

ROD STEWART: 'Do Ya Think I'm Sexy' (Riva). Oh Gawd! Rod the Mod Cod-piece comes on all coy. The obvious reply to Mr Stewart's enquiry is, no Rod jes' a little bit pathetic. This, however, is actually a great little record for goodness sakes. Despite the man's flirting with the whole L.A. chic trip schtick he has always made good records and is still a hero in my books. This, as always, finds Stewart following in the hallowed footsteps of The Stones. The gargantuan groove here is redolent of The Stones' 'Miss You' and is destined to tear discs apart. Nice one Rodney.

ROBERT JOHNSON: 'I'll Be Waiting' (Design). Yankeeand's finest new talent delivers his first official vinyl, and, sad to say, this is a slight disappointment. A cut from the eagerly awaited 'Long Distance Information' (by me anyway) this lacks the punch and pizzazz of this guy's 'Memphis Demos' disc. It disappoints because, frankly, someone has cocked up the guitar/vocal mix. No matter this is fine and a good indication of the man's undoubted talent.

JOE WALSH: 'Over And Over' (Asylum). Choogles nicely; edited from 'But Seriously Folks' which, incidentally is the best cocaine cowboy album so far this year, a hit; rather good.

DOLLY PARTON: 'Baby I'm Burning' (RCA). Let's jes' hope that it ain't yer bra that's smouldering Doll, eh wot? Seriously. First time I heard this I thought it was luvvly little Rachel Sweet. That's how good it is. Ms. Parton's own composition this really eh, cooks thanks to the superb horn section, and the lady's massive voice. A truly wondrous record, surprise of the week and worthy of Rachel and her uncle Liam.



ROY HILL: 'I Like, I Like, I Like' (Arista). After a disastrous first album Roy finds his feet with a rocky fetish show of a song. A tongue-in-cheek anthem that lambasts sleazoid cynicism. If there are any reservations left after hearing this, get out and see the man live. He's gear.

HEATWAVE: 'Always and Forever' (GTO). This warrants its place in la creme de la creme of the vinyl crop due to it's superb B-side, the ineffable 'Mind Blowing Decisions'. A new long version with an adapted reggaefied ending, this is so good it makes me foam at the mouth just thinking about it. Consume and keep on dancin'. The record of the week.

THE REST (Imaginative huh?)

ROCKY SHARP AND THE REPLAYS: 'Rama Lama Ding Dong' (Chiswick). Awfentic rock 'n' roll like. S'like yer average fast doo wop. Pisses all over the new Darts' single...which coincidentally....

DARTS: 'Don't Let It Fade Away' (Magnet). In which Darts forsake the rehashed Pepsi-Cola rockola format for the sluggish vinyl equivalent of a B-movie. Redolent of Marley's 'No Woman No Cry', but lacking in the anthemic qualities which made the locked one's tune such a classic. B-side shows why redneck rockabilly types don't play Darts.

GARY MOORE: 'Back On The Streets' (MCA). Statement of intent from part-time Thin Lizzy employee. Great guitar playing and an incessant

THE GONADS: 'Stroke My Beachcomber Baby/Rising Free' (Scrotum). Utter Bollocks.
THE VALVES: 'Or Wot?' (Upfor grabs). Four tracks from Edinburgh's rave sons. Unavailable to the public as yet, but soon even you will be able to share in the delights of 'Rocks' — a hit verily — 'Linda Vindaloo', 'Walk Don't Walk' and 'Wolfman'. Unmusical, yet almost Dada-esque in it's concept, for goodness sake.

DAVID SEVILLE AND THE CHIPMUNKS: 'The Chipmunk Song' (UA). Now whatever happened to this crew? Probably burnt themselves up in some rock 'n' roll casualty kick. Such is the way of prophets and rebels. This is a kindergarden classic written by the immortal R. Bagdesarian, but I found the B-side 'Ragtime Cowboy Joe' more intellectually satisfying.
JOCK SWAN AND THE METRES: 'New Wave Band' (Babb). Wunnerfultraditione jocks singing with a Showaddywaddy. Annoyingly catchy and a hit if it gets the airplay.

....BACK TO SANITY (ALMOST)....

FATS DOMINO: 'Sleeping On The Job' (Sonet). The best song he's released since 1959. It says here. Um...yeah.
DEAN FRIEDMAN: 'Lydia' (LifeSong). Wet and whining. The B-side, however, ...aha now...the B-side. The song concerned is entitled 'S & M'. Here Dean the walrus tells us how he meets a chap who is 'cruisin' for a bruisin' ... who loves to be gagged and bound, oh and how he would just love you to tap dance on his tummy. What a reg'lar guy huh?



repetition of the title hook, but even the man who was described by Phil Lynott as being "the world's greatest guitarist" can't drag this out of it's mediocre mire. A shame.
JOHNNY B. SCOTT: 'Rock 'n' Roll Legend in 4/4 Time' (Aura). Great title. Average 4/4 time song a la Steve Gibbons. Pic. Sleeve of the wimp responsible should stifle sales sufficiently.

....AND NOW....LOONIES WE HAVE KNOWN....

BLACK PARROT SEASIDE AND THE EXPLODING SHEEP. EP. (Zama). Four track e.p. from a combo who originate from Galunia — yeah that's what I thought. Best thing here is 'I Am A Vacuum Cleaner' which sports the immortal line: "I am a vacuum cleaner with the brain of a bird/I've heard of reincarnation but this is absurd." A classic.

KATE BUSH: 'Hammer Horror' (EMI). Kate keeps up the formula and doesn't upset the fans. Sounds like Joni Mitchell popping tabs with the L.S.O. Quirky, offbeat, and all that stuff. Also a minor hit and an annoying twinge in the arse.
AL STEWART: 'Time Passages' (RCA). A nice record.

ADRIAN BAKER: 'I'll Keep You Satisfied' (MCA). Note for note on off of 'Night Fever'. Manvellously inventive.
MA 3: 'Bee Gees Mania' (Polydor). Christ!

ANDY GIBB: 'Why?' (RSQ). Yeah, Andy, Why me? WHY? WHY? WHY?

TELEX: 'Twist a Saint Tropaz' (Sire). French electronic burblings. Sounds like a Space Dust factory with a burst pipe. Merde.

TONIGHT: 'Second Hand Man' (TDS). TDS, very TDS. Second hand tango tune. Tired and insipid.

SMIRKS: 'Rosemary' (Berserkerly). The Everly Brothers on naughty substances. B-side is a T.U.C. dub song. Remarkably unfunny and quite quite average.

STRAIGHT EIGHT: 'Modern Times' (EEL Pie). Another great record from the people at Eel Pie. Hear it.

SQUEEZE: 'Goodbye Girl' (A&M). Opens with a drum sound that is evocative of 'Take Me I'm Yours'.

Great production good song but rather bland and British, or should that be English? A grower which comes in a magnificent relief sieve you can feel in the dark.

CARLY SIMON: 'Devoted To You' (ELEKTRA). Hopelessly hopeless. Fine for lovers and fools, otherwise, music to shave one's leg's to.

THE JAM

ALL MOD CONS

New Album



APOCALYPSE TOUR 78

- NOVEMBER
- 7th UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS · Fyfe
- 10th POLYTECHNIC · Sheffield
- 12th UNIVERSITY · Leeds
- 13th APOLLO · Manchester
- 14th ODEON · Birmingham
- 15th COVENTRY THEATRE · Coventry
- 17th CORN EXCHANGE · Cambridge
- 18th A.B.C · Great Yarmouth
- 20th UNIVERSITY · Cardiff
- 21st THE DOME · Brighton
- 22nd UNIVERSITY · Canterbury
- 24th GUILDHALL · Portsmouth
- 26th COLSTON · Bristol
- 29th WEMBLEY ARENA · London



Featuring The
New Single

DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT

about LET IT GROW

the follow-up to Substitute



EMI 2884
CARRERE RECORDS



Need a shot of Brandy?

THOUGH THE O'Jays crept up on us quietly, they're not liable to leave without a sound.

When I told Walter Williams of the many cover versions spawned by the success of the initial 'Use Ta Be My Girl' (not to mention 'Love Train'), he was non-plussed.

It was the worst telephone line of all time from New York, but the rap with one-third of Philly's number one soul group went pretty well all things considered. Certainly some strange tidings at the end for both man and beast.

With four chums at McKinley High School, Canton, Ohio, Walter formed a group back in the days when doo-wop was the wop to do — '58 to be exact. The Mascots as they then were found a mentor in a Cleveland DJ called Eddie O'Jay. The quintet took his name in his honour.

"He's working in New York now," said Walter, "but we still keep in touch. I think he kinda wants his name back or something, but it's too late now."

It was hard graft over the next few years, with endless strings of not quite - made - it records for endless not - quite - blown - it labels. However, the O'Jays, finally down to a trio, kept on trucking. Significantly two titles that did stick were 'One Night Affair' (1969) and 'Looky Looky' (1970), both cut for Gamble & Huff's short-lived Neptune label.

Not surprisingly, when the dynamic duo came to form Philadelphia International the label was taken on at once by the mighty but WASPish Columbia organisation to give them a responsible stake in the burgeoning black music market — one of Gamble & Huff's first signings were the O'Jays. Walter Williams, Eddie Levert and William Powell (the last-named now replaced by Sammy Strains) hit first with 'Back Stabbers' (1972), then with '992 Arguments', then with 'Love Train' — all of which and more are commemorated on a compilation album put out by PIR earlier this year. Record sales have been a monotonous platinum for years now.

This year's album, 'So Full Of Love' has, of course produced both 'Use Ta Be' and 'Brandy'. Success on record has no way forced the O'Jays into being total studio artists.

"Our current stage act is even more visual than ever before," Walter noted. "We've been putting a lot of work into perfecting things like smoke, flashes, strobes, very sophisticated lighting all round. The number that we always open up with is 'Take Me To The Stars', and we come on initially in these big Flash Gordon cloaks, you know, the high collars and the big spreading wings. When we're through that song we have four seconds of darkness in which to whip off the cloaks before the lights come on again for the next number. OK, I've only been caught out once!

"I've noticed that although our audience hasn't really changed," he added on another tack, "and of course we've got quite a few people who've been with us all along, that over the last year we've been getting a lot more young kids, and white kids."

Like the majority of mature soul groups, and in contrast to many of the younger set, the O'Jays on stage are exclusively vocalists.

"That's one of the things I dislike about myself," admitted Walter. "I'd dearly love to be able to play on stage as well. As it is, all of us play competently enough to accompany ourselves off-stage, to write and so on, but that's all."

"My advice to any young person who wanted to get on would be: first of all, learn an instrument. Secondly, get an education, stay in school. Thirdly, learn something about business. You may not be handling your own business affairs, but the more you know about what anyone else is doing, the better. And that's something I had to learn in the school of hard knocks."

Well, I suggested flippantly, if you ever had nothing better to do, you could write a book all about that.

"Ah now, that's interesting," said our man, seeds being instantly sown. "Actually one project I'd really like to work on would be 'The O'Jays Story' — a kind of documentation of the original five of us."

Which is a good 20 years of history. But: will the story have an ending?

"Well, I'd give myself another two years before we stop touring. But it wouldn't mean that we'd necessarily be giving up on the occasional big concert dates. And it certainly wouldn't mean that we'd give up the music business altogether, we'd always have some kind of involvement."

"The O'Jays can't stay away. Like Bill Isles, one of the originals, who quit in the mid-sixties to take up hawking medical supplies to hospitals. That got the better of him, and he's now taking care of a band again in L.A."

Right now, 'Brandy' is still in the charts, destined to become yet another soul classic. This time it's not a Gamble & Huff composition but comes from the pen of Joe Jefferson — once the lead singer with Nat Turner's Rebellion if that's any help. It's a pretty vivid song, and I couldn't resist asking whether it was based on real life.

"Yeah, from what I hear, it's from experience," said Walter. "But I think it was about Joe's little dog. I sang one word wrong on the record, I sang 'I was in love when they put her down' instead of 'I was in luck'. And I think that line got a lot of people thinking that Brandy was a girl and it was a love affair. Well, it is a love affair but it's between an owner and his dog."

Frankly, I'd have thought that talking about "putting down" with a reference to a dog was a bit of a dangerous double entendre — but, anyway, lady or hound, it's a good song. And a good band.

The O'Jays hope they may be over here sometime early next year: so keep fingers crossed and watch out.

SUBAN KLUTH

OVERTONES OF THE

FIRST IT was Stiff Little Fingers, now it's the Undertones. Two answers to the hack's prayers.

Eagerly, he reaches for a sheet of paper, his eyes gleaming and his fingers twitching in anticipation. He bends over his trusty typewriter and bashes out the list of comfortingly familiar clichés. Northern Ireland, the war-torn country. The bombed out streets. The frightened kids. The barbed wire and the soldiers. The pointless destruction.

Not that the hack has ever been to Ireland, you understand ('Belfast? You must be joking!') but everyone knows that's what it's like, don't they?

Well, I'm as fond of the convenient cliché as any other reporter in a hurry, but on this occasion, I beg to differ. No, I haven't been there either

timeless, placeless anthem which will always strike chords in the youthful consciousness. And the boys — all close to their teens themselves, the youngest clocking in at 17 and the oldest at 21 — say that, back home in Derry, the main problems they've encountered have been the same ones that beset young people in small towns everywhere who dare to come up looking a bit different.

"Derry's in a time warp," they say in disgust. (Exactly how I felt about my home town when I was their age).

"At first we couldn't get bookings because we were punk rockers. There was only one bar, the Casbah, where they'd let us play," says Fergal. Or was it one of the others? The group, all five of them lined up opposite me in the WEA conference room, have a distressing tendency to talk all at one, and with their almost impenetrable accents, it's

taking me all my time to follow what's being said, far less who's saying what. Hopefully, it won't matter too much — they all seemed pretty much in agreement with each other on most points.

"Now I suppose, with the hit single, they'll be crawling over themselves to book us," the same gentleman adds wryly.

The group reckon their first big break came courtesy of good ol' John Peel, who heard a demo tape of theirs which had apparently already been turned down by Radar, Chiswick and Stiff Records. Peelle, fortunately, was more impressed than the record company A and R men, and he offered them a session on his show.

Meanwhile, 'Teenage Kicks' came out on an independent label, Good Vibrations, based in Belfast, which resulted in it selling 8,000 copies — not bad, we agree. Subsequently, Sire

picked up on it, and like the recent Jilted John success, word of mouth led to the single hitting the charts before most people even knew what it sounded like.

Now the boys have a tour with the Rezillos coming up, and plans for the next single and an album. While they're in London, Sire are putting them up in a fairly posh hotel, though the label manager warns them not to get any big ideas.

"When you go out on the road," he tells them, "it'll be back to sleeping on the embankment!"

Not that the group mind. In person, they radiate the same sort of naive innocence that comes over on the record, and this trip is very much an outing on someone else's money, a bit of a joy ride to be enjoyed to the full.

But they can't stay (although they say they'd love to have taken part in the Irish

UNDERTONES

SHEILA PROPHET listens to the no-nonsense no-barbed wire asides of the Undertones.

(though I'm not particularly averse to going — it's just that no-one's asked me!) but the Undertones have. All their lives. And they're getting just a little tired of the same old story.

"We've been doing all these interviews," says Fergal Sharkey, the group's exotically named lead singer, the man whose wistful, slightly querulous vocals add something extra to the band's rough and ready sound.

"Every time we've stressed that our songs have nothing to do with the troubles. We don't want to use the situation to get success — if you can't make it on the strength of the music alone, you should forget it.

"Every time, the writer has listened to us saying that. And every time the feature has been written up, it's the same old thing — calling us barbed wire boys, things like that. It's pathetic.

Of course, the band accept that the troubles can't be ignored. There's clear evidence of the country's religious segregation in that all five boys are Catholics — which means that up till now, they've been unable to play in the Protestant bars of their hometown of Derry, Northern Ireland's second largest city. They do reckon, though, that now they've got a hit record and have been on 'Top Of The Pops' that that problem will be overcome.

But musically, it seems the group's origins are almost irrelevant. Their first single, 'Teenage Kicks' is the sort of



'Anyone can do it.

I mean we've done it, and who the hell are we?'

Hallowe'en night gig at the Electric Ballroom, featuring Stiff Little Fingers and the Radiators From Space) because they have a gig to do back home. A local youth club.

They paint a dreary picture of Derry — of housing estates with no pubs, of cinemas that shut up at half past ten, leaving you with nowhere to go, of an area devoid of entertainment for young people — the last star they had there was Harry Secombe! But maybe, just maybe, things are looking up. Ian Dury is on his way, and if that works out, and the locals find that he hasn't corrupted the youth of the town beyond repair, there could be others. I suggest that they should play the same venue as Dury, and they immediately make plans to book a gig for their day off on the Rezillos tour.

Already, the bands are flowing to Belfast — word's got around that the Belfast audience is just about the most receptive in the country, and these days it's becoming quite a trendy place to play — among the new wave bands at least. New wave bands like the Buzzcocks, the Clash and the Ramones — groups who, in the late 1970's, have become heroes to today's teenagers. Groups who've inspired those very teenagers to get up themselves and add a germ of excitement to a sterile city.

"We all agree with the punk philosophy that anyone can have a go," says Fergal. "Anyone can do it. I mean, we've done it, and who the hell are we?"

ALBUMS

AH SO

THIS IS JAPAN

JAPAN: 'Obscure Alternatives' (Ariola AHALH).

YES, it is obscure. Well, the lyrics are anyway. As they were all written by Japan's lead vocalist David Sylvian, I wonder if perhaps the responsibility to come up with ALL the goods was too much of a strain — especially as he wrote the music too. Writing with someone else usually helps you to spot the weak parts. Not that I'm saying Sylvian's lyrics are weak, they're just confusing and rather depressing. It's as if he enjoyed rolling the words round in his head because they sounded good, but with no clear idea of the points he was trying to put across.

The title track and 'Suburban Berlin' were the two tracks that highlighted this feeling, as far as I'm concerned. The occasions on which I felt I was getting close to his meaning were few — notably 'Rhoderia', where he sharpened up considerably and gave substance to his thoughts. But on the whole, I thought he was being too clever.

Musically, the album improves: I can't say they're struck a seam of of

originality because I think they do use gimmickry to put themselves over. But at least it's not too offensive. While they might not come over as great guitar heroes of our time, the keyboards are neat — full marks Richard Barbieri. Even accounting for all the studio knick knack tricks, the keyboards win through as a plus for the band. They were presented with great sensitivity on 'The Tenant' which I've decided is the track that I liked best on the album.

The music is likely to mean a lot more to fans who've seen the band live, I'd imagine, rather than someone coming to it cold (like me). For any group to go about looking like they do, taking so much care with their visual image, they obviously think that's as important as their music — or at least goes a long way to promoting their image as pretty young things. I'm sure they'll do extremely well in Japan, too, which presumably is the whole idea. Clever lads, just not too clever I hope. +++ ROSALIND RUSSELL.

DAVID SYLVIAN: a pretty young thing



FLEETWOOD MAC: 'Man Of The World' (CBS 83110)

CONNOISSEURS of Mac will always think of the late sixties as the real vintage years of the band. For all their current commercial appeal, much of their material seems banal by comparison to their bluesy days. Some would call this just another com-

pliation album but it's intelligently put together and the choice and value (16 tracks) compare favourably with the 1971 'Greatest Hits' collection, although it's probably not so comprehensive as 'The History Of Fleetwood Mac: The Vintage Years'.

All the tracks you'd expect are included: 'Albatross', the superbly emotive 'Man Of The World', 'Shake Your Moneymaker', the heady 'Need Your Love So Bad' and so on. Interest is added by some lesser-known tracks from the period, by no means makeweights, such as 'Watch Out', 'Homework' and 'I Believe My Time Ain't Long'. The influence of Peter Green, both as writer and guitarist, is

impossible to overstate. If you want a typically bluesy classic which never had the exposure of their bigger hits, try the moody 'Love That Burns' — I suppose the album's a cash-in on their current success, but I just can't turn this down +++++ PAUL SEXTON



FLYING SQUAD: 'Flying Squad' (Epic EPC 82875)

AFTER SEEING Flying Squad support Alvin Lee at Hammersmith Odeon, several weeks ago, I formed great hopes for their debut vinyl release — hopes soon dashed when the album finally reached my turntable.

This is a pity because the young Scottish band now have an average product on their hands, whereas the potential they exuded on stage showed promise for an extra special affair.

Yet the faults of this record lie neither with the musicians nor their material, but more in the use of Francis Rossi as a producer — yes, he of Status Quo fame it seems he has endeavoured to put his own distinct trademark on the proceedings, leaving Flying Squad's in the background, and it hasn't worked at all. In fact 'Drive On', on the second side, features an almost embarrassing Quo guitar start. Many of the tracks came back to me from the live performance but lacked the drive, which the concert had given them, and I stress again, without Rossi it could have been red hot rock.

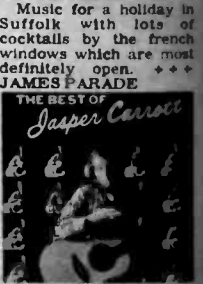
As it is it fluctuates between a lukewarm temperature and true heavy metal heat. In Muir's vocals are strong and match his commanding stage presence. Prime cuts are 'Backroom Boys' (complete with Thin Lizzy riffing), 'The Machine' and 'Rock 'n' Roll', despite the heavy hints of Quo in the latter. It is encouraging to note that they have used only original compositions. My advice to Flying Squad, however, is firstly to bid farewell to Francis Rossi, sort out a good American producer next time, and also to get down to London for some gigs. +++ STEVE GETT.

BOBBY GOLDSBORO: 'Greatest Hits of Bobby Goldsboro' (Sunsel SL 36042)

ALTHOUGH Bobby Goldsboro's hairstyle makes him resemble Amy Johnson on a clear day and his dress sense is second only to Bob Monkhouse, he has become something of an enigma within the record business. In spite of his minute output he manages to come up with what some would call 'classic' about every two years. In fact he's due for one anytime now.

The songs on his 'Greatest Hits' album, probably the only one he'll ever make, are fairly predictable. They range from the brilliantly concise, 'Little Things', a British hit for Dave Berry, to the horribly mushy, and very unoriginal, 'Hello Summertime', which is so bad it could have been written by Neil Diamond. Other pearls you may recall are, 'Mississippi Delta Queen', 'Autumn Of My Life' and the almost magnificent, 'Summer (The First Time)' which features one of my favourite piano figures of all time, you know, the bit what goes, doo bi doo bi da bi doo, then the bongoes come in.

Bobby Goldsboro has one of those voices you can easily get from riding too many gee-gees out in Morin County with Glen Campbell and his cronies and this rather limits his vocal delivery disc-wise though I don't imagine he's too worried about that. Also it's surprising that only four of the 12 songs here are written by him and I thought 'I write 'em all 'tself' (he did do all the nice ones). Overall it's not really to my taste, but then what is? Music for a holiday in Suffolk with lots of cocktails by the french windows which are most definitely open. +++ JAMES PARADE



JASPER CARROTT: 'The Best of Jasper Carrott' (DJM DJF 20549)

A LOT of people find this bloke absolutely hysterical. I'm not one of them, I'm afraid, and I'm not sure of his relevance here, but he did make me smile a few times I don't know if you find this, but I reckon many comedians are a lot more funny with their asides and throwaway remarks, than they are with their set pieces. For example there's a grossly unfunny song here called 'Bastilly Chelt' and in the preamble to it Jasper says: 'I wonder if people from Goolie are called Goolies?' not exactly sidesplitting, but you see the point.

Mr Carrott is a quite unaffected comedian, which is admirable, and he tells most of his conversational-style jokes very sincerely. At one point he reads out some car insurance accident claim forms which make drivers write things like 'The other man altered his mind and I had to run over him'.

That's apparently true and it's unlikely enough to be so — there's nowt queer as folks, after all. And in case you're wondering, 'Bastilly Roundabout' is included. Time for a bad night? Zebedee +++ PAUL SEXTON

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VARIOUS ARTISTS: 'Don't Walk, Boogie' (EMI EMT13)

EASY AS it is to knock these one-size-fits-all hit compilations, they sell in vast quantities. This apparently TV advertised one from EMI has 20 tracks with a disco theme; they've wasted no time in compiling it because it contains several hits that are barely out of the charts.

Some of the cuts really justify the disco label, like 'Boogie Oogie Oogie' (the biggest disco record of the year), 'You Make Me Feel (Mighty Real)' and 'Singin' In The Rain' from the recent past — artists are I hope already known to you — and from further back, La Belle Epoque's 'Black Is Back' (the biggest disco hit of LAST year) and the near-success 'Sun Is Here' by Sun. Others, though they have their merits, are perhaps not those you'd expect to find on a dance album. Witness Tom Robinson's 'Motorway', John Fordie's 'Stardance' and the new Matumbi single 'Empire Road' — that however is a very approachable piece of light reggae. T Rex even make an appearance with 'I Love To Boogie'.

There are a number of fillers: a synthetic disco version of Spencer Davis' 'I'm A Man' by Macho, and a track by Gloria Jones who sounds dangerously like Donna Summer. Gonzalez appears with 'Just Let It Lay' and sound like Stargard. There are three hits by Tavares and other successes by Patsy Gallant, Clout, Marshall, Hain and Jesse Green.

Although it's a slightly uneven choice of material, it has a

generous proportion of hits — 13 out of 20 — and can't fail commercially. + + + PAUL SEXTON.

ELVIS PRESLEY: '40 Greatest' (RCA PL 42001)

AND STILL the albums keep on coming. Whichever way you look at it Elvis Presley is VFM — which of course means value-for-money. This is a 'new' collection (rather nervously billed as containing "18 No 1 hits!") is no exception.

Here's another "meaningful exploitation of back catalogue" — with the added bonus of being presented in "attractive" pink vinyl (Elvis' favourite colour, and the tasteful shade of his first Cadillac). It doesn't set out to beat or supercede. It's just more Elvis, along with 'Worldwide Gold Awards', the 'Gold Records' collection and whatever else has stumbled on the market since the King died last year. And why not?

With Presley you can't always please the faithful (or not for under 25 quid at any rate), and with an artist of his stature there will always be new fans ready to buy an easily assimilated collection of his "best" (ie best known) work. So it goes... and here's this year's...

'40 Greatest' is a fairly safe collection. Relying on chronology and popularity, hit follows hit (and occasionally B-side) with a predictable log-jam between 1957 and 1961/2. The story "starts" in 1956 with 'My Baby Left Me' and ends in 1971 with 'There Goes My Everything'.

Purists may argue the toss over the inclusion of 'Old Shep' (1956) and the omission of 'Mystery Train' of the same year. While the lack of seventies hits like 'Moody Blue' and 'The Wonder Of You' can only mean that the erroneous (although well-publicised) theory that Elvis had been declining artist since the early sixties has also affected his record company. (There is in

fact only one post-1969 song).

A minor grumble though. The music needs no introduction and the running order (after all) is fairly irrelevant. "Commercially viable" and pink it is, and as far as I can see there's no collection of similar value it makes redundant. Remember: EP on RCA — the company that gives you VFM as many times as they decently can!

+ + + + JOHN SHEARLAW

DAVID BYRON: 'Baby Faced Killer' (Arista SPART 1077)

ROUND TWO of the old poser's attempt to battle his way back into the big time. It's easy to write him off as a rock geriatric who should have retired after his demise with Uriah Heep.

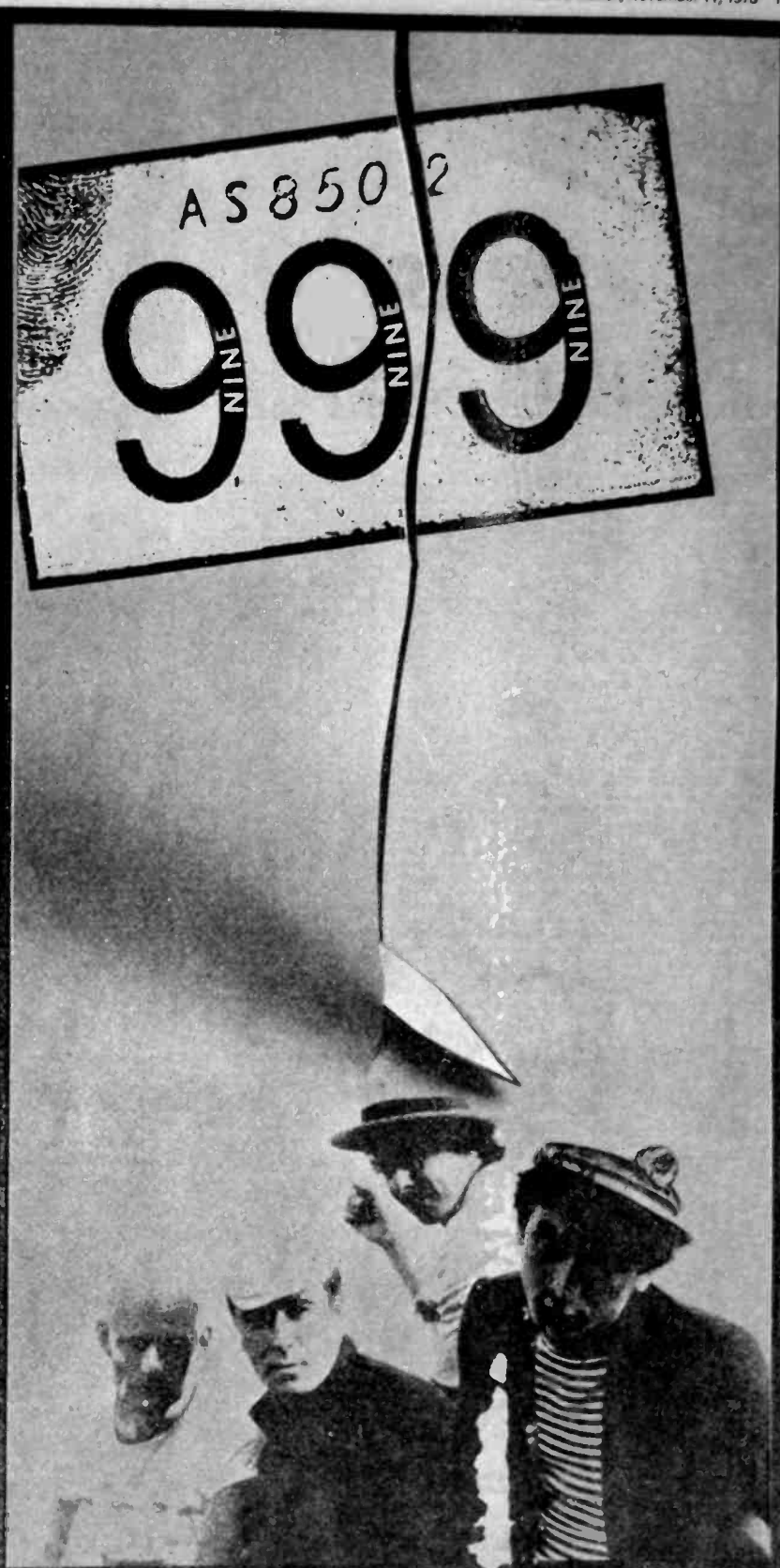
But on parts of this album he comes across as quite a sprightly pensioner. He's undergone a metamorphosis, bursting out of the heavy metal shell to become sweet toothed and level headed.

The title track dashes through a twenties black and white film routine, exhilarating as a car chase. 'Rich Man's Lady' again shows singles promise with its fifties style guitar. But Byron overblows himself on 'Sleepless Nights' and 'African Breeze'. Both unfortunately end up being Donna Summer caricatures. His vocal style also doesn't work on 'Everybody's Star'. Golly gosh he's trying to feel very word, but the song develops into a messy ballad.

My initial exuberance was to fall by side two, especially with 'Heaven Or Hell' which is heavy on pinches from ELO. But Byron ties together the loose patchwork with 'Acetylene Jean' and 'I Remember'.

I don't know if Byron can still make it. Maybe he's been away too long from the limelight to get back on the pedestal. Sometimes he must sigh and dream of Heep.

+ + + ROBIN SMITH



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What a nice bunch of petals



CHILD: 'Child' (Ariola AHAL4 8008)

LISTENING to this album, it appears Child have been marketed in much the same way as sliced cheese. Take the basic materials, process carefully, and finally sterilise beyond all recognition.

If the exercise had been approached with tongue firmly in cheek, it may have worked, but it seems all in deadly earnest, not a hint of fun, excitement or life to be found.

The album opens with 'Maybe Tomorrow', the best track, and very similar to the single, 'It's Only Make Believe'. Both baffle in glorious

echoes of Slik, and with the treble full on, are enjoyable excursions into the realms of over-the-top teeny fodder.

However, as the tremulous tenor leads into track two, then three, the amusement fades as they plough through covers, until they reach 'She Was Too Young', the ultimate experience in cringeorama — a Flamenco tale of the downfall of a 13-year-old disco addict!

Side two continues with more vibrato sagas fresh from the pages of 'True Romance', until final pale redemption with the aforementioned 45.

Unless 12, female and idealistic, avoid — if only to protect your sanity. + + KELLY PIKE.

ALBUMS

BUSH FIRE

PETER TOSH: 'Bush Doctor' (Rolling Stones Records CUN 39109)

THAT this album was going to be something of a surprise — and they can go both ways as I'm sure you all know — was obvious as soon as the introductory single was let out onto the airwaves. ('You Gotta Walk) Don't Look Back' is/was punchy, understated pop reggae, the vocals swinging wildly between Mick Jagger and Tosh's own smookey phrasing so that you might get to thinking they were both on stage — with Jagger ultimately winning out on the limelight. Good though.

The album itself, with one maudlin and magnificently dreadful exception, follows the pattern. Production credits go to Tosh and Jamaica's (nay the world's) acest bass man Robbie Shakespeare. But wait — executive producers are the Glimmer Twins. And what a difference they make.

'Bush Doctor', almost but not quite, places the uncompromising side of Tosh — the Stepping Razor — in front of a new and completely willing audience. On first play it sounds soft; more poppy singalong than roots. That's how wrong you can get to be. For, once again, the power is in the lyrics and the delivery.

It's a different Tosh from the 'Legalise It' days, sure (what does a man expect) but what might easily be mistaken for emasculation early on is replaced by a feeling that this direction could prove just as effective. The rhythms are light, bright and tricky (Keith Richards adding guitar on 'Bush Doctor' and 'Stand Firm'), shuffling on without drowning. Tosh's vocals form the total contrast with their precise, monotonous thoughtfulness — undercutting the "effects" (bird noises, flutes, saxen, an unnamed female chorus) to provide the real effect. Which in the end is a bit like iced charcoal. If that's at all possible.

Only once does the ponderousness of 'pop' overrule the pointedness of Tosh. In 'Creation' a messy production worthy of Cecil B De Mille — all thunder and boom and quasi-religious 'awe' — all is lost in a disaster of irrelevant sermonising.

Elsewhere all is the opposite. Gentle, eased and repetitive lyrics ('Dem Ha Fe Get A Beatin', 'I'm The Toughest', 'Pick Myself Up') fire up the soul. There's the marijuana rap, 'Bush Doctor' and the social raps, there's Tosh (for the most part) with a new vocal lease of life, there's the best rhythm section in the world.

And nine great tracks. Pop music? Blah! "Live clean / let your works be seen / stand firm / or you gonna feed worm." A new firm step with a soft dressing. Listen — and don't be fooled. ++ + 1/2 JOHN SHEARLAW



BILLY COBHAM: 'Simplicity Of Expression, Depth Of Thought' (CBS 82967)

BEFORE I go overboard about this, I must just say I appreciate that this is not simply a Billy Cobham album. Being an "independent" drummer must be difficult because you want to get yourself on record, but you can hardly have an album of unaccompanied drumming, so you have to get some other musicians in, and the more you do that, the less it's your own album.

But no matter: Billy Cobham and friends have produced a very fine record here. Cobham's drumming is best shown on the wordless 'La Guernica' where he proves what a genius he is on the skins with some amazing agility and dexterity. It's not just bang bang bang — he really plays around the other musicians very well. Incidentally, they

include Randy Jackson and the excellent Steve Khan.

Most of the other tracks — and Billy wrote all of them — have words, put into music by either Charles Singleton, on 'Pocket Change' and 'Opelousas', or Kamal, on 'Bolinias' and 'Early Libra'.

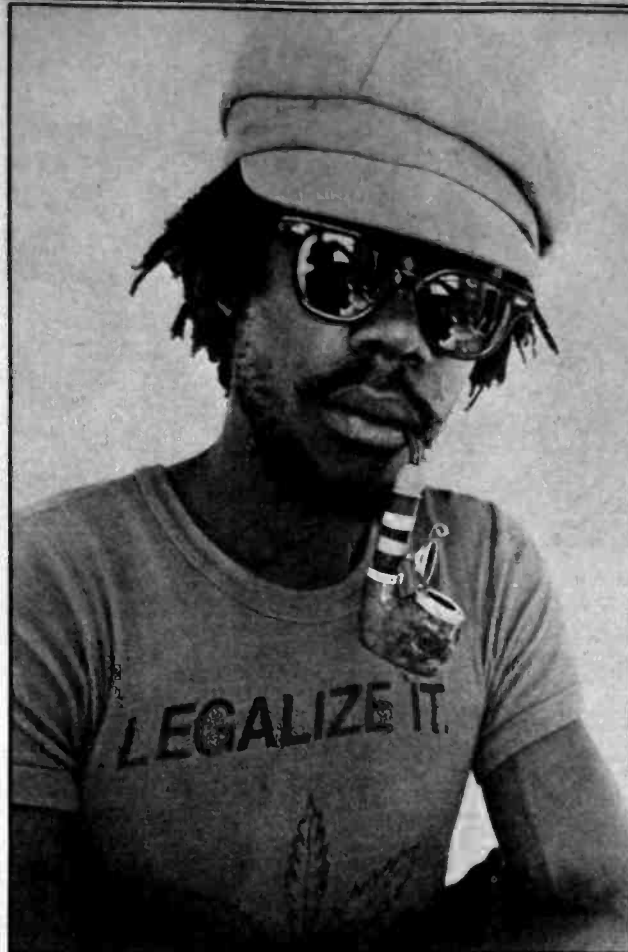
Kamal has a high-pitched, soulful voice, but I slightly prefer Singleton's. His two songs are real soul-jazz affairs and they're even quite commercial. The hum along chorus of 'Opelousas' is almost instantly memorable.

For all its jazzy intricacies the album is really about 'Simplicity Of Expression'. It deserves your time. ++ + 1/2 PAUL SEXTON



1994: '1994' (A&M SP 4708)

THERE'S nothing really wrong with this record, the only sin it commits is that it doesn't live up to



PETER TOSH: uncompromising

Its packaging and press handout. On the sleeve 1994 look vaguely modish / newish in keeping with the general design of the cover but inside they sound uninspired and worst of all, normal. People who sound normal aren't usually very interesting are they? Led Zeppelin sounded exciting in '79 but now they're the same but dated; 1994 don't sound like the year 1994 (I suppose this is the general idea) but more of an updated, production-wise, version of early '70's HM: (with the added bonus of having heard Fleetwood Mac during the Nicks' era).

The first track, 'Once Again', is in the Bob Seger mould and could be a turntable hit but is really the only tune of any consequence on side one apart from 'Heleena' which is saved by a cello-sounding guitar weaving in and out of it.

Of the rest, 'Radio Zone' is blatant very Heavy Metal and 'Ready up' eventually gets to you on third listening because of its upfront chugga-chugga beat! And another thing that you mere mortals won't know, (it must be such a hardship not having a press release) is that this lot wrote the title track to the new Faye Dunaway (I love her) film, 'The Eyes Of Laura Mars' so at least they're gonna rake some money in.

I don't mind this sort of record but the reason that it will sell in America is the same as why Sparks used to sell in England. I don't know what that is but it's something to do with the brain only liking things that it has already heard and not wanting to be upset by something new, (basically the same reason why 'The Rite Of Spring' never made Stravinsky any money until 20 years ago and

why Todd Rundgren isn't a millionaire) (how irrelevant).

The production, by Jack Douglas, not the comedian, though he might get away with it, is OK and doesn't sound too much like Aerosmith (he does them too), but doesn't save the record and the cover's the best thing about it. Take a bow Garrod and Lofthouse. ++ + JAMES PARADE.



SWINGING BLUE JEANS: 'The Best Of The Swinging Blue Jeans' (EMINUT 15)

IT MUST have been about a year ago that I saw the Swinging Blue Jeans on the chicken in a basket cabaret graveyard of 'The Wheeltappers And Shunters Club' and they proved themselves to be a band with a fair amount of fire that hasn't been dampened over the years.

The Swinging Blue Jeans were part of the Merseybeat scene which Beatlemania later focused world attention on. But the Liverpool scene was a vibrant and healthy circuit that relied heavily on American R'n'B. Therefore it's no surprise that their hits were all covers of Stateside hits and obscurities.

Their six months of fame in 1964 came through Chan Romero's 'Happy Hippy Shake', Little Richards' 'Good Golly Miss Molly' and Betty Everett's 'You're No Good' (later covered

with success by Linda Ronstadt).

This compilation reflects the trend with adequate covers of 'Long Tall Sally', 'Shake Rattle And Roll' and 'Shakin' All Over'. But the album also shows that their inability to channel their indubitable professionalism into the then new and growing trend for self-penned material was their undoing but that same professionalism is probably the reason for their longevity on the cabaret circuit. ++ + MIKE GARDNER



REAL THING: 'Step Into Our World' (Pye NSPL 18587)

IT WASN'T so long ago that the Real Thing looked like becoming not

a little unreal. Superlative records like 'Lightening Strikes' failed to electrify the charts, their Liverpool 9 project was all off and well, things weren't too rosy.

However they've been back with a vengeance in the last few months with 'Let's Go Disco' (not on this album) and the eternal fire of 'Rainin' Through My Sunshine' (which is). No surprise that the band have changed their style a little, but it's certainly a lift to see the way they've done it. Using a mix of songs from Chris & Eddie Amoo, and producer Ken Gold, it's straight into funkamerica of the best kind, prime sample being 'Can You Feel The Force', whoopee spacey thing somewhat on the tracks of Brass Construction / Ohio Players with those whipcrack Thing vocals upfront. As a light relief there are a good sprinkling of the determined kind of ballads that are traditionally linked with the band's name — 'Lady I Love You All The Time', 'Give Me A Chance'.

Working in this area of music, it's hard not to be in some ways a shade derivative. But Real Thing have done incredibly well. An immensely commercial album ++ + + + SUSAN KLUTH



JUDAS PRIEST: 'Killing Machine' (CBS 83135)

ON THEIR current UK trek, Judas Priest are proving that they have little to worry about as far as stage presentation is concerned. But I sincerely hope that they pause to contemplate some problems arising from their latest album 'Killing Machine'.

Since the three past studio efforts had consistently bettered each other, it was with surprise and disappointment that I discovered the new one to break the chain of success; in many ways it represents a step backwards.

This is the second Priest offering within the past nine months and perhaps it would have been wiser to wait until the new year before recording again. Moreover, the time is now surely opportune for a live album, which would have coincided nicely with the tour, and satisfied JP fans.

Be that as it may, it is a studio album we have to content with, and one featuring 10 new songs, doubtless aiming towards

a set of material, shorter and with more vitality.

This time there is no epic number, no 'Beyond The Realms Of Death' or 'Victim Of Changes', and that is something sorely lacking. Instead there is a laborious acoustic, 'Before The Dawn', and 'Evening Star' which mingles softer passages with hard rock but achieves little effect in the space of just under four minutes. A poor substitute for a Priest classic.

The remainder comprises a mixed selection, highlighted in the first side by 'Delivering The Goods' and 'Hell Bent For Leather' (how far can they take their S&M fetishes?), and on the second side by 'Burnin' Up' and 'Running Wild', a devious number on stage and a winner too on record. Complete nonsense, heads down etc., and one which will definitely merit the denim seal of approval. A black mark goes to the lads for including 'Take On The World', strongly reminiscent of Queen's 'We Will Rock You' and an equal monstrosity.

'Evil Fantasies', the final track, made me check whether it was actually Priest and not a surprise appearance from Led Zeppelin — not a chance of that! Yet it is unbelievably Zep-like, with Bonzo style drumming and Halford's cries of "Gim mee, gim mee, gim mee!" Altogether 'Killing Machine' is not up to scratch, but nevertheless, not to be discarded, for it does have some fine moments ++ + STEVE GETT



VIVIAN WEATHERS: 'Bad Weathers' (Front Line FL 1025)

THE TITLE is really asking for it and for the most part deserves it. While it is good to see the tentative gropes toward full bloom of the young British black music movement, this doesn't further the cause one iota.

The problems revolve around Mr Weathers' flaccid and threadbare compositions which are matched by some starchy reggae rhythms and a cold stodgy production.

Another major problem is Mr Weathers' voice which seems to stray all too often out of tune and has the irritating tone of it being forced unnaturally out of his larynx.

Really the title says it all ++ + MIKE GARDNER.

GOOD BAYOU

DR JOHN: 'City Lights' (Horizon 732) (IMPORT)

HORIZON have just had their first batch of albums released after Tommy LiPuma took the helm, and an interesting inclusion is Dr John's first album in three years.

The good Doctor spends a lot of time in L.A. these days, which is worth bearing in mind if you are expecting another spoonful of gris-gris a la 'Right Time, Wrong Place' or the 'Gumbo' album. 'City Lights' presents him in a different mood, and one he

claims has been waiting to be let out for ages.

Apart from the odd nod towards New Orleans from that rippling eighty eight, this is a pretty straight-ahead album of R&B tinged rock played with a slight jazz colouration at the centre, but there are some surprises. Dr John has had a hand in all the material, and it includes what could be described as a couple of ballads — if it was anyone else singing them.

But what he lacks in melody, Dr John makes up for in feeling, and its these two, 'Rain' and 'City Lights', that are

among the highlights of the album. Of the R&B cuts 'Sonata / He's A Hero', 'Street Side', and 'Wild Honey' stand out, with their witty and affectionately cynical lyrics.

With support from Steve Gadd, Will Lee, Richard Tee, Hugh McCracken, John Tropea, David Sanborn and a host of others, you do stand a chance of a diff record musically, and even if this doesn't exactly set fire to the bayou, it grows on you after a couple of plays. More piano next time please ++ + 1/2 FRED RATH

Julie treads Virgin land

JULIE COVINGTON: 'Julie Covington' (Virgin V2107).

I CAN'T get rid of the idea that Julie Covington is not, and never has been, a singer / actress; for me she's an actress who occasionally makes records.

And, although on her first album for Virgin she's surrounded herself with a team of renowned and talented musicians - Richard Spedding, Steve Winwood, Andy Fairweather Low, Ian Matthews - there's nothing in her vocal performance to change that impression.

It may sound mean to say that all she does here is sing. In some cases that's enough, but somehow she doesn't sound sufficiently committed - perhaps it's just her cold voice. Any talent she has can only be interpretative and, to take her single as an example, her skill of interpretation is by no means stunning. Her version of 'I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight', now subtly renamed '(I Want To See The) Bright Lights', is perfectly tolerable but lacks the moody folkiness of Richard and Linda Thompson's original.

'Barbara's Song', written by Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill, is the sort of "theatrical" song you might expect her to cover, especially as earlier this year she was in a production of their 'Seven Deadly Sins'. The late Sandy Denny's 'By The Time It Gets Dark' succeeds, with some good sax by Plas Johnson. Probably the best cover on the album is that of Kate Bush's 'The Kick Inside', thanks more to the song than the singer, I think.

The others tend to lack any real strength; I won't say stick to acting, but I do think she's far less enjoyable in this medium. +++ PAUL SEXTON.



JULIE COVINGTON

tually might. If she picks the right songs, (where would Frank be without 'My Kind Of Town', 'The Lady Is A Tramp' and all those gems).

Roberta Flack, on the album of the same name, sings with her usual sparkling clarity and with the total command of emotion apparent on 'The First Time Ever I Saw His Face' but unfortunately whoever picked these songs was right off target. The only exception to this is the wondrous Creed / Bell composition, 'You Are Everything' which is close to perfection except for when the fade-out calls out for the improvised vocal that never comes.

'Knowing That We're Made For Each Other' could be a possible single with its jerky half-reggae beat and prettified vocal and is reminiscent of Minnie Riperton (that's good) although 'Come Share My Love' is made for Slim Whitman, (that's bad) and 'Independent Man' sounds like a scenario from an American marriage comedy with divorce proceedings imminent.

The production, by Ferla and Flake, is wonderful but Roberta could do with a better song selector (I hope they didn't use a computer) and they might have thought of a better title. +++ JAMES PARADE.



DAVID ESSEX: 'The David Essex Album' (CBS 10011)

NICE David Essex, with his charming appearance, his charming personality, his safe 'rock and roll', his clever-clever excursions into the world of dumb ELP-dom with 'Brave New World' (actually, it's a straight 'Diamond Dogs' cop), his nice voice, the nice production...

His 60-minute 'Greatest Hits' album, featuring (swoon) his nicest, most famous material. Here, kids, you can land 'Gonna Make You A Star', 'Lamplight', 'Rock On'... all on the same album, all for a nice, cuddly four quid plus... and with a nice sleeve, too. How spiffing.

A generation fell in love with a persona, and forgot about music in the process. I wasn't one of 'em.

This album is a limp, empty, plastic, nothing; lying there, staring back at me - it doesn't inspire, it doesn't provoke, it merely exists.

I didn't get where I am today by sitting round listening to David Essex compilation albums. ++ CHRIS WESTWOOD.

NICK GILDER: 'City Nights' (Chrysalis Records CHR 1202).

GILDER'S high pitched screeching voice certainly gives this album its

distinctive style. The problem is he never sounds at all convincing. Musically Gilder resembles a heavy Tom Petty. The songs are all attempts at explosive pop songs, which end up sounding cliched and embarrassing. The constant squealing harmonies only help to heighten the pretensions on this confusing album. The album is produced by Mike Chapman, of Chinn and Chapman fame, which perhaps explains why it all sounds like a dated attempt at creating exciting rock 'n' roll.

Gilder is far more successful on the slower, slightly subtle 'Hot Child In The City' and the romantic 'Fly High'. Even these two are only moderately enjoyable, which doesn't say much for the rest of the album, where he tries his best and gets nowhere. Five years ago he would probably have been a pin up amongst our teenage trends. Today he'll probably be big news in backward America. ++ PHILIP HALL.



'Hot Disco Night Vol 1' (Pye NSPL 28271)

WE'VE BEEN seeing quite a few of these recently: nothing so patronising as the 'samplers' of a few years ago, but solid, hit-by-hit compilations of current disco material. The twist for this one is that

although it appears to be a "various artists" deal with such of your favourites as El Coco ('Under Construction') and Le Pamplemousse ('Le Spank') - say no more - those in the know will realise that those bands along with Sweet Potato Pie, Discognosis and all the rest are all products of Laurin Rinder and W Michael Lewis... Jonathan Kings and Chinnichaps to the trade.

Fine stuff by anyone's standards, quite delicate and spacey too with more than a touch of the old Continental. You know it makes sense. +++ SUSAN KLUTH

'SHOOTER: 'Shooter' EMI INS 3020.

HEY GIRLS it's a teeny group. You know, Jackie centre spread material with interviews about what they like to eat etc.

'Shooter' have enough talent excitement and style to offer the perfect cure for everything except insomnia. rambles the press blurb. Furry, I listened to this album twice before attempting a review and my chin remained nestling firmly in my hand.

Oh boy harmonies, semi bubble gum toons and come and get me lyrics. Four years ago it might have worked, but the world has moved on.

But hang on, I was grabbed by Baby I Need It which in some ways is reminiscent of City Boy - neatly slipping chorus and abundant guitar. The rest of the tracks are adequately played but pretty unmemorable. Sit down and re-think. You could also do yourselves a favour by dropping your silly name. ++ ROBIN SMITH.



ROBERTA FLACK: 'Roberta Flack' (Atlantic: K50495).

THE seventies have discharged a new set of

performers who presumably want to be known as singers of other people's songs more than anything else. This new bracket easily accommodates the diverse talents of Helen Reddy, Olivia Newton-John, Leo Sayer, (God only knows why) and even old Johnny Mathis with all his vibrato.

I ask myself if this crew could ever take over from Sinatra, Bennett or Fitzgerald; maybe not, but Roberta Flack ac-

disco Smash

ADRIAN BAKER

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ALBUMS

The Clash go in for the kill



VARIOUS ARTISTS: 'Boogie Fever' (Ronco RTI 2034)

JACK TEMPCHIN: 'Jack Tempchin' (Arista AB 4193)

WHAT? A disco compilation with nothing by the Bee Gees? That's right, but there are 22 quite well-chosen floor fillers on this one. It'll be in direct competition with EMI's 'Don't Walk, Boogie' collection — some of the tracks coincide — and this being a Ronco record, the sound quality is vastly inferior.

"YOU KNOW my mother always thought I'd be the president / but I guess I'm just another highway bum," sings Jack Tempchin halfway through side two of this imaginatively titled album. He may not have made the White House but no way is the man "just another highway bum." Jack Tempchin, for the uninformed, is the man who penned 'Slow Dancing' and 'Peaceful Easy Feeling', two songs which, even if he never wrote another song, would justify his existence.

One way of discerning that quality is by noting the fullness of the sound at a low volume, and on 'Boogie Fever' that is poor. What's more several of the tracks are abbreviated; they've been faded out early. A mysterious sleeve note tries to explain: "In order to preserve the highest quality of sound the original durations of some tracks have been changed."

After these epics, this album saddened me in its mediocrity. Not that 'Jack Tempchin' is a bad album. It simply reaffirms my belief that most great songwriters make fair-to-middling records.

But to the content: there are lots of really big ones here — the recent ones by Clout, Gladys Knight, Erupion, Abba ('Take A Chance On Me'), Chic ('Everybody Dance'), Stargard ('Which Way Is Up') and Sheila B. Devotion, and others, less disco-orientated, by Foreigner, Andrew Gold, the Real Thing, Renaissance and Dan Hill. Almost all the tracks are from this year. Only three were first released last year — hits by the Trammps, La bell Epoque and Scott Fitzgerald and Yvonne Keeley.

The track 'She Belonged To You' exemplifies Tempchin's failings. A pleasant mid-tempo meander just being saved from redundancy by the excellence of Pete Carr's electric guitar playing. The following two tracks show JT, in the studio with his famous friends. The first, 'Peaceful Easy Feeling' has Eagle Glenn Frey on the ole 12-string and Jennifer Warnes on lead vocals with Jacko. Tempo and pals slow the song right down and create the album's finest moment.

Only one of the 22 did not make the 50. 'Rhythm Of Life' by the Afro-Cuban Band (even that still might), and only five stopped short of the twenty. If you wanted one pure, exciting disco cut it'd be Karen Young's 'Hot Shot'. Without saying that all the tracks are killers, as a collection this is worthwhile.

The rest of the album is lacking in the true feeling that the greats of hip easy listening like say Jackson Browne or Laura Nvros possess. Tempchin's lack of real emotive expression is shown to the full on a track called 'Skateboard Johnny' where he tells the, what I regard as ridiculous, story of a guy who's a millionaire

++++ PAUL SEXTON.



THE CLASH: 'Give 'Em Enough Rope' (CBS 82431)

THE FRONT sleeve depicts a flagged, wasted corpse being eaten by vultures: the rock biz personified.

And if this represents the 'biz', then The Clash aptly personify the crisis. After that first album, anything they did — be it in the studio or on the boards — would be subject to such nit-pick high standard scrutiny, the very thought of actually recording again must've been a truly nerve-jangling proposition. But there comes a time...

Nineteen months on, 'kids' and 'critics' alike are openly salivating at the prospect of Album Number Two: the bum Roxy gigs (which — hell — weren't necessary) and, in true fashion, it's Press-poised - for - kill. The angle — You made us wait two bloody years for this so it better be LETHAL.

And potentially, this album is crucial, a vital link. Theoretically, it's become the most 'important' album of the late seventies, way before anyone's even heard it, and it could provide either a lifesblood - spark or a final, decisive kiss-off to a jaded genre.

Things were almost reaching the stage where The Clash's next move determined the worth of a wave's frantic, grappling, tantrum-grasp for survival, which, simply, is why the New Roxy gigs should never have happened in the first place: the group's only real mistake was succumbing to Joe Public's glutton - hungry demand for live action when they were obviously straight-jacketed in, amongst other things, the management and legal hassles — they should have realised they were no way equipped to haul 100 per cent into a live situation, even after that looong wait.

So, simply, the future of The Clash virtually hinges on 'Give 'Em Enough Rope' — which is a damn frightening prospect. If you really think about it. Frightening, that is, until the reviewer actually confronts said article, spends a weekend with it, and is forced to the conclusion that, yeah, the wily little sods have pulled one outta the bag — and have done so under such extreme pressure, with such bare-faced prowess, that even a monotonous wait of this longevity was just about worthwhile.

Terms like: jaded, routine (which I, myself, used last week), superficial, hackneyed... are all terms which are ass - kicked to

the nearest slag heap by this album.

Also made redundant are fears that the Sandy Pearlman / USA connection would throw up a sanitised, sterile, 'product'. In fact, and despite his BOC links, Pearlman has harnessed a killer sound, which is knife - sharp, upfront, insistent. The guitar sound leaves third - degree burns, and the sensation lingers.

'Give 'Em Enough Rope' mirrors what The Clash have become: it is a biting, cards - on - the - table assessment of the past year. The expectations, the alterations, the mounting (here comes that word again) PRESSURES. Above all else, it proves that the band still has razor-edged perception, that they can still pull out moments of sheer rock and roll glory, that — yes, folks — that they still MATTER.

With 'Cheapskates', for example, Strummer side - swipes the pointless negativity of fans and Press alike: "The people come waltzing up to me / Saying what are you doing here? / You're supposed to be a star / Not a cheapskate bleedin' queer"

"And how 'Rats from the sinking ship / Slag us down to save your hip' / But don't give me the benefit of your doubt / 'Cos I'll bite it off and spit it out..."

From the moment the opener, 'Safe European Home', blunderbusses in, one is made aware of the absolute synchronization of the four band members to the same cause. The internal, tight-gutted, channeled energy becomes a dangerous escape of unearched, machine - gun external energy, sweeping on through the whole 38 minutes, brulising, coaxing addiction.

'Stay Free', though, impresses as a gorgeously restrained, tempered piece, with a compulsive guitar phrase leading the way between verses, the sort that tape - loops itself in the mind for hours and refuses to go away.

With 'Give 'Em Enough Rope', The Clash demonstrate exactly why we should never underestimate them, why we should never write 'em off.

But, after all that, I ask myself the question... uh, where do they go from here?

And the answer comes swirling back through the subconscious: Dunno. + + + + + CHRIS WESTWOOD.

This month in Hi Fi for Pleasure

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Mini-reviews on turntables, tuners, receivers and accessories from a variety of leading brands.

Some helpful tips on making your own speakers. And our basic guide to audio terminology.

All this and lots more besides in November's Hi Fi for Pleasure.

PLUS the Buyer's Guide

because he's got a million miles of sidewalk stretching everywhere and who doesn't have to even walk his feet. Tempchin comes on like a deadly earnest moraliser and is a little hard to take.

And a final piece of advice to Temps. Keep writing the songs Jacko... and keep selling them to other people. ++

RONNIE GURR



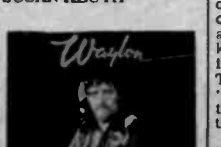
THE THREE DEGREES: 'New Dimensions' (Ariola AR LH 5012)

NEW Dimensions indeed. For Sheila, Val and Helen this is their first recording for Ariola and a long way from the hop, skip and jump charm of 'When Will I See You Again' and 'Dirty Old Man'. Produced by Giorgio Moroder and with four out of six tracks written by himself and partner Pete Bellotte, this has to be a prime example of Munich comes to Philly... or should it be the other way round?

Anyway, kicking off with 'Giving Up, Giving In' with its clatter of percussion and plugging keyboard riffs plus a lead vocal like shiny leather, this is an album out to chase the disco stakes. Mr Moroder's sureness of touch in putting together the individual tracks — not to mention segueing the whole of side one — plus the tremendous

spectrum of shade and colour that the girls can inject into their vocals make this an outstanding trip on this score.

Variety is generally a plus, but the strange thing is that when it does come with the mid-tempo 'Magie In The Air' and the almost flashback ballad 'Woman In Love', it feels rather out of line. But that's one of life's mysteries. + + + + + SUSAN KLUTH



WAYLON JENNINGS: 'I've Always Been Crazy' (RCA SPL 12979)

slightly jokey numbers, like 'A Long Time Ago' as I mentioned ("We weren't the only outlaws, just the only ones they caught"). When he attempts reflective, melancholy ballads he falls down because his voice is just too tremulous for them and he sounds as if he's on the point of breakdown. 'Billy' is the prime example of this with the original Crickets, he does a medley of four Buddy Holly songs, 'Well All Right', 'It's So Easy', 'Maybe Baby' and 'Peggy Sue' — produced by Duane Eddy — which is uninspired but adequate. However, his version of 'I Walk The Line' is positively sluggish and therefore disappointing. No, Waylon, it hasn't got out of hand just yet, but don't get complacent. + + + + + PAUL SEXTON

Waylon Jennings: 'I've Always Been Crazy' (RCA SPL 12979). 'DON'T YOU THINK This Outlaw Bit's Done Got Out of Hand' is the marvellous title of Waylon's new American single, included on this new album. He's always written interestingly and his lyrics are as good as ever here, even if his songs aren't all as incisive as they might be. He writes frankly and often autobiographically: on the title track it's "I've always been crazy but it's kept me from going insane" and on 'A Long Time Ago' he owns "Women have been my trouble since I found out they weren't men."

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OFF CENTRE

Edited by TIM LOTT

LUXY'S FIRST LADY



Pearly declines to flaunt body

IN THE last few weeks, the feminist cause has advanced one step further by breaking into one of our most archaic male bastions. No, I'm not talking about the Priesthood, I'm not talking about the House of Lords. I'm talking about Radio Luxembourg.

Yes, good ol' Luxy, always up there ahead of the trends, has taken on a girl DJ, And not only that — a black girl DJ. Whoppee, how liberal!

The girl is Pearly Gates, normally a singer, whose first radio project was a celebrity spot.

"After that, they rang me up, said they were looking for a girl DJ, and was I interested?"

She was. Now she spends several hours a week recording her late night show in Luxy's London offices. The sort of thing she does is a familiar formula — funky, sultry records, and equally sultry, sexy voice-overs. Well, I mean, what else would they have wanted from a woman?

Pearly insists that she doesn't use sex to sell her show.

"Every woman should think of herself as sexy," she covers herself. "I don't flaunt my body, but I do try to make the best of myself. If people find me sexy, it's all the better for me."

Arguments

Oh well, whatever my arguments with her methods, at least she's THERE. But why haven't there been more girl disc jockeys before? Pearly reckons it could be because women just haven't bothered to try.

"A lot of women just took it for granted it was a man's job. But that's changing — look how well the women newsreaders are doing now."

"So any girl who wants to do it, who's good enough and who looks the part, my advice to her is go out and do it."

And any girl who wants to do it, who's good enough and who doesn't look the part, my advice is . . . plastic surgery???

SHEILA PROPHET.



BLUE NOTES this week go to Michael Dempsey of 24 Rivermead, Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire for his pearls and Stephen Morley of 173 Paxton Road, Fareham, Hants for his swine.

PEARLS

1. 'Coming Round The Mountain' — Funkadelic. If ever a black record has broken through the colour barrier to rock and kept the groove this is it. Simply brilliant, pure FUNK!

2. 'Let's Get It On' — Marvin Gaye.

3. '100 per cent pure soul music. Both sexy and moving, everything soul is really about.'

3. 'Give Up The Funk (Tear The Roof Off The Sucker)' — Parliament.

From the first roll of Jerome Bralley's drums, this record shouts 'dance!'. It proves that dance music can involve a lot of thought and hard work. The Parliamentadelic Thing broke all the rules on this one, a true classic of contemporary music.

4. 'I Thought It Was You' — Herbie Hancock.

I was amazed to see such a great record in the Top 20. I was also disappointed when I thought of all those other Jazz-Funklers who went unmoved by the beat. More proof that Black American is what the kids want today as much as punk / new wave / power pop / ahl!

5. 'Sweet Sticky Thing' — Ohio Players.

Funk, R'n'B, Soul, Jazz, rock all mixed and blended to produce a truly classy sound. Four albums later the Players still haven't beaten this one and I don't think they ever will. Just great music which defies categorisation.

SWINE

1. 'Three Steps To Heaven' — Showaddywaddy.

The vultures of the rock 'n' roll graveyard, murdering yet another old standard. Somebody please show them a pen to write their own stuff again. Then we can see exactly how much talent I know they haven't got. As they say, kill one, kill the lot.

2. 'Mexican Girl' — Smokie.

If they didn't put titles on records, Smokie would have been one hit wonders. They are about as useful as dissolving toilet paper.

3. 'You're The First, The Last, My Everything' — Barry White.

Music (joke) more effective than swallowing a dozen laxatives. By the length of his song titles he must get paid by the word.

4. 'Down Down' — Status Quo.

Heads down, more nonsense, mindless boogie. Nice try, almost the worst ever.

5. 'Instant Reply' — Dan Hartman.

Stick and sick American, every gimmick thrown in for good measure. This record is so sugary I've seen it dipped in cups of tea. Top Of The Pops fodder. Ugh.

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OFF CENTRE

NEW SINGLE ROSEMARY UP EH UP (LANCASHIRE DUB) RELEASED BUY IT NOW PLEASE

IN THE late afternoon of Monday, 29 September, 1976, Leslie Hill returned to his hotel in New York, where he was on a business trip for EMI Records. He found a message waiting for him. It asked him to call a New York lawyer, Allen Arrow, whom Hill had never met.

Leslie Hill, at that time EMI Group music director of international marketing and repertoire, called the number on his message pad and Mr Arrow said: "We are discussing a new recording contract for the Rolling Stones when their present deal with Atlantic comes to an end. If EMI is interested I must talk - with respect to you - with your top man."

Leslie Hill was interested. He passed the matter to L. G. Wood, then group director - music of EMI Limited. Back in London the two men continued their talks by phone with Arrow, and thereafter a London merchant banker, Prince Rupert Lowenstein, the business adviser to Mick Jagger.

That was when the deal by which EMI finally won the Stones contract - in face of stiff competition in America and Europe - was started.

It was completed in Amsterdam on Friday 18, February, 1977, when a 40-page, 46-clause contract (about twice the length of a normal recording contract document), together with documents concerning the Stones' activities as song writers, were signed by all the parties concerned.

I have been tracing those long negotiations with the men most closely involved. It is an unusual study in patience, timing and decision-making which finally resulted in EMI becoming the only recording company ever to have both the Beatles and the Stones under contract.

For a few weeks after Leslie Hill's return from New York, he and L. G. Wood talked to Prince Rupert, a quietly good-humoured merchant banker who had been introduced through a mutual friend to Mick Jagger ten years ago and has been his business adviser ever since.

It might seem at first to be a strange relationship - the Prince and the Rocker - but Jagger in business is an entirely different quantity from Jagger the calculatedly outrageous stage performer.

Prince Rupert and the Stones' lawyer sent us their ideas outlining what they wanted; we thought they were reasonable and we agreed," Leslie Hill told me, "but then for one year we heard nothing... absolutely nothing at all."

"There were rumours that the deal would not be coming our way after all. That the Stones, in fact, were on the point of signing not with us, but with Polygram, who had heard that we were negotiating and had offered more."

How EMI got the Stones



"But then towards the end of 1976 we received a telex from a well known music business lawyer in California, Abe Sommer, which said: 'Call me. Important major artist is available for new recording contract'."

Leslie Hill, by now managing director of EMI Records phoned Los Angeles. The artist was the Rolling Stones. The deal with Polygram had not been signed and the ball was very much in play again.

Prince Rupert Lowenstein, who looks like a younger and slimmer Robert Morley, joined them every day for meetings and negotiations with the small EMI team headed by Leslie Hill, and including Bob Mercer, managing director, group repertoire division.

From the EMI point of view the number of people who needed to know what was going on had to be kept to an absolute minimum.

Neither Mick Jagger, who acts as business leader for the Stones, nor the rest of the group were present at these early discussions.

"At first," said Leslie Hill, "I sensed that Prince Rupert was being rather formal and correct - a little cold in fact."

As the meetings progressed Prince Rupert thawed: there were the beginnings of a rapport.

But while the idea of signing the Stones was attractive and would add significant star names to the EMI list, the company would have no creative control over what they did.

Another disturbing question raised was whether the Stones perhaps were falling away. "Are they in decline?" asked someone out loud.

"I said 'no' to the deal myself at one point," Leslie Hill remembers. "There was a great deal of hustling going on by companies in America anxious to get them and the price was far higher than we had first discussed."

"But finally my view was that they were a stable group and Jagger a shrewd personality."

The talks continued without a break until 11, February, 1977, and then the deal was ready to be signed.

It was at this point that Mick Jagger showed how different he is from most other pop stars in the world.

Before the agreement could be completed, he came to London not only to read the contract - "every clause and every line of the smallest print," said Leslie Hill - but also to visit Manchester Square.

He wanted to see for himself what EMI was like and whom the people were with whom he would be dealing on a daily basis.

"If he had not approved, he would not have signed," said Prince Rupert.

Leslie Hill and Bob Mercer gave him a guided tour of the building. "He was a bit apprehensive that there might be too much of a 'Civil Service' atmosphere and too few young and 'hip' people," said Mercer. "He wanted to see for himself - and

he was pleasantly surprised."

After a couple of hours Jagger shook hands and said: "We have a deal."

Leslie Hill said: "I was most impressed with Mick Jagger's knowledge of the record business. He understands the markets and he knows the figures."

"He understands the importance of a marketing campaign and in his contract he has the right to approve the ads we take and the money we spend. He is reasonable to work with and you can tell him what is happening and why and he'll co-operate because he is a thorough professional."

The deal calls for six albums in not less than three years. Fifteen months after the signature, the first single, 'Miss You', was in the charts to be followed shortly afterwards by the first LP 'Some Girls'.

At the very first meeting with Bob Mercer when he toured EMI, Mick Jagger asked about studios where the first recording could be made. Mercer suggested studios in Holland or France, both owned by EMI, Abbey Road was not considered because of the Stones' tax situation.

In the late September 1977 Jagger and Bob Mercer went to Paris. Jagger liked what he saw so much that Holland was not further considered.

In October 1977 they started to work - usually from two or four in the morning for around nine hours.

Within eight weeks they had finished - and they had recorded enough for two albums, not one.

Some of the numbers were written by Mick Jagger during the recording sessions themselves; others, like 'Far Away Eyes', Jagger had been kicking around for four years before getting it right. When Mercer heard 'Far Away Eyes' he wanted it to be on the A side of the initial single.

Jagger thought not. "He is very aware about marketing," said Mercer. Jagger said: "You can get any number of plays by DJs in America on 'Far Away Eyes' because it is basically 'country'. But in England and Europe they're not so into 'country' so it would be more difficult."

"It's better to put 'Miss You', which is a disco sound, on the A side and then you can get the maximum number of plays in both Europe and America. 'Far Away Eyes' then becoming an added bonus in the States."

Both EMI and Jagger worked on the distinctive sleeve for the album, and on the whole marketing approach.

By this time Jagger was back in New York and every detail had to be telephoned to him daily.

Jagger approved the campaign: £78,000 for ads, rail and bus posters, window displays, radio time and, one idea he liked particularly, a 12-inch pink vinyl single.

When it came to the important sleeve, with its complicated cut-outs of film stars, Jagger had very specific ideas.

The evidence of that is the speed with which Jagger reacted to the news that Lucille Ball and Raquel Welch were threatening law suits about the use of their pictures on the cover. A new cover has been prepared, without the offending pictures - but with the words suggested by Jagger: "Please excuse our appearance - we are being reconstructed."

DAVID LEWIN



"Sorry about cancelling the Marquee and Aston University last week. We'll be back as soon as we can."

Berserkley

BZZ 23



JIMMY with the Angelic Upstarts and The Invaders. Note up-market image of chap in bottom right hand corner.

SO NOW IT'S JP RECORDS, EH JIMMY?

THE LATEST project to emerge from the ever-active grey matter of James Pursey Esquire is JP Records. Yup, his very own label.

Jimmy has already signed up two bands, the Angelic Upstarts, a Newcastle bunch with loads of, er, street credibility, who achieved notoriety with their 'Little Towers' single, and who, on the evidence of one studio session, seem to have the same straightforward, punchy approach as Sham themselves, and the Invaders, a Yorkshire band who Jimmy places somewhere between 'reggae and Elvis Costello'.

So how does one go about forming a record company? Typically,

Jimmy manages to make it all look easy.

"I borrowed the money off my manager to press the records, and Polydor are going to distribute them."

And that's all there is to it.

But Jimmy, what about all those other departments you find in record companies? You know, marketing, promotion, all that sort of stuff.

"Oh, you only need those in big companies with hundreds of bands," he explains airily. "We're only a very small company."

You can say that again. As well as being managing director, financial director, head of promotions and tea-boy (Sham's tour manager Tony Newman seems to

be the A&R department) Jimmy is also the company's in-house producer. When we met he'd just been ensconced in the studio for three days; "It's been hell, sheer hell," he opined.

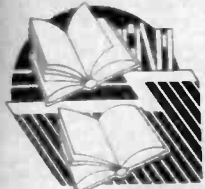
You can expect product from JP Records around the beginning of next year. Reckons Jimmy:

"This is what I set out to do in the beginning. Now nobody can accuse me of going back on my word — I said I'd do it and I have."

"Now the only thing I've still to do is start my own club, but that's more complicated. It might take a bit longer — a year, two years — but I'll do it."

Somehow, I suspect that he will.

SHEILA PROPHET



THE BEATLES, In Their Own Words (Compiled by Miles, Omnibus Press, £2.50).

BOB DYLAN, In His Own Words (Compiled by Miles, Omnibus Press, £2.50).

BOTH THESE books are published on November 16, in soft covers on high quality paper.

Most of the time I have an aversion to compilation books, which always seem to me like an easy way of throwing together a publication and getting lots of money for it. But the charm of the Beatles' book has

overcome this objection.

Admittedly, quotes from the four have been well documented already, but really, Lennon (in particular) has come out with such classic quotes, they're well worth repeating. I think it's possible that a combination of time and introspective philosophers have dimmed the humour that the Beatles showed. They were very funny but that's not what people generally remember them for. I'd forgotten myself, and cracked up at some of the throwaway lines that are resurrected here. For instance, when an interviewer asked why don't all four of the Beatles ever sing together, George Harrison answers: "Well we try to start out together anyway."

The books are set out into chapters, so that all the quotes relevant to groups of subjects are

together. Personally I'm not too interested in knowing the story behind the songs, but lots of people are, and some of it does make interesting reading.

Although I really liked the Beatles' book, I wasn't mad about the Dylan one. The documentation on him is more sombre, heavier going. Maybe it's just because I suffered a Dylan overdose like everyone else earlier this year and don't really want to read another word on him. OK so that's prejudice, but that's how I feel about him right now. It's certainly a damn sight better than the Rolling Thunder Book that came out a few weeks ago. At least this is written as the man has spoken and without surrounding adoring remarks from the compiler. I admire his self-restraint.

ROSALIND RUSSELL



Julie Covington

Eleven songs,
personally chosen.
Twelve musicians,
personally chosen.
One voice was all
that seemed necessary.



After 'Rock Follies', 'Don't Cry For Me Argentina', 'Only Women Bleed' and 'Bright Lights' at last Julie's own album.

Released 10th November on Virgin Records. V2197
Also available on cassette.



NORFOLK locals may be surprised to hear a few variations on the stock repertoire of 'Pack Up Your Troubles', 'Goodnight Campers' and 'Tipperary' emanating from a local holiday camp next year. A promotions firm are planning to hold a two-day disco festival at the Ladbroke's Caister Holiday Centre at Great Yarmouth. The itinerary for the weekend in April will include a soul olympics and a marathon dance contest. DJs will include Robbie Vincent, Greg Edwards and Chris Hill, but there are unlikely to be any live bands. "We're expecting about 4,500 kids to turn up", said organiser Roger Dance (geddit?) of Show Stopper Promotions. "The discos will run virtually 24 hours a day. It's going to be gruelling, but it's what the kids want." There'll be disco movies, disco club football. Also, all the amenities open — more orthodox holidaymakers — swimming pool, sauna, games room — are all remaining open. There are 8 bars — and Show Stopper make it clear that they would prefer interested parties to be over 18, though they aren't making a strict rule of it. For those with rather less modern tastes, the same firm is holding a Rockabilly weekend the month before arranged along the same lines. This time there will be live acts, among them Crazy Cavan and of Flying Saucers.

The cost for either trip? £12.50 exclusive of meals and transport to the holiday camp.

ROBIN SMITH discusses decorating amongst other matters with the talkative Elton John

THE SKILFUL ART OF WALLPAPER HANGING



OH NO. Surely you didn't want to know about the hair transplant?

You haven't forked out 18 pence to see that regal head covered in emerging forest, like reclaimed wasteland? You did? What a shame. Our hero emerges wearing a cap and baggy trousers tucked into tall shiny boots. The attire is stylishly rounded off by a college boy jacket. Here we are in one of those

100 yard long rooms at the Inn On The Park. It's easy chatting away to Reg - (Oh how I hate the name Elton) - like meeting your neighbour over the garden wall. But then that's probably where part of his appeal lies. He's accessible - just one of the lads although he lives in a big house. "It's true that I'm a cuddly sort of person," he affirms. "Rod Stewart is the Tesco's and I'm the Sainsbury's of this business. He's rougher and might inspire an

earthier adoration. I suppose I'm more sedate. "Rod and I have had our differences in the past but we're going to be making a film together. It'll be about the lives of two successful stars, but it won't be good wholesome family entertainment like 'Grease'. I might want to make some strong points. Warner Bros will finance it but I don't even know what the plot will be yet. Apparently there's two famous script writers working

on it, but I don't know who they are either." Despite his return from self-imposed exile and a new album. Reg has no plans for a return to live work. "I'd lost my hunger to perform. I'd done everything by playing in small halls and huge stadia. There didn't seem to be anything left. Actually the decision to retire was quite simple. I looked at the mountains of equipment at Wembley and thought I'd been

lugging that kind of show around with me for years. I wanted to get away from that whole big production." Had Reg carried on in his depressed state, then maybe the strains would have become too great. He's already survived two suicide attempts. "The first time was when I put my head in the gas oven and Bernie Taupin found me unconscious. The second time was when I swallowed 85 Valium

tablets. "I was being a stupid little bastard. Fortunately people didn't mother me after the Valium incident and say 'there there poor little Elton'. They ignored me so that I had to stand on my own two feet and take decisions." So Reg has kept his marbles and reckons that his involvement with Watford football team has given him a much needed dose of sanity. "I feel very secure these days. I've got many of my problems

ironed out. You see I'm basically shy and running Watford means that I've had to overcome this - I have to think a lot for myself and talk to people. I've been shy since I was a kid, but I always had a clearly defined goal and that was music. I didn't want to be a guy who went to university and ended up working as a gardener because he still didn't know what to do. "But although I played music I wasn't allowed to wear fashionable gear. They wouldn't allow me to

wear winklepickers or fancy jackets - which is why I made up with the outrageous stuff later on. "But I had to calm down. I didn't want to end up on the Los Angeles cabaret circuit the way Elvis did. Todd Slaughter (head of the Elvis fan club) will probably complain, but Elvis read the words of his songs from cue cards when he performed. My mum is a big

(Cont'd over)

MORE ELTON

Elvis fan and when she saw him all he did was groan and hand out scarves. When I met him he looked like a tired old beached whale. I looked into his eyes and there was nothing there — just a look of vacancy where vitality had been. His flesh was tired and bloated. He'd just become a puppet.

"I wish that someone had taken him off the road and put him on a cure. I wish that someone had settled down and had a word with him. When it comes down to it you can have all the friends in the world, but the success and quality of your life depends on you.

"I've been fortunate, I've been surrounded by good people. I haven't ended up bitter and twisted like some artists, because they went through too many bad deals. My friends haven't become my enemies. With the passing years we can still trust each other."

I suggest that Reg may have become a piece of history. Perhaps fourth in the popularity division after Jesus Christ, Elvis Presley and Charlie Chaplin. An Institution who has captured two per cent of the world's record sales. He remains excruciatingly modest.

"I don't worry about those sort of figures. I don't know where people get them from. I'm happy that I've pleased people. I'm happy that I'm going to be around for a long time. I don't think about growing old, that would be boring.

I ask him why he thinks he's done so well. He remains vague.

"In the beginning I suppose it was a case of being in the right place at the right time. Things have always seemed to fit nicely into place in my life. Maybe there weren't that many singing piano players around. To me the piano is such an emotive instrument. It has a string sense of spiritual history to it. It's just you and the instrument, no embellishments.

I've never been able to play guitar, though I'd like to. I just can't seem to master it. I'm not very good on the technicalities either. I'm hopeless when it comes to electrics. I couldn't even put a plug on a toaster. I've also wanted to be good at wallpapering, I'm having my house done at the moment and I'm amazed at people putting up wallpaper, it's so skilful.

But Reg is making further inroads into songwriting.

"I'm getting better, but I feel like a stuttering baby trying to learn how to talk," he says.

Although he has entered into a partnership with lyricist Gary Osborne, he maintains he hasn't severed his long standing relationship with Bernie Taupin.

"He lives in Los Angeles and I live in Britain. I don't want to keep on travelling out to meet him. But we're still friends. I hope we're going to be able to work together again. At the moment he's working with Alice Cooper and the results should be very interesting.

The new album is probably simpler than the stuff I've done before, reflecting the time that I took to take stock of my situation. The album is a very sensitive one.

To me some of the songs almost reflect return to the old days before the dollars started rolling in and Reg played the Dodgers Stadium. This is a cue to mull over the state of the record business. Reg believes it's firmly tied up by big businessmen and accountants.

"God knows I helped to create that kind of thing, but I don't like it," he says. "I read that people buy 12 million albums by an artist and I just can't comprehend those sort of figures. Record companies think in how many units they're selling. You pick up an American magazine and you'll see them bragging about it. They've become a machine which doesn't have enough sensitivity. Instead of massive promotional campaigns and platinum disc awards for already successful artists, they should spend much more on new artists. Both Steely Dan and Stephen Bishop found it something of a struggle to break through.

Take Blondie, they don't mean a piss in the wind in the States. It must be very frustrating for them. There's also no place for the small label in the States. In Britain it's healthy because news can spread through word of mouth. But the States is so big you can't get that kind of intimate feeling. You get

big anonymous bands signed to big anonymous record labels, turning out big anonymous music. I couldn't tell a member of Styx apart from a member of Boston. There's not very much excitement over there at the moment."

This attitude takes me a back somewhat. Old Reg himself is surely part of that kind of establishment — with a big house, fleet of cars and everything he desires.

"I hope I'm not part of a machine. Yes I have a comfortable house, but let no-one fool you — every musician wants his just deserts. There are some who even want cash in hand before they go on stage. I've worked hard for the success I've had, so I think I deserve some reward. I can see

nothing wrong in that.

"If I wanted to be excessive then I should be out on the road at the moment promoting my new album."

Reg appears happy with music in Britain and confesses a liking for Tom Robinson's 'Glad To Be Gay'.

"It's invigorating over here. I liked Tom's 'Glad To Be Gay' because it expressed a point with some amusing moments. But I think he's jumping on too many trendy bandwagons. If it's a cause he's there — I think he needs to calm down a little. I've never met him but I'm going to see him on Monday, so he'll probably hit me for saying that.

"I don't think that politics in music ever have much of an

effect. Look at all the singers in the sixties who tried to change the world through words. Life continued much the same.

"But I made a statement in 'Ego'. It was about the type of people you can meet in this business with over inflated ideas and big talk. They're the types I loathe.

Reg makes close comparisons between music biz people and politicians before side tracking briefly and attacking the church.

"How can you tell people God is good when six million people may die of starvation. While this attitude persists there's no hope."

As a man about whom there have been more words written than in the Bible, Reg is also more than scathing about Fleet Street.

"I should think there have been more lies perpetrated about me than anyone else. All right so I was an outlandish character, but there have been so many inaccuracies about me. They say I spent thousands on a meal when in fact a record company was paying. I'm meant to be in places all over the world when in fact I'm playing a charity football match in Britain, the list is endless."

But Reg has no ambitions to set the record straight and write an autobiography. He says he has no ambitions for himself apart from seeing his team pursue further success.

I hope he gets back his hunger for live work pretty soon. There's a lot of people waiting out there.



ILLUSTRATION ROSE HARRISON

ELTON as he was, and he is (insert) with Rachel Sweet

FABULOUS POODLES

THE ALBUM
"UNSUITABLE"
INCLUDES THEIR GREAT NEW SINGLE
"MIRROR STAR"
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UNSUITABLE

HEAR IT ON THE UNSUITABLE TOUR

November	Southampton University
1st	Nashville Room, London
9th	Warwick University, Coventry
11th	HMS Neptune, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire
16th	

17th	Aberdeen University
19th	St. Andrews University, Fife
20th	Strathclyde University, Glasgow
22nd	Bradford University
23rd	Lyceum, London
24th	Marquee, London
25th	University, Reading
December	
1st	Sheffield Polytechnic
15th	University College Hospital, London





BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ
HOSPITAL (LIVE)

is the new single
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**SONADMAN
RICHMAN
& THE MODERN
LOVERS**

Beserkley
Home of the...
BZZ 25

HELP

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

I might be expelled

I HAVE just been told that I am likely to be suspended and possibly expelled, because of something I have done at school. I'm very worried, as, although I've played-up teachers in the past, my mum would be very upset. I need some advice.
John, Midlands.

● We can't offer specific advice as you don't go into details, but can at least give some general information and suggest sources of positive help. The head of your school is entitled to impose rules of discipline, and, if you break them, does have the right to "suspend" you. He or she cannot immediately expel you — only the Governing Board of the school have the right to do that, if and when approached.

If you are expelled, your parents have every right to appeal first of all to the local education authority, and, if this fails, to the Secretary of State.

For advice, write or write the National Union of School Students, 302 Pentonville Road, London N1. (Tel: 01 278 3291). Explain the circumstances fully. More help is available from ACE (Advisory Centre for Education), 18 Victoria Park Square, Bethnal Green, London E9. (Tel: 01 980 4598). ACE also publishes general information sheets, (a list is available), on your rights as a school student, and a book on the subject will be available from them in the new year.

Meanwhile, for a comprehensive coverage of school kids rights see 'Parents Schoolbook' by Judith Stone and Felicity Taylor (Penguin), price 90p, and 'Right's' by Nan Berger (Penguin), price 60p.

We've nothing in common

I AM going out with a girl, but I don't know if I should carry on. I want to, but we haven't got anything in common because she is taking 'O' levels and going to college if she can, while I only have CSE. We don't like the same music either. What should I do.
John, Bristol.

● It's not necessary to have an identical outlook on life or exactly the same academic qualifications in order to love or relate to another person. And you both know it isn't, or you wouldn't be going out together. Your differences in tastes and talents certainly won't allow your relationship to stagnate, unless you want it to and you can both learn a lot from each other. You know whether or not you're on the same wavelength or are likely to be. If you are, carry on. If not, forget it.

You're right to accept that if your girlfriend does eventually go on to further education, you may grow apart, and care enough about her to know that she must fulfil her academic potential if

she's able. Enjoy each others company while you can, without putting too many ties on each other.

Could it be the Pill?

I'M WORRIED about the amount of weight I've put on since I went on the pill over two years ago. Then I was ten stone, but, as I'm fairly tall, I looked slim. Now I'm eleven and a half stone and look fat, which depresses me a lot.

Trying to diet has had no effect, and, though I don't eat much, my weight never seems to come down. Is this because of the Pill?
Lindsey, Burton-on-Trent

● Gaining weight can be one of the side effects of the Pill, the only contraceptive which gives complete protection as long as it is taken according to instructions. Increase in weight does vary from girl to girl, and can sometimes be marked if you were fairly plump in the first place.

Contrary to popular myth, the weight you'll gain while you're on the pill isn't strictly fat, it's simply a result of retention of extra body fluid. It's possible to keep your weight down by watching your calorie intake (without starving yourself), but if this doesn't work you should go back to your source of supply and ask to be transferred to another type of Pill which doesn't produce quite so much fluid retention. Once you've changed, the weight will come off again.

My feet are too big

MY FEET are too big. I'm 14 years old now, and they're almost size 12. There isn't a single shop where I live which does more than size 11. I'm keen on athletics too, and feel that if my feet grow much bigger, I won't be able to find training shoes to fit me. Is it likely that my feet will grow any more?
Rob, Feltham

● WHAT Are you wearing now? At your age, it's unlikely that the size of your plates will increase dramatically and, although it can be difficult to find acceptable shoes, including sports footwear in size 12, this isn't impossible. Harrods of London stock fashion shoes in your measurements, (up to size 12 only) Mail-order wise, High & Mighty, a firm which specialises in clothes for the bigger guy, sells shoes up to size 14 including running shoes. For the full fax, write, enclosing a large stamped addressed envelope to: High & Mighty, 85 Prospect Street, Hull. (Tel: Hull 23574). Large sizes are available but can be costly.

The secret I keep from my parents

I'VE BEEN secretly going out with my first boyfriend for three months now, without my parents' knowledge. They are strictly religious and try to shelter me a lot. As I'm taking 'A' levels next year they also feel I should spend a lot of my free time studying. I think they're beginning to suspect though, as they found out from my friend's mother that I wasn't with her last Saturday night. They haven't said much about it, so do you think I should tell them? If I don't and they find out, they'll probably try to stop us seeing each other anyway.
Sub, Derby

● You're old enough to have a boyfriend and run your own social life, and your parents should be made aware of the fact. Stop deceiving them, and try to break down the barriers — gently. Invite your boyfriend home. He's sure to have some points in his favour which they could appreciate. They have to accept that you're growing — up.

and can organise your own life without sacrificing your school career. They won't trust your judgement and maturity if they think you have things to hide. It's up to you to bridge the gap — do it.

Period problems

I'M 18, and, although I'm not pregnant as I haven't had intercourse with anyone, my periods have stopped for the past four months. What is the matter with me?
Sharon, Birmingham.

● Periods don't only stop when you're pregnant — stress or illness can also influence the menstrual flow. To set your mind at rest you MUST consult your doctor, or, alternatively, make an appointment with your nearest branch of the Brook Advisory Centre, by ringing Brook's central Birmingham number, (Monday to Friday, 9.30-8.30 pm), on 021 643 5341. While minor menstrual irregularities, such as slightly early or slightly late periods are normal, you shouldn't just ignore prolonged irregularity, a marked stoppage of menstruation or heavy and unexpected bleeding. Have a check-up.

FEEDBACK

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

Dr Hook's lines

A GREAT fan of Dr Hook, R Kenny of Whiston, Merseyside, writes to ask for a complete list of albums and singles, and also whether he can buy any lyric books.

The singles on the CBS label are: 'Sylvia's Mother', 'Carry Me Carrie', 'Cover Of The Rolling Stone', 'Roland The Roadie Loves Gertrude The Groupie', 'Life Ain't Easy', 'Ballad Of Lucy Jordan', 'I Can't Touch The Sun', 'Sylvia's Mother' (re-release).

Then on the Capitol label: 'Little Bit More', 'Walk Right In', 'More Like The Movies', 'The Radio', 'I Don't Want To Be Alone Tonight', 'If Not You'.

The albums on CBS are: 'Dr Hook', 'Sloppy Seconds', 'Belly Up', 'Ballad Of Lucy Jordan', 'And on Capitol: 'Bankrupt', 'A Little Bit More', 'Makin' Love And Music', 'Pleasure And Pain'.

There are no lyric books, although some of the album sleeves have the words printed on them. You can buy the sheet music to 'Sylvia's Mother', 'A Little Bit More' and 'If Not You'.

Blondie's bombshells

ANDREW LAMBERT, and Peter Marshall of Newcastle want a complete list of Blondie's releases. OK.

All on Chrysalis label, the albums are: 'Blondie' CHR 1165, 'Plastic Letters' CHR 1168, 'Parallel Lines' CDL 1192.

Singles are: 'Rip Her To Shreds / X Offender' CHS 2180, 'Denis' CHS 2204, 'Always Touched By Your Presence Dear' CHS 2217, 'Picture This' CHS 2242, 'Hanging On The Telephone' CHS 2266.

None of these have been deleted so you should be able to buy or order them from any record dealer.

T Rex album

ALAN MORRISON from Scotland would like to know the correct title of the Marc Bolan album recently reviewed in R.M. It is: 'Marc Bolan and T Rex Greatest Hits' on the Pickwick label PDA 044.

FRIEDMAN OF THE CITY



PAUL SEXTON gets well well into Dean Friedman's luck and fantasies

"FRECKLES STILL misses you. She always sleeps on the floor in your room. Ruth says she smells, but you know it's just her very unique perfume. The tree in the back bore apples but they're green and full of worms. Guess we'll sit tight and wait until the cider turns."

"Everyone sends their love; they still don't really believe you're gone. Everyone's jealous of this crazy odyssey that you're on. Hoping this finds you happy and healthy and sane. I pray that your strength will ease you through the growing pains."

An excerpt from 'The Letter', a track on Dean Friedman's eponymous first album; an excerpt which illustrates a unique writing talent. No one else I know of writes in such a prosaic form, and at the rather smart house in Little Venice which is his resting place for the duration of this visit, I mentioned this to him.

"One of the things I was always conscious about in writing was that the people I admired were people who really created cinematic images," he said. "They really conjured up these very specific images, almost like old time radio shows, people like Paul Simon, Joni Mitchell and James Taylor. I really forget who came up with the idea of printing out

the lyrics in prose form on the sleeve, someone in the art department. When they presented it to me I said 'Sure, that's perfect, that makes a lot of sense'. 'Rocking Chair' (from the current album) is like reading a book, it's like little short stories. 'The Letter' is the best example. My little sister was in Israel, it was the first time she was ever away from home and I hadn't written to her in a long time so I wrote it in a song."

Dean is in England until the end of November, doing a few concerts around the country, including one at London's new Venue. He's then going to do some dates in Europe for a fortnight before coming back to play the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road. The visit has of course been prompted by the runaway success of the 'Lucky Stars' single.

"I expected it to be a hit, but I didn't expect it to go top ten in three weeks. I went bananas the way it did, because we were just sitting around in America, watching the leaves turn, and all of a sudden on the telex — it's entered the charts at 36."

The question everyone was asking was who was the lady he sings with, and having found out that it was Denise Marra, why she wasn't credited?

"Denise is not signed to any label, you understand. It's the first record she ever made. So many people asked who she was it became a big thing. She's just got a letter from some guy saying I was a cancelled egomaniac not to have her name on the record. It's just that when they pressed the single and looked what album it came from, they saw 'Dean Friedman'. But Denise is a great writer and she'll be working on her own album soon. We're good friends and I'm sure we'll be writing together in the future. She's gonna be a superstar."

"The best part of doing the 'Old Grey Whistle Test' the other day was doing it with Elton John. There was so much that I learned from him, so much of my writing is obviously influenced by him. To write a song it could take an hour or go over a period of a year. It's easy to start a song, it usually comes when you're waiting for a bus. You can pretty much tell when you start a song where it's gonna go, whether it's gonna be introspective, heavy, or accessible and very commercial."

"All the songs I write are from things I know about. What you create is just a reflection of who you are and who you are is the composite of all the experiences you've gone through."

"There are some specific things — in 'Ariel' everything that happened, except that I never had a V/W van."

"You know it's this very strange dichotomy, on the one hand there are millions of ideas and millions of ways to pursue them, but on the other hand, of all those there are only a few that are exactly what you want. Writing 10 songs for an album you have a chance to

say whatever you want; if you choose to you can take it really seriously but you also have to have a sense of humour about it, which is why there are things like the 'S & M Song' and 'The Dell Song (Corned Beef on Wry)' — 'I'm either in love or it's something I ate 'cos I never felt this way before.'"

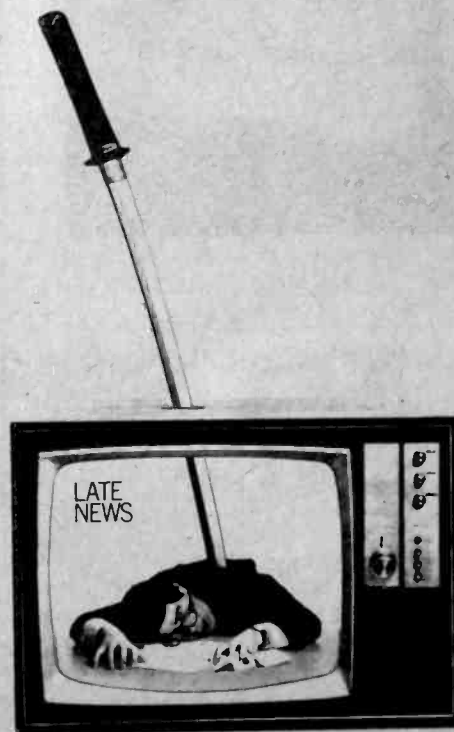
GTO are following up 'Lucky Stars' with another ballad, 'Lydia', which Dean hopes will

do even better. "I want a number one single. This time I just couldn't compete with 'Grease'."

He's only been in the business for a couple of years — he's now 23 — and feels he's learning all the time, and getting to know the hectic schedules. "My first album I had my whole life to do, the second one it was like November and I had to have an album out, so I locked myself in my new apartment, I had no

furniture, just a piano, a stereo and a bed, and I just went like cold turkey, staring at the wall until I finished all those songs. It was miserable, but it taught me a lot about songwriting."

He still thinks it's all worth it in the end, though, and for someone so assured of a successful future it must be. As Dean says: "When you've finished a song, it's like you've had a baby."



TELEVISION'S OVER



BACK FROM THE DEAD

ADVERTS' NEW SINGLE • TELEVISION'S OVER • B/W • BACK FROM THE DEAD
COLOUR BAG • PB 5128

RCA

COMMON ACCEPTANCE

THE WORD pop means different things to different people. To some a subdued bang, to others a fizzy drink, to me snappy commercial music, and to Will Birch, astute leader of The Records, it means common acceptance and a place in the charts — with the mere mention of the word sending a worldweary grimace flickering across his face.

You see Will, as drummer and founder member of The Kursaal Flyers (along with guitarist John Wicks who also spent a short period with the same band shortly

before their final demise) has been through the crassly termed 'pop revolution' all before — a fact he is not slow to point out.

"When I was with The Kursaals, we said that we were a pop group when it was commercial suicide to do so — and the final result was that we split up because we were out of time. I wouldn't be pretentious enough to say that we were ahead of our time, but we were out of step with what was happening then." He stresses, "It was only a year ago when suddenly everybody thought that it was good to say 'We're a pop band', that it was some kind of provocative statement. I just laughed — it was like a double take.

"What's more", he continues. "Is that they get it all wrong:

they go out and buy Gerry and The Pacemakers suits, and play silly songs when all they're doing is imitating the past. It's nearly 1980," he says, "and that's like cabaret now.

"We've got influences from the past just like anyone else," adds John, "but we never try to churn out the same sound...."

"The music we play," interrupts guitarist (lead) Huw Gower firmly, from behind the oaken desk where he sits as though judge to the proceedings. "Is what we all like and want to play. We, to use a prehistoric expression, all get off on it. If other people like it, and the more who do the better, then it's pop music."

"The word 'pop'," says Will, "is a much maligned term. Something is only pop if it is successful, appealing to a lot of people. At the moment our music is not really pop — it's rock 'n' roll, four-four rhythms-dance music. If the songs we write sell a lot of records and become pop that's fine by us.

"We do play a couple of other people's songs, 'Rock 'n' Roll Love Letter' for instance — that's a great song which no-one, when we started playing it, was using. It's far too good a song to be overlooked."

"But it's a Bay City Roller song," says I innocently, casting my mind back to teenybop days, and the memory of the BCR's bouncing their way through the number on their 4.15 ten-time spot.

"No," corrects Will with the air of an exasperated schoolmaster. "It's a Tim Moore song. The fact that The Rollers did it proves that they had good taste too. Besides, nobody remembers their version."

But I did....
"That's because you work in

the rock business!" they chorus in unison.

"Besides," says John "I didn't like the way the Bay City Rollers played it, I thought their version was pop in the worst possible way. The original Tim Moore version was really rock 'n' roll — and that's the way we play it."

Indeed it is — and it is included in the set they are playing on their current tour, surprisingly as guests on the 'Be Stiff' trek across England.

Will explains their privileged position. "Dave Robinson kept ringing us up and asking us to join the tour, telling us how it was travelling all over the country by train. That was the big selling point. At first we were really flattered, asked to be on the tour and yet not signed to the label. It was when we went further into the matter it transpired that he wanted us to back Rachel Sweet...."

"We've already written one song, 'In A Medal On Mary' which she used on her album, so I suppose that's what brought us to mind in the first place." Interrupts John.

"So," continues Will, "we said yes on the condition that we could play our own set as well. We're using one another really — they're getting a free backing band, and we're getting a place on a tour that's very suitable for our music."

"When Rachel was in the studio," says John, "Stiff approached us, as is their wont, to see if Will and I had any songs written that would be suitable for her to use. Fortunately we came up with one which she liked.

"The song wasn't one which we,

as The Records would have performed — but it worked for her. We've got quite a few numbers like that in our catalogue," he grins.

"If they had asked us to write one for her though, I don't think it would have worked. It's very difficult to write to order — you think you're writing to suit the person's style, and you usually end up writing almost a parody."

"I've been trying to write a song for Dr Feelgood for years," muses Will. "I've submitted a lot to them, but none have been used. I suppose," he says, adding proof to Mr Wicks' theory, "that's because I've been trying to write a song specifically for them. I spent many a year, trying to bask in their reflected glory. I suppose it's because we come from the same area.

"Hugh comes from Bristol — he's spent his life trying to bask in the glory of Adge Cutler and The Wurzels...."

Will is undoubtedly the leader of the band, in a position he describes as a 'benevolent dictatorship'.

"I've been in a lot of bands, and in every one, rightly or wrongly, I've found that I have been the driving force of the group. I don't want to sound arrogant, the balance of creativity can always shift, but I think it's the only criteria you can have. If people are paying for you to go into a studio and record, or on to a stage and play then you are very privileged — and I think it takes a strong leader within the band to see that the time, energy and talent are not wasted."

KELLY PIKE.



Huw Gower, Phil Brown, Will Birch & John Wicks

NICK GILDER'S

'Hot Child In The City'

AMERICA'S NO. 1 SINGLE

CHS 2226

Taken from the album
'CITY NIGHTS' CHR 1202

Chrysalis

Status Quo



'IF YOU CAN'T
STAND THE HEAT...'

Album 9102 027 Cassette 7231 017

Quo to the last drop. 

MAILMAN

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

Under fire

I WOULD be most grateful if you would print this reply to Joanna Kochen of Magnet Records' request for Gay Club Jocks. For some time now I and other Portsmouth area DJs have been trying to get on the Magnet mailing list, but to no avail. I have written several times to Ms Kochen and each time have received a stereotyped reply, informing me that her mailing list is full (I suppose I should consider myself lucky as some other DJs didn't even get that...) I approached Ms Kochen personally at the Bristol

Exhibition earlier this year and received a negative response. I pointed out to her that the few DJs in my area she was supplying at that time were not even working, but she didn't attach any importance to this and went on to say that the South is a bad area for disc-promotion (I wondered why...) Therefore when I picked up my RECORD MIRROR last week and read Ms Kochen's APPEAL for Gay Club Jocks to write to be included in her mailing list, I was confused. Ms Kochen made no enquiries as to where I work, how often, or what kind of audience I entertain. What is wrong with me and my fellow DJs? Do we have to en-

courage the audience at our venues to become gay in order to get on Magnet's mailing list? Well, don't worry Joanna, because this is one Southerner who won't bother you any more. In fact, I'm not going to even play your products at my venues, regardless of their chart positions, and therefore won't encourage my audiences to like them. I wonder what the outcome would be if other DJs followed suit... You may not want me, I certainly don't want you.

Jimmy Black, Southsea.

Too late, too late!

BEFORE Sheila Prophet, Rosalind Russell or Barry Cain get their hands on it, we'll tell ya - it's brilliant, it's magic, it's amazing, it's (endless list of boring superlatives - MM). It's Slade's new album, more crazee than ever, and still rock(ing) and rolling... Mike & Linda. ● Sorry, Sheila had her hands on it last week, and we're still recovering.

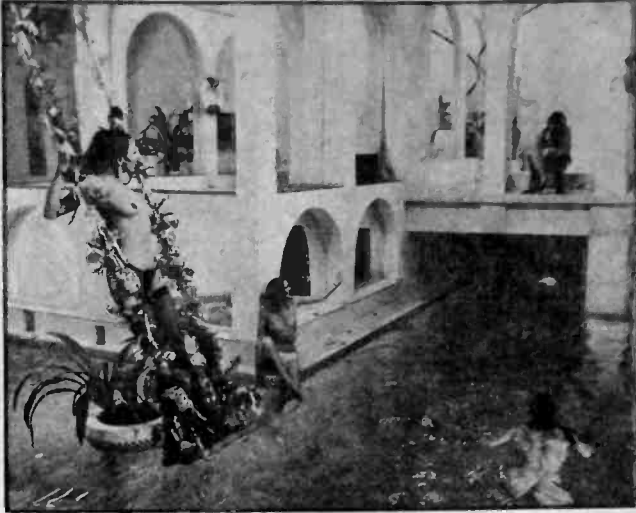
Heady days...

AFTER flicking through festered back copies of RM, I noticed something. It started in late '76, peaked in '77 and has now dwindled off. Yes, I'm talking about the new wave... of loonies. Remember the heady days of 1977, with a full page of loonies letters, but you built them into big stars and now you've knocked them down. Let's hope the Creester makes a comeback, and we have more letters from the Alien, King of the Nosebleeds and a Gay Teacher. Long live 1976! The Ozard of Wiz, Accrington. ● Hat 1978 is two years ago's thing. But fear not, Ozard of Accrington...

... and dreaded haze

SIT ON it, nurds. I'm back with my first anniversary letter in this comic. Exciting news for all my girl fans living near London. In Bentalls in Kingston there's a restaurant called 'The Mulberry Tree'. Working there on Saturdays are several hunks in white overalls - including me - cleaning tables. I'm the little dishy one who, it has been said, looks like a cross between Jilted John and Jay Osmond (You poor sod - MM). All you have to do, girls, is somehow find which one I am, and then give me a big kiss. I will then give you 50p and a Jonathan King is fantastic badge. If any fellas identify me, I'll give them a free cup of tea from the slope bin, King of the Nosebleeds. ● And from one boring ol' loony to...

Look what you've missed! (A typical day in the RM office)



Sheila's the one on the left.

I HAVE just been saved from a fate worse than death (thought you'd be glad to know). I was so desperate to find a job, I'd sat down and started to write to you to beg to be a reporter on RM. I thought it would be fab etc. to be around drinkin' and talkin' to rock stars and gettin' in free to all the gigs like you lot do. Fortunately I came to my senses in time - when I saw Ronnie Gurr's interview with

the Bay City Rollers. And to think I was under the impression you had it easy. So I've taken a job in the shipping office instead and am thanking Patrick Walker (Evening Standard astrologer, dummies) for my close escape. Ta. Keith, Poplar. ● What a touching belief you have in crystal balls.

Brian May of Queen (You don't look 100 years old... oh sorry, Brian MAY, thought you said the Queen - MM). He also sent me a beautiful photo of the band. Which goes to show how much Queen care for their fans. And when you review their new album, don't let some ++++ like Jim Farber or Robin Smith do it, because they make me sick. They never say a good word for the greatest band in the world. Print this letter or else. Freddie, Queen's Number One Fan, Zanzibar. ● Is your promise as good as your imagination?

Dear, dear

DEAR (expensive) Record Mirror, where's your review of the new Slade album? AJ Greaves, Leicester. ● If we're that expensive, why don't you read it all? It was in last week.

Bigger and better

AFTER BUYING your mag for a couple of years (See? Some people don't complain about the price - MM) mainly for your superb charts, I must write and let you know that the contents of your paper has improved tremendously over the last couple of months. I've more interviews, reviews and a broader coverage. Linda Thomas, Leeds. ● These were the good bits of the letter - I've cut out the not so good bits because I didn't want to depress you. Thanks Linda, you're a pal.

Pointed view

I DON'T know why people are making all this fuss about Sid Vicious and doing a benefit concert. I'd bet that if any of us were in trouble, he wouldn't have appeared in a benefit concert. And I'm not saying this because I didn't like the Sex Pistols, so you needn't start writing horrible letters. I'm just making a point, OK? Jim, Salford

printed that letter or we may never have found him, eh Bert? ● Bert just nods his head in agreement and finishes tying up the Alien. What do you mean, 'That's a relief', haven't you got any feelings? Kris Raven. ● One or two - d'you want to hear about them?

Crazy ravin'

I WOULD like to point out, considering I have been a faithful reader of your paper for a long time now, that you don't do many articles on rock 'n' roll. Around Farnham and the Guildford area rock 'n' roll is the biggest craze. So my mates and I would be grateful if you would do some more articles. Allan Cameron, Farnham. ● Quite. So who's gonna do a rock 'n' roll feature then? (Where's everybody gone?)

Regal rock

ON THE 30th of October I received a letter from

Ronnie's relief cure

CONGRATULATIONS to Ronnie Gurr and RECORD MIRROR on the superb article on Eric Faulkner and the Bay City Rollers. It's a relief to know that some people possess an open mind on music without letting stubbornness cloud their appreciation of the Rollers. If only some people would listen to the LP I'm sure they would realise they have been wrong and that the Rollers have matured and developed musically. It's a pity there aren't more people around like Ronnie Gurr. Alison, Homer. ● You don't mean that Alison. Or you wouldn't if you saw Ronnie. Oh, hi Ronnie...

Double...

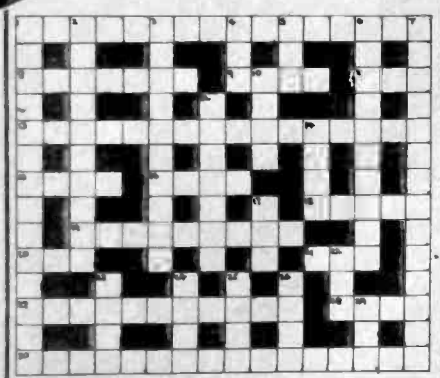
AH HAH! One has noticed a couple of cock-ups amongst your wonderful letters pages of late: how come a number of letters have been printed two weeks in succession, eh? Run out of space-filling ideas have we? A n n e O n i m o u s, Basingstoke, Westphalia.

What a joke

I HAVE great respect for Robin Smith's persistent attacks on new wave artists (mi god, not more like him - MM) not because I agree, but because he's the only rock critic taking such a stand. The others that don't like it are waiting for the next big thing, to say what they really think of John Lydon and his rotten new band, by that time he'll be a tax exile so nobody will feel bad about slagging him off. I did however, see fit to draw this cynical cartoon on the subject. I think it should make the front page of RM and launch me into a prosperous career as cartoonist for the Daily Express. John A Harvey, Bush Hill Park, Enfield. ● In the unlikely event of the national press flooding us with enquiries as to your whereabouts about an undiscovered genius, we'll file them in the bin. Right?



XWORD



CLUES

- ACROSS
 - 1 The story of Heathcliff and Cathy. (9,7)
 - 8 What Bob Geldof has been caught in. (3,4)
 - 9 State where the Players come from. (4)
 - 11 He took a walk on the wild side. (8)
 - 13 Albert Hammond's group. (4,8,4)
 - 15 Half of duo who are Coming Home. (4)
 - 16 Chris Rea hit. (4)
 - 18 They have had recent hits with It's Only Make Believe. (8)
 - 19 1977 disco hit for Donna Summer. (1,4,4)
 - 20 See 12 Down.
 - 21 Had 1974 hit with How Long. (3)
 - 27 Predecessor of Ever Fallen In Love. (4,3,4)
 - 28 Joni Mitchell had a Big Yellow... (4)
 - 30 Another Out Of The Blue ELO hit. (4,5,6)
- DOWN
 - 1 Album that gave us Forever Autumn. (3,2,3,6)
 - 2 Where Joan Armatrading had pushed herself. (2,3,5)
 - 3 1977 hit for John Onrait and Wild Willy Barrett. (5,4)
 - 4 Dooleys label. (1,1,1)
 - 5 Rich Kids label. (1,1,1)
 - 6 Amen Corner's view of Paradise. (4,2,4)
 - 7 The gifts that David Bowie was waiting for. (5,3,6)
 - 10 Jeff Lynne wanted to be a Wild West... (4)
 - 12 & 20 Across. Alice Cooper's teen anthem. (7,3)
 - 14 They have had 1978 Top Ten hit with Dance Dance Dance. (4)
 - 17 The day of Destruction. (3)
 - 22 Feline Mr Stevens (5)
 - 23 Ms Lovich. (4)
 - 24 1974, Neil Young album. (4)
 - 25 Paul Simon told us that he is a... (4)
 - 26 Status Quo's girl. (4)
 - 29 Elvis Costello's is true. (3)

Answers

- ACROSS
 - 1 Nights On Broadway. 8 Real Life. 10 Lou. 11 Lake. 13 Heart Of. 14 Stone. 15 Peel. 17 Report. 19 Ben. 20 Twilley. 22 Lurkers. 24 Ry. 25 That Lady. 26 Green 28 Earth. 29 Devo. 31 Sweets For My Sweet.
- DOWN
 - 1 Northern Lights. 2 Graham Parker. 3 Telstar. 4 Noel. 5 Rick. 6 A.B.C. 7 Walk On By. 8 You're In My Heart. 12 Ace. 15 Fel. 16 EMI. 18 Pleasers. 21 Weather. 23 Star. 27 Neat. 30 Ode.

"Come up and see me sometime."



Millie Jackson that is.
 The no-holds-barred body and soul singer:
 On her nationwide 'Get it out'cha system' tour.
 The queen of rap will lay it on you about life and love like no-one else can.
 So don't resist Millie's tempting offer, 'Get it out'cha system' with her tour and album.

- 8th Nov. Manchester, Apollo
- 9th Nov. Croydon, Fairfield Hall
- 13th Nov. Nottingham, Theatre Royal
- 14th Nov. Oxford, New Theatre
- 15th Nov. Brighton, Dome
- 16th Nov. Birmingham, Odeon
- 17th Nov. Ipswich, Gaumont
- 18th Nov. London, Hammersmith Odeon
- 19th Nov. London, Hammersmith Odeon

Her new single: Go out and get some (Get it out'cha system).

THE
Get it out'cha system
 TOUR

UPFRONT

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

THURSDAY

NOVEMBER 9

AYLESBURY, Civic Centre (86000), Heartbeat / The Liggers / The Scores / Lacustic / Bandalas

BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Hi Tension

BIRMINGHAM, A.W. Barrel Organ (021-622 1333), Ricky Cool and the Icebergs

BIRMINGHAM, Odeon (021-643 6101), AC/DC / Blazer Blazer

BIRMINGHAM, Railway (021-359 3491), Orphan

BIRMINGHAM, The Gig (021-356 2774), Adam and the Ants

BLACKPOOL, Tiffany's (21572), XTC

BELTON, Blights (Farnworth 762022), Showaddywaddy

BRADFORD, Princeville (78845), Cheap Flights

BRADFORD, St Georges Hall (32513), Judas Priest

BRENTWOOD, Hermit Club (217064), The Bishops

BRIGHTON, Richmond (29234), Nicky and the Dots / Cornflakes

CANTERBURY, Kent University (85224), Poasm

COLCHESTER, Woods (71800), Wild Horses

CORBRY, Record Club, Quartz Coventry, City Centre Club (51130), Muscles

COVENTRY, New Theatre (23141), Leo Sayer

COVENTRY, Warwick University (20359), Mickey Jupp / Wreckless Eric / Rachel Sweet and the Records / Lane Lovich / Jona Lewis

CRANFIELD, Technical College, The Edge

CROYDON, Fairfield Hall (01-885 9291), Millie Jackson

DUNFERMLINE, Glen Lounge, Nightlight

FOLKESTONE, Leas Cliff Hall (83193), The Hawklords

GLASGOW, Tiffany's (041-332 0662), Matumbi / The Monos

GUILDFORD, Civic Hall (67314), The Buzzcocks

HIGH WYCOMBE, Naga Head (2178), Tribesman

HIGH WYCOMBE, Town Hall (26100), Duck Baker

HITCHIN, Shuttleworth College, NW10

HULL, University (4243), Dire Straits / Lee Fardon

LEAMINGTON, SPA, Crown Hotel, The Breakouts

LEEDS, F. Club, Brannigans (662322), The Vibrators / Sheeny and the Goys

LEEDS, Polytechnic (30171), John Cooper-Clark / Ed Heeger / Jeff Hill Band

LEEDS, Vivas Wine Bar, York Place (456249), The Ambitious

LEICESTER, University (50009), Third World

LINCOLN, A.J.'s (30874), Gaifa

LIVERPOOL, Eric's (051-236 7881), Nancy Pallones

LIVERPOOL, Wookley Hollow (051-263 2796), Heathcliffe (tribute to Elvis)

LONDON, Acklam Hall, Portobello Road (01-960 4686), Gang of Four / The Mekons / Black Bull, Canning Town (01-476 2886), Howard

LONDON, City Polytechnic (01-267 1441), Affair The Fire

LONDON, College of Printing (01-733 4871), Miley

LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden (01-267 4967), Cade Bells

LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01-746 4081), Slouate and the Banishes / Neo / Spina OU

LONDON, Hope and Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Jab Jab

LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-636 0933), Fuxon

LONDON, Kensington, Russell Gardens (01-803 3245), The Young Bucks

LONDON, London School of Economics (01-405 1977), John Martyn / Joe Jackson

LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), The Interkittals

LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), The Fabulous Poodles / Screens

LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5980), Barry Richardson Band

LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Immigrant

LONDON, Royal Albert Hall (01-589 8212), The Chieftans

LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-846 4112), The Flying Saucers

LONDON, Saxon Tavern, Bellingham, Jerry the Priest

LONDON, Tooting Beck Hospital, Social Club, Panther

LONDON, The Venue, Victoria (01-834 5500), Dean Friedman

MANCHESTER, Apollo (061-273 1112), Whitesnake / Magnum

MANCHESTER, Band on the Wall (061-832 6625), Gary Numan

MANCHESTER, Mayflower (061-624 1140), Ian Gillan Band

MARGATE, Winter Gardens (27295), Jerry Lee Lewis / Smokey Robinson

NEWTON ABBOT, Dryons, The Fall

NORWICH, Peoples Club (6183659), The Pirates

NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper (65201), CC&S 5

PLYMOUTH, Metro (51326), Penetration

PLYMOUTH, Woods (25136), The Lurkers

POOLE, Arts Centre (70521), Smokey Robinson

PORTSMOUTH, Cumberland Tavern (731394), Night rider

PORTSMOUTH, Guildhall (24355), Billie Jo Spears

PORTSMOUTH, Polytechnic (819141), Bethnal

SHEFFIELD, Limit (709040), Whirlwind

SOUTHAMPTON, Joiners Arms (25612), Stax Marx

ST. ANDREW'S, University (4583), Head

TAUNTON, Gaumont (2233), Lonnie Donegan

WINSFORD, Civic Hall (2944), The Real Thing

YEOVILTON, Heron Club, Saracen

YORK, Barge (32530), The Void

YORK, Revolution (26224), The Only Ones

FRIDAY

NOVEMBER 10

ABERDEEN, University (472751), The Bishops / Five Hand Reel / Medium Wave Band / Jock Tamson's / Bairns / Manray / The Filinstones

ABERYSTWYTH, University (4242), Marshal Hall

BASILDON, Towngate Theatre (23865), Richard and Linda Thompson / Bob Fox & Stu Luckley

BATH, University (4941), The Adverts

BIRMINGHAM, Aston University (021-359 6531), Supercharge

BIRMINGHAM, Bournebrook (021-472 0416), Mornah / Cravats

BIRMINGHAM, Town Hall (021-236 2358), XTC

BLACKPOOL, Norbreck Hotel (82341), Jenny Darran

BOLTON, Blights (Farnworth 792022), Showaddywaddy

BOURNEMOUTH, Town Hall (22066), Freshly Laid Band / Oringo

BRADFORD, St Georges Hall (32513), The Real Thing

BRADFORD, University (33468), The Alroodley Jets

BRIDLINGTON, Spa Pavilion (78285), Lindafarne

BRIGHTON, Alhambra (27874), Nicky and the Dots

BRISTOL, University (2418), John Martyn / Joe Jackson

BURNHAM BEECHES, Night Owl, The Skates

CANTERBURY, Odeon (62480), Slouate and the Banishes

CHELMSFORD, Odeon (53677), Billie Jo Spears

COVENTRY, Hand and Heart (24284), Life Support

COVENTRY, New Theatre (23141), The Chieftans

CRAWLEY, White Knight, Night rider

DERBY, Assembly Hall (31114 & 22651), The Hawklords

DUDLEY, JB's (58597), The Neon Hearts

DUNDEE, College of Technology (27226), The Skids

EDINBURGH, University (64486), The Late Show

EDINBURGH, Odeon (031-667 3605), Matumbi / The Monos

EDINBURGH, University (031-556 4292), Ignata / Medicine Wave Band

GRAVESEND, Prince of Wales, Redrute

GUILDFORD, Royal Hotel (75173), The Piranhas

HASTINGS, Carlisle Hotel, Eyes

HAVERHILL, Town Hall (2271), Hazard

HIGH WYCOMBE, Art College (22141), NW10

HULL, D R S F I E L D , Polytechnic (38156), Whirlwind

HULL, New Theatre (20463), Dead Fingers Talk / The Void

ILFORD, Three Rabbits, Southern Cross

KIRKALDY, Dutch Mills (67512), Underhand Jones

LANCASTER, University (65201), Judas Priest

LEAMINGTON SPA, Mid Warwickshire College, The Defendants

LEEDS, Florde Grene (623470), Dave Lewis Band

LEEDS, Polytechnic (30171), Cheap Flights

LEEDS, Vivas (456249), The Straits

LEICESTER, Phoenix Theatre (38832), Robin Banks / Raw Deal

LINCOLN, A.J.'s (30874), The Panics

LINCOLN, Technical College, Wild Horses

LIVERPOOL, Eric's (051-236 7881), The Shirts / Hot Water

LIVERPOOL, Wookley Hollow (051-263 2796), Heathcliffe (tribute to Elvis)

LOUGHBOROUGH, University (68171), Mickey Jupp / Wreckless Eric / Rachel Sweet and the Records / Lane Lovich / Jona Lewis

LONDON, Acklam Hall, Portobello Road (01-960 4686), Tribesman / Valves / The Invaders

LONDON, Battersea Arts Centre (01-223 5356), UK Subs / Tickets / Security Risk

LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 5073), Tennis Shoes

LONDON, Bridgehouse, Canning Town (01-476 2886), Nobody's Business

LONDON, Central London Polytechnic, Dolsover Street (01-486 5811), The Young Bucks / Gino and the Sharks

LONDON, Cryptic Club, Bishops Bridge Road (01-969 4391), The Raincoats / The Distributors

LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Zaine Griff / Caboots

LONDON, Goldsmiths College, New Cross (01-692 0211), After The Fire

LONDON, Green Man, Plumstead, Thief

LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Juice On The Loose

LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Blast Furnace And...

LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Snip and the Video Kings

LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Pressure Shocks

LONDON, North Polytechnic, Kantham Lane (01-485 5496), Revelation

LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), The Monos

LONDON, Queen Mary College (01-880 4811), Jab Jab

LONDON, Rainbow (01-263 3140), Isaac Hayes

LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Shooter

LONDON, Southbank Polytechnic (01-261 1835), Dog Watch

LONDON, Tidal Basin, Canning Town (01-476 7791), Blitzkrieg

LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 8403), Straight8

MAIDSTONE, College (57286), Budgie / Strife

MANCHESTER, Apollo, Ardwick (061-273 1121), AC/DC / Blazer Blazer

MANCHESTER, Mayflower (061-624 1148), Skrewdriver / Bitch

THE SHIRTS return to Britain this week for a short spin round the clubs and colleges. Dates are Liverpool Eric's (Friday), Manchester University (Saturday), Batley Crumpets (Sunday), Birmingham Barbarellas (Monday), Bristol Locarno (Tuesday) and Newcastle University (Wednesday).

THE REZILLOS begin an extensive tour this week with support band The Undertones - a new sire signing. The tour kicks off at Leicester University (Saturday) followed by two dates at the London Marquee (Sunday and Monday), Canterbury Odeon (Tuesday) and Reading Top Rank (Wednesday).

FRANKIE MILLER with new band Full House featuring Ed Ogan guitar, Steve Simpson guitar, Ted Comer bass, Fran Byrne drums, takes to the road this week. They play Newcastle Mayfair (Friday), Rochdale Champions Hall (Saturday), Redcar Coatham Bow (Sunday), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (Monday) and Aberdeen Ruffles (Wednesday).

LINDISFARE start their massive six-week tour at Bridlington Spa Pavilion (Friday) followed by dates at Lancaster University (Saturday), Birmingham Hippodrome (Sunday), Chester Free Trade Hall (Monday), Nottingham Theatre Royal (Tuesday), and Manchester Queen Elizabeth Hall (Wednesday).

RONNIE HAWKINS, making his first British appearance for ten years, tops the London Rock And Roll Festival at the Harroden Royal on Saturday. Also on the bill are Crazy Cavan and the Rhythm Rockers, The Flying Saucers, Freddie Fingers Lee, The Riot Rockers, Wee Willie Harris and Gina and the Rockin Rebels.

Country singer **DOLY PARTON** plays the first of her six British dates this week at Brighton Conference Centre (Wednesday).

PURE HELL the New York black punk band follow the release of their first single 'These Boots Are Made For Walking' with a string of British dates their first being Birmingham Barbarellas (Wednesday).

MANCHESTER, Russell (758934), The Jam / Patric Fitzgerald

MANCHESTER, UMIST (061-226 6821), Prince Far I

MANCHESTER, UMIST (061-226 9141), China Street

MELKSHAM, Assembly Halls (704187), T. Ford and the Bonehakers

NEWCASTLE, Mayfair (23109), Frankie Miller / (41249), CC&S 5

NEWCASTLE, Polytechnic (28761), Hi Tension

NEWCASTLE, Village Hall, The Vagrant Rock Band

NORWICH, Boogie House, Stadium Dogs

NEWCASTLE, Northern Counties College (661913), Sabre Jets

NEWPORT, Village Club (811949), The Pirates

NEWTON ABBOT, Seale Hayne College (2323), Sore Throat

NOTTINGHAM, Boat Club (54381), Gloria Mundi

ORMSKIRK, Edgheill College, Muscles

OXFORD, Corn Dolly (74781), Samson

PERTH, St Albans Hotel (21494), Performing Dogs

PLYMOUTH, Metro (51326), Sham 69 / The Cimarrons

PORTSMOUTH, Guildhall (24356), Gordon Giltrap

PRESTON, Polytechnic (58382), Fun

REDRUTE, London Hotel, The Fall

ST ANDREW'S, University (4836), Crazy Cavan and the Rhythm Rockers

SALFORD, University (061-736 7811), The End

SCARBOROUGH, Penthouse (63204), The Lurkers / Jags

SHEFFIELD, Limit (70904), Radio Earth

SHEFFIELD, Polytechnic (758934), The Jam / Patric Fitzgerald

SLOUGH, Community Centre (K1284) Third World

STEVENAGE, College of Further Education (66250), Fischer-Z

STOKE ON TRENT, North Staffordshire Polytechnic (41249), CC&S 5

STAFFORD, Green Dragon (3694), Ens

TAMWORTH, Arts Centre, The Utensils

TAUNTON, Odeon (2233), Lonnie Donegan

UXBRIDGE, Brunel University (01-883 7188), Penetration

WHITEWEBBS, Rolling Mills, Chas and Dave

WOLVERHAMPTON, Lafayette (26285), The Cruisers

YORK, De Grey Rooms (28660), The Mekons / (8127), Samson

YORK, Revolution (26224), Performances Anxiety / The Klignons

YORK, University (56128), Dire Straits / Lee Fardon

DERBY, Rialto Cinema (021-792 5056), Barbara Dickson / Nene Oata

DUBLIN, University (23181), Ian Gillan Band

DUNSTABLE, California (62804), Third World

EBURY VAL, Leisure Centre (303766), The Hawklords

EXETER, University (72736), John Martyn / Joe Jackson

FOLKESTONE, Leas Cliff Hall (83193), The Record Players

GLASGOW, Strathclyde University (041-562 1709), The Bishops

GRAVESEND, Red Lion (68127), Samson

HALIFAX, Good Mood Club, Jailer

HIGH WYCOMBE, College of Further Education (22141), The Void

HOPWOOD, Water-side Club, Ricky Cool and the Icebergs

HORNCHURCH, Bull (42125), Jerry the Ferret

HUNTSWOOD, Borough College, Isleworth 816, Simon Townsend Band

KINGHORN, Cuisine Neuk (598), Flying Squad

LANCASTER, University (65201), Lindafarne

LEAMINGTON, Edgheill Hall (75115), Redeye

LEEDS, Royal Park (78057), Juggernaut

LEEDS, Vivas Wine Bar, York Road (456249), The Void

LEICESTER, University (50009), The Rezillos

LINCOLN, A.J.'s (30874), The Lurkers

LIVERPOOL, Eric's (051-236 7881), Ed Heeger / Gyr / Gordon The Monon / Jeff Hill Band (two shows)

LIVERPOOL, Wookley Hollow (051-263 2796), Heathcliffe (tribute to Elvis)

LONDON, All Nation, Hackney (01-249 6720), Immigrant

LONDON, Battersea Arts Centre (01-223 5356), The Monos

LONDON, Bridgehouse, Canning Town (01-476 2886), Zaine Griff / Chelsea College

LONDON, Chelsea College (01-352 6421), Samson / Warren Harry

LONDON, The Cock, Edmonton, Southern Cross

LONDON, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, The Reelsters / Mindless Pleasures

LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden (01-267 4967), Tribesman / Stagger

LONDON, Electric Ballroom, Camden (01-485 9008), The Dickies / The Skids / The Members

LONDON, Goldsmiths College, New Cross (01-692 0211), Pressure Shocks / Rubber Johnny / Debbie Bishop and Rough Edge

LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), The Soft Boys

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

LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Tavern, West Hampstead (01-687 1678), CC&S / Scullyboys

LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Matumbi / A to Z

LONDON, Old Swan, Kensington Church Street (01-229 8421), Redrute

LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), The Chieftans

LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Chas & Dave

LONDON, Royal Harroden (01-945 6944), Ronnie Hawkins / Crazy Cavan and the Rhythm Rockers / The Flying Saucers / Freddie Fingers Lee

LONDON, Wee Willie Harris / Gina and the Rockin Rebels

SATURDAY

NOVEMBER 11

ABERTILLY, Six Bells (2568), Gaifa

ANDOVER, Country Bumpkin (4653), Flintlock

ARLINGTON, Friars (88948), XTC / NW10 / The Push

BATLEY, Crumpets (Leeds 35987), Wild Horses

BEDFORD, College of Education (41815), Dave Lewis Band

BELFAST, The Pound (29990), The Physicals

BIRMINGHAM, Aston University (021-359 6531), Iganda

BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Tourists

BIRMINGHAM, Bogarts (021-643 21), Deadringer & The Towns

BIRMINGHAM, University (021-472 1121), The Pirates / Blast Force and...

BLACKBURN, Set End Iron Sphitres

BLACKBURN, Norbreck (83341), xtras

BOLTON, Blights (Farnworth 792022), Showaddywaddy

BOLTON, Techno (29991), Whitefire

BRADFORD, University (33466), Dean Friedman

BRIGHTON, (682127), The Adverts

BRISTOL, Hotel, Point

BRISTOL, Technical College, Boyfriends / The Haç

BRISTOL, The Haç (292156)

CANTERBURY, Kent University (85224), Shoes

CARSHAM, 11 Heliars Arms (11)

CHICHESTER, College

CHIDDINGSLEY, Six Bells

COLCHESTER, Essex (41144), Banishes

COVENTRY, Slouate and the Banishes / Neo / Spina OU

COVENTRY, Warwick University (20359), Supercharge

CROYDON, Deer (01-886 9291), The Rhythm Rockers

DERBY, mby Halls (31115), Scene

DERBY, Lonsdale College (811), Scene



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- 185 SHAKIE
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- 187 BOB BARELY
- 188 STRANGLERS
- 189 TWIGGY
- 190 PINK FLOYD
- 191 THE WHO
- 192 ABBA (1)

UPFRONT

LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 8403), Jab Jab

MANCHESTER, Mayflower (041-624 1148), Gloria Mundi (1 One Way Subway)

MANCHESTER, Playhouse (Burton 4620), The Real Thing

MANCHESTER, Russell Club (081-226 6821), Brown Sugar

MANCHESTER, University (061-273 5111), The Shirts

MANCHESTER, The Venue, The Flys

MANSFIELD, Rainworth Miners Club, Strange Days

MELTON MOWBRAY, Painted Lady (812121), The Crystal

NEWCASTLE, Bridge Hotel (27780), The Squad

NEWCASTLE, Canteen (284612), Mike Absalom

NORTHAMPTON, Cricket Club (32917), Penetration

NORTHAMPTON, Nene College (71436), Fischer-Z

NORWICH, House, Boogie House, The Panties

NOTTINGHAM, Boat Club (269022), Supercharge

NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper (14961), Muscles

NOTTINGHAM, University (56912), Mickey Jupp / Wreckless Eric / Rachel Sweet and the Records / Lene Lovich / Jona Lewis

PLYMOUTH, Polytechnic (21312), The Adverts

PORTSMOUTH, Guildhall (24355), Whitesnake / Magnum

RETFORD, Porterhouse (47496), Muscles

ROCHDALE, Champress Hall (46966), Frankie Miller / Darling

ST. ANDREWS, University (4853), Five Hand Reel

SHEFFIELD, University (24076), Dire Straits / Lee Fardon

SLOUGH, Langley College (42203), The Enid

SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont (2301), Lonnie Donegan

STANSTED, ABBOTS, Parish Hall, Flying Mallet

STRATFORD ON AVON, Green Dragon, Special Clinic

TAUNTON, Odeon (2283), Sham 69 / The Cimarons

WARRINGTON, Lion Hotel (30047), Jenny Darren

WEST RUNTON, Pavilion (203), Budge / Strife

WOODBURY, Masters

YORK, Barge (32530), Brownie Dyke

YORK, Revolution (26224), The Accelerators

BELFAST, Queens University (24803), Ian Gillan Band

BELFAST, Whilla Hall (067687), Barbara Dickson / Sweet Oats (2 shows)

BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Life

BIRMINGHAM, Hippodrome (021-622 2576), Lindisfarne

BIRMINGHAM, Odeon (021-643 6101), Len Sayer

BLACKBURN, King Georges Hall (58424), Mickey Jupp / Wreckless Eric / Rachel Sweet and the Records / Lene Lovich / Jewie

BRADFORD, Princeville (78545), Sneakers

BRADFORD, Royal Standard (22461), Gloria Mundi

BRIGHTON, Alhambra (27874), The Piranhas

BRIGHTON, Sussex University (696111), Gary Boyle

BRISTOL, Colston Hall (291768), Sham 69 / The Cimarons

BRISTOL, Hippodrome (29944), Judas Priest

CARLOW, El Rudo, The Physicians

CHELMSFORD, Chancellor Hall (68848), Penetration

CHELTHAM, Plough (22087), Richard Dignance

COLCHESTER, Woods, Sponcer

CRYDAN, Fairfield Hall (01-688 9281), The Chieftains

DERBY, Combustion Club, Strange Days

DUMFRIES, Stagecoach, The Pirates

EDINBURGH, Usher Hall (031-229 7607), Eddie and the Hot Rods / Squeeze

IPSWICH, Gaumont (53641), Whitesnake / Magnum

LARGGS, Royal Hotel (674653), Charley Brown

LEEDS, Ffiorde Grene (623470), Wild Horses

LEEDS, University (39071), The Jam / Patrick Fitzgerald

LEEDS, Vivas Wine Bar, York Road (456249), Luigi and the Boys

LONDON, Bridgehouse, Canning Town (01-476 2889), Remus Down

LONDON, Dinglewells, Camden (01-267 4967), Lew Lewis Reformer

LONDON, Electric Ballroom, Camden (01-485 6881), XTC

LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham (01-385 3942), The Panties

LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081), Albert King

LONDON, Hope and Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), The Jolt

LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-636 9833), Johnny Shades

LONDON, John Bull, Chiswick (01-994 0062), Swift



JUDAS PRIEST: careful with that whip Rob.

LONDON, Marquee, War-dour Street (01-437 6603), The Restless / The Undertones

LONDON, Nashville, Ken-sington (01-603 6071), Jab Jab

LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 4930), Zaine Griff

LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-260 3961), Cheap Flights

LONDON, Ruskin Arms, East Ham, Dog Watch

LONDON, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (01-836 8101), Richard and Linda Thompson

LONDON, The Venue, Victoria (01-834 8500), Marshall Hall

LONDON, Tarrington, North Finchley (01-445 4710), The Inmates

LONDON, Western Counties, Paddington (01-723 0685), Rednite

MANCHESTER, Apollo, Ardwick (081-237 1112), The Budzooks

MANCHESTER, Mayflower (061-624 1148), Alex Harvey Band

MANCHESTER, Royal Exchange (061-833 9333), Dean Friedman

MIDDLESBROUGH, Town Hall (45432), Billie Jo Spears

NEWBRIDGE, Newbridge Institute, Fischer-Z

NORWICH, Theatre Royal (28205), Super Carrott

NOTTINGHAM, Boat Club (869032), Spoonful

REDCAR, Coatham Bowl (74420), Frankie Miller / Darling

REDHILL, Lakers Hotel, Staa Marx

SHEFFIELD, Top Rank (21927), Budge / Strife

SOUTHAMPTON, University (56629), John Martyn / Joe Jackson

CHESTER, Smartyz, The Extras

DRONGHEDA, Gem, The Physicals

EDINBURGH, Tiffany's, The Blahops / Skeets Boliver

FOLKESTONE, Leas Cliff Hall (53193), Gordon Giltrap

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, Pavilion (64451), The Hawklords

INVERNESS, Eden Court Theatre (221718), Billy Jo Spears

LEEDS, Vivas Wine Bar, York Road (456249), Middle Distance

LONDON, Bridgehouse, Canning Town (01-476 2889), The Young Bucks

LONDON, Dinglewells, Camden (01-267 4967), Ronnie Hawkins and The Hawks

LONDON, Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet (01-449 0467), Grand Hotel

LONDON, Hope and Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Zaine Griff

LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-636 9833), Gary Boyle

LONDON, Kensington, Park Lane Gardens (01-603 3245), Jerry The Ferret

LONDON, Marquee, War-dour Street (01-437 6603), The Restless / The Undertones

LONDON, Moonlight Railway Tavern, West Hampstead (01-677 1473), Magnets / London Zoo

LONDON, Galaxy Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Jab Jab

LONDON, Nashville, Ken-sington (01-603 6071), Stadium Dogs

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

LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Exhibitor

LONDON, Thames Polytechnic, Woolwich, Tiger Ashby

LONDON, Western Counties, Paddington (01-723 0685), Rednite

MANCHESTER, Apollo, Ardwick (081-237 1112), The Jam / Patrick Fitzgerald

MANCHESTER, Opera House (081-834 1787), Lonnie Donegan

MILTON KEYNES, Crawford Rock Club, Scene Stealer

NEWCASTLE, Coopersage, Sabre Jets / Backdoor Man

NOTTINGHAM, Theatre Royal (42328), Millie Jackson

NOTTINGHAM, Trent Polytechnic (48248), Frankie Miller / Darling

OLDHAM, Queen Elizabeth Hall, Lindisfarne

OXFORD, New Theatre (4454), The Chieftains

PLYMOUTH, Woods (26618), Richard and Linda Thompson

PRESTON, Guildhall (21721), Eddie and the Hot Rods

PRESTON, Peartree, The Accelerators

RAYLEIGH, Crooks (77008), Gina and the Rockin Rebels / The Wild Wax Show

SHEFFIELD, Limit (730940), Jagger

SHEFFIELD, University (24076), Clockdra

SOUTHAMPTON, University, John Martyn / Joe Jackson

STOKTON, Fiesta Club (553048), The Real Thing

SWANSEA, Circles, Fischer-Z

WARRINGTON, Carlton Club, The Fall

YORK, Barge (32530), Blind Lemon Clegg

TUESDAY

NOVEMBER 14

BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Squeeze

BIRMINGHAM, Hippodrome (021-622 2576), The Chieftains

BIRMINGHAM, Odeon (021-643 6101), The Jam / Patrick Fitzgerald

BIRMINGHAM, Town Hall (021-236 2539), Bethnal

BISHOPS STORTFORD, Triad (56333), Stadium Dogs

BOURNEMOUTH, Village Bowl (26688), Mickey Jupp / Wreckless Eric / Rachel Sweet and the Records / Lene Lovich / Jona Lewis

BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens (26446), Judas Priest

BRADFORD, College of Education (382712), The Boyfriends / The Backbeats

BRADFORD, University (34135), Bethnal / Bernie Torm

BRIGHTON, Alhambra (27874), The Executives

BRIGHTON, Conference Centre (203131), Dolly Barton

BRIGHTON, Dome (682127), Millie Jackson

BRIGHTON, Top Rank (23895), XTC

CARDIFF, Top Rank (26538), Sham 69 / The Cimarons

CARLISLE, Assembly Hall (23411), Barbara Dickson / Sweet Oats

CHESHAM, Assembly Rooms (3111 x 2255), AC/DC / Blazer Blazer

GLOUCESTER, Tiffanys, XTC

JORDANSTOWN, Polytechnic, The Physicals

LEEDS, Fan Club, Bran-nigans (663252), Gloria Mundi

LEEDS, Vivas Wine Bar, York Road (456249), Middle Distance

LEICESTER, University (540000), Dire Straits / Les Fardon

LIVERPOOL, Sportsman (051-709 3757), Fun

LONDON, Acklam Hall, Portobello Road (01-960 4590), The Passions

LONDON, Albany, Great Portland Street, Gino and the Sharks

LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), First Aid

LONDON, Bridgehouse, Canning Town (01-476 2889), The Tickets / UK Subs / Security Risk

LONDON, Dinglewells, Camden (01-267 4967), Charlie Ainley

LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham (01-385 3942), Straight 8

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

LONDON, Marquee, War-dour Street (01-436 6603), Chieftains

LONDON, Nashville, Ken-sington (01-603 6071), Landscape

WEDNESDAY

NOVEMBER 15

ABERDEEN, Ruffles (2700), Frankie Miller / Darling

BALLYMENA, White Horse, The Physicians

BIRMINGHAM, Aston University (021-359 6511), Gaffa

BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Pure Hell

BIRMINGHAM, Bogarts (021-643 0172), Streetlife

BIRMINGHAM, Golden Lion, Special Clinic

BISHOPS STORTFORD, Triad (56333), Stadium Dogs

BOURNEMOUTH, Village Bowl (26688), Mickey Jupp / Wreckless Eric / Rachel Sweet and the Records / Lene Lovich / Jona Lewis

BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens (26446), Judas Priest

BRADFORD, College of Education (382712), The Boyfriends / The Backbeats

BRADFORD, University (34135), Bethnal / Bernie Torm

BRIGHTON, Alhambra (27874), The Executives

BRIGHTON, Conference Centre (203131), Dolly Barton

BRIGHTON, Dome (682127), Millie Jackson

BRIGHTON, Top Rank (23895), XTC

CARLISLE, St Helier Arms (01-042 2898), Shotgun

CHADWELL HEATH, Greyhound (01-599 1533), Dogwatch

CHESHAM, New Theatre (23411), The Jam / Patrick Fitzgerald

DONCASTER, Roters, The Real Thing

EGHAM, Royal Holloway College (4455), Jags

EXETER, Routes (58615), Richard and Linda Thompson

GLASGOW, Apollo (041-332 6056), The Hawklords

IPSWICH, Gaumont (53641), Gordon Giltrap

LEEDS, Brannigans (451240), Bad News

LEEDS, Vivas Wine Bar, York Road (456249), Kntie Edge

LIVERPOOL, Masons (051-356 1784), The Accelerators

LONDON, Acklam Hall, Portobello Road (01-960 4590), The VTPs / The Look / Bombshells

LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), The Young Bucks

LONDON, Bridgehouse, Canning Town (01-476 2889), HIFI

LONDON, Chelsea College, Manresa Road (01-302 6421), The Neon Hearts

LONDON, Collegiate Theatre, Gordon Street (01-359 6622), Landscape / Farbound

LONDON, Dinglewells, Camden (01-267 4967), Charlie Ainley / China Street

LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081), AC/DC / Blazer Blazer

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

LONDON, Marquee, War-dour Street (01-437 6603), Snipe

LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Tradition

LONDON, Nashville, Ken-sington (01-603 6071), Oado Belle

LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), David Elmore Band

LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Neon

LONDON, Thomas A Beckett, Old Kent Road (01-703 7334), Tiger Ashby

LONDON, Trafalgar, Shepherds Bush (01-749 5005), Gino and the Sharks

LONDON, White Hart, Acton, UK Subs / The Dole

MALVERN, Winter Gardens (2700), Sloussie and the Banishes

MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall (061-832 6625), Frankie Elevators / Manchester Mekon / Fast Co

MANCHESTER, Free Trade Hall (061-834 0943), Lindisfarne

MANCHESTER, Opera House (061-834 1787), Lonnie Donegan

MANCHESTER, Phoenix, Whitefire

MANCHESTER, University (44544), Dire Straits / Lee Fardon

NEWCASTLE, University (28402), The Shirts

NORWICH, Boogie House, Squeeze

OXFORD, New Theatre (44544), Whitesnake / Magnum

PAISLEY, Three Horsebuses (041-896 1993), Charley Brown

PONTYPRIDD, Polytechnic of Wales, Whitwinds

POOL, Arts Centre (70621), Hi Tenion

PORTURUSH, Arcadia, Racing Cars

PORTSMOUTH, Guildhall (24355), Leo Sayer

PRESTON, Guildhall (21721), Ian Gillan Band

READING, Top Rank (87525), The Restless

SHEFFIELD, Limit (730940), Mergo

SLOUGH, Fulcrum Centre, Thames Hall (34669), The Chieftains

SWANSEA, Top Rank (23955), Sham 69 / The Cimarons

SWANSEA, University (24851), Andy Desmond

WAKEFIELD, Breton Hall College, John Cooper-Clarke

WOLVERHAMPTON, Lafayette (26285), Special Circus

WORTHING, Balmoral, The Bats

YORK, Barge (32530), Motel

YORK, Pop Club, Penetration

SUNDAY

NOVEMBER 12

BATLEY, Crumpets (Leeds 458637), The Shirts

STOKE ON TRENT, Trentham Gardens (657341), AC/DC / Blazer Blazer

MONDAY

NOVEMBER 13

AYR, Dampark Hall, The Pirates

BIRKENHEAD, Hamilton club (051-647 8093), Wild Horses

BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), The Shirts

BIRMINGHAM, Mercat Cross, Orphan

BIRMINGHAM, Odeon (021-643 6101), Judas Priest

BIRMINGHAM, Town Hall (021-236 2539), Dire Straits / Ricky Cool and the Icebergs

BRIGHTON, Alhambra (27874), Nigridier

BRISTOL, Colston Hall (291768), AC/DC/Blazer Blazer

BRISTOL, Romeo and Juliet, Third World

CARDIFF, Sophia Gardens (27657), Mickey Jupp / Wreckless Eric / Rachel Sweet and the Records / Lene Lovich / Jona Lewis

CARDIFF, University (39421), Whitesnake / Magnum

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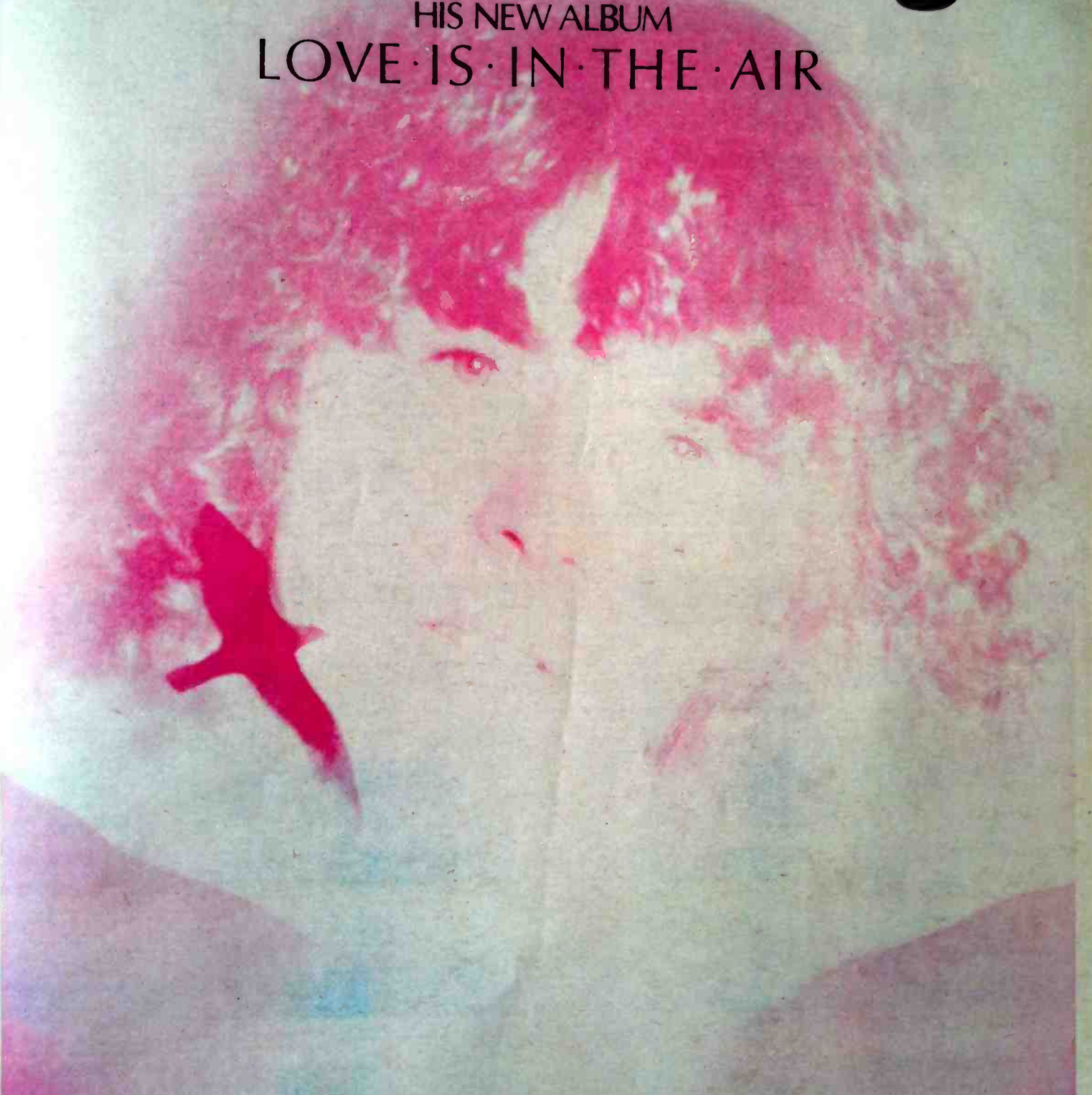
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ROADSHOWS

GP's nitty gritty

GRAHAM PARKER AND THE RUMOUR
The Venue, London

NOT THE exciting opening night that everyone wanted, nor the triumph that anyone had hoped for.

Both Parker and the Venue seemed at odds right from the beginning — the band on stage distanced from the audience at tables in a vacuum that could have passed for a slightly smaller Hammersmith Odeon — the artist relishing the prestige of the first night at what looked like the place to be but making no secret of his dislike of the same audience for not getting up and getting down in time-honoured tradition.

Neither extreme would have worked, as it happens. Parker played a club set (for club read Marquee, Dingwalls or whatever) in a cinema that has been converted — downstairs — into a large barn-like club / restaurant (for club /

restaurant read cavernous Bierkeller). The much-touted — and reportedly extremely expensive — sound system was a good deal less than excellent. And the crowd, for the most part, was there as much for opening night as for Graham Parker.

That's the way it goes... and there was nothing that the wiry bundle of energy from Camberley could do about it. (After all, it happened to Elvis Costello at Dingwalls too). Given an act that could "stun" les patrons in a gently-reclining boozy manner the review could well have led off with the usual accolades; the ones that — in different circumstances — GP has been collecting for the last two years.

No, and here they aren't. But what was truly surprising was the overall lack of effect of Parker, even given the admitted adversities.

Fresh back from Australia, a new album on the way and the country once again just waiting for him to make it this time (and we've

done it before, believe me) this could have just been an unfortunate matching, an off night or... Or, GP and the Rumour need a shot of whatever the Doctor ordered.

The Rumour started off alone, all the instrumental and rhythmic power with no dash — the songs maybe, or just weak delivery. Then GP on stage, threatening initially to take the roof off with the tried and trusted favourites.

But there it seemed to falter. Distanced as we were (and I've stood in mud and been crushed and shoved and even sat and watched oh - so - many times before as this man did triumph) the old bite and venom was lost, the songs lacking their edge and degenerating into parodies of their former glory. Parker himself struggling with empty gestures and, yes indeed, a disappointingly routinised delivery.

Perhaps he needs the smell of the front row and the sight of the wall at the back? I think not. Perhaps he needs new songs? For the most part



GRAHAM PARKER and the Rumour: lost their bite

he's got 'em, as evinced here and at Blackbushe.

So. Back on the road it seems is the answer — to get the grit back between the teeth.

On this occasion the Venue swallowed the star. Both will survive. The former we'll come to take for granted, its interior gradually revealed through a myriad of reviews. Hopefully for GP there is a different fate... and that I'm wrong.

After all this time edging forward, now isn't the time to get comfortable... or get swallowed. JOHN SHEARLAW.

RADIO STARS, B R A M TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE & THE REACTION,
London Roundhouse.

ARE RADIO Stars the bravest band around? They undertake the ironically titled 47 dates holiday tour culminating at the Roundhouse, where they played to a not very packed house as if their lives depended on it and

Andy Ellison beats Barry Masters for acrobatics any day.

With a professionalism not seen since the Three Degrees were last at the Palladium, those courageous Chiswick heroes have at last managed to combine their quirky, perverted brand of heavy metal with all the showmanship that should accompany it; Andy Ellison even brandished a Star Wars torch during 'Let's Call It Rock & Roll'. Young Andy even smiled once or twice and was undeterred when some yob threw a smoke bomb on to the stage.

I'm not sure if newer songs like 'Boy Meets Girl' can stand beside the anachronistic 'Dirty Pictures' and others from the first Radio Stars song cycle but they are executed with such panache that it doesn't really matter. The only thing that really grated was their updated rendition of 'Arthur Is Dead', retitled 'Elvis Is Dead. He Is Way Down', I mean is it really necessary?

Ex - Motor Bram Tchaikovsky has decided to retain the boogieish

half of the Motors repertoire and the result sounded somewhere midway between 'Revolver' and 'Sgt Pepper' with Steve Miller thrown in for good measure. It was great.

The first band on, The Reaction, were unspectacular but tried hard with the passionate pack of Radio Star's freaks (and I did like the singer's tie).

It's about time Radio Stars were off up the M1 again, after all it's been three days now and they must be getting fidgety.

JAMES PARADE

S M O K E Y ROBINSON
Palladium

ALL The world was at the Palladium, from deb types to rasta hats, which proves if nothing else the stupendously wide appeal that William 'Smokey' Robinson has sustained.

Predictably it was with one of his gold-crusted classics, 'Tracks Of My Tears' that he emerged from the darkness after vocal/percussion backing group A Quiet Storm has been through the mandatory warm-up num-

bers. 'Love So Fine' followed with other tracks off the 'Love Breeze' album - all of them rather greater songs than the pop tune for foot fetishists, 'Soul Shoe', that's being taken off as a single.

For the second phase, Smokey understandably snapped back to the oldies, with 'Mickey's Monkey' a standout. The band, including the excellent Fred Smith on flute and the eternal Marv Tarplin on guitar, handled the contemporary stuff a little easier, but Smokey's voice - high, pleading or otherwise - but everything in its grasp and remained the indubitable focal point right through.

There's a possibility you could have found the whole performance, with its aggressive modesty and rehearsed casualness, just too cunning by half. Despite that, or because of it, Smokey had the audience in the palm of his hand, and out of that his neat, decisive personality just grew and grew... into a great night out.

SUSAN KLUTH

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FLAMIN' GROOVIES
Los Angeles, Starwood

TENAGE HEADS — we ain't!" exclaimed guitarist Mike Wilhelm, halfway through the Groovies' first set. The remark bore so many cross-references that there was no way it could have passed unheeded over the (twenties) heads which filled the Starwood.

For 'Teenage Heads' is the title of one of their early classics as well as being an apt description of the band's continuing musical consciousness. But the real irony lies in the fact that after one and a half decades in existence, the Groovies remain about as attractive a commercial proposition as a team of eager 18-year-olds who have yet to learn how to play their instruments, let alone master them with the dedication of these guys.

Not that THEY care. If a short-sighted music industry can't see any further than its next balance sheet, then they might as well just play for themselves and their hard-core following. Just like they did in '72, when along with the Stooges they were dismissed for playing high energy rock'n'roll, leather vests and all. And just like they did in London '76. When the high summer of punk eventually hit Britain, their attitude was pure '64, pre-dating powerpop and mod revivalism by a good 18 months.

As far as the Groovies are concerned, they are still ahead of their time. But by the same token, they are still struggling, and this is only the third time they've been able to play in their native California for TEN years.

Still, they seemed happy enough. Shambling on stage in three-piece suits, shades and Donovan hats, they looked like freshly imported extras from the Quadrophonia film set, minus the Lambrettas.

They opened with two Byrds numbers and continued to reaffirm their allegiance to the REAL golden age of rock'n'roll by playing a whole slew of Beatles and Stones standards. 19th Nervous Breakdown had George Alexander aping Wyman's throbbing bass-line down to its concluding romp into the near distance, as Dave Wright clattered merrily away on drums, looking like a Ramone crossed with a Monkee.

Other cover versions included 'Paint It Black', 'Please Please Me' and 'Baby Please Don't Go', the Groovies pledging their loyalty to a period worthy of unabashed nostalgia. This idea is supported by the definite '60's feel to their own songs like 'Take Me Back' and the new 'Too Far This Time' where Chris Wilson assumed a Lennonish vocal rasp.

Predictably, the high-point of the night was the timeless 'Shake Some Action', with Cyril Jordan leading his band through a succession of sharply-synchronised guitar acrobatics.

Wandering back through the Hollywood dawn, it seemed that the Groovies have done well to shun wealth and compromise in favour of remaining the most endearing band in the world as well as rock'n'roll's longest-surviving cult phenomenon. **MIKE NICHOLLS**

GIGLINE AMERICA

STYX / CARS LA Forum

SINCE only months ago the Cars were still playing college dates, it's understandable that they should have suffered sound problems in the cavernous L.A. Forum. All the same, they were still disappointing, especially after the heavy press build-up and the general hype which seems to be propelling them to instant stardom.

On the admission of singer, songwriter and founder, Ric Ocasek, the band does not rely on technical ability, with some of the musicians more competent than others. This was certainly apparent on the night, since only Greg Hawke's synthesiser and the neat vocal harmonies of Ocasek and Ben Orr stood out in what at times threatened to degenerate into a dull thrash.

Still, the audience got off on it, particularly the two US hit singles, 'Just what I needed' and 'My Best Friend's Girl'. Furthermore with their debut album set to go platinum, or whatever, and the band receiving no end of acclaim and air-play, it looks as if the Cars will stay on the road for some time yet.

Styx have been in the precious metal league since the overdue success which their 'Grand Illusion' opus brought them, and although failing to preach to other than the converted when they toured Britain last Spring, needless to say in the States they are huge. The new album went double platinum here practically before it was released.

Unlike the Cars, Styx thrive on musical competence, and so it was unfortunate that they adopted the showbiz tactic of including in their act all manner of puerile props.

Elegant backdrops and obligatory ballroom globes are one thing, but a classically trained pianist like Dennis de Young hardly needs a rising and falling piano platform to highlight his ability as a performer. Similarly, to watch both guitarists bob up and down on their motorised pedestals like a couple of yo-yos was a bit of a pain, as was the remarkably tedious drum solo, delivered from, you guessed it, a moving kit!

Otherwise, Styx were fine. Tommy Shaw, dashing around to make the most of his cord-less instrument, produced some enthralling while non-indulgent guitar passages, and it was interesting to see him come upfront for 'Crystal Ball', since he hadn't yet joined the band when they made that record.

But it was de Young who stole the show with his flawless vocals, particularly on 'Come Sail Away', 'Lady' and 'Sweet Madame Blue', each of them Styx standards.

Having said that, it's difficult to see how the band can progress any further. The newer material was pretty undistinguished, and perhaps more pertinently, they appeared reluctant to play many of the cuts from the latest 'Pieces of Eight' album.

They must have thought they were being dead smart when they dedicated 'Blue Collar

Man' to "all those who work Monday through Friday", but it only underlined their growing complacency. If they're not careful, in a couple of elpee's time they may well find themselves up a blind alley or even performing in Las Vegas supper clubs.

Still, while they're filling 18,000-seater stadiums with hordes of delirious kids night after night, they should worry. **MIKE NICHOLLS**

JOE COCKER San Francisco

NOT CONTENT with merely releasing an album to herald an attempted comeback, Joe Cocker has also lined up a series of dates, strategically aided and abetted by every West Coast session man (and woman) he could lay his flapping fingers on.

Although scheduled to play two sets at the Old Waldorf Club, it became evident that there was only going to be one, which was baffling as the place was packed solid.

One glance at old gravel voice as he staggered on stage, however, and all was revealed. The man was pie-eyed. Out to (a liquid) supper if not exactly lunch. Yeah, still crazy after all these years, and still content to plunder everyone else's material — which has never been a bad thing, since his unique set of pipes confront the listener with quite enough originality already.

For starters there was 'Feelin' Alright' (reassuring), followed by a laudably sensitive interpretation of 'Whiter Shade Of Pale'. As far as being a crooner goes, Joe might not be Bryan Ferry, but it was still a shock to hear such tenderness emanating from a mass of dishevelled hair (what's left of it) clad in a silk dress - shirt which first impressions confused with a thrift-shop hand-me-down.

'Delta Lady' was more like it, complete with uncontrived hand gestures and a rich dose of funk from the multitude assembled to his rear. The juxtaposition between slow songs and fast made for an imaginatively well-paced set, as blues, rock and soul numbers rubbed shoulders with more gospelly-flavoured ballads.

The climax of the evening might have been Dylan's 'Watching The River Flow', but by this point the booze had percolated so far up his head that it was more interesting watching whether he could stay on his feet or not.

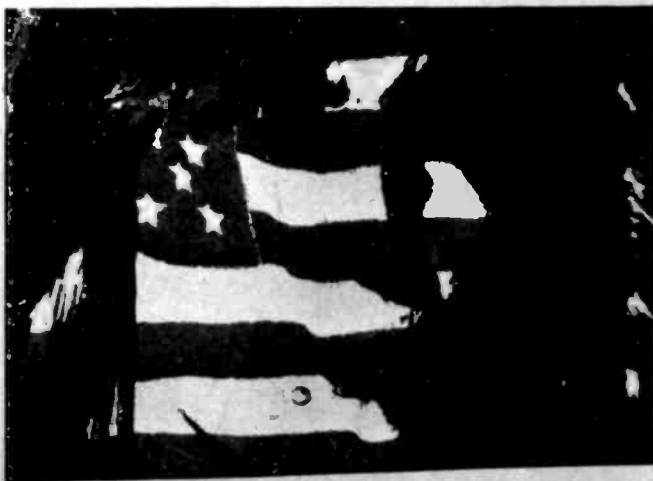
Nevertheless, Joe was called back for an encore, and he duly delivered 'The Letter'. By this point the audience seemed fairly happy, too, and hamburgers digested, proceeded to get up from their tables to start bopping excitedly.

On venturing forth to see Joe Cocker, I was anticipating a third rate performance from one desperate for a second bite of a cherry that was never his in the first place. In the event he demonstrated that he does possess a certain amount of artistic credibility and that he is not living on borrowed time just yet. **MIKE NICHOLLS**

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ROADSHOWS

Gie's a song, Jimmy

SHAM 69
Glasgow Apollo

WELL Sham 69 left the kids at the Apollo shouting for more, and is it any wonder? At £2.50 an hour Sham 69 are not exactly good value for money. So Mr Jimmy Pursey, if you're listening, I think you should practise more of what you preach. Can the kids afford to be united at £2.50 a throw? If you are so against rip offs (as you claim to be) you should be giving them a better return for their money. That's my only complaint.

As for the show, well, that's a different matter. They came on dynamically and continued that way, with a surprisingly good set. I've never really cared much for what they do, but I've admired them for sticking to their principles. Though seeing them live won't make me go out and buy their album, it will make me go and see them again.

The set was taken up mainly with exact renderings of their singles with over a long introduction which for some reason brought Poly Styrene immediately to mind. No one was sacred, especially if you were press or Malcolm McLaren. At least that's the impression I got from the introductions to 'Rip Off' and 'Ulster Boy'. Sham did have a few good points that they

tried to put across. They succeeded with 'Ulster Boy'. Jimmy Pursey is maybe the only person who could get 4,000 Glasgow kids arm in arm shouting Rangers and Celtic in unison with no fighting breaking out. All very nice, but it's a pity this unity wasn't continued outside after the gig.

Basically they put on a good show and the only technical hitch was a very rough p.a. As this was only the third gig in the tour that should be easily rectified. I'm now awaiting expectantly for their next tour, which I hope will have a longer set and shorter introductions. SANDY ASHIE

ANDY DESMOND,
Bath Brillig

IT'S BAD enough having to play a gig in front of a somewhat less than capacity crowd, 29 people to be exact. The last thing you need is a geezer from Record Mirror turning up to review it. Embarrassing for both in fact.

Andy Desmond is not only a bloke, it's a band as well, and not a bad band, otherwise I expect more people would part with their pennies. Infamy is better than anonymity after all. No, it's bands like this that are the backbone of the UK music culture, displaying that rough edged inventiveness that is its hallmark, and committed to the idea of

making music for music's sake. Stirring stuff. It's just unfortunate that Bath also had several firework displays that night, for Fawkes sake and everyone had heard of that guy whereas Andy hasn't tried anything that ambitious yet.

The style and material aren't strikingly original - sort of folk rock with pretensions of majesty. If you want comparisons, half way between Haworth and Springsteen maybe, or if you like, a rock band with sax and keyboards thrown in for frills. I'm pretty sure that all Andy Desmond needs is a bit of exposure to gain immediate wide acceptance. Anyway, all 29 of us had a real good time. Thanks Andy. FRED WILLIAMS.

JOE JACKSON
London Nashville

IF IAN Dury is the Max Miller of rock'n'roll, then Joe Jackson is probably the Max Bygraves.

The music hall ingredients are obvious: 'cheekie chapple' patter, limp wrist, pink face, striped suit, winning smile. All of which might sound like gimmickry. But it isn't.

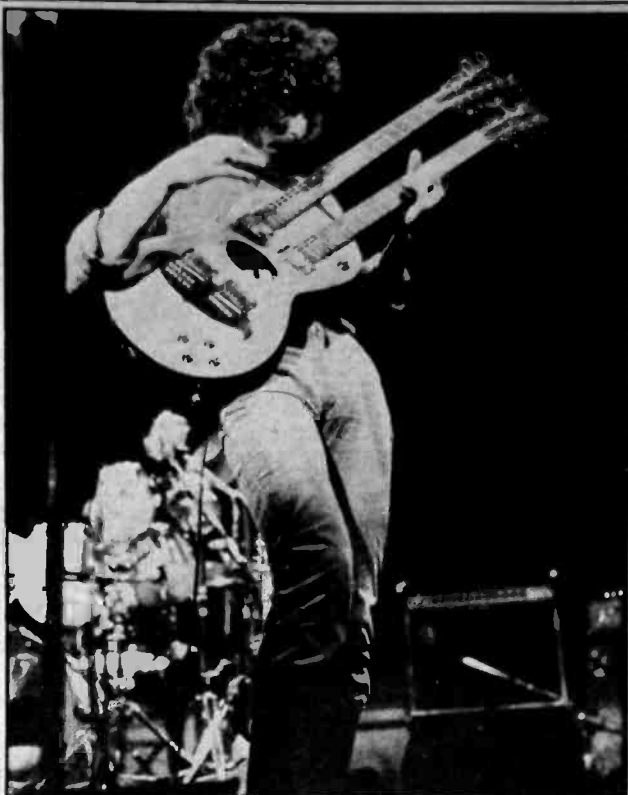
Or even if it is, it's done with such genuine affection and skill that it matters not all. The important thing is that Joe Jackson has the presence to carry it off. He has style, precious and elegant.

But for Jackson - as for Dury - sartorial sass is just the icing on a musically rich cake.

He has an instinctive grasp for his ragged-edged pop songs, and a peculiarly unique, tough-and-tender voice. Commercial without being wet, rooted in sixties feel but nothing if not the sound of 1978.

He and the band don't really sound like anyone, but visually there are several remarkable doppelgangers. Guitarist Gary Sanford bears a disconcerting resemblance to Mickey Most. Drummer Dave Houghton looks like Bun E. Carlos of Cheap Trick and Joe himself is a peculiar hybrid of Bygraves and Peter Skellern.

Maybe to look at they're a walking waxworks, but musically they're a great deal more animate than anything Madame Tussaud could dream up. Jackson contorts and stiffens agonisingly, while Sanford contorts himself with pursuing Joe around the stage with his guitar.



Gordon Giltrap sees double

GORDON GILTRAP
Bristol Colston Hall

AND SO Gordon Giltrap, a well known "musician's musician" is back with a new album, a new tour and a new band, making it would seem, a fresh attempt at a break through into the big league. The three new group members are John Gustafson on bass, Ian Moseley on drums, and one of Gordon's producers, Roger Hand on rhythm guitar and percussion. These, together with stalwarts Rod Edwards and right hand man Eddie Spence, possess an impressive track record.

The set commenced with liquid lights and a typical piece of Gordon's fluid acoustic guitar with the underlying favour of sixteenth century English court music. This then developed through 'Quest' and 'Deserter' from the 'Perilous Journey' album to ethereal, swirling

passages with occasional moments of attack; ideal to think or dream to whilst watching Gordon go through the numerous guitar changes necessary to achieve his ultimate aim, perfection. There then followed 'Fast Approaching' from the new 'Fear Of The Dark' album, which was even lighter and more professional than usual, and the heavier, more rocky, 'Perilous Journey' cut 'Mordio Gorge'.

Suddenly Gordon was alone for an acoustic number 'Cat Walk Blues' which demonstrated his folk roots and underlined his undisputed prowess as a guitarist. Eddie Spence then joined in on 'Melancholy Lullaby' providing suitable, soft strung effects as a backdrop for more complex picking. This sort of late night music seemed a bit incongruous in a hall of energetic fans, but judging by the response there are still those about who appreciate good guitar playing.

Of the material from the new album, 'Fear Of The Dark', 'Night Rider' and 'Inner Dream' had personalities of their own, although the wailing female on the latter was a little too nervous to be at her best. 'Fear Of The Dark' itself, 'Visitation' and 'Roots' were up to Gordon's own high standards but lacked true individuality.

The closing piece was the previous single 'Heart Song' complete with its really distinctive chord run. There was also two encores of intriguingly deceptive time changes, that together with the lighting display left you wondering just exactly when they were all going to take off.

The main obstacles in Gordon's path are his own modesty and a tendency to be pedantic. Also, a little less intense an atmosphere would help, for though I know Gordon was joking when he said: "Shut up, this is serious music," many a true word is spoken in jest. GARETH KERSHAW

romantics of 'Is She Really Going Out With Him' and the frantic 'No Time To Lose'.

He is no avant-garde doyen, no barrier cracking experimentalist; all the songs are basically conservative - even to the extent of Joe performing a version of Fats Waller's 'Ain't Misbehavin'.

But he has elan, charm, talent and a very nice suit. He will hit Big soon. That prediction is official. TIM LOTT.

BETHNAL
Luton College Of Further Education

ELAN is the word. Elan, according to the old Oxford English is - vivacity, dash - and Bethnal have bags of the stuff. From the first strains of the specially composed 'Crash Landing Overture' to the final gargantuan thrashings of Status Quo's 'Slow Train' the band showed action and vision and proved that, if you have the time, Bethnal should be investigated.

On this tour Bethnal are trying out material from the forthcoming 'Crash Landing' album, and with this set they show that there are no half measures. The majority of their show at Luton was taken up by new songs, a brave move considering the familiarity of the first album's songs. Almost immediately, with the crunching title track, one realises that Bethnal's gamble has paid off. The new songs have a greater sense of dynamics, and when 'Crash Landing' is followed by 'Soldier Boy' from the 'Dangerous Times' album one is immediately confronted with an obvious progression.

More revelations occur throughout the next hour when Bethnal slow things right down twice. Firstly with the new singles b-side 'Summer Wine', a song which sports a classic fat Bethnal bass line and some tasty guitar frills from Nick Michaels, and then with 'You're A Dreamer' which is the real surprise of the set. The latter song is a truly

great ballad which features some dreamy keyboard and synthesiser work from George Csapo. This song is real soul and shows that Bethnal are not merely another band, but a unique entity who can progress in any number of directions. These two songs could also hint at a future in the sphere of American rock.

Bethnal's other new gamble is the inclusion of an adapted classical piece. Fritz Kreisler, I'm sure, would be proud of the band's interpretation of his 'Allegro'. The very fact that the band had people dancing and not merely listening to a piece of classical music is, in itself, a feat. The allegro is written in the style of Paganini and fans of the big P will undoubtedly lap up the gypsy sensibility which pervades this and much of Bethnal's work. Songs like 'Soldier Boy' and the classic 'Bartok' contain this warm Romany feel - but are all hard rock songs, I would challenge anyone to resist tapping the ole tooties to the aforementioned 'Bartok',

a tune which I still maintain coulda bin a contenduh in the chart stakes.

Of the new songs two in particular impressed me no end. The first was 'Clown In The Crowd' featuring as it did the classic Bethnal sense of dynamics. It begins with a quiet build up then crashes into the oft repeated title hook, dies down into the sweet and soft violin section then builds into a crunching climax. 'Odd Man Out' is for me, the other stand out track. It revolves around another of those irresistible gippo ligs yet still retains the rock feel that is the band's forte. It also highlights a more visual side to Bethnal. During the moonlight balladeering section on which Csapo, resplendent in black save for a gold cummerbund, solos on violin, Everton Williams hurtles and bounces all over the stage (wirling his bass like a crazed savage).

The band have ditched the military chic and now come on in a blaze of leather and coloured silks and satins. With the added bonus of a superb light show they provide one of the best rock evenings currently available. They deserve your time. RONNIE 'SPORTZANDO' GURR.

BUZZCOCKS
London Hammersmith Odeon

NEW WAVE'S quiet men proved on Saturday night that they are worthy to be acclaimed as superstars. The Buzzcocks have almost everything going for them. From the moment the safety curtain went up, revealing four shady figures through to the point where John Maher finally kicked over his drum kit, The Buzzcocks were in complete control of a noisy crowd. The power of the music was so strong that I forgot about the distractions created by the bouncers and found myself totally wrapped up in the show.

The set was perfectly timed as it went through the band's more progressive numbers, to please the rock intelligentsia, whilst the short sharp pop songs convinced me that here was a band with something for everyone. On this showing they are 1978's perfect band.

The criss cross lighting was extremely effective in capturing each member of the band - visually, Shelley and Garvey ambled round like penguins, while Diggle - you're my guitar hero!

The white light behind Maher's drum kit made sure that you didn't forget this crucial member of the band. In fact, on '16' and 'Pulsebeat' Maher's hypnotic drumming totally dominated.

This is a truly democratic band where the honours are distributed evenly. The Buzzcocks work together as an efficient unit which has no apparent flaws.

The singles were perhaps the most successful and enjoyable spots in the show - 'Ever Fallen In Love', 'What Do I Get', 'Noise Annoys' they were all magic. 'E.S.P.' ended the set in classic showbiz fashion. Shelley, Garvey then Maher left the stage leaving Diggle, who walked out into the crowd still playing that unforgettable hook line. It was a clever ending to a show which left me realising that I had witnessed something special. The encores confirmed this feeling - The Buzzcocks are very, very special. PHILIP HALL.

ADAM & THE ANTS



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DISCOS

By JAMES HAMILTON

UK DISCO TOP 90

DISCO NEWS

EMI's Licensed Repertoire Division's disco department are holding a series of presentation evenings for record shops and DJs this month: already held this week have been nights in London, Birmingham and Liverpool, while all DJs are welcome to turn up between 8-10pm for Bristol Romeo's & Juliet's tonight (Thursday 9), Hull Romeo's & Juliet's next Wednesday (15), Newcastle Julie's next Thursday (16) and Glasgow Rialto the following Monday (20).

Crown Heights Affair's review last week was truncated: the full 6:27 12in 'Say A Prayer For Two' / 4:28 'I'm Gonna Love You Forever' is on Mercury 9189918, while the edited 7in is 638805. 'Steel Pulse' 'Prediction' is also on 4:52 12in (Island 12WIP 6461). Ariola are rushing Chanson 'Don't Hold Back' on 7in with a 12in later, and plan for Winners and Deborah Washington in January. Ronnie Jones 'Groovin' is due soon on single, while Village People 'YMCA' is on both 7in and 12in next week.

North East Essex DJ Assn challenge Colchester Embassy Studio to a charity football match this Sunday (12) at 2.30 on Shrub End Playing Field - NEEDJA need ya there! They've already got 34 members (contact Lew Wells, 51 Cowdray Avenue, Colchester). Steve Allen starts a new Thursday night funk at Peterborough's Cresset Leisure Centre, Bretton, tonight (9). Tom Wilson (Edinburgh Rutland) suggests a 'slow spin' instead of the speed thing - evidently Alicia Bridges' 7in at 33 1/3 rpm sounds a bit like the O'Jays! ... I did a gig last week opposite Barry Neal of the Simon King Disco (01-330 3709): he's got a good line in chat and spins the hits.

DJs or groups needing cheap transport hire, or record companies wanting a mailing house and printing service, could well try CJ Ryman Management of 1B Broughton Street, London SW8 (01-622 2484), who hope especially to help the disco side of the business. Eye Records' new disco plugger is June Wood, promoted to the position in-house, so there may be hope for some of you yet! Paul Clark now imports funks Hove's Inn Bar, Oriental Place, till late (2.00am) on Mon / Wed / Fridays, while Gary Allan spins hits at Liverpool's McMillans in Concert Street (by Comet, halfway up Bold Street), which is usually full by 11pm but he wants it known he's there Thur / Fri / Saturdays.

Manchester-based Dave Eager 'Beaver' is filling in the 4-6pm slot on Manx Radio, which with increased power on 219m MW now reaches parts of Scotland, Lancashire, Wales and Ireland. King E-1 Yori (Peckham Red Bull) now informs that 'Hard World's' import 12in is fetching 15 while the UK original gets £20 or more: however, Bus Phillips at Manor Park Broadway's Ere For Music (Saturdays) does the import for £2.99...hello, Roger St Pierre!

...hello, Roger St Pierre!



SYLVESTER: still No 2 in the Top 90. His new single is reviewed this week.

JOX YOX

KEVIN FAULKNER runs Faulkner's Flight mobile with Warren Suk from Whyteleaf near Croydon (08832 3680), and did a gig recently for 300 teenaged convent girls... who all screamed out for 'Summer Nights' when asked for requests. "As you know, the end of the song features John Travolta going 'urrggh' (it's not what he says but the way he says it); anyway, just before this part, all the girls ran and hugged the speakers, ready to drool over their idol. However, instead of the incredible hunk waggling his tonsils, I quickly grabbed the mike and at the precise moment substituted a short but loud 'buurrrrrrrp' I've never seen so many girls move so fast - you should have seen their faces, they varied from total embarrassment red to dead shock white! Still, they've asked us back at Christmas, but I hate to think what they're planning in revenge!"

RECORD MIRROR

- 1 2 INSTANT REPLAY, Dan Hartman Blue Sky/US 12in/CBS promo LP
- 2 1 YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY REAL), Sylvester Fantasy/12in/LP
- 3 4 RASPUTIN, Boney M Atlantic/12in LP
- 4 3 NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND LOVE, Third World Island/12in LP
- 5 6 BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE, Jacksons Epic/12in LP
- 6 10 MacARTHUR PARK SUITE, Donna Summer Casablanca/LP/12in promo
- 7 7 GET ON UP GET ON DOWN, Roy Ayers Polydor/12in/LP
- 8 11 PRANCE ON/CYCLOPS (45 rpm)/BUTTERFLY/SAY YOU, Eddie Henderson Tower LP/12in
- 9 15 SUN EXPLOSION/MOTAPO/BIG BLOW, Manu Dibango Decca 12in/French Fiesta LP
- 10 5 LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE/DO IT DO IT, Rose Royce Whitefield
- 11 12 IT SEEMS TO HANG ON, Ashford & Simpson Warner Bros/US LP/12in promo
- 12 16 SIX MILLION STEPS, Rahm Harris US Inspirational Sounds/12in
- 13 9 DANCE (DISCO) BEAT, Sylvester Fantasy/US 12in
- 14 13 GIVING IT BACK, Phil Hurtt Fantasy 12in
- 15 8 BRITISH HUSTLE, Hi-Tension Island/12in
- 16 19 ONLY YOU/CLOSE THE DOOR, Teddy Pendergrass Phil Int 12in
- 17 17 GET IT WHILE YOU CAN, Olympic Runners Polydor/12in
- 18 14 SUMMER NIGHTS, Travolta/Newton-John RSO
- 20 20 IN THE BUJUJUUJ/KEEP ON JUMPIN', Musique CBS/LP
- 21 24 PLATS RETRA, Joe Thomas TK/US 12in
- 22 27 GIVING UP GIVING IN, Three Degrees Ariola/12in
- 23 22 TAKE THAT TO THE BANK, Shalamar US Solar LP
- 24 30 I LOVE AMERICA, Patrick Juvot Casablanca/LP/12in
- 25 18 GREATE, Frankie Valli/Sony Brown Fantasy 12in
- 26 29 BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE, Mick Jackson RSO
- 27 25 CAN'T YOU SEE ME/YOU SEND ME, Roy Ayers Atlantic/US 12in
- 28 23 BAMA BOOGIE/WOODIE, Cleveland Eaton Polydor LP
- 29 34 NIGHT DANCING, Joe Farrell Gull/12in
- 30 36 MIND BLOWING DECISIONS/ALWAYS AND FOREVER, Heatwave GTO 12in
- 31 31 No. 1 DEE JAY, Goody Goody US Atlantic/12in promo/LP
- 32 32 ONE FOR USTLE, Hi-Tension Mercury/12in
- 33 51 LE FREAK, Chic US Atlantic 12in
- 34 33 ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE, Funkadelic US Warner Bros/12in promo/LP
- 35 35 RHYTHM OF LIFE, Afro Cuban Band Anista 12in/LP
- 36 28 HOT SHOT, Karen Young Atlantic 12in/US West End LP
- 37 38 BLACK IS THE COLOUR, Wilbert Longmire US Tappan Zee LP/CBS promo LP
- 38 43 YOU'RE A STAR/FANTASY, Aquarian Oream Elektra LP
- 39 42 SAY A PRAYER FOR TWO/I'M GONNA LOVE YOU FOREVER/I LOVE YOU DREAM WORLD, Crown Heights Warner/12in LP
- 40 37 MONTEGO BAY, Sugar Cane Ariola Hansa 12in
- 41 47 LUCKY STARS, Dean Friedman/Dennis Morse Lifesong
- 42 21 GALAXY OF LOVE, Crown Heights Affair Mercury 12in/LP
- 43 84 CALLING PLANET EARTH/GIMME THAT FUNK, Dennis Cooper US Westbound 12in promo/LP
- 44 53 LOVE IN THE NIGHT/FE (DISCO 'ROUND), Alicia Bridges Polydor/12in
- 45 10 NO GOODBYES, Curtis Mayfield US Curtom LP/12in promo
- 46 52 SAVE SOME FOR THE CHILDREN, Howard Kenney US Warner Bros LP
- 47 55 ONE FOR YOU ONE FOR ME, Jonathan King GTO/12in
- 48 57 STARCRUISIN'/FANCY DANCER/THIS SIDE OF MIDNIGHT, Gregg Diamond's StarCruiser US Marlin LP/CBS promo LP
- 49 45 RIDE-O-ROCKET, Brothers Johnson Funk Ab/Motown/12in
- 50 46 BOOGIE FUNK, Solar Flare RCA 12in
- 51 35 SHAME, Evelyn King RCA 12in
- 52 56 I'M EVERY WOMAN, Chaka Khan Warner Bros/US 12in promo
- 53 62 DON'T LOOK BACK, Peter Tosh/Mick Jagger EMI/12in
- 54 40 WHAT YOU WANT IN FOR, Willie Mitchell MCA/12in
- 55 49 BOOGIE OOGIE, A Taste Of Honey Capitol/12in/LP
- 56 44 TURN MY WORLD BACK AROUND, Eddie Hopper US HDM LP
- 57 70 HAPPY SONG/WHY DON'T YOU LOOK INSIDE, Ronnie Foster Columbia LP
- 58 41 VICTIM, Candl Staton Warner Bros/LP/US 12in promo
- 59 76 BURNIN', Cyril Cougas Midsong 12in
- 60 61 BRANDY, O'Jays Phil Int
- 61 63 GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE, Earth Wind & Fire CBS
- 62 74 CALIFORNIA DREAMING/SPACE LADY LOVE, Colorado Pinnacle/12in
- 63 73 DOIN' THE BEST THAT I CAN, Bettye LaVette Atlantic 12in
- 64 72 ALL THE WAY LIVE/MOOGIN' ON, Ramsey Lewis US Columbia LP
- 65 68 YMCA, Village People US Casablanca/12in/LP
- 66 66 SHOOT ME WITH YOUR LOVE, Tasha Thomas US Orbit 12in
- 67 69 I'M IN LOVE/FIRST COME FIRST SERVE, Rose Royce Whitefield LP
- 68 67 YOU, Samuel Jonathan Johnson US Columbia 12in
- 69 88 SANDY, John Travolta Midsong
- 70 70 EAST RIVER, Brecker Brothers Anista
- 71 71 OUTSIDE LOOKING IN/MIDNIGHT BOOGIE/TAPIOCA, US LRC LP
- 72 50 IT'S MUSIC, Damon Harris US Fantasy WMC 12in
- 73 50 I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU, Herbie Hancock CBS 12in/LP
- 74 60 TIME OF THE SEASON/MELLOW OUT, Gap Mangione Funk AB/Motown/12in
- 75 77 GROOVIN'/GIMME LITTLE SIGN/ME AND MYSELF, Lollipop LP
- 76 65 GYPSY LADY/IF MY FRIENDS COULD SEE ME NOW, Ronnie Jones US Columbia LP/US 12in promo
- 77 77 THANK YOU FOR FUNKING UP MY LIFE/HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS, Donald Byrd US Elec/12in
- 78 58 HOW DO YOU DO, Al Hudson Igi Tombi/12in
- 79 66 THE WARRIOR, Pulse Funk AB/Motown 12in
- 80 78 STAND UP, Atlantic Star TK/US 12in
- 81 89 BREAK IN FREAK OUT, Timmy Thomas US Motown LP
- 82 82 DID DAT, Grover Washington Jr Epic/US 12in
- 83 79 YOU STEPPED INTO MY LIFE, Marla Moore US Columbia LP
- 84 84 ALWAYS THERE/KEEP THAT SAME OLD FEELING, Willie Bobo US Columbia LP
- 85 85 THE OTHER SIDE OF MIDNIGHT, Marsha Hunt Magnet 12in
- 86 86 STOMP YOUR FEET GIVE ME A BREAK, Dittie Baba US Polydor LP
- 87 87 I LIKE THE MUSIC MAKE IT HOT, Rodney Franklin US Columbia LP
- 88 88 LOVE HUSTLE, Family Affair US Columbia LP
- 89 76 I LOVE TO SEE YOU DANCE/NEED TO KNOW YOU BETTER, Finished Touch Motown/LP/US 12in promo
- 90 90 CAN'T STOP DANCING, Chanters Sisters Satan

SYLVESTER: 'Dance (Disco Heat)' (Fantasy FTC 163) 3:51 7in edit of the dynamite US 12in misses most of the latter's best last part, when the rhythm pauses for freaky effects, but it still storms along.

MUSIQUE: 'In The Bush' (CBS 8791): 3:32 edit of the catchy fast LP pounder, with a new and considerably different 6:44 disco remix on the flip.

ROD STEWART: 'Da'ya Think I'm Sexy?' (Riva 17). Anything Bowie can do Rod can do too! It's an excellent easy-paced mellotron-backed 5:28 disco chugger, bound to explode.

ATLANTIC STARR: 'Stand Up' (Funk A&M/Epic 7401). Powerfully stamping funk jumper, huge on LP for ages and now on remixed 6:24 12in or 4:29 7in.

CHAKA KHAN: 'I'm Every Woman' (Warner Bros K 17260). Superb strings-backed smooth soul chugger pushed along with subtle power, rather like the current Ashford & Simpson, huge already on same-length promo 12in.

SARAH BRIGHTMAN & HOT GOSSIP: 'I Lost My Heart To A Starship' (Cassider Yourself! Cactus CT 119). Impressions - inspired soulful reggae with great Euro-style 12in romper, full of appropriate space effects which'll hell sell it to pop crowds.

COMMODORES: 'Just To Be Close To You' (Motown TMG 1127). Great soulfully-lurching 1976 smoocher deservedly out again... and this one really is soul!

ONDIE: 'Hanging On The Telephone' (Chrysalis CHS 2266). Telephone intro to a good new wave disco thrasher, should be useable.

ROCKY SHARPE & THE REPLAYS: 'Rama Lama Ding Dong' (Chiswick CHS 104). Edsels' doo-wop rocker revived Darts-style, with low bass vocals by Olympic Runner Pete Wingfield.

GATO BARBERI: 'Poinclair' (A&M AMS 7387). At last, the sax tootler's lovely jazz-funk instrumental swayer is edited to 5:14 for 7in.

JAMES BROWN: 'Nature, Pts 1/2' (Polydor 2066884). Great funky chicken scratcher with a brass riff that's pinched straight from Rufus Thomas. Do that dog!

FINISHED TOUCH: 'I Love To See You Dance' (Motown TMG 1126). Jittery fast but slick hustler, now on 8:43 7in, with catchy Chic-like chix going 'dance dance dance, ooh ooh ooh' behind squeaky soul guys.

VOYAGE: 'Souvenirs' (GTO 12 241). Gradually building bossa nova - well almost! - with chanting Euro chix and chattering rhythm behind the smooth surface sound, on 12in and 7in, flipped by their last LP's funkily leaping 'Lady America'.

VARIOUS: 'Hot Disco Night, Vol 1' (Pye NSPL 28271). Laurin Rinder & W Michael Lewis produced LP of past successes, most with their hot rhythm and cool synthesizer sound. The Afro-type title-track was used as a rhythm break for mixing into other records by US jocks, and works well like that.

but how many UK DJs are into that type of cleverness? Other known tracks include the full 6:35 El Coco 'Let's Get It Together', Mondo Disco's 'Le Pamplemousse', Le Spank and the producers' own 3:42 'Lust'.

NEW SPINS

EL COCO: 'Coco Kane' LP 'Dancing In Paradise' (PYE NSPL 28268). Jauntily jumping girl - sung 5:06 flip with whizzing synthetic strings and freaky stereo effects, plus the already known title track and its 'Love In Your Life' 12in coupling.

SHAMPOO: 'Harlem Hustle' (Ensign ENY 1812). Lush but lively disco clopper with cooling chix and lotsa syndrums, remixed by Chris Hill for the flipside version, on 12in and 7in. Anyone for a Martini?!

CONZALE: 'Just Let It Lay' (EMI 2888). Sleazy laid - back throaty drawler with staccato chix and lazily funky but full - bodied mid - tempo backbeat - could be a grower.

EDWIN STARR: 'I'm So Into You' (20th Century BTC 2389). Huskily souled lulling slow jogger creeps up on ya most effectively.

DELE ROY WILSON: 'Consider Yourself' (Cactus CT 119). Impressions - inspired soulful reggae with great '60s-style guitar chords and humming.

MELBA MOORE: 'You Stepped Into My Life' (Epic EPC 6811). Already hitting on US 12in. It's a pleasant lightly funky version of - 'up! - a Bee Gees song.

M.A.S.: 'Bee Gees Mania' (Polydor 2001830). As if they don't get played enough, here's a Euro-style US medley of Bee Gees biggies, squeaky vocals 'n all. Ugh!

ANDY GIBB: 'Why' (RSO 22). Yet more etefete whimpering.

PAUL JABARA: 'Pleasure Island' (LP 'Keeping Time' Casablanca CAL 2028). Gradually building marathon disco 'symphony' goes through several emphasis shifts and actually gets quite rhythmically exciting for the instrumental last half, with overiald sound effects.

CHRISTINA: 'Disco Clone' (Island WIP 6468). Gruff guy and squeaky chick do a zingy fast disco 'Come Outside', possibly a contender for Robbie Vincent's bottom five (but it does have a naive charm), also on 12in. (ZE 12ZE 001).

BOB MARLEY: 'War' / 'No More Trouble' / 'Exodus' (Island IPR 2028). Live recorded limited 2000-copies-only 12in. The A-side reggae is a bit dull but the B-side version goes like the clappers and is possibly too fast!

STEVE KHAN: 'Some Down Time' (LP 'The Blue Man' CBS 83146). Specialist jazz - funk skipper with biting Khan guitar and Brecker / Sanborn brass.

CHUCK MANGIONE: 'Children of Sanchez' (A&M AMS 7389). Angrily growling brassy intro to a subtle Spanish - tinged jazz instrumental with military drumming.

PLATINUM HOOK: 'Gotta Find A Woman' / 'Hooked For Life' (Motown TMG 1128). Lightweight little jogger, heavier funk flip, but nothing very special.

GINO VANNELLI: 'I Just Wanna Stop' (A&M AMS 7397). Gentle blue-eyed smoocher.

SERGE GAINSBOURG: 'Sea, Sex and Sun' (Philips 6042412). Fast electronic Euro pop frolic with Jane Birkin's fella talking gruff sexy sweet nothings over gassing girls.

LARRY PAGE ORK: 'Thunderstruck' / 'Slinkly Things' (Rampage DB RAM 12). Rah Band - style simple bouncy instrumental with thunderclaps on 4:40 12in or 3:30 7in, while the blander but more strictly 'disco' 6:25 (flip has slinky femme vocals on the 3:18 7in version only).

SWITCH: 'There'll Never Be' (Motown 12TMG 1123). Their LP's extremely Platinum Hook-like 'We Like To Party Come On' (STML 12099) is so far the disco rave, but now this sinuous sweet soul smoocher is on 12in.

PETER SKELLERN: 'Love Is The Sweetest Thing' (Mercury 6008603). A hit already, it's one of the year's best MoR dancers for mobile jocks.

MIDNITE FOLLIES: 'No Strings' (EMI Odeon ODO 001). Really useful '30s - style Pasadena - type MoR quickstepper, lovely and jolly for old folks.

GINGER ROGERS: 'Isn't This A Lovely Day' (EMI Odeon ODO 102). Beautiful MoR filler, ditto as above!

MADLEN KANE: 'C'est Si Bon' (Decca FR 13805). Breathily slow silky smoocher, possibly best for gay and continental crowds.

METROPOLIS: 'New York Is My Kind Of Town' (Salsoul SSOL 112). Tranquil intro builds into a low volume 7:14 zingy girly group galloper, bigger with jocks than the A - side's even frothier 'The Greatest Show On Earth'.

TONY MIDDLETON: 'Paris Blues' (Grapevine GRP 115). My old mate from the Willows with a melodically soulful '60s mid - tempo northern stomper, dubbed from disc.

RAY GODFREY: 'Come And Get These Memories' (Grapevine GRP 111). Northern - aimed carbon copy of the old Vandelias classic.

A DISCO CLASSIC
'THE WARRIOR'
 (from Ipi Tombi)
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 c/w
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DISCOS

DJ HOTLINE

CHART CONTRIBUTING DJs, continued by geographical order, include Ian Turner (Colwyn 1590), Bev Tilling (Chester Cestrian), Paul Musselle (Chester), Eric Hearn (Neston Westwood Grange), Dave Dee (Birkenhead Cabin), John Roberts (Birkenhead Rascals), Stuart Hamilton (Liverpool Timepiece), Gary Allan (Liverpool McMillans), Joey Carter (Liverpool Centre Scene), Paul Gibson (Whiston), DJ Griffiths (Speke Jons), Lloyd Richards (Runcorn Cherry Tree), John Bradbury (Prestbury White House), Mike Costello (Salford), Brian Stevenson (Royton Assembly), Paul Travis (Bolton Rotters), Phil Robinson (Burnley), Mike Law (Blackburn Gallgreaves), Roger F (Blackpool Stage), Hot Wax (Morecambe), JJ Collins (Bingley Oakwood Hall), Paul Sharpe (Brighouse), Roy Hughes (Leeds Beilindas), Stuart Robinson (Collingham YO), Jim Kershaw (Sheffield Triple Echo), Derek Dane (Sheffield), Russell Burtonshaw (Retford MAYO), Ian Hay (Cleethorpes Clouds), Phil Mitchell (Hull), Tony Hargan (Yarm Kirklevington Country Club), Gary Oldis (Aycliffe Inn Ognito), Jim "Butch" Higginson (Spenny Moor Top Hat), Mike Satchell (North Shields Karlson), DJ Donald (Colstream), Dominic "Feds" Hetherington (Carlisle Twisted Wheel), Adrian Lauder (Symington), Hugh Melvin (New Cumnock), Billy Frew (Kilmarnock), Alan Kerr (Kilmarnock Ossington), Bert Smith (Fenwick Kiwi Lodge), Jay Jay "Hubby" Sowers (Stevenston Ardeer), Alan Donald (Rothesay Paddle Boat), James Cameron (Alexandria), Strathclyde DJ Assn, Alex Carr (Hyndland), Gary Reid (Glasgow Shuffles), Colin McLean (Hamilton Acas), Ian Cassells / Jim Hunter (Airdrie Marcos), Bill Grainger (Edinburgh Fire Island), Tom Wilson (Edinburgh Rutland), Craig Dawson (Edinburgh Napier College), Alan Farmer (Edinburgh Annabells), Alex Sweeney (Dundee Sands). **PLEASE NOTE:** DJs from areas outside the mainland UK are welcome to send in sample charts for possible DJ Top Ten publication, but are not included for chart compilation purposes. The only exception is Norman Davies in Dublin, whose specialist gay chart is consistently in tune with other UK gay venues and so is treated as such.



FUNKADELIC are part of this week's Mix Master. They tour Britain next month.

SINGLES FILE

PAUL SHARPE (Paul 'O' Discos, Brighouse) has jogged me into action by saying how he's colour-coded his singles with little stickers for each type of music and reorganized them into separate boxes. This of course is a good idea, and I've been meaning to start a series of similar tips based on my own experience as a DJ. Let's start by saying that there's a right way, a wrong way, and my way... which isn't necessarily

the best way! (Your comments as usual are welcome). OK, so I've found it useful with singles to keep them always in their original paper sleeves, which helps identify them quickly, whereas the white cardboard sleeves favoured by some jocks can be confusingly similar even when indexed. Also, I keep the current Top 75 pop chart singles in their correct weekly order, noting their position in the bottom

right-hand sleeve corner until the highest position is reached - which can be invaluable in future years when you want a quick guide to that record's relative past popularity. There again, the use of numbered white sleeves, with the records changed in them every week, means that you have no permanent reminder of the highest position reached. More of these mobile-orientated tips next week!

MIX MASTER

LAST FRIDAY these worked like a dream for me at Gullivers: start (optional) with a synchronized playlist of Hamilton Bahamm 'Let's Start The Dance' (Monday 12in) during the second rhythm break, into ABANDON 'Stand Up' (Funk America 12in remix), into 'Cite The Freak' (US Atlantic 12in) mixing halfway into the 'Freak' rhythm break of Funkadelic 'One Nation Under A Groove' (US Warner Bros 12in promo remix) - which you can give in and out of Chic continually (thanks, Chris Hill) - then do a long running mix out of a rhythm break into a Donald Byrd 'Have You Heard The News' (US Elektra LP) speeded right up.

DISCO DATES

FRIDAY (10) Platinum Hook funk Southgate Royalty with Chris Hill, Froggy funks Didcot Waterwitch, Steve Dee hits Tring Football Club, DJ Donald rocks Greenlaw Hall, Caroline Roadshow rocks Foston, Lees Cliff Hall; SATURDAY (11) Steve Allen & Dave Peters funk Peterborough South Grove Centre with a Shipwreck Party (reduced admission for fancy-dresses), Geoff Buckwell

DJ TOP 10

NICK BACON runs his massive Astronauter Sounds and Lights roadshow from Fordingbridge in Hampshire (0428-52401 days), except he doesn't like the term 'Roadshow' as it's come to mean something less subtle than his own show. Still keeping to the original lightshow idea, Nick is into spinning rock, from '60s to punk and reggae, plus he does the occasional MOR oides gig.

1. AIN'T TALKIN' ABOUT LOVE/YOU REALLY GOT ME, Van Halen Warner Bros LP
2. JAILBREAK/ROSALIE (LIVE), Thin Lizzy Vertigo LP
3. DOWN AT THE DOCTORS, Dr Feelgood USA
4. SEX AND DRUGS AND ROCK AND ROLL, Ian Dury. Staff
5. LOOKIN' AFTER NUMBER ONE, Boombtown Rata Ensign 12in
6. LEGALISE IT, Peter Tosh Front Line LP
7. DON'T LOOK BACK, Boston Epic 12in
8. FREEDOM (LIVE), Lynrd Skynyrd MCA LP
9. ONLY YOU CAN ROCK ME, UFO Chrysalis LP
10. WHITE PUNKS ON DOPE (LIVE), Tubes A&M LP

SMALL ADS

Personal

ON YOUR OWN? Nice ordinary guy, 24, seeks local girlfriend, Dagenham, London. - Bryan Daniels, 112 Gay Gardens, Dagenham, Essex.

"WEH-HEY !!!" For free I+N+T+E+R+D+A+T+E+S just post brief descriptions of yourselves + S.A.E. to - 18 Woden Road East, Wednesday, West Midlands, WS10 0RG.

GUY 21, London, good job, seeks sincere girl 16-21 for steady relationship interests, discos, restaurants, pop / soul cinema, concerts, travel, photo by return write view to meeting. - Box 1822.

LONELY MALE, desperately seeks a girlfriend 16-24 for parties, discos etc. This winter preferably Norfolk area. - Box No. 1821.

EDDIE 6FT 2in, shy, seeks girlfriend, Birmingham area. - Box No. 1820.

BARRY (18) seeks sincere attractive girlfriend

Portsmouth area. - Box No. 1819.

GUY 25, average looks, seeks quiet, easy going girl into rock and new wave for sincere relationship. - Manchester area, Box No. 1818.

JAM FANS, wanted for penfriends, S.A.E. Music fans club. - 10 Charlton Road, Tetbury, Glos.

FOR FREE list of penpals send stamped addressed envelope to - Worldwide Friendship Club, 46 Cemetery Road, Denton, Manchester. (State age).

HOW TO get girlfriends, what to say, how to overcome shyness, how to date any girl you fancy. - SAE for free details, Dept R, 38 Abbeylea, Winterbourne, Bristol.

JANE SCOTT, genuine friends; introductions opposite sex, with sincerity and thoughtfulness. Details free - Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/4M, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex, BN1 3GS.

POEMS PUBLISHED, New Horizon, Dept 5, Victoria Drive, Bognor Regis.

FREE PHOTO brochure, select your own friends from our photo catalogue - Send stamp to Doveinc, A18, PO Box 100, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

WORLDWIDE PEN-FRIEND Service, 51,000 members in 141 countries. - SAE details, IPCR, 39A Hatherleigh Road, Ruislip, Middlesex.

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Don't feel lonely...
Single and like being alone? Think fine, but if you're single and lonely Dateline will introduce you to someone who you are who would like to meet you now. Write us: Dateline, Dept. (RM) 23 Abingdon Road, London W8, or Phone 01-837-6503.

Introduction service available for all ages nationwide. - Free details, Dating Confidential (Dept RD/A), 44 Earls Court Road, London W8.

GUY, 20, not bad looking, wishes to meet local girl 15-19 for gigs, Disco's etc. - Bearwood, Quinton, West Midlands. Box number 1816.

Records For Sale

HUNDREDS OF oldies '59-'78 conditions coded, SAE Kneeshaw, 19 Whitworth Road, London, SE25.

TONY HANCOCK MEMORIAL CLUB. Calling Hancock Collectors? - (TH/MC - R/M) 2 Newbuildings, Milverton, Somerset.

ELVIS PRESLEY, Rare Sun, Concerts, Unissued material; (RM) 2 Newbuildings, Milverton, Somerset.

12" SINGLES, (Over 500), coloured vinyl, punk, Bowie, oldies: lots of rarities. For 45 page catalogue send 25p (deductible from first order) plus SAE. Adrians Record Specialist, REF. R, Wickford, Essex.

RECORD FINDING service. Those you want and can't find, thousands in stock, will get it for you, any artist, any records, just jot down those you need and send with S.A.E. - Don, 137 Southend Road, Wickford, Essex.

OLDIES FROM 5p each, many extinct labels. - Send large S.A.E. Wakefields Record Bar (Export) Ltd, 55 Westgate, Wakefield, Yorks. Mail order only, no callers.

LP'S FROM 20p, 45a from 5p. - Large SAE: Pat, 24 Beaufort Avenue, Blackpool.

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PAST BLASTERS! ALWAYS 1000's of rock, soul, pop, Tania. - S.A.E. 24 Southwalk, Mottledon, Sussex.

THOUSANDS NEW/used singles. Huge selection recent hits and oldies at competitive prices, 10p stamp for grant list. - 123 George Street, Mablethorpe, Lincolnshire.

"OLDIES GALORE" Station Road, Finchley Central Station, NG. All eras of the '60s, '60s and '70s. Fridays P.M. and Saturday.

CHART BUSTERS! Golden Oldies available '56-'76. A must for collectors - A God send for DJ's S.A.E. Diskery, 86/87 Western Road, Hove, Brighton. Callers Welcome.

HIT SINGLES, 1957-77, large SAE - 100 Archers Road, Eastleigh, Hampshire.

FLASHBACKS: Avalon - Zappa. If you want it, we've probably got it! Send or phone your request. S.A.E. for current lists. "Bernies", 206 Seaside, Eastbourne, Sussex. Tel: 0323 640978.

Wanted

RECORD MIRRORS 1961/64. Full sets or individual issues. Also NME's good prices paid. Write 78 Treesmill Drive, Maidenhead, Berks.

FACES MATERIAL, anything rare - "Smiler", 39 Dale Grove, London N12.

BOLAN LEGEND badge (Laserlove) will swap Slider iron on. 15 Newbridge Street, Ayr, Scotland.

Records Wanted

ELTON BOOTLEG albums required. Also concert programmes. Details to Martyn Chapman, 14 Tremaine Close, Lower Helleston, Norwich.

GREASE SINGLES wanted Summer Nights; Hopelessly Devoted To You in pic bags. Tel: 748980 (after 6pm).

WANTED DESPERATELY Robin Gibb singles "August October" "One million years" your price paid. Bee Gees albums "Trafalgar" "Rare precious beautiful" Volume Three good condition. Any reasonable price paid. Lesley May, 27 Wadenhouse Road, Shelf, Halifax, Yorkshire.

A QUICK service and top prices guaranteed for your unwanted LPs and cassettes. Any quantity bought. - Send details with sae for cash offer by return of post. GEMA, Dept RM, PO Box 54, Crookhamwell Road, Woodley, Reading, Berkshire.

Special Notice

YES TICKET want to exchange 15 Friday Ticket for 14 or 15 Saturday Night Ticket. - Ring Medway 40198, M. Blunden.

T. REXMAS BOP disco party convention, December 2nd. SAE for details to T. Rex Appreciation Society, 148 Wennington Road, Southport, Merseyside PR9 7AF. Marc lives on forever.

ALESSI FANS please write and tell us you want a fan club for Alessi. S.A.E. will reply as soon

as possible. Jan and Sue, 71 Galway House, Fleydell Estate, Radnor Street, London EC1V 3SN.

ROO, HAPPY Birthday. Love you always Nicky. T. REX DISCO first Scottish one Saturday April 14th 5-12pm - Easterex Bopping tickets S.A.E. 2 (inc Meals) - The Groover, 5 Stronsey Street, Germiston, Glasgow. Tel: 041 770 8317 for details (10-11pm).

GARY GLITTER please tour soon - We all miss you - Keep Glittering forever - Love as always - Christina "Trafalgar", Kent.

PAUL MY love for you will last forever love Lesley.

LESLIE MCKEOWN Happy Birthday Don't forget you still have fans in Britain.

GARY GLITTER what's happened to the single and tour everyone's waiting, love always xxxxxxxx.

HAPPY BELATED birthday Eric. Luv you always Chris Edinburgh xxxxx.

BOLAN EVENING. Friends of Marc are live in the area please join us on November 13th. Flat 4, 38 Leam Terrace, Leamington Spa, 7.30pm onwards.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY Leslie. Thank for the album, luv you always. See you soon Chris Pat Edinburgh.

NANCY SPUNGEN Rest in Peace God Bless.

T. REXMAS PARTY at Malvern Winter Gardens, 5th December. Live Boogie from "SLIDER" and "Metroset" and a Bolonic Filmshow Ticket and Badge, £1.25 + SAE from Fiona Bolan, 12, Lower Howsell Road, Malvern.

Worcs. Ticket only £1. From Virgin Records, Birmingham.

A N W F R I D L Y N G S T A D happy birthday always thinking of you, Vaughan Guernsey.

LESLIE MCKEOWN, happy birthday, NEVER stop Rollin' Love ya always, Gail xxxxx.

MICHAEL NOYE, I love you so much. Have a really happy birthday With all my love and a big X.

TO NICKY happy birthday that clock ticks on not that long now be seeing you lots of love your Rob.

SLADE THANKS for the tour, single, and albums, you're great! See ya soon. Kevin M.

Situations Vacant

LYRIC WRITERS required by recording company - Details (sae): 30 Sneyd Hall Road, Bloxwich, Staffordshire.

MUSIC INDUSTRY jobs are rarely advertised. You need to know where and what the opportunities are. "Music Industry Employment and Business Guide" will give you all the information you need. There's even sections for those without experience! £1.00 from R. S. Productions, Hamilton House, 3 Nelson Close, Staverton, Totnes, Devon.

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MERRY XMAS great Xmas gift give pop belts any name or group choice of colours black / silver red / gold white / red / blue, cheque / P.O. £1, plus 15p P&P - Chatterworth Prints, 40 Metcalfe Avenue, Newhaven, Sussex.

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TRAVOLTA 7in x 5in colour in folders, 3 diff, 10 each - O'Heir, 1, Rosslly, Bray, Co Wicklow, Ireland.

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PHOTO SHIRTS: Travolta, Olivia, Elvis and many groups in colour photos. Also Glitter and other designs. All available on tee or sweat shirts, £2.50 + £4.75 inc P&P. — SAE for illustrated catalogue, 39 Goodramgate, York.

DIANA ROSS at London, 10 colour photos, £3. Also 10 Commodore photos at £1, £3 or 3 Slade photos at £1. — Robert Cleaver, Actacon, The Green, Wingham, Canterbury, Kent.

LIVE COLOUR rock photos now available - Blondie at Hammersmith, exclusive pix of Patti, Quo, Tom Robinson, Motors, Gillian. — Also Bowie '78, Abba, Runaways, Genesis, Sabbath, Rush, UFO, Oyster, Cult, Zeppelin, Kiss, Lizzy, Blackmore, Purple, ELO, ELP, Nugent, Who, Wings, Yes, Tubes, Stewart, Mac, Ferry, Gabriel, Dylan, Eagles, Elkie, Parker, Miles, Queen, '78, Stones, Ramones, Ronstadt, Essex and many more. Set of 10 3 1/2 x 6 in borderless colour prints costs just £3.40 + 20p P&P or send SAE for free catalogue. List the prints you like. Sample print 26p. For quickest service and best photos write to Disk Wallis Photography, 159 Hamilton Road, London SE27 9SW.

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BLONDIE, GABRIEL, HACKETT (latest tours) Genesis, Dylan, Clapton, (Blackbushe) Status Quo, (Reading), Stranglers (Battersea), Sabbath, Rainbow, Purple, Gillian, Skynyrd, Coverdale, Runaways (1978) Queen, Bowie, Yes, BOC, Rush, Ramones, etc. Highest quality colour concert photographs, 85p each, only £3 for ten. — Send SAE for list or with order to: Alan Ferry, 23 Heath Drive, Upton, Wirral, Merseyside.

GREASE, ELVIS, Blondie, Travolta, many others, armbands, comb cases, chokers. — Send S.A.E. for details: Mrs Jones, Grammar School House, Compton Road, Wolverhampton.

TWO ONJ tickets. Circle, Rainbow, 28th November. Offers: Pope, 98 Murcott Road, Whitnash, Leamington Spa, Warwick.

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CHOCKS AWAY

A thin miasma of mist hung over the airfield as JOHN 'MAD DOG' SHEARLAW gulped down his cocoa. His batman had laid out clean underwear (thank God) and he dressed instantly. Today — at last — he was going "upstairs". His companion, he was relieved to learn, was to be that plucky colonial chappie, John Paul Young. Yet something in the air smelt of suspense as he strode urgently across the tarmac, his fleece-lined flying jacket zippered against the chill early-morning breeze



JPY with the "driver"

THERE'S something irresistibly Irish about flying to Glasgow in a helicopter with a football-mad Australian Scotsman . . . the day after the big match at Hampden.

Something irresistibly British about transferring to an aeroplane halfway after reports of "dashed thick fog" over Manchester. And something irresistibly big league showbiz about finishing up in a Rolls Royce in the dour, wet streets of Scotland's biggest city. It's all true chaps! It happens every day to people like us!

The Australian Scotsman is John Paul Young, the hit artist of 'Love Is In The Air' fame. A diminutive, likeable fellow with a giant-sized hangover, he views the whole enterprise with the ready compliance of one for whom such events do indeed happen every day.

And most often on Mondays. How else do you get to be a star?

* * *

Away we go! The tiny five-seater chopper rises above the Battersea mist, first along the river (surprisingly sharp bends), then along the M4 (dead straight and no traffic to speak of). Suddenly we branch across country, presumably taking the airborne equivalent of a public footpath — perhaps even a short cut.

Somewhat disconcertingly the pilot removes his hands from what we earth-bound mortals call "the wheel" and begins to read a map — an operation that requires one hand to hold the damn thing and one to trace a faint course across it. We lurch to the left.

"It's...the gay, gay world of show business," says John Paul without emotion. He can barely be heard above the whining clatter of (I suppose they've got one up there somewhere) the "engine". I stamp my feet to restore the circulation.

"You have to do daft things sometimes," says John again, no doubt referring to life in the gay, gay world of show business.

"But I think they're taking advantage of me! They got hold of the idea when I said I couldn't stand the London-to-Glasgow shuttle . . ."

I wonder why they never thought of a bicycle? A canoe? A tank, even?

An hour later we make what we presume is a perfect landing in Coventry. We dash across the airfield with our noses brushing the tarmac in traditional style. (You'd have to be 12 feet tall to be anywhere near the rotors but it looks good in the photographs).

Immediately we clamber into another airborne vehicle. This time a four-seater Navaho — a remarkably smart little job that look like a motorbike with wings.

Our new pilot is also a remarkably smart little job. He could be Algernon Lacy himself, or he could be John Cleese. All teeth and gold braid.

"Morning chaps, good flight what?" he greets us. "We'll be battling against it all the way but I'll try dashed hard to make it by one o'clock."

He later amends this to a "jolly good try, what?". If we are going topside, what, we can't help feeling this is the way we would have wanted it, what?

Algy shows us the bar before "kicking her over".

"I say," he says. "Just thought you'd like to know that the last Prince Michael of Kent sat there," indicates the arm in the Rothmans advert, "and Lord Mountbatten over there."

It's evident that people don't stay in these upper-crust armchairs for long. Glancing round the ample supplies of whisky, coffee, gin and wafer biscuits the eyes rest immediately on the singular lack of a khashi — or a "dunnee" as the Aussies so colourfully call them.

Up there "don't he" would be more appropriate. "I was in one of these things

for six hours once," says JPY, "and we could only find one empty can of beer. We tossed up to see who could use it . . . and I lost!"

The flight progresses according to plan. Flying at a mere 8,000 feet we can see the ground and are sublimely untroubled by all the big Johnny tin cans buzzing about "upstairs". Algy, we all agree, is "a dashed fine driver".

JPY relaxes in the cosy silence. "It's always a toss-up between what the record company wants and what I'm prepared to do," he says. "I don't do everything, I've got to keep control of my own destiny some way."

"They'd have me here for six weeks waiting for something to happen — so I'm here for a week under duress."

The week before that was Spain. The week before that was Japan. John Paul Young, it transpires, is at an important stage in his career . . . at least in terms of those countries where people don't walk around upside down.

After the solid single success of 'Love Is In The Air' in Britain Ariola, understandably, would like to consolidate — first with the follow-up (a highly acceptable retreat of the hit entitled 'The Day My Heart Caught Fire'), then with an album out about now (entitled 'Love Is In The Air').

The album has already been released in Australia, where it is his fourth. JPY, it is said, is a medium-sized star down here — a country he has lived in, happily, since emigrating with his parents from Scotland in 1956.

"I couldn't leave Australia, not now," he says. "I like the wide open spaces too much. And the warm climate, and there's plenty of water to go around. You have to work a lot, sure, there's only 14 million people there. but you wouldn't have to move out to get big."

Young's musical career has been steered by Harry Vanda (an Australian Dutchman) and George Young (another Australian Scotsman) and both former members of the Easybeats. They're producers and writers in the main for the last album — a duo that JPY describes as "the Lennon and McCartney of Australia".

He's happy with the album, maintaining that it's geared to "the European market" (and being received well on recent visits to Italy, Spain and Germany) more than the British.

"It's not that I'm battling with my record company, or that I'm indifferent to what I'm doing here," he says. "But everyone knows there's two ways of doing it — you either work your way around or wait until you know you've got an audience."

"And the last way is what I'm doing. Your man with permanent jet lag has been in good old London four times already this year!"

Maybe he'll come in a balloon next time. After all we can't carry on living like pigs, what?

"Yeah. Bloody pommie bastards. Warm beer and no ice in the Scotch!"

He breaks into the Caledonian dialect as we approach the banks of the Clyde. John, I'm reminded once appeared on Scottish TV hours after appearing on Radio Clyde talking like a brash native of northern Queensland.

Algy pipes up again. "We're going in chaps, shipyards at five o'clock! Blue skies back to Bilgity! It's going to be a tough one but we'll pull through!" He flashes his teeth reassuringly. Bang on schedule, what?

Another perfect landing. The plane drops with all the impact of a motorbike going over a zebra crossing and we all join in a unanimous round of applause for our pilot.

The next vehicle is a reasonably ordinary car, to be replaced several hours later by a Rolls Royce which JPY uses to visit his relatives in Glasgow. The gay, gay world of the morning ends with mist from the western Isles and a hard slog around the Scottish radio stations.

And nobody, not even John Paul Young, even once told me it was "tough at the top"!



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