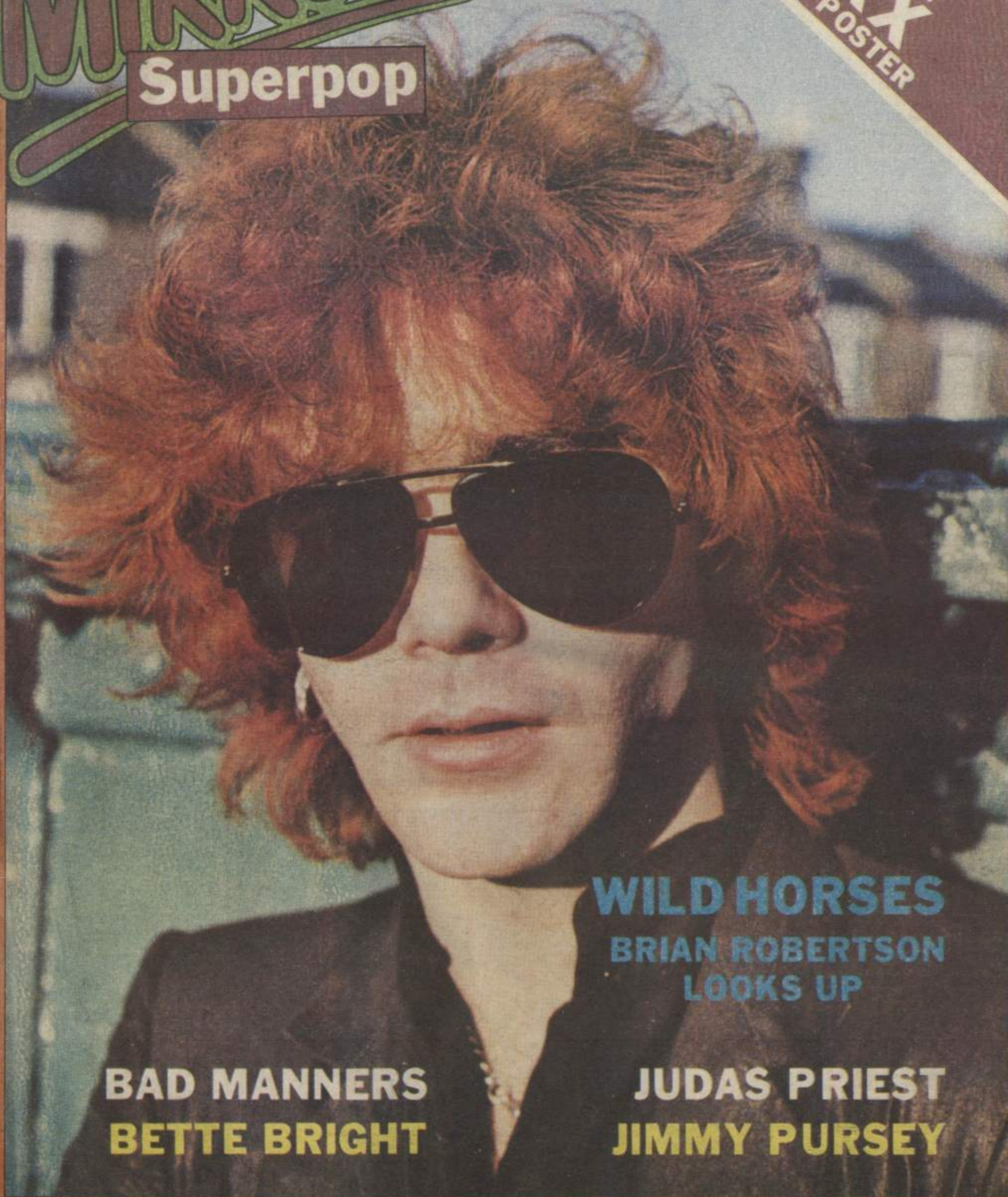


RECORD MIRROR

Superpop

**JOHN
FOXX**
COLOUR POSTER



WILD HORSES
BRIAN ROBERTSON
LOOKS UP

BAD MANNERS
BETTE BRIGHT

JUDAS PRIEST
JIMMY PURSEY

Gossip

THE BIG party of the week happened in LA where about 180 people, including Rod and Alana Stewart, Stevie Wonder, Sean Connery, all the Eagles, Jon Voight, Carole Bayer Sager, Bernie Taupin, Dudley Moore and Georgio Moroder, celebrated Elton John's 33rd birthday (!?) at the plush Le Dome club.

The music was supplied by a banjo and piano duo who ended up playing genuine English pub songs. Some wag placed altar candles on the cake and couldn't fit them all on. The British company sent a new lyric to 'Your Song' that will massage any ego and keep them in employment at least till next week.

APPARENTLY Dindisc is staffed by females, apart from the art director, and the whole hoard are about to descend on the Swiss Alps, the only country with fall-out shelters. You may ask yourself why. So do we.

HARRY NILSSON flew in last week from Malta where he's written songs for the Robert Altman version of 'Popeye' with Robin 'Mork' Williams and Shelly Duvall as Olive Oyl.

■ **BOTH** of the Wilson sisters in Heart, Ann and Nancy, are apparently on the wrong end of relationships and can't be made to smile despite 'Bebe Le Strange' being their most successful album to date.

YOUR local record shop could be giving away free five and a half inch Half Corona cigars with a promotion for a George Burns single. (Who?) They'd need to give away a trip to Havana to make me buy it.

TOM MCGUINNESS, ex Manfred Mann and currently ensconced in The Blues Band has been appointed Treasurer of The Labour Party for the ward of Greenwich. The funds were handed over in a battered tobacco tin. His first duty is to organise the numerous jumble sales for the political calendar. Instead he will be getting his colleagues to play a benefit at the Albany Empire on April 16th and earn enough to save him organising a year's jumble.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to Judie Tzuke who has received a huge bunch of red roses and a big Easter egg with hand made chocolates. It's been quite an expensive week for Rocket.

DOLL BY DOLL finished their short Austrian tour (well, it would be short in Austria), and drove the 1,000 miles back to England in one go. Is this a record? Well it sounds like one.

WONDER if anyone's told the wife of Fischer Z bassist Dave Graham that he took 13 takes to get right a kissing scene with a model for a video.

THE PHOTOS, currently recording their debut album, are being fed by producer Roger Becherian's mum who gives them Indian food. They claim it keeps them going. How often and where, they didn't tell us.

POOR Ranking Roger of The Beat has to wear glasses as one eye's short-sighted and the other is long-sighted. Must be too much ranking!

I DON'T believe it either but Status Quo's Francis Rossi has a trained Japanese carp fish that will eat out of his hand. Their publicist says they're good with animals.



"Er, just popped in for a cuppa tea." Well, what else do you get when you turn up backstage at someone's gig? Above are Devo, who popped into see Lene Lovich while she was gigging in the USA. (By the way, she's the one in the middle with the plaits). Pictured below are the Bodysnatchers with Dandy Livingstone, writer of their single 'Let's Do Rock Steady' and the Specials hit 'A Message To You Rudy' (He's the one with the fungus on his face).



KAREL FIALKA sent his single 'The Eyes Have It' to Radio One in a flash sleeve with cutout eyes and got nowhere. He sent it in a plain brown wrapper and it became Peter Powell's Record Of The Week. What does this tell you about Peter Powell?

AT THE Blues Band Half Moon gig old stagers Alexis Korner and the backstage Rolling Stone Ian Stewart jammed.

GARY FLETCHER, bassist with the Blues Band is understandably embarrassed at the mention of his past as National Schoolboys Slot Car Racing Champion.

THE IRON Maiden dressing room was raided at The Rainbow and despite there being guitars, leather jackets, money and various other valuables all that was taken was a couple of Iron Maiden white labels. Someone said that Rob Halford might have borrowed them but who'd believe that?

■ **JIMMY** Hibbert, whose single was slagged off in RM last week, sent us a letter telling us that sexism and machismo is the latest thing. Which just proves our point really.

ANN NOLAN of the singing sisters has passed her driving test. However, she now has no car, due to her exhaust falling off. She's ex-hausted in fact.

DOUG SANDERS of The Lambrettas burned his hand changing a lightbulb and is apparently having trouble playing guitar on recording sessions — did you notice?

NOW WE know what keeps silken haired Ritchie Blackmore sweet. Turns out that the kind natured one needs a daily helping of Sugar Puffs (thought it was All Bran that kept you regular?). But this addiction to S. Puffs has led to friction between Ritchie and his drummer Cozy Powell. Not that it would take much. Anyway, one morning in a hotel, they ran out of Cornflakes, Cozy's normal tippie, so he helped himself to Sugar Puffs instead. When Ritchie came down and found that Cozy had scoffed the lot, he went into a sulk and wouldn't speak to him for a fortnight, which must have been some kind of blessing.

SURELY it can't be true that UFO's Phil Mogg is really called Phil Frog?

SOME berk in Detroit came up with the total bad taste April Fool's joke last week. This moron thought it would be a real hoot to phone his local radio station and tell them that Led Zep's Robert Plant had snuffed it in a plane crash. This resulted in Press agencies and newspapers all over the shop running round trying to find out if it was true. Which of course it wasn't. What do they put in their brains in Detroit? Steel plates? Probably.



DR WATSON, we presumed — but no. It's Chrissie Hynde and the Hound of the Baskerville returning from an exhilarating shopping spree at Man At C&A. These rock stars sure know how to enjoy themselves.

WILD HORSES Jimmy Bain and Brian Robertson lived up to their name while being interviewed by RM. They both had bad attacks of the trots, causing the conversation to be punctuated by frequent gallops to the toilet. Must be that funny medication they both take.



Who's the lady with Tom Petersson of Cheap Trick? Sorry girls, it's his wife.

WORRA trooper. Well known eccentric and former Buggie **Bruce Woolley** — get down Shepl — returned from what his PR describes as a "highly successful round of American dates" last week and along with his combo **The Camera Club** went straight on down to Ronnie Scott's to play a celebrity slot for assorted disc jocks, record company people, including label mates **The Psychedelic Furs** and their commune cum entourage, and the gentlemen of the press. Despite having their stage clothes and gear impounded at Heathrow due to some strike or other the chaps, minus their ludicrous space-suit togs and with hired equipment wowed the crowd, who in turn responded with what Woolley described as "applause with an English accent." Nice.

REPORTS coming in suggest that Sham '69's guitarist **Dave Parsons** is flat on his back, this time with a slipped disc and he could be laid up for three weeks, jeopardising the Sham tour. 'Course, if he was a real trouper, he'd play on his back. Lots of other people do.

GOOD luck to Graham Jones, now ex-Polydor Press Officer who's gone to join

a medical paper, which is the only reason I can imagine why they gave him a rubber inflatable doll as a leaving present.

STEEL PULSE have the distinction of playing The Rainbow three times in a row without headlining when they support **The Stranglers'** jamboree for two nights and then return to do the opening chores on the **John McLaughlin** show the next night.

AFTER supporting **The Boomtown Rats** in Canada, **BB Gabor** have had the honour of having their single 'Nyet, Nyet Soviet' supported by Amnesty International who were suitably impressed with the sentiments expressed.

IT might be possible to recognise, under cream pies and all the junk tossed on Tiswas, the likes of **Rick Parfitt**, **Siouxsie**, **Secret Affair**, **The Beat**, **Shakin' Stevens**, **Led Zeppelin's** **John Bonham**, **Genesis's** **Phil Collins**, both members of **Blonde On Blonde**, **Cozy Powell** and **Roger Glover** of **Rainbow** all in the cage for the last in the series on

April 12th. We could think of a few more names we'd like to have seen in there.

THE police have charged **Steel Pulse** bassist **Ronnie McQueen** with "behaviour likely to cause a disturbance to neighbours and passengers". The trouble is that it was three o'clock in the morning, so discounting the neighbours and it was also the day of a bus strike in Birmingham — what passengers? He's now appealing against a fine. They could always do a benefit.



PAULA IS IN THE USA BACK SOON

New Releases This Month

THE COLUMN TO WATCH FOR TOP SELLING NEW RELEASES

Artist	Title	Company	Cat. No.	BEGGARS PRICE
WEEK ENDING APRIL 11th				
Chrome	Red Exposure	Beggars Banquet	BEGA15	£3.65
Gerry Rafferty	Snakes & Ladders	United Artists	UAT30298	£3.95
Fabulous Thunderbirds	What's The Word	Chrysalis	CHR1287	£2.80
Humble Pie	On To Victory	Jet	JETLP231	£3.64
Ian Hunter	Welcome To The Club (Double)	Chrysalis	CJT6	£4.15
UK Subs	Brand New Age	Gem	GEMPL106	£3.20
Angelic Upstarts	We Gotta Get Out Of This Place	Warner Brothers	K56806	£2.65
Genesis	Duke	Charisma	CBR101	£2.60
Motors	Tenement Steps	Virgin	V2151	£3.80
Carl Palmer (ELP)	1PM	Ariola	ARL5048	£3.45
Chris Rea	Tennis	Magnet	MAGL5032	£3.68
Saxon	Wheels Of Steel	Carrere	CAL115	£3.65

WEEK ENDING APRIL 18th

Magazine	The Correct Use Of Soap	Virgin	V2156	£3.80
Members	1980 The Choice Is Yours	Virgin	V2153	£3.80
Sky	Sky 2 (Double)	Ariola	SKY2	£4.49

Rolling Stones	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones	CUN 39111	£3.74
Undertones	Hypnotised	Sire	SRK 6088	£3.74

WEEK ENDING APRIL 25th

Monochrome Set	Strange Boutique	Dindisc	DM-4	£2.99
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Fabulous Thunderbirds What's The Word



Ian Hunter Welcome To The Club



Gerry Rafferty Snakes & Ladders



Humble Pie On To Victory



UK Subs Brand New Age



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NEWS

Wall fixed at Earls Court

AFTER MONTHS of rumours and speculation Pink Floyd have at last confirmed their British dates.

The band will be playing Earls Court Stadium in London from Monday August 4 to Saturday August 9 inclusive. They'll be bringing with them their legendary wall stage show — which involves a huge wall being built up and destroyed every night. The show is devised and directed by Roger Waters and features animation designed and produced by Gerald Scarfe.

The show has only previously been performed at the Los Angeles Arena and the New York Nassau Coliseum.

To give everyone an equal opportunity to see the show, tickets are available by postal application only, price £7.50 and £8.50 plus a booking fee of 25p per ticket from G.P. Productions, PO Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL. Postal orders ONLY will be accepted crossed and made payable to GP Productions. Also include a SAE.

On your letter please use block capitals putting your name and address in the top right hand corner stating the night you want to go and second choice. Also mark which night you want to go on the back of the envelope. Tickets are limited to six per person and allow six weeks for delivery.

Pink Floyd last played Britain in 1977 at the Wembley Arena and as revealed exclusively in RECORD MIRROR they had plans to play there again — until they realised they would have difficulties assembling the wall there.

IRON MAIDEN CAMPAIGN

FAST EMERGING heavy metal stars Iron Maiden have added a string of dates to their forthcoming extensive tour.

The band have added Dunfermline Kinema May 17, Caird Hall, Dundee, June 12, London Rainbow, June 20. Tickets for the Rainbow gig are £3, £2.50 and £2. Other prices haven't been finalised and people are advised to check with the local press.

Iron Maiden release their debut album 'Iron Maiden' this week.

LIZZY'S ELEVENTH

THIN LIZZY release their 11th album next month.

'Chinatown' took three months to record in England and will be released to coincide with the band's upcoming British tour. The band will also issue a special three track single in a picture bag, but the tracks aren't known yet.

Meanwhile Phil Lynott will be releasing his debut solo album 'Solo In Soho' on April 18.



*Buy Our New Album
Or We'll Flatten You*



BRIAN JOHNSON (centre) with AC/DC

AC/DC HAVE announced their new vocalist. 27 year old Brian Johnson replaces Bon Scott who died several weeks ago. Johnson was formerly the vocalist with Geordie. They had hits in the early seventies with 'All Because Of You' and 'Can You Do It.'

AC/DC NEW VOCALIST

Geordie split up and later reformed but Johnson left them when

AC/DC approached him. A Chicago fan had written to the band

recommending him and they followed up the tip. Johnson will be contributing to the band's songwriting and he'll shortly be going into the studios to work on some new material for an album. There are no definite plans yet for a tour.

CORNWELL OUT EARLY

HUGH CORNWELL of the Stranglers, currently serving a two month sentence for the possession of drugs, has been given a three week remission and is now expected to be released on April 25.

He is apparently in good spirits and has been working in the prison kitchens.

Those wishing to write to him at Pentonville Prison should add his number, F48444, to the address. Writers are also advised not to give their real names and addresses.

BOXED MADNESS

THAT NUTTY sound comes to television when Stiff begin a major advertising campaign to promote Madness in May.

They'll be spending £30,000 on a series of peak time adverts to promote the 'One Step Beyond' album. Although the album has already gone gold Stiff feel that the reservoir of potential nutty punters still remains untapped.

The adverts will run for a period of six weeks, immediately after the Madness tour, the first time that Stiff have ventured into television advertising.

Detroit Spinners cancel tour

THE DETROIT Spinners have cancelled their forthcoming tour, due to begin on April 17.

The band, currently in the charts with 'Working My Way Back To You' say they pulled out because of pressure of work. At the time of going to press it wasn't known if the tour will be re-scheduled. More details will be announced later.

EASTER WEEKEND VIOLENCE

THE EASTER weekend brought violent scenes between skinheads and mods at seaside resorts.

At Southend, hundreds of skinheads rampaged through the town and squads of police were rushed to Brighton following clashes between rival gangs who were smashing shop windows.

There were similar scenes at Weston-Super-Mare where police managed to control a mob with a baton charge and dogs and at Margate and Clacton.

JAM SANDWICH



PAUL WELLER performs in front of a pile of broken seats thrown onto the stage

OVER ENTHUSIASTIC Jam fans caused havoc at the Rainbow on Monday night when the first eight rows of seats were totally demolished.

The atmosphere of excitement at the concert — the first of two — was high from the start and the minute The Jam appeared onstage, the audience surged forward.

One eye-witness said: "I was terrified I was going to be crushed to death. The chairs just collapsed as the audience pushed forward. People were just chucking pieces of the demolished seats over their heads."

However, a spokesman for the Rainbow denied that the damage was extensive.

TOURS

THE NEWCOMERS

THE NEWCOMERS: London Ronnie Scott's April 18, 19.

THE PULSATORS

THE PULSATORS: London Ronnie Scott's April 16.

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK: Camden Electric Ballroom April 11.

AFTER THE FIRE

AFTER THE FIRE: who release their second as yet untitled album on May 18, play the following dates: Coleraine University May 1, Belfast University 2, Aylesbury Maxwell Hall 6, Leicester University 7, Edinburgh Usher Hall 10, Glasgow Pavilion 11, Derby Assembly Rooms 13, Heme Hempstead Pavilion 15, Ipswich Gaumont 16, West Runton Pavilion 17, Bradford St Georges Hall 18, Sheffield City Hall 19, Hull City Hall 20, Manchester Free Trade Hall 22, Brighton Dome 24, Dorking Hall 25, Birmingham Town Hall 26, Portsmouth Guildhall 27, Bristol Colston Hall 28, London Rainbow 30, Slough Fulcrum 31.

THE CHEATERS

THE CHEATERS: a Manchester R&B band play the following dates: Carlisle Twisted Wheel April 11, Manchester Portman Bars 17, Bracknell Arts Centre 18, Macclesfield Bears Head 20, Stoke Burslem The George 25, Manchester Portman Bars 26.

NEW MUSIK

NEW MUSIK: who release a three track single featuring 'This World Of Water', 'Missing Persons' and 'Tell Me Something New' this week, will be supporting After The Fire on their forthcoming tour.

SAXON

SAXON: will now not be appearing at the London Electric Ballroom on May 3 but they'll be playing the Lyceum on May 4.

WRITZ

WRITZ: Leeds Florde Green May 3, London City University 9, London Fulham Greyhound 10.

FLATBACKERS

FLATBACKERS: following London dates: Clapham Two Brewers April 14, Clapham 101 Club 15, Chiswick John Bull 18, Clapham Two Brewers 21, New Barnet Duke of Lancaster 26, Clapham Two Brewers 28.

10cc

10CC: added dates: Manchester Apollo May 19, Dublin Simmons Court Centre 29, 30.

CHELSEA

CHELSEA: Leeds Fan Club April 10, Glenrothes Hotel 11, Grimsby Community Hall 12, Newcastle Centre Hotel 13, Paisley Bungalow 14, Nuneaton 77 Club 15, Wakefield Dolly Grays 16, Manchester Osborne Club 17, Retford Porterhouse 18, Slough Merry-makers 19, London Notre Dame Hall May 2.

PURPLE HEARTS

PURPLE HEARTS: High Wycombe Town Hall April 16, Bristol Tiffanys 17, Melton Mowbray Painted Lady 18, Halifax Good Mood 19, Huddersfield Coach House 20, Sheffield Tiffanys 22, Retford Porterhouse 23, Leysdown Island Hotel 24, London Camden Electric Ballroom 25, Norwich University of East Anglia 26, Northampton Paddocks 29, Manchester Osbourne Club May 1, Birmingham Cedars 2, Blackpool Norbreck Castle 3, Penzance Demelzas 6, Plymouth Top Rank 7, Port Talbot Troubadour 8, Fareham Prices College 9, Peterborough Focus 10.

MEMBERS

THE MEMBERS: Leeds Fan Club April 27, Nottingham Boat Club 28, London Camden Music Machine May 2, Manchester Polytechnic 3, Dumfries Stagecoach 4, Aberdeen Ruffles 6, Dundee Maryatt Hall 7, Inverness Caledonia Hotel 8, Edinburgh Nite Club 9, Sheffield University 10, Hull Wellington Club 12, Norwich Cromwells 13, Birmingham Exit 14, Retford Porterhouse 15, Newcastle University 17, Dublin Trinity College 23, Cork Arcadia 24.

LOCAL OPERATOR

LOCAL OPERATOR: London Notre Dame Hall April 11.

BRAND X BRUFORD

BRAND X BRUFORD: Lincoln Drill Hall April 26, Loughborough University 30, Uxbridge Brunel University May 21.

FLYING SAUCERS

FLYING SAUCERS: who claim they have been booked to play for President Carter at the White House in June play the following more humble dates: Hackney Adam and Eve April 12, Leeds Florde Green Hotel 14, Southgate Royalty 17, Kettering Northwood Working Men's Club 25.

GERRY RAFFERTY

GERRY RAFFERTY: plays the Edinburgh Playhouse on September 1. The concert will be part of the Edinburgh Festival.

CAR PARK

CAR PARK: the six piece British funk band who supported Chic on their last British tour will be special guests on the Detroit Spinners tour which begins April 17.



THE PLASMATIC WENDY O'WILLIAMS

A LADY who's the veteran of 1,700 live sex shows is the main attraction of Stiff's latest signing The Plasmatics.

Wendy O'Williams is the lead vocalist of the band who specialise in dynamic heavy metal and who were formed in New York in 1978. During the course of the Plasmatics show Wendy has been known to destroy TV sets, guitars and even a Cadillac De Ville on stage. The band also features a guitar player with a

blue rinsed Mohican haircut and a penchant for wearing a nurse's costume on stage.

The band is managed by Rod Swenson who used to run sex shows off Times Square before discovering the Plasmatics. The band have already released three singles which have since been deleted and they'll be releasing an album on Stiff shortly, produced by Jimmy Miller.

FRANKFURTERS RIOT AT WHO CONCERT

ILL LUCK yet again dogged the Who last week when fans flared up at a riot in the Frankfurt Festhalle concert hall.

Fourteen people were treated for cuts, fractures and alcoholic poisoning as a fully fledged riot erupted when a patrol man attempted to arrest a 19-year-old American soldier selling hash. As the fans around him tried

to prevent the arrest, the riot spread, several fans attempted to kick the police King Fu style. One person nearly bled to death after severing an artery in his arm as he smashed microphone stands on stage.

Tragedy struck the Who last December when 11 fans were tramped to death at their concert in Cincinnati, Ohio.

GOLDEN OLDIES

RE-RELEASES and golden oldies are still very much big business — and this week's crop includes a revival of a mid-sixties soul label and a special Eddie Cochran memorial set.

• Liberty United are to release a special four-album boxed set as a tribute to the music of Eddie Cochran: on the 20th anniversary of the singer's death. The set, retailing at £15.99 will include previously unreleased tracks and photographs, a booklet and extensive sleeve notes. Release date is April 25.

• Island Records are to release 'Catch This Beat' in mid-April, a 16-track album documenting the rise of Jamaican rock steady from 1966 to 1968.

• Lightning's 'Old Gold' series now numbers over 100 former hits, and the latest additions include The Coasters' 'Charlie Brown' and Russ Hamilton's 'Lollipop'.

• And finally it's Island again, with the revival of the Sue soul and R'n'B label of the mid-sixties. In a series called Plundering The Archives they'll be releasing six 10-inch EP's, each with six tracks, every six weeks. In a limited edition of 10,000 at £1.75. The first release contains gems like Bob and Earl's 'Harlem Shuffle' and Donnie Elbert's 'A Little Piece Of Leather'.

YOU'VE PROBABLY noticed that Record Mirror has gone up to 25p this week. We're sorry about the increase, but we've held off the rise in price as long as possible. We've all been starving for weeks, we can't afford to buy batteries for our tape recorders and Alf Martin's down to his last packet of cigarette stubs. BUT, we still cost less than a packet of Marlboro, or a pint of bitter or the bus fare between Leicester Square and the Electric Ballroom. Now THAT'S a bargain.

IN BRIEF

THE UNDERTONES have been forced to cancel their gig at the Belfast Whittle Hall on May 3. Following incidents at a recent Selector show there, the hall has adopted a 'no new wave' policy.

A TRIP to see the wreck of Radio Caroline is being arranged next month. The trip about the SS Waverley on May 9 is being organised by Free Radio. The Boat Trip Booty, East Anglian House 21 Walton Road, Frinton on Sea and further details are available from them. Telephone 02556 6252.

THE GO GO'S will be supporting Madness on their upcoming British tour. The two bands first met when the Go Go's supported Madness on their US tour. Coinciding with their visit the Go Go's will be releasing their new single 'We Got The Beat'.

THE FULHAM Greyhound will be staging a series of Saturday morning matinees for under 20 year olds, starting on April 12. Among the attractions lined up are the Members and the UK Subs. The door price will be kept to £1.

THE FRESHIES will be supporting Martha and the Mullins at their Manchester Russell Club gig on May 2.

THE OUTCASTS, the Moon-dogs, Ruffex, Rudi and Big Sell will be featured in a gig at Belfast, Ulster Hall, on April 24. Tickets for the event are £1.50 and are available from Session Music and Good Vibrations.

HOLLY AND THE ITALIANS have been forced to cancel the West Country leg of their tour and they hope to re-schedule them in the near future.

IT NOW looks likely that ITV will network the Tyne Tees rock magazine show 'Alright Now' in June and July. The shows will run for seven weeks and the line up of guests will include the Pretenders and Elvis Costello.

RELEASES

LIBERTY United Records are releasing a four album boxed set of Eddie Cochran recordings this month. The set includes previously unreleased tracks and has been released to commemorate the 20th anniversary of Cochran's death.

HUMBLE PIE release their first album in five years on April 18, featuring the new line up of Steve Marriott, Jerry Shirley, Bobby Tench and Anthony Jones. The album, entitled 'On To Victory' is their first for Jet Records, and a single from it, 'Fool For A Pretty Face' will be released on April 11.

JUICE ON THE LOOSE release their first single on April 11. Entitled 'Any Way The Wind Blows', the single is out on the Songwriters Workshop Label.

UK SUBS new album 'Brand New Age' is released on April 11 on see through vinyl. The LP features their recent single 'Warhead' as one of the 14 tracks, and a spring tour is being lined up to coincide with its releases.

SQUIRE have signed to Stage One Records after two singles on Secret Affairs' 'I-Spy' label. Their first single 'My Mind Goes Round In Circles' will be released in the first week of May, featuring Kirsty McColl on backing vocals.

TV 21, the Edinburgh based band release their debut single 'Playing With Fire' on April 11 on Powbeat Records. Anyone having difficulty obtaining a copy of the single should send £1 (including p&p) to: Top Flat, 36 Millar Crescent, Edinburgh EH10 5HH.

FAMILY FODDER & FRIENDS bring out a bargain 12 inch this week, entitled 'Sunday Girls'. It runs for 25 minutes, retails at £1.99 and features 12 tracks.

REMA REMA release a four track EP entitled 'Wheel In The Roses' this month. The single is a tribute to the band who have now broken up.

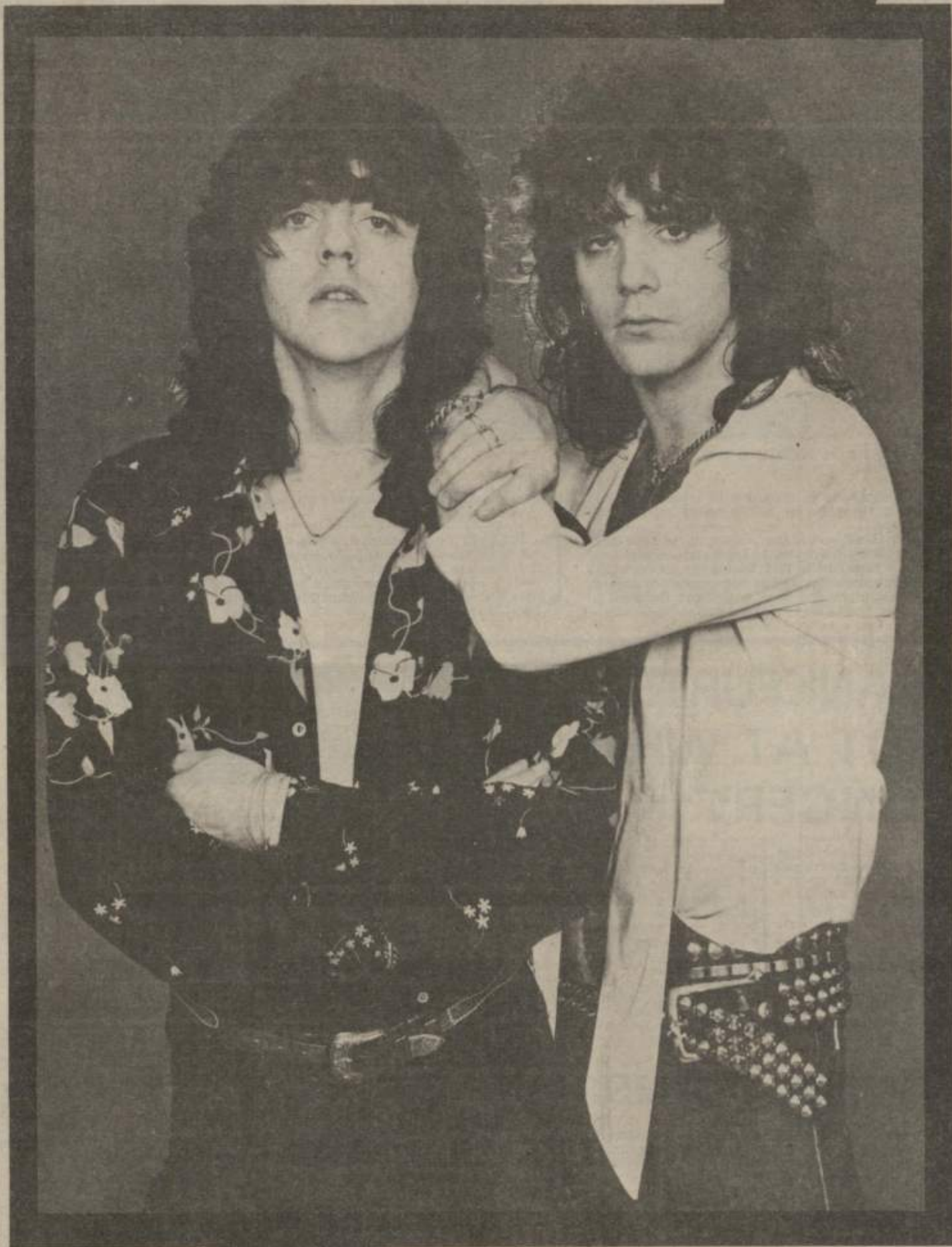
SPITFIRE are the first band to release a single on the new independent label, Gun Records. 'Wind Up Girl' will be released on April 18.

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN have signed to Korova Records, and release their first single on the label on April 18. The group are currently recording their debut album at Rockfield Studios, which should be released in June when the group will also undertake a British tour.

**Special Fatty Price
£3.99 During April**



ROSALIND RUSSELL CANTERS round to the stud farm where Jimmy and Robbo are known to HORSE around to chew things over. The boys reckon the nightMARES are over, so's the HORSEPLAY, and they've really got the BIT between their teeth at last.



A PAIR of Wild Horses: Jimmy (left), Brian Robertson.

HORSE SENSE

Pic by CHALKIE DAVIS

THE WILD man of Wild Horses has calmed down his act (a bit) now. But when he was building his reputation as a hell raiser, there was a reason for it that none of us knew — not even the rest of Thin Lizzy, his companions in uproar at the time.

Brian Robertson, the Scottish wait with the curly hair, had been told that he had a serious illness. So he was determined to live each day to the limit.

"It was just before the first Thin Lizzy tour of the States," Brian told me. "Before we left, I hadn't been feeling too well. I got a card sent to me, asking me to come in urgently. When I got there, the doctor told me I was really ill."

"I didn't tell the rest of Lizzy. I was worried that they'd think I was a liability and kick me out so I just told them I had a stomach ulcer. I went on tour a week later with this in my head, and just went on the rampage. At the peak, I was going round bashing people twice my size. Scott pulled me out of so many fights. He was my guardian angel."

"Then in Chicago, I collapsed in the hotel. Scott made some remark about my drinking and that did it. I pulled on a pair of jeans, nothing else, and went and sat at the front door of the hotel. It was snowing outside and I just sat there. Eventually, Scott came down and found me and I told him about the illness. It was one of the most emotional times of my life."

When Brian got home from America, he found a stack of letters waiting from the hospital. And when he went to see the doctor, he found the whole thing had been a terrible mistake. Some X-Rays used for teaching purposes had been slipped into his file by accident. The X-Rays the doctor had seen, belonged to a man long dead — and by coincidence, the dead man had the same name and initials as Brian.

"That experience should have bred a sense of responsibility in me," said Brian. "I should have felt relieved, but I just felt angry. I've got such a temper on me. I felt sorry for myself, I felt hard done by. I started going out and drinking two bottles of whisky a day — and it was that that pulled me up. I don't drink nearly as much now."

BUT now, Brian has the calming influence of fellow Scot, Jimmy Bain. Like a pair of book ends, they're always together, supporting each other, writing, playing and carousing. When Brian's in full spate, the words tumbling out, Jimmy hardly gets a word in. But though Bain is the quieter of the two, Robbo makes a point of saying how they work as a team. The two men who have worked in the shadows of others too long are determined to see their partnership work.

Brian was frustrated in Lizzy, taking a backseat to Phil Lynott, Jimmy lived for two years in the uncertain company of Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow. Two years is pretty much a record — not counting Cozy Powell's amazing staying power.

"My attitude was to have a good time for as long as possible," said Jimmy.

"Ritchie figured that as Jimmy was older than the rest of the band, he might go bald too," said Robbo. "So he kicked him out when he didn't."

Knowing how sensitive the man in black is about his thatch, Jimmy skated over the interruption and went on: "Ritchie has spent 10 or 12 years building up his reputation as an enigma. And now he's desperate. He believes that his guitar playing is the most important thing in the band."

"He thinks he's the greatest guitar player in the world," put in Brian. "How could he be when I am?"

"I enjoyed my stint with Rainbow," said Jimmy. "I learned a lot from him, because he's a great showman. When I did get the sack, he said to me, 'You'll be all right because you're a good songwriter', but I never got the band to do any of my songs. That was one of the reasons I left. Also, I threatened him once. He had this thing about tuning all the time. We were doing a festival in Germany and he kept coming over to me between numbers and telling me I was out of tune. I was so fed up, eventually I said if he did it again I'd ram my bass down his throat."

"He and Cozy used to fight physically sometimes. Then we went to Japan... We never got the chance to meet anyone, with all the security. But Tony Carey and I used to talk to the punters in the hotel and after that they used to watch us at the gigs. I think Ritchie noticed how popular we were getting, we were taking the attention away from him. So I was out and they said it was musical differences and that I couldn't play. But after two years..."

Half an hour after Jimmy flew in from Japan, he saw Brian in his hotel. The pair decided then and there they should get their own band. So when the final split happened between Brian and Lizzy, their plans were made.

Wild Horses got off to a galloping start by having their debut single, 'Criminal Tendencies', banned by the radio stations.

"It was anti-criminal anti-drugs, so if they banned it because of the lyrics, that's crap," stressed Brian. "But just looking at the title — plus we had 'The Rapist' on the B-side, and our reputations... I was very worried about this new one ('Face Down') in case they did the same."

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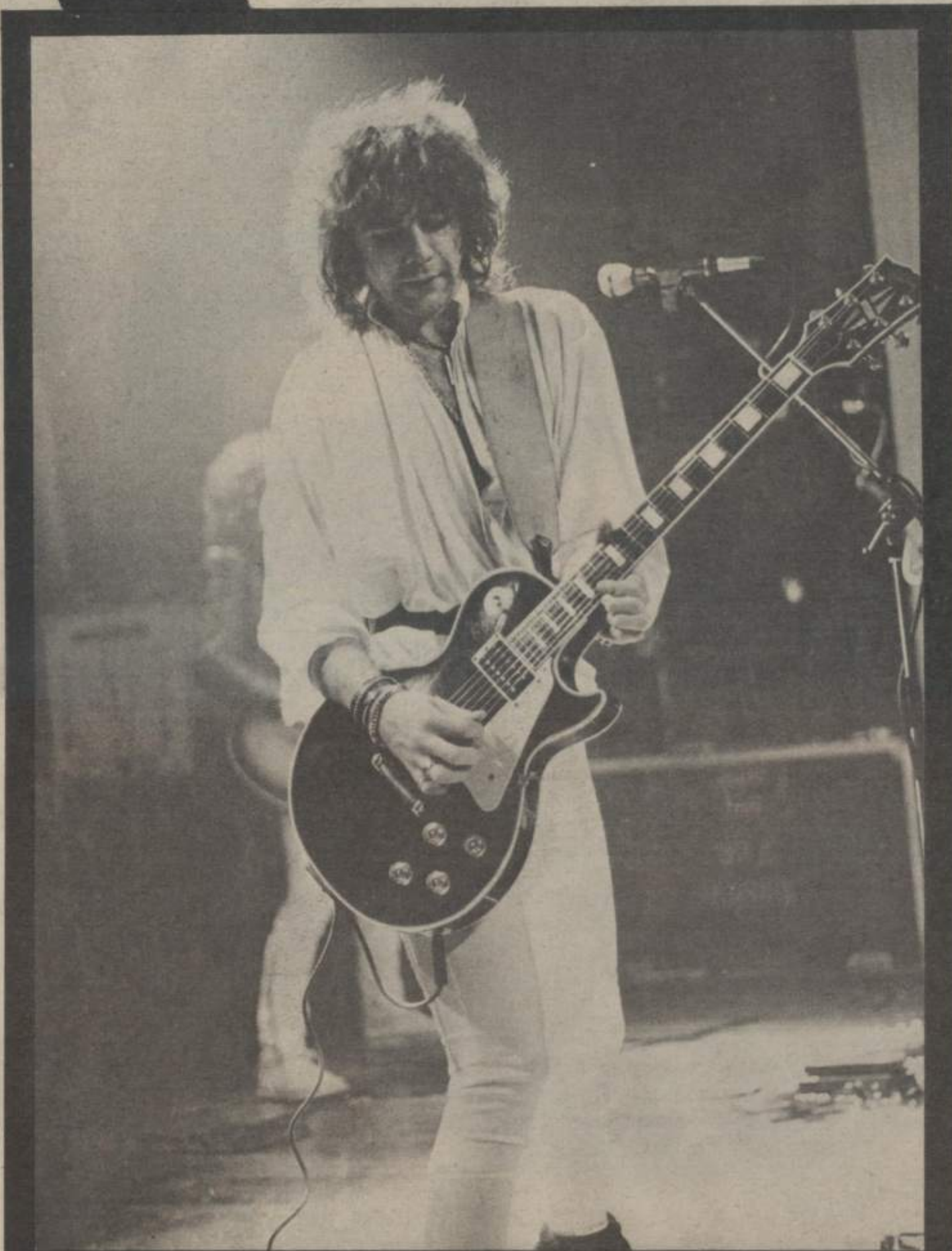


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"We both like a good bevvy before we go onstage, but Jimmy calms me down if things go wrong. Jimmy has a good rapport with the audience... It sounds corny, but we're trying to entertain, to give people a good time." — Brian Robertson.

Pic by DENIS O'REGAN

A H well, 'The Rapist', the mere mention of which propels me in the direction of the nearest soapbox. A number of bands have used the theme of rape in their songs, and while I'm certain they don't mean to glamorise the crime, it doesn't exactly do the opposite either. Given the power rock stars have over their audiences, and the romance and glamour which surrounds them, they're in a position to make a strong impression on people.

Not everyone catches all the words of a song when it's performed live, maybe they'll just catch the chorus, they'll certainly be aware of the title. And I think it's wrong to give rape any status other than disgusting and vicious.

"We're not glamorising it, and it's not based on the Yorkshire Ripper," said Jimmy, whose lyrics they are. "I abhor that particular crime. But you're right, I didn't think about that point of view. Recently we've been looking closely at the lyrics. I'd like to do a song about that pesticide they used in Vietnam."

The wind removed from the Russell sails, Jimmy went on: "I wrote a song about Ireland, a pacifist song. I took it to Warner Brothers because I wanted to bring it out, but they wouldn't touch it. I didn't even want any money for it. We just write about things that happen. Our song 'Reservations' is about the Indians getting ripped off. I lived in Canada for three years and I saw it happen."

Wild Horses have their first album out in a few weeks, but already they're working on the next. Brian and Jimmy work in an eight track studio, doing all the playing themselves; to get the ideas all sorted out before they record with rest of the band. And though their music is basically powerhouse stuff, they've been trying out other styles too. Their single in Japan will be the gentle 'Fly Away'.

The two of them are very much aware that people have said their partnership will never work, so that's made them more determined than ever to succeed. And the deadly duo have all the horse power necessary. But Brian still can't believe it.

"I can't come to terms with Wild Horses being a known band," he admitted. "I still tend to think of myself as Brian Robertson, member of Thin Lizzy. I was with them from the start and went through so many hard times. But what Jimmy and I have is unique."

"We both like a good bevvy before we go onstage, but Jimmy calms me down if things go wrong. Jimmy has a very good rapport with the audience. We have hardly any trouble at our gigs. We keep their attention so that they don't have time to think of violence. It sounds corny, but we're trying to entertain, to give people a good time."

P ERHAPS Jimmy isn't the only calming influence on Robbo. Surely his recent marriage to Dee Harrington must have made a difference to his life?

"I'm probably a bit quieter now," agreed Brian.

So what was the story? Love at first sight? Eyes meeting across a crowded room? (I'll have to give up watching 'Dallas', the story of everyday farm folk down in rural Texas' it's softening my stoney heart).

"I'd been introduced to Dee a while ago," said Brian, "but I don't remember it really. I was probably too into drinking. Then I went down to the Reading Festival the year before last — I was looking for a guitar player. I was with Kenny Jones, as he was to be our drummer at the start. I saw Dee in the bar, and I asked Kenny to introduce me, as he'd known her from the Faces days."

"He did the introductions and I started rabbiting away to her and I asked her out to dinner. We went out two weeks later with Jimmy and his wife, and who should be there but Richard Young the photographer. He came up, shouted 'smile' — flash — and that was it. It nearly blew everything there and then. But I courted Dee for two months, something I'd never done before. I used to take her out, go and play cards with her until two in the morning, then go home. I was going home a lot at the time, because Scott (Goram) was phoning me from the States, where he was touring with Lizzy. They had Gary Moore working with them then."

"But Scott and I had been so close, you just can't forget something like that, so he was phoning me a lot."

It came as a surprise to everyone when Brian and Dee named the day.

"I was a bit surprised too," said Brian. "More so because of having our pictures in the national papers. I think they must have picked the worst of the session to print."

Jimmy and Brian are rather more careful about the pictures that get printed now. As they conch other as an equally important part of the team, they were a bit upset that only Brian's mug shot was going on the RM cover. Poring over the contacts of some black and white shots, Jimmy smilingly pointed out a resemblance between himself and Paul McCartney (the same half closed eyelids). But it's obvious they hope that the resemblances doesn't end there. Not because they want to sound anything like Paul McCartney, but because they're keen for their songwriting partnership to be as fruitful and as strong as Lennon and McCartney's was.

"Everything fell into place the day we met," said Brian. "I was wandering down Wardour Street and decided to drop into the Marquee for a drink and to see who was playing. It was Jimmy's band, and when I saw him play I thought 'there's a guy I could work with'. I went into the dressing room and introduced myself."

So now Jimmy the quiet man from the north of Scotland, and Brian the wild man with the flaming red hair, from Glasgow have finally sorted out their dream. And they have so much faith in each other, it's bound to work.

The Beach Boys



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WELCOME



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WHATEVER HAPPENED to Jimmy Pursey, the plebeian punk whose sonorous serenades once carressed the solar plexus so lovingly in the Roxy, the Vortex and other celebrated bombsites up and down the country?

Was his virgin soul ravaged by sickly sweet guest spots on Juke Box Jury? Or was it that hideous Top 20 show, just after Christmas, which finally succeeded in rendering the blithe spirit to a see-thru, off the shoulder number straight out of a cheap clothing catalogue?

Would Sham 69's next gig be at Caesar's Palace? Would Jimmy take over Family Fortune from Bob Monkhouse?

Questions that had perplexed me throughout '79. Still, there are more questions than answers. That's Life.

Just recently, some further news relating to Jimmy had been filtering through, which complicated the matter somewhat. Apparently he was prone to fits of uncontrollable depression, usually ending in tears. And, believe it or not, he had even shaved off those trademark eyebrows. A fit of pique? Or a peaky fit.

Waiting for him to appear at Polydor Records off Oxford Street, I began to paint imaginary portraits of Jim minus the eye-moustaches. When he finally breezed in, wearing the same coat and tennis shoes as when I last saw him 18 months before, he looked, well, unwell. Thin, drawn, pale and eyebrowless.

According to Jim he had accidentally burned a brow with a tag, began to trim it, saw it began to look ridiculous, and promptly shaved them both off. Another theory being bandied around was that he felt the said brows dominated his boat in pix and got sick of them.

Whatever, they are growing back — as is Jim's reputation.

'Tell The Children', Sham's first single since the abysmal 'Mister You're A Better Man Than I', is a thick, succulent, rare in the middle slice of vinyl, cut off the bone. In-veterate. Traditional. Ebullient.

Guaranteed to screw Sham tightly into the ordinance survey map of pop.

Walking to a nearby restaurant, I'd forgotten just how tall Jim is. The first punk I ever looked up to, physically speaking. For a moment, as he walked along with hands firmly entrenched in tatty pockets and head slightly stooped, it seemed as if his once unassailable buoyancy had indeed drowned.

As if it had been his eyebrows that always kept him afloat, miniature surf-boards on the new wave.

But, inside the restaurant, an Andy

Warhol lookalike brought shades of past imperfections, attractive rowdiness, back to life.

"Alright Andy, it is Andy ennit? Andy Warhol?"

"No!" replied the furtive figure, anaemically. "My name's Ted. Ted from Jersey."

At the table, Jimmy polished off two chocolate mousse (is or oux?) and started talking. Anyone who has tried to describe his garrulous nature has done so inefficiently. His chat is his lifeblood. If Jimmy Pursey was struck dumb Britain would rise three feet out of the sea. His incessant flow has made this country top heavy with words. They lie, like dead leaves, in a blanket that covers the ground from Cornwall to however far north Sham have played.

In a word, Jimmy BREATHEs words.

You're not looking too kosher, Jim.

"I can't sleep much at nights. I've been producing a lot and writing the songs for Sham's fourth album. It's got to be the best album we've done to prove that Sham ain't finished."

"If the album ain't any good then everyone will have every right to slag us off. But I think we've done a great album. The best."

Okay Jim, so what were you doing cavorting like some Colgate clean Prizeguy with Geldof on Juke Box Jury and then enhancing that biological fresh image on the all time Top 20 Show?

"Because you have to lick arses occasionally. It's tit for tat with people. Eat humble pie. Look, you have to play the game in order to do what you want. If I hadn't done things like that I would not have been able to get the money together to help other bands."

"I know what an arsehole I looked. But if you don't do things for certain people they won't give you nothing in return. If you've got sixpence in your pocket you can only buy sixpence worth of goods. You're down the drainhole and what good are you to anyone down there?"

"Like that Top 20 thing. It was like a dream come true, me doing a TV show. At least they picked me and not someone like Noel Edmunds. I did it because I thought even if I made a heap of shit at least I would get in the archives. At least people 50 years in the future would know I existed."

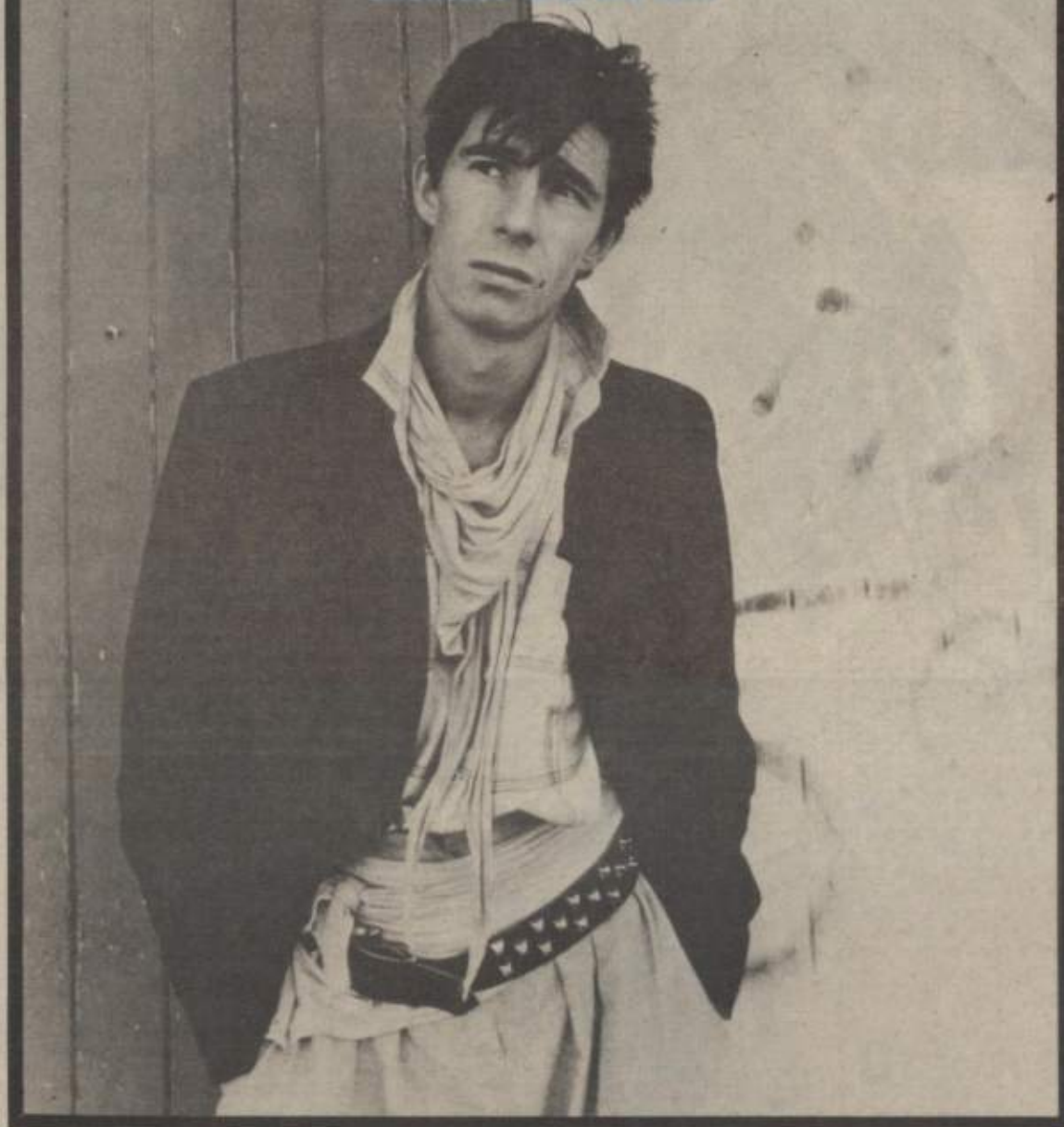
"But after, I thought, 'who wants to be in a history book anyway?'"

"People asked me to be in it. I turned down the lead roles in 'Quadruphenia' and the TV play 'Bloody Kids'. I didn't want to play a mor. It wasn't me. I stuck to my guns on punk rock. Besides, I'd said all they wanted to say in 'That's Life'."

"Okay, so I have strayed a bit. I've given to people, hoping that I would get something back out of it instead of money. But

PURSEY'S PRIDE

I've done something with my life instead of ending up just another mug on the street says Jimmy Pursey, but he admits to BARRY CAIN that this business will kill him



Pic by Jill Furmanovsky

that's all I got — not the love of the people who followed me. What Sham have got now is the loyal following of fans who were always there."

The surrogate Andy Warhol passed by. "You're welcome to join us Andy," said Jim.

"No thanks. I've got some business to discuss," said Ted from Jersey.

Jimmy continued, unabashed.

"You can make something of your life. It's down to you to make it. You can look at me as an example. I never asked for sympathy and I never expected any. All I do expect is something in return for giving out to people. I'm not interested in thousands of pounds or an easy life. I've done my share of what there is to do in rock 'n' roll. I've always sat down and said exactly what I thought. At least I'm still here and people are taking notice of me. Most of the others shied away."

"I wanted to buy a house 'cos in case anything ever happened to me, my mum and dad would have something. So I can prove to them that I've done something with my life instead of ending up just another mug on the street."

"Besides, I don't think I'll live as long as my mum and dad will. I don't think I'll be around all that long."

£110,000 "mansion" in Guildford.

"It ain't no mansion. It's 17th century cottage with two bedrooms and two other rooms. There's a little cottage next to it that I want to turn into a recording studio. Sure it's got a swimming pool and I'm gonna go swimming in the summer."

"I wanted somewhere to keep me greyhounds 'cos they kept breaking out of me dad's house every night of the week and going into the neighbours' gardens. Me Auntie Tricia is coming to live there too so she can look after me."

"I had to pull up a deposit of 40 grand. I don't know if I'll ever be able to pay it all. But before anyone criticises me I've put 30 grand back into rock, helping other people out."

"I wanted to buy a house 'cos in case anything ever happened to me, my mum and dad would have something. So I can prove to them that I've done something with my life instead of ending up just another mug on the street."

"Besides, I don't think I'll live as long as my mum and dad will. I don't think I'll be around all that long."

This business will kill me stone dead. I'm just under too many pressures. I've got stomach ulcers, trouble with my nervous system. I've got sciatica and mouth ulcers."

"It's killing me — but there's nothing else I can do. I don't want to run away from it."

"I've always said I'd never dance around the stage after I'm 27 years old. That means I've got just two years left. I don't believe anyone can put 45 minutes into a show for 30 dates. After eight shows you're just taking the piss."

"This game is destroying me because I'm trying to understand it, trying to help people out, trying to take everything on by myself. I want Geldof and Sting and Strummer to help too. Why don't they help other bands out?"

But why bring other new bands into a business which is killing you? Why inflict that upon them?

"Look, before any of them get really involved I tell them not to do it because they'll only end up like me. I tell them that they are gonna get ripped off, every record company is after your arsehole or your money, you can't hide beneath a swan's

wing or a koala's stomach. You're out there on your own and it's down to you."

"Y'know, sometimes I feel like Oliver Cromwell. I'd like to have a lot of heads chopped off and instal a parliamentary system of rock 'n' roll."

A puritan in the making. He takes great pains to point out he doesn't attend the obligatory meretricious London party / club scene for a regular ego massage. But at the same time.

"The only way you can be a punk rock superstar is to play in your bedroom and invite people round."

which isn't really feasible — unless you've got a big bedroom.

"Sham 69 are the only punk band left from the original days. The Clash have got far away from their roots covering the world trying to prove they are a really good band. The Jam never were a punk band. Paul Weller is the best writer to come out of those days — in a class of his own. But I'd like him to go on to something else. All he seems to write about is bombs and going underground."

Mo d a n d skinhead renewals are dismissed with a "you can't relive a dream," technique. "There's no point in having cardboard copies. Record companies saw it was an easy thing to get into. People want something that was cli-quey and West End."

Ted from Jersey leaves. "All the best Andy," said Jim. "Yeah, right," said Ted.

Jimmy doesn't wait for a question. "I'm an anarchist. I like lawlessness in the sense that if you can make people laugh at the right time without anyone getting hurt it's okay. But people get jealous just because you look as if you're enjoying yourself and clamp down. On this tour coming up we can only get permission to play seven gigs. Nobody else will have us."

Another, final diversification.

"I'm not living for tomorrow. I don't believe in rainy days, bank accounts, Norwich Union. I'm only interested in my wages at the end of the day so I can go out and enjoy myself. Why shouldn't I have what's coming to me? As long as I remember who put me there."

"People may think that I'm a cheap fraud, a hypocritical liar, a cheat anything. I don't care. All I've ever said is 'This is me, this is what I do, this is all I know.'"

"I'm not a part of a scene anymore. There's no category for me anymore. And that makes me feel very lonely. I can't sleep at night for worrying about where I fit in."

Last of a dying breed? Jimmy Pursey will always fit in. Whether consciously or unconsciously he is adaptable: one of the few rock personalities. By his own admission he's "sold out" on several occasions — but if selling out means making money then there's absolutely nothing wrong with that, provided the selling out process does not contradict past utterances.

In Jimmy's case he has contradicted himself. He does all the time, that's part of his charm. But he did fulfill his one main ambition / principle by introducing new blood into a system slowly rotting with an over abundance of white corpuscles.

Jimmy has always "meant" well — even if that led him up the garden path to insidious Rock Against Racism concerts that achieved nothing except maybe ruin a few rock careers.

Now there's talk of him hosting 'Fun Factory' — the show that will replace 'Tiswas' when the current series ends. He plays the part of a factory owner producing bands in a studio each week. And then there's a solo album which he's already started recording.

"Things like that make me feel confused. Sometimes I don't know if I'm a rock and roll singer, a punk, a showbiz celebrity, an established personality. But I do wear the same old coat and hat to try and avoid that confusion."

But maybe one remark he made during the interview best sums up the extraordinary Mr Pursey.

"Somebody once asked me whether, if I had the choice, I'd like one of my dogs to win the greyhound Derby or for one of my records to reach Number One."

"I told him straight — if my dog won the Derby you can stick rock 'n' roll up your arse!"

MOTOWN CLASSICS



VELVELETES

Needle In A Haystack

He Was Really Saying Somethin' TMG 1124

SINGLES

Reviewed by DANTE BONUTTO

Roll out the barrel . . .



ONCE AGAIN we find ourselves in the midst of the annual record company scrape-the-barrel time when all the most insidious pieces of vinyl are unleashed on an unsuspecting public. In fact only two records stand out from this week's batch. One because it's good, the other because it's spectacularly awful. Let's start with the latter.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (WORST)

THE BELLAMY BROTHERS: 'Dancin' Cowboys' (WEA) Appalling nonsense. If John Wayne wasn't already dead this would do the trick. Absolutely nothing to do with the "A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do" image of the West, this rather concerns the exploits of two fashion-conscious cowpokes. "We love boots and saddles, we love girls and guitars", warble this undynamic duo. Mean, gun-toting, tobacco-chewing honchos they ain't.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (BEST)

KROKUS: 'Beside Radio' (Ariola) Who says they only make cuckoo clocks and money in Switzerland? This is great Swiss (rock 'n') roll. They may look like rejected Scorpions but the music is more like a streamlined AC/DC. Straight down the line HM boogie, with a chorus so infectious you almost forget the dumb lyrics. It won't be long now before the Krokus logo adorns every denim jacket in the country. Oh, and the B side's a good 'un too.

BEST OF THE REST

THE LITTLE ROOSTERS: 'That's How Strong My Love Is' (AMI) Mellow organ, poignant vocals and memorable chorus could mean hit record time for The Little Roosters. The girlie back-up singers I could do without, but I've spun this thing a good three times and it's a definite grower. Lack of image could be a problem, though, and whilst I can't honestly see the nation taking this band to their hearts, you never really can tell. Look at Ben Nevis.

DANSETTE DAMAGE: '2001% Approx...' (Pinnacle) A record with something, although exactly what it's difficult to say. It starts strangely, just the sound of distant traffic, then a car door slams and you're led away on sparse, reggaeified beat with flat backing vocals and chiming guitar figure. Disturbing, yes, but impossible not to move. Investigate.

THE REGULARS: 'Rude Boy Gone Jail' (Epic) Fast, catchy and, with reggae right back in fashion, a possible hit. Not in the same league as 'Johnny Too Bad' or 'Shanty Town' but guaranteed to get you skanking, no trouble.

JEFFERSON STARSHIP: 'Girl With The Hungry Eyes' (Grunt) Not the geriatric rock I expected. With robust guitar, addictive chorus and upfront production this record is definitely in the land of the living. Even the unfortunate cosmic lyrics don't spoil this fine 45. The B side, however, reminds me of Boston and suffers accordingly.

WORTH A SPIN

DISCHARGE: 'Realities Of War' / 'They Declare It' (Clay) The spirit of '76 lives on. 100mph punkoid assault complete with shouted vocals and dentist's drill guitar. Makes Mensi and Co sound like JJ Cale and even approaches the Stooges in sheer manic frenzy. Preferable to a Marten in the groin but the effect is similar. You want blood? You got it.

JERKS: 'Come Back Bogart (I Wish You Would)' (Laser) Infectious tribute to Mr Casablanca himself. Nothing special really, but the production brings it alive with a nicely prominent bass and at least it's not as bad as the title suggests. Play it again, Sam? Yeah, why not.

METROPHASE: 'New Age' (NEO London Records) Interesting. A catchy synthesiser line over throbbing bass and distant percussion makes for an obliquely commercial and yet strangely unsettling record. Main distributors are 'Rough Trade Records', 202 Kensington Park Road, London W2.

CAN DO BETTER

RICK DERRINGER: 'Don't Ever Say Goodbye' (Blue Sky) Untypically restrained release, reminiscent of Seger at his most maudlin. A few half-hearted powerchords bolster the chorus but by this time the whole thing is spiralling down in flames. "I'm only half when you're not here, honey" wingers Derringer so presumably the "honey" in question was a few thousand miles away when he made this turkey. Anyway, someone's to blame and I find it hard to believe it's the man who penned the classic 'Rock And Roll Hoochie Coo'. The B side, by the way, has no pretensions whatsoever. It's just downright awful.

OTWAY AND BARRETT: 'Birthday Boy' (Polydor) I used to be a big fan of this pair when they were producing classic rock 'n' roll lunacy like 'Really Free'. Sadly, though, there's nothing of that calibre here.

'Birthday Boy' is really pretty disposable, with Wild Willy's scything home-made guitar replaced by buzzing synthesiser, and while the flip's an improvement it's just not a patch on those manic romps of yore. This record makes me mad. I only hope it does the same for Otway and Barrett.

FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS: 'The Crawl' (Chrysalis) Predictable rock-a-boogie salvaged only by some sparkling guitar from Jimmy Vaughan! His fretboard dexterity is also the highpoint of the superior B side, which rocks along quite nicely without ever really kickin' up a storm. Having heard their excellent first album I expected more from these boys. Ah well, maybe next time.

THE CURE: 'A Forest' (Fiction) Distant, echoey vocals, strong bass, economic guitar and drums . . . and that's it really. Atmospheric but pedestrian. A petrified Forest?

WHATEVER I SAY, IT'LL CHART

DAVID SOUL: 'Surrender To Me' (Energy) Energy Records, eh? That's a joke. This typically atrocious offering has all the energy of a rotting corpse and is considerably more noxious. Look, there's really no reason why we should endure this man. If we all stand together and refuse to pander to this sort of mediocrity we could quite easily put him out of business. Surrender to me? Not without a bloody good fight mate.

KAREL FIALKA: 'The Eyes Have It' (Blueprint) Mr Fialka poses meaningfully on the sleeve - leather clad, expression fixed and with two gaping holes where his eyeballs should be. Unfortunately, the music itself is similarly hollow although the loud drums, strong bass and forceful hook ensure it maximum airplay.

PAUL McCARTNEY: 'Coming Up' (EMI) A track from his soon come solo album, this chirpy little groover could easily be the theme tune for one of those awful American TV series, 'Growing Up' or 'Breaking Away', you know the sort. Pauly, with typical restraint, plays all the instruments and even submits some suitably wimpy vocals. Flip it over and you have a not bad instrumental with an oriental feel and a live version of 'Coming Up', complete with sustained chanting of the Macca moniker. It could just be his blood they're after.

THE BAD AND THE UGLY

HOT GOSSIP: 'Space Invaders' (DJM) To be honest, I'd rather review the photo that accompanied

this disc because it's a damn sight more interesting than the music. What can I say? The chorus consists of several butch voices going "Space Invaders, brain blockaders, mind invaders, Space Invaders", and it doesn't get any better. Now if this was a videodisc . . .

BETTE MIDLER: 'The Rose' (Atlantic) I haven't seen the film and I don't really want to now. Not after enduring this little tear-jerker. Of course this may well be your cup of tea. I just don't take very much sugar in mine, that's all.

BB GABOR: 'Nyet, Nyet Soviet' (Blueprint) A joke or a profound critique of Russian foreign policy? God only knows and I'm sure even He doesn't care. Comment on this record is rather hard to make. What one word can adequately describe synthesised droning occasionally punctuated by a massed choir of Volga boatmen? Rubbish, perhaps.

SHY: 'Girl' (Gallery) Innocuous little ditty which only becomes absolutely appalling when the strings start swelling at the end. Just be thankful

you can't see the photo of this lot on the sleeve.

NICK SATAN AND THE ROCKIN' DEVILS: 'Come And Tell Me Why You're Leaving' (Orchid) Old Nick may be a good laugh down the local on a Saturday night but he can't cut it on vinyl. This opus is so excruciatingly unfunny that it might have been written by the Monks.

DETROIT SPINNERS: 'Body Language' (Atlantic) Totally predictable. Inane vocals answered in an equally inane fashion, and can't you just see them doing some convoluted dance to this on Top Of The Pops?

THE SPORTS: 'Don't Throw Stones' (Sire) Sire have a pretty good track record what with Richard Hell and da brudders Ramone, but I don't reckon much to these drongoes. A paucity of ideas is their main problem and one which they never really overcome despite a tentative dabble in reggae on the flip. It all sounds a bit like early Costello outtakes to me and, frankly, I wish they hadn't bothered.



HOT GOSSIP: their photo's better than the single.

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ROCK 'N' ROLLER CRIES AT LASSIE MOVIES SHOCK

ROB HALFORD, the chief high priest of Judas Priest, has a pair of vein busting lycra trousers, large genitalia, and a rock solid handshake. All in all a pretty regular archetypal heavy metal superstar.

Thrack, carrock, babum, it's budget night with Judas Priest in hometown Brum, and immediately we have a problem. Priest, seeing as how they have the highest entry on the singles chart with that rocking little ditty 'Living After Midnight' are in London filming Top Of Pops and therefore, it being a Wednesday, a car dash, a plane flight and another car dash are needed to get up to the Birmingham Odeon show.

Support band Iron Maiden come off stage around 8.30 and Priest, due to a set of unfortunate circumstances of which, more later, come on some two hours later. Many devotees drift off to catch last buses with murder in their eyes. I drift off to the pub vodkas and fresh grapefruits in my eyes. One over the dozen and it is time.

You've seen mayhem, you've seen hysteria but when Priest hit you you know you are in a mental ward. Hard, fast and below the belt I dug them, but then again, like the single says, I was loaded, loaded. (As usual — Ed). Very much a functional band they have walls of amps which Halford frequently disappears behind and a star shaped lighting rig. Much more than that you needn't know.

And so to the interview

It's backstage at the Odeon, another day and another gig. Priest are off doing a radio interview and I pass the time by feebly attempting to stem the blood that has seeping from my ears all night whilst psychologically preparing myself for my meeting with the man that keeps tanneries in business.

I hope that I can contain myself and my smirks on our meet. He arrives this He God and after marketing his autograph on two fans' Levis we mince off to do the business. Here in it's entirety is the gospel according to the Tim Brooke-Taylor lookalike with the receding hairline. Ooops! ME: Last night?

HIM: The total irony is that exactly the same thing happened last year. This time last year we were playing Manchester this time it was Stoke, so we drove down overnight to London and got there about four in the morning, then we were up at 10 to do the usual dress rehearsal routine and the plan was that we had arranged for a helicopter to take us to Birmingham.

So we get to the studio and find we're sixth on and we finally get clearance at 10 past eight, while this is going on the helicopter people phone and say that we'll have to go to Elstree to take a plane because of the weather. The plane people at Elstree phone and say they can't do it so we dive to Luton. By this time it's nine and it's pissing cats and dogs and we sat there for ages.

The whole thing was deja vu, complete deja vu. We took the attitude that we wouldn't finish the tour in London because we're a Birmingham band and



Pic by Bob Ellis

BOB HALFORD of Judas Priest.

Straight from the horse's mouth (these nag puns are getting ridiculous) to **RONNIE GURR**

there simply isn't any excuse. I met these guys outside last night who said, "What are you doing to us? Two years running this has happened to us and now we've got to go home."

What can you say? You can't say you're sorry. Well you can but that doesn't do anything, they're not going to see the band and that is the worst. I don't know what damage we've done I just hope to God we can repair it in some way. Last year we were able to put on a free show to try and make amends but this year because we've such a busy schedule there's no way we can do that.

Do you ever get bored doing what you do. Does it ever get on top of you?

H: When you can see you're getting somewhere it doesn't. When you can see that

there are more people coming to the concerts, more people buying the albums it's all worthwhile. But even more than that on a basic personal instinct level, it's something that's in the blood.

In the early days when you're out of work and you're more than likely on the dole as we all were and you're doing maybe two gigs a week and making just enough to pay the rent it seems tough but it's all part of the apprenticeship you have to go through to get anywhere in this business.

"If you get anywhere overnight then the chances are you'll disappear in the same amount of time. We did it the way that is best for anybody. Which is to start at the very base root level which is playing clubs to 15 or 20 people literally,

and working your way up to where ever you can. To what do you attribute the success of the band?

H: First and foremost it's having something to offer people musically. Something that's different, something that makes people come home from work, get washed and changed and go to a concert. First and foremost it's the musical thing that gets people to do that but it's also the ability to put on an entertaining show. At the same time the other thing we have going for us at the moment is this major heavy metal revival which is attracting a whole new audience of younger people to the concerts and we're as grateful to them as much as the people that have stuck with the band since the early days.

Tape hoax?

H: The first we heard

about it was when we read it in the music press. Then we heard the tapes had been hi-jacked or stolen and that there was a ransom demand for them. We immediately got onto the London office and they said it was news to them as well, so they got on to Tony Brainsby, our publicist, who is basically the man to talk to on the subject.

There is some truth in the fact that the tapes did go astray somewhere between the studio and the cutting situation. Tony is paid to get press but unfortunately we are a band that doesn't need hype or hoax stories. We've built our reputation on basic hard graft, and without the risk of sounding like an old fogey, just being a down to earth basic truthful honest heavy metal band on a one to one level with the audience and we don't need rubbish like that.

You don't seem to be plugging 'British Steel' on this tour.

H: Well we haven't toured in Britain for quite a while and when I go to a concert I like to hear music I can relate to instantly. We want to go out there and play songs the audience get off on right away. There are places in the show where one could get away with playing maybe one or two new songs, but I think they're very easily forgotten. If I hear a song for the first time at a concert I don't remember it.

Can we expect any drastic departures in musical style with 'British Steel'?

H: No you'll find it's got more of the quality of the early Priest content. It's like an amalgamation of 'Sad Wings Of Destiny', 'Sin After Sin' and 'Stained Class' that's the only way I can describe it.

You don't have the reputation of being the archetypal hell-raising, hotel-smashing, beer-swilling, drug-taking heavy metal band.

H: No, exactly. That's another stigma that's attached to this type of music which is quite falsified. This is a professional job and if you start acting up and doing stupid things like that you're going to get into trouble and you're

going to get a bad reputation and that's the last thing anyone wants. What about your leather macho image. Don't you ever feel a prat?

H: It's nothing that's contrived, it just develops. We started off in silks and satins and I used to do six or seven costume changes and one just moves on. Repetition is the worst and that's why the image we have now, although it's something we feel comfortably attached to, could well change. I wouldn't do anything I felt a prat doing.

Are you an emotional person?

H: I think everyone is an emotional person. Some of us more than others. It does take a, not special, but different sort of person to be able to paint or write songs or whatever. We've all got that in us but some of us can do it and make a living from it and some can't. But it's true to say that on a sensitive emotional level we are inclined to be a little overboard.

What I'm trying to say is you have that cold hard macho image on stage, but do you go home and cry at 'Lassie' movies?

H: Oh God, yeah! Course I do. Not necessarily 'Lassie' movies, yeah, good grief how can you call yourself a human being if you don't do things like that? I personally consider myself to be too much of an oversensitive person. I react very quickly to situations in an emotional and nervous sense. That's because I'm a Virgo, if you believe in the stars, which I do sometimes and sometimes I don't. But that's my only drawback I think I'm too sensitive really. Finally, one can't help but hear stories about, er, your sexual proclivities. Are you gay?

H: I don't think that side of it should really bear any importance to that part of what Judas Priest is about. I think on a sexual level whatever way you are is something which is completely personal and private and I keep that side of it out of any immediate in-depth interview.

Thank you. Rob Halford is a nice bloke and Judas Priest are a perfect heavy metal band. Message ends.

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ERIC'S LAST BAND

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS
WITNESSED ERIC'S DYING
MOMENTS. MIKE NICHOLLS
HEARS THE TALE

FOR A new band that doesn't slip slickly into any of the easily-identifiable, credibility-enhancing categories labelled variously heavy metal, soul, ska, regurgitated R&B, synthesised nouveau and so on, the Psychedelic Furs are doing remarkably well.

Not only has their debut album hovered around the Top 20 for some five weeks now, thereby notching up sales the average new band can barely muster on its first three long-playing outings, but they also recently earned the distinction of being the last band to play Liverpool Eric's.

As any peruser of gig guides will be able to repeat in his sleep, for the past era Eric's has been the nation's top provincial rock club, having hosted every major act, from the Pistols and The Clash through to Costello and numerous American acts, often at half the admission fee of many of the capital's counterparts, and boasting superior facilities.

For several reasons, not least increasing harassment from the forces of law and order, Eric's has scheduled to lock its iron doors once and for all anyhow, but its demise was viciously pre-empted by the brave boys in pointed hats and ritual blue uniforms.

The Furs were right there on the case, not to mention the stage, and are able to provide as objective an eye-witness report as anybody. Over to John Ashton, our man in hand-cuffs, but a fine guitarist nonetheless.

"Two minutes after we'd finished our set about 60 plain clothes burst in. But they realised they'd blown it by arriving too late so they took the place apart before carting a load of us down to the cells."

And unfortunately for him, John was one of them.

"Anyhow, they locked me up and one police woman down there was as snotty as hell but Les, our manager, bailed us out. It was a real piss-off. The show had gone down well and then the atmosphere suddenly turned heavy. The coppers throwing

people out, chasin' 'em down the street, threatening them with truncheons and turning over all our gear."

"Yeah," affirms a passing roadie, "We only just managed to stop one of them ramming a screw-driver into the mixing desk."

The passing point of this particular hero was Manchester's Russell Club where I had travelled to interview the Psychedelic Furs and see them in action for about the fourth time inside a month.

The Russell, once known as the Factory has been beset with problems of its own of late, but thankfully it is once again open and can comfortably accommodate a good thousand punters. Tonight it is providing the Furs with their fourteenth consecutive date of their own headlining tour which follows hot on the heels of those excellent dates with Iggy.

What other kind of places have you been playing?

"Toilets," deadpans Duncan Kilburn, the erudite saxophonist. "We've played some rooms smaller than this," he gestures to the, ahem, hospitality room around us. "The Paisley Bungalow! What a lark! You reviewed us about a year ago, didn't you?" he continues, before remarkably quoting chunks of that particular piece.

During the interim, the band have been busy building a sizeable following as their recent

success suggests. But for the first two years of their existence things were far from easy. When was your first gig?

"February 1977," answers vocalist Butler Rep, the semi-aesthetic, lean-featured front-man, "at the Roxy during the height of punk."

With a name like Psychedelic Furs?

"It was instant death," he replies, "but what we were doing was reacting against all the other bands of the time. I mean it was ridiculous even then, all those razor blades and safety pins. But there was the problem that we couldn't get that many gigs."

The consequence was that most of the six-piece kept their day jobs, which were as varied as the band's tastes in music. John, for example, was a graphic designer for a couple of years, whilst Duncan worked for Reuters, the international news agency.

When did you knock that job on the head?

"The day we signed with CBS!" he retorts, "though I'd been playing for three - and - a - half years and learned the trombone at school."

Kilburn's blowing is a distinctive feature of the Furs' sound, but no more an integral part than the brilliantly weaving guitar patterns of axe-persons John Ashton and R Morris. So fluid is their style that you'd be forgiven for thinking that there's a synthesiser bleating away in the foreground as they swirl and sway above Vince Ely's dry, drums and the bass guitar of Robert's brother, Tim.

Hanging ethereally on to this shadowy wall of noise are the breathy vocals of the gaunt Rep, who writes most of the verbose lyrics he sings. Few of these make a lot of sense to the casual listener which prompts me to ask Butler whether, like Richard Jobson of The Skids, he intentionally writes impressionistically and deals in terms of images rather than facts.

"Well, that applies to a lot of the stuff I've done over the past few years," he begins, "but I'm trying to get out of that now and write more concretely. No, I'd rather not say what the words are about - it takes all the interest out of them."

"It's very much a personal thing," adds John. "Not from our point of view, but the fans' like with Dylan albums, anyone can make their own interpretation."

"Cop out!" interjects Vince. Hitherto he had kept fairly quiet, but having overcome his initial shyness, he was to unleash a fusillade of cynical remarks, none of them less than humorous.

"Actually," Duncan comes in helpfully, "It would be fair to say that the songs are ends within themselves, each being a set of self-contained statements, if you like."

"The words have been misinterpreted so many times that I don't think we should talk to journalists about them any more," rejoins John.



DUNCAN KILBURN

recalcitrantly. "Then on the other hand the Press have been pretty good to us so it wouldn't be fair. Some of the criticism is plain bitchy but quite a bit has been constructive and we've taken notice of the remarks about our playing. Then at the other end of the scale some writers have gone right over the top. One even called us 'demi-gods'."

I thought the single, 'Sister Of Europe' deserved to do better than just achieve cult status.

"Yeah, so do I," says Robert, "but what can you do? It wasn't made with the radio in mind. It was made for people, not the BBC playlist."

"We were asked to cut its length," Vince confesses. "Like you're not supposed to make a six minute record unless it's 'Hey Jude', he adds laconically."

The single's lack of success, however, has been more than compensated by high album sales. Who do you reckon has been buying it? Would you say you've gradually infiltrated the prevailing rock consciousness and built up a considerable following?

"I reckon we've increased in popularity since last August's John Peel session," John replies vaguely, "which in turn led to a lot of interest about the release of an LP."

"That's true, actually," Duncan agrees, "apparently there's been quite a build-up in the record shops, people asking when it's coming out and so on. A bit like The Pretenders, I suppose, only on a smaller scale, unfortunately."

"It seems all our psychic research has paid off," Vince interrupts with perfect timing. "It's certainly not a case of brilliant marketing by CBS. In fact, if anything they've been rather stingy with adverts and stuff, though I don't want to slag them off."

Just then the promoter wanders in and announces that although the place is sold out, the audience are very quiet.

"Probably all tripping," retorts the ever-witty Ely, which brings us back to the band's name - how did they come by it? Did they feel it matched their intuitive type of music?

"Well, it certainly conjures up something," suggests Vince, for once giving a straight answer and yet hitting the nail square on the head, "and it's so obviously against the grain of fashion."

I guess that accounts for the bizarre range of audience out there. Everything from hard-core punks to austere-looking budding computer operators.

"And girls," continues Vince, "I've never met a girl that didn't like us."

Some bands have all the luck. Then again some deserve it more than others. The Psychedelic Furs fall into the latter category. Let's hope they enjoy a long trip before the colours run dry.



PSYCHEDELIC FURS

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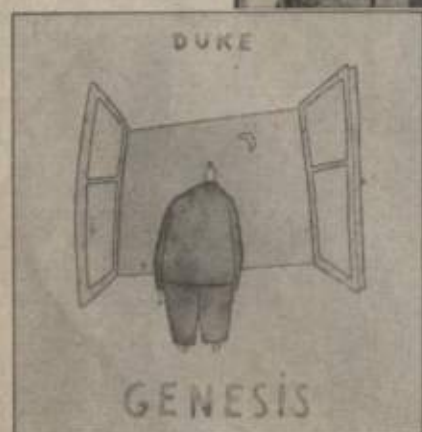
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ON STIFF RECORDS

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On the banks of the River Nile.
Here comes the boat only half a float.
Oarsman grins a toothless smile.
Only just one more to this desolate shore.
Last boat along the River Nile.
Doesn't seem to care no more.
Wind in his hair as he reaches his last half mile.
The oar snaps in his hand before he reaches dry land.
But the sound doesn't deafen his smile.
Just pokes the wet sand with an
Oar in his hand floats off down the River Nile.
Floats off down the River Nile.

Words and music by G. McPherson / M. Barson.
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9-11 Woodfield Road,
London W9.

PRETENDERS Talk Of The Town

ON REAL RECORDS

It's such a drag to want something sometimes.
One thing leads to another I know.
There was a time, wanted you for mine nobody knew.
You arrived like a day,
And passed like a cloud.
I made a wish that I said loud,
Out loud in a crowd,
Everybody heard,
I was the talk of the town.

It's not my place to know what you feel,
I'd like to know but why should I?
Who were you then, who are you now,
Common labourer by night, by day highbrow,
Back in my room I wonder,
Then I sit on the bed and look at the sky up in the sky
clouds rearrange,
Like the talk of the town.

Maybe tomorrow, maybe someday,
Maybe tomorrow, maybe someday,
You've changed, your place in this world,
You've changed, your place in this world.

Oh but it's hard to live by the rules,
I never could and still never do.
But the rules and such, never bothered you,
You call the shots and they follow,
I watch you still, from a distance, then go
Back to my room you'll never know,
I want you, I want you
But now,
Who's the talk of the town.

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MAGNUM: not relying on pretty boy charisma.

WITH MAGNUM'S new EP just charting, it looks like their struggle is almost over. Their current tour with Def Leppard is selling out pretty well so Magnum, it seems, are flying the flag for all those bands who don't rely on pretty boy charisma for their musical success.

The band was formed about four years ago by a bunch of five experienced musicians who had spent all of their time up to then backing other people and never getting any of the rock 'n' roll limelight.

"We all knew each other from the Birmingham rock scene," explained guitarist Tony Clarkin. "Eventually, we decided to pack up doing gigs for others and zoom off on our own. It was, really, a last resort thing for all of us, a final chance to make it in the big time."

Since then the line-up has virtually remained at its original

state of Clarkin, vocalist Bob Catley, Rex Gorin (drums and percussion), Colin Lowe (bass and vocals), and Richard Bailey (keyboards, flute and vocals). The one exception is Bailey's recent replacement by Grenville Harding, who is slowly being worked in by the band.

Magnum stuck out the lean times and finally, their perseverance paid off when, in January 1978, they signed with Jet Records. Not long after this, their debut album 'Kingdom Of Madness' reached the shops. It was an impressive release which showed there was considerable talent within the band, and despite its unfashionable neo-classical / hard rock approach didn't sell at all badly.

Having made an auspicious start to their recording career, Magnum then took a decidedly wrong turning with the follow-up album, 'Magnum II', which somehow lacked both the excitement and raw power of its predecessor. So, what went wrong?

"Well, to be honest, I listened to it again a couple of weeks ago and thought 'hey, that's a good album'," answered Clarkin,

although he did admit that the production by former Ten Years After stalwart Leo Lyons wasn't all that hot.

Magnum don't fit cosily into any pigeon-hole but straddle several categories. They are best described as existing in the mystical / fantasy region of hard rock, yet the band certainly contrast sharply with, say, Judas Priest. Magnum's style is ethereal romance (Camelot Rock) as opposed to gothic violence. Perhaps their most obvious influence is early Yes.

However, Magnum have been most often compared with the US pomp-rockers Styx and Kansas. That's a relationship which Clarkin didn't entirely accept.

"I think the only comparison really between us and people like Styx is that we're a heavy-ish sort of band with lots of light and shade in our music plus the fact that we use vocal harmonies a lot. But our lyrical content is totally different to anything American. Over there, they don't get their words together at all. Sure, the US outfits can play up a storm, but never seem capable of matching their forceful music with equally powerful lyrics and that's where Magnum differ a hell of a lot because the words of a song mean as much to us as the actual musical content."

His songs do tend to keel over into a definite cosmic awareness state, having such mythological titles as 'The Bringer', 'The Great Adventure' and 'Invasion' (nothing whatsoever to do with the Iron Maiden song of the same name).

"I do genuinely go for the mystical approach in my songs. Magnum tend to deal with fantasy figures like pixies, dragons and that sort of thing. I try and write the songs so that they can both relate to the present day and also

connected to events from the distant past. They, hopefully, make sense both ways."

Having one person as the writer in the band is something which has grown up out of choice rather than necessity, as Catley explained.

"To our way of thinking it's best for one chap only to do the composing, so that Magnum has a distinctive direction and doesn't pull in two or three wildly opposing pathways at the same time. Tony puts everything down on paper and brings it to the rest of us. The five members of the band then sit down and arrange the numbers together."

I wondered what Magnum's views were on the importance of having chart appeal, aside from the money considerations.

"When you first get entry into the charts, for example as we did with this current single, the ego trip is amazing. All you want the record to do is go even higher and sheer greed just takes over. But if you sit down and think about it, that sort of success doesn't mean a thing to a band in real artistic terms."

Nonetheless, having had the sweet taste of greenbacks in

their bank-balance from their live double-single, the chances are that Magnum (and who can blame them) will be releasing another one in the very near future and it seems likely it will be a track from their live album, 'Marauder', recorded at the Marquee last December. Following this, the band will then be putting down cuts for a new studio LP, the material for which the prolific Clarkin has already written.

In the meantime, they are certainly not going to be idling their time away on an exotic Greek island.

Thus, the Magnum star is in the ascendancy, along with other British keyboard outfits like White Spirit and Eazy Money, they prepare to take up the pomp-rock gauntlet thrown down by the US top-rockers, and not before time!

"We're doing what we feel is right for the times," Catley told me as he and the rest of the band headed off to play before a couple of hundred appreciative Midlands metal fans.

Blessed are Magnum, for they will inherit the 'Kingdom Of Madness'.

MALCOLM DOME



TONY CLARKIN

MIGHTY MAGNUM



BOB CATLEY

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Three platinum albums ('Look Out For Number One', 'Right On Time' and 'Blam') and a Grammy, the American

music industry's version of the Oscar, adorn their walls and hopefully space has been made for the award for their latest success 'Light Up The Night'.

The only serious hiccup in their smooth rise to the top was a crucial decision involving a guy named Irving and his train set in their home town of Los Angeles.

Louis takes up the tale. "Our father built our first guitar out of a kit when we were about five or six years old and we used to take turns playing it. But one day George traded it for a train set." He flashes a mischievous look of accusation in the direction of his brother.

"I don't remember that," replies George with a look of quizzical innocence.

"I remember that, you traded it with Irving and father sent you to get it back," says Louis trying

to unlock the guilt buried in George's memory. But George sits impassively.

"We used to play anything that would make a sound, even a rubber band," continues Louis. "I always wanted to be Paul in the Beatles whenever I played. I actually used to walk around in daily life trying to talk like him."

The Brothers became a legendary high school band around the LA area under the name of Johnson 3+1 consisting of George and cousin Alex Weir, who's still in the Brothers Johnson band on guitars. Louis on bass and brother Tommy on drums. They played mostly Top 40 material at parties and dances.

Louis fished out a picture of four fresh faced, smartly dressed youngsters on a gigantic stage.

That was the Colosseum. It was ex-Temptation David Ruffin's show and we were bottom of the bill to the former Righteous Brother, Bill Medley, and The Delis. We upset The Delis by playing their hit of that time," he smirked.

They entered a talent contest and won a record deal which spawned a single called 'Testify' which sold all pressings and got heaps of airplay but came to nothing as the record company folded.

THE leg up onto the ladder of success came when they decided to get a keyboard player who managed to bring an invitation to rehearse at Billy Preston's house with him. Preston had just finished working with the Beatles and was looking for a new band and invited George to join him on a European tour.

"I told my mother and she didn't believe me. So I just left and phoned her from Germany and told her I'd be away for two months. It was then she started to get mad at me," explains George.

"I stayed with Billy for about a year and then his bass player was giving us trouble by quitting periodically and getting drunk.

"Whenever I came home I'd show Louis all the bass parts I was practising. So when the bass player finally quit I called Louis to fly to the gig and told Billy not to

cancel the tour. He was very sceptical.

"We didn't have a chance for a sound check or anything. They just announced 'Billy Preston and The God Squad' and we were away. He played a few of his hits and 'Let It Be' and then we got to his song 'Outta Space' and we started kicking and he got ecstatic.

"He came off stage and went crazy and went on and on about his new band. I just said, 'I told you'."

The brothers were with Billy Preston for three years. It was then they crossed paths with Quincy Jones. Billy Preston's road manager took a tape of Chaka Khan's sister, Taka Boom, with a view to getting Quincy Jones to produce her. But Quincy was more interested in the bass and guitar combination of the brothers and summoned them to a meeting.

They went on the road with him and worked on his 'Mellow Madness' album contributing four songs of their own.

"At the same time we recorded 'Good To You', 'Dancing and Prancing' and 'Thunder Thumbs and Lightning Licks' (which are Quincy's nicknames for them, Louis the former and George the latter)," explains George.

"We thought they were going to be on the next Quincy Jones album until one day Jerry Moss (the M in A&M) came down with what we thought were publishing contracts. We didn't know we were signed to produce albums in our own right until the next day."

The tracks formed the basis of 'Look Out For Number One' which went platinum.

Though both brothers are as different as chalk and cheese, with Louis being bubbly and excitable and George somehow calmer and more authoritative, both brothers share a great admiration for Quincy Jones.

ACCORDING to Louis, "We wanted to be a funk band and just groove. We didn't want to put melodies on top, just chants. Quincy opened up our heads and showed us other kinds of music."

"He taught us how to



write a structured tune with a beginning of so many bars, the importance of melody," continues George, "and it was the first time I'd heard of a C section which is an additional part where the tune goes off somewhere else. It's like a breath of fresh air, for instance the synthesiser solo part on 'Stomp'."

"I'm not a musician," volunteers their manager Ed Eckstine, "but you quickly find out that Quincy is really the consummate producer in many ways. He knows so much about records and his analysis is so sharp that he can almost tell you why you like a record."

The brothers see all their albums as steps up with only the third album 'Blam' being slightly disappointing as they feel they fell victim to the "third album syndrome" of too much touring, too much rushing work in the studio and too little detached criticism.

But they made no mistake with 'Light Up The Night' and took a year to write it. They also took out some insurance in the form of Heatwave's Rod Temperton who collaborated on the album.

"He has no concept of what's going on musically on the radio. He met Mike MacDonald of the Doobies at the Grammy awards ceremony after Mike had won three Grammys. Mike was thrilled to meet him and told him how much he liked his music but Rod didn't even know who he was or any of the songs."

"I learned a lot from him lyrically," claims George. "When we first met together it was like two people walking with

their guns ready about to draw. But we found we had a mutual admiration. I learned a lot of his tricks and devices and he learnt mine so we probably write the same now. He takes his time but he's more consistent. He gets a cup of coffee and a pack of Marlboro and sits up till he's finished."

Temperton has contributed to seven of the nine songs on 'Light Up The Night' including two credited to him outright but anymore work between him and the brothers will have to fit in with his schedule which includes a Heatwave album, songs for Karen Carpenter and solo album.

The future for the Brother Johnson is equally packed. Louis has just written a single for fellow bassist Stanley Clarke called 'We Supply (All Your Funky Needs)'. He will also embark on a Christian album with Phillip Bailey Of Earth, Wind And Fire. They both attend the same church.

"He understands E.W. and F's thing with the pyramids and Egypt and what positive stuff there is he takes out. But he just wants to show himself spiritually on record."

Louis has also created a gadget which will revolutionise bass playing but he was very tightlipped about it's function apart from telling me as fact that it will sell a million!

They are also going to produce their next album. "Quincy feels it's time. It'll be a test of everything we've learnt from him," says George.

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DEAR MUM, Sorry you haven't heard from me lately but I'm afraid I've been tied up for a while. In a strait-jacket to be honest. They've let me out of that now, though, and they've put me in this nice comfortable room. It's quite interesting decor in here — even the walls are padded.

What am I doing here you might be asking. Well, it all started when I got the idea it might be interesting to do an interview with Bad Manners.

You probably haven't heard of them but they're a nine piece group who've just put out a single called 'Na-Na Na-Na Nu-Nu' which is creeping up the charts and is even getting a bit of airplay on Radio 1. They play reggae, ska or bluebeat, depending on what the fashionable word is these days and basically they make a really good sound.

Also I'd heard that they do a superb show on stage — powerful, all-action with a really strong horn section and a great lead singer called Fatty Buster Bloodvessel. I don't think that's his real name though.

Come to think of it some of the others have got strange names. There's Winston Bazoomies who plays harmonica, Brian Chew-it on drums and Louis Alphonso on rhythm guitar. There are normal names as well though — Chris Kane (tenor sax), David Farren (bass), Gus Herman (trumpet), Andrew Marson (sax) and Martin Stewart (keyboards).

They're signed up with Magnet Records so I thought it would be alright to interview the band there. I mean it's quite a normal company so I didn't think I'd come to any harm.

But things started going wrong as soon as I got there. Mum. There were only two of the band there — Fatty and Winston — but that was alright because I didn't fancy being outnumbered nine to one. But there were two other guys there as well who reckoned they were with the Madness road crew and they said their names were Prince Nutty and Chalky.

The worst thing was that we were all jammed into this room which was only slightly bigger than a matchbox. I mean if anyone wanted to swing a cat in there they'd have had to get a transistorised tabby and have their arms surgically shortened to about 10 inches long.

We all sat on the floor and the first thing Fatty did was to stick out his tongue so I'd get some

idea of its length. It's a sort of gimmick they've got, Mum, and I must say it's quite effective. In fact I'm surprised he doesn't have to hire a truck to cart that tongue around. Added to that Fatty is really quite fat, his head is shaved and he wears multi-coloured string vests, boots and braces. He doesn't exactly blend with the background.

Winston looked quite normal but when he started talking in Arabic to illustrate a story about going to Egypt I knew he was as strange as the rest of them. The Egypt story concerned a previous member of the band, the mythical founder of ska — one Johnny Hubby (or it might be Hooby) — who was lost among the sand dunes and was never seen again. I could have done with a little more information, as this sounded like good Daily Mirror human interest material, but it was at that point that Winston switched to Arabic. Either that or he was having a type of fit.

Fatty made a great effort to be serious for a while when he was talking about the formation of the band.

"We formed four and a half years ago," he said and then broke off because Prince Nutty threw a can of beer at him.

"We formed four and a half years ago," he continued, after draining half the can at a single gulp and then he stopped because Chalky was unwinding a Chris Rea tape just under his nose.

"We formed four and a half years ago," he offered again and then stopped. "I've said that three times," he observed and then said it again.

"We were all at school together. Woodbury Down in north London and we used to follow this guy called Eric Delaney. When he picked up a guitar one day we decided it was a good idea and followed him into music," Fatty explained.

It sounded a bit dubious to me but it was the nearest thing I'd got to information so far so I let it pass.

"At one time there were 16 of us in the group, all mates, and we didn't really feel like chucking anyone out so we stayed like that for a bit.

"But then it wangled down to nine (the other seven couldn't stand the



BAD MANNERS

Tongue-stun

BRIAN HARRIGAN writes home about BAD MANNERS

pace, observed Prince Nutty) and here we are now. We never really had any serious sort of ambitions to become big stars and make money. It just sort of happened."

It appears that with the amazing success of 2 Tone and all things ska-ish record companies were on the look out for similar sorts of bands.

Bad Manners were gigging extensively around London and it was the work of seconds for them to be offered all sorts of astonishing enticements to sign a contract.

"Two Tone offered us a contract. They were going to give us 10 points (Authors note: music biz slang for 10 per cent royalties) and three dozen Trebor chews but we decided it wasn't enough."

Anyway, after talking for a bit about bending over drum kits, 10 inch long drum sticks and dubious personal habits Fatty decided to tell me about the day Bad Manners signed up with Magnet.

"We were so drunk when we did it we got thrown out of six restaurants afterwards," he explained proudly.

"The next day I thought we'd signed with WEA until the rest of the band started showing me things we'd nicked out of the Magnet office."

It appears that they stripped managing director Michael Levy's office bare.

They absconded with the master tape to a Darts single; Mr Levy's miniature dictaphone complete with a week's work on it, a variety of ornaments and a selection of other objects. "We had to give the tape and the

dictaphone back," said Winston, implying they were still in possession of the other booty.

"When we come in now" said Fatty "the Magnet people seem to get very watchful."

After signing them, Magnet wasted no time in zooming Bad Manners into the recording studio where they recorded their newly-released debut

album, produced by Roger Lomas. "We recorded it in about four weeks and had a great time," explained Fatty.

"Even though we have a great time playing live I think we had just a good time in the studio." It certainly shows through on the album which, with its little "Ska 'N' B" logos on the front, is a classic, raucous punchy set. It's full of excellent playing and has a great "good-time" feeling about it. Particularly good are Bad Manners' versions of 'Monster Mash' and 'Woolly Bully' plus that perennial favourite 'Scruffy The Huffy Chuffy Tug Boat'.

So far, Bad Manners have concentrated on live work in London and the south but they're planning an extensive tour taking in the whole country.

At this stage Fatty, Winston, Prince Nutty and Chalky decided they'd had enough of being serious and decided, spontaneously to trash the office.

It was an exercise in controlled insanity. They didn't do much damage but they did manage to squeeze into my bag a Chris Rea towel, a Chris Rea facecloth, a coat hanger, a bunch of dried flowers, six Chris Rea tapes and a selection of other debris. Then a telephone went in as well as they started to look for a pair of scissors so they could cut the wire and give me a telephone as a souvenir.

After piling half a dozen empty beer cans on the door so that the next person who came in would get buried under

them Bad Manners decided to go. They were due for a soundcheck for a gig that night at the Electric Ballroom.

I suppose I should have been warned about Bad Manners. Before the interview I'd been told a couple of startling stories. Like, for example, Fatty's ability to vomit spontaneously. In a series of competitions Fatty has consistently won and now holds the world record for being able to spew up six times in a row apparently feeling no ill-effects.

Then there was the occasion that Bad Manners demonstrated a new dance to a Magnet A&R man at a Christmas party. They told him it involved lying on the floor with two other people and sort of intertwining hands and ankles. While the poor soul was tangled up unable to move, a third Bad Manner pounced and whipped off the A&R man's trousers.

So all in all I think I was pretty lucky just to get committed for trashing the Magnet press office. I tried to convince the Magnet people it wasn't me but they wouldn't have it.

I should be out in about five years, given good behaviour and by that time I should think Bad Manners will have achieved major status in this country. They might even have fulfilled Fatty's ambition of getting their own show on television.

Anyway, I'd better go now — it's time for my basket weaving lesson.

By for now,

Brian.

PS. Sorry about writing this in crayon but we aren't allowed sharp objects in here.



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WHAT THE HACK RECKONS

PHILIP LYNOTT: 'Solo In Soho' (Vertigo)

THERE ARE so many good hooks in this album, it's almost impossible to pick out one or two for special attention. However, as just saying "fab" doesn't constitute a comprehensive review, I'll have a go.

Some of the songs are so perfect, they sound as if you must have known them for years. The single that's been pulled off, 'Dear Miss Lonely Heart' is one of them. It's songs like this — and 'A Child's Lullaby' — that show how Lynott needs a vehicle other than Lizzy to put across his ideas. I think his natural leaning is towards the soft and romantic. He describes 'Lullaby' as "sentimental and slushy" but I think he does himself a disservice: there is nothing overly

slushy about it at all. I think it's lovely.

There's also more room to experiment on his solo albums, and he's used that to the full on 'Yellow Pearl', with synthesiser and drum machine. It's worked out perfectly. The other obviously commercial song here is 'Tattoo (Givin' It All Up For Love)'. It's difficult to shake it out of your head after only a couple of plays.

Dire Straits' guitarist Mark Knopfler has stamped his distinctive mark on 'Kings Call', and although you could say the result sounds more Straits than Philip, I think you'd be missing the point. It's a superb song, and could be another contender for a single.

Lynott's lyrics follow their usual pattern of getting the most number of rhyming words into one line. While it sometimes gives an odd effect, it



PHIL LYNOTT

works in making you notice the point.

Out of the whole album, the only set of lyrics I didn't like was in 'Talkin' '79'. The vocals are a rap, rolling over bass and drum. I love the bass line, but the words really

distracted me, and as they weren't that hot I felt they bruised the song. But who am I to quibble over this when the rest of the album is such a knockout? 'Solo In Soho' won't be alone for long. +++++

ROSALIND RUSSELL

... AND WHAT THE MAN THINKS

PHILIP LYNOTT, bass player, songwriter, poet, bon viveur, and founder member of Thin Lizzy, one of the rock bands of the last decade, is undeniably an industrious accomplice; a veritable master of his arts.

The latest fruition of the talent that took Thin Lizzy from Irish obscurity to the top rung of the rock ladder comes by way of Lynott's first solo album 'Solo In Soho'. The album which has taken two years from conception to completion highlights the diversity of the man's songwriting skills, and finds Lynott experimenting, sometimes veering radically away from the Lizzy format. The unpredictability and desire to progress outwith the limits of straight rock is perhaps the reason why many of our young bands look on Lizzy with high regard rather than the contempt that has been levelled at many of their competitors.

"Although 'Solo In Soho' took two years to do and although that sounds like a long time, really I've only been in the studios eight weeks," explains Lynott. "The thing was that I was always putting my plans back due to my commitments with Lizzy. With Gary Moore leaving it gave me a chance to go in and get some of it done, and since, what with Snowy (White, Lizzy's new guitarist) still being busy with Pink Floyd I've been able to concentrate all my efforts on it."

The album is, as was stated earlier, largely experimental in that the sound is keyboard rather than guitar orientated. Lynott states that this was largely down to proving a point to himself. "I know in the back of my head that because there is no guitar work per se and next to no solos that people are going to look at 'Black Rose' then 'Solo' and say 'Jaayzus what is going on?'. Here in his own words is exactly what is going on."

SIDE ONE

'Dear Miss Lonely Heart' "Me and Jimmy Bain of Wild Horses got together one night and he had this chord sequence and I came up with this hook which was plaguing me and plaguing me. So one Monday I was reading the problems page; for some reason they always put Marjorie Proops in on a Monday, and I came up with this idea. It's about a situation where people would write into a lonely hearts page and the chick would give the wrong reply to each person. The lyric was written out in Nassau where we did a few backing tracks."

'King's Call'

"Everyone says this sounds like Dire Straits. I jammed with them over Christmas at The Rainbow and I said, 'Look I'm in the studio, why not come down?' Mark Knopfler liked the track and played guitar on it. He's the type of guy who wouldn't play on somebody's stuff unless he thought it was good. The only other sessions he's done have been with Dylan and Steely Dan. I think. The song's about kings like Elvis or Doctor Martin Luther King. It's basically just how I felt on the night that Elvis, the King, died."

'A Child's Lullaby'

"We had the kid and I wrote the first song ('Sarah') two days after she was born. Then she started crying a lot so I thought I'd make a record that would send her to sleep. It's just a sweet little song that's very sentimental and slushy."

'Tattoo (Givin' It All Up For Love)'

"This is one of these songs I've had around for a long time. It's a commercial song... I have a terrible difficulty. Sometimes I just write a commercial tune. It happened with 'Dancing In The Moonlight' and these songs just hang around for ages 'cos the band are a bit scared to touch them, because people might think it's prostitution. It's just a pop song with brass and strings on it. It's a very Tamla kind of sound. The idea came from... well, in America I met so many girls with tattoos on funny parts of their body so... It's just a pop song, the lyrics and melodies salvage it."

'Solo In Soho'

"Okay. The title track. Brian Downey plays drums, as he does on most of the album. Snowy White plays a bit of guitar and there's a bass player called Jerome Rimeson. I do percussion, moogs, guitars, a bit of bass and the vocal. It's a reggae type thing and it's the theme of the album because coming out of here (Tony Visconti's Good Earth Studios where most of 'Solo' was recorded) at four or five in the morning you see a lot of people who are down and out. It was actually written while I was doing the album... so low in Soho, y'know."

SIDE TWO

'Girls'

"This has Bobby C Benberg of Supertramp on drums and I wrote it with Jimmy Bain. There's no guitar on it, just bass, moog, string machines and piano. It's very slick and it's got a nice tune. I got a lot of girls into the studio, an English girl, French, Northern, Irish, and Swedish and I got them to read set pieces that I'd written. Then I took extracts and made it into one piece that cuts in and out of the song."

It's a great experimental track for me. Now that I've experimented with keyboards and moogs I know what I can do and I'm no longer scared of them. Before this it was the great unknown."

'Yellow Pearl'

"This is one me and Midge Ure wrote. We wrote it because we'd just done the Lizzy Japanese tour and because at the time we were checking out people like the Yellow Magic Orchestra. There's Midge on synthesiser, myself and there's a drum machine on it with Brian Downey on percussion."

'Ode To A Black Man'

"This is a thing I'd always wanted to do but it had been getting harder and harder. Years ago I used to think that all these Tamla Motown boys were saying it for black people and then I thought the reggae guys are saying it. Then all of a sudden the freshness and aggression of the new bands really impressed me. I thought, who's doing that that's black now? There was nobody and that made me very angry. So I wrote an ode to a black man and especially to the complacent black man. The opening line is: 'If you see Stevie Wonder tell him I hear, / If you hear Stevie Wonder tell him I see, / I don't want songs for plants, / I want songs for me'. I also have a go at Bob Marley. It's hard to explain. I wasn't having a go at these people maliciously, I just wanted to offer them a criticism that I feel is relevant."

"They're champions of black culture and I feel they could do a lot more to help it. It's just making it clear that I feel as black as the next brother and also that I get angry at the complacency of, not necessarily Stevie Wonder, just at the way the situation gets sometimes. It's difficult to explain it without sounding condescending because I'm really a novice at writing these kind of songs."

'Jamaican Rum'

"We did this in Nassau too. It's a calypso kind of thing."

'Talk In '79'

"This is basically just bass, drums and vocal. It's a rap thing which I wrote as if I was working for a music paper and I just used people's and bands' names. For example, 'Sham 69 were in a shambles, Generation X were next, the Rats were caught in their own trap, the music press reveal their anger when threatened by the Stranglers'."

Good news then for Lizzy and Lynott fans alike. Thin Lizzy, the decade old band who are entering their renaissance and Philip Lynott, the embryonic solo star, or, in other words, the best of both worlds. RONNIE GURR

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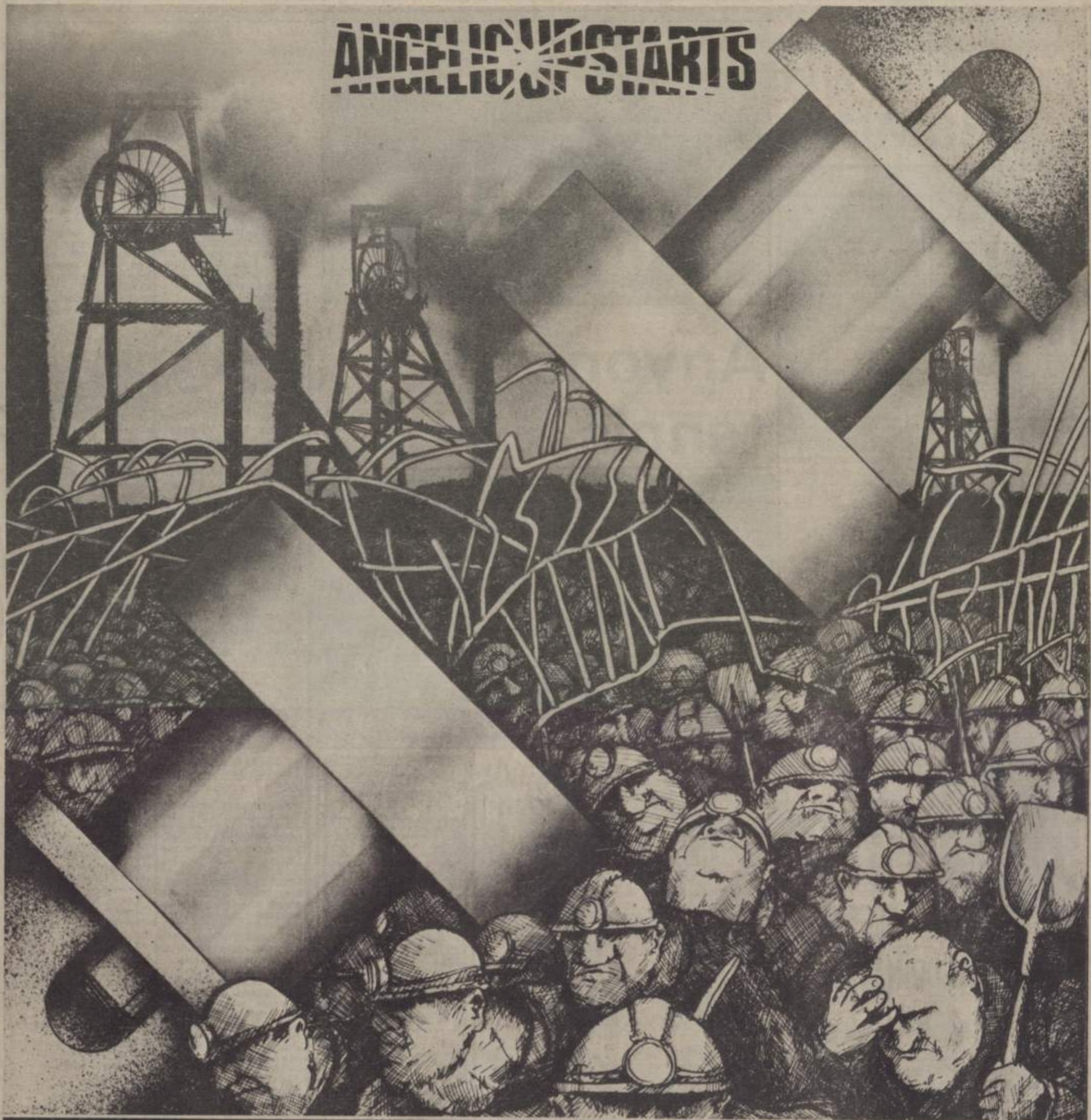
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BONEY M: '20 Golden Hits' (Atlantic BM TV 1)

AKA 'The Magic Of Boney M', it's the album with two titles, so you can take your choice. Frankly, the mornings have been a little dull the past few months, without the sound of a Boney M perfect pop song to push me into automatic pilot and out of the flat.

With nothing new from the nubile, we are given this flash package — a mammoth 21 track job — of hits that must have made them and Giorgio Moroder so rich it makes me want to spit. However, as I like their songs, I won't.

There's no doubt that 'Rivers Of Babylon' et al were classics of their time, even though 'Oceans Of Fantasy' turned out to be such a disappointment. And there were a few pits — 'It's A Hot Holiday' being one of them. Not to quibble though, for your liver or so you can also get 'Belfast', 'Painter Man', 'Raspoutine' and all the other fab grooves. +++

ROSA LIND RUSSELL

THE MOTORS: 'Tenement Steps' (Virgin V2151)

IN THE beginning there was 'The Motors 1' — a simple, guitar laden rock

album which John Peel liked and the public ignored. The full-blooded approach was watered down for 'Approved By The Motors' — a two hit single album ('Airport' & 'Forget About You') which John Peel didn't like and the public did. And now, many days later, The Motors have discovered overblown orchestral pop.

'Tenement Steps' is overblown in the most satisfying sort of way. Nick Garvey and Andy McMaster, the nerve-centre of The Motors, have created a distinctive, lush sound on this rich album. Andy and Nicks over-exaggerated, nasally vocals, expert musicianship and fine sense of melody have combined to make this a perfectly executed album with a sound which will fill every inch of your speakers.

The album opens with the excellent 'Love & Loneliness' single, on which the rhythmic use of strings makes it a classical stereo epic. Even when the pace is varied, as on the frantic 'Slum People', the orchestra charges along helping to build up the excitement.

The songs are all first class, and the subtle melodies never become buried beneath the orchestral wall of sound. Musically this is a quality album which is only let down by the inconsistent



CHRIS REA

Anyone for tennis?

CHRIS REA: 'Tennis' (Magnet MAGL 5032)

UNKNOWN, or at least semi-obscure talent of the year so far. Definitely.

Young Chris and I took different turnings after his Lindisfarne support slot of a while back and his excellent 'Fool (If You Think It's Over)'. Since then the Gordie lad has delivered two albums that have hardly set the northern slag heaps alight and with this his third long playing venture he seems to have transmuted into taking coals to New Jersey and is being touted as some kind of home grown answer to Maw and Paw Springsteen's wee boy.

The pigeon-hole I can understand, Rea is an Anglicised Billy Joel with a degree more rock sensibility and ability, a Boz Scaggs with more of his early clout and less of the disco overtones, and is one step away from Springsteen and the late great Lowell George in lyrical achievement, smoulderingly sensual vocal delivery and heartfelt compositional skill. In short he's very good indeed.

Beneath the flippancy of the title track lies a razor sharp indictment, the albums most menacing moments are here and with them Rea proves that he is no wimp singer - songwriter. From here on in the influences mount up. I had Philip Goodhand - Hail, Tom Waits, the mighty Feat, and of course Springsteen.

Two instrumentals here too, though they are refreshing if only because they are not mere album fillers. Each contributes to the overall summery feel of the album. The second of the two a Latin American workout on slide evokes Santana - esque imagery and exists as a structured piece of music and not a rolling time waster.

All in all a fine, fine album. +++ RONNIE GURR

lyrics. Though the words are often trite containing a welter of primary school rhymes, they can be forgotten just because of the superior nature of the music. Now if only The Motors were expert word-smiths as well. +++ PHILIP HALL

VARIOUS ARTISTS: 'They Called It Rock'n'Roll' (Decca DPA 3078)

BILLY FURY: 'The World Of... Vol 2' (Decca SPA 575)

BOBBY VEE: 'The Bobby Vee Singles Album' (United Artists UAG 30253)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: 'Vampires From Outer Space' (London-Bomp SH-Z 8543)

YOU'LL believe cornball can cut it! Yup, folks it's that time again when teenage romance stalks the streets in search of the cataclysmic cuddle. But I digress.

Well it's a one for the money. 'They Called It Rock'n'Roll' purports to be a collection of Brit rock classics and, if you forget the fact that the first real homegrown classic was the Pirates' 'Shakin' All Over' then, true, a grouping of greats you do indeed have. In fact though, they shoulda called it trad jazz afterbirth.

That base screwing beat is here though the likes of Tommy Steele, Lonnie Donegan and his Skiffle Group, Joe Brown, Wee Willie Harris (the original punko by the way), and Screaming Lord Sutch (the second in line for the previous title) do little to help. Yeah, yeah, yeah, they yelp, whoop and stomp their asses like madmen but with the Batley Variety Club currently giving these bods their medication one finds it hard to take seriously.

Aha. Fault number one. This isn't serious at all! In fact, strikes me that it's cornball, crass garbage, pap, pulp and more pap. Now I am hoping that you are not getting me wrong, I who was being conceived when these were about first time. I am loving this.

Fury, ah Billy. And let's be honest where is he now when we really need him? The boy plays Doris Day on 'I Gotta Horse', lives 'til dawn in 'The Twist Kid' amid honking saxes, mechanically precise snare drums and twee oppressive string parts, then cuts loose in 'Jealousy', a pasa double that features the murderous bass sound which The Strangers so ruthlessly filched.

Best here are 'This Diamond Ring' which will induce real tears and 'Collette', an Everlys copy that has Fury crooning. 'I'll be lonesome / I'll be Blue / I'll be crying / thinking of you / wonderin' if you've found / someone else to hang around.'

Joy Division? Fall? Seritti Politti? Away with you. Fury is straight outta the Frigidare and that's official.

Bobby Vee. Awww. Subconsciously, whilst crapping green in my diapers I remember Bob.

'Take Good Care Of My Baby', 'The Night Has A Thousand Eyes' and 'Rubber Ball' all helped me get over my weeny diarrhoea problems and for this, one, one's mother and one's intestines will always be eternally grateful. Naw I jest. This is hip to trip cats. Buy it.

Hor, hor, hor. The big one. No, honestly 'Vampires From Outer Space' is a collection of Kim Fowley's greatest perversities of pop. The sleeve and notes are, of course, horrendously trite and meaningless and you will love them just the same. Now Fowley I've never fully investigated due to the complete and utter ravings and rantings of his devotees. Jeez, though and all, this is amazing.

Randy Winburn, going by way of the piercing vocals of 'Somebody Else's Girl' is either a girl with warped sexual tastes or an LA lad that ain't gonna take no crap and one day will be a Bee Gee. The track is a classic that will restore anyone's teenage rush. Loved it. Then shoot, Tommy Rock who penned the previous classic pops up with his NickLowelike vocals and slays us with 'Dream Rocker'. Another gem.

Hilarity festers when Fowley gets on down to ape the Cohen / Dylan / Springsteen school of serious songwriters. Of course it's throwaway. Then there's The Lonely Boys who come on like Kiss and more from Randy and Tommy, Venus and the Razorblades. The Dog Rangers and... Can no one stop this man?

Gorgeous curio pieces every one. Pop music, like that car that Terry Wogan raves about, has changed very little but the improvements are great, and you can still dance to it, thank God. Fury, Vee, Fowley et al, they're the most. Dig? +++ and a big kiss to all four.

ROBERT GORDON: 'Bad Boy' (RCA PL 13523)

IT WOULD have been useful and quite interesting, if schedules had allowed, to review Robert Gordon's new album with 'Shakin' Stevens'. The similarities are obvious, the variance more subtle.

I remember pointing out that Stevens doesn't break his back to contemporise his songs. The nice thing about Robert Gordon, though, is that you don't think of his songs as old rock 'n' roll or new rock 'n' roll, the songs make you believe that rock 'n' roll never went away. It's got something to do with the arrangements, something more to do with his voice, and something else again to do with the songs he chooses, which have been asking for a new coat of paint for years.

Bill Haley's 'Crazy Man Crazy' is perhaps just a little too familiar already, but it's on its own; 'Torture' suggests the Everly Brothers, and 'Nervous' might even be the inmates or somesuch.

++++ PAUL SEXTON

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IAN ROCKS

IAN HUNTER / MOTT THE HOOPLE: 'Shades of Ian Hunter' (CBS 88476)
IAN HUNTER: 'Live: Welcome To The Club' (Chrysalis)

WHO SAYS politics and rock don't mix? Ian Hunter, wayward survivor that he is, is now on his third record company, and, as the man has had a fair modicum of success in the past, all the company men want that back catalogue and the automatic sales that come along with it.

Hence, 'Shades Of...' which is CBS milking the man and the Mott and occasionally scraping the artistic barrel. Who needs drivels like the Overnight Angels' material? Here we have a whole side of Hunter's nadir and it's merely mediocre piffle. The rest happily is fine.

Side One: 'Dudes', 'One Of The Boys', 'Sweet Jane', 'All The Way From Memphis', 'I Wish I Was Your Mother', 'The Golden Age of Rock 'n' Roll' and 'Roll Away The Stone'.

Side Two: — 'Marionette' (Live and previously unreleased), 'Rose', 'Foxy Foxy', 'Where Do You All Come From', 'Rest In Peace' and 'Saturday Gigs'.

Side Three: 'Once Bitten Twice Shy', '3,000 Miles From Here', 'I Get So Excited', 'You Nearly Did Me In' and 'All American Alien Boy'.

Side the fourth is the aforementioned bummer. In the short the best of Mott, singles and B-sides, best of the CBS solo output and the Over-nights. A nifty collection though CBS, bearing in mind the fact that they slung out a Mott greatest hits not so many years back, do seem to be punishing the lad for his recent move to Chrysalis. I'm sure he'll refuse the royalty cheques.

Chrysalis see a new act with a past and sign him. Put out an excellent studio work then have their boy do a live set and, shazam, they too have a back catalogue at a stroke. 'Welcome to The Club' is three sides live in

front of an audience, indeed a hysterical LA Roxy audience and one side live in a studio.

Ronson opens with the Shads 'FBI' before ploughing through 'Once Bitten Twice Shy', 'Angeline', 'Sonny Bono's 'Laugh At Me' and 'All The Way From Memphis' with his chums in the band. Then 'I Wish I Was Your Mother', 'Irene Wilde' and two Chrysalis songs 'Just Another Night' and 'Cleveland Rocks'. Two more from Schizo in 'Standin' In My Light' and 'Bastard' then 'Walking With A Mountain / Rock 'n' Roll Queen', 'Dudes' and Ronno again on 'Slaughter On Tenth Avenue'.

Four has four unreleased tracks that, with the exception of 'We Gotta Get Out Of Here' which is Hunter doing Moroder's 'Midnight Express' soundtrack, are fairly dull fare. 'Silver Needles' is an introspective slog with brass. 'Man O' War' is a Stones 12-bar glissando that has Hunter telling us he's a bad mutha, and 'Sons and Daughters' is a country and western view of a rock stars separation and the effect on the kids. It tries hard but fails to match Tammy Wynette's 'DIVORCE'.

Half of the other three sides is truly fine which reads great though the rest, as on 'Just Another Night' and 'Cleveland Rocks' where the Hunt's voice is cracking up, is plain embarrassing vinyl. In the hysteria of a live setting with the benefits of being hopped up it would be truly wondrous but listening to such material in the cold light of day is like facing a bad hangover. As Hunter states before 'Laugh At Me' this is the latest way. It may not be the best way but it's the latest way. And as he palpates on the end of 'Cleveland Rocks' where he screams on sounding like a desperate old man, 'My Name is Ian Hunter and this is my way of life.' I'm glad he's still around.

In short then, one is nearly a best of and one is nearly a worst of. Buy both and a tape recorder.

Both + + + RONNIE GURR

CHUCK MANGIONE: 'Fun And Games' (A&M AMLK 63715)

ONCE AGAIN, it's the "somebody - nobody" phenomenon. In America, Chuck Mangione plays the flugelhorn and everyone listens. When they've listened, they buy, and the guy has instrumental singles in the Top 20. Over here, I don't suppose we can even spell his name right.

No matter. Just because he's Mr Minority Audience in Britain doesn't detract a thing. 'Fun And Games' is further proof of an attractive talent: a man who can write and perform undemanding, pleasurable jazz, varied enough to have you wanting more when the stereo's had enough.

Mangione plays electric and acoustic pianos too, but he's distinctive through that flugelhorn, which made 'Feels So Good' so accessible and now does the same for

'Give It All You Got', his current US hit, commissioned by ABC Sports as their theme for the 1980 Winter Olympics. It's more relaxed than the previous hit, but no less compulsive, and it gets good mileage because on side two, Chuck slows it all down to 'Give It All You Got, But Slowly'.

Elsewhere, it's the Chuck Mangione Band you must praise. Chuck takes his place and makes the recognisable noises, but his partners do plenty of work as well. For example, Grant Geissman's guitars and Chris Vadala's sax are essential to 'You're The Best There Is'. There's a continental touch to 'Pina Colada'. Mangione particularly adroit here, combining well with James Bradley's drums.

'I Never Missed Someone Before' is as thoughtful as you'd expect, and 'Fun And Games' as carefree and mischievous as you'd ex-

pect. Mangione's the man all right, and one day a few more people will realise it. + + + PAUL SEXTON

BLUEPRINT PROTOTYPES (Pye BLUSB 1)

FOUR bands playing, two tracks each on a sampler album costing £1.99 for just under 30 mins, has got to be good value.

The Fabulous Poodles start the album off with their best known track, 'Mirror Star' and follow that with the hypnotically appealing 'Pink City Twist' from their latest album. Both tracks are representative of their unique style and left me wanting more.

Next up is Karel Fialka, described on the sleeve as "the street poet of the eighties." It's just as well they tell you that because his pair of songs are essentially Numanesque.

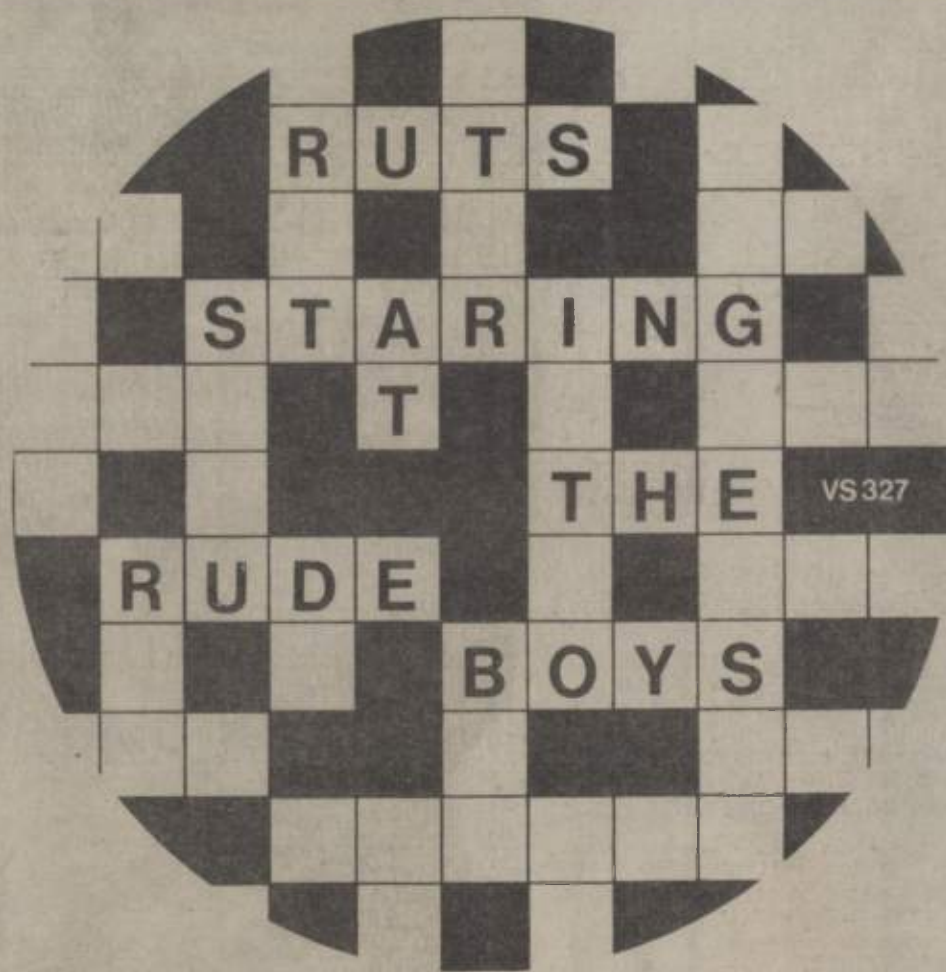
and the self-penned song 'Armband' contains no really trenchant lyrical observations. Nonetheless 'Armband' is my favourite track on the album, although I didn't like Karel's synthesised version of the Doors' 'People Are Strange'.

The Crooks, allegedly a mod band, play clever pop songs as paraded these days by bands such as the Yachts and The Vapors. Both 'Modern Boys' and 'Sound Of Today' are instantly appealing tunes that provide an enjoyable live minutes.

Canadian B B Gabor is the most enigmatic of the quartet. His two songs are totally contrasting. The first, 'Soviet Jewellery', is an irritatingly catchy tune that hangs in the head and 'All The Time' is most easily comparable to relaxed American West coast music, but it drags on somewhat.

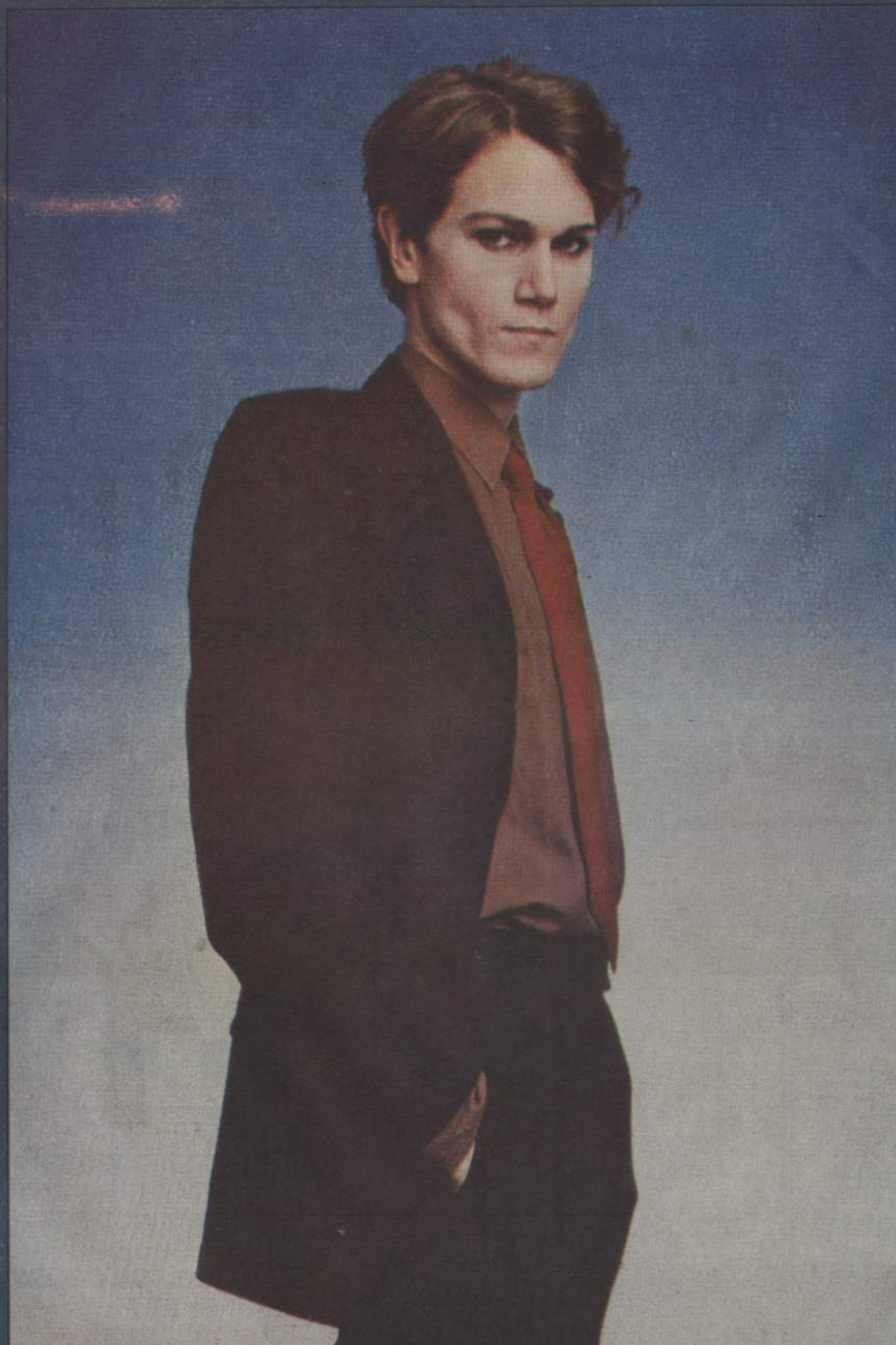
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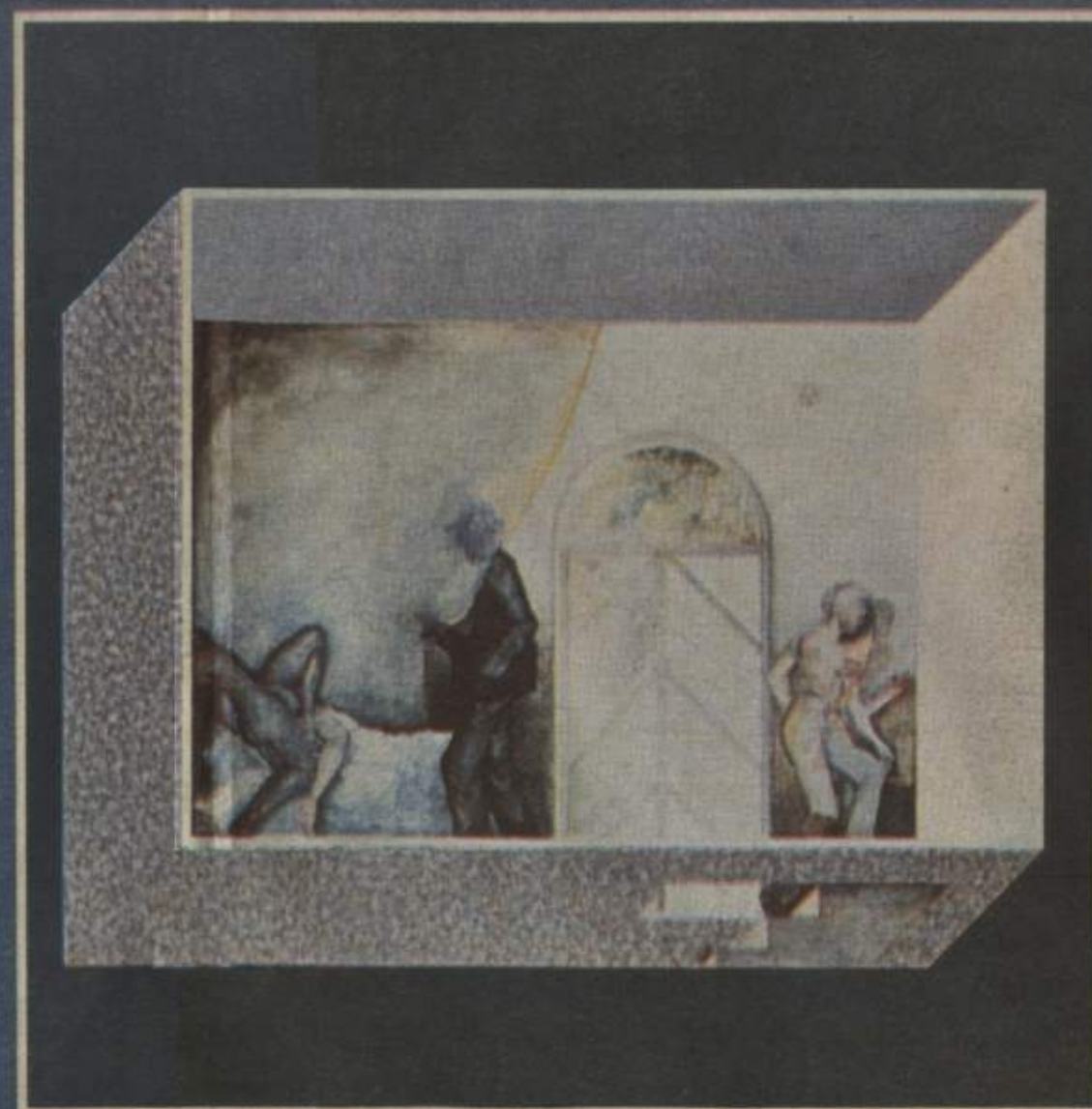
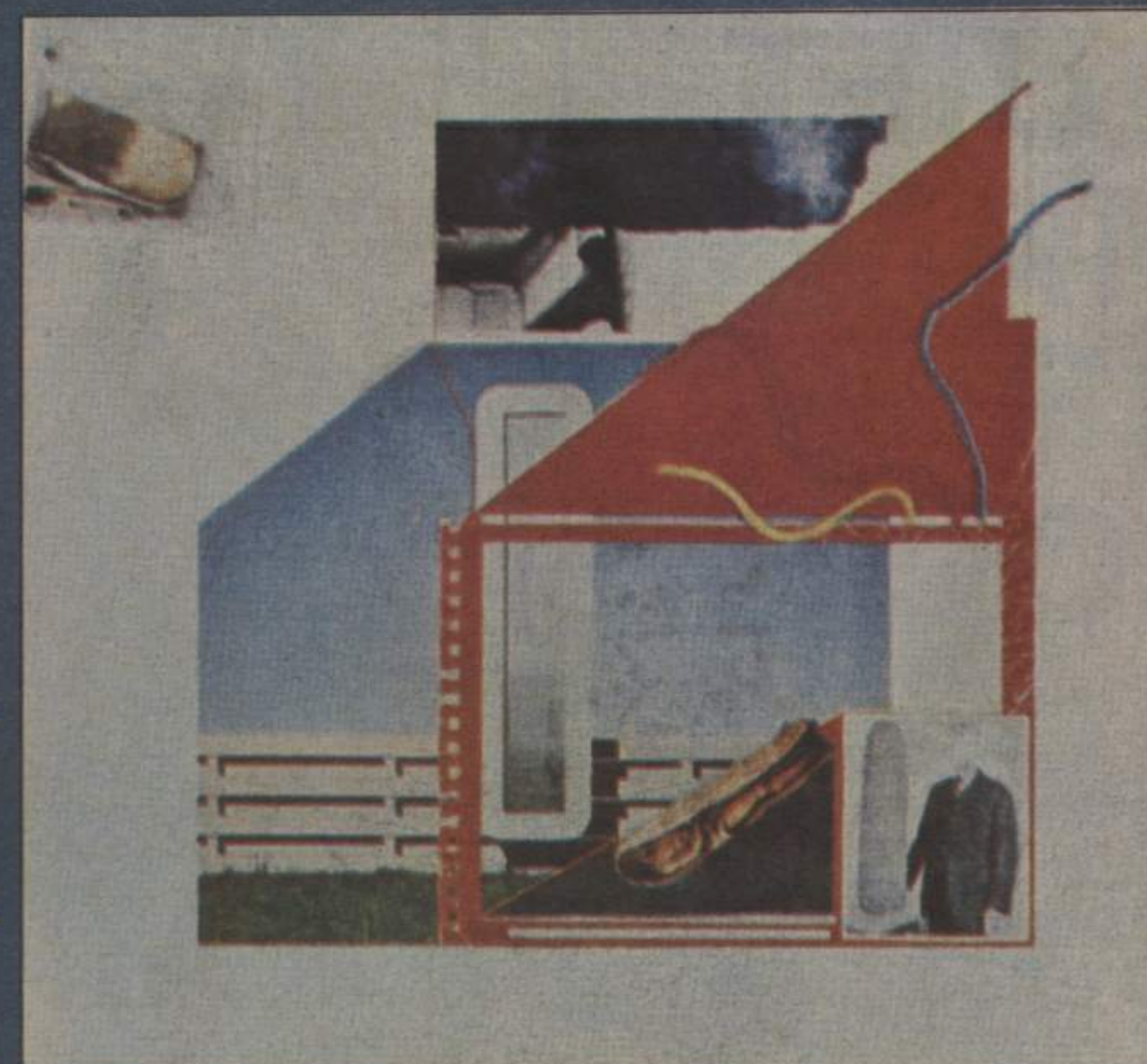
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WHEN PRESTON Art School rejected John Foxx, it was probably the best thing they could have done for him. He was awarded scholarships to the Royal College Of Art — in Manchester and London. These are some examples of his drawings and paintings — which he describes to Mike Gardner on the following page.

JOHN FOXX



THE QUIET MAN OF ROCK

WHAT'S in a name? Quite a lot if you don't like the one chosen for you by your parents. John Foxx was born Dennis Leigh, so what's the significance of his title now?

"I chose John because it's a nice ordinary name. I wanted anonymity. I always liked people who weren't always forthcoming and were shy. I've always been drawn to people who don't assert themselves very well. I suppose it's because something in my personality is like that or desires that."

"I'm quite often in positions when I have to assert myself to survive and I don't enjoy it. I'm quite happy to take a passive role in what's going on. It's like I don't like driving. I prefer to be driven and I don't like holding a conversation. I'd rather observe."

So why the surname Foxx?
"Firstly because I liked Inez and Charlie Foxx, who had a hit with 'Mockingbird'. I just liked the way he looked. He was a very beautiful black guy. I loved his singing and the way he moved... everything. He just hypnotised me. So I kept that name in mind."

little rooms and showed what was happening with people scared, going into the underground and running through the streets, aircraft and soldiers and all those things.

"I also used to be interested in science fiction and I drew machinery and laboratories."

He admits to not having a passion for music at that stage in his formative years. His fascination was focussed more on the cult aspects of youth culture.

"In the mod era packs of scooters used to travel through Chorley on their way to the Twisted Wheels in Manchester and Blackpool for an all night session. I'd never seen anything like it. I just stood with my mouth open."

"The scooters used to have hundreds of lights and all the surfaces were chromed. They wore those reflective sunglasses and parkas with huge fur collars and they leant against those high seats. The whole thing looked like science fiction when you saw 15-20 of them on the main street on a sunny afternoon. It was magical."

It was at Preston Art College that Foxx gained an interest in sound rather than visuals. He found the ability of tape to reproduce voices addictive. He even went as far as



that had been popular have been on instruments that aren't difficult to play and you don't need high musical dexterity.

"I wanted to make music and so I chose five people to make Ultravox. I chose them by talking to them. I didn't really listen to how they could play. I organised it so that you didn't have to be a marvellous musician."

"One of the reasons I left Ultravox is because I realised that I could do all the parts more efficiently by myself and I wanted to be totally electronic."

But his interest in visuals hasn't waned, as you can see on this week's centre spread.

Of the picture 'A Distant Smile' he says, "I wanted to use an image of a smile and I chose the Mona Lisa because it's obvious and universal. But it's also mysterious, clichéd, enigmatic and humorous."

"I've made sure that it's seen as a mechanically produced illusion by piercing it with threads and connecting it to some pieces of machinery. All the folds are photographs of folds. So it's third hand again. It's just a little joke about illusions."

Of the picture 'Evidence' he says, "I always like the differences between rooms and how places retain atmospheres created by events that took place there."

"This piece is part of a series in which I was trying to reconstruct such events by placing clues in a room in the hope that people who look at the picture will make up their own story of the events that took place by interpreting the picture according to their own situation."

"You can tell by the way the people are dressed, perhaps, what they've been doing, where they come from and what type of person they are."

"When I started putting words to music I had been writing little stories, like a diary. It was just flat descriptions of people. I liked the idea of people who didn't fit into categories. I couldn't define them and I wanted to know what they did to such an extent that I even followed a few of them around."

"Out of that came the idea of The Quiet Man which is a book I've been writing. The main figure is like an outline and things happen to him and around him but they never affect him."

"Two films will be made of it, one calm and slow moving and the other hopefully will be seen on TV or as a movie short."

"In the second film there's a figure in a suit who's picked out in Piccadilly and followed down an alleyway. Then, imperceptively, the alleyway becomes hedges and he's in the countryside."

JOHN FOXX lets MIKE GARDENER know who's driving

"Secondly, there was a homosexual spy in the war called Dennis Fox who used to sleep with members of the German hierarchy. I met him because he was a friend of a lecturer of mine at the Royal College of Art."

"He was a very amusing guy with a very dry sense of humour. He was a very small effeminate guy but very interesting and strong kind of person, though you wouldn't realise it."

"I just found the whole implications of what he'd been up to in the war stunning."

After playing the role of victim in the gladiatorial arenas of streetgangs in the industrial wastelands of Chorley during the early part of his childhood Foxx found that his talent at art helped him to compete with that social universe on his own terms.

"I used to draw tattoos on their arms in biro. They respected what I did and I wasn't forced to compete in their very physical terms. I was a bit apart but accepted by everybody."

His personal work at the time was more sinister. "I saw this film about the devastation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki on TV and I was fascinated. I used to draw war scenes. I drew cities and lots of

recording conversations in bus queues and re-editing them just for different effects."

When an aunt gave him a piano he did the same thing by playing random notes and re-editing them and re-recording them at different speeds and directions. An electric guitar came in for the same treatment with feedback being the actual tool explored.

His work made him withdraw from social life and, more important, student life. Important, because he got thrown out for not doing enough work. He found his interests of film and animation and other fringe activities diverged radically from the more vocations training offered by the college.

His interest in music grew as his experimentation developed and living in Manchester he gathered together many influences, among them "dub" music which made him invest in a Watkins Copicat Echo machine.

"I used to try and write things and make songs. Just after that I wrote 'I Want To Be A Machine'. A friend who heard it said it was like Kraftwerk and that was the end of all the others and the beginning of what I'm doing now."

"What appealed to me was that I realised all the kinds of music



Pics by Chris Gahrn

"It opens out into a field and he opens a trapdoor, descends and walks into a bar. He has a drink and goes to make a phone call in a booth. He sits down and the landscape starts to move behind him and he's in a taxi. He opens the roof of the taxi, jumps out and he floats down on a parachute. He looks up and it's a ballarena to and her legs are on his shoulders. He looks down and he's on a horse going round a circus ring."

"The circus horse goes out of the ring and into the darkness. The man emerges out of a tunnel on the roof of a train. He goes down a ladder and he's in water and he swims away. He never shows any surprise at all!"

"The film starts shooting soon and should be finished by the end of the year."

"I've always been fairly detached about what happens because I can see it in more perspective than if I'm being moved by every little emotional wave. I did have a period in my life when I was affected by everything and I found it unbearable."

"You can take a detached point of view and even smile at yourself occasionally for doing things because you know why you're doing it."

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SILVER DREAM RACER: (Rank Films cert AA)

A TENDER tale of a man and his love for a motor-bike, starring ol' blue eyes David Essex.

The hero of 'That'll Be The Day' and 'Stardust' pops up once again, playing his familiar East End kid making good role. This time Essex is Nick Freeman, garage storeman, and amateur bike racer mounted on a rusty machine that's lovingly tended by his mechanic Cider Jones.

Nick's brother Greg is an enormously successful rider, but one day he's killed scrambling, leaving behind his prototype Silver Dream bike that's partly built out of lightweight carbon fibre. Nick inherits the bike and roars off to try his hand on the circuit, taking on the evil world champion Bruce McBride, a slick American rider who thinks nothing of killing his opponent by dangerous tactics on the track.

Enter leggy American beauty Julie Prince the widow of a man McBride bumped off last year. She falls for Nick and together they try and get financial backing for his racing ventures and enjoy romps in the shower. When the money and soap suds run out Julie sells her car so that Nick can buy spares for his bike.

It may be a plot that has been trotted out before, but it's a tale that bites with an audience as keenly as a fish going after a juicy worm. Naturally, the film also relies heavily on stunning visual impact, cameras following bikes from behind as they snake around the bends



TOP: David Essex as Nick Freeman. Inset: Beau Bridges (left) plays evil Bruce.

and down the straights at Silverstone. The main race is loaded with excitement as wheel to wheel the bikes try to

inch ahead for lead position. Will the evil McBride fall off his bike and get his come-uppance? Will Nick

Freeman win the trophy and be able to move out of his flea pit flat? Be prepared for a few surprises. **ROBIN SMITH**

WINGING THE WONG NUMBER

THE WANDERERS: (GTO Films Cert X)

QUIFF GREASING time again Ladies and Gents, as we head for da Bronx.

It's 1962 down on the crumbling East Side, where there's a street gang on every corner and all the kids talk like Bruce Springsteen. The heroes of this everyday story of urban life are three Italiano kids, Joey, Richie and Perry. Together they pit their wits against the Baldies who make Skinheads seem like choirboys and the Wongs, composed of 20 Chinese Kung Fu Kids all with the second name of Wong.

But the film isn't all flick knives and blood. It's very much a heavyweight 'Happy Days' with guys chasin' chicks and cruisin' down the streets.

Richie's the neighbourhood hearthrob who steals Joey's girl after a round of strip poker at a party. Because of his unsporting behaviour he's ostracised by every kid on the block until all the gangs have to unite and fight against the Ducky Boys, a bunch from New Jersey who want to take over the area. It's a scene with about as much horror as a John Wayne war film as our heroes beat hell out of the enemy and at last bury their differences. Dear old Wayne might even have been proud of such stirring all-American sentiment.



Indulging in a little card-play from *The Wanderers*.

Away from slapstick fights and hot summer nights, the film draws some very strong character portraits. When Joey takes off his leather jacket and drops the street jive he's a nervous guy who wants to be an artist.

Richie gets a girl into trouble after a night of passion in a chair in her parlour and faces a shotgun wedding. Perry's mother is an alcoholic who's having an affair with Joey's father — and you thought Dallas was scandalous.

More importantly, the film captures the identity crisis in America during

the early sixties with Kennedy being shot and the escalations in the Vietnam war. After a night of debauchery the Baldies drunkenly sign up for the army and drive off into the sunset to beat up Vietcong. The first whiff of flower power is also in the air with a classic scene of Richie peering into a cafe window where Dylan is playing 'The Times They Are A Changin'.' It's the end of an era and Perry and Joey decide to head for California, leaving Richie to face his future on the cold streets.

Don't forget to take some hankchiefs. **ROBIN SMITH**

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Mullumbimby boys



WHEN THE Flying Doctor last called at my house he left his first-aid bag behind. Being a nosey sod I poked around in it, and in between the bottles of Disprin and Fosters lager I found an album by Mental As Anything. Putting it on the turntable I soon found out that it wasn't an audio guide to mental illness but an uplifting, witty pop album.

The Flying Doctor hasn't returned to collect his album which is just as well because I've been playing it endlessly. Its subtle rockabilly, tinged rhythms and endearing lyrics have made it one of my fave albums of the year. Mental As Anything is the band destined to boost Australia's musical credibility.

Mental As Anything deserve further investigation. Unfortunately Virgin Records wouldn't fly me out to meet the band but they agreed to lend me a phone, which allowed me to talk to guitarist Reg Mombassa, guitarist / vocalist Martin Plaza, and vocalist / keyboard player Greedy Smith.

The 13,000 mile phone call: from Portobello Road, London, to Mullumbimby (350 miles from Sidney).

Hallo Reg, are you there?

SILENCE

Reg, it's Philip Hall here from Record Mirror.

"Pardon?"

"What did you say your name was?"

Look this is a terrible line Reg, do you want me to phone back?

"No you'd better not. You're likely to get a worse line than this one."

Alright we'll have to shout then.

"Pardon?"

I hear you're recording your second album at the moment. How's it going?

"Quite well. It's gonna

be more uptempo than the last one — that one was a bit too laid back for us. The new songs are a lot more rhythmic. Martin's here now, I'll hand you over to him, bye."

Oh alright then, Hello Martin.

"Hallo Graham."

No the name's Philip."

"Oh sorry."

How long have the band been together.

Martin?

"Three years with the present line up."

Where did you get your name from?

"When we did our first gig we didn't have a name, so the promoter took a look at us and then just wrote 'Mental As Anything' on the posters. The name kinda stuck and we never thought anymore about it."

WHAT'S the music scene like in Australia?

"Very healthy. There are a lot of new bands breaking through while bands like The Sports, Jo Jo Zep, and The Angels are starting to do well abroad. The Melbourne bands tend to be more refined — we're from Sidney where the bands have a tougher sound."

I hear you went to art school. Did that influence the band's music at all?

"It was just like one big social club there. But when we met we all had different tastes — Reg was into R&B, Greedy liked rockabilly, and I preferred the poppier bands."

There seems to be a strong sense of humour present in your songs.

"Yeah, a lot of them are very tongue in cheek. But we are serious about writing good songs, though we'd never push them as works of art."

What are Mental As Anything like on stage?

"Well we do some covers, including a couple of Roy Orbison numbers, the Equals' 'Baby Come Back', and a few rockabilly songs. Greedy always tells a lot



MENTAL AS ANYTHING: (L to R) Reg Mombassa, Greedy Smith, Wayne DeLisle, Peter O'Doherty, Martin Plaza.

Blonde Adonis (PHILIP HALL)
exchanges Aborigine grunts with
Aussie band/nutters
MENTAL AS ANYTHING

aware of melodies and so he writes the love songs. Pete (O'Doherty) writes really strange songs which I don't understand so I can't tell you any more about them.

Though Pete looks the most normal he is the strangest. On stage he shakes his head so much it always looks as though it's gonna fall off. That's why he's called Noddy."

And why are you called Greedy?

"That's because I once ate 15 pieces of a well known brand of southern chicken on stage. The bits kept getting stuck in my harmonica."

How successful are you in Australia?

"Not as successful as we'd like to be, though I suppose we are one of the top 10 Australian bands. Our first single 'The Nips Are Getting Bigger' (a drinking song) was the second best selling single by an Australian band last year.

Australian bands have no choice but to go overseas because the market's so small here, but we definitely don't want to lose our identity as an Australian band."

The Aussie crowds have the reputation of being very rowdy. What sort of audiences do you get along to your gigs?

"They're usually well behaved. In Australia people just like to get drunk and dance a lot, so they're always pretty responsive."

Before my money runs out, tell me your ambitions Greedy.

"To make more records and to be able to play our songs without falling over. If the drinks are free it becomes hard to stand up on stage."

Someone's just bought in another crate of beer so I'll be off now, bye."

Mental As Anything are due to play a few dates in this country in August. If you like sick jokes, rasping melodies, and seedy, situation-comedy lyrics then you should see a doctor. If you're not cured by August, go along and join the Mental As Anythings. See you there — I'll be the one on the stretcher."

different. If all the band don't like a song which someone has put forward then it's rejected straight away. In fact the band are a bit like a fish canning industry — you know — the fish that John West rejects makes John West the best."

Mmmm, interesting. How do the fish differ from songwriter to songwriter?

"Well my fish are usually about things that happen to me whereas Reg's tend to have a touch of social comment in them and are a bit perverse. Martin's more

of bad jokes and smokes a lot but it's in no way contrived. I'll get Greedy over to tell you more."

"I suppose when we come over to play in England I'll be expected to tell sheep and kangaroo jokes, but I don't know any," said Greedy. "And once we're in England I'm certainly gonna make sure that none of the boys drink any Fosters."

You were in the UK a little while ago. What did you think of the music over here?

"It was quite an education for me. I saw

Joy Division and Killing Joke, and you don't get bands like that in Australia. Everyone seems to be into technopop at the moment over here. But we can't play well enough or fast enough to do that sort of stuff."

DON'T you find that with four different songwriters in Mental As Anything the band tends to lack a united direction?

"No not really. Our tastes aren't all that

different. If all the band don't like a song which someone has put forward then it's rejected straight away. In fact the band are a bit like a fish canning industry — you know — the fish that John West rejects makes John West the best."

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CAN YOU PLACE YOUR BETTES?

BETTE BRIGHT is the sort of character with the tendency to stick firmly at the back of the mind, occasionally creeping forward into the middle distance, but never quite making it into all important frontal regions.

In the past, she's always been treated as something of an afterthought — the sexy singer in Deaf School, that girl with the kaleidoscope hair who got signed to Radar hot on the heels of Elvis and Nick Lowe. Bette Thingamijig.

Christened Anne, Bette's singing career has really been a catalogue of disappointments. Ever since she started professionally, she's been on the brink of some sort of success. Over the past six months, that prospect has receded to the extent that she's gone semi-pro, working to fill the time in a clothes shop in Camden, North London.

But March, 1980, could prove a watershed for her. 'Hello I Am Your Heart' on the new Korova label looks like it might make her first hit single.

Sitting in a dowdy pub in Camden Town, Bette looks like she's come straight from Top of the

Pops in her customary Swanky Modes outfit topped off by her dyed hair. It's mauve this week. Previously it had been natural red, orange, bright scarlet, blonde and pillar box red.

Bette isn't a beautiful woman, but she has a sort of luminous magnetism that draws voyeurs to her concerts.

It was this very strong visual image, as much as her voice, that distinguished her in Deaf School. At the time she was one of two Bright sisters, one being Sandra Bright, who left the band and later married.

When Deaf School finally broke up a few years ago, the band's ambitions were diverse, but there are still tenuous connections. One snapped when Bette ended her long time relationship with the band's other lead singer (now she goes out with Graham Suggs, of Madness).

But she still sees Steve Lindsay (aka Frankie Average) current guiding light behind The Planets and former Deaf School bassist. And Clive Langer, now adopted by Jake Riviera, produced the new single and will be touring with Bette later in the year.

All other colleagues are strictly ex. Even her manager of old, Frank Silver has been discarded. For Bette Bright, it's either a



Pic by Denis O'Regan

BETTE BRIGHT: No axe to grind for the women's movement.

new beginning or an end — and at the moment it looks like being the former.

The 12 months that have separated meetings have not been particularly

wonderful for Bette, but she remains "optimistic as always." And for once, she has good reason.

"I was glad to see the end of Radar in a sense. It was really limiting

being with them. The problem was, they didn't have much finance. They spent a fortune on Elvis, of course, but in everything else they just released as much as

possible and hoped something would take off.

"You have to really get behind something for it to succeed and Radar really didn't do that."

Bette produced two excellent singles for Radar — 'Captain Of Your Ship' and 'My Boyfriend's Back' — but neither made a dent on the charts.

Bette, unlike many of her contemporaries, has no axe to grind for the women's movement. It might be difficult for her anyway, given that her onstage exhibitionism is enough to give any feminist plenty of grist for the mill. Some of Bette's costumes in the past make Debbie Harry and Kate Bush look perfectly coy. The sexual aspect, she says, has been toned down a bit now, but her opinions remained unchanged.

"I never liked the idea of feminism. Strong feminists get on my nerves," says Bette. "I find their view ridiculous. Like the sexist thing. You might dress in a way that's sexy, but just to look at that and criticise it is a very narrow viewpoint."

"It's not everything. That might be the way it seems but there's more to the person than just that."

"I suppose I'm an exhibitionist. I like wearing things that are visually strong. Sometimes they're sexy. But it's no different from someone like Mick Jagger or Bob Geldof,

They can be as blatantly sexual as they like.

"But if you're a woman you get told that it's bad for women, that it's being exploited."

Bette agrees that there's an element of compromise involved, but points out, legitimately enough, that is a compromise to try and sell records anyway.

"It's legitimate marketing, so long as it's not over the top or totally ridiculous."

More over the top and ridiculous, says Bette, is the people who stick posters on the windows of Swanky Modes — where, incidentally, Bette gets all her "controversial" clothes from — saying 'This Shop Exploits Women'.

Bette recognises that people come to her gigs sometimes just to look at her, but then she likes people looking at her.

But, as Bette says, if you look below the surface you can find a great deal more than just flesh. Bette is and has always been a fine singer with great flair for material. She'll get where she's going to. She'd get there if her hair was mouse and she wore Marks and Sparks slacks.

"I don't feel I'm beating my head against the wall because what I've done is good. I've always liked it, anyway. I haven't made much money out of the music business, but I'll get there in the end."

TIM LOTT

On a scale of one to ten this is a ten!

Diana Ross & The Supremes—"Supremes Medley" 12TMG 1180 10 minutes of non-stop Supremes on one sensational Tamla Motown 12" single.

Featuring six original hits "Stop in the Name of Love," "Back In My Arms Again," "Come see about me," "Love is like an Itching in my Heart," "Where did our love go," "Baby Love," and at a price of £1.99 it's an LP for the price of a single.



Also available as a 7" single (Parts 1 and 2) TMG 1180 12" B-side — "Love Hangover"

JOHN — I'M ONLY POSING

SPANDAU BALLET may look like dilettante dandies carved out of cold middle class stone. But they're not.

They may easily be mistaken for the offspring of "professional" people who, after cultivating a chic intolerance to their milieu since mid-teens, fly the Habitats and slide into metrosquats where they become, er, predictably hip.

But they're not.

In the downrush, in the withering waterfall world of decibels, pork pie hats, black leather jackets, two tone tremors and surrogate quiffs, Spandau Ballet is a big splash that hasn't finished climbing yet.

If Dali could dance he would paint the splash and call it "Neo-classicism — Musical Waves."

Spandau Ballet are from Islington and are classed as working. The end product of a highly stylised high rise, black concrete quadrant tradition that started with the Ted in postwar Britain and continued through its myriad manifestations—mod, rocker, skin, greaser, punk, mod, rockabil, rude boy—arriving today at a "look" which defies description.

ALL youth cults originate behind the playgrounds in the estates, outside the terraced blocks, in the local markets. The working classes have always been the most fashion conscious. A slight push is required to enter into extreme waters. Some trends, eg skinheads and greasers, can't easily be assimilated into the mainstream of fashion and remain the sole property of the streets until they fade.

But the affluent adopt the distilled versions into their look and, in the case of punk, take it to even greater heights before claiming it as their own.

The condescending media latches on to a new style and shoves it onto its presses for the masses to swallow. By that time the style is either dead or undergone variation. Spandau Ballet, "innovators" in their own words, ride the fashion train up front, cocksure, but always ultimately romantic.

CURRENT statistics give little hint of the power. To date the band have played five gigs in a career spanning a year. The part-time

celebrities have yet to sign a record deal, though their manager Steve Dagger has already snubbed the advancing cheque book of one major. "Too many options", he says.

Four of those five shows were private parties for the initiated—the variegated peacocks inhabiting the translucent world of London's clique-clubs like Blitz and St Moritz.

Spandau cracked their bone china hearts and at their last gig—La Scala (cinema home of ambiguous celluloid) the jamboree bags turned out in force to see their heroes.

EUROPEAN DANCE MUSIC is the name of the game. Played by Gary Kemp, guitar and synthesisers, brother Martin on bass, Steve Norman guitar and John Keeble drums. Plus the Vic Damone of silicon wax Anthony Holden.

The show was outstanding. Kraftwerk with heart, Sam and Dave with style, Gary Numan without anti-matter. Totally, without reservation, unique. Pow-pow-pounding rhythm section; get-in-the-car-and-drive-miles-away use of electronics, rich, rococo vocals. At last, the secret of the black magic box unlocked for only the peacocks to see.

"Working class people have always been into style. Always wanted to look good. Always could only dance to black American music," said the



SPANDAU BALLET'S Anthony Holden.

SPANDAU BALLET tell BARRY CAIN that "it's not a question of sex but the guys like to look at themselves more than the girls. He can fall in love with his friend's clothes, thus 'love' his friend." Yup, definitely The Next Big Thing . . .

Tartan clad Gary Kemp after the show.

"We were always down the clubs, having our hair cut into wedge shapes, dancing. It was always soul music. Never rock. Even though they don't look it, our audience is essentially made up of soul and style boys.

"There is no comparison between us and anybody else. We are not the product of the middle class rock press who, for the first time, have been able to dictate to the working class kids how they should be

dressing. That's disgusting.

"The middle classes have never been able to cope with working class elitism. That's why they can't get into mod or soul boys. That's why they won't get into this."

So how come a bunch of hyper-active WC's ended up in fancy pants soluble clubs like Blitz? "We just didn't want to hang out at the Lyceum every weekend. We've always been ahead of fashion.

"Things I wore in the summer and had the piss taken out of me for wearing are now available in the

chainstores in watered down versions. See, it's not the music so much as the fashion.

"Clothes have been progressing, but recently took a bad turn when they reached the science fiction stage. They looked cheap. The first reaction against that was a very simple one—a return to the decadent forties. But that only lasted a couple of weeks you have to change, be prepared to change, very quickly.

"Now we dress very, very romantically. We want to be dandies, not clones."

THIS romantic image is reflected in the music. Titles like 'Mandolin' and 'Pink Room' (although the second one, inspired by Sartre's Age of Reason, is about sexual bondage), are "classical. Everyone is sick to death of rock. I detest the word. It's been going on for 20 years. We play dance music, regimental structures on the rhythm, laid back guitar, and a voice you can actually understand.

"For the last two years I've been trying hard not to listen to too much music. We never go to see bands play. We simply don't see ourselves as a 'band' in that sense."

Gary, who writes all the band's oops, Spandau's material, believes that people have been misinterpreting the scene. Lewis leather ostriches reclining in King Canute chairs holding cigarette burnt arms up against the sea.

"Punk was simply a pice of fashion designed to last a few months. But everyone turned it into a tradition. Rock music has got nothing to do with politics. You can't change the world in a song. But you can change people's attitude to music.

"Punks are the hippies of the eighties."

Gary is adamant that in the hierarchy of things fashion predominates. "If I had a choice between fashion and music I'd go for fashion. Music can still maintain its credibility in terms of fashion.

"The people that go to clubs like Blitz are not necessarily gay just because they are dressed strangely. It's not a question of sex at all.

"The guys like to look at themselves more than at the girls. It's totally narcissistic. And if he looks at another guy it's like a mirror of himself. He can fall in love with his friend's clothes, thus 'love' his friends.

"It's throwing yourself into something. It's satisfaction. It's being in love with what you are doing. Being in love with the clothes you wear. You feel safe. Even the street boys dress in a feminine way."

"It is a working class thing, no matter what you think. The designers, the musicians—they're all working class."

MAYBE it's true, though I still have some doubts—not about the band and the instigators, but the hangers on. But then like I

said, all extremes in movements do tend to stem from the lower rungs. But when it falls out of the grasp of the pleb precursors and into the diseased clutches of the art nouveau after eight set it becomes cheap and faceless and so, so predictable—the password of the college tie vultures.

But it becomes confusing when working class kids grow up to be middle class parents. But that's another story.

"It's not just a load of kids dressing up in funny clothes. It's a whole attitude to life. We don't dress up like this after work at seven pm, go out, comes home and wake up at seven am any differently. If you're a writer you wake up with ideas in your head."

Spandau Ballet are a transient force in an inert, often airless rock environment. They aren't original in attitude—if it had been fashionable 10 years ago to wear ballet shoes then skinheads would have had them poking out from under their sta-prest instead of Dr Martens.

But their approach to music is. And for that reason it will be difficult for the doubters to indulge in lengthy, irksome invective against the genuineness of it all.

Whether or not Spandau will prove to be harbingers of an erudite era remains to be seen. But they can pirouette past my place anytime

Pic by Denis O'Regan



DAVEY JONES: monkeying around with the past.

DAYDREAM BELIEVER

ROS RUSSELL meets an ex-legend

WHY IS it, you may ask yourself, that those theatrical types have personalities too big for their bodies? If you ever get the chance to meet someone you've seen on the telly, as likely as not, you'll find a small person trying to fill out a massive ego.

I've nothing against short people, being something of a midget myself. I just find the ego difficult to handle. I expected to find that ex-Monkee Davey Jones was a titch: I watched all those Monkee TV shows years ago. I didn't expect to find the larger than life and somewhat unreal personality. Even with a hangover, he was bouncy, talkative and friendly, but I felt he was running a tape for me. Perhaps that just comes after years of giving interviews.

He still looks like a jockey; small and spare — despite the Guinness he was swallowing — tanned and lined. His accent veers between American and Manchester, as he can turn on his native accent at will. Of course, you don't get to be 34 without life's rich tapestry stitching itself onto your face. It's just odd to see it, when your only experience of the man has been those TV shows made so many years ago.

Even Jones is a little

surprised to find a Monkees' EP in the charts, but that's only part of the renewed interest in the fun fab sixties. Jones is still living in them. Those were the days... when men were men and women were frilly ornaments. Thank God they're down the tubes.

"I'm not living in the past," insisted Jones. "I'm living on the past."

BY that he means he is still turning out performances — in cabaret joints — which include old Monkees' hits. I find the graveyard circuit unbearably sad: the once great and revered knocking out their moments of glory for a chicken in a basket audience. To avoid this most terrible of fates, you have to move fast, with the times, ahead of the times. You have to prepare for the slip from the limelight.

Mickey Dolenz: doing all right with his own company in London. Peter Tork: turned into a teacher, happily doing his own proverbial. Mike Nesmith: has his own recording company in the US.

Davey Jones? "I've just finished appearing in pantomime in Liverpool. Jack And The Beanstalk. And I'm writing for other people — I've just written Johnny Cash's new single. And I'm just about to start a cabaret tour of England, opening in Leeds. Yes, I will be playing Monkees' songs, people expect it. If you go to see the Stones you expect them to do 'Satisfaction'. There's obviously a market for oldies, people need tried and tested material. There are no seventies artists. Unlike

most groups, you could recognise the faces of the Monkees. We were faces. Our first album sold eight million copies."

Jones skates swiftly over any reference to the other ex-Monkees — "We never socialised, ever" — preferring to relate the story of last night's fun at Morton's (a trendy London niterie) with famed producer Tommy Boyce (a giant among pop producers). Boyce and his willowy American lady — a dead ringer for Kristen in Dallas — watched while Jones knocked back the bubbly and rolled around the floor with an unidentified female. The female disengaged herself, leaving Jones to go home in a cab by himself.

It's three years since Jones was divorced. His ex-wife and two daughters live in California, while Jones maintains an apartment in Florida. When he's not treading the boards in Leeds, he makes appearances in Reno and similar desert swansongs. But he likes living in the UK too, because he still has family in the Manchester area.

I noticed that he referred to himself as an entertainer, rather than a singer: it's a theatrical nuance that shows very clearly where he sees himself on the sliding scale. Everyone knew that when the Monkees were formed, it was a bunch of actors playing the part of a group. Although they had a great deal of success, it was that "actor" label that prevented them from progressing as a band — even if they'd wanted to.

So what of Jones' career as an actor? "I went to see the people at Granada TV," he told me. "They offered me the part of a 17-year-old in Crown Court. I'm 34. I can't play young parts for ever." No. Indeed.



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Wednesday 16 Albany, Deptford
Friday 18 Marquee
Sunday 20 Bridgehouse Birthday Party, Canning Town
Tuesday 22 Top Rank Cardiff
Wednesday 23 Granary, Bristol
Thursday 24 Granary, Bristol
Saturday 26 Leicester Polytechnic
Sunday 27 Nottingham Playhouse
Tuesday 29 Drury Lane
Wednesday 30 Glamorgan Polytechnic

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ARISTA



PHIL DANIELS and HAZEL O'CONNOR both 'BREAKING GLASS'

COMING YOUR WAY SOON

HAZEL O'CONNOR knocks
back a few cups of tea with
DANIELA SOAVE
on the 'Breaking Glass' set

STAR QUALITY. It's what separates them from us ... you either have it or you don't. Sometimes it takes a while for it to emerge, but when you meet someone who has it, you just know that sooner or later their mug and opinions are going to be staring up at you from practically every periodical under the sun.

One such person is Hazel O'Connor. I first met her when I spent a day with her on the film set of 'Breaking Glass' last October. Hardly anyone was interested in her story then, yet, barely seven months later she can be seen in every daily newspaper, weekly, and glossy

monthly magazine there is including Record Mirror. So, fellow time travellers, step with me into my Tardis and travel back to one wet and dreary Wednesday in October, to emerge on the film set of 'Breaking Glass', situated outside a pub in Kentish Town.

'Breaking Glass' is another in the strong succession of new wave films, full of fresh, vital young blood. After its success in the homeland, 'Quadrophenia' has just opened to tumultuous audiences in the States, and over here the much acclaimed 'Scum' is currently wowing us all, despite the subject matter being so highly disturbing that the cinema should issue you with sick bags similar to the ones you're given by air hostesses.

And now, already into the second half of production, comes 'Breaking Glass' which chronicles the life of a punk group of the same name over a two year period, focussing on the female singer — Kate, played by Hazel — and her manager, Danny, alias Phil Daniels. The film has strong links with 'Quadrophenia' and 'Scum'; Daniels has prominent parts in all three, while Clive Parsons and Davina Belling, producers of 'Scum', produce 'Breaking Glass' as well.

As soon as Hazel starts to tell me about herself everything else melts into a haze. Is this girl real? Let me say briefly (or we'll catch up with the second part of the interview seven months hence) that she dabbled about at art college, drifted off to live in

Paris and Amsterdam, hitched to Morocco, got a dancing job in Tokyo, spent a further nine months teaching and modelling in Japan, lived in Beirut until the bombing made life totally unbearable, ended up in West Africa before crossing the Sahara desert, and finally came back to England to learn how to gild antiques.

After deciding that gilding antiques wasn't her true destiny, Hazel got her own band together and soon had a contract with Albion Records. An album was recorded last January and still shows no signs of being released, a situation that she is none too enamoured with. It's also a situation that Kate — the girl she plays in the film — faces early in her career. How much does Hazel identify with her?

"It varies, really," she replies narrowly missing me as the third cup of tea takes a dive. "I can sympathise with her struggle to get on, and I also become her when I'm singing because I wrote the songs with her in mind, but there're bits of her which aren't me at all. At one point in the film she rouses the audience into a frenzy and deliberately incites a riot. I couldn't abuse that power! And there's this bit which I have to film today, where I say 'All skinheads are fascist bastards; and I know I won't be able to say that with conviction, because it's a bit of a sweeping statement innit? Still, I suppose it's Kate that's saying it, not me, and if that's what's wanted I'll have to,' she shrugs.

"I'm not at all starstruck by this movie business," she continues,

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Pic by ROSS HALLFIN

HAZEL O'CONNOR

after pausing for a few moments. "All right, I'm enjoying the experience but first and foremost I'm a singer. For six days a week we live, breathe and sleep 'Breaking Glass'. But on Sundays I like to get out, get away from it all. It's a bad thing to get into that situation, see, because you hide behind the mask for so long that you actually become it. And I don't want that. You can never tell what actors are thinking."

She's an effervescent personality, is Hazel. She laughs a lot, mostly at herself, and isn't afraid to show her shortcomings or ignorance at some aspects of the business. Like when it came to a point of recording the soundtrack: "They asked me who I wanted to produce it and, well, I dunno any producers, do I?" she grins. "So I just said Tony Visconti cos he was the only one who sprang to mind and it worked! We get on so well together. He understands what I'm trying to put across... we did the demos in a little studio in his house and it was great fun. We used things like suitcases for bass drums, got all the arrangements out of the way really quickly. It should be a good album, more representative than the one I did for Albion, which is well out of date now."

She sighs. "I wish they'd get their finger out. All I want to do is get a lot of gigs underway and sing. D'you know they wouldn't even finance my London gigs? I had to use my own savings for that. As soon as this film's over I want to get a new band together and go back on the road. I've been away from it for too long." She grins. "Who knows, maybe the record company will cough up some coppers this time round."

Back into the Tardis chaps, to emerge back in 1980, April Fools' Day, in a restaurant in Wardour Street just along the road from the Marquee, where Hazel is appearing in three quarters of an hour. And did Albion fork out some money for this tour then?

"Did they indeed," she snorted. "The gigs I've been playing have been financed by the money I made on the film, and my publishing money. And the album still isn't released. Actually, we're going to re-record it. I want Tony (Visconti) to produce it cos I really like his arrangements. I can write songs, but he's great at putting in counter melodies, like pianos playing little tunes in the background which are completely different from the main tune but fit in with it."

So what had she been up to in the four months since filming finished on 'Breaking Glass'?

"Getting a new band together," she replied. "We're

on the Mark Two and I don't think that'll be the final line up. I've been trying to line up gigs but it's a real question of money. Mine's practically run out now and the record company's not helping. Luckily, the film company lent me a thousand quid so I'm trying to eke that out as long as possible."

I'd have thought with all this interest in Hazel, Albion would have woken up to the fact they have a very sellable commodity on their hands, but surprise, surprise, they aren't even aware they have her on the roster.

"The head of Ariola phoned me up the other day and asked me if I wanted to sign a contract," she laughed. "Well, Albion's a subsidiary of Arista, which as you know has just been taken over by Ariola, and this geezer didn't even know that I already 'belonged' to them! Pity I couldn't have signed two contracts, maybe I'd get some money out of them..."

It does seem daft really. In the past 48 hours practically every newspaper has been on the blower trying to fix up interviews and she's currently awaiting the verdict on the story she's written for her next film.

"I'm having a spot of bother with that," she explained. "See, I want it set about six years in the future, because I want the part I play to be a cabaret singer, singing songs which are contemporary today. You know how you get singers today doing cover versions of the Beatles, well, I want the songs I'll be singing to be cabaret versions of ones which would be popular nowadays. But the film company don't really want it so far in the future. What they're forgetting is it takes a couple of years to make a movie, so if I only write it a couple of years into the future as they want me to, by the time the film is on general release it'll be set in the present day. I'll have to stand firm on that one."

"I was in America a couple of weeks ago discussing it and Paramount seem very interested, so I'll hear from them any day now," she concluded. But first thing first. An eager audience awaited Ms O'Connor at the Marquee, so her immediate attentions were focussed on that. Off she went into the night leaving me to ponder that this lady has a very bright future in front of her and this is just the beginning.

'Breaking Glass' is Britain's entry for the Cannes film festival this year, and should be on general release by late spring. And even if her fated Albion Album doesn't surface for some time, you'll be able to hear part of the film sound track LP which will be released to coincide with the film.

“What we have here is a total blood-boiling, skull-crushing metal tour-de-force. Krokus play at full throttle... over-flowing with energy and savagery...”
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Edited by SUSANNE GARRETT

HELP

LONDON CALLING

AT THE moment, my mother, brother and myself are living in a bed and breakfast flat paying £25 a week. A lady came around from the Council to say they can't help us with a house or a flat until June, so in the last two weeks we've decided that we want to move back to London where we used to live. As I've found out, in London you can't get a job without accommodation and you can't get accommodation without a job!

How would we go about finding a Council flat or house in London?

M. Kent

Jobs aren't so scarce in London, but accommodation is extremely hard to find. Simply uprooting yourselves and moving back to the big city as a homeless family would take you back to square one. Even with the help of Social Services and Housing Advice Centres you probably find yourselves back in a bed and breakfast place, paying much more than you are doing now and lower down the waiting list.

Your best bet is to shelve the idea of a speedy return to London. You have one big advantage as you're already on the local Council housing list and have been offered a secure roof over your heads, if you're prepared to wait. Stick it out until June.

Once you're established in a Council house or

flat locally, you can ask for an exchange to a place in London. Your Council may have a family wanting to swap to your area on its books. If not, advertise the fact that you want to exchange in one of London's evening papers ('Evening News', 'Evening Standard'). Once you've found your opposite number, sort it out with your individual Councils.

FEEL STUPID

I WAS going out with a girl from college who asked me to go with her in the first place, but since I left she's found another boyfriend. Now I'm interested in a girl who comes to our club and first appeared on the scene last year, but I'm too shy to ask her out as I don't quite know what to say. I can't blurt it out because I'd feel stupid and embarrassed.

The other problem is that I'm on the dole, living on only £32, and have to give £12 of that to my mum. The remainder isn't much to take a girl out on is it?

Andy, Birmingham

Don't use your income level as an excuse for your indecision when it comes to making the first move. A fair amount of entertainment can be squeezed from 20 pounds, 10 pounds, five pounds or

less without a great deal of effort, and even in an urban environment you can still amuse yourself for free with a little imagination. Over to you.

If you don't make a move and show your interest she'll never know. Smile at her — it won't crack your face. Say hi, (hello, how are you). Buy her a coffee, (is it a youth club?), or a drink. Start a conversation. What kind of music does she like? Questions lead to responses, chip in your own ideas. Lo and behold you have a conversation. Get to know her gradually as a friend. You'll be chatting her up at the same time.

You're on the dole and no one expects you to act like a millionaire.

SIZE

I'M 26 years old and am pretty sure that my penis isn't the size it should be. When I swim or play sport I always avoid getting changed in front of people. I know I had an operation on my bladder when I was a baby and wonder if this damaged my organ. Also I still wet the bed.

My doctor says that my penis is normal and the bed wetting is imagination. I'd even be willing to pay if this could be put right.

Tom, Wirral

If you distrust the advice of your GP on both counts, simply change doctors and ask for a second opinion. If you don't know of another general practitioner in your town, ask to see the list of local doctors kept in any Post Office. When you see a new doctor, you can ask to be taken on as one of his patients, and, if he agrees, your medical case history will be forwarded. While you're probably worrying unnecessarily about penis size, you certainly need medical advice on your tendency to wet the bed. Cutting down the amount of liquid you drink before going to bed will certainly help this.

JOBS

I'M STILL at school and have no ideas about what kind of job I'd certainly like to do, although I accept that my chances could be limited in a country riddled with unemployment. I've talked to the careers teacher at school but am still none the wiser. My father has agreed to pay for advice on what I'm best suited for, and believes there is an organisation which carries out vocational tests. Can you put me in touch?

Jeffrey, Dover

Lucky you. First check out the academic subjects you shine in, if any. Are you involved in other activities outside school? Inside school? What are your abilities? What are your interests? Are you practical? Scientifically minded? Artistic? Are you good with words, figures, people? If you can find a meeting point between your interests, your academic potential, streamlining your options down to the kind of job you're qualified for the kind of job you could be qualified for, you're halfway there.

The youth employment officer at your nearest Employment Office could succeed in helping you make up your mind, free of charge. Make an appointment. Alternatively, if you want to pay for a comprehensive assessment of your career possibilities, vocational analysis with aptitude tests, interest questionnaires, and specific advice, write for details to Career Analysts, 90 Gloucester Place, London W1. Career Analysts is staffed by experienced occupational psychologists and consultants.

Send your problems / questions to Help, Record Mirror, 40 Long Acre, London WC2. Only a small number of letters can be published each week, so enclose a stamped addressed envelope to ensure a personal reply.

FEEDBACK



VINYL FAX on star of stage screen and "Jubilee", musician and person about town, Toyah Wilcox, are requested by John Adamson, Glasgow. 'Ere goes. After signing to Safari Records in January 1979, Toyah recorded her first single 'Victims Of The Riddle' (Safe 15), in July last year. Second and latest single, 'Bird In Flight / Tribal Look', double A side (Safe 22), was released in January 1980, but preceded by an Advanced Play (AP) 6-track recording 'Sheep Farming In Barnet' (SAP 1), including 'Neon Womb', 'Indecision', 'Waiting', 'Our Newie', 'Danced', 'Last Goodbye', July 1979. A German import album, 'Sheep Farming In Barnet', Safari (IC 054), released January 1980 carries all tracks previously available on the AP, plus 'Computer', 'Race Through Space', 'Elusive Stranger', 'Victims Of The Riddle' and 'Victims Of The Riddle Vivisection' (alias dub), a mysterious new album is planned for release in June.

The prospect of toying with Toyah motivates Mark Jones, Cumberland to many hours of fantasy, he sez. Meanwhile, Dave from Romford, prone to a slightly higher degree of realism in his diet, opts for fourth best, asking for fan club details only. You're just in time. As of this week, The Intergalactic Ranch House, not a new sci-fi saga from Philip K Dick or John Sebastian Asimov, not the latest concept album from Andrew Lloyd Webber, not Jane Fonda's happy country home, but Toyah's official fan club launches into orbit. Jolly original, what?

For news of how to acquire regular newsletters, a badge, pics (or pix), highly personal information, and the inevitable discounts on all Toyah merchandising, write, plus SAE to Intergalactic Ranch House, c/o Safari Records, 42 Manchester Street, London, W1.

Featuring ten superb songs including Alan's double A sided single 'House Of The Rising Sun' and 'Wake Up!'.

The Rising Sun Tour

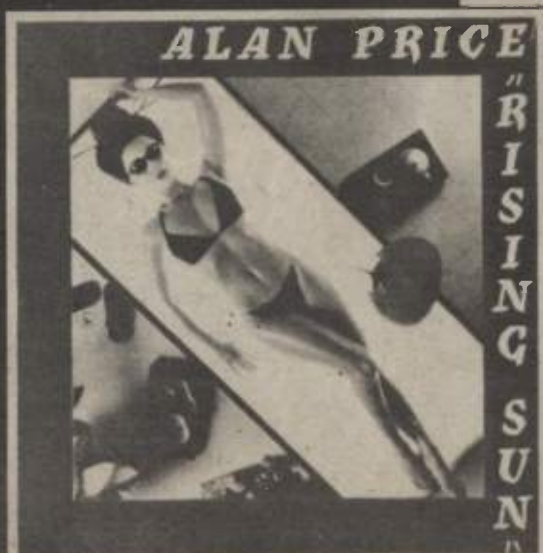
April

Fri 11	HATFIELD, Forum Theatre
Sat 12	BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens
Sun 13	SOUTHEND, Cliff Pavilion
Mon 14	SLOUGH, Fulcrum Theatre
Sun 20	LONDON, DRURY LANE THEATRE
Mon 21	BIRMINGHAM, Town Hall
Wed 23	BEDWORTH, Civic Hall
Thurs 24	CRAWLEY, Leisure Centre
Fri 25	EASTBOURNE, Congress Theatre
Sat 26	LIVERPOOL, Philharmonic Hall
Sun 27	LINCOLN, Theatre Royal

ALAN PRICE

The new album

RISING SUN



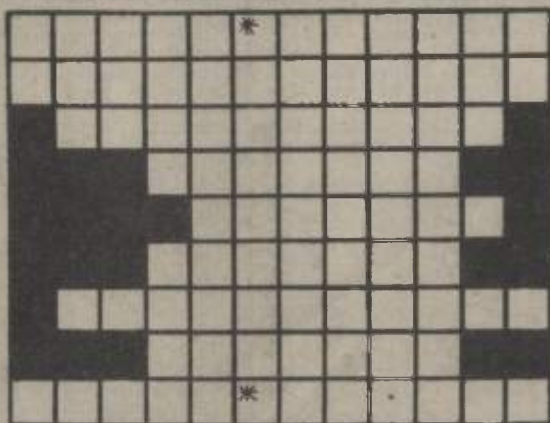
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The new album
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JET LP 227
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Produced by Simon House & BH Productions

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MAILMAN

POPAGRAM



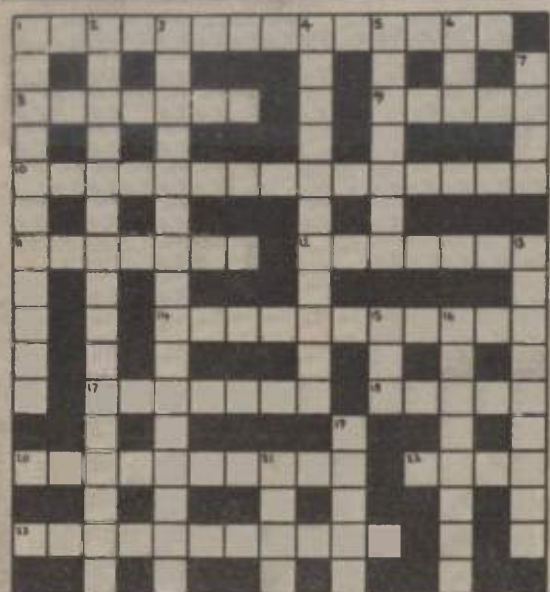
WIN AN LP

The first correct solution to both the Popagram and the X-word that we pull out of the hat each week wins an LP token. Send your solutions to: Puzzles, Record Mirror, 40 Longacre, London, WC2E 9JT.

Solve the nine cryptic clues and write the solutions across the puzzle so that the starred down column will spell out the name of a mad axeman whose cat gave him itchy problems. Remember the clues aren't in the order of the puzzle. You have to decide what the correct order is.

See the crazy slug beg for a plastic age (7). The staff tear ice to confuse my mod world (5,6). He changes his shorter plume for him (6,6). Look at the sign! See if you can turn it round and on again (7). The mixed-up MD riddles far away as far as Bangor (8,4). Your heart tells you to beg the Brit to straighten out (5,6). He was just a gigolo (5,5). Hello, I'm Snuff, say Martha's mates (7). Ken Mose gets confused by the old daydream believers (7).

XWORD



CLUES

ACROSS

- 1 Ramrods original, bring Hank and Co into the charts (6,2,3,3)
- 8 Part of Gary Numan's Pleasure Principle (7)
- 9 Cochran or Floyd (5)
- 10 Wings hit (4,1,5,4)
- 11 Alice Coopers Lamont (7)
- 12 The Jam's Sons (7)
- 14 Motorway hitster (3,8)
- 17 Group that had a hit After The Goldrush (7)
- 18 Nice legs, shame about the group (5)
- 20 Ex-grave digger makes good (3,7)
- 22 What Traffic had a hole in (4)
- 23 Coloured vegetables (5,6)

DOWN

- 1 What Michael Jackson wants to do (4,4,3)
- 2 Tom Petty LP (4,3,9)
- 3 Mott: The Hoople hit (4,4,3,5)
- 4 Out Of The Blue ELO hit (4,2,5)
- 5 Video show presenter (7)
- 6 Pretenders single (3)
- 7 Ex-Yardbirds guitarist (4)
- 13 Two-Tone's first (9)
- 15 Earth Wind and Fire LP (1,2)
- 16 Donovan's Superman (8)
- 19 Chief of Police (5)
- 21 No relation to 20 Across (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1 John In Only Dancing, 7 Fear Of Music, 9 Clair, 10 Elton, 14 Herham Boys, 15 Survival, 17 Nash, 18 Starman, 20 Green, 22 Ramones, 23 Star, 24 Lowe, 27 Move, 28 RCA, 29 Survive, 31 Dreadlock, 33 Still, 34 Will.
DOWN: 1 Jefferson Starship, 2 Heart Of Glass, 3 Last Train To London, 4 Dice, 5 Nice, 6 Girls School, 8 My Sharona, 11 Nics, 12 Nail, 13 Roxanne, 16 Angel Eyes, 19 Arrival, 21 RSO, 25 Wood, 26 ACDC, 31 Rust, 32 Low.

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION (in order of puzzle): Debbie Harry, Rick Parfitt, Tom Petty, Love Patrol, Syreeta, Get Happy, Ellen Foley, Ian Hunter, Paul Simon, Selector. DOWN Happy House.

THIS WEEK'S WINNER: RICHARD HOOKER, 146 Whyteleafe Hill, Whyteleafe, Surrey.

I HAVE been reading Record Mirror for years now and have always respected the opinions and convictions of your various staff members. Now I see you employ almost anybody (such as that total tone - deaf idiot Malcolm Dome). What kind of idiot is he? What a fool? How could you print that review - if you can call it that - of Heart's new album? Just because Heavy Metal is popular again, it doesn't mean that someone new is not welcome on the score. (New? Heart've been bashing about for years! - Mailman). Heart is obviously one of those educated groups who are too clever for this island of sheep. The British have always got to follow a craze. Can't you lot choose who you like for yourselves? It's idiots like Malcolm Dome who are discouraging fantastic groups like Heart from touring this moronic country. I hope you will print this, which will at least prove that the Mailman page is not going downhill also. No wonder I am turning to American charts - they appreciate good music.

Steve Taylor, Waterfoot, Lancs.

Well why don't you go live over there and leave us alone?

BACKWARDS

HEY MAILMAN, guess what I've just discovered. If you play the beginning of the B side of 'Going Underground' by the Jam backwards, it is the end of 'Thick As Thieves' from the album 'Setting Sons'. You'd never guess I was a bank clerk who has just been promoted would you?

Martin Smith, Christchurch, Dorset.
Gosh!

BUSHED

BEING A regular reader of Record Mirror and also a dedicated Kate Bush fan I can no longer remain silent to the criticism of Kate's voice by Miss Rosalind Russell. She says of the song 'Babushka': 'The song is beautiful, in the usual Bush style, with the lyrics being most important.' So far she knows what she's talking about. But then she said of Kate's voice 'She should avoid talking until her voice grows up.' What's this silly cow talking about? If Kate didn't have a voice like that she wouldn't be where she is right now - the best female singer Britain has.

Kate Bush fan, Kirkcaldy.

There's a vast difference between singing and talking, my dear Kate Bush fan. Why, even my voice sounds smoothly dulcet until I burst into song: Mailman.

CREDIBILITY

I'M UNEMPLOYED. I haven't got a car, I live in a council house. Does this give me street credibility? John Connelly, New Barnet, Herts.
No, but it helps fill up my page.

DEAF DOME



EMOTIONS

ON CLOSE study of the human popkind, I find most songs illogical, unemotional and blank. On Vulcan only Gary Numan suits our emotions. We find them as soothing as you humans would find the Dooleys. So beam him up, Scottie, as fast as you can.

Spock Out.
The quality of this page is fast deteriorating.

APPALLING

I HAVE to put pen to paper about the appalling way Judas Priest treat their fans. Last year at the Birmingham Odeon they were two hours late on stage. We forgave them, thinking it could never happen twice, but this year they did it again. They knew very well they had a concert yet they made us wait for two hours in a smoke filled auditorium because they had a recording session with crummy Top Of The Pops. I'd have thought Priest would have had some consideration for their fans, but obviously not.

Philip Williams, Birmingham.
See explanation on page 12

BUTTERFLY

SHE FLOATED on stage, like a butterfly to a flower. And for a long time I forgot my girlfriend sitting next to me. Her voice, her hair, her tiny hands radiated a warmth I had never before felt. I felt happy and the whole world was mine. Her voice, through the microphone, seemed to spread out and fill the contours of the De Montfort Hall, and her dying words sank down the antiquarian walls like syrup on a downward slope. For once in my life I had seen someone far in excess in terms of magnetism, appeal and sheer gut power. She sang so sweetly I

almost wept. She sang so lustily I wanted to stand up and move. She sang so many songs that coincided with my life story I would have to see her again. Sadly, my girlfriend is a past thing. But Judie Tzuke is not. I could see and hear her any time. Judie, take note: I don't miss my girl any more, but I do miss you.

R. Buchan, Dunfermline.

Think Judie made an impression on him or something?

NUMBER'S UP

45118/131912114.
9/20891411/208120/
2085/1651516125/118
5/91420512129751420/
1144/16120951420/514
152178/2015/45391685
18/208919/135191917
5/185/5242018513512
25/...1920211694/81/
81/ Paul Humphreys,
Stoke On Trent.
181208518/129115/9
2019/1212081518/9/208
91411/ Mailman.

TRIBUTE

WITH REFERENCE to the David Brown tribute to Radio Caroline in Record Mirror. Although I was delighted to see coverage, I feel I must correct a few things he said. 1. At her peak she claimed 200 million listeners, not 15 million. 2. The Marine Offences (broadcasting) Act was passed in 1967, not 1968. 3. Caroline did not, according to the book 'SOS 10 days in the life of a lady' beach in 1975. One extra point is that Caroline also survived the Dutch Marine Offences Act on August 31 and September 1, 1974.

Brian Saunders, Caroline Supporters Club, Isle of Wight.

Are you sure you're not a history teacher, Brian? Or a contestant for Mastermind?

ALL RIGHT! All right! I've had enough! For years I've been slaving my guts out over this page and why? WHY?? WHY?? You lot out there are all morons. You don't appreciate me one iota. How many of you understand what it's really like to be a poor Mailman, having to decipher your scribbly, disgustingly untidy letters every week, only to find the content is a heap of drivel. I tell you, I'm sick of it. No one wins an LP token this week because there's not a letter worth one. Instead I'll use the money to buy myself a supply of Disprin... I need it by the time I've finished this page. Stop writing snivelly letters about Gary Numan and Queen and Kate Bush, and instead, let's have some jolly interesting letters. Now I'm going home to sulk and there'd better be some pretty good letters on my desk next week or there'll be a full page pin up of Tony Blackburn instead of Mailman. You have been warned...

PUTTING IN THE BOOT

HONESTLY, I don't know why you bother to print all these letters you get from people that are living in the past. Who's interested in Slade these days, for goodness sake? Or Suzi Quatro, Gary Glitter and all that old mob? It's about time these acts packed it in gracefully and went off and spent their money well away from the current music scene. It's just pathetic the way they still keep trying. They might have been great once, but they can't hope to compete against all the great new bands - like Def Leopard, Original Mirrors, the Bodysnatchers - just coming up. And you're just as bad for letting them get their letters published. I know you're a waste of time anyway. Why doesn't All Martin give you something useful to do? Like lick his boots. You make me sick.
HM Fan, Aylesbury

ROOM TO MOVE

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THE VIPERS
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UPFRONT

Compiled by SUSANNE GARRETT

CATCH a chunk of high-protein diet with the nutty natty sound of M.M.M. MADNESS, returning to home territory this week, launching a new Great British 25-date tour of venues throughout the land often ignored by the high fliers. The cast of millions kicks off in the west of Wales with concerts at Llanelli Gipsy Ballroom (Tuesday), and Cardiff Top Rank (Wednesday), moving to the wide open spaces of Devon, East Anglia and Scotland later. Root in his kilt at this time of year, BA ROBERTSON braves his first headliner at London's Venue, Victoria Apollo (Monday), Liverpool Empire (Saturday), Newcastle Upon Tyne City Hall (Sunday), Glasgow Apollo (Monday), Edinburgh Usher Hall (Tuesday), and Bridlington Spa (Sunday). Glasgow Apollo under their belts, and a sizeable following to boot, SHAM 50 take to the highway with dates at Cardiff Top Rank (Sunday), Sheffield Top Rank (Monday), Southampton Stateside Centre (Tuesday), THIN LIZZY and their Acolman idyl, a prelude to the UK dates planned for the month May, at Kilkenny Sney (Friday), and Glasgow (Saturday), and Cork City Hall (Sunday). In Scotland THE SLITS/POP GROUP double package try a taste of the tartan with three confirmed shows at Aberdeen Ruffles (Monday), Edinburgh Astoria (Tuesday), and Glasgow Tilly's (Wednesday). And in London? ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK, THE DISTRACTIONS and THE FLOWERS blitz the Electric Ballroom, Camden (Friday), JETHRO TULL bring a touch of the old world to Hammersmith Odeon (Thursday) and Monday, and BAD MANNERS visit the Venue (Monday). Bitrate big of the week? GARY GLITTER AND THE GLITTERBAND, CUDLY TOYS, CLASSIX NOUVEAU, and BAUHAUS play the Lyceum (Thursday).

The information here is correct at time of going to press but may be subject to change. Please check with the venue concerned.

THURSDAY

APRIL 10

BARRY, Polytechnic Of Wales, Eric Bell Band
BELFAST, Ulster Hall (21341), Rory Gallagher
BIRMINGHAM, Fighting Cocks (021 440 2554), Vision Collision
BLACKBURN, Duck Inn (51476), Sniper
BLACKPOOL, Norbreck (52341), BA Robertson/Filmstars
BRADFORD, Princeville (578845), Sledgehammer / Vardis
BRIGHTON, The Dome (582127), Sad Cafe/The Out
BRISTOL, Granary (28272), The Mechanics
BRISTOL, Stonehouse, Behind Bunch Of Grapes, Emotion Pictures
CANTERBURY, Alberry's Wine Bar (52378), City Blues Band
CHESTERFIELD, Fusion (32594), Nine Below Zero
CHURCH DOWN, RAF Innesworth, Sphinx
COVENTRY, Dog And Trumpet (21678), Speedy Bears
DRONFIELD, Midland Hotel, Veiled Threat
DUNDEE, Marryatt Hall, UK Subs
EASTBOURNE, Congress Theatre (36363), Tom Paxton
EDINBURGH, Astoria (031 661 1662), Cadiz / Holocaust
GLENROTHES, Rothes Arms (753701), Rough Justice
GRIMSBY, Central Hall (55796), Iron Maiden
HIGH WYCOMBE, Nags Head (21758), Johnny G
HULL, Wellington Club (23262), Cockney Rejects
KILKENNY, Carlton, Thin Lizzy

LEEDS, Cosmos Club, Dodgy Tactics
KIRKCALDY, Adam Smith Centre (4364), The Nolans
KIRKCALDY, Dutch Mill (67512), The Visitors
LEEDS, F Club, Brannigans (663252), Chelsea / Red C
LEEDS, Florde Grene (490984), Yakety Yak
LEEDS, Gladra, Vex
LONDON, Acklam Hall, Portobello Road (01 960 4590), Ski Patrol / The Lucy's / Emotional Joes
LONDON, Bisley's, White Lion, Putney Bridge (01 788 1540), Rubber Johnny
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01 476 2889), Network / The Playthings
LONDON, Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway (01 852 4442), Capital Letters
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01 267 4967), Pink Military
LONDON, N. Golden Lion, Fulham (01 385 3942), Ricky Cool And The Rialles
LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01 748 4081), Jethro Tull
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01 359 4510), The Cadillac
LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01 636 0933), Tribesman / Sunshine Steel Band
LONDON, Lyceum, The Strand (01 836 3715), Gary Glitter And The Glitterband / Cuddly Toys / Classix Nouveaux / Bauhaus
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01 437 6603), Athletic Spizz 80
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01 603 6071), Paul Collins' Beat / Fatal Charm
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01 240 3961), The Method
LONDON, Ronnie Scott's, Frith Street (01 439 0747), Dexter Gordon
LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01 886 4112), Rhythm Hawks / Little Tony And The Tennessee Rebels
LONDON, Swan, Hammersmith (01 748 1043), First Aid

LONDON, Tramshed, Woolwich (01 855 3371), National Metro / Heroes
LONDON, The Venue, Victoria (01 834 5500), Tour De Force
LONDON, White Swan, Blackheath Road, Greenwich (01 691 8331), Stage Struck
MAIDSTONE, Royal Albion (52547), The Blitz
MANCHESTER, Ardri Theatre (061 226 4685), Pure Product / The Knives
NORTHAMPTON, Paddock (51307), Girlschool
NORWICH, Cromwell (612909), Roger Ruskin-Spear
NORWICH, Manor House (46846), Zorro
NOTTINGHAM, Hearty Goodfellow (42257), Brendan Kidulis And The Stroll
PAISLEY, Bungalow Bar (041 889 6667), New Attitude
PORT TALBOT, Troubador (77968), Girl
PURFLEET, Circus Tavern (4001), The Drifters
READING, Sweeney's, Grove Road (76794), Dynamo
SHEFFIELD, City Hall (22885), Del Leppard / Magnum
SHEFFIELD, University (24076), Mike Oldfield
SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont (29772), Genesis
SOUTHAMPTON, Joiners Arms, St Mary's Street (25612), Lone Wolf
SOUTHEND, Cliffs Pavilion (351135), Jasper Carrott / Telephone Bill And The Smooth Operators
STOCKTON, Thornaby Club, Dedringer

FRIDAY
APRIL 11

BEDFORD, Horse And Groom (61059), Normal Day
BERKHAMSTEAD, Kings Hall, The Adults / TV Surf Boys
BIRMINGHAM, Digbeth Civic Hall (021 235 2434), Verbal Assault / The Last Wave
BLACKPOOL, Norbreck (52341), Wayne Kennedy's Flash Cats
BRENTWOOD, Hermit Club (217084), Crucifixion Residents
BRIGHTON, Alhambra (27874), Golinski Brothers / Singles

BURTON ON TRENT, 76 Club (61037), Little Roosters
CARLISLE, Twisted Wheel (20335), Killermeters
CHATHAM, Central Hall (48584), Tom Paxton
CIRENCESTER, Phoenix, Emotion Pictures
COVENTRY, General Wolfe (88402), Nostoc Band
COVENTRY, Stanton Club, Stoney Stanton Street, Little Tony 'N' The Tennessee Rebels
DIDCOT, Rutherford Labour Club, Roaring Jelly
DONCASTER, Thurnscoe Hotel, Terot
DUNOON, Kin - Goth, The Struz
DURHAM, Castle Inn (63887), Southband
EDINBURGH, Eric Browns, The Hibernating Bears
EDINBURGH, Playhouse Nite Club (031 665 2064), Josef K/Orange Juice / Go Between
EYNSHAM, Board Hotel, Twelfth Night
FALKIRK, Maggie (20809), Mowgli And The Donuts
GLASGOW, Apollo (041 332 9221), Sammy Hagar / Riot
GLASGOW, Burns Howl (041 332 1813), The Rockits
GLENROTHES, Rothes Arms (753701), Riot 2
GRANGEMOUTH, Town Hall (20533), UK Subs
HATFIELD, Forum (71217), Alan Price
ILFORD, Cranbrook (01 554 8859), Raised On Robbery
INVERNESS, Muirton Motel (32860), The Squids
IPSWICH, Gaumont (53641), Roy Orbison (two shows)
IPSWICH, Kingfisher (52172), Nature's Way
KILBIRNIE, Ladeside Club, The Heroes
KIRKCALDY, Adam Smith Centre (4364), The Nolans
LANCASTER, University,



MADNESS: Llanelli Glen Ballroom on Tuesday.

Bairrigg (65201), Mike Oldfield
LAMPETER, St David's University (422351), Eric Bell Band
LEICESTER, Imperial Hotel, Spinney Hill (20195), Burn
LIMERICK, Savoy (44644), Thin Lizzy
LONDON, Basement, Shelton Street, Treatment
LONDON, Bisley's, White Lion, Putney (01 788 1540), The Dance Band
LONDON, Chippenham, Shirland Road (01 624 7202), Orange Cardigan
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01 267 4967), Whirlwind / Newtown Neurotics
LONDON, Electric Ballroom, Camden (01 485 9006), Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
LONDON, Elgin, Ladbroke Grove (01 727 4192), The Door And The Window / Janet And John / Jamming Jazz
LONDON, Half Moon, Herne Hill (01 274 2733), The Works
LONDON, Half Moon, Lower Richmond Road, Putney (01 788 2387), The Second Line
LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01 748 4081), Jethro Tull
LONDON, John Bull, Chiswick (01 994 0062), Zorro
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01 437 6603), Athletic Spizz 80
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01 387 0428), The Heptones
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01 603 6071), The Records
LONDON, Notre Dame Hall, Leicester Place, Leicester Square (01 437 5571), Local Operator / Margo Random And The Space Virgins
LONDON, Old Swan, Battersea Church Street (01 226 7152), Bleedehot
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01 340 3961), Johnny G / The Small Hours
LONDON, Ronnie Scotts, Frith Street (01 439 0747), Dexter Gordon
LONDON, Scala Cinema, Tottenham Street (01 637 9309), Distributors / Medium / And Film
LONDON, Star And Garter, Putney Pier (01 788 0345), Snatch 22
LONDON, Tower, Westminster Bridge Road (01 928 6618), CSA
LONDON, Walmer Castle, Peckham (01 703 4639), Shadowfax
LONDON, The Venue, Victoria (01 834 5500), BA Robertson / Filmstars
LONDON, White Swan, Blackheath Road, Greenwich (01 891 8331), Asias Rock
LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01 286 8403), Flax / Panther
LONDON DERRY, Templemore Sports Complex, Rory Gallagher
LUTON, Royal Hotel (29131), Idiot Dancers
MALVERN, Winter Gardens (2700), Girl
MANCHESTER, Apollo, Ardwick (061 273 1112), Gerry Rafferty / Richard And Linda Thompson
MANCHESTER, Free Trade Hall (061 834 0943), Secret Affair
MIDDLESBROUGH, Rock Garden (241995), Quartz
MILDENHALL, RAF Station, Yakety Yak
MILTON KEYNES, The Netherfield, Spud And The Fabs
MINEHEAD, Regal Cinema (2439), Screaming Lord Sutch / The Artists
MUSSELBURGH, Brunton Hall, The Axidents / Sceptix / The Insults
NEWPORT, Village (811949), Nine Below Zero
NOTTINGHAM, Outlaw Bar (868661), Brendan Kidulis And The Stroll
PAISLEY, Bungalow Bar (041 889 6667), Red Ellis
PONTARDAWE, Dynevor Arms, English Tapestry
POOLE, Wessex Hall (85222), Sad Cafe / The Out
PURFLEET, Circus Tavern (4001), The Drifters
READING, Target (565887), 01 Band
RETTFORD, Porterhouse (704981), Cockney Rejects
RUGBY, Emmaline Club, High Street (76450), The Foundations
SAFFRON WALDEN, Rock Workshop, The Nightriders

SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont (29772), Genesis
SOUTHAMPTON, Joiners Arms, St Mary's Street (25612), Tony Hall
SOUTHEND, Cliffs Pavilion (351135), Jasper Carrott / Telephone Bill And The Smooth Operators
STOKE HANLEY, Victoria Hall (24641), Del Leppard / Magnum
SUNDERLAND, Annabelles, Junco Partners
SUNDERLAND, Mayfair (843827), Dedringer
WALTON, Playhouse (Esher 62111), The Docs (under 21's)
WEST RUNTON, Pavilion (203), Diamond Head
YORK, RAF Union - On - Ouse, Gira 'N' The Rockin Rebels

SATURDAY

APRIL 12

BARKINGSIDE, Old Maypole (01 500 2188), Shades
BLACKPOOL, Norbreck (52341), Nine Below Zero
BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens (26446), Alan Price
BRACKNELL, Bridge House (25396), Twelfth Night
BRIGHTON, Alhambra (27874), No Exit
BRIGHTON, New Conference Centre (203131), Genesis
BRISTOL, Bear Hotel, The Review
BRISTOL, Colston Hall (291768), Sad Cafe / The Out
BRISTOL, Turntable, Temple Back (23306), Cygnus
CAMBRIDGE, Kelsey Kerridge Hall (86791), Tom Paxton
CHATHAM, Central Hall (48584), Roy Orbison (two shows)
CHORLEY, Imperial Hotel (78511), PR/X-Cel
CHRISTCHURCH, Jumpers (5819), Lone Wolfe
COOKSTOWN, Clubland, Rory Gallagher
COVENTRY, General Wolfe (88402), Swinging Cats
COVENTRY, Lanchester Polytechnic (24166), The Prize Boys / Riot Squad
DEREHAM, Beelley Hall, Running Dogs
DURHAM, Castle Inn (63887), Dedringer
EDINBURGH, Playhouse Night Club (031 665 2064), The Rude Boys / All The Rage
FIFE, St Andrew's University (73145), Wild Horses
GLASGOW, University Of Strathclyde (041 552 4400), Mike Oldfield
GRIMSBY, Central Hall (55796), Chelsea
HARROW, Co-op Hall, Masons Avenue, Wealdstone, Au Pairs / Red Shoes (RAR)
HIGH WYCOMBE, Nags Head (21758), The Insiders
KINGHORN, Guinzie Neuk (830247), The Hibernating Bears
KIRKCALDY, Adam Smith Centre (4364), The Nolans
KNOWBURY, Village Hall, In The Gym
LEEDS, Staging Post (735541), Dodgy Tactics
LIVERPOOL, Empire (051 709 1555), BA Robertson / Filmstars
LONDON, Adam And Eve, Hackney (01 985 3066), Flying Saucers
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01 476 2889), Chicken Shack
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01 267 4967), Revelation / Spartacus
LONDON, Duke Of Lancaster, New Barnet (01 449 0465), Ophidian
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road (01 385 0526), The Members
LONDON, Half Moon, Herne Hill (01 274 2733), The Piranhas
LONDON, Jacksons Rock Club, Highgate, The Modettes / The State
LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01 748 4081), Jethro Tull
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01 359 4510), Little Roosters
LONDON, John Bull, Chiswick (01 994 0062), Zorro
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01 437 6603), Tenpole Tudor
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01 387 0428), The Vapors / UB2

LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01 603 6071), The Records
LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01 385 3942), The Dance Band
LONDON, Newlands Tavern, Peckham (01 692 3378), Shadowfax
LONDON, Riverside Studios, Hammersmith (01 748 3354), Steve Benbow / Alan Davies
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01 240 3961), Whirlwind
LONDON, Ronnie Scott's, Frith Street (01 439 0747), Dexter Gordon
LONDON, Royal Exchange, Chalk Farm (01 485 1547), The Dipsticks
LONDON, Royal Festival Hall (01 928 3191), Vangelis
LONDON, Tower, Westminster Bridge Road (01 928 6618), Don E Sibley / Dixie Phoenix
LONDON, The Venue, Victoria (01 834 5500), The Movies / Johnny G
LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01 286 8403), Rubber Johnny / Idiot Dancers
LUTON, Kingsway Tavern (52347), Little Tony 'N' The Tennessee Rebels
MANCHESTER, Mayflower, Birch Street, Capital Letters
MANCHESTER, Polytechnic (081 273 1162), Criminal Class / Squad
MEASHAM, Donisthorpe Miners' Strange Days
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, City Hall (20007), Sammy Hagar / Riot
NORTH WALSHAM, Baja Chops, The Urban Reactors
NOTTINGHAM, Boat Club (868032), Diamond Head
NOTTINGHAM, Outlaws Bar, Disease / The Naughtiest Girl Was A Monitor
PAISLEY, Bungalow Bar (041 889 6667), Sh-Bam
PETERBOROUGH, Focus, The Circles
PURFLEET, Circus Tavern (4001), The Drifters
READING, Target (585887), 01 Band
RETTFORD, Porterhouse (704981), Mark Andrews And The Gents
ST ALBANS, City Hall (64511), Girl
ST AUSTELL, New Cornish Riviera Club (42612), Del Leppard / Magnum / Baby Jane
SHEFFIELD, City Hall (22885), Gerry Rafferty / Richard And Linda Thompson
SOUTHAMPTON, Joiners Arms, St Mary's Street (25612), Rikki And The Cullinks
SOUTHEND, Cliffs Pavilion (3521135), Jasper Carrott / Telephone Bill And The Smooth Operators
SOUTHEND, Countdown, The VIP's
STROUD, Marshall Rooms (3074), The Mechanics
TONYPANDY, Naval Club (432068), Virginia Woolf
TRALEE, St John's Hall (21142), Thin Lizzy
UPPER HEYFORD, RAF Station, Sphinx
WALLASEY, Dale Inn (051 639 9847), Asylum
WARLEY, Two Brewers, Ricochet
WARRINGTON, WSliderspool Leisure Centre (36658), The Foundations
WELLS, Little Theatre, Roaring Jelly
WITHERNSEA, Grand Pavilion (2158), Secret Affair

SUNDAY

APRIL 13

ABERDEEN, Copper Beech (36487), The Visitors
BISHOPS COTFORD, Triad Leisure Centre (56333), Tracks
BOLTON, Swan Hotel (27021), 633 Squadron
BRADFORD, Bradford College, Vaults Bar (392712), One Adult
BRADFORD, Princeville (578845), Spider
BRADFORD, Royal Standard (27898), Cockney Rejects
CARDIFF, Top Rank (26538), Sham 50
CHELTENHAM, Victory Club, Roaring Jelly
CORK, City Hall (21731), Thin Lizzy
CORNFORTH, Working Men's Club, Dedringer
COVENTRY, General Wolfe (88402), Ice



COVENTRY, New Theatre (23141), Genesis.
 DUNDEE, University (23181), Mike Oldfield.
 ECCLES, Town Hall Hotel, Loud 'N' Lazy.
 GLASGOW, Tiffany's (041 332 0992), Wild Horses.
 GLENROTHES, Rothes Arms (753701), Mowgli And The Donuts.
 GRAVESEND, Prince of Wales, Rednits.
 HUDDERSFIELD, Coach House (20930), Barracudas.
 HULL, Humberside Theatre (23638), Agony Column.
 IPSWICH, Kingfisher (32172), Lizard.
 IPSWICH, Royal William (53385), Zorro.
 KILMARNOCK, Golden Sheath, The Heroes.
 LEEDS, Florde Grene (49084), Girl.
 LEEDS, Staging Post (735541), Jebodiah Strutt.
 LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2889), Cadillac/Nightshift.
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Nine Below Zero.
 LONDON, Greengate, Bethnal Green, Pagan Altar.
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road (01-385 0526), Between Pictures.
 LONDON, Half Moon, Herne Hill (01-274 2733), The Step.
 LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081), Jethro Tull.
 LONDON, Hope and Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), The Decoys.
 LONDON, Lyceum, The Strand (01-835 3715), Def Leppard/Magnum.
 LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Roy Sundholm.
 LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, West Hampstead (01-524 7611), The Modettes/Gino and The Sharks.
 LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), The Hitmen/The Small Brothers.
 LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01-385 3942), Dana Gillespie.
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Geneva/Blind Date/Egon Ronny.
 LONDON, Theatre Royal,

Drury Lane (01-836 8101), Judie Tzuke.
 LONDON, White Swan, Blackheath Road, Greenwich (01-691 8331), Twice Shy.
 LONDON, The Venue, Victoria (01-834 5500), A" Be 2".
 LONDON, Wimbledon Theatre (01-946 5211), The Drifters.
 MALTON, The Loft, Vena Cava.
 NELSON, Railwayworkers' Institute (63741), Dennis Delight.
 NEW BRIGHTON, Grand Hotel, Schnapph.
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, City Hall (20007), BA Robertson/Filmstars.
 NEWRY, Hilltown Hall, Rory Gallagher.
 NORTHAMPTON, Nags Head, Wollaston (Wellingborough 664204), English Subtitles.
 PAISLEY, Bungalow Bar (041 889 6667), Cuban Heels.
 READING, Cherry's (585686), Legendary Flob.
 RICHMOND, Brolly's, Sledgehammer.
 SHEFFIELD, Top Rank (21927), Secret Affair.
 SLOUGH, Alexanders, Cippenham, Freddy Fingers Lee.
 SLOUGH, Fulcrum Centre (38569), Tom Paxton.
 SOUTHEND, Cliffe Pavilion (351135), Alan Price.
 SOUTHEND, Shrimpers (351403), Lew Lewis/Bastille.
 THORNABY, Yorkshire Dragon, Carl Green and The Scene.
 WINDSOR, Blazers Club (56222), Roy Orbison.
 WORKSOP, The Ship, B Movie.

MONDAY APRIL 14

ABERDEEN, Ruffles (29092), The Pop Group / The Slits.
 ACCRINGTON, Lakeland Lounge (381263), Ozym.
 BIRMINGHAM, Aston University (021 359 6531), The Circles.
 BIRMINGHAM, Drakes Drum, Ricochet.
 BIRMINGHAM, Eagle, Shader.
 BIRMINGHAM, Romeo And Juliet, Diamond Head.
 BRADFORD, University (33466), Mike Oldfield.

BRIGHTON, Dome (682127), Judie Tzuke.
 BRISTOL, Colston Hall (291 768), Def Leppard / Magnum.
 COVENTRY, Swanswell Tavern (22536), Criminal Class / Squad.
 EDINBURGH, Tiffany's (031 556 6292), Wild Horses.
 GLASGOW, Apollo (041 332 9221), BA Robertson / Filmstars.
 GUILDFORD, Bunters (72422), El Seven.
 LEEDS, Florde Grene (49084), Flying Saucers.
 LEEDS, Royal Park Hotel (785076), Side Effects.
 LIVERPOOL, Everyman, The Room.
 LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), The Pencils.
 LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01 476 2889), Wasted Youth.
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01 267 4967), The Arrogant / Feet First / The Stains.
 LONDON, Half Moon, Lower Richmond Road, Putney, (01 788 2387), Noel Murphy.
 LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01 748 4081), Jethro Tull.
 LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01 359 4510), The Records.
 LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01 636 9933), Ian Carr's Nucleus.
 LONDON, Kensington, Russell Gardens (01 603 3245), No Limit.
 LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01 603 6071), Lightning Raiders.
 LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01 385 3942), Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band.
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01 240 3961), Broadway Brats / Victor Laszlo Five.
 LONDON, Royal Albert Hall (01 589 8212), Gerry Rafferty / Richard And Linda Thompson.
 LONDON, Royal Exchange, Chalk Farm (01 485 1547), Juice On The Loose.
 LONDON, The Venue, Victoria (01 834 5500), Bad Manners.
 LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01 286 8403), Ophidian.
 MANCHESTER, Apollo, Ardwick (061 273 1112), Sammy Hagar / Riot.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Gosforth Hotel (856617), Arthur 2 Stroke / Noise Toys.
 PAISLEY, Bungalow Bar (041 889 6667), The Generals.
 READING, Cherry's (585686), Turbo.
 SHEFFIELD, Top Rank (21927), Sham 69.
 SLOUGH, Fulcrum Theatre (38669), Alan Price.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Crown Inn, Eastleigh (613627), The Blazers / Big Brothers.
 SOUTHPORT, Southport Theatre (48404), Sad Cafe / The Out.
 SPENNYMOOR, Spennymoor Recreation Centre (63887), Dedringer.
 STOKE HANLEY, Victoria Hall (24641), Secret Affair.
 WARRINGTON, Britannia Hotel (31527), Rocking Horse.
 WATFORD, Baileys (39848), Osibisa.
 WINDSOR, Blazers (56222), Gloria Gaynor.
 WITHAM, Public Hall, Collingwood Road, The Teenbeats.

TUESDAY APRIL 15

ABERDEEN, Ruffles (29092), Wild Horses / Freebird.
 BIRMINGHAM, Bogarts (021 643 0763), Shader.
 BIRMINGHAM, Odeon (021 643 6101), Def Leppard / Magnum.
 BISHOPS STORTFORD, Triad Leisure Centre (56333), The Service.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Stateside Centre (26536), Sham 69.
 BRISTOL, Turntable, Temple Back (23306), The Mo-Dettes.
 CARDIFF, Top Rank (26538), Secret Affair.
 CLEETHORPES, Winter Gardens (62925), Angelic Upstarts.
 COVENTRY, Lady Godiva (20938), Burn.
 DERBY, Bell Inn (43701), Ice.
 EDINBURGH, Astoria (031 561 1662), The Pop Group / The Slits.
 EDINBURGH, Usher Hall (031 228 1155), BA Robertson / Filmstars.
 GALWAY, Leisureland (7687), Rory Gallagher.

GLASGOW, Doune Castle (041 649 2745), Schitzo Robert.
 GLENROTHES, Rothes Arms (753701), Hard Rain.
 GRAVESEND, Red Lion (56127), Outrageous Flesh.
 LEEDS, F Club, Brannigans (66252), Air Raid.
 LEICESTER, De Montfort Hall (27632), Genesis.
 LLANELLI, Glen Ballroom (4494), Madness.
 LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01 485 3073), Sons of Cain.
 LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01 476 2889), The Spoons.
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01 267 4967), Mark Andrews And The Gents.
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road (01 385 0526), Tour De Force.
 LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01 359 4510), The Records.
 LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01 437 6603), Merton Parkas.
 LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01 603 6071), Danny Adler / Gusha Brothers.
 LONDON, New Merlins Cave, Kings Cross (01 837 2097), Juice On The Loose.
 LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, West Hampstead (01 328 2423), The VIP's.
 LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01 387 0428), The Step / The Vandells / The Act.
 LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01 385 3942), Navigator.
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01 240 3961), White Rabbit.
 LONDON, Three Rabbits, Manor Park (01 478 0660), The Pencils.
 LONDON, The Venue, Victoria (01 834 5500), Sonny Terry And Brownie McGhee.
 LONDON, White Swan, Blackheath Road, Greenwich (01 691 8331), Future Bodies.
 LONDON, Y Club, YMCA, Tottenham Court Road (01 636 7289), John Otway And Wild Willy Barrett.
 MANCHESTER, Apollo, Ardwick (061 273 1112), Sad Cafe / The Out.
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Balmora's Cloth Market (20015), Raven.

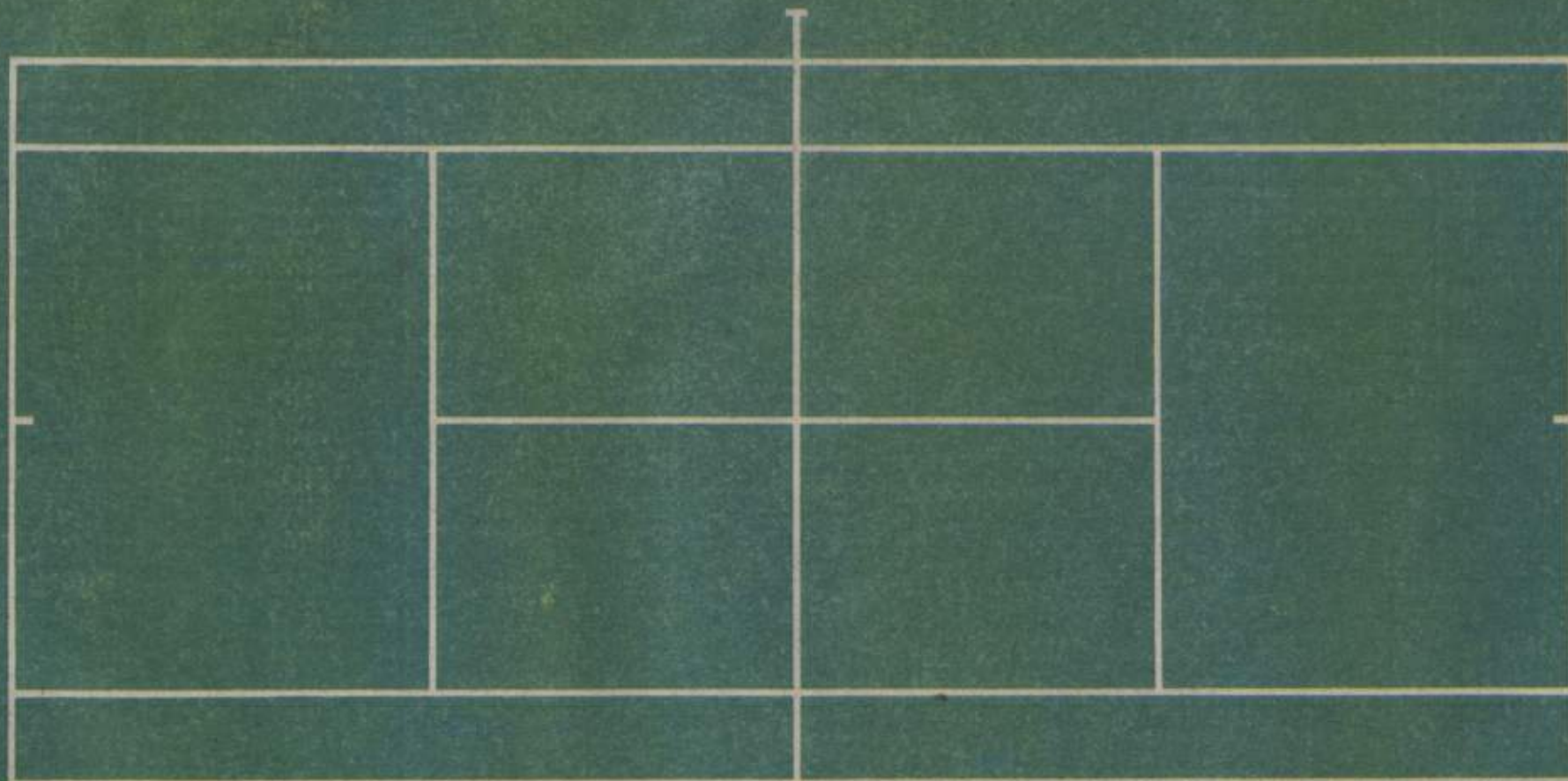
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Gosforth Hotel (856617), Southbound.
 NORWICH, Cromwells (612309), Eric Bell Band.
 PAISLEY, Bungalow Bar (041 889 6667), Restricted Code.
 PORTSMOUTH, Guildhall (24355), Judie Tzuke.
 SHEFFIELD, Blitz, George IV (344922), Minny Pops.
 SHEFFIELD, City Hall (22885), Sammy Hagar / Riot.
 SWINDON, Brunel Rooms (31384), Nine Below Zero.
 WARRINGTON, Britannia Hotel (31527), Rocking Horse.
 WATFORD, Baileys (39848), Osibisa.
 WINDSOR, Blazers (56222), Gloria Gaynor.

LIVERPOOL, Lincolns Inn, Rainford Square, Fable.
 LONDON, Albany Empire, Deptford (01 691 4562), The Blues Band / Rubber Johnny.
 LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01 476 2889), The Guvnors / The Pencils.
 LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01 267 4967), Jimmy Lindsay's Rasuj.
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road (01 385 0526), The Hitmen.
 LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01 359 4510), Tenpole Tudor.
 LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, West Hampstead (01 328 2423), Martian Dance.
 LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01 387 0428), Tour De Force / Viva.
 LONDON, Nero's Place, Rose And Crown, Walthamstow (01 374 4138), Pagan Altar.
 LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01 385 3942), The Step.
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01 240 3961), Resistance.
 LONDON, Two Brewers, Clapham (01 622 3621), Sad Among Strangers.
 LONDON, Upstairs At Ronnie's, Frith Street (01 439 0747), Street Beat.
 LONDON, The Venue, Victoria (01 834 5500), Sonny Terry And Brownie McGhee.
 MANCHESTER, Apollo, Ardwick (061 273 1112), Sad Cafe / The Out.
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Balmora's Cloth Market (20015), Genocide Exit.
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Gosforth Hotel (856617), The Presidents.
 NUNEATON, 77 Club (386323), Killermeters.
 PAISLEY, Bungalow Bar (041 889 6667), Dead Skunk Band.
 ST HELENS, Railway Hotel, Schnapph.
 SHEFFIELD, Broadfield (50200), I'm So Hollow / B Movie.
 SLIGO, Baillymount, Rory Gallagher.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Joiners Arms, St Mary's Street (25612), Crosswinds.
 STOKE HANLEY, Victoria Hall (24641), Sammy Hagar / Riot.
 WATFORD, Baileys (39848), Osibisa.
 WINDSOR, Blazers (56222), Gloria Gaynor.

WEDNESDAY

APRIL 16

AYR, Paquillon (65489), Wild Horses.
 BIRMINGHAM, Bogarts (021 643 0763), The Cadillac.
 BISHOPS STORTFORD, Triad Leisure Centre (56333), The Auditions.
 BLACKBURN, King Georges' Hall (58424), Secret Affair.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Pinecliffe (426312), The Blazers.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens (26446), Judie Tzuke.
 BRADFORD, St George's Hall (32513), Sham 69.
 BRIDLINGTON, Spa (78258), BA Robertson Filmstars.
 BURY ST EDMUNDS, Theatre Royal (5469), Tom Paxton.
 CARDIFF, Top Rank (26538), Madness.
 COVENTRY, General Wolfe (68402), The Mo-Dettes.
 DARLINGTON, New Imperial, Carl Green And The Scene.
 DERBY, Assembly Rooms (31111), Genesis.
 EXETER, Routes (58515), Sledgehammer.
 GLASGOW, Tiffany's (041 332 0992), The Pop Group / The Slits.
 GUILDFORD, Wooden Bridge (72708), The Spectres.
 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, Pavilion (64451), Jasper Carrott / Telephone Bill And The Smooth Operators.



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ROADSHOWS

THE JAM

The Rainbow, London

TO BE The Jam must be a wonderful thing. From discovering to dominating the limelight in three sweet years, each tastier than the last. Like classmates The Clash, they just get better and better and although the Woking Wonders may be having trouble breaking abroad, there's nothing like consolidating at home.

And what better occasion than Easter Monday? As Mods v Rockers reenactments echoed round the nation's seaside resorts, a Finsbury Park crowd more united, but no less active, were paying homage to the arguable initiators of this odd revival in the only way they knew how.

Maybe it was because it was the first anniversary of the Second Coming or the humid holiday atmosphere, but never have so many Rainbow seats been dismembered since the high summer of punk.

Paul Weller simply instructed the kids to move back and launched into the most adrenalinised version of 'In The City' I've ever heard. From then on it was a 20-odd song romp through their back pages which reached one of several explosive peaks around the symbolically back-to-back aggression of 'Eton Rifles' and 'Little Boy Soldiers'.

Here they were joined by Merton Parka Mick Talbot on keyboard-fired shards of white noise, one of two welcome additions of fleshing out of sound. The other was Bruce Foxton's greater volume of back-up vocals complete with alarmed expressions that excelled even his own high standards of frantic facial.

Rick Buckler's skin-clobbering was another feast for the ears and at one point it seemed the clobbering would never stop. 'Mr Clean' was greeted with the customary angry list-shakes on the punch-line whilst 'Saturday's Kids' was repeated word for word by hordes of be-suited 2-Tone skinheads.

Meanwhile the quieter stuff came across just as effectively. 'Smithers-Jones' and 'Butterfly Collector' commanding appropriate calm. Perhaps intended as a treat for older fans, The Jam included a higher proportion of older material than has been on display for some time.

The ironically untimely 'Away From The Numbers' was a fair old nostalgia trip and 'Modern World' wry recognition that the one-

time contenders have now taken over.

Of course they saved 'Down At The Tube Station At Midnight' for the climatic finish and enjoyed twice, but the concluding 'Heatwave' was another apt touch.

Sweat-stained and chair-trashed the auditorium eventually emptied. But some of the boys said they'd be back next tour. And the next and the next. **MIKE NICHOLLS**

IRON MAIDEN Marquee, London

SO WHAT do you want first, the good news or the bad news? Well, the good news is that Iron Maiden played an absolute blinder. An hour plus of solid, post-punk metal at its best. And the bad news? Simply that they won't be playing the smaller circuit much longer and that's a pity, 'cos it's in the "broom cupboard" venues that their barrowboy charm works best.

"Ah reckon ah've dropp'd abah! sixteen! stone in the las' coupla nights." A touch of dramatic licence from Maiden mouthpiece Paul Di'anno, but I know what he means. This is Maiden's second night at the Marquee and it's hot. Unpleasantly so, with air at a premium and not an inch in which to swing the proverbial moggy.

First into the cauldron were the Tygers of Pan Tang but, foolishly trusting London Transport, I contrived to miss the bulk of their set. Still, the little I saw I liked a lot and their brash, swashbuckling metal proved an ideal muscle-loosener for the main event.

Quarter to nine and tension mounts. Hirsute roadies wander aimlessly onstage, the dulcet tones of Saxon test the PA and then... "Here's Iron Maiden!" No preliminaries tonight, just a quick word that they are recording (the new single, probably) and it's on with the action.

First impressions? Well, simply that it's LOUD. Not quite the "Women and children first" volume favoured by Motorhead (the walls do not come tumbling down) but eyebrow-singeing stuff nonetheless. First up is 'Sanctuary', a great staccato riff hammered home by bass and drums, then 'Wrathchild', a deal and destruction rocker dedicated appropriately to Mr Barton and fiancée, the baroness(?) and then 'Prowler' with wailing guitars and menacing lyrics. It's a real battering

form topped with the distinctive fuzzy blonde locks offered the most compulsive listening of the evening. Hazel was on stage with her own band as I arrived, but the volume and quality were so distorted that constructive criticism was impossible. However, she took the opportunity to prove her latent talents on vocal chords and body when she came on to do the honours to the first number, 'Grip', with the grim-faced Stranglers.

Being Hugh's bird an' that helped, as her familiarity with the material left other participants with a lot to be desired, but, unlike the only visually entertaining Toyah, the girl can sing. 'Hanging Around' was given a new slant when a cardboard cut-out, presumably representing Hugh, was lowered to keep Hazel company in the middle of the stage, which reminded me of a deserted car park. A car park with tons of atmosphere admittedly.



THE STRANGLERS' Dave Greenwood: rehearsals paid off.

TAKING A CURE

STRANGLERS AND GUESTS The Rainbow, London

TONIGHT'S charity show served two purposes. One was to raise cash for CURE, the drug rehabilitation organisation, and the other was to rub the authorities' noses in it as much as possible.

The three Stranglers who still retain their liberty understandably feel nailed off by the ludicrous decision to put Hugh Cornwell behind bars. The wisdom of that decision, which has made Cornwell a martyr, was questioned most strongly by drummer Jet Black who said: "They say we have a drug problem in this country — that's wrong, it's a police problem."

The evening will remain a landmark for other reasons as well as being the night the Stranglers played with one member behind bars: it is also a celebration of 50 years life for the grand old Rainbow and it'll be remembered particularly for Hazel O'Connor.

For my money, the slight and elegant form topped with the distinctive fuzzy blonde locks offered the most compulsive listening of the evening. Hazel was on stage with her own band as I arrived, but the volume and quality were so distorted that constructive criticism was impossible. However, she took the opportunity to prove her latent talents on vocal chords and body when she came on to do the honours to the first number, 'Grip', with the grim-faced Stranglers.

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Hugh must be doing a lot of hanging around at the moment himself.

I must admit I don't actually like the Stranglers, even less the hordes of neanderthal camp-followers, but the array of stars who turned up to help out made the evening. To name names, they included the talents of Ian Dury, looking uncomfortable with 'Peaches' and 'Bearcase' but he did get the biggest cheer of the evening; Richard Jobson doing his best impersonation of a lounge lizard with that incredible hair cut on 'Bring On The Nubiles' and succeeding with the song's vocals into the bargain; a wasted, almost skeletal Peter Hammill (late of Van Der Graaf Generator) and Steve Hillage, who feant a little much — needed class to the guitar work.

Phil Daniels, Toyah and Wilko floundered around with 'Toller', 'Duchess' (devoted to the wife of the judge who sent Hugh Cornwell down) and 'Dead Los Angeles'.

The pace was relentless, hardly a pause for breath already, and the sound was better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick. All praise to the show's organisers for choreographing all those wayward souls into something that definitely resembled order.

The cave men were really doing their nuts for the climax of 'Five Minutes', 'Something Better Change' and 'Down In The Sewer'. No one was pretending that this was supposed to be a definitive musical exercise but the week's rehearsals paid off, giving audience and musicians a good lift as well as make a bit of bread for a worthy cause. That and the undoubted ritualistic incineration of our archaic judicial system on a musical pyre.

Oh, and another thing about Stranglers' fans while I'm on the subject — some are so young and female that their dads come to collect them in the car after the gig, judging by the long line of double parked cars and apprehensive faces outside. They must think it's a clever way of protecting their little girls from any nasty rough meninblack. **SIMON LUGATE**

ram start, dividing men and boys immediately.

Thankfully, the pressure drops a shade with 'Remember Tomorrow' and, for a moment at least, you can think of something other than survival. My first thought is that in all the bombast and excitement of the opening, I have not really noticed what a fine band Iron Maiden are. Dave Murray and Dennis Stratton, for instance, are truly lethal axe grinders, rivaling guv'nors Tipton and Downing in the excitement stakes and Di'anno's cockney humour and good-natured jibing make him an irresistible front-man.

Nor, thank God, do the band indulge in the sort of macho, hairy-chested posturing so prevalent in U S heavy metal circles. They're honest, down to earth and totally unpretentious. The sort of blokes you'd trust with your pint while you nip out for a slash. Now cop hold of this.

After the encore, an energetic piece of audience participation called (I think) 'Drifter', the sound of AC/DC begins to seep from the speakers. Naturally, the result is a lemming-like rush to the exits but then suddenly Di'annos back onstage and staring daggers at the DJ. "Look, ah dunno what's goin' on 'ere but ah feel like playin' somemore."

I only hope some of those who suffered from Blackmore's "I played great but the audience didn't deserve an encore" attitude at Wembley are here to see this. A band playing for enjoyment. Ours and theirs. So it's a quick about turn and a scramble to the front as Maiden dust down an old Montrose standard to shattering effect.

And there's so much more. A brief cameo appearance from Motorhead-case, Philthy 'Animal' Taylor ('Stop pissin' abah! and gerronwivit!') his few well chosen words, an impromptu rendition of 'Bubbles' by Dennis Stratton (Hastily aborted when the crowd insert 'West Ham' into the "Just like my dreams they fade and die" line), two cardboard axe heroes from Bandwagon megagroup Welly Flasher and the Raincoats joining Maiden for the encores.

ah, that's enough. Do yourself a favour, go and see this band now because soon you'll need a telescope.

DANTE BONUTTO

SQUEEZE Hotel Diplomat, New York

SQUEEZE are not having an easy time of it over here. Greeted hospitably by the critics with each new record, having a tough time getting radio play, and an even tougher time on the road.

Take the current tour. Originally they'd been scheduled for the 3,000-seat Palladium about a month ago, before 'Argybargy' was released. Ticket sales were, shall we say, slow. So the show was rescheduled for Easter weekend at the Hotel Diplomat Grand Ballroom—a dilapidated, comfortably sleazy venue that accommodates about 1,000.

The Diplomat had

another significant advantage over the Palladium, though, in that it's a great place for dancing—and that's how Squeeze scored for the night.

A low-key unextravagant group even by new wave standards (though the band insistently tells interviewers they are neither new wave nor punk, just pop), their playing was tight, their melodies ever catchy, their lyrics (what could be understood on this occasion through the buzzing of Chris Difford's microphone) off-handedly clever.

The highpoint was the set-closer, 'Goodbye Girl'. The dance momentum had been building steadily all night, but with that song people were jumping 2-3 feet into the air, arms raised above their heads, everytime the chorus came around.

The floor rocked, one of the light towers threatened to keel over and Squeeze thanked New York, came back three times, getting a little more daringly abstract, not quite as punchy as what had come before.

But they'd made their point. Now if only they can get it across. **IRA MAYER**

THE CARPETTES/THE INMATES The Venue, London

EVERY review you'll ever have read about this place makes a point about lack of atmosphere, and this is no exception. This place is disgusting. Quite why the majority of the people that attend actually go there escapes me.

You can wander into the plush upper bar, slap the Ruts onto the jukebox and watch countless Eagles fans head for the hills. Or you can sit in the gig proper and gaze in horror at the exorbitant bar prices, bemoaning the fact you never thought to bring your cheque book. But the main fun can be had from baiting the self-important DJ who dares to put up a 'No Requests' sign, itself a pinpoint as to the Venue's general character. This felonious player of discs makes Nicky Horne look like the wild man of rock. Vague anonymous sounds fill the air, so I request XTC. "No, this is R and B night," he sagely replies. Next record up is by Joe Jackson.

The Carpettes strolled on and barely shook the place apart but did enough under the circumstances to reaffirm our faith in their remarkable ability to produce the best rock pop tunes, with reggae interpersed, this side of The Undertones.

George Maddison handled most of the vocals it seemed, with Neil Thompson lagging behind in this field, although both are equally adept at such duties, whilst behind them both Tim Wilder, a mild-mannered chap offstage, follows his usual exacting course of pain therapy in an attempt to force himself and the drumkit through the floorboards but keeping remarkable control over his playing, fierce or subtle, depending on the mood.

They encored with Fan Club, a meticulously reproduced version of one of the Damned's better tunes and the rarely heard 'Small Wonder', brought back by popular demand.

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WAR / BLOOD SWEAT AND TEARS

Rainbow, London

WHOEVER THOUGHT of the idea, they knew what they were doing. This was an assured pairing which brought together as high an aggregate of fine musicians as any bill in the recent past.

It's a while since Blood Sweat and Tears were force enough to make many people part with their pennies; indeed in Britain the annals credit them with just one hit. But in America in the late sixties and early seventies they meant a lot. Now this performance suggests that they're back as strong as they've ever been.

We heard selections from the new 'Nuclear Blues' album, namely the jazzy 'Agitato', Hendrix's 'Manic Depression', the classically-tinged and involved 'Spanish Wine' and, best of all, the title tune, a really tight, punchy blues with David Clayton-Thomas in great, gruff vocal form. We heard, too, an ungrudging, enthusiastic retrospective of earlier material: that one UK hit, 'You've Made Me So Very Happy', plus US biggies like 'Spinning Wheel' and 'Hi-De-Ho'. Clayton-Thomas still fronts it all, but the seven other musicians get their say, and saxist Earl Seymour was particularly outstanding.

London Transport's refusal to play ball meant that your reviewer had to curtail his enjoyment of War, but he saw enough to confirm them as perpetrators of some of the most superior soul music around. Their new instrumental version of 'The World Is A Ghetto' really did buzz, and it was hits all the way with 'Spill The Wine', 'All Day Music', 'Slipping into Darkness', a racy 'Low Rider', 'Cisco Kid', and an extended 'Gypsy Man' with Leo Oskar practically eating his harmonica. Often times he's the star, and combines excellently with saxist Pat Rizzo for that unique War 'buzzing horns' sound. The others know what they're doing too, and Lonnie Jordan made some fine vocal contributions.

Between them, Blood Sweat and Tears and War have lots of fingers in lots of musical pies — all delicious. **PAUL SEXTON**

LIMELIGHT

Leeds For 1e Grene

THAT OLD pub-rock strikes again! Appreciative

Elvis in Ayr-raid

ELVIS COSTELLO & ATTRAXIONS

Ayr Pavillion

IT'S the dancehall scene from the film 'Billy Liary', only there's no busty brunette belting out 'Twisterella'. The hall is cold, damp, dated.

The young lovers on the floor wait in expectation as the dance band leader slopes up to the mike and clutches it with reverence.

His name is Elvis Costello.

A hand brushes his forehead in mock sensitivity as he becomes Johnnie Ray, or is it Ross McManus? Guitar cradled in his arms, he squeezes out the vocal with flair and finesse.

'Get Happy' through its volume and variety still remains a collection of lines and tunes rather than titles and ideas. A modern interpretation of sixties moods and styles — seedy, seaford dance parlours are the perfect setting for it.

The band play a song called 'The Beat', which has a drum sound like it's being pounded out on the back of your neck.

They look like refugees from an end of term, youth club dance.

Organist Steve Naive is allowed far more felicity than before. It's surprising just how often his hands attack the length and breadth of his

applause followed all numbers and mass cheers followed the numerous cover versions of rock classics (cover-versions being an essential part of pub music of course).

This particular three piece band consist of a pneumatic drummer who occasionally sings, a singing guitarist / bassist and a lead guitarist / keyboardman. They all have undeniable musical talent but perhaps are rather too competent in all areas to be truly excellent in any. The main problem is that they're stuck firmly in the rut of relying on other people's already famous material (Thin Lizzy, Led Zeppelin and Rainbow for example) and including only a few original compositions to fill out their set. A common enough fault admittedly, but unless they are content to play someone else's work every night, an extensive rethink is necessary. Only then will they be able to progress and consider the applause wholly theirs.

As it is, with this mixture of old favourites and some of their own songs like 'Don't Look Back' — dedicated to any recently deceased rock stars and this time obviously for Bon Scott — they must have reached the zenith in this type of rock music. They play well, are received warmly and even employ flash bombs and taped intros to announce their arrival, but it all seems so predictable. **LESLEY STONES**

GERRY RAFFERTY/RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON

De Montfort Hall Leicester

NEVER HAVE I seen a support group so well supported as Richard and Linda Thompson were tonight. The bar was empty — which speaks volumes! This tour is a sell out and people were getting their money's worth.

They are good, but I'm afraid not for me. I found it all too ponderous and heavy (as in leaden, not in metal) despite the odd lovely number like 'Lonely Hearts' which was melodically enchanting but lyrically desperate.

Gerry Rafferty, on the other hand, was worth the ride to Leicester. The first numbers 'Get It Right The Next Time' and 'Night Owl' were faultless. Rafferty's voice is gentle and compelling. A lot of the credit must go to Raphael Ravenscroft whose soulful sax playing helped create the Rafferty sound. Looking



AND THIS is the cleanest pic we could find of Bad Manners ...

RUDE BOYS

BAD MANNERS / BODYSNATCHERS / SWINGING CATS

Electric Ballroom, London

"I HEAR there's a lot of skinheads tonight ... Well we're going to play 'Magic Roundabout', because you like those moronic little ditties", shouts the vocalist of Swinging Cats.

I've come to the conclusion that our short-haired, short-trousered friends aren't as fierce as they or anybody else would like to think. Of course, there are those who install themselves at the front of the stage for the sole purpose of provocation — but even that is quite humorous, and on a good night, a witty repartee is set up. This night was no exception.

None of the three bands offered any great surprises. Swinging Cats did what was expected of them, but could have done a lot better if they hadn't. They played a lot of the usual material, including one which their singer described as a "naïf Sandie Shaw number" — 'Long Long Live Love'. And here lies the clue to the puzzle. Sandie Shaw, Lulu or whatever could well be adapted to suit their ample talents, and instead of apologising for it, they should diversify and emphasise it. Much better to be top of their own league, than newly-joined, and bottom of someone else's.

The Bodysnatchers have come a long way since I last saw them at the beginning of the year. Much more professional. Their playing has got tighter, and although never a shy lot, they've gained considerably more stage confidence too. At the same time, they're not 'Too Experienced' yet, which

ing like a refugee from a slightly heavier group, the henna-haired Ravenscroft, his Royal College of Music roots showing, was as much the star as Rafferty.

'Baker Street' elicited cheers and even the odd scream from the audience. Rafferty was well supported by Graham Preskett, on keyboards and violin Julian Litman plays guitar and the best mandolin this side of

Capri. Richard Brunton plays slide guitar, Leon Genockey drums, Pete Zorn on bass and Ian Lynn strings and guitar.

'Bring It On Home', the new single, has been described by some fellow scribes as a dirge, well the crowd approved it loudly as they did 'Welcome To Hollywood' a lovely track from the new 'Snakes And Ladders' album. **JOAN KOMLOSY**

VAPORS

Nashville, London

OWING TO more than the usual reasons I'm somewhat exuberant over this portion of the Surrey Music squad. The Vapors (Dave Fenton, Howard Smith, Steve Smith and Ed Bazalotte) are heartily helping to re-vitalize the music scene from my home-land.

Despite the Vapors' lack of originality, we shouldn't begrudge them their compact stylistic imitations (Fly/Records variation) lifting a few bouncy ideas from those '60s quacky crazies, the Monkees.

Setting aside the usual mishy mash feedback that salutes many a band at the Nashville, The Vapors churn out samey but different (?) strikingly nifty pop tunes. They could have brought a bad dose of the monotones to a typical lack-lustre crowd by beginning with the initially - dull 'Caroline', but luckily for the crowd and the Vapors, there was no let down after that.

The Vapes surge along with the springy squirting sounds of 'America', 'News At 10', 'Waiting For

makes them all the more likeable.

Their singer handles her audience like a sarcastic schoolteacher, telling off the naughty boys, who chant quietly but consistently throughout every track, except 'Let's Do Rock Steady' — they obviously have some respect for a Top 30 record.

Bad Manners, who are last on, can afford to joke around. With the back-up of a brass section like theirs, they can't go wrong. Their three brass-boys move in sequence like a badly animated cartoon, and even when singer Buster Bloodvessel affectionately licks one of them on the side of the face, the beat still goes on.

Bad Manners, indeed a crazy bunch, could well be criticised for imitating Madness' much-touted nuttiness. But here, nuttiness has an obscene quality about it, and Madness could well be a bunch of nice boys - next-door compared to it.

They follow a set of raucous bluebeat, 'Woolly Bully', 'Here Comes The Major', 'I Am The Magnificent', and new single 'Ne-Né Na-Na Nu-Nu'. Bad Manners have a knack of doing numbers you've heard before and making them a lot more fun. Extremely visual, and their sound is potent. Everyone is dancing.

Buster Bloodvessel, who is no Slimcea girl, dedicates a song to all his large friends in the audience, 'Fatty Fatty'. In turn, these poor unfortunates are lifted up, and brought to the front, as a source of adulation, while their braces fall off, and trousers slip down.

The encore is helped along with some Bodysnatchers, both bands claiming to do the better version of 'I Am The Magnificent'.

GILL PRINGLE

The Weekend' and naturally the magical 'Turning Japanese'.

It's stimulating music, practically guaranteed to evoke your body to sway but not vigorously totter. At times Dave Fenton's vocals are garbled and dead but with a supreme smirk, he strikes an amiable alliance with the band's wurling riffs and bubbling backbiting.

The crowd bring back the band for several encores, which includes a refined version of 'Then I Kissed Her'. The Vapes make casual demands,

they seem to be on the verge of breaking something wide open. I may be premature in thinking so, but they have more to offer to the current music scene than being one hit wonders like fellow suburban Surrey band, the Jags. **BARBETTE BOOP**

KROKUS

Folkhaus, Zurich

BY NOW the Swiss must be fed up of being described as being only fit for making cuckoo clocks and chocolates — so we'll ig-

nore that. Instead let us concentrate on this fine new band fresh out of the land of cuckoo clocks and (sorry) out of Switzerland called Krokus. A live piece band they've been going for about four years without much success outside of the Alps.

However Ariola are intent on changing that. First they've released the band's third album, 'Metal Rendezvous', in Britain — the outfit's first to achieve such a distinction — and they're planning some British dates later on this year.

But to test the water they whizzed a bunch of journalists to Zurich to see Krokus perform on home turf. And quite an experience it was too. I never thought I'd see 1800 clean-limbed Swiss kids going bananas over a rock band. They've always seemed such a sober race. So either the ethnic stereotype the Swiss have been branded with is totally wrong or else Krokus are one hell of a fine band. I'd be inclined to the latter explanation. Krokus put on an excellent show, generally well-paced and crammed full of excellent heavy metal blasters. They're very much a machismo-laden band and they're fronted by a gent called Marc Storace who has the hairiest chest since King Kong. He's got a damn good voice, too. Rather than being the usual / metal screamer he has genuine power in his voice which he uses to good effect on such songs as 'Bedside Radio' and 'Heatstroke'. Musically Krokus owe something of a debt to Nazareth, Deep Purple and Lynyrd Skynyrd. They have the pounding approach of the first, the technical ability of the second and the good-time boogie sensibilities of the third.

Krokus also have a deal of originality going for themselves, particularly in their guitar and vocal interplay. The strength of the band lies between Marc Storace and the drummer Freddie Steady who is as powerful and versatile performer as I've seen in quite some time.

Overall, Krokus are strong, aggressive and abundantly enjoyable. There were only two weak spots in the set — one was an extended drum solo which palled after the first two minutes and the other a strange penchant for bunging lighted sparklers into the audience. While it's intensely amusing to see one of these flaming projectiles bounce off the head of an unsuspecting citizen of Zurich I don't think it would go too well in the UK. **BRIAN HARRIGAN**

RED MENACE

RED BEANS AND RICE

Dingwalls, London

TWO YEARS ago Red Beans were playing a mixture of Atlantic soul and blues, when it definitely was not fashionable to do so. Now, thanks to the swiftly changing whims of fashion, they seem to be building up a solid following on the London circuit, and justifiably so.

The band (Lavern Brown, vocals; Mike Paice, sax and harmonica; Benny Herbert, bass; Jeff Coleman, guitar) run a line between soul, R&B and blues similar to that held Southside Johnny and Asbury Jukes.

On almost any of the last few gigs I've seen them play, Red Beans would launch into their self-penned intro (and B side of the new single), an instrumental blues 'Throw It In The Grass', Mike Paice dominating the front of the stage with some fine, chugging harmonica.

Next, Lavern Brown, all sweat and non-stop movement and in control of a magnificent, deep,

smooth voice that was once compared to Otis Redding's. Need I say more? From here on he dominates proceedings (with the exception of a beautiful, fluid sax solo version of 'Shame, Shame, Shame' and the occasional sax/guitar break), leading the band through a series of songs guaranteed to force you to move.

Tonight, disappointingly, the vitality is missing. To put it too fine a point on it, the band look absolutely shattered. Even the normally irresistible 'Everybody Needs Somebody' does not move the walls tonight.

However, they are still called back for two encores, the first a somewhat stilted 'Lucille' followed, finally, by a moving, slow blues, 'Danger Zone', dedicated by Lavern Brown to the people of East Berlin.

With the amount of gigging that they've done recently I suppose the odd under-par night must creep in. Still, no matter. Try to catch them. Quite simply, they have given me more pleasure over the last few months than any band I've seen in a long time. **GRAHAM ANDERSON**

CLICKS Newcastle

MMM! 1980, and here we are still lauding Gary Chaplin's work with Penetration a full two years since his departure.

Interesting? Yes, and I've also noticed the reason why: but to say the guitar playing mode he's further developed in Clicks as merely interesting, would be half misleading when accounting for such an articulate style. With the aid of various pedals and switches, notes constantly flick back and forth through the sound with almost military precision. Clicks' line-up is completed by Andy Stone (bass), Andrew Proudfoot (drums) and Elayne Chaplin (keyboards), which is where any comparisons whatsoever with Penetration end!

On face value, you might spot PIL in the rhythm section, maybe a Joy Division or a Wire in the songs, though to immediately hang one big sign on Clicks would be unbecomingly 'Chains' for example is commerciality-plus, but contrasts starkly with numbers such as 'Mental Health Warning' and 'Guarantees', that both assail the nervous system from all angles, and are quite disturbing. 'Untitled (In E)' has Proudfoot and Stone (classic solicitor company name) using a regular beat through the whole song — a highly irregular occurrence in Clicks' case, but the number loses none of the coherence the others possess.

Although having only completed a handful of gigs, Clicks have already attained some measure of solid interest from around the country.

AIDAN CANT

GARY GLITTER LSE, London

THE SIGHT of Gary in a glitter suit throwing out flowers to the audience shouldn't really appeal to anyone — but it does. And the flab remains the same. And Gary Glitter has returned with a stage act so gross that it will be lapped up by anyone with an odd sense of humour.

"C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, Gary," chanted the punks, skins and trendy students in the packed LSE hall. Our overweight hero appeared from behind a curtain, a cheer went up, and a smile appeared on everyone's face.

The normal looking backing band hurried into 'Rock 'n' Roll', the crowd sang their hearts out, and Gary looked stunned.

Gary Glitter, one of pop's more disposable figure heads, can't have realised that his comeback would provoke such a positive reaction. However, it was obvious that the crowd, including me, had grown up along side Gary's music. When his singles came out, most of us were too young to go to gigs, so this time round if you own a Glitter record you'd be a fool not to see him live.

He is still one of the most charismatic showmen around. Every over-exaggerated pout, pose and gesture is enough to win over even the most cynical of punters. Gary's egotistical poncing around perfectly matches his rowdy nursery-rhyme pop songs. 'I Love You Love, You Love Me Too Love, 'Do You Wanna Touch', 'I Know, You Know, I'm Never Gonna Let You Go', 'Because You're

Beautiful'... all classic singalong choruses of their time.

This gig was one of the most superficially entertaining I've seen in years. Pure rock 'n' roll pantomime.

And the part that still sticks in my mind is when a huge skin jumps on stage during 'Leader Of The Gang'. Gary stops singing, puts his arms round the skin, asks his name and then points at the hard nut saying 'Just remember, I'm the Leader of the Gang'. PHILIP HALL

QUARTZ/DIAMOND HEAD Digbeth Civic Hall

BIRMINGHAM HAS always been the home of heavy metal.

Even through the punk explosion and the current revival, heavy metal retained supreme in Brum.

Consequently, the number of heavy metal bands in the city is large and covers everything.

Digbeth had a taste of both the good and the bad at this gig.

The good in the shape of Quartz. The bad in the shape of Diamond Head.

Diamond Head didn't help themselves very much by keeping the audience waiting while their lead vocalist trekked up from the League Cup Final at Wembley. Surely, the whole point of being in a band is that the music, and the kids you're playing for, come first.

Not that it would have mattered if the music compensated for the delay. The fact is that it didn't. Diamond Head tried too hard to reach their creative limits, and still only managed to come up with second grade goods.

Quartz, on the other hand are experienced, professional musicians, they take the business of entertaining their audience seriously. They put their good - times rock across with feeling and panache.

The band have recently released a live album, recorded at the same venue. It was interesting comparison. While the album is giving good solid rock, their live gig is much more of an event. Highlights of the set were the intensely menacing 'Count Dracula' and their last single 'Nantucket Slay Ride', for which they recruited the help of local band Cryer's keyboard player.

Focal point of the band undoubtedly, is vocalist Tally Taylor who held the attention of the crowd and got the whole hall buzzing with exaltation.

They topped off the evening with their next single 'Satan's Serenade', a highly commercial hard-hitting little ditty which, given the airplay, could very well be a monster hit.

Quartz outshined Diamond Head easily. They could outshine many of the larger bands with equal ease.

STEVE COXON

TRANSMITTERS / PRESUMED DEAD Shepherd's Bush Trafalgar, London

THE RAMSHACKLE remnants of The Transmitters and Miss Presumed Dead have assembled in the name of fun, chaos and rock-beat enterprise.

The end — and beautifully unrehearsed — result is a temporary six-piece, sax and flute and guitars and drums, that quite honestly asks questions of all our established and revered leaders. Why is everyone else so sober?

We're working on a small scale here, in a Shepherd's Bush pub with



MAGNUM'S Colin Lowe: seasoned and matured.

MAGNUM FORCE

MAGNUM The Boat Club, Nottingham

STRANGE GIG, this one. The combination of Magnum's Camelot-esque rock (which screams out for presentation in a large venue) and the intimate (i.e. small) surroundings of the Boat Club should have been a recipe for disaster. Yet this was a highly successful and satisfying evening for all concerned.

Stripped of much of their normal lighting gear, Magnum stood under the houselights, adapting their approach to suit the Spartan conditions, not so much rocking the joint as determinedly rolling some 200 willing punters from side to side.

No pretensions, no mystical entry and no extended soloing — save for a classical fugue interlude from new keyboards player Grenville Harding which led into one of the best numbers of the evening, 'Invasion'. Just excellent and flexible musicianship which was a joy on the ear and a

tonic to the feet.

Particular highspots included 'All Of My Life', 'Changes' and their graceful theme tune 'Kingdom Of Madness'. For 80 minutes Magnum dominated the stage like a Colossus straddling the heavy rock stallion, with seasoned and matured talent for a band, producing music with not much flash but plenty of thunder. (Blimey — Ed)

As for new boy Harding (playing his first gig with the band), judgement should be deferred until he has had time to settle in. Besides, for much of the time, his efforts were well down in the mix.

Magnum, in a way, gave me the same sort of thrill that early Yes did. Have we at last got a band to challenge the domination of such mighty US rockers as Styx at the neo-classical end of HM? Only time will tell, but I do strongly urge you to see them as soon as possible for they articulate where so many others are content to mumble.

MALCOLM DOME

people being silly, playing sloppily but with undeniable width, stamina, ingenuity.

Michael (Presumed Dead) sings and dances, spills tinny guitar in the path of writing saxophone (Dave Presumed Dead) and more jarring, clashing guitar (Sam Presumed Drunk), while the conglomerate stagger from number to number: 'Q-Tips' and 'Catholics', 'Kill The Postman' and 'Change Gear'.

There's even a ska-like destruction of 'Sugar Sugar' where everything is so bad it's brilliant — guitars out of tune, vocals all over the shop — but the actual point of TPD lies not in their affected clumsiness but in their ability to transform clever and demanding music into a touching, entertaining sort of hobby.

Support comes from The Decorators, who'd rather transform their rough, bustling poprock

into something more outgoing / saleable — except it doesn't work so well.

They trap themselves with a pseudo-arrogance that is neither demanded nor warranted — their vocalist, particularly, is the archetypal angry youth with nothing to be angry at.

At the end, they overturn the drums, leave guitars feeding back, and storm off to sulk like scolded schoolboys. Pissed off with playing mere support at a Shepherd's Bush tavern? CHRIS WESTWOOD

THE PLANETS Marquee, London

ALTHOUGH 'Lines' was a hit single for The Planets, no one really knows who they are, and it's only now that the group has a permanent line-up and finally got itself on the road.

It's not before time. At

the Marquee the group turned out a tight set, with some sharp, bending guitar from Tony Wimbushurst, and the group's mentor Steve Lindsey's voice getting the right blend of smoothness with a rough edge.

Kicking into 'I'm On Fire', they hinted at the enormous strength they possess, brought out by the excellent single 'Iron For The Iron', with tight economical keyboards and the guitar eking its way into the foreground.

Lindsey has the power to write songs that are powerful, yet not over-stated, with enough rhythm to get people dancing — no mean feat. But the only criticism tonight was possibly that his presence at the front of the band wasn't impressive enough. Maybe he should drop his bass to give him more freedom to let his excellent voice go a little more and let so-

meone else add the punch in the rhythm department.

But with numbers like 'Ball And Chain' and 'Crazy' (repeated for the encore) the band's material is good enough to keep charting.

SIMON HILLS

THE MODERATES Billy's, London

MODERATION makes its London debut at the unlikely venue of Billy's disco. The Moderates first started out in Liverpool as a cliquey joke band — with claims that moderation was a new radical way of life. It was all a lot of fun, and almost seems a contradiction that they should now spread their wings towards London.

But then, the Moderates are quite different now too, with singers John Brady and Heidi Cure left over from the original line-up.

The band are always best at their funniest, with 'Don't Be Silly, You Only Want Me For My Willy', 'Jungle, Jungle' and 'Sun-tan'. A lot of the remaining material gets lost in art school pretensions, and lacks any distinction. Otherwise, their brand of humour could easily be universal, ie You don't have to be from the 'Pool to laugh.

With few exceptions, every band needs a good front-man — and John Brady is just this, transferring his wit and energy into the audience.

However, what the Moderates really need is a little more hard-hitting professionalism, and a better London gig than Billy's could ever provide.

GILL PRINGLE

JOY DIVISION/A CERTAIN RATIO— Moonlight Club, London

TONY WILSON, television personality, was schoolmaster for this Thursday evening, presenting two star classes, a group of new boys, and a school bully.

Kevin Hewick was the school bully. He wore a Doll by Doll T-shirt, betraying his aims, and nearly

reached their standard with some intense guitars and clever words that didn't mean anything.

I like my intense artistes really intense however, so it was straight to the bottom of the class for Hewick, for swapping in-jokes with his friends in the audience, and telling everyone to see 'La Luna'.

Next on were Blur, the new boys fronted by a crop-haired chap who looked like a tadpole, and a Graham Chapman lookalike guitarist. Tadpole blew some terrific seagull saxophone, underpinned by snakey guitar riffs and solid, if uninspired, drumming.

Their title theme was the best: 'We are what we are, BLUR!!', screamed by Tadpole with a devastation that no band all night would equal.

The stars surfaced next, school leavers Joy Division. Much of their immediacy and, I suspect, popularity stems from their ability to write a good tune. They may be against rock and roll, but they still use the enemy.

Their lead singer did his windmill dance, a confused salute to Rolling Stones solid riffs and shivery synthesiser, and got my sympathy for an audience that would have cheered if he'd blown his nose while the rest played milk bottles. This is the difficult period for Joy Division; they can ignore or encourage their popularity, and disappear both ways.

A Certain Ratio are blessed with the best disco drummer I have ever heard, and a fine sense of style, but little else. You get the feeling as they give tin-whistles to each other and steadfastly turn their backs to the audience that they're a stone's throw from being a showband.

There are few recognisable tunes to hang on to, and their use of trumpets seems merely image-conscious—all they do is blow sustained notes on them. You can dance to it, however, whatever it is, and they weren't helped tonight by dodgy equipment. MARTIN TOWNSEND.

Down in the metro at midnight? Nah, doesn't have that ring somehow . . .

METRO Fforde Grene, Leeds

VOCALIST PETER Godwin looked over the crowd. A worried expression passed across his face, then he spoke. "Do you always sit down when a band are on? Is it customary?"

But just because everyone stayed resolutely seated staring into their pints didn't mean that the band were a failure. Metro play that 'futuristic' type of music involving all the necessary rhythmic twistings and robot-like arm swinging, where everything is sung in a monotone and nobody plays any solos. Sounds like something you've all heard before? True, but this time the whole was bigger than all obligatory parts, resulting in a set which although never exciting was certainly enjoyable and not overtly tedious.

Moodily atmospheric fingerwork by dual guitarists Colin Wight and Sean Lyons complemented the lyrical intonations to great effect on 'The Mystery', whilst 'Underworld' was introduced as a more philosophical, reflective number — to please our intellect, no doubt. A plug for the new single 'Girls In Love' followed, changing the mood away from songs about the darker sides of life, and it was heartwarming to see bassist Tony Adams grinning at Wight. Perhaps they'd finally realised we didn't really hate them, we just wanted to see them sweat a little.

The line-up hasn't changed now for two years, since drummer John Laforge joined, and together they make a team which refuse to follow the general futuristic trend of boring to death any but the staunchest supporters. Their choice of music may not be yours, but it has to be admitted that they play it well. LESLEY STONES

DISCOS

By JAMES HAMILTON

DISCO DATES

THURSDAY (10) Steve 'Nick-Nick' Walsh funks Leysdown Stage 3. John DeSade takes Tribes to Sittingbourne Club. Cleo's Mike Morgan funks Broomfield Kings Arms weekly (Sundays too). Steve Day does Bishops Stortford Triad Centre Scandals weekly. **FRIDAY** (11) Chris Hill with Froggy & Sean French dress - rehearse Caister at Southgate Royalty. Jeff Young & Robbie Vincent jazz - funk Canvey Goldmine. Steve Walsh funks Cheimsford Chancellor Hall. Neil Fincham & Paul Herring have another vice - versa clothes / sex-swap at Dunbar Goldenstones. Steve Dee does Prestwood Village Hall. Kevin James does Camden Town's Russell in Mornington Crescent weekly. **SATURDAY** (12) Chris Hill & Jeff Young funk an Arles Fairies zodiac party at Canvey Goldmine. Froggy & Robbie Vincent funk Southgate Royalty. Tony Monson with Bob Jones & Stuart Mack funks a Thames boattrip all-niter (details 01-351 1433). Jerry James jazz - funks Lancing Place Club. Chris Dinis funks a Sidmouth Reunion (already?) at Pinhoe Americas (Exeter). Stuart Robinson souls Wakefield Swallow Hotel. **SUNDAY** (13) Chris Bangs returns from New York (it says here) to open South Harrow Bogarts with jazz - funk 'n' flashy lights. Stevenage's Martin Collins joins Steve Allen & Dave Peters to funk Peterborough Cresset Slickers. Steve Walsh & Light Of The World play Watford Baileys. Eric Hearn amongst others jazz - funks Oldham Romeo & Juliet's all-day. **MONDAY** (14) Roger Scott & John DeSade do St Albans City Hall. **TUESDAY** (15) Steel Pulse play Bournemouth Stateside Center. **WEDNESDAY** (16) Stuart Robinson funks Collingham YC. **THURSDAY** (17) Chris Klopp's Funkannection - guess what? - jazz - funks Tunbridge Wells Elizabethan Barn.

ODDS 'N' BODS

KEITH MAIN'S Atmosphere Lighting & Sound shop presents a Disco Design 80 exhibition on Saturday / Sunday (12/13) opening noon at Aberdeen's Trestops Hotel in Springfield Road (details 0224 572923), with many well known equipment manufacturers in attendance all hoping to profit from Aberdeen's disco boom (seven new clubs in the last year). 12in newies next week include 'Calibre Cuts' and Narada 'Shoulda Loved Ya', while Diana Ross & The Supremes 'Supremes Medley' / 'Love Hangover' (Motown 127MG 1180) is due around now. Michael Jackson 'Working Day And Night' was the flip of 'Off The Wall' - don't some DJs turn their records over? - yet many are assuming it'll be his follow-up. MCA goof again making the admittedly lovely 'When The World Turns Blue' the new Mewy Clayton 7in, leaving the original of her roller 'Emotion' to Epic's Webster Lewis - didn't 'Street Life' teach them anything? Randy Crawford and Chaka Khan have solo LPs simultaneously released here and in US at end of the month. Chris Britton, as hinted last week, has left High Wycombe's Tuesdays due to a music policy switch (the Wallies can have it), but via his new involvement with Rush Release is setting up a series of sponsored jazz - funk nights available to venues during the summer and featuring drink, cigarette and record company participation, imports, T-shirts and paraphernalia stalls, guest star, PA's, plus himself and Stuart Gensian as jocks - booking enquiries on 0494 451797. Stevie Glover, meanwhile, wants drink, cigarette or record companies to do promotion nights during the summer at Bournemouth's Maison Royale and Outlook clubs - enquiries on 0202 35128. Chris, meet Stevie; Stevie, meet Chris! Steve Dee (High Wycombe) has had his Amersham Jubilee Hall gigs blown out by a 'violent fracas' that resulted in local newspaper headlines screaming 'DISCO FEVER IS BEING RUINED BY YOB ELEMENT' - or should that be 'Wally Herberts'? Mayfair Playboy Club's hipper DJ, Tony Jenkins reports that tennis star Buster Mottram is a jazz - funk fan, buying the new Gary Bartz, David Sanborn and Earl Klugh albums off Tony as soon as he heard them. Gavin who? Soho's Groove Records are urging other shops to join them in boycotting a certain Chislehurst import wholesaler who by apparently supplying DJs direct is damaging retail sales. Groove also say they love drugged gays really! Bracknell seems to be a hotbed of revealingly video-ed activity, to judge from rumours about a certain - no, say no more! I keep telling you that Bristol is funky but last week was ridiculous. Ben E King, James Brown, Avenue B Boogie Band and even Jermaine Jackson are leading a 'funky soul' revival in the 105-110bpm tempo range. Andy Davison (Sawston Black Bull) wants to know how Los Angeles disco jocks compare with British; didn't you gather that while technically many are brilliant mixers, they use terrible dated gay 'disco' material and can't (so this don't) use a mike? Dennis Brynner & Dave Van Seiger now display their Southampton Barbarellas chart in the local Virgin store, which in turn they plug to their punters. Steve Allen (Peterborough) thanks Sister Sledge for naming their newie after his 'Easy Street' promotions company - pity the record's no good though! Martin Sanders of Blackburn Platts thinks it would be revealing to know what various disco leaders' all-time fave raves are: my own are Elvis Presley 'Lawdy Miss Clawdy', Paul Whiteman 'Rhapsody In Blue' and Falcons 'I Found A Love' - so, what does that tell you? Jon Hill (Brighton Devils Dyke) wonders how one contributes items for this page? simple. Jon, just send them in - anything of interest will be printed if possible. Neil Fincham (Dunbar Goldenstones) has the perfect 'squeech'. What's the difference between (person joke's aimed against) and Polo? Answer - 'People like Polo?' unless it's a label with Liquid Gold on it, eh? KEEP IT FUNKY!

DJ DEALER

BRICK HOUSE Records at 102 Bridge Road, Grays in Essex (Grays Thurrock 32800) specialise in funk, imports, reggae and 12in singles, and have sent in an interesting listing of their current import 24in sellers!

- 1 I DON'T WANT TO BE A FREAK, Cyril Smith & Obesity Rollers
- 2 BLUE STEEL, Billy Sirs & The Ska-Gills
- 3 TOGETHER WE ARE BEAUTIFUL, Rankin' Benn & Jah Foot
- 4 MORNING THUNDER, Curried Knights
- 5 7 TONS, Above Average Weight Band
- 6 YOU KNOW HOW TO MOVE ME, Phyllis Jarre & The Enemas
- 7 RISE, The Impotents
- 8 STOMP, National 'Y' Fronts
- 9 RAPP DIRT, Mary Lighthouse
- 10 RHYTHM TALK/PRAVIN', Pope Ron

DORC (Dance Orientated Rock Chart): 1 (2) The Beat, 2 (-) UB 40, 3 (13) Lambentias, 4 (1) Police, 5 (4) Muffins, 6 (3) Vapors, 7 (7) Dooleys, 8 (19) Bodysnatchers, 9 (18) M, 10 (9) Bad Manners, 11 (5) Specials, 12 (8) Elvis Costello, 13 (12) KC, 14 (11) Monkees, 15 (17) Shakin' Stevens, 16 (-) Dexy's, 17 (6) Cliff Richard, 18 (-) Genesis, 19 (-) Rupert Holmes, 20 (16) Rainbow. Incidentally this DORC is meant more 'pour encourager les autres' than as a hype machine, so please, record companies, don't quote it as it's not that serious (yet).

IMPORTS

HERBIE HANCOCK:

'Saturday Night' (LP 'Monster' US Columbia JC 36415). Better than the here 133bpm 'Go For It' and 'Making Love' (both on UK 12in), this initially subdued swaying 120-121-123-124 (break) - 123 (chix) - 121-124 bpm jitterer with an exotic 'Serenata' flavour builds through acid Carlos Santana guitar to a rattling latin percussion break and excitingly ethnic finale. 'Stars In Your Eyes' is steadily tapping relaxed 105-107-108bpm jogger, but heavy rock guitar intrudes the stolidly thudding Sly - type 108bpm 'Don't Hold It In' jitterer while the crass guitar dominated 125-126-127-126-128bpm 'It All Comes Round' might just as well be by any average old fashioned rock group. This bodes ill for the shape of things to come.

THE ISLEY BROTHERS:

'Go All The Way' LP (US T - Neck FZ 36305). As revealed last week, the title track is a great gradually accelerating 124/5/6/7-128-129bpm solid smacker with typical burbling undertow and rattling finale 'Pass It On' being a rumbling 118bpm smacker with today's tempo. 'Say You Will' an 112/56bpm swayer. 'Here We Go Again' a 45/90bpm slowie. 'Don't Say Goodnight' a 25/51bpm smoocher and 'The Belly Dancer' a burbling monotonous 114-117bpm jitterer, all of them listed in usual manner as 'Parts 1 & 2'.

LONNIE LISTON SMITH:

'Love Is The Answer' LP (US Columbia JC 36373). As previously detailed the powerful 121 (intro)-119-118-119-120-119bpm 'Give Peace A Chance (Make Love Not War)' beats everything else hollow, the other more specialist jazz cuts being an atmospheric tinkling 31 bpm title track smoocher, slow - starting complex 120-126bpm brassy 'Speak About It' judderer, and the instrumentals 'In The Park' (complex 119-117bpm latin piano), 'Bridge Through Time' (Alpert - ish 81-80bpm swayer), 'On The Real Side' (frenetic 131bpm organ), 'The Enchantress' (bumpy 39bpm smoocher) and 'Free And Easy' (44/5bpm jolter). Incidentally, the entire mafia are raving about the Gary Bartz LP (US Arista) which was completely sold out before this issue's early deadline so I haven't heard it yet. Sorry!

RAY PARKER JR. AND RAYDIO:

'Everybody Makes Mistakes' (LP 'Two Places At The Same Time' US Arista AL 9515). Along with the 7in - length 116 bpm 'For Those Who Like To Groove' instrumental smacker, this is an easily rolling 112bpm backbeat jolter reminiscent of Sly's 'Family Affair'. 'Until The Morning Comes' being a bumpy subdued 116bpm backbeat jitterer and 'It's Time To Pary Now' a more mundane jiggy 111bpm plodder.

GENE PAGE:

'Love Starts After Dark' LP (US Arista AB 4262). 'You Are The Meaning Of This Song' is a pleasant 'Groovin' - like 103-104bpm swayer. 'Hollywood' a Dr Buzzard-ish jogging 104bpm morality tale and 'Second Time Around' a meandering 99bpm wailer, these seem the most palatable of a set in which the Merry

Clayton - led lady session singers strike a jarring note (to these ears). The other cuts you may prefer are the 130-131bpm 'I Wanna Dance', 124bpm 'Hold On To That Groove', 132-134-133-135-136-138bpm 'Put A Little Love In Your Lovin', 31/82bpm 'With You In The Night' and 123-124-126-124bpm title track. Tres gal!

CON FUNK SHUN:

'Happy Face' (LP 'Spirit Of Love' US Mercury SRM 1-3806). Apart from the full 123-124bpm 'Got To Be Enough' smacker (which mixes well out of Funkadelic 'One Nation'), this dated 117-116bpm falsetto funk lolloper with old Stargard - type bass line and the jauntily lurching little 108bpm 'Juicy' tripper are the only things of slight interest.

SIDE EFFECT:

'Georgy Porgy' (LP 'Alter The Rain' US Elektra 6E-251). Gently jogging 94-92bpm version of the ever enduring but mainly overlooked Toto / Cheryl Lynn classic is the most noteworthy of a surprisingly lacklustre set.

NARDELLO & THE PHILADELPHIA LUV ENSEMBLE:

'Ravel's Bolero' (US Pavilion 428 6403). Suitably sombre and tasteful 88-91 bpm 12in disco arrangement of the classical 10' theme. **ROGER HALLMARK:** 'A Message To Khomeini' (US Vulcan V-10004. Ribald jolly country & western 7in open letter to the 'Ayatollah Assaholla' ends with a terrific fart which on its own was a sound effect can be lots of fun when 'freezing'!

UK NEWIES

RODNEY FRANKLIN:

'The Groove' (CBS 13-8529). Unearthed in Los Angeles by myself even ahead of Chris Hill, and now on UK-only 12in, this madly catchy stop - go 109-112-109bpm jazz piano instrumental has as anticipated become a monster that's spawned its own 'freeze' dance craze. Every time it stops for a bar you can have lotsa fun playing with the lights, inserting sound effects, catching the slipmat so it stops even longer, or - especially - getting people to do silly things having told them what to do in advance. Go to it!

BUNNY MACK:

'Love You Forever' (RCA MACK 12-1). Tremendously happy high life - like 124-125bpm 12in afro bubbler with a 'Frontline Symphony' flavour has become huge in black - orientated clubs (after possibly I was the first to push it), and now there's a major label behind it. **PRINCE:** 'Sexy Dancer' (Warner Bros K 17590T). Extended 8:41 remixed 122bpm 12in of the great jaggedly jumping staccato smacker is now revealed as being basically instrumental and loses some of its powerful concision by being stretched out, but gains some brand new guitar bits.

JERMAINE JACKSON:

'Let's Get Serious' (Motown TMG 1183). Stevie Wonder does almost everything on this dynamite jittery burbling 110bpm smacker, out here on 7in only. Get the album instead.

HERBIE HANCOCK:

'Go For It' (CBS 12-8362). Presumably US gay - aimed over frantic spiky 134bpm electronic racer with weak vocals (by the Waters) on 3 - track 12in, backed by the much better 44/5/8bpm mellow 'Making Love' jogger and old syndrome - spiced 121bpm 'Tell Everybody' remix (on UK 12in for the first time in this form).

WEBSTER LEWIS:

'Give Me Some Emotion' (Epic EPC 8510). Dramatically starting 'Street Life' - like superb pent - up 90bpm 7in jogger, the original of Merry Clayton's 'Emotion'.

LAKESIDE: 'From 9:00 Until' (Solar SO12-6). Heavy funk 115-113-114bpm 12in smacker with party noises and 'say what' catchphrase thuds so much that my stylus keeps skipping, making the BPM approximate only.

JAMES LAST BAND: 'The Seduction' (Polydor PD 2071). David Sanborn - played (surprisingly) mellow haunting 60/30-59-58bpm 7in sax smoocher from 'American Gigolo' (not the soundtrack version) with slightly irritating overlaid double - time synthesizer tones overlapping beginning and end.

PHYLLIS HYMAN: 'Loving You, Losing You' (Buddah B0SL 493). Re - released dramatically building and consistently accelerating 92-101bpm 12in swayer goes into lurching tempo - halving segments that spoil the flow for dancers, the dead slow 30/5bpm 'Betcha By Golly Wow' flip being Norman Connors supported.

THE TRAMMPS:

'Hard Rock And Disco' (Atlantic K 11458T). Typically American miscalculation of what disco is all about tries to weld hard rock and soul into 'the sound of the '80s' on an unconvincing chugging 124-122-123-122bpm 12in clapper.

NORMA JEAN:

'High Society' (Bearsville 12WIP 6559). Chic - produced and formula - copying 111-108-111-108-111-107 (break) - 111bpm 12in.

THELMA HOUSTON:

'Suspicious Minds' (RCA PB 1913). Good pop - orientated 133bpm 7in revamp of Elvis P's oldie.

JIMMY RUFFIN:

'Hold On To My Love' (RSO 57). Comfortably familiar 130bpm 7in 'cabaret soul' romper.

DRAFI:

'Can I Reach You' (Youngblood YB/GOLD 81). Distinctively sung dated chugging 112 (intro) - 115bpm 12in perky pop shuffler.

DOROTHY MOORE:

'Talk To Me / Every Beat Of My Heart' (Epic EPC 8343). Dead slow starting lovely soulful 35/5bpm 7in medley of the ancient Little Willie John / Gladys Knight & The Pips classics.

ANNE MURRAY:

'Daydream Believer' (Capitol CL 15123). Monkees oldie in a useful MoR revival for mobiles, like a female Neil Diamond.

VIVABEAT:

'Man From China' (Charisma CB 355-12). PEEL - serviced electronic 122bpm pop whistler from last year now on 12in.

T CHARM:

'Rhythm In Rhapsody' (Swedish Rhapsody) (Charmers BP 341). Rush Release - serviced silly early '50s ditty given a chucking 75bpm 12in Mod - aimed reggae treatment Boris Gardner style.

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS:

'Zimbabwe' (Island 12WIP 6507). Politically outdated 63bpm reggae throbber on 3 - track 'Survival' - culled 12in.

DANDY LIVINGSTONE:

'Instant Music' (More Cut 12 - RIC 109). Deliberately paced 73bpm 12in reggae with walking brass tempo over polyrhythms.

DESTINY:

'Just A Little More Time' (DEB Music DEB 041). Smooth yet busily textured 40 (intro) - 67bpm 12in reggae throbber with a soulful slow start that could have lasted longer to my taste!

STEEL PULSE:

'Don't Give In' (Island 12WIP 6562). Laid back 51/102bpm 12in reggae swayer.

ASTERISKS:

'We Don't Talk Anymore' (Red Tape RTR 1). Cliff Richard adapted to 16/91bpm 7in reggae.

JUNIOR MURVIN:

'Police And Thieves' (Island WIP 6539). Squeaky 64bpm 7in reggae slinker from '76 seems timely now again following Bristol.

BOOKER T & THE MG'S:

'Time Is Tight' (Stax STAX 2001). Instrumental old 135bpm 7in organ romper, more suitable than the 110bpm 'Hip Hug - Her' (Atlantic - K11454). Some re - issued ska oldies on the old rec and while Island label include JUSTIN HINES & THE DOMINOES 'Rub Up Push Up' (WIP 6560).

Skatalites 'Guns Of Navarone' (WIP 168) and ETHIOPIANS 'Train To Skaville' (WIP 6566).



BOB MARLEY: politically outdated single

OPEN LETTER

GORDON LYLE, chief DJ in charge of musical policy for Glasgow's Unicorn Leisure chain of clubs, recently circularised an 'Open Letter To The Music Industry' which is sure to strike a responsive note in many non-funk DJs if not in the record companies to whom it was sent. Gordon wrote: 'To all concerned, this letter is meant to save you all money. I really don't know how much each company is spending on Disco Mailing Lists, but would imagine it really is too much. The main reason for this is that you are all out of touch with what is really happening in British discos. I DO know what is going down because I am in discos 5 or 6 nights per week. I myself play in Glasgow, in what must be Scotland's best and busiest discos and clubs. Every single week you all mail out old fashioned, out of date disco dross. People now want quality pop and rock (Police, 2 Tone, Buggles, Stiff etc.), as well as ONLY THE BEST soul or disco (whichever term is hip at the moment). You are therefore all wasting money 12-inching your current jazz - funk, nondescript records. In Scotland, and I'm pretty sure in Britain as a whole, people do not listen to this type of record regardless of which record company or London DJ think they do. People who come to discos want happy, goodtime music to get away from all the hassles that surround them: so the quicker you all suss out that pop-rock is where it's at, and start mailing it, the better, because all the jazz - funk and disco music is now so obsolete that it's beginning to alienate people. Please stop mailing crap 12in or 7in or white labels. We disc jockies in clubs want to help you, please give us help and mail the right music of TODAY. Well, my first reaction is to paraphrase journalist Sam White's famous line about our original failure to get into the Common Market. 'Today De Gaulle decreed that wogs begin at Calais' - but Gordon defeats his own case by enclosing with his letter a list of Unicorn DJs' hit-picks which includes such pop-rock goodies as Crown Heights Affair, Roy Ayers and Ronnie Laws. Not everyone thinks like him in Scotland, then. The point that he misses is that the type of material he would like to be sent is plugged to death (and straight into the charts) by radio, whereas black soul / jazz / funk-type disco music gets very little radio exposure and therefore has to rely on disco play to become known. It may not be to everyone's taste, granted, but just because he's been sent it for free he doesn't HAVE to play it. If it's going to alienate his own particular audience. Different strokes for different folks. Gordon, and there are indeed plenty of folks who do like jazz - funk. While it does take a Whispers to reach the same heights as 2-Tone (thus qualifying as 'only the best'?), the Waldens, Princes, Trussells, Slaves, Rallos and Rushens all manage to sell between 25 to 50,000 copies or more, which in the current economic climate more than justifies their existence, and the method by which they are promoted. It is highly unlikely that record companies will start sending out hit pop product that the DJs can buy just like anyone else once it's in the chart and being requested... and that, I'm sure you'll agree Gordon, is what your sort of discos are all about. And there's nothing wrong with that!

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NEW FRIENDS worldwide SAE details, WPC, 39a Heatherleigh Road, Ruislip Manor, Middlesex. **FOR FREE** list of pen pals send stamped addressed envelope to Worldwide Friendship Club, 46 Cemetery Road, Denton, Manchester (stage age).

WESTERNISED ASIAN guy, 22, needs older slim girl. Ala so please write London. — Box No 2341.

LONELY GUY, 29, seeks girl write / meet, Scotland or anywhere, sincere, all letters answered. — John Toal, 14 Munro Place, Calderwood, East Kilbride.

MALE, 24, into Gabriel, Kate Bush, most music and art, cinema, countryside, seeks young lady 18-25, non smoker, to write / meet, Cleveland or North East, genuine replies please. — Box No 2343.

SHY BOY 22, would like to meet girl, 17 to 24, any nationality for sincere genuine friendship Essex area. — Box No 2344.

BOWIE, FERRY, NUMAN fans wanted for penfriendship. — Shona Hill, 10 Kingholm Drive, Dumfries. **EXCITING FRIENDS,** details SAE Golden Circle, 10 John St, Royton, Oldham OL2 5JR.

YOUNG LAD, 20, seeks girlfriend of quiet personality, Kent area, please write K J Bartholomew, 65 Old Tivoli Road, Maidstone Kent.

LONDON GUY with Austin Healey wants male penfriends and mates. Photo helps, all letters answered. — Box 2345.

SHY, LONELY but attractive male, 28, feeling frustrated, seeks broad-minded girl who enjoys sex for fun and friendship. Photo sent London areas. — Box No 2347.

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CHARTS

UK SINGLES

Due to the Easter holiday we are unable to bring you the UK charts for this week.

1	GOING UNDERGROUND/DREAMS OF CHILDREN, Jam	Polydor
2	DANCE YOURSELF DIZZY, Liquid Gold	Polo
3	WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU/FORGIVE ME GIRL, Detroit Spinners	Atlantic
4	TURNING JAPANESE, Vapors	UA
5	TOGETHER WE ARE BEAUTIFUL, Fern Kinney	WEA
6	STOMP, Brothers Johnson	AS&M
7	POISON IVY, Lambretta	Rocket
8	TURN IT ON AGAIN, Genesis	Charisma
9	SEXY EYES, Dr Hook	Capitol
10	KING — FOOD FOR THOUGHT, UB40	Graduate
11	ECHO BEACH, Martha & The Mullins	Dindisc
12	JANUARY FEBRUARY, Barbara Dickson	Epic
13	ALL NIGHT LONG, Rainbow	Polydor
14	NIGHT BOAT TO CAIRO EP, Madness	Stiff
15	LIVING AFTER MIDNIGHT, Judas Priest	CBS
16	DO THAT TO ME ONE MORE TIME, Captain & Tennille	Casablanca
17	MY WORLD, Secret Affair	ISpy
18	ANOTHER NAIL IN THE HEART, Squeeze	AS&M
19	DON'T PUSH IT, DON'T FORCE IT, Leon Haywood	20th Century
20	HAPPY HOUSE, Siouxsie & The Banshees	Polydor
21	TAKE THAT LOOK OFF YOUR FACE, Marti Webb	Polydor
22	GAMES WITHOUT FRONTIERS, Peter Gabriel	Charisma
23	SPIRIT OF RADIO, Rush	Mercury
24	CUBA/BETTER DO IT SALSA, Gibson Brothers	Island
25	KOOL IN THE KARTAN, B.A. Robertson	Asylum
26	TALK OF THE TOWN, Pretenders	Rial
27	LET'S DO ROCK STEADY, Bodysnatchers	2 Tone
28	HANDS OFF — SHE'S MINE, The Beat	Go Feet
29	LOVE PATROL, Dookeys	GTO
30	SO LONELY, Police	AS&M
31	MY OH MY, Sad Cafe	RCA
32	NO-ONE DRIVING, John Fox	Virgin/Metal Beat
33	HOT DOG, Shakin' Stevens	Epic
34	MISSING WORDS, Selecter	2 Tone
35	ATOMIC, Blondie	Chrysalis
36	HIM, Rupert Holmes	MCA
37	GENO, Dexy's Midnight Runners	Parlophone
38	THE MONKEES EP, Monkees	Arista
39	NE-NE-NA-NU-NU, Bad Manners	Magnet
40	SILVER DREAM RACER, David Essex	Mercury
41	BEAR CAGE, Stranglers	UA
42	LIQUIDATOR, Harry J Allstars/Pioneers	Trojan
43	TONIGHT I'M ALRIGHT, Narada Michael Walden	Atlantic
44	CHECK OUT THE GROOVE, Bobby Thurston	Epic
45	WHEELS OF STEEL, Saxon	Carrere
46	OOH BOY, Rose Royce	Whitfield
47	AND THE BEAT GOES ON, Whispers	Solar
48	COWARD OF THE COUNTRY, Kenny Rogers	UA
49	MAGNUM LIVE EP, Magnum	Jet
50	THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES, M	MCA
51	MY PERFECT COUSIN, Undertones	Sire
52	OUTSIDE MY WINDOW, Stevie Wonder	Motown
53	AT THE EDGE, Stiff Little Fingers	Chrysalis
54	BRING IT ALL HOME, Gerry Rafferty	UA
55	CLEAN CLEAN, Buggles	Island
56	HOLDIN' ON, Tony Rallo	Calibre
57	HELLO, I'M YOUR HEART, Bette Bright	Korova
58	WHAT WILL I DO WITHOUT YOU, Lene Lovich	Stiff
59	WORM SONG, Jon Pertwee	Decca
60	MODERN GIRL, Sheena Easton	EMI
61	TOCCATA, Sky	Arista
62	ROUGH BOYS, Peter Townshend	Alce
63	ALL I EVER WANTED, Santana	CBS
64	CARRIE, Cliff Richard	EMI
65	LONGER, Dan Fogelberg	Epic
66	THE TRIAL OF HISSING SID, Keith Michell/Captain Beaky	Polydor
67	I CAN'T STAND UP FOR FALLING DOWN, Elvis Costello	F-Beat
68	LIKE TO ROCK, April Wine	Capitol
69	RIDERS IN THE SKY, Shadows	EMI
70	ROCK WITH YOU, Michael Jackson	Epic
71	SO GOOD TO BE BACK HOME AGAIN, Tourists	Logo
72	DEAR MISS LONELY HEARTS, Philip Lynott	Vertigo
73	I'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE, Suzi Quatro	Rak
74	I'M THE FACE, High Numbers	Back Door
75	LET ME ROCK YOU, Kandida	Rak

OTHER CHART

1	DREAM SEQUENCE	Pauline Murray
2	JEALOUSY	Wasted Youth
3	POLICE & THIEVES	Junior Murvin
4	IN THE BEGINNING THEIR WAS RHYTHM	Slits
5	THE VISIT	Ludes
6	READ ONLY MEMORY	Chrome
7	IS THAT ALL THERE IS	Christina
8	FOOLS	The Only Ones
9	FIERY JACK	The Fall
10	ATMOSPHERE	Joy Division
11	CONFESSIONS	Flowers
12	MY BOY LOLLIPOP	Fresh
13	INNER SANCTION	The Inex
14	I DON'T WANNA KNOW	Voice of the Puppets
15	LOVERS ROCK	Sugar Minott

Compiled By: LISTEN-EAR, 30 Ridley Place, Newcastle Upon Tyne.
Tel: 0632 21678

UK ALBUMS

Due to the Easter holiday we are unable to bring you the UK charts for this week.

1	DUKE, Genesis	Charisma
2	GREATEST HITS, Rose Royce	Whitfield
3	TWELVE GOLD BARS, Status Quo	Vertigo
4	TEARS AND LAUGHTER, Johnny Mithis	CBS
5	HEARTBREAKERS, Matt Monro	EMI
6	TELL ME ON A SUNDAY, Marti Webb	Polydor
7	STAR TRAKS, Various	K Tel
8	CRYSTAL GAYLE SINGLES ALBUM, Crystal Gayle	United Artists
9	REGATTA DE BLANC, Police	AS&M
10	STRING OF HITS, Shadows	EMI
11	GLASS HOUSES, Billy Joel	CBS
12	OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR, Police	AS&M
13	FAÇADES, Sad Cafe	RCA
14	OFF THE WALL, Michael Jackson	Epic
15	ON THROUGH THE NIGHT, Del Leppard	Vertigo
16	LOUD AND CLEAR, Sammy Hagar	Capitol
17	DOWN TO EARTH, Rainbow	Polydor
18	NOBODY'S HEROES, Stiff Little Fingers	Chrysalis
19	SPECIALS, Specials	2 Tone
20	PRETENDERS, Pretenders	Real
21	THE LAST DANCE, Various	Motown
22	GET HAPPY, Elvis Costello	F-Beat
23	ONE STEP BEYOND, Madness	Stiff
24	LIGHT UP THE NIGHT, Brothers Johnson	AS&M
25	EAT TO THE BEAT, Blondie	Chrysalis
26	PSYCHEDELIC FURS, Psychedelic Furs	CBS
27	PERMANENT WAVES, Rush	Mercury
28	TOO MUCH PRESSURE, Selecter	2 Tone
29	WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST, Van Halen	Warner Brothers
30	THE WALL, Pink Floyd	Harvest
31	GREATEST HITS, Abba	Epic
32	ARGY BARGY, Squeeze	AS&M
33	ASTAIRE, Peter Skellern	Mercury
34	INITIAL SUCCESS, B.A. Robertson	Asylum
35	SOMETIMES YOU WIN, Dr Hook	Capitol
36	HER BEST SONGS, Emmylou Harris	K Tel
37	KENNY, Kenny Rogers	UA
38	AGAINST THE WIND, Bob Seger	Capitol
39	GREATEST HITS, Cokney Rejects	EMI
40	ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark	Dindisc
41	PARALLEL LINES, Blondie	Chrysalis
42	PHOENIX, Dan Fogelberg	Epic
43	SHORT STORIES, Jon and Vangelis	Polydor
44	COUNTRY NUMBER ONE, Don Gibson +	Warwick
45	REALITY EFFECT, Tourists	Logo
46	MAKE YOUR MOVE, Captain and Tennille	Casablanca
47	METRO MUSIC, Martha and the Mullins	Dindisc
48	GOLDEN COLLECTION, Charley Pride	K Tel
49	SETTING SONS, Jam	Polydor
50	FREEDOM AT POINT ZERO, Jefferson Starship	Grun
51	OFFICIAL BOOTLEG ALBUM, Blues Band	Arista
52	LOOK HEAR, 10cc	Mercury
53	CLUB SKA '87, Various	Island
54	BAT OUT OF HELL, Meatloaf	Epic/Cleveland
55	DISCOVERY, ELO	Jet
56	SMALLCREEP'S DAY, Mike Rutherford	Charisma
57	SKY, Sky	Arista
58	THE VERY BEST OF, Leo Sayer	Chrysalis
59	HIGHWAY TO HELL, AC/DC	Atlantic
60	GREATEST HITS, KC and the Sunshine Band	TK
61	HARDER... FASTER, April Wine	Capitol
62	THE FINE ART OF SURFACING, Boomtown Rats	Ensign
63	THE NOLAN SISTERS, Nolans	Epic
64	ELO'S GREATEST HITS, ELO	Jet
65	RAINBOW RISING, Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow	Polydor
66	GREATEST HITS, Rod Stewart	Riva
67	CONQUEST, Uriah Heep	Bronze
68	FIRST LOVE, Various	Arcade
69	CATCHING THE SUN, Spyro Gyra	MCA
70	LONDON CALLING, Clash	CBS
71	CAPTAIN BEAKY AND HIS BAND, Keith Michell	Island
72	I'M THE MAN, Joe Jackson	AS&M
73	GOING STEADY, Ost	Warwick
74	ON THE RADIO, Donna Summer	Casablanca
75	BEE GEES GREATEST HITS, Bee Gees	RSO

US SINGLES

1	ANOTHER BRICK IN THE WALL, Pink Floyd	Columbia
2	CALL ME, Blondie	Chrysalis
3	WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU/FORGIVE ME GIRL, Spinners	Atlantic
4	RIDE LIKE THE WIND, Christopher Cross	Warner Bros
5	TOO HOT, Kool & The Gang	De-Lite
6	SPECIAL LADY, Ray, Goodman & Brown	Polydor
7	WITH YOU I'M BORN AGAIN, Billy Preston & Syreeta	Motown
8	CRAZY LITTLE THING CALLED LOVE, Queen	Elektra
9	I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY, Eagles	Asylum
10	OFF THE WALL, Michael Jackson	Epic
11	FIRE LAKE, Bob Seger	Capitol
12	LOST IN LOVE, Air Supply	Arista
13	HIM, Rupert Holmes	MCA
14	YOU MAY BE RIGHT, Billy Joel	Columbia
15	SEXY EYES, Dr Hook	Capitol
16	THE SECOND TIME AROUND, Shalamar	Solar
17	HOW DO I MAKE YOU, Linda Ronstadt	Asylum
18	HOLD ON TO MY LOVE, Jimmy Ruffin	RSO
19	AND THE BEAT GOES ON, The Whispers	Solar
20	DESIRE, Andy Gibb	RSO
21	THREE TIMES IN LOVE, Tommy James	Millennium
22	I PLEDGE MY LOVE, Peaches & Herb	Polydor/MVP
23	PILOT OF THE AIRWAYS, Charlie Dore	Island
24	THINK ABOUT ME, Fleetwood Mac	Warner Bros
25	LONGER, Dan Fogelberg	Full Moon/Epic
26	DON'T FALL IN LOVE WITH A DREAMER, Kenny Rogers w/ Kim Carnes	United Artists
27	GIVE IT ALL YOU GOT, Chuck Mangione	AS&M
28	SET ME FREE, Utopia	Bearsville
29	ANY WAY YOU WANT IT, Journey	Columbia
30	STOMP, The Brothers Johnson	AS&M
31	ON THE RADIO, Donna Summer	Casablanca
32	CARS, Gary Numan	Alco
33	BRASS IN POCKET, Pretenders	Sire
34	FIRE IN THE MORNING, Melissa Manchester	Arista
35	CARRIE, Cliff Richard	EMI-America
36	KEEP THE FIRE, Kenny Loggins	Columbia
37	ONLY A LONELY HEART SEES, Felix Cavaliere	Epic
38	DO RIGHT, Paul Davis	Bang
39	REFUGEE, Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers	Backstreet
40	HEARTBREAKER, Pat Benatar	Chrysalis
41	BREAKDOWN DEAD AHEAD, Boz Scaggs	Columbia
42	EVEN IT UP, Heart	Epic
43	I CAN'T HELP IT, Andy Gibb & Olivia Newton-John	RSO
44	BIGGEST PART OF ME, Ambrosia	Warner Bros
45	YES, I'M READY, Teri De Sario with KC	Casablanca
46	HURT SO BAD, Linda Ronstadt	Asylum
47	YOU ARE MY HEAVEN, Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway	Atlantic
48	LET ME BE, Korona	United Artists
49	HEART HOTELS, Dan Fogelberg	Full Moon/Epic
50	YEARS, Wayne Newton	Aries
51	LET ME BE THE CLOCK, Smokey Robinson	Tamla
52	AUTOGRAPH, John Denver	RCA
53	DO THAT TO ME ONE MORE TIME, The Captain & Tennille	Casablanca
54	COME BACK, The J. Geils Band	EMI-America
55	THE SEDUCTION, James Last Band	Polydor
56	TRAIN IN VAIN, The Clash	Epic
57	A CERTAIN GIRL, Warren Zevon	Asylum
58	THE ROSE, Bette Midler	Atlantic
59	IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE, Mac Davis	Casablanca
60	TODAY IS THE DAY, Bar-Kays	Mercury
61	FUNKY TOWN, Lipps Inc	Casablanca
62	WONDERING WHERE THE LIONS ARE, Bruce Cockburn	Millennium
63	STAY IN TIME, Oh Broadway	Atlantic
64	LET'S GET SERIOUS, Jermaine Jackson	Motown
65	BORROWED TIME, Slyx	AS&M
66	STARTING OVER AGAIN, Dolly Parton	RCA
67	AFTER YOU, Dionne Warwick	Arista
68	GEE WHIZ, Bernadette Peters	MCA
69	DAYDREAM BELIEVER, Anne Murray	Capitol
70	SHOULD'VE NEVER LET YOU GO, Neil Sedaka & Dara Sedaka	Elektra
71	LOVE ON A SHOESTRING, The Captain & Tennille	Casablanca
72	LUCKY ME, Anne Murray	Capitol
73	WHEN THE FEELING COMES AROUND, Jennifer Warnes	Arista
74	WHITE HOT, Red Rider	Capitol
75	SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA, Survivor	Scotti Bros

CHARTFILE

FOUR WEEKS ago RM heralded Jam's *Going Underground* as the first record to enter the chart at Number One since Slade's *Merry Christmas Everybody*; our opinion was not shared by the rest of the music press, the popular dailies, trade 'bible' *Music Week*, *Polydor* or the *BMRB*, all of which proclaimed that the last disc to make its chart debut at number one was Gary Glitter's *I Love You, Love Me Love*.

A quick forage through the files proved RM to be right. In fact, *I Love You, Love Me Love* made its top notch debut on November 17, 1973. Five weeks later it was unceremoniously toppled by Slade — the only occasion in 27 years of chart history that successive number ones have been new entries.

Somewhat shamefacedly, *BMRB* admitted that they were the source of the erroneous information which *Polydor* was quick to pass on to the nation's press. It must have been especially embarrassing for *Polydor* themselves, bearing in mind that Slade were a *Polydor* act at the time of *Merry Christmas Everybody*.

Despite *Polydor*'s protestations to the contrary, it's a fact that the company has recently switched new releases from Friday to Monday. As the *BMRB* chart is compiled on a Monday to Friday basis such a ploy ensures optimum first week sales and a correspondingly higher chart debut. *Polydor*'s action makes a good deal of sense and will obviously become a standard procedure.

Climbers bubbling outside last week's singles chart includes *Atmosfear* (76), *Shy* (77), *Billy Joel* (80), *Bob Marley* (84), *David Castle* (85), *Motors* (89), *Nolans* (90), *Graduate* (95), *Headboys* (96), *Tom Petty* (99), *Pat Benatar* (100), *Starjets* (102), *Players Association* (105), *Nitetyte* (107), *Smoke* (109), *XTC* (114) and *Marti Webb* (119).

A double triumph for Pete Townshend with simultaneous chart debuts in two guises. *Rough Boys* is the *Who* guitarist's first solo hit (and incidentally marks the chart return of the re-activated *Alco* label). *I'm The Face* was the first single released by the *High Numbers*, a mod band consisting of Townshend, Roger Daltrey, John Entwistle and Keith Moon which later evolved into *The Who*.

When originally issued on *Fontana* in 1964, *I'm The Face* retailed at 6/6d (33p) and sold about 1,500 copies. In January *Record Collector* magazine placed the disc in fourteenth place in its list of 'Top 200 Rare Records', estimating the disc's value at £120.

After a considerable delay *Capitol* have finally issued the Beatles' *Rarities* compilation in the States. In an effort to squeeze every possible dollar out of Beatles fans they have packaged the album in the controversial 'Butcher' sleeve originally scheduled to be used on the US-only *Yesterday And Today* compilation issued in the sixties.

Ever sensitive to public opinion, *Capitol* then decided that the sleeve was in bad taste and re-packaged the album in a tamer, more traditional sleeve. Apart from the chance to own the notorious sleeve, American Beatles fans are disappointed at the issue of *Rarities*. Many saw *Capitol*'s original decision not to issue the album and the tentative promise of a Beatles album this year as a hint that the company would issue previously unavailable archive recordings.

Cabaret Voltaire's new 12 inch 33 rpm SINGLE 'Three Mantras' sells for a fraction under £2 and has a playing time of 40 minutes (5p per minute). The *Motors*' *Tenement Steps* ALBUM, with a recommended price of £5.25 runs a mere 34 minutes (15p per minute). Not that I'm trying to influence you, of course.

Demis Roussos, enormous in France and pretty big just about everywhere, has recorded a new song written by *Berni Frost* and *Status Quo*'s *Francis Rossi*. Rossi and Frost also contribute backing vocals and all instrumentation on the song which is entitled 'Sorry'. Has *Demis* tuned into a headbanger? Or has Rossi been tamed by the Greek mountain? All will be revealed in June when *Roussos* unveils his 'Man Of The World' LP.

Pink Floyd's *Dark Side Of The Moon* has just overhauled *Carole King*'s *Tapestry* to move up to sixth place in the *Billboard* Album Chart Longevity Stakes with a total of 386 weeks on the chart.

Following its acquisition of the immediate catalogue, *Virgin* has reissued *Crispian St Peters*' *You Were On My Mind* b/w 'The Pied Piper' and *The Small Faces*' classic 1968 album 'Ogden's Nut Gone Flake' which topped the chart for six weeks when originally released. ALAN JONES

US ALBUMS

- 1 1 THE WALL, Pink Floyd Columbia
- 2 2 AGAINST THE WIND, Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band Capitol
- 3 3 MAD LOVE, Linda Ronstadt Asylum
- 4 4 GLASS HOUSES, Billy Joel Columbia
- 5 5 DAMN THE TORPEDOES, Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers Backstreet
- 6 7 THE WHISPERS, The Whispers Solar
- 7 10 OFF THE WALL, Michael Jackson Epic
- 8 9 LIGHT UP THE NIGHT, The Brothers Johnson A&M
- 9 14 AMERICAN GIGOLO, Soundtrack Polydor
- 10 13 DEPARTURE, Journey Columbia
- 11 12 GET HAPPY, Elvis Costello Columbia
- 12 6 BEBE LE STRANGE, Heart Epic
- 13 11 PHOENIX, Dan Fogelberg Full Moon/Epic
- 14 8 FUN AND GAMES, Chuck Mangione A&M
- 15 15 PERMANENT WAVES, Rush Mercury
- 16 16 THE LONG RUN, Eagles Asylum
- 17 17 RAY GOODMAN & BROWN, Ray, Goodman & Brown Polydor
- 18 25 CHRISTOPHER CROSS, Christopher Cross Warner Bros
- 19 19 LOVE STINKS, J. Geils Band EMI-America
- 20 23 PRETENDERS, Pretenders Sire
- 21 22 AFTER DARK, Andy Gibb RSO
- 22 18 IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT, Pat Benatar Chrysalis
- 23 20 BAD LUCK STREAK IN DANCING SCHOOL, Warren Zevon Asylum
- 24 21 ON THE RADIO - GREATEST HITS VOLUMES ONE & TWO, Doona Summer Casablanca
- 25 33 CATCHING THE SUN, Spyro Gyra MCA
- 26 30 SKYLARKIN', Grover Washington Jr. Motown
- 27 31 THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE, Gary Numan Alco
- 28 37 WARM THOUGHTS, Smokey Robinson Tamla
- 29 26 BUT THE LITTLE GIRLS UNDERSTAND, The Knack Capitol
- 30 51 CRASH AND BURN, Pat Travers Band Polydor
- 31 29 LADIES NIGHT, Kool & The Gang De-Lite
- 32 27 LONDON CALLING, The Clash Epic
- 33 32 DANCIN' AND LOVIN', Spinners Atlantic
- 34 38 VICTIMS OF THE FURY, Robin Trower Chrysalis
- 35 35 LOVE SOMEBODY TODAY, Sister Sledge Cotillion
- 36 40 TENTH, The Marshall Tucker Band Warner Bros
- 37 24 EVERY GENERATION, Ronnie Laws United Artists
- 38 28 BIG FUN, Shalamar Solar
- 39 36 EAT TO THE BEAT, Blondie Chrysalis
- 40 55 ALL THAT JAZZ, Soundtrack Casablanca
- 41 43 AUTOGRAPH, John Denver RCA
- 42 39 KEEP THE FIRE, Kenny Loggins Columbia
- 43 44 CORNERSTONE, Styx A&M
- 44 57 PROGRESSIONS OF POWER, Triumph RCA
- 45 41 KENNY, Kenny Rogers United Artists
- 46 44 THE ROSE, Soundtrack Atlantic
- 47 42 TUSK, Fleetwood Mac Warner Bros
- 48 76 DREAMS, Grace Slick RCA
- 49 46 ANGEL OF THE NIGHT, Angela Bofill Arista/GRP
- 50 46 THE GAP BAND II, The Gap Band Mercury
- 51 45 FREEDOM AT POINT ZERO, Jefferson Starship Grunt
- 52 47 MALICE IN WONDERLAND, Nazareth A&M
- 53 50 END OF THE CENTURY, The Ramones Sire
- 54 66 ROBERTA FLACK FEATURING DONNY HATHAWAY Atlantic
- 55 49 DEQUELLO, Z.Z. Top Warner Bros
- 56 52 PARTNERS IN CRIME, Rupert Holmes Infinity
- 57 53 GOLD & PLATINUM, Lynyrd Skynyrd Band MCA
- 58 54 EVITA, Festival RSO
- 59 59 IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR, Led Zeppelin Swan Song
- 60 56 GREATEST, Bee Gees RSO
- 61 81 ADVENTURES IN UTOPIA, Utopia Bearsiville
- 62 99 TWO, G.O. Arista
- 63 63 ONE ON ONE, Bob James & Earl Klugh Tappan Zee/Columbia
- 64 64 THE BEST SIDE OF GOODBYE, Jane Olivor Columbia
- 65 65 BREAKFAST IN AMERICA, Supertramp A&M
- 66 62 UNION JACKS, The Babys Chrysalis
- 67 67 THE GAMBLER, Kenny Rogers United Artists
- 68 58 PRINCE, Prince Warner Bros
- 69 66 HYDRA, Toto Columbia
- 70 70 1015, The Dramatics MCA
- 71 83 COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER, Soundtrack MCA
- 72 71 HIROSHIMA, Hiroshima Arista
- 73 72 SEPTEMBER MORN, Neil Diamond Columbia
- 74 183 SCARED SONGS, Darryl Hall RCA
- 75 78 THE ELECTRIC HORSEMAN, Soundtrack Columbia

UK SOUL

- 1 1 STOMP, Brothers Johnson A&M
 - 2 3 DON'T PUSH IT, DON'T FORCE IT, Leon Haywood RCA
 - 3 6 CHECK OUT THE GROOVE, Bobby Thurston Epic
 - 4 4 HOLDING ON, Tony Rallo Calibre
 - 5 10 IN THE THICK OF IT, Brenda Russell A&M
 - 6 9 MOTIVATION, Atmosfear Elite
 - 7 2 LOVE INJECTION, Trussel Elektra
 - 8 20 ANY LOVE, Rufus MCA
 - 9 5 THE BOYS IN BLUE, Light of the World Ensign
 - 10 12 YOUNG CHILD, Ronnie Laws UA
 - 11 7 JUST A TOUCH OF LOVE, Slave Atlantic
 - 12 8 YOU KNOW HOW TO LOVE ME, Phyllis Hyman Arista
 - 13 13 AND THE BEAT GOES ON, Whispers Solar
 - 14 16 OOH BOY, Rose Royce Whitfield
 - 15 19 OUTSIDE MY WINDOW, Stevie Wonder Motown
 - 16 14 TONIGHT I'M ALRIGHT, Narada Michael Walden Atlantic
 - 17 18 THE WORLD IS A GHETTO, War MCA
 - 18 — TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT, Sharon Paige Source
 - 19 11 TOGETHER WE ARE BEAUTIFUL, Fern Kinney WEA
 - 20 — GET ON DOWN TO THE MELLOW SOUND, Players Association* Vanguard
- Compiled by: BLUES & SOUL, 153 Praed Street, London W1. Tel: 01-402 6887

US SOUL

- 1 1 STOMP, Brothers Johnson A&M
- 2 3 DON'T SAY GOODNIGHT, Isley Brothers T-Neck
- 3 6 DON'T PUSH IT, DON'T FORCE IT, Leon Haywood 20th Century
- 4 4 I DON'T BELIEVE YOU WANT TO GET UP AND DANCE, Gap Band Mercury
- 5 5 OFF THE WALL, Michael Jackson Epic
- 6 2 AND THE BEAT GOES ON, Whispers Solar
- 7 7 WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU/FORGIVE ME GIRL, Spinners Atlantic
- 8 8 YOU ARE MY HEAVEN, Roberta Flack With Donny Hathaway Atlantic
- 9 9 WELCOME BACK HOME, Dramatics MCA
- 10 10 SPECIAL LADY, Ray, Goodman & Brown Polydor
- 11 20 LADY, Whispers Solar
- 12 12 STANDING OVATION, G.O. Arista
- 13 11 TOO HOT, Kool & The Gang De-Lite
- 14 14 BOUNCE, ROCK, SKATE, ROLL, Vaughn Mason & Crew Brunswick
- 15 13 WHY YOU WANNA TREAT ME SO BAD, Prince Warner Bros
- 16 28 TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME, Ray Parker, Jr & Raydio Arista
- 17 25 LET ME BE THE CLOCK, Smokey Robinson Tamla
- 18 23 HIGH, Skyy Salsoul
- 19 18 COMPUTER GAME, Yellow Magic Orchestra Horizon
- 20 37 GOT TO BE ENOUGH, Con Funk Shun Mercury

US DISCO

- 1 2 STOMP, Brothers Johnson A&M
- 2 3 AMERICAN GIGOLO, Giorgio & Blondie Polydor
- 3 1 FUNKYTOWN/ALL NIGHT DANCING, Lipps, Inc. Casablanca
- 4 5 TWILIGHT ZONE, Manhattan Transfer Atlantic
- 5 6 YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES/CHECK OUT THE GROOVE, Bobby Thurston Prelude
- 6 9 TWO TONS O' FUN, Two Tons O' Fun Fantasy
- 7 4 HIGH ON YOUR LOVE/HOT HOT (Give It All You Got), Debbie Jacobs MCA
- 8 7 RIPE, Ava Cherry RSO/Custom
- 9 13 MUSIC TRANCE, Ben E. King Atlantic
- 10 10 DON'T PUSH IT, DON'T FORCE IT, Leon Haywood 20th Century
- 11 15 WALK THE NIGHT/LIFE AT THE OUTPOST, Skaff Bros Casablanca
- 12 32 LOVERS' HOLIDAY, Change Warner/RFC
- 13 14 ALL NIGHT THING, The Invisible Man Band MLPS
- 14 12 EVITA, Festival RSO
- 15 11 AND THE BEAT GOES ON/CAN YOU DO THE BOOGIE/OUT THE BOX, The Whispers Solar
- 16 21 IN THE SOCKET, Shalamar Solar
- 17 17 VERTIGO/RELIGHT MY FIRE/FREE RIDE, Dan Hartman Blue Sky
- 18 18 TONIGHT I'M ALRIGHT, Narada Michael Walden Atlantic
- 19 8 WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU, Spinners Atlantic
- 20 26 MANDOLAY, La Flavour Sweet City

UK DISCO

- 1 1 STOMP, Brothers Johnson A&M 12in
- 2 5 DON'T PUSH IT, DON'T FORCE IT, Leon Haywood 20th Cent/Fox 12in
- 3 3 TONIGHT I'M ALRIGHT, Narada Michael Walden Atlantic 12in
- 4 2 AND THE BEAT GOES ON, Whispers Solar 12in
- 5 4 HOLDIN' ON/BURNIN' ALIVE, Tony Rallo Calibre 12in
- 6 10 CHECK OUT THE GROOVE, Bobby Thurston Epic 12in
- 7 7 CUBA/BETTER DO IT SALSA, Gibson Brothers Island 12in
- 8 13 THE GROOVE, Rodney Franklin CBS 12in
- 9 14 WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU, (Detroit) Spinners Atlantic 12in
- 10 11 DANCE YOURSELF DIZZY, Liquid Gold Polo 12in
- 11 6 ROCK WITH YOU, Michael Jackson Epic 12in
- 12 8 YOU KNOW HOW TO LOVE ME, Phyllis Hyman Arista 12in
- 13 22 JUST CAN'T GIVE YOU UP/CAN'T STOP DANCIN', Mystic Merlin US Capitol LP
- 14 9 TOGETHER WE ARE BEAUTIFUL, Fern Kinney WEA 12in
- 15 12 LOVE INJECTION, Trussel Elektra 12in
- 16 34 SHANTE, Mass Production US Collision LP
- 17 16 JUST A TOUCH OF LOVE, Slave Atlantic 12in
- 18 26 I SHOULD HAVE LOVED YA/YOU'RE SOO GOOD, Narada Michael Walden Atlantic LP
- 19 17 STANDING OVATION, G.O. Arista 12in
- 20 32 MOTIVATION/EXTRACT, Atmosfear MCA 12in
- 21 25 YOUNG CHILD, Ronnie Laws UA 12in
- 22 21 THE BOYS IN BLUE/THIS IS THIS, Light Of The World Ensign 12in
- 23 24 CISSELIN' HOT, Chuck Cissel Arista 12in
- 24 27 USE YOUR BODY & SOUL/YOU GAVE ME LOVE/I DON'T WANT TO CHANGE YOU/YOU'VE BEEN GONE/I SEE THE LIGHT/SURE SHOT, Crown Heights Affair US De-Lite LP/12in promo
- 25 40 MUSIC TRANCE, Ben E. King Atlantic/US 12in promo
- 26 33 HAWKEYE, Wilbert Longmire US Tappan Zee LP
- 27 30 O.T.B.A. LAW/EVERY GENERATION/AS ONE, Ronnie Laws UA LP
- 28 37 EYES ON YOU/LIVIN' FOR TODAY/DANK, Dayton US UA LP
- 29 48 TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT, Sharon Paige Source 12in
- 30 18 RIGHT IN THE SOCKET, Shalamar Solar 12in
- 31 28 ATOMIC, Blondie Chrysalis 12in
- 32 32 IN THE STONE, Earth Wind & Fire CBS 12in
- 33 19 HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, Patrice Rushen Elektra 12in
- 34 20 SHAKIT, Brass Construction UA 12in
- 35 29 YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES, Bobby Thurston Epic LP
- 36 38 WINNERS/CLOSE TO YOU/OPEN YOUR MIND, Kleeser US Atlantic LP
- 37 36 LIGHT UP THE NIGHT/THIS HAD TO BE/CELEBRATIONS/SMILIN' ON YA/TREASURE/YOU MAKE ME WANNA WIGGLE, Brothers Johnson A&M LP
- 38 15 RHYTHM TALK, Jocko Phil Int 12in
- 39 46 DANCE OF LOVE/FEELING GOOD/WHEN YOU SHAKE, Mandrill US Arista LP
- 40 52 STRUT/MAGIC FINGERS/ALEKASAM/MYSTERIOUS MAIDEN, Chico Hamilton US Elektra LP
- 41 84 BACK TOGETHER AGAIN/YOU ARE MY HEAVEN, Flack/Hathaway US Atlantic LP
- 42 35 THE GET-DOWN MELLOW SOUND, Players Association Vanguard 12in
- 43 31 THE WORLD IS A GHETTO, War MCA LP/12in
- 44 49 LOVE YOU FOREVER, Bunny Mack Rocket/RCA 12in
- 45 74 BEHIND THE GROOVE, Teena Marie Motown LP
- 46 67 I'M BACK FOR MORE/SCHOOL OF THE GROOVE, Al Johnson US Columbia LP
- 47 72 LET'S GET SERIOUS/BURNIN' HOT, Jermaine Jackson US Motown LP
- 48 54 FAN THE FIRE/YOUR LOVE/WHERE ARE YOU, Eugene Record Warner Bros LP
- 49 44 I DON'T BELIEVE YOU WANT TO GET UP AND DANCE (DOOPS/IT STEPPIN' OUT)/THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN, Gap Band Mercury 12in
- 50 55 I CAN'T HELP IT/OPEN UP YOUR MIND (WIDE/EASY LOVING YOU)/ SNAKE EYES, Grover Washington Jr. Motown LP
- 51 81 RIGHT IN THE SOCKET (REMIX), Shalamar US Solar 12in
- 52 73 FOR THE PUBLIC, Heath Brothers US Columbia LP
- 53 90 THE NEXT BEST THING TO BEING THERE/WE OUGHT TO BE DOIN' IT/LOVE FORMULA 69, Randy Brown Casablanca 12in/US LP
- 54 75 EDUCATION WRAP, Community People US Delmar Int 12in
- 55 50 MOVE ON UP UP UP UP, Destination Butterfly 12in
- 56 89 FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO GROOVE/TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME/UNTIL THE MORNING COMES/IT'S TIME TO PARTY NOW/ EVERYBODY MAKES MISTAKES, Raydio Arista/US LP
- 57 70 GIVE ME THE SUNSHINE/I'M BACK FOR MORE, Leo's Sunshipp US Lyon's LP
- 58 65 NOW THAT I FOUND YOU, One Way/Al Hudson MCA 12in
- 59 59 MOVIN'/CHANGIN', Brass Construction UA 12in
- 60 63 GIVE UP THE FUNK, B.T. Express US Columbia
- 61 47 PATA PATA, Osibisa Pye 12in
- 62 — MUSIC (107-109bpm)/ROCKIN' ALL NIGHT (114-112-113)/AFTER THE LOVE HAS GONE (134-135)/NEED YOUR LOVE (102-104), Gary Bartz US Arista LP
- 63 80 CALL ME, Blondie Chrysalis/Polydor LP
- 64 82 DON'T STOP THE FUNK/REGRETS/LET THE FUNK FLOW, James Brown US Polydor LP
- 65 56 RAP-O CLAP-O, Joe Bataan RCA 12in
- 66 58 CHAMELEON, La Pregunta US GNP Crescendo 12in
- 67 87 IF YOU WANT IT, Niteflyte Ariola 12in
- 68 — I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU (DIRECT CUT), Herbie Hancock Japanese CBS/Sony LP
- 69 — CALIBRE CUTS, Varicose Calibre 12in promo
- 70 — DOMINOES (LIVE AT THE ROXY), Donald Byrd US Blue Note LP
- 71 62 SELF SERVICE LOVE, Guardian Angel MR 12in
- 72 86 G.O. DOWN/LIES/IS IT COOL, G.O. Arista LP
- 73 61 I CAN FEEL IT, Stop Calibre 12in
- 74 78 OOH BOY/WHAT YOU WAITIN' FOR, Rose Royce Whitfield 12in
- 75 77 IN THE THICK OF IT, Brenda Russell A&M 12in
- 76 69 GOT TO FAN THE FLAME/THE ROCK IS GONNA GET YOU, Gordon's War US Stan-Jay 12in
- 77 64 THE YEAR OF THE CHILD, Givens Family US Venture 12in
- 78 — SEXY EYES, Dr Hook Capitol 12in
- 79 — GIVE YOUR LOVE/SHADOW DANCING/SEND YOU MY LOVE, Ndugu & The Chocolate Jam Co US Columbia LP
- 80 — WE ALL NEED LOVE, Domenico Troiano Capitol 12in
- 81 — CHATTY CHATTY/TURN IT UP, Toots & The Maytals Island 12in
- 82 88 CRUISIN', Smokey Robinson Motown
- 83 — BUMPER TO BUMPER, Avenue B Boogie Band US Salsoul 12in
- 84 — GOT TO BE ENOUGH/HAPPY FACE, Con Funk Shun US Mercury LP
- 85 — GO ALL THE WAY/PASS IT ON/DON'T SAY GOODNIGHT, Isley Brothers US T-Neck LP
- 86 — STREET PLAYER, Chicago US Columbia 12in
- 87 — RUB-A-DUB/OCEANLINER, Passport US Atlantic LP
- 88 — SATURDAY NIGHT/GO FOR IT/STARS IN YOUR EYES/MAKING LOVE/DON'T HOLD IT IN, Herbie Hancock US Columbia LP
- 89 — LITTLE RUNAWAY/STRUT YOUR STUFF, Stone City Band US Gordy LP
- 90 — GIVE PEACE A CHANCE/IN THE PARK, Lonnie Liston Smith US Columbia LP

STAR CHOICE

- 1 CHEROKEE DANCE, Bob Landers
- 2 FIRST I LOOK AT THE PURSE, The Contours
- 3 I DON'T KNOW I LOVED YOU, Gary Glitter
- 4 LIQUID LOVE, The Isley Brothers
- 5 LOVE AND HAPPINESS, Al Green
- 6 CAN'T GET NEXT TO YOU, Al Green
- 7 ON THE HORIZON, Ben E. King
- 8 JUST LIKE I TREAT YOU, Howling Wolf
- 9 WAKE UP/MAKE LOVE TO ME, Ian Dury
- 10 MOTEL BLUES, Loudon Wainwright III



TONY DE MEUR
FROM THE
FABULOUS POODLES

YESTERYEAR

ONE YEAR AGO (APRIL 7, 1979)

- 1 I WILL SURVIVE, Gloria Gaynor
- 2 IN THE NAVY, Village People
- 3 BRIGHT EYES, Art Garfunkel
- 4 I WANT YOUR LOVE, Chic
- 5 SOMETHING ELSE/FRIGGIN' IN THE RIGGIN', Sex Pistols
- 6 COOL FOR CATS, Squeeze
- 7 LUCKY NUMBER, Lene Lovich
- 8 SU! TANS OF SWING, Dire Straits
- 9 TURN THE MUSIC UP, Players Association
- 10 OLIVER'S ARMY, Elvis Costello

FIVE YEARS AGO (APRIL 12, 1975)

- 1 BYE BYE BABY, The Bay City Rollers
- 2 FOX ON THE RUN, The Sweet
- 3 THERE'S A WHOLE LOT OF LOVING, Guys and Dolls
- 4 THE FUNKY GIBSON/SICK MAN BLUES, The Goodies
- 5 FANCY PANTS, Kenny
- 6 GIRLS, Moments and Whatnots
- 7 SWING YOUR DADDY, Jim Giltstrap
- 8 LOVE ME LOVE MY DOG, Peter Shelley
- 9 I CAN DO IT, The Rubettes
- 10 PLAY ME LIKE YOU PLAY YOUR GUITAR, Duane Eddy and The Rebellets

TEN YEARS AGO (APRIL 11, 1970)

- 1 BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER, Simon and Garfunkel
- 2 ALL KINDS OF EVERYTHING, Dana
- 3 CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE, Andy Williams
- 4 KNOCK KNOCK WHO'S THERE, Mary Hopkin
- 5 WANDERIN' STAR, Lee Marvin
- 6 SPIRIT IN THE SKY, Norman Greenbaum
- 7 THAT SAME OLD FEELING, Pickettywitch
- 8 YOUNG GIFTED AND BLACK, Bob and Marcia
- 9 SOMETHING'S BURNING, Kenny Rogers and The First Edition
- 10 GIMME DAT DING, The Pipkins

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO (APRIL 10, 1965)

- 1 CONCRETE AND CLAY, United 4 Plus 2
- 2 THE LAST TIME, The Rolling Stones
- 3 FOR YOUR LOVE, The Yardbirds
- 4 THE MINUTE YOU'RE GONE, Cliff Richard
- 5 CATCH THE WIND, Donovan
- 6 HERE COMES THE NIGHT, Them
- 7 IT'S NOT UNUSUAL, Tom Jones
- 8 COME AND STAY WITH ME, Marianne Faithfull
- 9 SILHOUETTES, Herman's Hermits
- 10 I CAN'T EXPLAIN, The Who

Gerry Rafferty

SNAKES AND LADDERS

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