

RECORD MIRROR

1
FREE ALBUM
See inside for details
Cut out and keep this coupon

Why does Sid Vicious think he'll be dead in two years



RECORD MIRROR

UK SINGLES

1	4	MATCHSTALK MEN AND CATS & DOGS, Brian & Michael Pye	
2	2	DENIS, Blondie	Chrysalis
3	1	WUTHERING HEIGHTS, Kate Bush	EMI
4	3	BAKER STREET, Gerry Rafferty	United Artists
5	14	WONDER WHY, Showaddywaddy	Arista
6	10	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE, Suzi Quatro	Rak
7	5	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN, Eruption	Atlantic
8	18	FOLLOW YOU FOLLOW ME, Genesis	Charisma
9	6	ALLY'S TARTAN ARMY, Andy Cameron	Klub
10	7	I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS, Nick Lowe	Reder
11	25	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY, Andrew Gold	Asylum
12	19	EVERY 1'S A WINNER, Hot Chocolate	Rak
13	42	WITH A LITTLE LUCK, Wings	Parlophone
14	9	IS THIS LOVE, Bob Marley & The Wailers	Island
15	11	EMOTIONS, Samantha Sang	Private Stock
16	20	WALK IN LOVE, Manhattan Transfer	Atlantic
17	8	COME BACK MY LOVE, Darts	Magnet
18	26	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH, Dan Hill	20th Century
19	15	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME, Abba	Epic
20	27	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE, Mathis/Williams	CBS
21	17	CHELSEA, Elva Costello & Attraction	Reder
22	16	FANTASY, Earth, Wind & Fire	CBS
23	30	MORE LIKE THE MOVIES, Dr Hook	Capitol
24	22	RUMOUR HAS IT, Donna Summer	Casablanca
25	19	STAYIN' ALIVE, Bee Gees	RSO
26	23	MR BLUE SKY, Electric Light Orchestra	Jet
27	12	WISHING ON A STAR, Rose Royce	Warner Bros
28	28	I'LL GO WHERE YOUR MUSIC TAKES ME, Tina Charles	CBS
29	21	WHENEVER YOU WANT MY LOVE, Real Thing	Pye
30	32	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN, Sheila B. Devotion	EMI
31	24	LILAC WINE, Elkie Brooks	ABM
32	29	THE GHOST OF LOVE, Tavares	Capitol
33	38	EVERYBODY DANCE, Chic	Atlantic
34	40	NEWS OF THE WORLD, Jam	Polydor
35	49	IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO, Richard Myhill	Mercury
36	—	I LOVE MUSIC, O'Jays	Philadelphia
37	34	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE, Billy Joel	CBS
38	36	BABY COME BACK, Player	RSO
39	—	LONG LIVE ROCK & ROLL, Rainbow	Polydor
40	35	AUTOMATIC LOVER, Vibrators	CBS
41	47	KLU KLUX KLAN, Steel Pulse	Island
42	41	WHAT'S YOUR NAME, Andrea True Connection	Buddah
43	—	THE ONE AND ONLY, Gladys Knight & The Pips	Buddah
44	—	TAKE ME I'M YOURS, Squeeze	ABM
45	46	STAY WITH ME BABY, David Essex	CBS
46	44	MOVE YOUR BODY, Gene Farrow	Magnet
47	37	WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE WORLD, Forest/Paper Lace	WB
48	—	JACK & JILL, Raydio	Arista
49	43	LET'S ALL CHANT, Michael Zager Band	Private Stock
50	—	YOU'RE SO RIGHT FOR ME, Eastside connection	Creole

UK ALBUMS

1	2	20 GOLDEN GREATS, Buddy Holly & The Crickets	MCA
2	1	THE ALBUM, Abba	Epic
3	3	REFLECTIONS, Andy Williams	CBS
4	8	THE KICK INSIDE, Kate Bush	EMI
5	6	OUT OF THE BLUE, Electric Light Orchestra	Jet
6	7	VARIATIONS, Andrew Lloyd Webber	MCA
7	5	BOOGIE NIGHTS, Various	Ronco
8	22	FONZIE'S FAVOURITES, Various	Warwick
9	9	CITY TO CITY, Gerry Rafferty	United Artists
10	4	RUMOURS, Fleetwood Mac	Warner Bros
11	14	25 THUMPING GREAT HITS, Dave Clark Five	Polydor
12	12	PLASTIC LETTERS, Blondie	Chrysalis
13	10	DISCO STARS, Various	K-Tel
14	13	DARTS, Darts	Magnet
15	11	FOOT LOOSE & FANCY FREE, Rod Stewart	Riva
16	19	GREATEST HITS, Abba	Epic
17	23	PASTICHE, Manhattan Transfer	Atlantic
18	25	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, Various	RSO
19	17	ARRIVAL, Abba	Epic
20	16	ALL 'N' ALL, Earth, Wind & Fire	CBS
21	15	NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES, Ian Dury	Suff
22	26	THE JESUS OF COOL, Nick Lowe	Reder
23	18	IN FULL BLOOM, Rose Royce	Warner Bros
24	20	THE SOUND OF BREAD, Bread	Elektra
25	—	BAT OUT OF HELL, Meat Loaf	Epic
26	20	EXODUS, Bob Marley & The Wailers	Island
27	42	WATERMARK, Art Garfunkel	CBS
28	—	HOPE AND ANCHOR FESTIVAL, Various	Warner Bros
29	31	FEELINGS, Various	K-Tel
30	28	STIFFS LIVE STIFFS, Various	Stiff
31	24	THE MUPPET SHOW VOL 2, The Muppets	Pye
32	27	GREATEST HITS, Donna Summer	GTD
33	33	BLACK JOY, Various	Ronco
34	—	MUSIC IN A DIFFERENT KITCHEN, Buzzcocks	UA
35	—	ALOHA FROM HAWAII VIA SATELLITE, Elvis Presley	RCA
36	—	THE STRANGER, Billy Joel	CBS
37	—	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS, Sex Pistols	Virgin
38	—	BACCARA, Baccara	RCA
39	40	THEIR GREATEST HITS 1971 - 1975, The Eagles	Asylum
40	39	BEST OF FRIENDS, Cleo Laine / John Williams	RCA
41	43	LIVE AND LET LIVE, 10cc	Mercury
42	48	LIVE AT TREORCHY, Max Boyce	One Up
43	37	20 GOLDEN GREATS, Diana Ross & The Supremes	Motown
44	—	NEWS OF THE WORLD, Queen	EMI
45	36	SMALL CORNERS, Cliff Richard	EMI
46	51	A NEW WORLD RECORD, Electric Light Orchestra	Jet
47	35	STAR WARS, London Symphony Orchestra	20th Century
48	29	THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS, The Beatles	Parlophone
49	30	FLEETWOOD MAC, Fleetwood Mac	Reprise
50	46	TELL US THE TRUTH, Sham 69	Polydor

US SINGLES

1	1	NIGHT FEVER, Bee Gees	RSO
2	2	STAYIN' ALIVE, Bee Gees	RSO
3	4	LAY DOWN SALLY, Eric Clapton	RSO
4	5	CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU, Barry Manilow	Arista
5	3	EMOTION, Samantha Sang	Private Stock
6	9	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, Yvonne Elliman	RSO
7	7	I GO CRAZY, Paul Davis	Bang
8	6	LOVE IS THICKER THAN WATER, Andy Gibb	RSO
9	10	THUNDER ISLAND, Jay Ferguson	Asylum
10	12	DUST IN THE WIND, Kansas	Kirshner
11	15	JACK & JILL, Raydio	Arista
12	16	OUR LOVE, Natalie Cole	Capitol
13	14	FALLING, LeBlanc & Carr	Big Tree
14	18	WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE, England Dan Big Tree	Warner Bros
15	28	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU, Roberta Flack	Atlantic
16	11	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE, Billy Joel	Columbia
17	19	EBONY EYES, Bob Welch	Capitol
18	20	RUNNIN' ON EMPTY, Jackson Browne	Asylum
19	21	ALWAYS & FOREVER, Heatwave	Epic
20	22	GOODBYE GIRL, David Gates	Elektra
21	23	WHICH WAY IS UP, Stargard	MCA
22	24	FLASHLIGHT, Parliament	Casablanca
23	25	SWEET TALKING WOMAN, Electric Light Orchestra	Jet
24	26	BEFORE MY HEART FINDS OUT, Gene Cotton	Ariola
25	27	LADY LOVE, Lou Rawls	Philadelphia International
26	8	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH, Dan Hill	20th Century
27	30	THANK YOU FOR BEING A FRIEND, Andrew Gold	Asylum
28	29	HOT LEGS, Rod Stewart	Warner Bros
29	32	FEELS SO GOOD, Chuck Mangione	ABM
30	35	COUNT ON ME, Jefferson Starship	RCA
31	13	DANCE, DANCE, DANCE, YOWSAH YOWSAH, Chic	Atlantic
32	33	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE, Bee Gees	RSO
33	34	IT'S YOU THAT I NEED, Enchantment	Road Show
34	37	THE CIRCLE IS SMALL, Gordon Lightfoot	Warner Bros
35	41	BOOGIE SHOES, K. C. & The Sunshine Band	TK
36	40	IMAGINARY LOVER, Atlanta Rhythm Section	Polydor
37	43	DISCO INFERNNO, Trammps	Atlantic
38	41	FOOLING YOURSELF, Styx	ABM
39	50	THIS TIME I'M IN IT FOR LOVE, Player	RSO
40	44	FANTASY, Earth, Wind & Fire	Columbia
41	17	WONDERFUL WORLD, Art Garfunkel	Columbia
42	46	BABY HOLD ON, Eddie Money	Columbia
43	47	TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING, Rubelcoñ	20th Century
44	45	LITTLE ONE, Chicago	Columbia
45	49	MORE THAN A WOMAN, Tavares	Capitol
46	—	TWO DOORS DOWN, Dolly Parton	RCA
47	—	SWEET, SWEET SMILE, Carpenters	ABM
48	—	ROCKET RIDE, Kiss	Casablanca
49	—	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN, Sweet	Capitol
50	—	YOUR LOVE IS SO GOOD FOR ME, Diana Ross	Motown

US ALBUMS

1	1	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, Soundtrack	RSO
2	3	SLOWHAND, Eric Clapton	RSO
3	2	THE STRANGER, Billy Joel	Columbia
4	6	EVEN NOW, Barry Manilow	Arista
5	5	AJA, Steely Dan	ABC
6	7	WEEKEND IN LA, George Benson	Warner Bros
7	4	RUNNING ON EMPTY, Jackson Browne	Asylum
8	10	POINT OF KNOW RETURN, Kansas	Kirshner
9	8	NEWS OF THE WORLD, Queen	Elektra
10	9	THE GRAND ILLUSION, Styx	ABM
11	19	JEFFERSON STARSHIP EARTH, Jefferson Starship	Grunst
12	13	WAYLON & WILLIE, Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson	RCA
13	16	BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT, Roberta Flack	Atlantic
14	15	FOOT LOOSE & FANCY FREE, Rod Stewart	Warner Bros
15	12	ALL 'N' ALL, Earth, Wind & Fire	Columbia
16	18	DOUBLE LIVE GONZO, Ted Nugent	Epic
17	17	THANKFUL, Natalie Cole	Capitol
18	14	RUMOURS, Fleetwood Mac	Warner Bros
19	20	STREET PLAYER, Rufus / Chaka Khan	ABC
20	23	BOOTS? PLAYER OF THE YEAR, Bootsy's Band	WB
21	21	THE PLACEBO SYNDROME, Parliament	Casablanca
22	24	HERE AT LAST... LIVE, Bee Gees	RSO
23	26	FRENCH KISS, Bob Welch	Capitol
24	25	FEELS SO GOOD, Chuck Mangione	ABM
25	30	FLOWING RIVERS, Andy Gibb	RSO
26	27	WATERMARK, Art Garfunkel	Columbia
27	28	GOLDEN TIME OF DAY, Maze Featuring Frankie Beverly	Capitol
28	31	WAITING FOR COLUMBUS, Little Feat	Warner Bros
29	29	LONGER FUSE, Dan Hill	20th Century
30	33	STARGARD	MCA
31	34	RAYDIO	Arista
32	38	EXCITABLE BOY, Warren Zevon	Asylum
33	35	TEN YEARS OF GOLD, Kenny Rogers	United Artists
34	39	INFINITY, Journey	Columbia
35	11	LIVE AT THE BIJOU, Grover Washington Jr	Kudu
36	32	MY AIM IS TRUE, Elvis Costello	Columbia
37	41	LIVE, Barry Manilow	Arista
38	40	THE ALBUM, Abba	Atlantic
39	—	SIMPLE DREAMS, Linda Ronstadt	Asylum
40	45	FANTASY LOVE AFFAIR, Peter Brown	Orive
41	42	OUT OF THE BLUE, Electric Light Orchestra	Jet
42	48	HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN, Santa Esmeralda	Casablanca
43	47	CHIC	Atlantic
44	44	CATS ON THE COAST, Sea Level	Capricorn
45	49	PLAYER	RSO
46	50	VAN HALEN	Warner Bros
47	—	BRING IT BACK ALIVE, Outtawa	Arista
48	—	WHEN YOU HEAR LOU, Lou Rawls	Philadelphia International
49	—	EDDIE MONEY	Columbia
50	—	DOWN TWO THEN LEFT, Boz Scaggs	Columbia

OTHER CHART

SINGLES		
1	JOCKO HOMO, Devo	Stiff
2	SUSPECT DEVICE, Stiff Little Fingers	Rigid Digit
3	SHE'S SO MODERN, Boomtown Rats	Ensign
4	SATISFACTION, Devo	Stiff
5	LIFE AFTER LIFE, Alternative TV	Deptford Fun City
6	KU KLUX KLAN, Steel Pulse	Island
7	BRICKFIELD NIGHTS, The Boys	Nems
8	SEX CELLS, Table	Chiswick
9	I'M A BOY, Cyanide	Pye
10	COCAINE IN MY BRAIN, Dillinger	Island
ALBUMS		
1	THIS YEARS MODEL, Elvis Costello	Reder
2	ANOTHER MUSIC IN A DIFFERENT KITCHEN, Buzzcocks	UA
3	ALTERNATIVE CHARTBUSTERS, The Boys	Nems
4	EASTER, Pat Smith	Arista
5	MAN AH WARRIOR, Tapper Zukie	Mer
6	WHITE MUSIC, XTC	Virgin
7	WRECKLESS ERIC,	Stiff
8	BODY LOVE, Klaus Schulze	Import Metronome
9	THREE PIECE CHICKEN & CHIPS, Trinity/Ranking Trevor	Cha Cha
10	999, 999	United Artists

BREAKERS

SHE'S SO MODERN, Boomtown Rats	Ensign
SCOTLAND FOREVER, Sidney Devine	Philly
HAZEL, Maggie Bell	Swan Song
DANCE A LITTLE BIT CLOSER, Charo & Salsoul Orchestra	Salsoul
SUPERNATURE, Carrone	Atlantic
ARIEL, Dean Friedman/Lifesong	BEAT
THEME FROM HONG KONG	BEAT
Richard Denton / Martin Cook	BOC
HEY SENORITA, War	MCA
EGO, Elton John	Rocken
COME TO ME, Ruby Winters	Creole



BOOMTOWN RATS

YESTERYEAR

5 Years Ago (7th April 1973)			
1	3	GET DOWN	Gilbert O'Sullivan
2	1	THE TWELFTH OF NEVER	Donny Osmond
3	7	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn
4	4	POWER TO ALL OUR FRIENDS	Cliff Richard
5	8	I'M A CLOWN/SOME KIND OF A SUMMER	Oavid Cassidy
6	—	TWEEDLE DEE	Little Jimmy Osmond
7	2	CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE	Slade
8	10	NEVER NEVER NEVER	Shirley Bassey
9	13	LOVE TRAIN	The O'Jays
10	9	KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS SONG	Roberta Flack
10 Years Ago (6th April 1968)			
1	1	LADY MADONNA	The Beatles
2	2	DELUHAL	Tom Jones
3	8	CONGRATULATIONS	Cliff Richard
4	3	DOCK OF THE BAY	Otis Redding
5	6	WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong
6	4	CINDERELLA ROCKAFELLER	Esther and Abi Ofarim
7	10	IF I WERE A CARPENTER	The Four Tops
8	5	LEGEND OF XANADU	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich
9	12	STEP INSIDE LOVE	Cilla Black
10	7	ROSIE	Don Partridge
15 Years Ago (6th April 1963)			
1	10	HOW DO YOU DO IT?	Gerry and The Pacemakers
2	4	FROM A JACK TO A KING	Ned Miller
3	2	SUMMER HOLIDAY	Cliff Richard and The Shadows
4	1	FOOT TAPPER	The Shadows
5	3	LIKE I'VE NEVER BEEN GONE	Billy Fury
6	1	SAY WONDERFUL THINGS	Ronnie Carroll
7	9	RHYTHM OF THE RAIN	The Cascades
8	6	CHARMAINE	The Bachelors
9	16	BROWN EYED HANDSOME MAN	Buddy Holly
10	—	THAT'S WHAT LOVE WILL DO	Joe Brown

STAR CHOICE

1	HEARTBREAK HOTEL,	Elvis Presley
2	LOVE ME TENDER,	Elvis Presley
3	TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS,	Otis Redding
4	GOD BLESS THE CHILD,	Belle Holloman
5	TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS,	Kim Weston
6	DESPERADO,	The Eagles
7	LAY, LADY, LAY,	Bob Dylan
8	SHOP AROUND,	Smoke Robinson
9	HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE,	Marvin Gaye
10	HELP ME MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT,	Gladys Knight & The Pips



SUZI QUATRO

UK DISCO

1	1	COME INTO MY HEART, European Connection	TK
2	3	VOYAGE, All Cuts	Merlin
3	2	ROMEO & JULIET, Alec R. Costandinos	Casablanca
4	5	DANCE WITH ME, Peter Brown	Drive
5	4	BIONIC BOOGIE (entire LP), Bionic Boogie	Polydor
6	7	GIMME SOME LOVIN', Kongas	Polydor
7	5	LET'S ALL CHANT, Michael Zager Band	Private Stock
8	14	MACHO MAN, Village People	Casablanca
9	20	IF MY FRIENDS COULD SEE ME NOW / GYPSY LADY,	Linda Clifford
10	10	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN, Eruption	Aniela
11	8	GALAXY, War	MCA
12	11	PLAY WITH ME, Sandy Mercer	H&L
13	16	WEST SIDE STORY, Salsoul Orch	Salsoul
14	9	CHATTANOOGA	Tuxedo Junction
15	13	I FEEL GOOD, Al Green	Hi
16	16	TRUST IN ME, Vicki Sue Robinson	RCA
17	27	RIO DE JANEIRO, Gary Criss	Salsoul
18	12	STAYIN' ALIVE, Bee Gees	RSO
19	18	NIGHT FEVER, Carol Douglas	Midsong
20	17	THE BEAT GOES ON AND ON, Ripple	Salsoul

UK SOUL

1	3	JACK & JILL, Raydio	Arista
2	1	FANTASY, Earth Wind & Fire	CBS
3	2	BIG BLOW, Manu Dibango	Decca
4	4	TIME WILL PASS YOU BY, Toby Legend	TK
5	5	WISHING ON A STAR, Rose Royce	Whitfield
6	—	LET'S ALL CHANT, Michael Zager Band	Private Stock
7	7	TOO HOT TA TROT, Commodores</	

JUICY LUCY



DAVID BOWIE: Travelling man



All about men

MEN!! DON'T they get you sometimes? One minute they're just like big babies, the next minute they're scrapping away like unruly dogs. Honestly my darlings I don't know why we put up with them sometimes. Take the most extraordinary incident concerning the cuddly Paul McCartney and our very own hunk of beefcake Barry Cain last week.

Now as you and I know young Barry is as docile as a sleeping kitten, so it was with utter amazement that your faithful correspondent found him literally foaming at the mouth and stamping his way around our offices. And for why, you may well ask?

"Put your fist where your mouth is McCartney," exploded cuddly Cain, in the rude tones of a Cockney market trader. Well darlings I just had to know more. Remember Barry did an "interview" with Paul's lovely evergreen wife Linda in RECORD MIRROR two weeks ago? That it was cut short? Well Paul apparently read the "feature" that resulted and as they say in the trade was "less than impressed."

In fact so much did the "feature" cast a black cloud over the poor Liverpudlian's day that he stamped around all afternoon in what can only be called a "raging fury". We're grateful to another music paper for revealing the former Fab Four's ire. "I wouldn't mind the snide remarks," McCartney told the Melody Maker, "but it was obviously bottling up inside him. I wouldn't have minded if he'd come out with it but he was so meek. Why didn't he say it then? I would have hit him and he would have got his story."

Our stamping startlet has this to say: "Come out with what? Linda agreed that the interview had just started. Maybe you should have hit me. Then I could have beaten you up

That's the sort of breast beating that makes Lucy proceed to the powder room my dears. Grown men squabbling like children, honestly, whatever next?

Perhaps it was just as well that Paul was angry; otherwise the Melody Maker chappie wouldn't have had much to write about. Another revealing moment in the "interview" runs: — Paul (for it is he): "Isn't there anything you like

the Surrey Advertiser apparently reports that the lively drummer stormed into a pub in Reading and here I quote "demanding of the regulars, 'Is there anywhere sordid I can go?'" Keith, sweetheart that he is, was most amused. Especially as the report concluded: "Moon was apparently recovering from a week in a health farm." Nonsense, darlings, I haven't seen him there for ages.

Lucy has been a bit short of glitter this week — such a disappointment — but despite the bickering, the men have made it all worthwhile. Why, we were treated to peanuts and champagne cocktails at a cinema in the heart of London's West End to celebrate the unveiling of Elton John's new promotional film 'Ego'. We also saw the unveiling of the Watford supporter's new "hair"!

Elton the Pelt didn't actually remove his hat "live" but the film showed the "new hair" in horrendous detail. Did I detect a slight flush on our hero's face when everybody applauded the new coiffure? How terribly impolite of them, dears. But then I could barely resist myself! I'm not one to gossip, but darling, was it really worth it?

Slightly more elegant were the gentleman who make up Valentino who dined me later at what I'm assured is the West End's most elegant French restaurant. Mon cheries, it's so nice to be a lady when one's escorts dress in bow tie and tails and serenade one with song



PETER COOK: Archetypal man

about Wings? MM reporter (for it is he): "Oh yes, lots and lots . . ." Sounds like he'd do quite well in the film that Mecca is rumoured to be interested in making. It's about Rupert Bear and his friends.

On then to a touch of class. My good friend Keith Moon tells me that he has been appearing in the newspapers again. Under the heading of 'Moon's Sordid Search'

throughout the meal. Valentino I'll have an 'Evening In Calais' with you anytime.

Now a few of my closer friends had fun last week at that formerly unfashionable event that has suddenly become the only one to be seen at. Yes, I'm talking about the Eurovision Song Contest heats in London, much as it may surprise you. Of course Coco won, but it was

the party we were all waiting for. First it was drinks at a well appointed hotel, then a lively meal not a million miles from Marble Arch. Here the Ariola top brass celebrated their company's runaway victory. They were joined by an emotional Lea Gray of Mud who aroused the company with a rendition of 'Oh Boy'. I won't tell you the words he sang as young children may be reading.

Here's another man of the moment. Nick Lowe, silly. The poor chap seems to be in such demand these days that he now prefers to hide behind pillars rather than be approached — yet again — with more offers to produce albums. At an excellent Cheap Trick concert at London's Roundhouse on Sunday the former member of Kippington Lodge was looking positively beleaguered.

Sunday's other social event was a good deal closer to what my East

week. The unfortunate musician was apprehended for speeding but a "computer search" revealed that the absent-minded Mancunian had forgotten to pay a parking fine several years earlier. He was detained overnight in the "jug" that once housed Burke and Hare. In the morning he was fined £10. Naughty boy.

On another crime note Marc Bolan's parents have rung to tell me that the deceased popper's memorial plaque — removed by persons unknown from a North London Crematorium last week — is now in the possession of a German fan holidaying in Britain! He confessed to the theft, and also stated he was "one of Marc's greatest fans." Nevertheless Mr and Mrs Feld would like the plaque returned. Richtig?

Almost time for me to be off again. I'll be helping the gorgeous Bryan



BRYAN FERRY: Rugged man

End friends call "the streets". Formerly famous figures from the heyday of punk turned up to watch Patti Smith play, and afterwards watch her eat at a party held in the spacious confines of London's Rock Garden. Ms Patti stalked about with what looked like a shepherd's crook in the company of the Hearbreakers (oh them! — Ed), Phil Lynott, Marianne Faithfull, Paul Simonon, Dave Vanian and the staff of Rough Trade. Although equipment was set up for such an eventuality it wasn't until "extremely late" that the New York poetess was coaxed onto the stage.

To the accompaniment of the excellent Tapper Zukie Band the willowy Ms Smith improvised in that amazing voice of hers — to everyone's delight. She coped extremely well with the dreaded Melyvn Barg on TV the previous night too, I thought.

• Tales of financial horror assault me often but here is one to melt the purse strings, as it were. An ex-member of Slik (no, not Midge Ure, he's a Rich Kid now) has revealed that the group were only paid a mere £50 each a week in their heyday. Now they owe thousands. Poor dears. It's not all rides in Rolls and rodeos in Rio in the glamorous world of pop you know; Lucy could tell you about plenty of groups who only get half that.

Did I hear you say next? Oh yes, the next big thing. Two contenders appear to be the Dave Lewis Band (or the Lew Davis Band as they like to be known) though I still don't know why. And, inevitably, the rise of Tang and the Dreams (Tangerine Dream to you dears) as a "fun" dance band. This is really serious. At 'Portentous' Clark has informed the world — in a press release of extraordinary drollery — that the "fun" element of the stoical German wizards is to be emphasised in future. "There can be no doubt that Tangerine Dream have cosmically amusing elements in their make-up which we feel ought to be revealed," deadpanned the 29-year-old Spanish born Press Officer. If you can hardly wait Lucy certainly can.

Police Five: I was sorry to hear that Chris Thomson, of Cafe Jacques, was incarcerated in Edinburgh's oldest jail the other

Ferry to find a new house this week. Of course that's all that he's in Britain for, and it only remains for me to tearfully bid farewell to the man who opened the column. Yes, sweet peas, Barry Cain is leaving RECORD MIRROR after 20 years of faithful service! Claiming that "I want to be a millionaire by the time I'm 30" the chirpy East Ender has gone off to work in a Greek restaurant. He might even get married to a Greek he tells me.

• The bespectacled wonker that we know as Elvis Costello will no doubt be delighted by this scrap of fan mail printed in a London evening newspaper. "Dear Sir," whined the epistle writer, "As a music lover I can only be profoundly grateful that Elvis Costello (whoever he is) will never be another Presley. One was more than enough. Yours, Reg J. Otter, Shepperton." We at RECORD MIRROR reckon that Tarka probably thinks the same about Reg.

On the credit side Cain's warm seat is to be amply filled by Bev Briggs, who friends tell me is every bit as delightful as your faithful correspondent. HMMMMMMMM.

Join me (and Tangerine Dream) for more "fun" . . . after the break. Byebee.



WARREN MITCHELL: Camping man

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CULT ADD SIX DATES



BLUE OYSTER CULT: heavy ticket demand

IT WAS announced this week that Blue Oyster Cult are to play six more dates in Britain — in addition to their already extensive schedule — due to overwhelming ticket demand.

The American heavy rock band, who feature a unique laser show in their act, return to Britain on May 30 to play: Liverpool Empire May 30, Edinburgh Odeon 31, Newcastle City Hall June 1, Leicester De Montfort Hall 2, Bournemouth Winter Gardens 3, London Hammersmith Odeon 4.

The first leg of Blue Oyster Cult's British tour starts on April 26, and runs through to May 3.

Motors start tour in May

THE MOTORS, whose new single 'Sensation' is released this week, begin a 25-date British tour on May 1. A preceding European tour has been cut back to allow band leader Bram Tchaikovsky to recover from the ruptured eardrum — recently sustained in the recording studio.

The Motors' new album will be released on May 7, entitled 'Approved By The Motors', to coincide with the tour.

Dates read as follows:

Birmingham Town Hall May 1, Cardiff Top Rank 2, Oxford College of Education 3, Bournemouth Village Bowl 4, Cambridge Corn Exchange 5, Malvern Winter Gardens 6, Manchester Ritz 7, Edinburgh Tiffanys 8, Dundee Caird Hall 9, Glasgow Queen



MOTORS

Margaret Union 10, Middlesbrough Town Hall 11, Newcastle Mayfair 12, Bradford University 13, Hemel Hempstead Pavilion 14, Shrewsbury Tiffanys 16, Keele University 17, Coventry Locarno 18, West Runton Pavilion 19, Liverpool Erics 20, Plymouth Castaways 22, Bristol Locarno 23, Bath Pavilion 24, London Lyceum 26, St Albans Civic Hall 27, Croydon Greyhound 28.

Support for all dates will be the Jolt and Marseille.



TWO MEMBERS of the Clash were last week arrested in London after an incident in which they allegedly shot and killed three racing pigeons with an air rifle.

Paul Simonon and Nicky Headon were arrested with three friends in Chalk Farm, London. All five were taken to Brixton prison and later charged with criminal damage at Clerkenwell Magistrates Court, Simonon and Headon were later released on bail and face trial on May 10.

Reportedly, the five were 'practising' with Headon's air rifle on the roof of a studio in Chalk Farm. The three pigeons killed were apparently 'valuable' racing pigeons belonging to the occupier of a neighbouring house who confiscated the gun and an air pistol and called the police.

The police originally objected to bail, but were overruled by the magistrates who decided that the guns used were not illegal. All five, who face a joint charge, must now report to Kentish Town police station every day.

BEE GEES FEVER

THE BEE GEES are to undertake a 50-date concert tour in America this summer under the banner of 'Bee Gees Fever 78'.

'Saturday Night Fever' is still the USA's best-selling album.

Groovies oldies LP — tour starts in May

MAY sees the return to Britain of the near-legendary San Francisco band the Flamin' Groovies. Last year with the Ramones in 1976.

They also release a new album, 'Flamin' Groovies Now', and a single, 'Feel A Whole Lot Better' to coincide with the visit. The single, a cover of the Byrds' song, is backed with 'Paint It Black' and the famous 'Shake Some Action'. The album will include Cliff Richard's 'Move It' and a cover of the Beatles' 'There's A Place', as well as six Groovies' originals.

The group play their first British date on May 10. At press time it was not confirmed whether

this would be in Newcastle or Wolverhampton. The tour then continues with dates at Glasgow Satellite City 11, Aberdeen University 12, Dundee College of Technology 13, St Andrews University 14, Edinburgh Tiffanys 15, Leicester University 16, Manchester Raffles 18 and 19, Sheffield University 20, Leeds Florde Green Hotel 21, Liverpool Erics 22, Birmingham Barbarellas 23, Swansea

Circles 25, Brunel University 26, Essex University 27, Bournemouth Village Bowl 28, Bristol Locarno 30.

Cleethorpes Winter Gardens, June 1, Cambridge Corn Exchange 2, Aylesbury Friars 3, Croydon Greyhound 4, Cardiff Top Rank 6, Brighton Top Rank 7, Plymouth Metro 8, Swindon Brunel Rooms 9, Oxford College of Education 10, London Roundhouse 11.

More Jethro Tull

WITH ALL four London dates on Jethro Tull's upcoming 'Heavy Horses' tour now completely sold out an extra concert has been added to cope with the ticket demand.

Jethro Tull now play London Hammersmith Odeon, on May 11, in addition to the concerts there on May 9 and 10 and the two at the Rainbow on May 7 and 8.

Tickets for the additional concert are available now.

BLACK IS BACK!

Burundi Black the demolition disco smash that's taking off without even air play. Get it. BURUNDI BLACK

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LINDA'S FILM

AN ANIMATION film — based on a composition by Linda McCartney — has been chosen to represent Britain in a short subject competition at this year's Cannes Film Festival.

'The Oriental Nightfish' features music by Linda McCartney and Wings, who also perform the soundtrack.

The film, directed by Ian Emes, was commissioned by Linda last year after she had completed the title song. Both she and Paul McCartney were closely involved in all aspects of the film's production.

Meanwhile Paul has revealed that he would like to work on a full-length animated film about Rupert the Bear.



Modern Lovers surprise concert

JONATHAN RICHMAN and the Modern Lovers are to play a surprise UK concert at Aylesbury Friars on April 22.

The group, currently on tour in Europe, hadn't originally planned the one off concert. But a spokesman told us this week, "Jonathan Richman was very impressed by what he heard about the venue from the Rubinoos, and they decided to slip this one in. There might be another date added later, but nothing is definite yet."

Hackett album

STEVE HACKETT releases his second solo album — and his first since leaving Genesis last year — entitled 'Please Don't Touch' on April 14.

The album, with all the songs written and arranged by Hackett, follows the successful 'Voyage of the Acolyte', released in 1975.

Guest artists playing on the album include Richie Havens, Steve Walsh and Phil Ehart of Kansas. Steve Hackett plays electronic and acoustic guitar, keyboards, percussion and handles most of the vocals.

One track, 'The Voice Of Necam', features 'Necam' the computer, and with 'Carry On Up The Vicarage' Hackett has included a musical tribute to Agatha Christie.

Buzzcocks single

THE NEW Buzzcocks single will be a double A-side featuring 'I Don't Mind' and 'Autonomy'.

The two tracks, both from the current album 'Another Music In A Different Kitchen', are released on April 14.

Edelman dates

AMERICAN singer / songwriter Randy Edelman is to play three British concerts in April as part of a UK promotional tour.

The three dates are Croydon Fairfield Hall April 14, Poole Arts Centre April 21, and London Theatre Royal on April 23. He will also be making TV appearances, including London Weekend's 'Our Show'.

Construction tour

CELEBRATED AMERICAN Disco funk outfit Brass Construction have now finalised their British tour. The 14 piece band play a string of dates in May as part of a European visit.

Support band will be Rokotto.

Dates are: Northants Salon Ballroom May 10, Bournemouth Village Bowl 12, Southgate Royal 13, Chelmsfield Odeon 14, Ipswich Gaumont 15, Hammersmith Odeon 17, Birmingham Barbarella's 18, Colchester ABC 19, West Runton Pavilion 20, Bristol Romeo and Juliet's 22, Brighton Top Rank 23, Peterborough ABC 24, Redcar Coatham Bowl 25, Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom 26, Dunstable California 27, R.A.F. Upper Heyford 28, Blackpool Tiffanys 29, Southend Talk Of The South 30.

• Meanwhile, customers who were unable to buy the 'special' live recording of Greg Kihn and the Rubinoos — available only at their London concert on April 1 — because they had sold out will now be able to obtain a copy. "Not enough copies were pressed," said a spokesman for Beserkely. "But if anybody sends in a ticket stub and a cheque for £1 to us we'll send the record by return of post," he said. The address is Beserkely Records, Kingston, Surrey.

X for Knebworth

JAZZ ROCK outfit Brand X have joined the line up for the Knebworth Festival on June 24, when Genesis and Jefferson Starship top the bill.

Brand X, comprising Peter Robinson (keyboards), Chuck Bergl (drums), Percy Jones (bass), John Goodsall (guitar) and Morris Pert (percussion), are now a full-time band and are to start recording a studio album soon.

TRB rally

THE ANTI - NAZI League, together with Rock Against Racism, have organised a London rally and march on April 30 — to be followed by a concert in Victoria Park, Hackney.

The rally takes place in Trafalgar Square at 11 am. So far the concert will feature the Tom Robinson Band (see Off Centre), Steel Pulse and X-Ray Spex. There are also rumours that Clash may play.

Major Joy

MIDLANDS' GROUP Band Of Joy — whose early line-up included Led Zeppelin members John Bonham and Robert Plant — begin their first extensive British tour this week.

The tour coincides with the release of their debut album 'Joyriders' and dates are as follows: Newcastle City Hall April 7, Glasgow Apollo Centre 8, Aberdeen Capitol Theatre 9, Sheffield City Hall 11, Bradford St Georges Hall 12, Ipswich Gaumont Theatre 13, London Rainbow Theatre 14, Brighton Dome 15, Bristol Colston Hall 16, Portsmouth Guildhall 17, Birmingham Odeon 19, Stoke on Trent Victoria Hall 20,

PRIOR ALBUM AND TOUR

AFTER eight years as lead singer with Steeleye Span, Maddy Prior launches her solo career in May with a new album and a 16 - date concert tour.

The album, written by Maddy Prior, is 'Woman In The Wings'. And immediately after its release on May 7 Maddy goes on the road with a four - piece band which is currently being assembled. The tour includes a prestigious concert at London's Royal Festival Hall.

Full dates are: Derby Assembly Rooms May 12, Wembley Conference Centre 13, Reading Hexagon 17, Birmingham Hippodrome 19, Southport New Theatre 21, Glasgow Theatre Royal 22, Edinburgh Odeon 23, Manchester Apollo 24, Oxford New Theatre 25, London Royal Festival Hall 27, Eastbourne Congress Centre 28, Bournemouth Winter Gardens 31, Croydon Fairfield Halls June 1, Brighton Dome 2, Bristol Colston Hall 3, Bradford St George's Hall 4.



Stranglers album, tour and single

PLANS WERE announced this week for a Stranglers "world tour", which will also include the band's first UK tour in six months.

The Stranglers also release a new single and their third album soon. The single will be 'Nice And Sleazy', set for April 24 release, while the album, entitled 'Black And White' comes out on May 12. Produced by Martin Russett, and recorded earlier this year, 'Black And White' contains mainly new compositions including 'Death And Night And Blood', 'Tank' and 'Hey (Rise Of The Robots)'.

The "world tour" is to take in Canada and Europe (including Iceland and Yugoslavia). British dates are currently being set up for late May and a spokesman this week told us that they would include "two massive London shows".

Manchester Palace Theatre 21, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 22, Croydon Fairfield Hall 23.

Slade again

SLADE CONTINUE their "comeback" with a string of dates in April. These follow their appearance at their Hammersmith Odeon on April 15. Itinerary is: Aberystwyth University 18, Edinburgh University 21, Glasgow University 22, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 24, Coventry Theatre 27, Hull College of Education 28, Plymouth Polytechnic 29, Portsmouth Guildhall 30.

They have, however, cancelled their gig at the Port Talbot Troubadour on April 7.

Gladiators visit

JAMAICAN REGGAE band The Gladiators, who have recently signed to the Front Line label and have a new album out titled 'Proverbial Reggae' are to visit Britain this month.

They will appear at: Brighton Top Rank April 19, London 100 Club 20, London Roxy Theatre (Harlesden) 21, Liverpool Eric's 24, Manchester Elizabeth Rooms 26, West Runton Pavilion 28, Redcar Coatham Bowl 29 and Edinburgh Ital Club 30.

EVITA DECISION

AFTER FOUR months of speculation producer Robert Stigwood has announced who will play the title role in 'Evita' — the £100,000 musical due to open in London on June 21.

She is 26-year-old Elaine Page, whose last appearance was in the musical 'Billy' alongside Michael Crawford.

The announcement follows a four-month search,

after Julie Covington — who sang 'Don't Cry For Me Argentina' from the musical — turned the part down.

Since then stars such as Raquel Welch, Cher, Liza Minnelli and Petula Clark have been rumored to be "interested" in the part.

'Evita', written by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, now finally begins rehearsals with its new 'star' on May 4.

Coco for Paris

THE BRITISH final to find which song will represent Britain in the Eurovision Song Contest in Paris on April 22 was won last week by Coco with 'The Bad Old Days'.

The televised event took place at London's Royal Albert Hall, and was watched by nearly 20 million viewers.

Of the 12 entrants Coco, with their song written by Stephanie de Sykes, were clear winners. Runner-up was 'Don't Bother To Knock' sung by Mid-night. Both groups are on Arloia Records.

At press time reasons for Ellis' decision remained unclear, but he

ELLIS QUILTS VIBRATORS

IN THE week that the Vibrators' second album 'V2' is released, and their single 'Automatic Lover' has entered the Top 30, guitarist John Ellis has quit the band.

At press time reasons for Ellis' decision remained unclear, but he

told RECORD MIRROR that he "wished to work on a valuable collection of rare wax cylinder recordings of speeches made by Neville Chamberlain."

On a more serious note, no replacement has yet been considered.

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'FM' movie album out

A UNIQUE double album - containing the music of some of the biggest current rock acts in the world - is to be released by MCA on April 23.

The album, entitled 'FM', has music from Steely Dan, Linda Ronstadt, the Eagles, Tom Petty, Billy Joel, Queen and Bob Seger and many others.

The title track is a brand new composition from Steely Dan.

'FM' is also the title of a film - based on behind-the-scenes life at an American radio station - which will be released in Britain later in the year. The film features a special concert appearance by Linda Ronstadt.

Real Thing dates

REAL THING, still high in the charts with 'Whenever You Want My Love', have extended their current tour into May.

- They've added another 21 dates up and down the country and these are: Glasgow Tiffanys May 1, Edinburgh Tiffanys 2, Wakefield Tiffanys 3, Norwich Sampson And Hercules 4, Ipswich Gaumont 6, Halesowen Tiffanys 8, Shrewsbury Tiffanys 9, Blackpool Tiffanys 12, Crawley Sports Centre 13, Bristol Locarno 14, Bournemouth Tiffanys 16, Plymouth Castaways 17, Newport Tiffanys 18, Canterbury Odeon 19, Manchester Ritz 21, Burnley Tiffanys 22, Purley Tiffanys 23, Southend Zhigovs 24, Portsmouth Locarno 25, Worcester Brookland Farm 26, Southampton Odeon 29.

Rafferty back on the road

CHART star Gerry Rafferty is to make his first UK concert appearances for nearly two years in June. The singer, currently high in the charts with his single 'Baker Street' and the album 'City To City', hasn't appeared live since his days with Stealers Wheel.

VIRGIN SIGN DEVO

DEVO, the five-man group from Ohio, have not signed to Warner Brothers as reported in Record Mirror two weeks ago. It was announced this week by Virgin Records that Warners had "jumped the gun" and no contract had in fact been signed.

Last week Devo signed with Virgin Records and this time the announcement is "official". The band are at present in America, but hope to return to Britain for a "major" tour soon. An album can be expected shortly.

Meanwhile, British interest in the music of the state of Ohio, USA, continues to grow with the announcement this week that Stiff have signed Akron-based group Jane Aire and the Belvederes to a long-term contract. The six-piece group who share the same "industrial wasteland" background as groups like Devo and Pere Ubu, release their first single 'Yankee Wheels' this week.

For the tour, labelled 'Rafferty City to City', he'll be using a band made up of the same musicians who played on the album. These include Tommy Eyre (keyboards), Gary Taylor (bass), Raphael Ravenscroft (sax) and Liam Genockey (drums). But a second keyboard player and a guitarist have yet to be added.

Support for the tour will be announced shortly.

First date will be Dunstable Queensway Hall on June 1, and the tour continues as follows: Reading Hexagon Theatre June 2, Derby Assembly Rooms 3, Croydon Fairfield Halls 4, Edinburgh Odeon 5, Glasgow City Hall 6, Newcastle City Hall 8, Sheffield City Hall 9, Manchester Apollo 10, London Theatre Royal 11, Birmingham Hippodrome 12, Bristol Colston Hall 14.

Tickets will be available from box offices and usual agents from April 8. Prices outside London range from £2.50 to £1. In London the prices rise to £3, £2.50 and £2.

'Bad girl' coming

AMERICAN "punk" singer Cherry Vanilla is currently preparing a British and European tour to tie in with the release of her first RCA album 'Bad Girl' on April 17.

British dates for the tour haven't yet been finalised but are expected to be in early May, with appearances in all major cities.



DARTS TOUR SOON

THE DARTS are to play an extensive country-wide string of dates in Britain in May and June... and the concerts are likely to be their last appearances in this country until the New Year.

For their first major headlining tour Darts play no less than 32 concerts, including two nights in Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow, London and the Isle of Man.

Immediately after the tour Darts are to visit Europe for a further concert tour, followed by their first visit to America. It's expected that they won't be back in Britain until at least Christmas.

Their British dates, meanwhile, kick off with Portsmouth Guildhall on May 10, and continue with Southampton Odeon May 11, Exeter University 12, Reading Hexagon 14, Bristol Colston Hall 15, Bournemouth Winter Gardens 16, Oxford New Theatre 17, Sheffield City Hall 18, Liverpool Empire

19 and 20, Leicester De Montfort Hall 22, Birmingham Hippodrome 23 and 24, Manchester Free Trade Hall 25, Blackpool Opera House 26, Glasgow Apollo 26 and 27, Aberdeen Capitol 30, Edinburgh Usher Hall 31, Newcastle City Hall June 2, Isle of Man (venue to be announced) 3 and 4, Preston Guildhall 6, Hull City Hall 7, Bradford St Georges Hall 8, Stoke Victoria Hall 9, Norwich Theatre Royal 11, Peterborough ABC 12, Ipswich Odeon 13, Brighton Dome 15, Hammersmith Odeon 17 and 18.

The band, whose first two singles have gone 'gold' and their debut album 'silver', have also set release dates for their new album and a single as a follow-up to 'Come Back My Love'. Although dates have yet to be fixed the new single is available on April 21, with the album due on May 13. Darts are currently completing the album in a London studio.

Climax Blues Band coming

FOLLOWING their recent signing to Warner Brothers the Climax Blues Band are to undertake a British tour in May.

The band, who last toured over here in mid-1977, will be promoting their new album 'Shine

On', which is released on April 21.

The full itinerary reads London Lyceum May 3, Birmingham Hippodrome 4, Lancaster University 5, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 6, Manchester Apollo 7, Sheffield City Hall 8, Cardiff Top Rank 9,

Plymouth Castaways 10, Poole Leisure Centre 11, West Hulton Pavilion 12, Leicester Polytechnic 13, Bristol Hippodrome 14.

Tickets are available now from box offices and usual agents, and in most cases are priced from £2.50 to £1.50.

STIFF TALENT CONTEST

THE NEXT "talent contest" in the series organised by Stiff Records and Chiswick Records has now been set for Manchester Raffles on April 14. 'Stiff Test / Chiswick Challenge' will feature six new bands, and the organisers hope that Mancunian poet John Cooper Clarke will compete the show.

Meanwhile a follow-up to the Manchester event is being planned for Dublin. And Stiff and Chiswick hope to organise an all winners show to mark the end of the series.

Skull Wars second album

THE SECOND album from the 'reformed' Pirates - entitled 'Skull Wars' - is scheduled for release on April 21.

The 12-track album was produced by Vic Malle, and includes 'Johnny B. Goode' and 'I'm Talking About You' (both written by Chuck Berry) and Fats Domino's 'I'm In Love Again', as well as five songs written by the Pirates.

The group are to go out on a major 'Skull Wars' tour to coincide with the release of the new album. Dates and venues will be announced shortly.

Extra 'zoom'

DUE TO heavy ticket demand top American soul group the Commodores will now play an extra concert on their forthcoming tour.

Currently one of America's hottest soul outfits, the Commodores add a third London date at Hammersmith Odeon on April 24.

New band debut

FOREIGNER, Rolling Stone magazine's choice as the 'Best New Band' of 1977, make their British debut appearance at London's Rainbow Theatre on April 27.

The five-piece group includes former Spooky Tooth guitarist Mick Weaver and founder member of King Crimson Ian McDonald.

A special 12in maxi-single 'Feels Like The First Time', 'Cold As Ice' and 'Long Long Way From Home' - three of their American hits - is released by Atlantic the same week as the concert.

Tonight single

TONIGHT follow-up their Top 20 debut single 'Drummer Man', with a new single entitled 'Money'. It was written by band members Chris Turner and Phil Chambon and producer Andy Arthurs, and will appear in a special colour bag on April 21.

The group are also confirmed to play a headlining date at London's Lyceum Theatre on April 19. Tickets, priced at £1.25, are available now.

TOURS

WHIRLWIND: Plymouth Metro April 8, Portsmouth Centre Hotel 7, Brighton New Regent 8, London 100 Club 10, London Roundhouse 15, 16, Redcar Coatham Bowl 21, Leeds University 22, London Hope And Anchor 27, Chelmsford Chancellor Hall 28, Manchester Raffles 29, London Nashville 30, Nottingham Robin Hood May 4.

BRITISH LIONS: Middlesbrough Rock Garden April 7, Rochdale Rock Club 8, Redcar Coatham 9, Liverpool Eric's 10, Bristol Locarno 11, Plymouth Woods 12, Penzance Gardens 13, London Music Machine 14, Birmingham Barbarellas 17.

GARRO'S CELLULOID HEROES: Luton Royal April 7, Swindon Brunel Rooms 11, Milton Keynes College 12, Dudley JB's, Wolverhampton 16, Nottingham Shipley Boat 17, Warrington College 19.

MUSCLES: Newcastle Polytechnic April 7, Burton On Trent Eve's 10, Barton Stacey Bumpers 13, Northampton Nene College 14, Sheffield Limit 15, 16, Norwich Cromwells 27, Reading Technical College 29.

BULLETS: Blackpool Express April 8, Birmingham Golden Eagle 10, Cheltenham Pavilion 14, Birmingham Golden Eagle 17, Bradford College 28.

FRONT: London Nashville April 6, Reading Bryan's Club 7, Leeds F Club 20, London Dingwalls 24, Birmingham Barbarellas 25.

BLACK SLATE: added dates Birmingham Rebeccas April 7, London Music Machine 12, Hull Tiffanys 17, Brighton Top Rank 15, London Nashville 20 and 21, Preston Polytechnic 28, Leicester University 29.

SUPERCHARGE dates are: London Music Machine April 8, Redcar Coatham Bowl 9, London Lyceum 12, Liverpool Eric's 17, Dundee Tech 21, Glasgow Queen Margaret's Union 22, Ashington Regal Cinema 23, Blackpool Jenkinson's Bar 24, Reading Hexagon Civic Centre, 25, London Dingwalls 28, London Nashville Rooms 27, Burton On Trent 28 and Nottingham Boat Club 29.

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Riders of the storms

Genesis have changed again. **ROBIN SMITH** talks to **PHIL COLLINS** to find out what the band are going to do now

After Peter Gabriel left Genesis a demo tape by none other than Nick Lowe was sent in for consideration. Can you imagine the consequences? 'I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass' delivered amidst flashing laser beams and dry ice, the mind boggles. And would those boozey eyes have really fitted in with the clean image of the rest of the band? The world will never know.

"Apart from the tape there was a photograph of Lowe," says Genesis drummer and lead vocalist Phil Collins. "But in the end we decided that I should take over on vocals. I was worried about communicating with an audience. I couldn't go on stage drunk because I might slur my words a bit."

"Hmm, maybe Lowe would have fitted in after all. The bar do drink. But according to Collins, Gabriel used to get pissed after "sniffing at a glass of wine."

Now it's all change time with the band yet again. They're now down to three with the departure of Steve Hackett, the moody looking one with a quiet stamp of guitar playing authority. But, as before, Genesis are riding whatever storms there may have been and Phil's not saying if there were any. The critics have sheathed their knives after mistakenly believing that Gabriel's departure would mean an end to the band. Genesis just seem to be moving on to fresh triumphs and Phil seems to feel that the splits have strengthened the band.

"Well we couldn't afford to lose anymore, but at the same time the band is a very strong unit. Perhaps when you lose people it's a rejuvenation."

Like when you prune a rose to strengthen it.

"Well yes, but the old set up where you had to have a stable four piece band for years on end has gone, times have become more flexible. We have plenty of room to change things."

Old mac

"Steve thought that the group had outlived its usefulness. He was writing more and more but found that we couldn't use all his ideas. He felt that he wanted to branch out from the unit and so he left. We had discussions about it and obviously we wish him well."

But ain't it likely that Steve is going to fade like Peter Gabriel seems to have done?

"Peter hasn't faded he's mixing a new album right now. Not a lot of people know this but we did a gig in France together. He didn't have a percussionist."

"We're still good friends but my stage act is simpler. I don't go in for a lot of costume changes. Some critics may have said 'look there's Peter dressing up again - aren't they being silly' while not looking through to the music. I wear an old mac for 'Robbery Assault and Battery' because it fits in well with my days as the Artful Dodger."

Phil used to be a child actor. He played the part of the Artful Dodger and among his many other triumphs lists a film for kids called 'Calamity The Cow' - wizard stuff about children fighting to win back a stolen cow to enter it for a show. Of course they succeed and the beast gets the rossette.

"It's still doing the rounds in Australia," says Phil. "I'd like to see it. But I always wanted to be a drummer. I had my first kit when I was five so in a way it was in the blood. Drumming is a very natural form of expression, you shouldn't approach it from a text book point of view. You can be technically perfect but at the same time you can have no feel. It's what you put into it."

"You have to have an approach like an athlete. I go training with Queen's Park Rangers, you can come off a tour and then be lazy so that when you get back behind a kit you feel lousy."

"But I do enjoy touring. I remember once in Oklahoma we got to this ghost part of the city, they were leaving it to decay because they were moving out and starting new building work elsewhere. Oklahoma was dead that day, the shops were all shut up and there was tumbleweed blowing down the streets. It was quite a shock after you've listened to that song 'Oklahoma' full of life and hope."

The latest Genesis tour begins with



PHIL COLLINS and his baby and right, as you probably recognise him with beard

a 20 day assault on the States then Europe before crossing the Atlantic. Then again back to Europe for 10 open air, festivals before back to America and rounding the year off nicely with a string of dates in Japan. Gasp! With luck they should be home in time for Christmas.

"We're doing well in America and we're making some money these days," says Phil. "I don't regard American audiences as being frightening, it's just a progression. It's like playing one and then two nights at the Marquee you just build up naturally to your targets."

"We never wanted to do the rounds of a support band in America. We never wanted to get on stage and just do half an hour. A lot of bands were frightened to have us as support because they knew that with our equipment we could have easily blown them off stage. So we played by ourselves and broke new ground."

Gardens also loves 'em.

"We're not trend setters," says Phil. "We built up a following because people can rely on us, that's happened ever since the days we used to do student places. They'd be dancing around and living it up pissed out of their heads."

"We're into melody, some of the songs are surreal and some of them may be haunting black comedy things. But we're not a band that revels in doom, although I have to confess that I have a fascination for it. There's a castle in France where the Germans used to keep Resistance leaders and they've got a museum there showing scenes from prisoner of war camps. In a strange way I suppose that everybody is fascinated by death and man's inhumanity to man. It's like looking at an old grainy photograph of a body on a slab, you feel your eyes drawn to it."

Appropriately a large black cloud just appeared outside the window.

But we pass on to lighter things. The single, 'Follow You Follow Me'.

"It came out of a blow we had," Phil continues. "The blow became improvisation and we got the song. It's good to do things like that, very natural. I think the lyrics have become more direct."

"Some people might say 'Oh yeah Genesis turning out a commercial single,' but we're doing something in three minutes instead of something in 15. The new album 'And Then There Were Three' is more direct than 'Wind And Wuthering' but we don't want people to go around saying Genesis are for ever more going to be turning our shorter songs, we don't want to be put into a bag."



Among the songs on the album are 'Scenes From A Night's Dream' based on a cartoon character called 'Little Nemo'.

"The strip came out in 1906 and was ahead of its time," says Phil. "I used to like Superman but I don't like Marvel's 'The Fantastic Four', I think it's silly."

Also included on the album are 'Deep In The Motherlode' about the goldrush and 'Ballad Of Big' a fantasy song about a US marshall taking a herd of cattle across the plains and getting waylaid by Indians.

"We've packed a lot in. There's 28

minutes of playing time each side. I remember an old Lino's fame album that only had 15."

The sun is shining on cozy suburbia where Phil lives, about two miles as a drunk crow flies from Acton Town tube. The house is large without being gross and the neighbours probably aren't even aware that a star is living in their midst.

"We had some carol singers around here," he recalls. I opened the door and one was wearing a Genesis T-shirt, but she didn't recognise me. "C'est la vie."

Critical

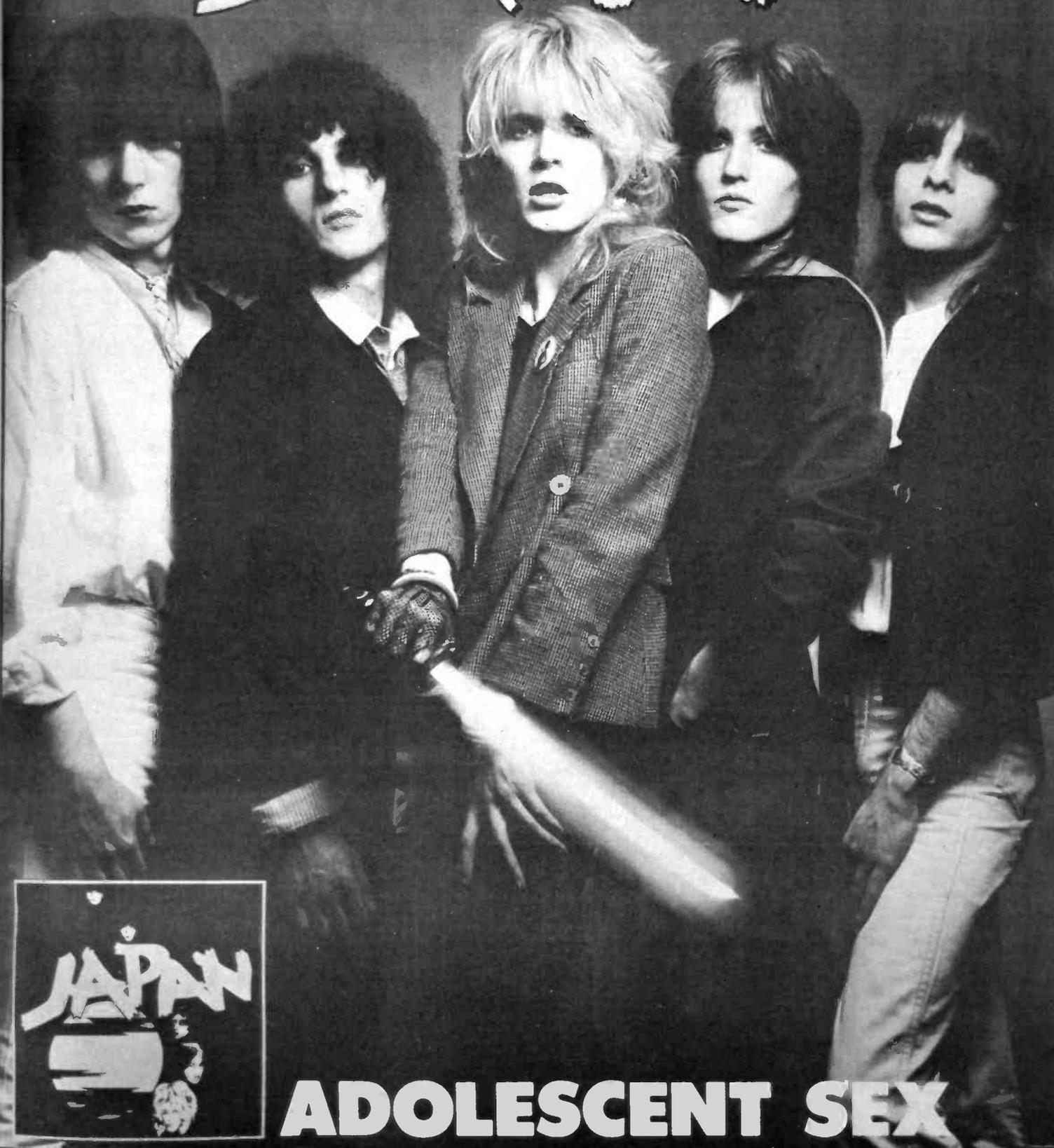
"We do things with class, we're super critical. Some would try and lump us in with ELP or Pink Floyd, but we're not in that bag. ELP tend to be clinically perfect and the Floyd are very mellow."

"Stage effects should always be used to highlight the act not swamp it. In my opinion ELO are using laser beams too often, it takes the surprise out of the act and if you see them all the time it becomes a bit boring. But at certain points in the act they can enhance things nicely. Showco make our stuff and because we tour so often we're their largest account."

With the tons of stuff they cart around it's not surprising then that Genesis were once in debt for more than £20,000, but the audiences have remained faithful. Kids love 'em, students love 'em, professors love 'em and Mrs A. Average of Strovold



JAPAN



ADOLESCENT SEX

A new album out now on ARIOLA/HANSA

SINGLES

Reviewed by
TIM LOTT

First, the good news



Andy Ellison

Need Is A Girl' (Epic EPC 6242) by Sailor is the same old formula, as is 'Wonder Woman' (H&L 6105088) by The Stylistics. And if you think I'm going to review 'Do You Wanna Make Love' by the New Seekers you've got even more screws loose than they have.

Oh dear, I seem to remember the tone of the singles being rather similar to this last time I did them. But they really are just so unbearable. I was going to do a graph to make it more interesting but they wouldn't let me. So struggle on... if you dare. I warn you that there's precious little of any worth, except maybe 'Take Five' by Reggie And The Orchestras, which is a neat little cover of the old Dave Brubeck number. Clever echo with some nice erotic female grunting.

Shuffle

At the other end of the spectrum of taste, listen to 'Boogie Shoes' by KC and the Sunshine Band (TK STKR 0025). In fact I can't (scrritch!). This comes from 'Saturday Night Fever' as does 'Whenever I'm Away From You' by soft shoe shuffle impresario John Travolta (Polydor 2059 005) The A-side is slop, but B-side is not so bad... the man has a nice voice, which nice people are sure to shell out their nice pennies to secure nice fat sales for the old chap.

singles on release this week are either on the market for tax reasons or due to immense and widespread spates of stupidity and bad taste. I list them here and hope with all my wooden heart they plummet into dignified obscurity.

The rest

CHRIS READ: 'Fool' (If You Think It's Over) (Magnet MAG 111)

FRANK POURCEL: 'Close Encounters Of The Third Kind' (EMI 2772)

NATIONAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA: 'Princess Lola's Theme' (RCA RB 9222)

GOLDIE: 'Making Up Again' (Bronze Bro 50)

DREW McCULLOCH: 'Anne Marie' (Polydor 2059 976)

RORY BLOCK: 'Feelings Cannot Lie' (Chrysalis CHS 2215) +

JAPAN: 'Don't Rain On My Parade' (Ariola AHA 510) +

+ Actually these two aren't that bad, but I only found them just now so I got to fit them in somewhere.

RAM AND TAM: 'Maybe' (Hawk Records)

WAR: 'Hey Senorita' (MCA 359)

THESE FLEDGLING labels are the bane and the saviour of good music whatever that is.

This week the pits and the treetops spring from independents. Mostly, though, it's the pits. Last year's fun is this year's long, long yawn.

But first, as singles critics are prone to utter apologetically, the good news. Precious little though there is.

'Sea Cruise' on Ted Carroll's Chiswick label is like so much jewel dust in a plethora of soot. It's by Frankie Ford, and I suppose it's a bit of a sad reflection on This Moment In Music that it's twenty years old. Crackly and real raw meat, it delivers like no 84 track computer ever could. If some monkey got hold of it nowadays - unless he was Robert Gordon - there'd probably be fruitless strings, polished up vocals and great wedges of technology thrusting ugly edges in all over the place. As it is, 'Sea Cruise' is magical simplicity, propelled only by Ford's glasspaper vocal delivery and a rasping brass blast.

Also from Chiswick this year's model: Radio Stars with their follow up to 'Nervous Wreck', 'From A Rabbit' (Chiswick NS 30-A). I wasn't that keen on 'Wreck' but this is so much better. Not what anyone would call an immortal song, but it has heart in the right places. Motorish double lead vocals and almost obscured saxophone.

Laughable

And that, consumers, is that, except for the only EP by Californian punk band called Permanent Wave. Of the four numbers, two are more or less laughable, sounding exactly like you'd expect a bunch of surf boy bezos to sound when they take a break from anything so alien as punk. But curiously enough, 'Radar' and

'Space Age Rock Queen' are quite enjoying in their banality. 'Space Age Rock Queen' particularly is something close to very kitsch Bowie, gross but at least interesting.

Which is more than can be said for 'Crazy Paving' by The Billy Karloff Band. Billy Karloff is in fact John Osborne, a very nice bloke who used to dress up in women's clothing and play with a band called Streamliner. Some of the stuff he did then was good fun, but this stinks of last year's thing, or even the year before's. Glurk, is all I have to say.

Glurk

And glurk, too, is the only possible way to describe the new Alternative TV single, 'Life After Life', (Deptford Fun City). It's an absolutely unbelievably poor attempt at roots reggae which is almost worth a giggle. Mark Perry's pen may not be mightier than his vocal chords, but at least it's quieter. Someone ought to let them know that reggae is more than a woofer shattering bass. The piano is a mistake and the 'B' side, 'Life After Dub' is clumsy and dumb.

The other three labels to release singles this week have come up with similarly weak product. Beggars Banquet, one of the least inspired of the small labels, have come up with possibly their limpest offering so far with 'That's Too Bad' (Beg 6-A) by Tubeway Army which is strictly limited three-or-four-chord-and-a-yell stuff. More straightforward punk from The Outcasts on the IT label. It's called 'Frustration' (IT 4) and the chaps on the cover look like prize dorks. Finally 'Only Death Is

Fatal' (Big Bear 13) by Garbos Celluloid Heroes is frantic waste material with that high pitched clipped screeched so popular among idiots who don't have the faintest idea what THEY'RE DOING.

The 'overground' labels - the difference being that the key figures all wear suits and aftershave instead of leathers and

Count). 'This Ya Sound' is notable for some neat muted horns, and is altogether superior to the rather bland Diamonds (formerly the Mighty Diamonds) who have always bored me. The Motors single is rather top heavy, lumbering, likeable. I find their vocals strangely annoying, but the guitar/bass fuelling compensates.

5566) is 'Sorry I'm A Lady' part three. Emmylou Harris is sappy, ancient rock 'n' roll, which is monumentally uninteresting. It's called 'I Ain't Living Long Like This' (K 17193) and, in commercial terms, I hope she's write.

The only chanteuse out of the lot showing a bit of spirit is the angelic Joan Armatrading who has nevertheless had one of her more spineless songs chosen for release, 'Warm Love' (A&M 7346).

Mud

There are names that are, and there are names that will be, but a spattering of mud this week from artists who have been and who never will again. The Jacksons which is self-damnation by a once-great soul group. 'Music's Takin' Over' (Epic EPC 6283) is overproduced under-inspired disco sound-tracking. Alan Price, who I still get hopelessly confused with George Fame for reasons that now escape me, has abandoned his Jarrow Boy image for a suave ladies man persona. Being rather ugly, he fails, and there's certainly nothing to redeem him on the musical front.

'Just For You' (Jet UP 38338) is further evidence of his long and embarrassing deterioration. I never rated him much, even at his peak. The Brothers Johnson have a profoundly irritating record out as well, 'Love Is', (A&M 7345) which is probably very enjoyable if you are old and brainless. More has-beens: 'All I



Bonnie Tyler

drooping mouth- corners - scarcely fare any better. The best of the bunch - as per usual - is Virgin Records. They have three singles out this week, 'Sensation' (VS 306) by The Motors, 'Sweet Lady' (VS 206) by The Diamonds and 'This Ya Sound' (Virgin Front Line FLA 103) by Jah Lloyd the Black Lion. Jah Lloyd is the famous Welsh Rugby player who scored a top in my charts last year with 'Banking Skank' (Deposit I-



Jenny Daren

Snort hiss snort hiss snorthiss wha... good heavens it's the new single by Sty that wakens me from my deep and dreamless slumber. Would that I could take refuge in the land of nod again, but it's simply too loud, pompous garbage with frills... chest hat breast beat beer swill 'teard armpit moofath-rock.

And if you should still retain the remotest interest, well see a doctor and write this down; 'Fooling Yourself' (Angry Young Man) (AMS 7343).

Achievement

Dick James Music Records have come up with their most interesting release for a long time with Jenny Daren's 'Ladykiller' (DJS 1089). That's not to say that it's any masterpiece, but I do like it, which is something of a debut achievement for DJM. The backing is fairly pedestrian, but Jenny has a split of vitriol in her lungs that burns. The remainder of the

STARGARD: 'Loving Is So Easy' (MCA) (Special award for grinness)

RITA WRIGHT: 'Love Is All You Need' (UP 38382)

CAMEO: 'It's Serious' (Casablanca Can 121)

Valentino: 'An Evening In Calais' (Ariola AHA 508)

DON GIBSON: 'Starting All Over Again' (DJM DJS 1087 47)

J VINCENT EDWARDS: 'Oh Sweet Baby' (Eye 76057)

DAVID PARTON: 'Street Fight' (Pye 46057)

BRIAN BENNET: 'Feedulum Force' (DJM DJS 1084 3)

FIVER: 'When You Walk In The Room' (Mercury 6006 010)

FERGUS: 'Footloose' And 'Fancy Free' (Roadcrest Bond 1)

LIPSTIQUE: 'Wenus' (Ensign Eny 12)

REBEL FORCE BAND: 'Living In These Star Wars' (Lightning LIG 1)



Whilst the music business reflects the continuing lowering moral standards of the world and glorifies the depraved sexual exploits of its so-called stars, it gives Albion Records great pleasure to introduce a clean living young artist who takes pride in being normal and singing in tune.

*Ladies & Gentlemen
IAN GOMM R.S.V.P.*

IAN GOMM

COME ON B/W DARKEST NIGHT



*Rocking Son of a Viking Princess

ION 1

OFF CENTRE

Edited by TIM LOTT

OTTERS IS A BIT UPSET - WHEN A JOB HE HAS TO GET!



US HACKS at RECORD MIRROR often get lengthy, expensive and completely boring pieces of paper turning up on our desks telling the unutterably tedious story of some 'new Beatles' cruds, or maybe giving the seam on a new wave Harry Belafonte.

These 'biogs' as they're known all have one thing in common, their immediate destination, that is, the wastepaper bin. But the chaps at Polydor, god rest their souls (is that right? — Ed) have come up with a biography that is actually readable. It's called 'The Otters Story' and comes in the form of an eight page comic written by John Orway's girlfriend. It traces Orway's rather less than meteoric rise to fame, from schooldays, to dustbin collecting, through his meeting with Wild Willy Barratt, their sacking from Track Records and their eventual signing with Polydor. It won't ever replace 'The Beano', but I'd rather read it than listen to one of his albums anyway.

The fan that changed Tony Visconti's mind

THE MARC Bolan memorial album, out this week, was produced by Tony Visconti. It's not only Visconti's way of paying tribute to the artist he worked with so closely, it's an offering to the fans Bolan left behind. In fact, it was thanks to one particular fan that this album owes its release. Visconti told me how this happened. "I went to Marc's funeral with my wife Mary," said Tony, "and really it was almost a travesty. A couple of hundred fans were outside crying, but many of them had brought cameras and autograph books with them and I was disgusted that they should do this at Marc's funeral. I know that I'll never attend a cremation again, after seeing that. Kids were going up to Rod



Stewart and asking for his autograph and I really felt like punching a couple of them. "Anyway, this kid came up to me and I was just going to let him have

it, but he spoke to me before I could say anything. He said 'Are you Tony Visconti?' Then I'd just like to thank you for helping to make Marc's music so great'. And he shook my hand.

That's when I decided to find the tape of 'The Children Of Ram' and release it, because of the fans. "I have thousands of tapes at home, but I knew it was there somewhere, so I found it. It was really just a demo he made in my front room, his performance was very low key. I didn't want to do a big production on it, so I've just hinted at what it might have been. It would have been cheeky of me to have put in the instrumental passages. I had a lot of notes and a lot of memories about what Marc wanted done. It's a lovely work." Visconti also has a personal 8mm cine film of Bolan and the lads at the Chateau, which he hopes he will be able to show sometime in the future. — ROBALIND RUSSELL

NEXT WEEK: Win the Bolan album

Join the fight against the front

TOM ROBINSON would very probably be pigeonholed as a "trendy lefty" by disparaging right-wing newspapers. Whatever, Robinson has a conscience, and one that won't leave him be. When he played London's Music Machine last week he apologised for the high entry fee and informed the audience that a proportion of the proceeds was going to 'Battered Wives Home' and 'Rock Against Racism'.

And last Thursday he was on his righteous hobby horse again, this time speaking at a press conference to promote the upcoming Rock Against Racism / Anti-Nazi League carnival.

The Carnival, which will take place on April 30, will start off in Trafalgar Square with speeches by leading left-wing figures. Then Tom Robinson, Steel Pulse and X-Ray Spex will lead the expected multitudes — an estimated 10-15,000 souls — to Victoria Park for an afternoon's music and celebration.

The significance of the April 30 date is that it comes four days before the local elections, at which a frightening 1,500



National-Front candidates will be standing.

"The reason that musicians should not ignore rock against Racism is because rock musicians owe a great debt to black people — specifically the oppressed blacks in America," said

Robinson. "There has always been an interaction between black and white music, especially in rock 'n' roll. It is untenable to go along with the sort of attitudes expressed by Rod Stewart, Eric Clapton and David Bowie." Robinson was referring

to Eric Clapton's fond comments at a concert some years back in which he came out in support of Enoch Powell. Rod Stewart has also expressed support for Enoch Powell, and Bowie is still being misunderstood for his "Hitler" quotes in 1976.

"For the cynical among you," continues Robinson, "we realise that we're getting publicity out of this carnival as well. "In the end all that counts is that you have got to be seen to do it. We know why we do it, and that's all that matters."

"The image of the anti-nazis in a lot of people's minds is brick-throwing in Lewisham. This time we feel it's important to combat something as nasty and slimy as fascism in a happy and uplifting way."

The march, obviously, is doubling as a political rally, but anyone who doesn't feel committed enough to come and listen to the speech making is welcome to come and hear the bands later on in the afternoon in Victoria Park. Meanwhile, that raised fist that is the TRB symbol seems to be showing no signs of the sell-out leprosy. Rod Saunders of Rock Against Racism sums up the motivations of the march: "The Carnival is for people who love music and hate racism." ● STOP PRESS: The Clash may now also appear.



THE LORD OF FUN

JESUS CHRIST a Time Lord?

Depending on how many episodes of Dr Who or Blake's Seven you've seen, this presumption — the dominant theme in a new rock musical 'The Time Lord' at the Overground Theatre, Kingston — makes sense or nonsense of the whole production. David Soames and Jeff Daniel have written a fantasy full of time warps, musical flashbacks and youthful pleas for decency and jolly good fun. (Remember we're in Kingston, Surrey, not Kingston, Jamaica).

And jolly good fun it was too, especially for the pre-pubescent set who squealed for more. Though the script and lyrics shared the same anachronistic flavour — dwelling mainly on hip talk from the sixties even to the tottering 'Sock it to me' — there is plenty to keep the eyes and ears engaged. For instance there's the heroine Anna (cooler than Leela but hotter than Leia). Looking as chic as Sunday colour supp dollie, Kathy Meryck bops through both acts blinking through a hefty bunch of curls and warbling waveringly but winningly.

Anna and her band are first seen singing in the Sam D Paul's Club when a burst of Eno type music serves to transport them to the High Court Room of the Universe on a far-flung

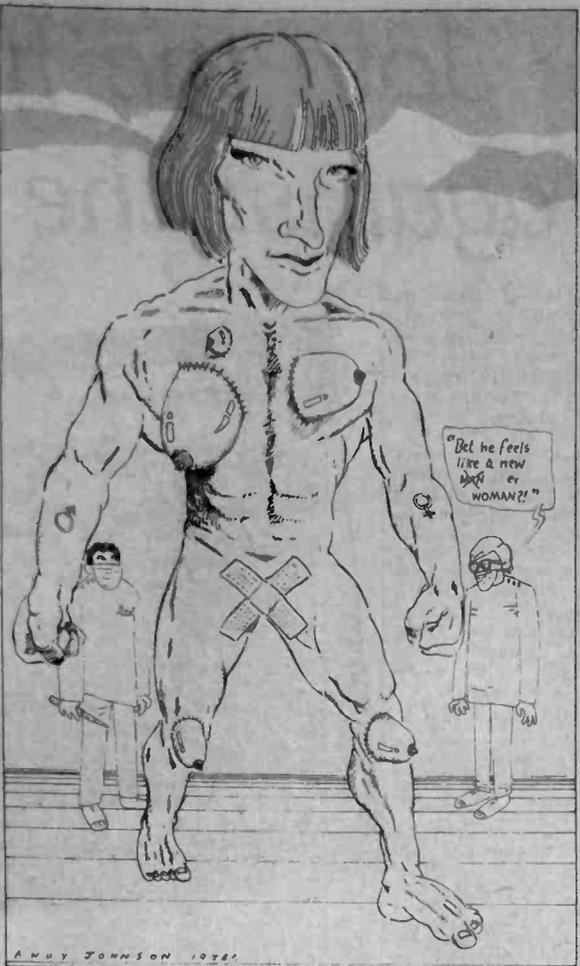
asteroid. If that sounds silly, she is then required to defend planet Earth against the threat of termination brought about by man's poor record in mutual co-operation.

But why Anna and her fellas? One for dazzling entrance of a hunk of intergalactic funk: Captain Ebony, played by Regy Talbot who managed to upstage everybody in sight with a mere twitch of his hips. Black he may be, and a space pirate too, but his soul's in the right place — somewhere between Motown and reggae. That's why he chose Anna and friends rather than Ted Heath and his pals; a choice much frowned on by the resident Time Lord, Melchisedec (David Baxi). They make a strong line-up: Ebony in black, Melchisedec in white, Anna in the middle, and three judges dropping and she - la - ia - ia behind them.

The music is best in the complete steel numbers where likenesses to The Darts, Status Quo and Bob Marley were, I'm sure, purely intentional.

The other 20 numbers varied little in their inept clumsiness though some were cuter than others. Still, anyone who saw the appalling ITV production of the rock opera 'Orion' over Christmas will be no stranger to the low standard already set in this play. JOHN WISHART

Wayne and the splice of life



CASTRATION IS not a topic commonly discussed by men. The thought of losing their manhood is a fate too terrible to contemplate. But to American singer Wayne County, it's a treasured dream, a fate to be embraced with heartfelt enthusiasm. Because Wayne, born a boy, wants to be a girl.

I talked to him about his life long ambition in his Soho flat. He lives above a massage parlour and shares his hallway with a lady of the night, who also apparently does a roaring trade in the day.

I dived in the doorway quickly, before anyone noticed, and bumped into a nervous little gent who was waiting outside "Verna's" door. He eyed me speculatively, possibly under the impression that I was Verna's partner, so I hastily rang Wayne's doorbell. No answer. I rang again, more urgently, as the little man took his hands out of his raincoat pockets and moved towards me. I hammered on the door frantically and at last Wayne opened it.

Despite the warm weather, he was still wearing his famous woolly hat. He explained that he feels

secure in it, having worn wigs for so long and gotten used to the feeling of having his head covered. Also, he still has a masculine hairline, natural in a man of 27 years, and he thinks it detracts from his looks. His growing breasts show plainly under his T-shirt, a sight that cheers him enormously.

Wayne was born and raised in Georgia, and indeed talks like President Carter with a slight, but attractive, lisp.

"I didn't have a little boyhood," he told me, "I had a little girlhood. But the older I got the more difficult it became. My mother always knew and was very good. My father used to get mad and scream at my mother, because he expected me to play with boys' toys.

"At one time, I did try out for the football team, but I lasted less than 10 minutes. I came from a very small town and people did talk and referred to me as a cissy boy, but I had very little trouble."

Wayne arrived in Britain via New York where he lived for many years. He feels safe in London, not

threatened by people who don't understand transsexuals. Because Wayne is a transsexual, quite different from a homosexual. It's precisely this difference that makes it so difficult for him to form relationships. He needs to find a straight man who wants him as a woman, not a man who wants another man. Confusing, until you get the hang of it, so to speak.

"I'm also a very jealous and possessive person," said Wayne. "And I mother my boyfriends to death. I have a very motherly instinct and would love to have children."

This last dream however, will never be realised. Wayne will be for the chop as soon as he raises enough money to pay for the operation - that may be another couple of years - but clever as the surgeons are, he'll never be a mother.

The cost of the op will be in the region of £3000, but his first priority is to have a nose job. A streamlined nose will help him look more feminine. And for the time being, Wayne's mostly concerned about the bits that show. **ROBIN THE FLESH**

Eurovision reggae awards

LAST SATURDAY night at the Astra Cinema in Stoke Newington a milestone in the history of British reggae took place. The 1977 Black Echoes Reggae awards were presented for the first time. A poll of over 200 overwhelmingly voted Marumbi as the top ranking English reggae band. Not only did they win the best band award they won

individual awards for the best drummer, best keyboard, and bass and their mastermind Denis Bovell won best rhythm guitarist. Before you gasp in amazement on this monopoly think about the fact that they also won the best single of 1977 with their fabulous version of Dylan's 'Man In Me'. They also played at the awards though the bad planning and lateness of

the hour meant that the electricity was turned off after about four numbers. Best Female Group was 15-16-17. Best Male Singer was Delroy Washington. Best Disco 45 was 'Easy' by Jimmy Lindsey. The evening was in the great tradition of English reggae events, a bit of a farce, a half full cold cinema in Stoke Newington so not the

scintillating venue that it could have been. Next year it is going to be in the West End and hopefully much better organised. Still 1977 was one of the best years for reggae music in England for a long long time and Black Echoes had done a good job in promoting some of the best music you could ever hope to hear. 1978 is going to be great. **GEOFF TRAVIS**



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SHEILA PROPHET talks to the rock star who has just become a TV star but who over the years has worn many faces — as our photo gallery reveals

SUZI WHO?

HEY FELLAS. Who's your current fave rave sex symbol? Debbie Harry? Anna from Abba? Kate Bush?

Or is it... Suzi Quatro? No? No. I thought not. I've always had this sneaking admiration for Suzi Quatro. Not for her music particularly — her singles, both old and new, have merely been re-reads of well-worn Chinn Chapman formulas, and the only live gig of hers that I've so far witnessed, a truly horrendous, ear-shattering affair in London last year, did nothing to convert me. No, it was Suzi herself I liked. Way back in the glam-rocking days of '73, when women were women and men were covered in silver foil and sequins, Suzi broke the rules. That raucous voice, the aggressive bass-playing, the careless, shaggy hairstyle, the clean, scrubbed no make-up look. The tom-boy who refused to act fem for the spotlight.

Five years on, she's still more or less unique. Somewhere along the way, there was one abortive attempt at an image change, where she had her hair permed: "I did it without a second thought — I'm like that, I'm a Gemini. Then when I got home, I thought, 'Oh shit' — I hated it! I'd never do that again. It takes too long for it to grow out."

So now Suzi is back to her original, tomboy style. As she says, in a job where a girl's best friends are still her tits: "I guess I'm fortunate in that I never had any."

Having been involved in music since she was 14, Suzi's well aware of the average male's attitude to girl singers, but these days she can afford to dismiss it.

"Sure, men will always look at a girl's tits first — you'll never change them. But who would want to change them? Where would we be without them?"

"I used to have a chip on my shoulder about being a girl, about being the only bass-playing girl in the business, but my attitude towards myself changed when I was about 18 or 19. I think that once you treat yourself with respect, other people will too."

"Success and having hits helped a lot. I mean, if you're onstage, and people see you taking a 20-minute bass solo, they can hardly come out saying you can't play bass."

"Unfortunately, the newcomers still have to take the stick. But I hope it is getting easier. When I started, I was hoping that I could open up the doors for women, that I could maybe take all the crap and prevent others from getting it. If I have made it easier for anyone, I'd be proud."

One girl group, Suzi seems to have



JANE FONDA



MARIANNE FAITHFULL



ELVIS COSTELLO



DIANE KEATON

influenced are the Runaways. "Joan Jett's been a fan of mine for about four years now. She used to hang around in hotel lobbies, wearing the same jacket as me, and I'd think, 'How sweet'. Then someone told me my biggest fan had formed her own group, and I saw a photo of the Runaways, and there were five girls, all with my haircut!"

"I first met the group out in Japan. They're nice girls. Nice kids. That's how I think of them — as kids. They're just starting out. In fact, when I start talking to them, or have a drink with them, I start to get all motherly towards them, and start warning them about the pitfalls they have to avoid. They probably get really pissed off — they probably think, 'Who the hell does she think she is?' But I can't help giving out advice, especially when I've had a drink."

Pitfalls. Pitfalls like... "Pitfalls like letting the critics get to you. Artists, being artists tend to be sensitive people, and they can take things to heart. Something like a bad review can ruin your life for a week if you let it."

"I'm glad you brought up the subject of bad reviews because... I wish I hadn't mentioned it now. The new single, 'If You Can't Give Me Love' sounds exactly Smokie."

"I don't think it sounds Smokieish. I don't sing anything like Chris Norman — I wish I did. I have a very nasal voice. I think that if people didn't know it was written by Chinn and Chapman, the com-

parison wouldn't come up."

But surely most people don't know that—

"They do, because they say it on the radio all the time. They say, 'Suzi Quatro's new single, written by the same people who write for Smokie'. It was the same years ago — they used to say 'written by the same people who write for Mud and Sweet'. Comparisons are inevitable if you have the same songwriters."

Suzi has been with the two C's longer than almost any act now, and she says they're all 'best of friends'. I have heard dark mutterings from groups who've left Chinn Chapman stable about the songwriters exerting undue influence on their careers, but according to Suzi, she has no such problems.

"Oh no, never. I'm not that kind of an artist. It's always been 50/50 with us. We've always had a good relationship — we respect each other."

Her relationship with RAK is apparently equally blissful: "I don't have an over-commitment to the company. They're right for me. I knew it when I first met Mickie Most. I have this nerve that runs up my backbone — God gave me it. It twitches when things are right. When I met Mickie, it twitched. It was the same when I met my husband Len."

"I think most people have that twitch, it's just a question of whether you listen to it."

Oh yes, Suzi's husband, Len. (Tuckey, guitarist with her band). Why did you get married, Suzi?

"We'd been together 24 hours a day since 1972, and it just seemed the right thing to do. I always knew I would marry him, we always meant to get married, but we never had time. So one day we had the time, so we said let's go and do it. And I can recommend it to anyone who's in love."

Suzi and Len are currently living in domestic bliss somewhere out in Essex. Although she originally hails from the States, she's now settled over here, and says she wouldn't want to live anywhere else.

This you might think would cause problems since Suzi's career is now very much based in California. She goes back there in September to make seven more episodes of 'Happy Days': this time as co-star with



FIRST LADY



MARIA SPAGHETTI

Henry Winkler. (The Fonz to you and me).

What's the Fonz like, Suzi? "He's a very nice bloke. He was very helpful to me." Oh. Shame. No scandal there.

Suzi's involvement with 'Happy Days' began when she was asked to guest on three shows. "From there it just escalated. They asked me back to do six more as guest star, and then they asked me to co-star on seven more, and then at the same time they asked if I'd come back and do a show of my own."

"My own show will be similar to 'Happy Days' — light situation comedy, but it'll probably be set in the sixties, instead of the fifties. I'll be acting with maybe a couple of songs thrown in every week."

"I always wanted to act, and I think if you want to do something hard enough, you have a pretty good chance of success. I was waiting for something good: I thought I might as well debut in something I can really get involved in."

Suzi's achievement on 'Happy Days' seems all the more surprising when she tells you she'd never acted before the auditions for the show, and she'd never had any lessons.

"No I wouldn't like to take lessons for the same reason that I wouldn't take singing lessons. I think that what people like about me is my naturalness, and if I had lessons, they might take that away."

"The only thing I'd ever done that came close to acting was in my English exam at school, when I had to read the 'Friends' Roman and Countrymen' speech out in class. That got me through the English exam — I got through with a C minus, but if I hadn't done it, I would've failed."

"I think I got it from my mother — she used to make up fictitious books and write about them in her English exams. She always got away with it, too. She's thrilled about 'Happy Days' — it made her the star at the beauty shop for three days!"

So, having already conquered the stage (she'll be back on the road in Britain for a short tour this month) and the small screen (look out for more 'Happy Days' appearances in May) it looks as if Suzi only has the big screen to go now.

Would you like to be a movie star, Suzi?

"Yeah, I'd love to make a movie. Something completely different. I'll tell you what part I'd like to play — I'd like to be a bank robber. I've always fancied being a bank robber. There's always been a connection between rock 'n' roll and crime — it's the same sort of feeling of being against society."

"The trouble is that you might get caught for robbing banks, but if you just do it in a movie, you can be sure of getting away with it!"



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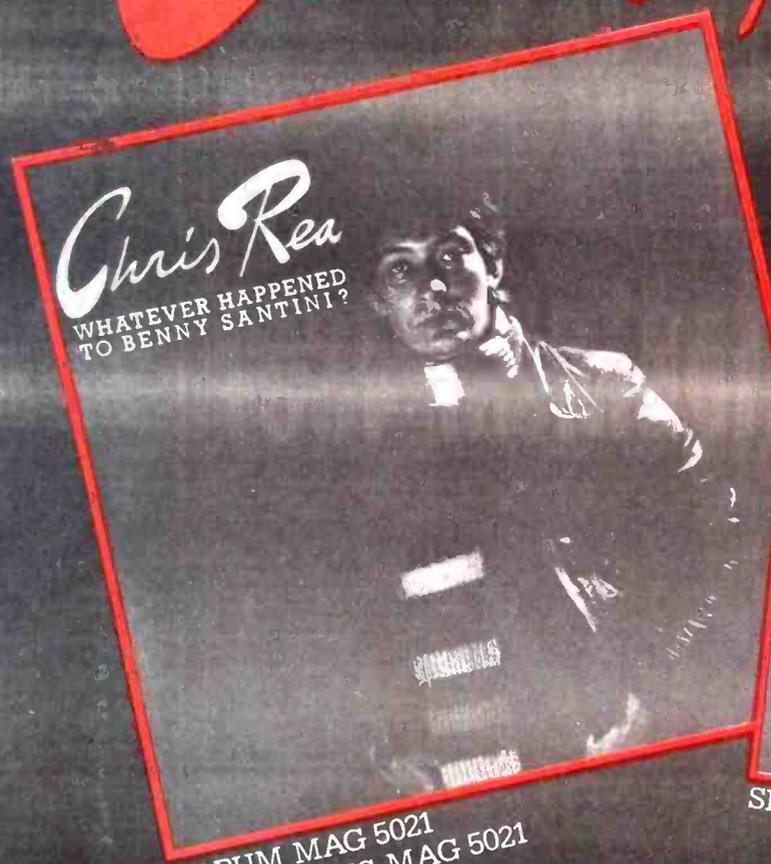
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ALBUMS

TELE WITH NO VISION

Are Garland and Tom letting it all slip away?

**GARLAND JEFFERIES: 'One Eyed Jack' (A&M AMLH 64681)
TELEVISION: 'Adventure' (Elektra K52072)**

WHY IS a Garland like a TV or what . . . went . . . wrong or have these been Siamese twinned for any purpose?
Well yes.

Both are out of New York, the city we all fall over our critical shoe-laces to adore. Both turned up trumps last year: Jefferies with 'Ghost Writer' and Television with 'Marquee Moon'.

Both Tom Verlaine and Garland Jefferies have twofers.

Both have flunked out. This is a very discouraging thing for me to have to do. Build them UP knock them DOWN build them UP knock them DOWN but . . . but it's no fault of mine, my ears are as good as anybody's. It's the inspirational bricks, the creative mortar that's lacking here. Something has rotted, something has declined. I hope it isn't too permanent, because it is definitely serious.

To puncture Television first: 'Adventure' is not at all what the title would want you to believe. Rather, it's a retreat from the sinewed, chilly approach so mystical and profound on 'Marquee Moon'. The menace, that menace that made you shiver, has gone, disappeared, slipped away like so much jelly.

What we've got here is Tommy Throw It Up And Hope For The Best.

HEEEY you guys. I know what those in Britain like about us. Let's try it again. I scammed the formula. A few replica guitar runs, that we didn't have room to use on 'Marquee Moon'. And they really go for those throaty vocal raps. Let's make it a downer, but tart it up a bit so it sells more.

'Adventure' has hardly any inspiration, hardly any at all. It is a collection of leftovers, creative leftovers from last years' train of thought.

Even leftover can be quite succulent, and so are these, sometimes. 'Foxhole' has some

Quicksilver guitar that affects thought patterns in a way that convinces me I would be premature in writing off Television just because of this one mistake. It sounds like a cross between Neil Young and John Cippolina, but that doesn't negate it. I like it like I respond to some of 'The Fire' in its frozen glory, and the wiry soloing on 'Ain't That Nothing'.

You should note that those occasional saving graces are snatches from songs, instrumental snatches. Because there isn't one cut that - of itself - isn't disappointing to some degree.

It's still leftovers, snappy as some of them are. The movement isn't forwards or even sideways but slightly backwards. Verlaine's vocals, without the strength that good material leads has become a whine. Instead of a naked-soul workout. It annoys me, every pained inflexion, every taut croak. This is all a dreadful shame, God knows it is. Television, even if they haven't thrown it all away, have loosened their grip dangerously.

Much of it would be essentially MORE were it not for Verlaine's lack of a classically good voice. But the instrumental thrust on 'Carried Away' is so mundane it would scarcely be out of place as incidental music to 'Crossroads'.

'Adventure' is softened-up music, a pasteurised piece of plastic. It has lots of what are meant to pass as nice harmonies on it that just DON'T FIT.

I think what Tom has done is: stuck to what he thinks is the selling formula: le tough guitar and parched vocals but he's either attempted to popularise by diluting it or he is simply bereft of interesting ideas. Either way, I genuinely hope that what we have here - and what we have here is unhealthy in case I haven't made it clearly - is only transitory.

To a point, Garland



TOM VERLAINE of Television

Jefferies has fallen prey to the same malaise. It doesn't seem so severe, but then since Jefferies was always more 'accessible' in the first place maybe it doesn't show so much.

If Verlaine has replaced angst with mush then Jefferies has substituted his New York anger for West Coast fatality. 'One Eyed Jack' is benign rather than bitter, milk for vitriol. There's none of the knuckle of, say, 'Wild In The Streets' or 'Why-O', just putty flesh, soft and superfluous.

The sax on 'Keep On Tryin' (even the title reeks of slop) must be a reject from a Gallagher and Lyle album. The brass lines on 'Reeling' sound like recycled, and recycled again Chicago. Jefferies voice is still an effective instrument, but the material isn't there to wrap itself around.

I can only imagine that 'One Eyed Jack' was made on the advice of Garland's accountant following the lousy sales of the last one. And taking into account the American appetite for castrated art, he's probably made a very good decision. No doubt the AM radio producers will love it.

Personally I hope with all my heart that all these pathetic thrashings-around in search of 'acceptance' full miserably and ignominiously. Then maybe both Jefferies and Verlaine will regain some of that ingredient they've so nonchalantly thrown out the window. I'm talking about spirit now, and without that you're nothing, nothing at all. Neither of these albums show the slightest trace of it, and it pisses me off no end. + + + + + (between them) TIM LOTT



THE OUTLAWS: 'Bring It Back Alive' (Darty 5)

EVERY GIRL loves an outlaw. None of your wimpy teen idols here. Not a spot, a blow wave or a pair of smart trousers between them. Six products of a lifetime's shredded wheat, exuding a tough virility through each hairy chest, rippling muscle and masculine bulge (and I'm not referring to their beer gulls).

And I know what you're going to say next. That they're just another Southern boogie band. Another Lynyrd Skynyrd. More Allman Brothers revamps. Of course there are comparisons. They can probably notch up similar scores on beer consumption, hangovers and fun times to the detriment of their hotel rooms. And they too emulate the Allman Bros' idea of two duelling lead guitarists. Stop. Similarly ends here.

The Outlaws are different. Their sound is altogether more integrated. Raunchy but relaxed and happy. They don't take themselves seriously.

'Bring It Back Alive' showcases their studio material. It's probably their best album because a band like this is always at their peak playing 'live' and with a few beers

inside them. The sound is tight because they are. The vocals are richer for being a little slurred. No-one's off on their own little trip; they're all on the same bus.

The best numbers are 'Holiday', 'Hurry Sundown' and 'There Goes Another Love Song'. Side four comprises the 20-minute opus 'Green Grass And High Tides'. This is dedicated to Lynyrd Skynyrd and contains a rather tedious drum solo. That aside, it's great practice fodder for a young boy and his cricket bat.

Every girl should have an Outlaw. I'd like to buy all six. + + + + MARY ANN ELLIS



TANGERINE DREAM: 'Cyclone' (Virgin V208)

'TANGERINE DREAM are the most boring band in the world,' he screamed yet again from the dark castle in which they'd imprisoned him to review the album. He was fed with stale bread for an entire day while they forced him to listen to two sides of exquisite ear torture. The album comes packaged in suitably sombre artwork and sounds equally gloomy. After two tracks you want to slash your wrists in despair and frustration as dirge follows plodding dirge. Please lemme outa here. + ROBIN SMITH

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ALBUMS

No trouble for Frankie



FRANKIE MILLER: ecstasy and pain

FRANKIE MILLER: 'Double Trouble' (Chrysalis CHR 1174)

THE GREAT advantage of listening to Frankie on record is that you don't have to suffer the embarrassment of seeing him make a fool of himself, stumbling around the stage, singing the same song three times. The bottle plays no part in the recording of his album - or if it does, it's been edited out, so that only the good effects are left.

He starts off with a cracker - 'Have You Seen Me Lately Joan'. I've never really drawn much comparison between his voice and Rod Stewart's (it's always been too obvious a parallel) but on this song, it's too marked to ignore. They strive for the notes in exactly the same way, reaching and stretching until they hit the high that stands them apart from any other white, British singer. Apart from that,

they usually sing quite different kinds of songs, so comparisons don't count. But I do think this song is a Miller classic and leads in with one of the best intros I've heard in a long time. I'm in love with it.

There's less emphasis (I felt) this time on piano and more on brass, so there's more of a swing to AWP type jazz rock and a bit less boogie. Either way, he and the band build up their layers of heavy duty rock with heart stopping emotion. I'm amazed at the way Frankie manages to maintain a cohesion between each album despite changing the band as often as he changes his mind, but that brings it all down to Frankie's tenacious strength of character.

Even songs which he didn't write (or co-write) like 'Stubborn Kind Of Fellow' or 'Goodnight Sweetheart' have the indelible Miller stamp on them. Especially the

latter which is sung so much from the heart you know Frankie has made the words his own.

His bands have always been controlled in their playing, but the joy of the album is hearing Frankie's own control - something that wavers on live performances. I've only heard this a few times, but I haven't much doubt that it'll be as treasured as all his other albums are to me. You can't hear Frankie's ecstasy and pain without being affected by it. Well, you might if you were going to be really minging, but I'd think you were daff. If nothing else, listen to 'Have You Seen Me - Lately Joan'. + + + + + ROSALIND RUSSELL

CARL PERKINS: 'Ol' Blue Suede's Back' (Jet ATV 30146)

THANKS to a timely exhumation at the Wembley Country Festival two years ago one of the original 50's rockabilly legends is now back in recording action. And 'Ol' Blue Suede's Back' - the title reminder that it was he who wrote the song that was to do so much for Elvis Presley - presents the Rockin' Guitar Man reverentially rolling down the highways of history.

Which is to say the album, which is more or less Perkins' 'Comeback', is more genteel than

gritty, more a venerable and personalised rock 'n' roll 'revival' than a red-hot blockbuster. This is Perkins the singer and guitarist selecting his rock 'n' roll favourites, and giving them a contemporary feel. With the wealth of Perkins' own songs available that might not have been the wisest move.

Still it's worth a look at the action Carl re-runs his own 'Blue Suede Shoes' and slips in a new composition 'Rock On Around The World' for good measure. The rest reads pretty safe ground. Bill Haley's 'Rock Around The Clock', Little Richard Penniman's 'Tutti Frutti', Jerry Lee's 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On', Gene Vincent's 'Be Bop A Lula' and so on. Get the picture?

One of Elvis Presley's former producers, the renowned Felton Jarvis, has handled production, giving Perkins a full, if again too safe, backing. And while the voice quality is unique - his Tennessee drawl is more 'countryified', as is individual as Presley's - Perkins hasn't decided whether to opt for mature smoothness (in which case the songs would have had to be different) or a spirited bash at reliving some of the raw vitality of an earlier era, his own (in which case the attitude would have had to be different).

What comes out is a affectionate, pleasant and neatly turned out rock 'n' roll. That's all. Sadly, with a 'legend' and a musical career as impressive as his it's hard not to expect more.

Perhaps his own brilliant, and many often

forgotten, songs would have fitted the fitted the bill better? + + + JOHN SHEARLAW



GREG KIHN: 'Next Of Kihn' (BSEK 13)

SALSOUL ORCHESTRA: 'Up The Yellow Brick Road' (Salsoul SSSLP 1504)

SOME good things have come out of the Salsoul label (Bunny Sigler) and Orchestra (initially) on a singles level, but this first album falls to live up to that early promise.

True, Vincent Montana Jr and the boys kick off brightly with a strong, bouncy 'Ease On Down The Road' including some attractive Manhattan Transfer-type vocals and some excellent solos from vibes, trombone and flute.

However, the majority of the album consists of such verdigris gems as 'Medley From West Side Story', which is crass in extreme and a free ride for both arranger and DJ (a 20-minute kip for both, while the world dutifully humps and grinds to the relentless hustle). With a Latin/salsa content of around two per cent, this kind of stuff has been churned out to saturation point for years now, and the odd touches of real inspiration become positively ironic. + + LIN-NET EVANS

I SUPPOSE they had to use that title sometime.

Along with the Rubinoos, Greg Kihn is Beserkley's best commercial prospect. Forget that quirky, folksy image: forget the acquired taste of Jonathan Richmond: this is straightforward power pop at its best. I was a sucker for the pretty melodies on Greg's first two albums, but this time they've got some meat behind them. 'Secret Meetings', for example could have been just a pretty pop song, but with the help of his band, Greg's turned it into a killer rock number. It's probably the best track on the album, but 'Everybody Else' and the jolly 'Museum' aren't far behind.

This man simply can't fail: he really does have something for everyone. Have a listen: better still, have several. You'll be hooked. + + + + SHEILA PROPHET.

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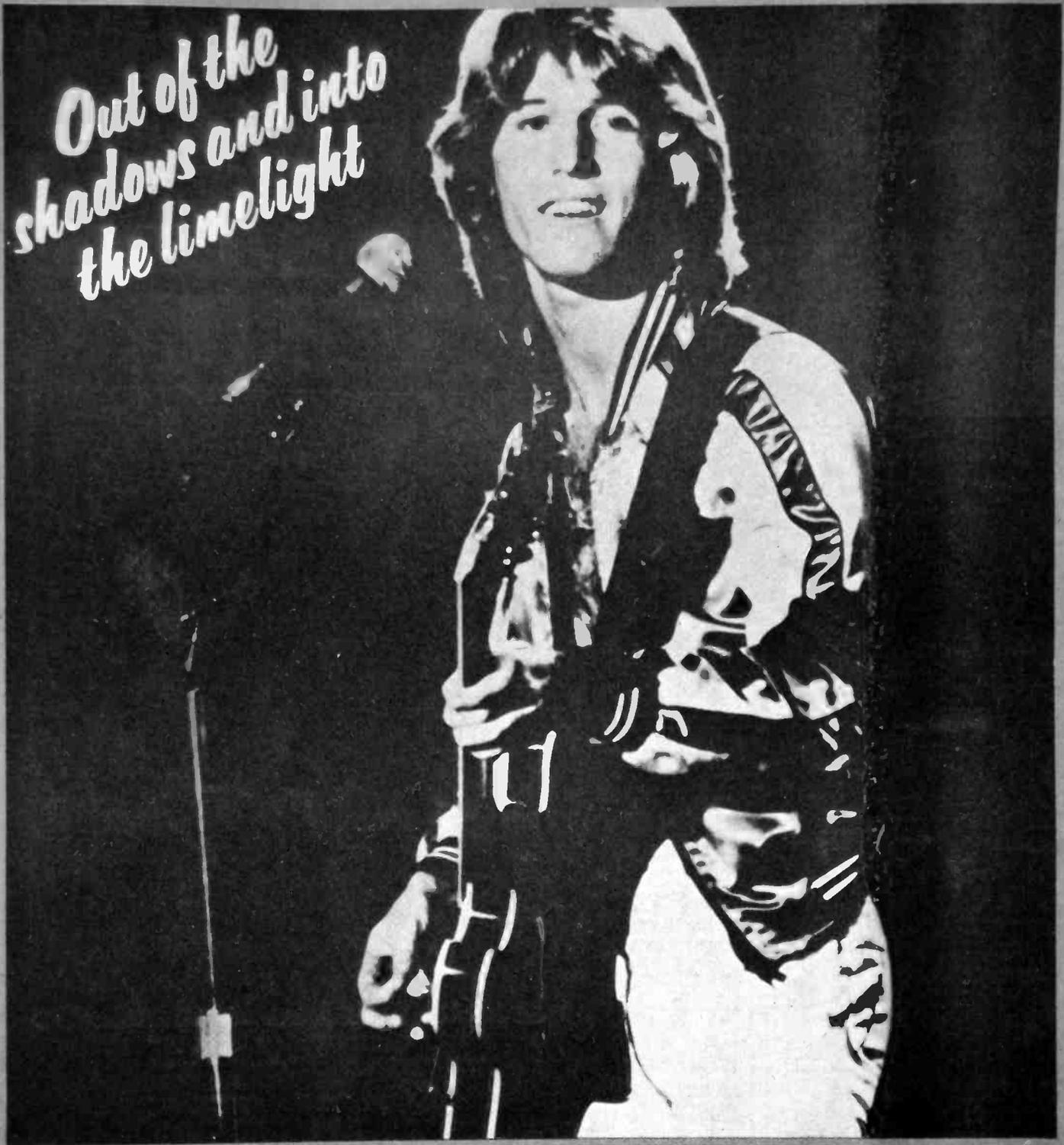
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ALBUMS

Bolan's long good bye

MARC BOLAN: 'Marc. The Words And Music Of Marc Bolan 1947-1977' (Cube HI FLD 1-2)

I CAN see the point of bringing out 'The Children Of Rarn Suite' because it's a piece that Bolan always talked about doing. I can't see the point of making it part of a double album set of mostly already released material, unless it was thought that the 'Suite' wouldn't be a big enough seller and make lots of money on its own.

As a piece of music, it represents Bolan's early ideas, his own Lord Of The Rings, a medieval fantasy. As far as production goes, you have to know that it is built around a rough recording Bolan did in Tony Visconti's front room on a two track tape. The rest was added later by Visconti, who has rather hesitantly coloured in the unfinished picture, in the way he thought Bolan would have done himself. I found it awkward trying to catch Bolan's spoken introduction to each part of the 'Suite' as they seem to be recorded at a much lower level than the music. You have to listen hard, or you'll miss him.

In retrospect, I don't know if Bolan would ever have released the 'Rarn Suite' because it's so dated, well, so different from the funky and far from faerie stuff he was playing later. I was glad of the opportunity to hear it, but it's not the way I remember him best.

For the rest of the album: it included 'One Inch Rock', 'Ride A White Swan', 'Debora' and more recent, 'Jeepster' and 'Get It On'. Didn't the record company have enough faith in the 'Suite'? Rather than pad it out with all the better safe than sorry lagging, I'd have put the 'Suite' on an EP. This is a long way from the definitive Bolan album, and I hope it won't be the last goodbye. +++ ROSALIND RUSSELL



VOYAGE: 'Voyage' (GTO GTL 0930)

NOW THAT John Travolta is flaunting his buttocks across the world's big screens every Tom, Dick or Francois has twigged that there is gold in them that disco rhythms. I say Francois because with names like Marc Chantereau and Pierre Alain Dahan in their line-up I presume that Voyage are froggies. And these four guys seem to be trying to do for France what Silver Connection and the Maroder / Bellotte partnership did for Germany.

The only difference is that Voyage have failed.

From beginning to end the dull formula consists of hefty drumbeat and other less prominent accoutrements. The effect produced is little more than a group of half-hearted musicians putting up a token resistance against an all-powerful rhythm machine. For instance there was I waiting for the seemingly endless first track to finish when the record player switches itself off. You've guessed it, they're supposed to have played three tracks and I haven't even noticed.

Side two is even worse, with 'Scots Village' - a sort of Andrea True Connection meets 'Mull Of Kintyre' - just downright unbearable.

The seven tracks exhibit about as much imagination as a hard boiled egg, only are more difficult to digest.

If you want to preserve your sanity, do not touch with a 10 foot barge pole. + STEVE GORDON



MARC BOLAN: the way you remember him?



CHERRY VANILLA: 'Bad Girl' (RCA PL 25122)

I WISH I could be more complimentary about Cherry Vanilla's album, because I think she has a lot of front and a good voice. The problem lies with the songs - half baked for the most part - and the band, which only seems to collide in concert occasionally, and then more by accident than design.

Through most of the album, they bumble along ineffectually, providing a mediocre backing for Cherry's efforts. The only time they showed any kind of cohesive quality was in the very familiar riff of 'The Punk', and that only because it sounded so like 'In The City' / 'Holidays In The Sun'. Perhaps their hearts weren't in the songs. And I can't really blame them for that, as I thought these were a big let down. There were a lot of unfinished ideas, themes that could have been put to better use, or expended. I wish she'd hung on, thrown out a few of the meanderings and waited until the message had become clearer.

As it is, we've got an awful lot of musical sketches, none of which come to fruition as fully fledged portraits. I hope later albums show more definition. ++ ROSALIND RUSSELL

THE CIMARONS: 'Live' (Polydor 2383 489)

IN MANY ways an unexpected surprise. In many ways something of a disappointment.

The Cimarons, after a well-respected ten years in reggae in both Britain and Jamaica - session men, back-up band, recording artists in their own right - took the plunge this year and signed to Polydor. The company, no doubt fired by a mounting enthusiasm for reggae, did well to snap up one of the lightest and brightest outfits around.

But it's a sure bet that their first studio album for the label - currently being recorded in Britain - is going to blow 'Live' away. It's a fair indication of the treats in store, but even comparing 'Harder Than The Rock' in the studio single version with the live cut

on the album tells the story.

It was a good gig - at the Roundhouse some time last autumn in fact - and one of many as good that the Cimarons have played over the last four years or so. But . . .

If enthusiasm and happy abandon could come out of loud speakers in this case I'm sure it would. For everyone at the concert there won't have been a problem. But it doesn't button down on record, away from the ganja-filled sweat pit . . . you see?

Unfair, you say, to expect a rap-'em-dead live album first off? No, it just doesn't bridge the gap. It's meant too. By cutting light and loose smoochie into the music centre. But take in frequent supplies of black coffee and No Doze in case the slobbering fades to snoring. Nothing I've

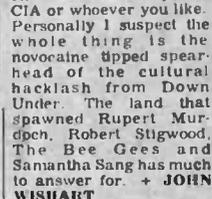
room with 'atmosphere' or 'feel' - call it what you will. 'Not charged' might be a better description.

So, Polydor presents. Too quickly in my opinion 'Of Ship Ahoy', 'Ethiopia' and 'Reggae Rhapsody' there'll be more of the same liss. Wait for the studio album. For then the chorus will really begin. ++ JOHN SHEARLAW



TAVARES: 'Future Bound' (EMI EA-ST 117911719)

A BAD value record if ever there was one. Only just over half an hour all told. Who's complaining. Tavares managed to churn out some of the most danceable gunk on the market. But why bother with eight tracks when just one or two would provide much the same effect. The infuriating truth about 1978 is that pop like this is going from strength to strength (the album contains the track from Saturday Night Fever 'More Than A Woman' and their hit single 'The Ghost Of Love'). Blame it on Motown. Philly the CIA or whoever you like. Personally I suspect the whole thing is the novocaine tipped spearhead of the cultural backlash from Down Under. The land that spawned Rupert Murdoch, Robert Stigwood, The Bee Gees and Samantha Sang has much to answer for. ++ JOHN WISHART



STARZ: 'Attention Shoppers!' (Capitol E ST 11730)



MANHATTANS: 'There's No Good In Goodbye' (CBS 82567)

CLEAR THE front room for a kissing marathon and slip this 10 track smoochie onto the music centre. But take in frequent supplies of black coffee and No Doze in case the slobbering fades to snoring. Nothing I've

heard recently can match this album in the reprocessing of a recent hit department. But that in hardly a crime in this case since I've already forgotten the hit in question 'Kiss And Say Goodbye'. There are no surprises, that is unless you get off on bathos, in which case you'll be thrilled to know that there is not a single disco track.

Just the expected amalgam of satin finished moon - June ditties bogged down seductively in uniformly bland arrangements. Can't fault the lead vocals of Gerry Austin, though. Now there's a voice to make a bird shed her feathers in delightfully indecent haste.

But we who like a guffaw or two per side (how lamentably rare these have become) there are two Isaac Hayes style spoken intros in the much loved tradition of True Romances. After which, the music swells but the pulse grows faint as four dressed - to - kill dudes proceed to foul up your system with last year's treacle. ++ JOHN WISHART

THERE'S a track on this album called 'X Ray Spex', but don't get excited: it isn't a tribute to Poly's myriad charms, it's just a boring little ditty with a chorus that goes 'I can see through you! They're nothing if not predictable.

Starz, you might recall, are the bunch who brought you that immortal epic, 'Fool The Plug'. This time round, they don't even have bad taste to make them interesting. This album is just dull. Dull, dull, DULL.

There's one track that just about sums things up: 'Don't Think'. It's a message to every American kid who likes this sort of thing. Don't think, don't criticise, just let the mindless muzak wash over you. Fortunately, we're British, we've still got brains, and we haven't descended to this level yet. Attention shoppers: this is not a bargain buy. ++ SHEILA PROPHET.



THE CIMARONS: treats in store

Earth
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cradle of
the mind.
But one
cannot
live in the
cradle
forever.

KE Tsiolkovsky

Earth
is the new
album
from
Jefferson
Starship.



Record: FL12515
Cassette: FK12515

RCA

Jefferson Starship: Earth
Includes the single, 'Count On Me' FB1196

And it's
going to
rock a lot
of cradles.

Rock filly

ROBIN SMITH gets hot and bothered waiting for SHEILA B. DEVOTION

TALLEZ vous? Je suis tres bon. No that doesn't sound right. Quelle heure et till?

No that won't do either. Shit, or rather merde. No. What was it Collette the 21-year-old French au pair used to teach me? Soixante neuf? No I don't think that's really applicable here either. Ah, Collette. What sweet memories she evokes in her short black uniform with black suspenders that used to snap so delightfully under your fingers. The delicious smell of Chanel No 5 that aroused my pubescent longings as I passed her open bedroom door. She'd be sitting in front of the mirror brushing her long black hair, semi-transparent negligee concealing her ample treasures.

"Mon cherie amour," she whispered into my dandruff laden hair one night after we'd watched 'Crossroads'. I knew that I could restrain myself no longer. The moon glowed in the sky over Amelia Avenue as we slipped into each OTHER'S arms. Pulses raced in the primeval ritual of torrid passion as our bodies closed together in the sweet rhythm of love. Flesh against flesh, until like waves crashing against the shore it was over. Lying together in the moonlight we nibbled each other fondly until

at last we slept. In the morning the sap was to rise again and was to continue for many days and nights until she went home.

Snapped out of my dreams by Sheila B. Devotion, pacing around the floor murmuring that she must have some Cafe.

You mean coffee? "Yes I've only been speaking English for seven months, so excuse me. Speak slowly and I'll be able to understand."

Sheila - the name doesn't sound very French - is guilty of turning out a disco version of 'Singin' In The Rain', originally performed by Gene Kelly (ask your parents who he was).

"Ah Gene Kelly, he is great dancer," she says. "But the life of a dancer is hard you know, I do four hours dancing a day. But I enjoy work, I enjoy it so much that I never have time to think about whether I am getting tired. At the moment it seems that I am caught between planes all the time."

"I have tried not to copy Gene Kelly on the record. It was just a good song that we thought we'd try. I love



the disco, I love to see people moving around on a dance floor. It is very nice. I will have an album out but I don't want to talk about it because it might bring bad luck.

"I think it's really important that you really feel the song you are singing. You have to be really involved in the song to bring out what it's trying to say."

You mean like Edith Piaf?

"Ah, Piaf, she was really good. She lived her songs and could get across many feelings. But there is such a lot of catastrophe in the world today that you must make a means of escape for people so that they can come out and enjoy themselves. From time to time people must get away from it all. I like London people I think they look very smart and they are so more relaxed than French people. They are not so easily excited, they keep cool. That is often very good and London people are very friendly."

"I would like to tour here sometime but your life shouldn't be full of

plans, you should live each day first."

Sheila was born in Paris, the daughter of street traders. As the sun rose above Notre Dame, the sleepy pigeons ruffled their feathers in Montmartre and the gay cafes opened for early morning business she'd be laying out sweets and cakes for sale.

"Ah, it is difficult convincing people that they should buy when they don't want to," she says. "It is an art and it teaches you how to deal with people. But I had a dream that I wanted to dance and sing. Even from my earliest days, that's what I really wanted to know. I feel like an ant."

Yuh what?

"I mean, they are very strong creatures and they know what they want. They do things deliberately and with great skill. I don't want to be like a pigeon fluttering around. I want to see things clearly."

In France and in most other places in Europe, excluding Blyth, Sheila can't go out without being surrounded by fans.

"It is nice when they

stop in the car and wave at you," she continued. "But sometimes when I want to be ordinary and go out shopping it can be a problem. I live in the country in a house with a park and every Sunday there are lots of cars parked outside with people coming to see me. But if I want to get away, then I just go into a room, close the door and shut myself off from everybody else. I need that from time to time."

Sheila was a mate of Claude Francois, who electrocuted himself in the bath.

"I cannot accept that he is dead," she says. "I don't think anybody in France can. The scenes at the funeral - phew there was so much sadness. He was a real and true friend. We started our careers about the same time and he was like a brother."

"Only a little time before we had been on a television show together so it was a great shock to hear that he is gone. But think of destiny, not long ago someone came at him with a gun and he was very nearly blown up by a bomb. But he had a good life, like me he always seemed to be working."

"It will take a long time for the whole of France to recover. His death affected everyone in the country."

And were you one of the ludicrous numbers of women he's reputed to have made love to?

"Pardon?"

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SEX, DRUGS AND



ROCK 'n' ROLL

When SID VICIOUS was at the height of fame with the Sex Pistols, he was supporting an £80 a day heroin habit. His fix cost £40 and he had to find the same again for his American girlfriend NANCY SPUNGEN. Here they talk to ROSALIND RUSSELL about the hell they lived through and how they kicked the habit. Their first night of sex together. Sid's overdose and why he quit the band. Now, as they say, read on, over page . . .

Sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll

WHEN SID Vicious was at the height of his notoriety with the Sex Pistols, he was supporting an £80 a day heroin habit.

As the Pistols were — as they are now — on a wage of £60 a week, the frantic hustle for money became more desperate as the days went by. Not only had Sid to find the necessary £40 for his own fix, he had to find the same for his girlfriend, American dancer Nancy Spungen, who was also addicted.

And all the time he begged and borrowed, he knew that time was running out. That the more addicted he became to the drug, the more he'd have to step up the dose as he gradually became immune to the smaller amounts. By the time he stepped off the merry go round of no hope, he was injecting two grams a day.

"We used to ride around in cabs for hours, trying to raise the money," Sid told me. "We had to blag it from everywhere, sometimes from Virgin Records. It was very difficult getting that much money. Then we had to find a contact who could sell us the smack. And if he didn't have any, we'd have to go on to the next."

"It's the worst pain in the world. One minute you feel hot, so you take some clothes off, and the next you're freezing and you'd have to put them all back on again. Sometimes we'd just inject cold water, just to get the buzz of seeing the blood and the

off all the wrapping paper just like a little kid."

Sid and Nancy are devoted to each other and it's hard to see how either of them would survive without the other to lean on and support. Although Nancy maintains she doesn't just want to be known as "Sid's old lady" and that they're definitely NOT getting married, she is eager for confirmation that they are a well suited couple. However the rest of the world might view Sid Vicious, to Nancy he's perfect, sweet and kind. They live in a dream of their own, protecting each other from harm, either real or imaginary.

SCENE ONE

But over lunch at a London restaurant, they both told me they didn't expect to live for very long, even though they have conquered their drug problem.

"I'll die before I'm very old," prophesied Sid. "I don't know why, I just have this feeling. There have been plenty of other times I've nearly died."

"I've saved his life lots of times, and nothing to do with drugs," claimed Nancy.

"When?" asked Sid. Nancy leaned over the table and whispered. They decided against telling me the details.

"I'll kill myself as soon as the first wrinkle appears," declared Nancy. "I don't want to lose my looks."

Nancy rearranged her mass of blonde curly hair. She's only five foot one, but well put together. She comes from a wealthy family, but was packed off to a boarding school for problem rich kids when she was 11 years old. She claims she went to New York when she was 16 and made her living by doing exotic dancing. How exotic?

"With no clothes on," she admitted candidly.

She met Sid in a gay punk club just over a year ago and the couple have been inseparable ever since. During lunch the fondled each other under the table and stopped eating every now and again to kiss and cuddle. Nancy ordered Sid's food for him, but had to cajole him into eating anything, by saying that if he didn't eat, then she wouldn't either.

In the end, Nancy managed to put away quite a bit of lunch (she's been sick recently and had hardly eaten for two weeks) but the most Sid could manage was a small salad and a sweet. He's mad about sweet things and would probably live off chocolates if he wasn't persuaded to eat other food.

"Haven't they got any peppermint schnapps?" asked Sid. "I really like that, I drink two bottles of it a day in the States. I also drank a bottle of mescala, including the worm they put in the bottom."

But Nancy is controlling Sid's drinking too, until he's in better health.

"Don't you think I'm looking better?" asked Sid.

I don't know because I've never met him before. All I know is that

When they decided to break the addiction, Nancy was accepted for a programme of methadone treatment. Methadone is a drug which blocks heroin and takes away the high, and as Nancy says, it buys you time to sort yourself out. Sid opted for the other way. He tried to come straight off heroin without any other treatment, but it resulted in so much pain, he eventually had to give in and join Nancy on the programme. Now both are "clean" and fighting for survival without the threat of addiction and early death, hanging over them.

"I got Sid on the programme when he came back from the States," said Nancy. "John Rotten used to laugh at him, saying 'what are you fixing now?' That's the cruelest thing you can say to someone who's trying to come off. But you just can't do cold turkey by yourself. Fixing was almost sexual, almost orgasmic, but it was awful."

Sid used to phone me from wherever he was and I knew the pain he was in. On Christmas night, I was so worried about him, I took a cab to Leicester with all his Christmas presents, a shirt and a camera I'd bought for him and some other things. He wasn't expecting me, but when I arrived, he was so pleased to see me, and he just ripped



"When I was in America, I went up to this bloke in a car to ask directions," said Sid. "But he wound up his window and drove away. And then when I went to talk to a bunch of spades, they ran away saying 'Don't hit me, don't hit me.'"

Nancy: "Sid is so sweet and kind. He's bought over £2,000 worth of presents. He's bought me loads of clothes, these leather trousers, my Nazi belt, jewellery and make up. He brought me a lighter from Sweden and some really neat stuff from the States. He buys me really pretty underwear, bras and that kind of stuff. Yes, I suppose as much for himself as for me!"

But, perhaps because of his appearance, Sid finds himself in a lot of fights. He has his right eye half closed most of the time — a reminder he says, of the time the police beat him up after the famous 100 Club gig.

"The cops are really after us now," said Sid. "It's turning into a Keith (Richards) and Anita (Fallenberg) thing. But they won't get anywhere because we're clean now. I've been beaten up in London a few times. Two guys started on me in Dingwalls — the previous day I had got a knife in the leg, but I started on him with a broken bottle."

"I got in a fight at the Speakeasy, but I got my hand in his mouth and ripped it open while Nancy kicked him in the balls. And then at the Roxy some kids jumped me and they got me on the floor and kicked me. Nancy stepped on their balls."

They're a formidable pair of tag wrestlers, so don't ever think you can take them on and get away unscathed.

"I protected John Rotten once," said Sid. "There were six guys eyeing him up at the Roxy and he didn't even know. I started screwing them out, starting at them. Then I took off my chain and started swinging it round. I hit all of them. Otherwise Rotten would have got killed."

"I don't fight unless anyone starts on me. I used to fight a lot more but now I'm with Nancy."

"At the Rainbow one of my mates started on a bouncer and he was getting beaten up, so I put a bottle over his head. It was at the Ramones gig. Nancy stopped me though, she's really strong, she clamped my arms back. I get out of control sometimes."

The last one was at Clissold Park in Stoke Newington. I got kicked out of them all for fighting. At school it was all the Marquis of Queensberry rules, now you can use fair means or foul."



'John Rotten has had a steel door installed in his house, costing £300, because, he's paranoid about being kidnapped. He thinks gangsters are trying to kill him.'

"We had a fight in a hotel with John Martyn once," remembered Nancy. "When he asked me if I liked it doggy style."

But the main topic of conversation over lunch was John Rotten, and Sid's present disgust with him.

"I'll give you the whole story, the story that's never been told before," said Sid. "And it's scandalous."

"Did you know that John Rotten has had a steel door installed in his London house, costing £300, because he's paranoid about being kidnapped. He thinks gangsters are following him around trying to kill him. When The Louie played at the Music Machine, I stole a guitar strap from one of them and Rotten said that one of them pulled a gun on him and threatened to kill him unless I gave the strap back."

He lies, tells petty little lies. It's ever since he was attacked, he's been paranoid. We did what we could to make John better, but it was no good. I left the group because he was embarrassing me. What happened was that Rotten tried to have me fired and then Malcolm said a talk with me. Malcolm said he wouldn't manage the group if they threw me out. You can ask

Malcolm. He'll confirm everything I've told you. He said it was up to me to sort John out because he was my best friend.

"They didn't kick me out then. In was in Frisco when the group broke up, but I'll tell you more about that afterwards."

SCENE TWO

A cab going to Virgin boss Richard Branson's house. Nancy catches sight of a man 'of a different culture' crossing the road.

"I can't stand Pakis," she remarked.

"Are you both racist, I asked."

"Oh no, we like spades," answered Sid.

As we drive past Buck House, Sid's still talking about the problems he had coming off heroin and I'm reminded about that summer day last year when the Pistols played on that boat on the Thames, and sang 'Anarchy' as we sailed past the House of Commons.

SCENE THREE

Richard Branson's beautiful house and Sid's, looking for something that takes his fancy to pinch. Both Sid and Nancy are anxious that their photos

Pictures by Steve Emberton and Rick Mann

for the feature should turn out well and Nancy retouches her make up. They offer to strip off and screw on the pool table, but I decline the offer (on behalf of the photographer who probably wouldn't have declined) as there's not much chance of getting it printed.

Sid and Nancy sit close together on the leather sofa. Sid casually twiddling with Nancy's nipple as they talk. They're like a couple of lovestick kids and it wasn't much fun for me playing gooseberry.

I asked Sid if he felt used by Malcolm and the group. To me, it looked as though McLaren got a lot of mileage out of Sid as far as the Pistols' publicity was concerned.

"Not at all. We wore what we wanted to wear, no one ever engineered anything. We have never done anything that was contrived. It was always spontaneous. Even the Bill Grundy thing. We were just our natural selves. That's how we got our publicity, but it was too much for people to handle."

Certainly the so-called public outcry was spectacular. I say "so called" because I don't think it was all genuine. I know that one reporter made up a story which was supposed to have come from an affronted member of the public. I asked Sid if he felt maligned by the Press and public.

"Not really," he replied. "Because I know that I can be pretty nasty if I get in a fight. I fight a lot and that's how I got my image. But not anymore than most people. I was more radical. John Rotten was quieter than me. He had a lot of things in his mind, he thought a lot. I was more physical. But I'm not that tough. I'm mean, I'm pretty vicious. That's just the way I am but I don't go looking for trouble. I'm nice to my friends, but my enemies better watch out. Nancy is my best mate."



NANCY, ON THEIR FIRST NIGHT TOGETHER...

We slept in the same bed for five nights before we screwed. We screwed as a joke really. He didn't appeal to me sexually then. One night I woke up and he was rubbing



'I left the group because John was embarrassing me. He tried to have me fired.'

up and down my thigh and I said: "Sid what do you think you are doing?" He said to me, "how is it that the birds I fancy never like me?" so the next night, when we were down at the Roxy, I said to him, right, tonight we'll screw. And we went home and we did. We did it in the bedroom, we did in the bathroom, we did it everywhere.

"And do you know that John Rotten listened outside all the doors! John had made a bee line for my bed — there were two single beds in the room, I was in one and Sid in the other — for the first two nights. I slept in the same bed as John and he said to me 'You want it but you're not

going to get it'. Now what do you suppose that means? Don't you think it means that he just wanted to get into my pants? Anyway, later I slept with Sid."

"On the first night we screwed, me and Sid, he had smelly feet and he wet the bed."

Presumably, Nancy has found Sid attractive since their first meeting. What does he have now he didn't have then?

"I find him sexually attractive now. Don't you think he has a sexual aura? I've taught him everything he needs to know. I've put that sexual aura into Sid, he was pretty near virgin before. He was turned on by me like he never was before. He had a schoolboy crush on me. You know, people have said that I've grown up too fast. Well, maybe that's true but I think I've grown up pretty damn smart."

AND STILL ON SEX

Sid: "I had a phase of dressing up in women's clothes when I was about 14 or 15. I did it for about a couple of months. I borrowed the clothes from friends. No, not my mothers'."

I asked Nancy what she thought of Sid's mum, the lady who referred to her as 'Nauseating Nancy'.

"I hate his mother. I don't know if I should say this but I will. She's a bitch."

Mrs Beverley's opinion of Nancy doesn't influence Sid in the slightest, he's daft about his girl.

"She's the best looking bird I've ever seen, that's why I like to screw her," remarked Sid simply.

The happy couple have just made another court appearance with regard to their drugs bust a while back.

Nancy: "We were at court again and spent all that money getting experts and top lawyers in and the police have asked for the case to be adjourned again until May. It's disgusting."

Sid: "I coughed up a big greenie and put it on a press photographer's coat in court. I saw him showing it to a policeman and we were laughing. It was very funny."

But all these things are really side issues. The burning topic with Sid right now is the collapse of the Sex Pistols and the bitterness he feels with Rotten. That's who he feels is responsible for the disintegration of the group and the end of the joy he felt with playing in the group he first admired as a fan.

Sid: "John has lied about everything. After he got beaten up he was terrified and wanted to leave the country. His nose got slightly broken and now it looks funny. Now he's surrounded by bouncers and he's got a bodyguard living in his house with him. There's always somebody there to hold little Johnny's hand."

"John looks pretty silly now. He wears the worst hats. He'd go onstage looking like that. Steve and Paul wouldn't confront him with it but I did so many times. He'd say 'you're just a junkie'. But we're reformed users. The way he went onstage, he looked such a mess. He had no charisma left, he lost everything, he even forgot the words. He forgot the words of 'Anarchy in the UK'. I like everyone to look good, not just the central figure. I wanted him to look as good as me and Steve."

"Steve Cook had more charisma than John."

Nancy: "Everyone was looking at Sid, John wasn't doing anything."

Sid: "Shut up Nancy and let me talk. What I'm upset about is that I used to think the guy was fantastic. What they (the Pistols) were couldn't be equalled. John was truly amazing as a performer. To see him go from that to the pathetic mess was horrible. He couldn't look after himself. I could fight with bottles and knives. He couldn't handle the pressure and as far as I'm concerned he was a weak person."

"I tried to understand at first and be helpful, but in the end it got worse and worse and he wouldn't listen to advice. Before I left, I said if John doesn't change for the better then that's it. I wanted him back the way he was. I told him I wouldn't play with him anymore."

"I phoned him up and I said 'you're pathetic, you're a mess'."

Don't you think I'm looking good now, better than Rotten? He looked shabby and dirty but it doesn't fit anymore. He can't be bothered. I don't ever want to see him again. I haven't seen the others yet (Steve and Paul) but I will. Do you think silly hunter's hats fit in a rock and roll group? It would be like me dressing up in a Kaftan."

"Then he started coming out with these gangster stories, about them following him. He said his life was in danger. It was so pathetic and laughable. He used to say he couldn't turn up to rehearsals because it would ruin his voice. He said we left him out of everything but that's not true because Malcolm used to take him to parties and everything. It just went on and on."

"When we toured Sweden I was in a real mess because I had hepatitis, I drank a lot and I nearly died. I saw the deterioration then in John. He wasn't what he used to be."

"I told him I didn't want to be associated with a band where someone wore funny hats. I've been a punk kid since I left home, when I was kicked out when I was 16. We didn't get on at home, my mother hated me. I was always interested in getting a group together. But the clothes I like to wear are leather jacket and jeans, they're utility wear, pretty ordinary. Can you just imagine me and Steve and Paul in a band with John and he wore dirty old



Nancy 'I find Sid sexually attractive. I've taught him everything he needs to know. He was pretty near a virgin before.'

baggy trousers and a poxy top from Sex."

Sid momentarily closed his eyes. He often seems to nod off when you're talking to him — and I don't think it's because I'm particularly boring. He just slips off for a few seconds and loses track of the conversation.

I asked him what he thought of John Rotten's all expenses paid trip to Jamaica.

"I didn't think anything. He just got into this fashion of reggae because he likes to think he knows more than everyone else. I like reggae but I can't be bothered to research it and find out about everything just so I can give smart answers. That's musical snobbery and that's what John's into. He's very snobbish like that."

"He talks about me being a junkie. I was a junkie but I'm not anymore, I'm clean. I'm rehabilitated. When we did the tour of Sweden, it was a bad tour. I'd played so few gigs I wasn't any good onstage. But John started smoking and he's an alcoholic as well."

What about the quote in another paper where John referred to Sid as being weak?

"Well I managed to keep myself together in America while he was just embarrassing," replied Sid. "Steve and Paul talked to the fans a bit, I talked to them a lot. They all said John was no good, that he detracted from the band. He wasn't as good as they expected. They hated him in San Francisco. He just hid in his hotel room and the fans asked me if he was a superstar."

After the tour of Sweden, Sid started to run into real trouble with the band.

"There was a lull," said Sid. "John didn't turn up to rehearsals, no one turned up. Seven nights in a row I went along there and no one was there. I organised a rehearsal myself. I phoned them up and went

Sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll

mad at them and told them they'd better turn up. They did, and then I tried to sack me because of Nancy.

They said I didn't stop hanging around with Nancy and all of my friends they were going to kick me out of the band. I said "that's blackmail. See how far you get without me, you'll get nowhere!"

Malcolm came to my house the next day and we had a long discussion and he ended up on my side and realised they just wanted to copout. They wanted it to end — that was just before we went to Holland. Really, my personal opinion is that they would never confront John. They were scared of him because he was good at winning arguments. He could beat anyone in an argument. He'd never admit he was wrong. So was Malcolm. So they used me as a scapegoat to try to finish it off. They gave in, in the end, because they knew it was ridiculous.



I had a phase of dressing up in women's clothes when I was about 14 or 15. I borrowed the clothes from friends.

But the situation took an even more sinister turn, according to Nancy. All the way through the last part of Sid's vituperative attack on Rotten and the band, Nancy was desperate to get a word in. Now she had her say, and what she claimed is as astonishing as it is bizarre. Nancy claims that Malcolm McLaren and his associates at Glitterbees (the management company) tried to remove her influence on Sid.

Nancy: "They sent Sid off, very conveniently, to the dentist. Someone came round and picked me up in the car to take me shopping for some things for the flat. We actually did buy some things for the kitchen.

"Then I mentioned a place I wanted to go, and she said no. She was taking me to the airport. I said 'what! Paddington police station is just across the road.'

"She took me back to Malcolm's office and they were all there. They said I was the cause of the band's problems. I had actually offered to go back to the States for a two-week vacation to let them sort themselves out.

"Malcolm said he was giving me a ticket to the States, he actually had the ticket there. I said 'how am I going to get back?' He got nasty and said why should he give me a ticket back? He said 'this group is falling apart and you're the cause of it!'

Nancy's voice began to break with emotion and Sid put a protective arm around her. She was very close to tears.

"No-one in New York knew I was coming and I didn't have a halfpenny. How would I have got home from Kennedy airport in New York?

"I said 'who's going to tell Sid I've gone?' Who'd DARE tell him I was on a plane to New York and that he'd never see me again? I'd never see Sidney, my best mate, ever again.

"It's all right Nancy," whispered Sid, stroking her hair. "don't cry. It's all over and it happened a long time ago. You know," he turned to me. "I'd have beaten them up. She could have died on that plane without her methadone. It would have been murder."

Whether or not that's true — they are both very melodramatic, although these things are real and important to them — the separation would have caused them suffering.

Nancy: "I said 'what are you trying to do?' Sid would have left the

group if he'd found I'd gone. They wouldn't have told him what happened. He would have come home from the dentist and I wouldn't have been there. They'd have told him I'd left him.

Sid: "I'd have left the group. I couldn't work with people as sly as that."

But he did. Sid continued to work with McLaren and the Pistols. Is there that much difference between trying a stunt like that and actually bringing it off?

"I made it so clear that I'd kill them if it ever happened again," said Sid fending off the question "I never trusted Malcolm anyway. I said I'd go to Holland with them but if any of them tried that again while I was gone I'd kill them."

"They wouldn't even let me get my methadone," interrupted Nancy, her eyes filling with tears again. "But I'm strong enough person not to have got on that plane."

"You could always have refused to get on it," said Sid sensibly.

"I'm almost crying now just thinking about it," continued Nancy. "I'd never see Sid again or say goodbye to him."

"It was the management, not the band," said Sid. "At that time I was still prepared to give the band another try. They know how nasty I can get if I get annoyed. There were six of them onto Nancy and all blokes as well."

Nancy: "That shows how strong and what a smart person I am."

By this time, Nancy was in tears. Sid cuddled her comfortingly, but was careful it didn't mess up his hair.

"Don't get emotional about it Nancy."

"John bucked up a bit after that," he went on. "He wasn't too bad. I was sick all the time in Holland and they were really unreasonable about it. Malcolm and the band treated me like dirt."

"They made me walk to the doctor in the rain, and when I fell down, Malcolm kicked me. I was shivering and the doctor wouldn't give me much valium. Malcolm was laughing at me."

That would seem a good enough reason in anybody's book to quit the band there and then. Why didn't he?

"My only motivation for staying with the band at that time was that I thought there was a chance of Rotten



John's surrounded by bouncers. He's got a bodyguard living in the house with him.

getting it back together again. I stayed with that band until I was sure there was no hope.

"John Rotten was my friend, a really good friend. I liked that guy so much. I admired him. He was so radical. I don't know whether he regarded me as his best friend but I regarded him as mine."

All of these allegations are pretty heavy stuff, so Sid's involvement with the Pistols must have gone deep. But surely he must have felt hurt, or at the very least, let down by McLaren and the band. After all, he'd been a fan of the Pistols long before he joined them, playing bass with them was the fulfillment of a dream for him.

"I don't get feelings like that," he replied staunchly. "What upset me was that they were a good group and I'd been a fan. They were my favourite group. Yes, well, I guess I must have been hurt. I was hurt for Steve and Paul because John had let them down. He was horrible and awful, acting the big star."

"John started out not to be a star but he started thinking too much of



I don't ever want to see John again. Do you think silly hunters' hats fit in a rock 'n' roll group? It would be like me dressing up in a Kaftan.

himself. At first, in the 100 Club days he was the focal point. Since Sweden, me and Steve have been the focal points. Lately it's been us. (Sid often refers to the band as if it still exists as a working entity).

"John has not been interesting, or threatening, he has no confidence. He does that silly skank dance to rock and roll. He looks a fool in that hunter's hat, doing reggae skank dances. He looks ridiculous and he made us look foolish. That's what pissed me off."

In which case, Sid must have had reservations, not to mention fears about going to the States and performing there.

"Yes I suppose I had. I said to my friends that if things hadn't sorted themselves out and if John hadn't improved vastly and got himself together I would leave the group. I wasn't prepared to be made to look ridiculous."

So how did he feel when he actually got to America, how did things go? Sid shook himself awake from the reverie he'd fallen into.

"I felt awful, I felt tired from the jet lag. We flew straight from New York to Atlanta and met our bodyguards, who looked like the Mafia. We checked into this awful hotel and hung around for two days before we did anything."

But the gigs?

"I felt John wasn't any good. He lost all his charisma and me and Steve were the frontmen. I hoped he'd look good, instead of like a dirty old bum. And he looked shorter. He's quite tall you know, but when you let yourself go, you start to look shorter. He was a pain in the arse. He was such a prima donna."

"Then we did that really big gig at the San Francisco Wintergarden. It was very important because it was in front of a lot of people who we could have won over to us. It was really great, I loved playing there."

Then they sprang it on us that we were planning to go to Rio De Janeiro to see that train robber, Ronald Biggs?

"Malcolm just came to collect me from Haight Ashbury where I'd been staying with some punk kids, at five in the morning. I went off in the car with them but on the way to the airport I said to Malcolm that I was embarrassed about John. And anyway, I didn't want to go to Rio to play to a lot of Pakis who didn't even understand us or know what we were on about. It's pathetic, I said. I told him I thought it was stupid, a hype. I hate hypes. I said I didn't like what was going down in the group. I said I would leave the group because I didn't think John was a worthwhile performer anymore."

"Malcolm said to me — and you can ask him this, he'll tell you it's true — he said that John Rotten is just like Robert Plant onstage now. He said, 'he's letting you all down.' I said 'take me back to Haight Ashbury.' I thought it over for a couple of hours, then I phoned John and said to him 'you're a failure, you're useless and you have been for the last eight months. He said 'you're just junked out and that's why you're saying this.' No — one thing I'm off it, but I am. Have you written that down?"

"That's the last time I saw him. He's a nothing person as far as I'm concerned. He became a nonentity."

"In Germany one night, John got drunk and he told me he owned me, that he had got me into the group. He said me and Steve and Paul were his

puppets, and that I'd better step in line. He said he could have a solo contract with A&M. Every time I brought that up afterwards, he denied saying it, but it's true."

SCENE FOUR

In a cab going to Sid and Nancy's flat, Nancy has asked the driver to turn off his music and he's getting irate. So Sid and Nancy amuse themselves by holding each other close.

"You sexy bitch," whispers Sid. I feel even more like a gooseberry. While we stop at the shops for Nancy to buy some milk, Sid told me how much he cares for Nancy, how beautiful he thinks she is, and about the first time they met in the gay club.

"Everybody used to think Rotten and I were bum benders," he remarked. "We thought it was funny, so we played up to it."

SCENE FIVE

Sid and Nancy's flat. Nancy apologises for the mess, but they're still doing the place up and have only got a couple of rooms straight so far. Sid zooms straight into the bedroom and turns on the TV to watch 'The Bionic Woman', although as far as he's concerned, Nancy is the only real woman on the planet.

Temporarily leaving aside his



John talks about me being a junkie. I was a junkie but I'm not anymore, I'm clean, I'm rehabilitated.

feelings about the Pistols, Sid launched into an attack on The Jam.

"There's another thing I've wanted to clear up for a while," he began. "That thing about The Jam's 'In The City' and our 'Holidays In The Sun'. We wrote 'Holidays' a year ago when we were in Berlin, so we didn't copy their song. It's not a rip off, we hadn't even heard theirs. The only reason we didn't record it then was because we didn't have a contract. You can tell them that if I see any of the Jam in the street I'm going to beat the shit out of them. Anyway, they didn't play it as well."

Suddenly, loud and alarming groans came from the bathroom. I asked Sid if he thought Nancy was all right. He told me she'd been having trouble with her kidneys and they've been giving her pain for some time. But she maintained she didn't want to go to hospital, although Sid thought she was very sick. She came and lay on the bed and Sid softly stroked her hair while we talked. We got back to the subject of Rotten and the States.

"John went to New York and hung around with the people he'd said he despised before. Then I got sick on the plane from LA to New York

Yes, the much reported overdose

"The OD was an accident. I'd drunk too much and I'd got some methadone from a doctor there. It was stronger than the stuff you get here. I was only supposed to take a bit, but I took it all. I was tired and I went to sleep and I woke up two days later in hospital. Apparently I nearly got arrested. I was terrified, waking up in a strange place on a drip feed. I didn't know anyone."

"But Boogie, our roadie, came and got me out and got me home. I haven't done a lot since then, but I might get a band together with Johnny Thunders. I haven't had any other offers, but I really don't want to play with anyone else. I still get my £60 a week from the Pistols. They're doing the accounts now but I

won't get any royalties until June."

Nancy (recovered a bit, but still moaning quietly in pain): "We were on the streets for six months, before we found this flat. At least we have a roof over our heads now. Oh, don't mind me, please go on with the interview. I don't want to go to hospital. I damaged my kidneys in a car accident and then the police took my kidney pills when we were arrested and they didn't give me them back."

I asked Sid how he was going to spend his money when he gets it. After all, 'Never Mind The Bollocks' was a number one album, so there must be a fair bit of money coming.

"I don't know," said Sid. "But I'm not going to give it to any pussy-cat's home."

We were both getting a bit anxious about Nancy by this time, but I hoped it was just indigestion — I symptoms are the same. Sid continued on the subject of John.

"John said to me 'listen Sidney, don't tell me what to do. I'm always right and I'm always a success. Now his bass player and his best friend has walked out on him. He's a loser now. He's finished. I tried to help now. I had to be cruel to be quite a lot. I had to be cruel to be kind — do you know what I mean?' It really upsets me that he's no longer my friend. He's so worthless and awful. It makes me feel really sad."

"He might not think that I tried to help him, but I did. At one time, when I first left home, I got myself in a real mess. Not quite as big a mess as John's in. He said to me 'I don't want to know you, you're embarrassing. I got the message and pulled myself back together. That's what friends are for, to tell you when you look a mess. But he took it personally.'

With all this between them, surely he must hate Rotten now?

"No, I don't hate him. I could never hate anybody. I'd love to see him looking great, I'd be so happy and I'd respect him and like him then. Everybody looks on me as the person who broke up the Sex Pistols, but it was Rotten who ruined it."

The hurt goes pretty deep with Sid, that's plain to see. Also very obvious are the vivid scars on his arms, and they're nothing to do with flxing either. Were these the marks he inflicted on himself when he cut himself up in the States?

"Yes, I've been through a phase of cutting myself up. I was cutting myself up because I was angry and I had no-one else to cut up. So I cut up myself. I don't feel so angry now, so I don't do it anymore. I had more pressure on me than anyone else in the group. I had to play dope sick a lot of those nights and no-one understood what it was like. But I still managed to play all right, though I was in the worst pain in the world, I survived because I was so tough."

I think he's wrong. I don't think Sid Vicious is tough at all. Sure, he looks fierce, but you don't judge someone by his looks. He's angry and upset because he feels he's been let down by his best friend and long time hero and that disappointment goes deep with Sid. And I've seen him with Nancy, the only girl in the world as far as he's concerned.

When it comes down to it, Sid Vicious is just another lover who brings home presents for his girl and buys her nice underwear and worries about her when she's sick. And I'm not taking the mick, because their last words to me were:

"Please don't take the piss out of us. Everybody does that."



Everybody looks on me as the person who broke up the Sex Pistols, but it was Rotten who ruined it.

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RONNIE GURR on the birth and infancy of:

ZONES
ZONES
ZONES
ZONES
ZONES
ZONES

DESPITE what you might have heard, nothing but nothing happens in Glasgow, and least of all on a Sunday.

On finding a place to drink, one enters — despite the poster which spits out 'POOL' and all the fearful connotations one would associate with a central Glaswegian pool-hall. At the bar one is confronted with a native who, noticing the alien dialect, asks what the hell you are doing in Glasgow on a cold Sunday night.

"Come to see Zones, chief. 'Aw theym ex-Slik innat," the native guffaws; then in an apparent change of face he eagerly pleads, "goat my free tickets".

A seemingly inconsequential incident but, nonetheless, one which seems to sum up the musical snobbery which has simultaneously arisen with Zones, the rock 'n' roll phenomenon which rose from the ashes of Slik. Now Slik, despite any preconceived notions you might have had were a fiery rock band, one of the great British live bands, and certainly the best band ever to emanate from north of the border. Now, little over four months after Slik's demise, Zones — no definite article, thank you very much — look set to take up where Slik left off.

Although Billy McIsaac and Kenny Hyslop, keyboards player and drummer respectively regard their Slik days as "water under the bridge", it should be known just how good that band was. I saw Slik play one of their last gigs in October last year. The music was strictly hard rock 'n' roll which drove away the majority of the young ladies who had been helped through pubescence by Slik and their ilk, and as for the punks and elder rock 'n' rollers to whom the music was by then more suited well girls, would you let your older brother go to a Slik gig? Four letters S-L-I-K you see, were responsible for the inability to attract a new crowd, the inability to shake off an old crowd, and the deaf ears of the nation's record companies.

There was a slight interest from Anchor, but they didn't bother getting in touch again," is Billy McIsaac's sole comment on this matter. And now? Kenny Hyslop informs me that EMI, MCA, and, surprise surprise, Anchor are



WILLIE

KENNY

RUSSELL

BILLY

currently queuing up to enlist Zones' services.

Yup, sho' nuff everything is now right with the world, but there was a time when the whole Slik trip was what's that quaint phrase? a non-ongoing situation. About April last year the band who had had a number one with 'Forever and Ever', and who had followed it up with another smaller hit, 'Requiem', were, according to McIsaac, "on the breadline".

"We had to sell our bungalows and then there was talk of having to sell our p.a. we thought that that was it."

Class bass

Thankfully for everyone concerned that was not it. Slik continued gigging, and released their last single as Slik, 'The Kid's a Punk'. Unfortunately bass player Jim McGinlay was not (a punk that is) and left the band to pursue a career with his brother in club land.

"He thought we were too 'punk', he was really into class bass playing," states Kenny. However, before you get the wrong end of the stick, it

should be stated that Slik were on McGinlay's scale of evaluation, only relative punks.

"He was into Steely Dan, stuff like that. McCartney was his real hero".

After McGinlay's departure auditions were held and Russell Webb, who had thought the band were auditioning for a guitarist, secured the job. With this injection of new blood, and with New York lawyers attempting to free them from their deal with Bell Arista, the band laid down three tracks on a Revox which were presented to Edinburgh independent label, Zoom Records.

The tracks, 'Put You In The Picture', 'Plain', and 'Deranged, Demented and Free', saw the light of day with the release of an e.p. by PVC2, a name which was used solely for one record, and not, as the press suggested, a band wagoning affection which coincided with a new-look Slik. Slik were the mutant offspring of the punk-mod coalition, a band who oozed style yet couldn't heat the pervasive snobbery of the music business.

Billy McIsaac: "What summed up

the whole Slik thing for me was the fact that after that Edinburgh gig, which was a good gig — (modest chaps these) — we had a crowd outside the dressing room singing 'Forever and Ever', and that was a long time after

Fly-paper

Fret not, dear friends, fret not. Slik songs live on, yeah!!! Midge Ure and the refugee Rich Kids, to whom the mighty Midge split, still perform 'Put you in the Picture', and what must surely be the Kid's next single, 'Young Girls' which is the catchiest thing this side of fly-paper. Their live rendition of 'Girls' fails to reach the heights that were a Slik gig, but their's is no disgrace, when recorded it'll have Number One scratched all over it. Similarly, of course, the reason d'etre of this piece, Zones have thankfully held onto their heritage — no that doesn't mean 'Requiem bitch' — and much happier they seem with their lot too.

Following Midge Ure's departure, local boy from local band, Willie Gardner picked up the vacant plectrum. Willie had been spotted by

Slik playing in Glasgow band Hot Valves, a combo who played "Top 20 stuff, a bit of Tom Petty here and some Stranglers there".

Willie describes the experience as being "horrible really. We kept telling ourselves that we'd start writing our own songs, but nothing ever came of it," he told me after a recent gig at Glasgow's posierama palais, Satellite City. Shortly before he and the three other Zones had been displaying their collective playing and writing prowess.

Apart from being alarmingly tight for a four month old band, a legacy no doubt from the 40-odd gigs (any gig in Banffshire is an odd gig), Zones possess what Alf Ramsay used to call 'strength in depth'. All the members of the band are writing sterling songs and all without exception are excellent musicians, although I'm sure they'd dispute that. Willie Gardner is certainly improved in his playing of late, although he still possesses a strange, highly enjoyable gritty twang, while Russell Webb is also gaining in confidence. While these eager youngsters swagger around stage front, to the left and back are the auldheids, McIsaac and Hyslop, their energies and relaxed postures belying their undoubted talent.

I honestly cannot think of one song in Zones' set which did not sound like a single, which you will all no doubt conclude, means Zones are a singles band — a pop group — a Power-Pop band. However they do not want to be associated with bands like The Pleasers etc, and rightly so. The Satellite City gig showed that Zones have more get-up-and-go than any besuited London bands whose energy seems to have got up and gone.

Zones are a stable, enjoy-ing band.

Billy McIsaac: "I got a bigger buzz from Alan Freeman playing the new single, than I did when Slik went to number one. Now we're doing everything on our own terms."

Zones will be playing a series of dates in London, and it only remains for me to say check them out. You know where you stand with Zones or as the native said

"Ye really know yir watchin' somthin"

Yup, for Zones simply read "Success".

Mummy, what's a punctilious quincunx?

Mary Ann Ellis finds out

THE YOUNG ONES (the song) when Cliff was too. Circa 1962.

The Young Ones (the band) brand new just six months old (ahh) circa 1978.

One o'clock lunch — growing boys need regular meals. Seated in their (high) chairs they are in clean bibs and no particular order, from left to right, back to front, top to bottom: Paul Lewis, John Holliday, Richard Hill, Martin Broad and Paul Wickens.

The Young Ones comprise three vegetarians, two carnivores. Subsequently lunch is a mixture of meat and vegetable dishes.

"Go on, ask us why we don't eat meat" says Paul Lewis. Okay.

"We (three) just can't bear the thought of tasting or eating animals. We've had some great arguments about it," he adds proudly. "We've caused a few scenes in restaurants discussing the subject."

The Young Ones are pretty edible themselves — five cute lads teen fonder, charming, funny and schoolboy polite. More exponents of powerpop?

"Arghh," they all scream in unison. "Oops wrong description?" "We just hate that label," explains Paul L. "again?" — pretty talkative this one. "We prefer our music to be termed as 'Modern Pop' if it has to be categorised at all. There's nothing new in what we or bands like us are doing. We're just approaching sixties mu-



PAUL LEWIS and RICHARD BULL of The Young Ones

sic in a different way. Giving it our own unique treatment."

"After Punk Rock," says John through a mouthful of quiche, "people are looking for something cheerful and bright to happen on the music front. Nothing too

intense. We don't take ourselves seriously. We think bright, look bright, our songs are

"Don't tell me. Bright, right? Even their clothes are bright — even glaring. So far they've been playing selected gigs all

over the country, released their first single 'Rock 'n' Roll Radio' and made their first television appearance. The blitzy Top Of The Pops already? "No Crackerjack actually."

Pardon!

"Crackerjack. We were looking forward to that 'cos we all wanted one of those Crackerjack pencils and a couple of schoolgirls out of the audience. Well they don't do them anymore."

What the schoolgirls?

"No the pencils. We never saw any schoolgirls either," says Paul L. gloomily. "We had a good time though. You know we all thought Peter Glaze had well gone to his final resting place. Then when we got there we were walking around the set and suddenly there he was. So we all pointed and said in genuine surprise: "We thought you were dead!" Don't think he liked that very much."

Incidentally, The Young Ones would like the BBC to know that they did not let off the fire extinguisher that damaged all that equip-

ment. The band suggest you make discreet inquiries about the 'Boy Scouts' who occupied the dressing room next to our heroes. (There now follows ten minutes of boy scout jokes.)

The Young Ones are enthusiastic: musicians, smartie eaters (especially the red ones), girl watchers (especially the blonde ones) and beverage consumers (especially the alcoholic ones).

Their music is energetic (to say the least), catchy, rhythmic rock 'n' roll fun pop (to say the most). Recommend ed-sneezing and hearing.

The Young Ones are likeable, entertaining and very handsome. fab. I think I'm in love.

+ A mother writes: A punctilious quincunx is a neatly arranged group of five who pay scrupulous attention to points of detail in behaviour.

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

HELP

Love at work

IF YOU'RE living in London and are homeless and ill or simply don't have a doctor and need medical help or advice quickly, why not get in touch with the new medical centre set-up in West London to cater for mainly homeless people under 25 years of age. The Medical Centre is at 13 Great Chapel Street, London W1. (Tel: 01-437 9340). Opening hours, Monday to Friday (2.00-4.00pm). If you need a prescription or referral to a hospital a doctor is there on Monday, Thursday and Friday.

I HAVE fallen in love with someone at work. The trouble is, he's someone of the same sex. I have been unable to forget him, and I think of him all day. We both work on public transport and he's on the opposite shift to the one I'm on.

I've thought of writing to him as we do have our own mailing system within the company. But I'm afraid of his reaction - will he be violent? Or will he tell other people? I'm afraid it would end me. Peter, Huddersfield.

As you realise, you have to accept the fact

that this man may not feel the same way about you, even if he is also homosexual. And right now, you don't know him well enough to trust his reaction to a direct approach.

Forget all about consigning your emotions to the in-company mailing system. He could well be violent, and there's a good chance that he'd spread the word and make your working hours uncomfortable or downright impossible. Don't throw your job away for the sake of what may be a passing crush and no more.

Avoid forcing the

issue in any way - if a friendship develops naturally, OK. You might be lucky enough to find that you have enough in common to form the basis for a friendship, pure and simple. If not, don't be too down-hearted. There'll be other people in your life.

If you don't already know any other gay people, making the effort to meet some will help you sort your head out and decide the true nature of your sexuality. Ultimately it could eliminate a lot of heartache for yourself and unwanted hassle for others who may not feel the same way.

To find out more about local groups ring Bradford Friend on Bradford 876226, (Monday evenings 6.00-9.30pm).

Frustrating petting

I'M 19 years old and madly in love with my girlfriend. She keeps telling me that she'll go to bed with me when I phone her from work but when I go to see her the next day says she won't. Every time she takes my thing and plays about with it, then stops.

I get very mad with her and tell her that if she keeps doing it I'll go with someone else. I don't want to though because I love her very much and she says that she loves me too. I know she does but she still won't go to bed with me. As we're going to get

married in 18 months and have known each other for eight years I would have thought that she should trust me by now. Yet why does she do it to me?

I keep thinking that I'll go out with some other girl. What should I do? Please print this as I think a lot of boys are in the same boat as I am. Steve, Bolton.

Your girlfriend may be afraid of a total sexual involvement - perhaps she's determined, for better or worse, to remain a virgin until she's married. Whatever her underlying reasons for acting the way she does, she obviously gets a certain indefinable kick out of building you up to a peak of sexual excitement and then letting you down flat, and that's just plain destructive, for both of you.

You must enjoy what she's doing to some

extent, otherwise you wouldn't have stayed with her for so long, but if you let her continue to tease you in this way you're going to become more and more frustrated. Next time you're alone together, try to be stronger and simply stop before the games start. Tell her how much you love her, but explain that she's tearing you apart with her on-off approach.

If she really cares about you, she'll want to discuss the way you feel, and while there's a gaping communication gap in your relationship now, you may find that you can start afresh, on a more honest basis, after a mini-showdown. If she's really not interested, she'll let you know. Making a brief break away from each other may also be tough, but it could clear the air. Afterwards you won't take each other quite so much for granted.

FEEDBACK

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

New Hearts

PLEASE OH wondrous oracle, tell me something about the New Hearts... pant... thanks. Jay Leslie, Somerset.

Hmmm, where to start, SOMETHING about the New Hearts... well, 1) - New Hearts is a band err... 2) New Hearts is composed of two words containing one syllable each... 3) So How'm I doing? Sorry, I'll behave myself, honest... OK, New Hearts appeared around June '77 (their genesis was a watered down new wave band warbling around Essex). After only ten days rehearsal, the band played their first gig as the New Hearts at the California Ballroom in Dunstable, silver linings continued their way, and they were signed by CBS in August, '77.

The New Hearts are Ian Pain, John Hearty, Dave Cairns and Matt MacIntyre. CBS sum up the New Hearts as "a vibrant collection of astute teenagers whose perception is pretty overwhelming for ones so young"... All good Peter Pan stuff this! Song lyrics include tirades on the media, laments on the ordinary people of the world, and other stuff to stir the soul. The only claims to crawling from the gutter are from Matt MacIntyre who worked at the local Co-op for three months after leaving school.

All de boys are cradle cases (in the nicest possible way), and New Hearts... are really quite extreme.

Trickster

I HAVE an album called "Find The Lady" by a band called Trickster - It's one of the best albums I've ever heard, so how about some information on the band, as I know nothing about them? John Waters, Middlesex

+ Trickster is a four piece which was formed in 1975 by Phil Bates and Collin Hewinson. They began the nappy lined stages of their career by playing a residency in a club in Piccadilly (Weehey!). Eventually they made a few tapes and did the rounds of record companies until being signed by Arista Artists. They recorded their debut album "Find the Lady" in November, 1976, then moved over to Jet Records in May, '77 under the management of Don Arden. Trickster are also to guest on the Electric Light Orchestra European tour.

The band is: Phil Bates - aged 23, born in Birmingham, and is the founder member of the group. Previous fame includes a local band "Quill", also backing Duane Eddy. Phil plays guitar, also lead vocals.

Collin Hewinson - aged 27, keyboards and vocals. Collin comes from London and is the most musically experienced member of the band - he studied music for five years at Trinity College, London, and still teaches music to A level standard.

Paul Elliott - 22 - drums, also comes from London, spent most of his career as a session musician before joining Trickster.

Mike Sheppard - 23 - bass - again a Londoner, he started playing at the age of 12 and has played in the bands, "Eclipse", and "Robert Campbell and the Retro Rockets" before joining Trickster. He originally joined Trickster as guitarist but changed to bass when the old bassist left.

Smirks

I HAVE just witnessed THE group of '78 appearing in the far reaches of Manchester. They're called The Smirks, and they are a local band, can you tell me anything about them? Sandra Patterson, Manchester

+ Hmm, seems that Coronation Street Territory is churning out a lot of worthwhile nowadays. The Smirks are a four piece band - Nell Fitzpatrick (lead guitar, vocals), Simon Milner (lead vocals, rhythm guitar), Ian Morris (bass guitar, vocals) and Mike Doherty (drums). Still very much in the embryonic stages of their rise to fame, the boys have attracted the public eye of the music press in general, and are indeed dubbed to be something BIG - not bad going for a band who have only been together a couple of months... They play their first London gig on February 15th at Dingwalls, so it will be interesting to see how they cope with the London poseurs. As yet they have no recording contract.

Magic cards

I HAVE noticed that at concerts some people seem to have a magical card that allows them backstage. Are these available only to reporters, or can ordinary people get them? If so, where from?

Brian Starling, London

- Hrrumph!... but reporters ARE ordinary people - statistics prove that less than 50 per cent of us have more than three legs! But seriously, the card to which you refer is probably a "Back Stage Pass", repeat after me B-AH-CK ST-AY-G P-AH-SS, and is distributed to those who for some reason or another need access backstage, i.e. social secs, ents. committees, roadies, reporters etc. etc., and sorry, but these are not usually available to the general public, unless of course they decide to branch out into a career as social sec. roadie, reporter etc.

However, don't despair... pasting a £10 note to the back of a piece of cardboard has been known to do the trick, smaller denominations occasionally being acceptable. American Express and Diners Club Cards also permissible.

Sensation/The Day I Found A Fiver.....a new single by The Motors



MAILMAN

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

She wants some real MEN

Does this satisfy you? — Ed



OKAY ALL you male chauvinist piglets. What about printing some pictures of MEN for a change. This mag is getting more like Playboy every week and it gets a bit sickening for us females you know. I don't want little boys photos like they print in Jackie and Pink (hiya Chip, ED) I want MEN. Mind you, I did like that pic of a woman with her hand in a man's flies, but that was an ad.
Don't your women reporters have any

say in the choice of pin-ups? Or are they all dykes?

If you don't know what MEN are I'll give you a few suggestions — James Hunt (but he looks like a frog, ED), Andy Partridge (But he is a frog, ED), Melvyn Bragg (But he looks like a greasy tom, ED), Jack Ashley (But he's a deaf MP, ED) (What? Jack Ashley), that Green Cross Code man and others too numerous to mention.
Sue Wayne, Red Light Hotel

Just an ego trip

YOU'LL HAVE to excuse the faintness of this typing, but I need a new ribbon and the shops won't be open until Tuesday. I have just read March 25 issue of Record Mirror and was shocked to realise that it only took four minutes longer to read than The Sun does, and needless to say, what took up most of the time was a thorough investigation of Kate Bush's boobs and Debbie Harry's thighs (or did they belong to Wayne County?)

The interview with Linda McCartney was, as far as I could see, just an ego-trip for Barry (or

Berry) Cain. I read the whole 'article' with a feeling of wanting to place my size 9 army boots through his dentures. (I'd find it hard to believe that he can get away with writing crud like that without some degree of violence from somebody). I used to write more literate stuff for the school magazine. It may not have been perfect prose but I can guarantee that at least one piece of information was revealed within its 500 words, which is more than can be said for this interview. Okay, so he (or she) had to wait ages for the interview, and then it was cut short. I, a gentle reader, don't want to know all that. I just want to know what Linda McC

has to say, if anything, which wasn't much by the looks of it.

Apart from that, I can't actually remember anything else I read in RM, without actually looking at it again... but back to Bush's boobs: they're not only on the back of buses, they're on tube station walls as well, with the inevitable pencilled in nipples and comments about Spurs being OK and This Advert Offends Women or something.

Were those the best letters RM received last week? If so, doesn't it say something about your readership? If not, doesn't it say something about your editors?
I think I can honestly say that that is the last copy of RM I'll ever buy.

If I want to read it, I can always go into W H Smiths and read it for nothing. I don't know a lot about music, and reading RM isn't going to rectify that situation in a hurry, is it?

Oh yes, according to the 15-year-ago chart which is for 23rd March 1978, we are now in the year 1993... Perhaps RM will be a real NEWSpaper by then, instead of a cheapo imitation of NME (which I gave up years ago).

Well, having read all that garbage again, I've come to the conclusion that I couldn't do any better than you, but then you are professional, and I ain't.
Nick Meeke, 30 Dewhurst Road, London W14

A waste of time

I AM writing (Nah, Ed) to express my thoughts on your 28 March issue. I have bought it for four years and enjoyed every issue except last week. Barry Cain's interview with Linda McCartney was a waste of time. He wasted half a page before the interview. No bloody crossword. All there was was Advertising. Bloody Pathetic Quo Fan (that's true, Ed)

Looking after No. One

THANK YOU RECORD MIRROR for exposing Paul McCartney for what he really is. It's easy to see why The Beatles split because I think McCartney couldn't give a damn about anything or anyone else.

So Barry Cain may not be the best thing since sliced bread but I think any normal person would permit Cain to do his job — but not McCartney. If mantras sold records McCartney would probably be selling flowers in Penny Lane.

I am not a prude. I like J. Rotten, Generation X, The Jam, John Lennon and abusing policemen etc. Perhaps if John, George and Ringo were to ignore people, become greedy and treat journalists and Tim Lott like shit they might stand a chance of being at Number One for eight weeks.

Was the first Boomtown Rats single dedicated to McCartney — 'Looking After No One'? The mums and dads may be fooled but us normal people and Tim Lott are not.

Dr. Winston O'Boogie

Okay Meeko, what do you do for a living? No. Let me guess. You're a bank clerk, or better still, a plumber. Anyway, I bet I get more money than you and if I don't I should. I especially like your phrase 'literate stuff'. Must have been great editing the magazine at the mentally handicapped school. Tell me something, if you were told to write a 3,000 word interview with Mrs McCartney and space was left in the paper what would you have written after a 20 minute chat when you hoped for two hours? The weather? Still, I guess ignorance is bliss. That's another gormless reader gone. Quo fan — you're a bloody fool. Dr. O'Boogie — I hate sliced bread anyway. BC

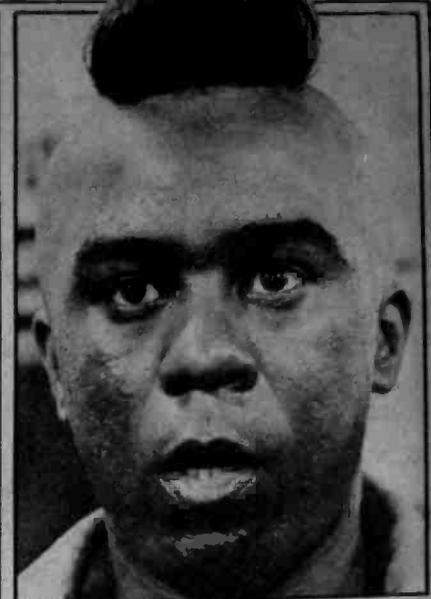
Giving us the urge

A BIG 'thank you' to Barry Cain for the John Miles article. I agreed, mainly, with what he had to say. At least John Miles is a natural. If people don't like him, as far as he's concerned they can ignore him. He believes in music — his music.

He's a superb guitarist, brilliant singer and terrific songwriter (I've seen this somewhere before haven't I, Ed) which is a lot more than can be said for so called pop artists these days. Having seen him live and spoken to him I can assure you he's not a dumb blonde.

I urge anyone who half likes his music to see him in concert — you can't imagine what you all have been missing.
Miss J. E. Pearce, Keyham, Plymouth.

Give me your phone



Another real man for you number J. E. and I'll introduce you to him. BC

Barrel of custard powder

BARRY CAIN'S article on the Buzzcocks 'Kitchen Think Drama: Take 3D' was a barrel load of marsupial custard powder. Why doesn't he write something about their music?

What about some more Pink Floyd, Genesis and ELP (Sounds like an Alan Freeman fan, Ed). Otherwise I'm very satisfied with your paper (MM and NME are turnip cronks compared to RM). Flom - Scarabus Footleg Jr
Crosby Flyover (Frogz?)
That's it. I'm fed up with criticism from nerds I like you with little cognisance of art and music. I quit! Okay? Satisfied now? I'm off to become a young millionaire. Goodbye.

Blue is the colour

I'M VERY glad I was given your address.

I like the world pop-music for many years. The best I like it the dominant technique which is overlapping with beautiful melody / base of good song / it makes the artistically valuable melody.

In last time I like the group Status Quo because of their style. Their style I like very much, it found a way to my heart.

Some songs, in which strung quartet makes beautiful melody and good technique work of guitar/saxers and organists makes the final configuration of song. I like so much that I would like to have the score of these songs.

I play the solo guitar and I please you to send me the score of some Status Quo's songs. My daring can be excused by my admiration to Status Quo.

Finally I'd like to know how can I obtain original Levis — set. It's blue colour is ravishing.

In the end of my short letter I wish you all the best lot of success and lot of new beautiful songs.

Ludo Kovacic, ul. I. Maja 894, 020 01 Puchov, CSSR — Czechoslovakia.
Right on Ludo. Maybe one of our readers could help. How about it kids, huh? Why not help a Czech, mate?

A sharp one here

I THINK all those comments about broken glass are really sharp! A Wurzel, Devon.

Sticks in her throat

I'D LIKE to thank Sham 69 for their terrific gig at Stafford on March 13. The band were great and there was no crowd trouble at all. Everyone came to have a good time and did just that.

What sticks in my throat is that Sham are always accused of attracting the idiots that wreck gigs and generally go out to cause trouble. I know a few of their gigs have been ruined by these so-called followers but you get the usual load of trouble makers at most concerts whoever is playing. I guess it depends on the town, right.

Oh, and I've fallen for Jimmy Pursey, Chrissie, Park Avenue, Stafford.

I'd like to answer this but Jimmy Pursey has just come in and started throwing typewriters about. aaaaaahhh...

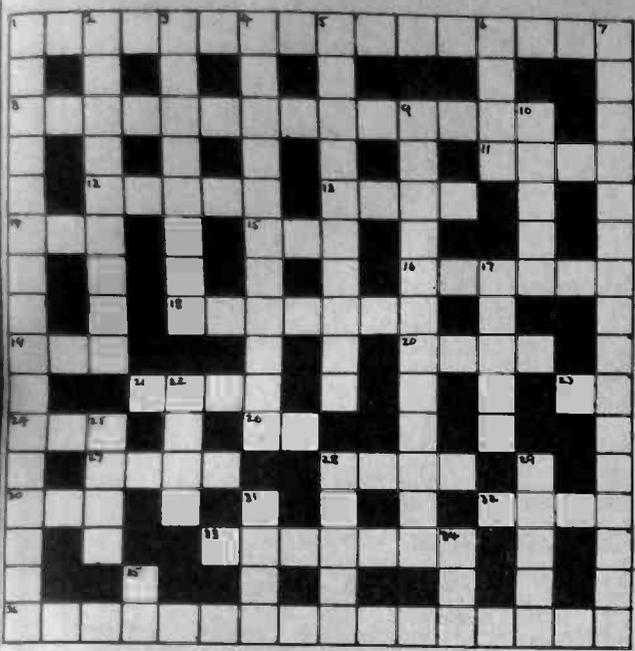
What a way to end it all

THE TROUBLE with beautiful dreams is that you wake up. Oh how I hate reality, especially this reality. Hell, it's like a cigarette — one long drag.

I mean, what is supposed to happen next. It originally started way back in 1968 though it took eight years to properly materialise. Nevertheless it was a real mover. And although the dream faded through the Disillusion Years the end result was very fulfilling (living in anticipation).

Anyway, whatever is going on now? (You tell me, Ed) The only place where I'm at ease is here — but I don't know what's going on around me. I suppose I'd better go and find out. Don't forget in 1967 "Nothing Is Real" but in 1977 "Real Is Everything."
D. Clared, No Address Supplied.
I think that's a good a place to close as any. Don't you?

XWORD



CLUES

ACROSS

- 1 What Emily Bronte and Kate Bush have in common. (9,7)
- 8 The Jam keeping up with current affairs. (4,2,3,5)
- 11 Irish Eurovision song contest winner. (4)
- 12 The Carpenters had a Sweet Sweet one. (5)
- 13 British heavy metalists. (4)
- 14 & 27 Across. 1973, Faces album (3,2,2)
- 15 Classical or North Sea. (3)
- 16 Tangerine Dreamer. (6)
- 18 He made his Atlantic Crossing in 1975. (7)
- 19 Steve Harley told us it was a mean mean colour. (3)
- 20- Medicine or Murray. (4)
- 21 Magazine were by both sides. (4)
- 23 Mr Cooder. (2)
- 24 Lynyrd Skynyrd label. (1,1,1)
- 26 & 28. Across. 1969, Fleetwood Mac hit. (2,4)
- 27 See 14 Across.
- 28 See 26 Across.
- 30 Bowie label. (1, 1, 1)
- 32 & 29. Down. Former Traffic guitarist (4,5)
- 33 See 7 Down.
- 36 Latest Rush album. (1,8,2,5)

DOWN

- 1 Paul McCartney in competition with Concorde. (5,4,7)
- 2 Composer of Tommy. (9)
- 3 Samantha Sang's feelings. (8)
- 4 1969, Elvis classic. (2,3,6)
- 5 Group named after keyboards player, who was an original member of Colosseum. (10)
- 6 He was a lonely boy. (4)
- 7 & 33. Across. Considered by many as best pop single ever released. (10,6,7)
- 9 ELO album. (3,2,3,4)
- 10 Chic hit single. (5)
- 17 Their biggest UK hit was in 1973, with Love Train. (1,4)
- 22 See 25 Down.
- 25 & 22. Down. Original member of Lindisfarne, before forming his own group Radiator. (4,4)
- 28 July Driscoll and Brian Auger had one on fire. (5)
- 29 See 32 Across.
- 31 Had their first of many hit singles in 1967 with Night of Fear. (4)
- 34 Hot Chocolate label (3)
- 35 Big or Blue Sky. (2)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

- 1 Just One More Night. 8 My Guy. 9 Its My. 10 Nice. 13 Rastaman. 15 In The. 16 Gerry. 18 Goose. 20 Kiss. 22 Adverts. 24 Soul. 26 Ono. 27 K.C. 30 Frampton. 33 Green. 35 Angel. 37 Rafferty. 40 Holidays In The Sun.

DOWN

- 1 Jumping Jack Flash. 2 Seger. 3 Odyssey. 4 Evita. 5 Ramones. 6 Ian. 7 There Is A Mountain. 11 Is This Love. 12 Pie. 14 Moog. 17 Riva. 19 Easy. 21 G.T.O. 23 Lido. 28 Paul. 29 G.G. 31 Party. 32 No Fun. 34 Rat. 36 E.M.I. 38 Rah. 39 Yes.

PARTY

With ORS. Put on "MOONBOOTS" and get bouncing around to the most powerful thing to leave the States since Apollo 17.

PARTY

First Choice are gonna spread the fever. Disco fever, so treat your torso to a close of their new single "DR LOVE".

PARTY

While the "BEAT GOES ON". The new 12" single from Ripple. A new name and a new sound that's gonna wash a tidal wave through every disco in the land.



You'll dance your ass off.



They're kitschy but cute, ingratiating in a special Spanish way, ultra-fem to a fault and dizzy with success. JOHN SHEARLAW went to Helsinki to catch a whiff.

Beautiful

IN THE REALMS of European folklore stranger things must have happened.

Didn't the French once go mad for the dubious charms of Le Petomane - a chap who treated his bowels as a second pair of lungs and was consequently able to play tunes through his backside?

Don't the Italians have as their top pop idol a little-known Englishman who once used to sing in a pub in his native High Wycombe?

Don't the Germans regularly fall about to the strains of the non-stop dancing and drinking music from James Last?

And don't the Poles and other Eastern European hotbloods enjoy singing lustily to the lone accompaniment of glasses smashing in the fireplace? ... but this is going to take some beating.

Here's the picture. In Helsinki, the capital of Finland, two Spanish ladies from Tenerife are singing pop songs written by Germans in broken English to a huge crowd of sub-teenage Scandinavians.

The announcements are in Finnish, the backing band is Finnish, the journalist is Scottish and the accompanying battery of pop press personnel appear to be either Norwegian or Swedish.

To make things a little clearer it should be pointed out that Finnish is a virtually unique language, although it does have a certain similarity to Hungarian.

Through an interpreter I can inform you that the two Spanish ladies are in fact "chart stars" Baccara whose first hit 'Yes Sir I Can Boogie' went to Number One in something like five European countries including Great Britain.

And that - staggeringly - Baccara are lined up to represent (wait for it) Luxembourg in this year's Eurovision Song Contest to be held in Paris on April 22.

I'd tell you the name of their song, but you probably wouldn't believe me.

It's called 'Parlez Vous Français'. It's a number that they don't sing on this particular occasion. Instead, with commendable coolness, run through virtually all the songs they have so far recorded. All the hits and more. 'Yes Sir I Can Boogie' - which eventually they sing three times - 'Sorry I'm A Lady', and what they hope will be their third hit in a row... 'Darling'.

It's a fantastic sight. Outside in Helsinki the temperature has dropped to the sub-brass monkeys level. Ten degrees below freezing. Unconcernedly this hardy race are able to walk around the harbour on ten feet of solid ice and even drive their cars to outlying islands in the adjacent sea.

Inside the Kultur House, however, every single fur coat, hat, glove, scarf, bootie, muffler, snowshoe or ski stick has been faithfully deposited in the cloakroom. The Finns settle to watch the spectacle in their shirt sleeves.

The audience reaction is universally ecstatic. Split between young kids who scream and clap as if Baccara were an exhumed answer to the Bay City Rollers and more elderly fans who clap and tap (their feet) in splendid unison, the Finns are hell-bent on letting Baccara know that they are their country's top group at the moment.

This is deadly serious. They are.

Baccara is: Maria in a white dress, Mayte in a black dress. In Spain the name of the group means 'rose'. That romantic flower which Spanish dancers insert between their teeth while dancing sinuously between restaurant tables wielding castanets. Or so it says in the travel brochures.

While not devoid of such appealing Iberian traits Baccara in Finland simply get on with their job... and they do it very well. They dance a little, move their arms around a lot and sing in popply pleasant harmony.

What might appear a soppy formula on record actually becomes excellent entertainment. They sing well, sound good and look better. For nearly an hour the saccharin strains of europop echo around the Kultur House. Sweet and simple, instant entertainment, totally forgettable immediacy. It's great fun while it lasts.

Before each song Maria (in a white dress) breathily announces "now ees comming our next song...."

Now ees comming 'Granada' Cheers. 'Now ees comming 'Koochie Koo'. Bigger cheers. "Now ees comming our beegest hit 'Yes Sir I Can Boogie'." The loudest cheers so far.

They exit to a staggering bout of military clapping from the assembled Finns. To return for three encores. And the presentation of a rose from a tiny, blonde child.

Mayte (in a black dress) waves goodbye.

Maria dons a white fur coat, Mayte a black one. They drive off into the cold Scandinavian night... in a great car.

"Now ees comming...." A flashback to the previous morning. A photographer, a press officer



MAYTE: She not say much

Baccara

... the gamble that paid off

(both English) and myself are in Finland to see Baccara, to talk to Baccara to find the heart of the 'Eurodiscopp' phenomenon.

In the hotel Maria is wearing a (different) white dress. She says hello. Mayte in a (different) black dress smiles. Mayte's English, it is explained, is not very good. Maria handles all the interviews she tells me. Sometimes Mayte must get bored? "Yes she does". Mayte smiles and tries to look interested.

But, at least for Maria, things are definitely improved. The last time the duo "faced the Press", it is again explained, they were mercilessly made into "the funny figures" due to being unable to cross swords with impatient journalists in the mother tongue.

Now: "I still speak as we do on the record," offers Maria. "But all the time I am improving. It's very difficult for us, you see, because we hear Germans speaking English all the time and it's a different accent."

"And English people are speaking so fast...."

Their manager, meanwhile, is adeptly keeping the gathered

Europeans happy by conversing in German, Finnish and English almost simultaneously.

"Maybe when our English is improving too much, then we won't have any more hit records!" Maria laughs. It's a valid point. "I speak, you know, like 'Indian' English. You want? Yes, me want and soon."

Mayte smiles encouragingly. Time for a few facts.

The pair, "just good friends", had been singing in Spain for nearly four years before being "spotted" by a visiting German talent scout. Whisked from the land of the bull ring to Germany they rapidly scored with 'Yes Sir I Can Boogie', a record which turned them into the coy "darlings of Europe" that we know and love today.

There followed another hit and an album. Mostly written by their producer, Rolf Soja. And now - the freedom of Finland!

After the weary recounting of the group's small history Maria opens out. A little.

"It's always the question we hear", she says. "What do we do in Baccara? The answer is everything. Just because we don't write our songs, it doesn't mean we are nothing. We were singing for a long time in Spain - and dancing - on television and in clubs."

"But if you have the hit people say it is not you, they think it is a gimmick. Well, we are Baccara, we are like the way we sing on the record. Everything that Rolf Soja writes we listen to. We decide what will be a Baccara record. We can sing all our songs live."

"And yes, we really do enjoy it."

A quick flash of Spanish eyes. She continues: "Of course we started off with "the playback" - singing in clubs with backing tapes - but this is not so nice. Now we can play with a band because we've had time to find one. It's so much better for the performer."

"We're not doing anything that isn't coming normally. How can we improve on that?"

Baccara have apparently settled happily into their exhausting round of European countries, presently splitting their time between concerts, promotional appearances ("always, always, just one MORE!") and welcome rests in their native Spain. Mayte in fact is married ("her husband is often alone, but he doesn't mind").

And as Maria points out they don't spend a great deal of time being any more than the public made them.

"We were not waiting for success. It surprised us. Now we find that 13 million people like us, they buy our record. So we carry on. We enjoy it, the public enjoys it. That is not wrong?"

But they don't get fed up with living up to a manufactured image? "Where is that?", Maria replies.

"I am not taking a bath every day and wearing nice clothes just because I am a hit singer. It is us, I've told you."

"In Spain they were crazy," says Maria. "All that time we tried and they didn't want to know. Now (a dramatic pause), now they are all the time saying 'why don't you sing in Spanish?' Crazy. We have the hit with a German record company singing in the English language. Why should we start singing in Spanish again? You never get anywhere."

English is the pop language. Of course there is still some Spanish there - our 'Granada' on the album was very popular - but we are now for Europe all over now!"

"Now ees comming...." the time to do a photo session. That wasn't all they said mind you. Maria talked at great length about "what is this punky?" Elaborate plans were made to police skating - Baccara you understand like to do something different in each country. And both agreed that London was one of their favourite cities. "So traditional, and such good shopping". The black and white fur coats and dresses however were about to move off.

"We haven't really changed at all," said Maria as she prepared, Hollywood style, to enter her musquash.

"They just have a little more money now," smirked the manager. Mayte, once again, smiled.

And so back to the show. A coldly professional runthrough, all the smiles in the right places.

The Germans like Baccara. The Finns like Baccara. I like Baccara. And as long as that situation doesn't change Baccara will continue to oblige. They'll do a good job of liking being the Baccara that we like. Get it?

In fact there's nothing to stop the "darlings of Europe" walking away with the Eurovision Song Contest. Or disappearing overnight, come to that.

All they want is for 'Darling' to be a hit.

Maria philosophises: "It does not do to make the big plans too much. One day you walk down the street, a stone falls from the seventh floor, and bang!.... finish!"

But there must be an ambition beyond singing 'Yes Sir I Can Boogie' five times a night? A rosy future perhaps?

"Oh yes," Maria perks up suddenly. Even Mayte looks vaguely enthusiastic. "Eventually we'd like to stage a musical show. Maybe like those on Broadway. Dancers and singers and everything. Extravagance. Something really beeg!"

And somewhere in the vast expanse of Europe - perhaps even in a country that hasn't yet been mentioned - it's bound to be a hit.



MARIA: 'Maybe when our English is improving too much, then we won't have any more hit records!'

LINNET EVANS asks:

SOUL

Whatever happened to Salsa?

MENTION Latin American music to anyone over 25 and the chances are they'll say (with luck) Mongo Santamaria and "Watermelon Man" or (without luck and more likely), Edmundo Ros and "There's An Awful Lot of Coffee in Brazil".

Ah well, guess we all get our blind spots. 'Cos there's an awful lot of music in Brazil and it's not all cha-cha-cha. True, the good people of Rio have been taking in quantities of watered-down pops from the Western World over the last two decades, but (especially with all those decimated coffee harvests) the principal export back to us has been Salsa.

Salsa is Spanish for "sauce", and I don't mean HP. What its exact origins are, is anyone's guess: Spanish invaders, African slaves, Indian natives and a long time in the cauldron.

Whatever, it emerges as a peppery, infectious, overtly happy music directly designed for the various local dances like the guaracha and the guaguano which operate from the waist downwards.

Salsa's most direct line of export has been to New York, uptown east side Manhattan where big groups of expatriate Puerto Ricans and Cubans are settled. Fania (as it now becomes) is the original backs-to-the-wall punk music, a struggle to survive and be happy in a hostile city.

Fania has its own shops, its own specialist labels, its own Billboard chart and its own set of heroes. People like Ray Barretto, Johnny Pacheco and Celia Cruz, constant chart-toppers though they may be, will always be found playing the small clubs around Manhattan's barrio WASPs of course hate Fania.

One exception proving the rule is Larry Harlow, a pianist who discovered the joys of Salsa on holiday in Cuba and is now a major authority on its history as well as a respected musician.

The basic Salsa/Fania line-up is generally horns, piano, bass and percussion with perhaps, say, guitar or saxes added on. It's the bass which holds the steady rhythm for dancers to follow, but the complex tuned percussion which gives the music its potency. The timbales player is as important in the public's eye as the canta or main singer. Lyrics, incidentally, are usually in Spanish.

"A lot of you guys," said Venezuelan ambassador Jorge Spiteri, (of whom more anon), "can't conceive that melody can come from a conga. A drum is a thing you bang. While for us it's so many textures and tonalities. I write music around the conga and timbales... that's the difference."

A few years back, Island rather quietly put out a number of New York Salsa albums which are still, if you can find them, the best source of the stuff over here. "Fania Allstars" (ILPS 9331) featuring the heroes just mentioned, and the very wide-reaching compilation "Fania!" (HELP 20) are two worth tracking down.

Salsa has travelled in other directions too, and in California it has met up with jazz to give a rather more delicate and mystic music. Major motivators here include the stunning Brazilian singer Flora Purim (check out some of her earlier Milestone albums, such as "Open Your Eyes, You Can Fly", for the ultimate experience) and her percussionist husband Atro Moreira, plus people like Hermeto Pascoal and Jose Chepito Areas.

Chick Corea is one jazz artist who's been strongly influenced by Latin ideas - he worked with Flora Purim in the first version of his group Return to Forever - an influence which came to the surface



CHARO: remote relative

in his last solo album "My Spanish Heart"

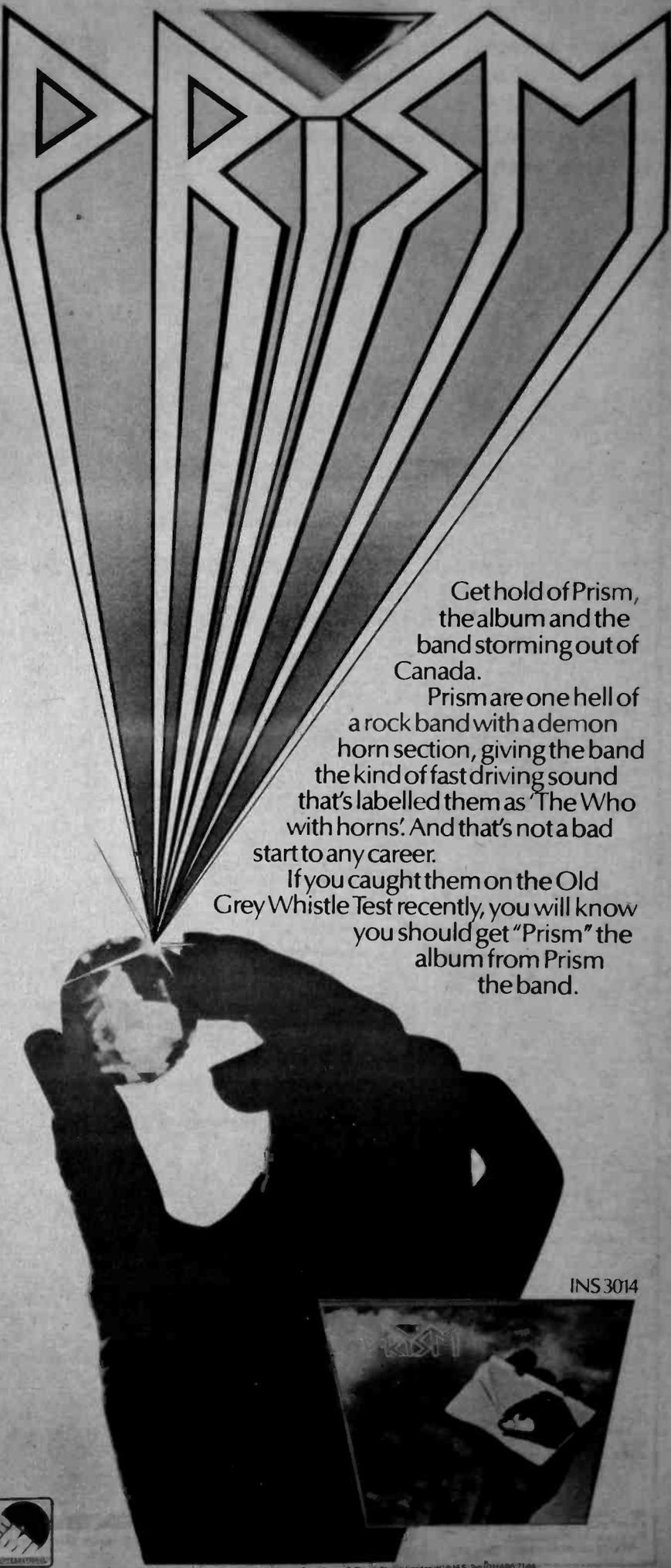
Salsa being the rugged nomadic thing that it is, has also emerged in the music of a lot of Soul artists such as Stevie Wonder (Spanish lyrics and indescribable rhythms in the "Key of Life") and Maze on their "Golden Time of Day" album. Not forgetting what Santana did in its early days.

A step-brother to Salsa is Salsoul which, like Motown, covers both a record label and a style of sorts. In its original form, Salsoul set out to blend the lightness and excitement of Salsa with a heavier disco-style funk plus, in some cases, Philly-type strings. Though the Salsoul thing means more in the States than it does over here, its house band, The Salsoul Orchestra, piloted by Vincent Montana Jr., have had a few semi-classic singles like "Nice 'n Naasty" with "Dance A Little Bit Closer", featuring vocalist Charo, the current release. Other newbies on Salsoul include First Choice's "Dr Love" and the excellent "Let Me Party With You" from Bunny Sigler. Be warned though that Salsoul's relation to Salsa proper (whatever that may be!) is by now pretty remote.

There is one version of Salsa that's definitely not remote, and that is Spiteri, Britain's only resident purveyors of the idiom. Jorge Spiteri, who got himself quoted above, is the band's vocalist, guitarist, bass player and co-founder with Redbridge native Steve Alpert. Oddly enough, Jorge and his timbales-playing brother Charlie first arrived in London through their admiration for British rock.

When the Spiteri band first came together, being specialists they encountered a fair bit of hostility and misunderstanding - hardly helped by the punk breakout. Over the last year or so however, they've become not only a much lighter band, they've also grabbed the interest and respect of everyone who has heard them. The band have been invited to fill in the Salsa sound on the albums of an alarmingly wide variety of artists ranging from Chris de Burgh to Waller Tyrone Downie, and their own recording contract is definitely in the offing. Meanwhile, London readers in need of a direct shot of sunshine can catch Spiteri at their Thursday night residence over April and May at the Hampstead Country Club near Belsize Park tube.

There's an awful lot of music in Brazil, and some of it's ended up in odd destinations, like Belsize Park. But it always retains a literally hot line back to its roots. If you've not yet met Salsa, you'll know it the minute you do.



Get hold of Prism, the album and the band storming out of Canada.

Prism are one hell of a rock band with a demon horn section, giving the band the kind of fast driving sound that's labelled them as 'The Who with horns'. And that's not a bad start to any career.

If you caught them on the Old Grey Whistle Test recently, you will know you should get "Prism" the album from Prism the band.

INS 3014



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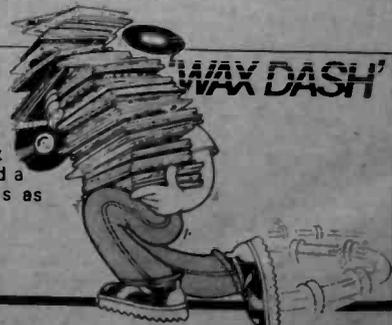
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UPFRONT

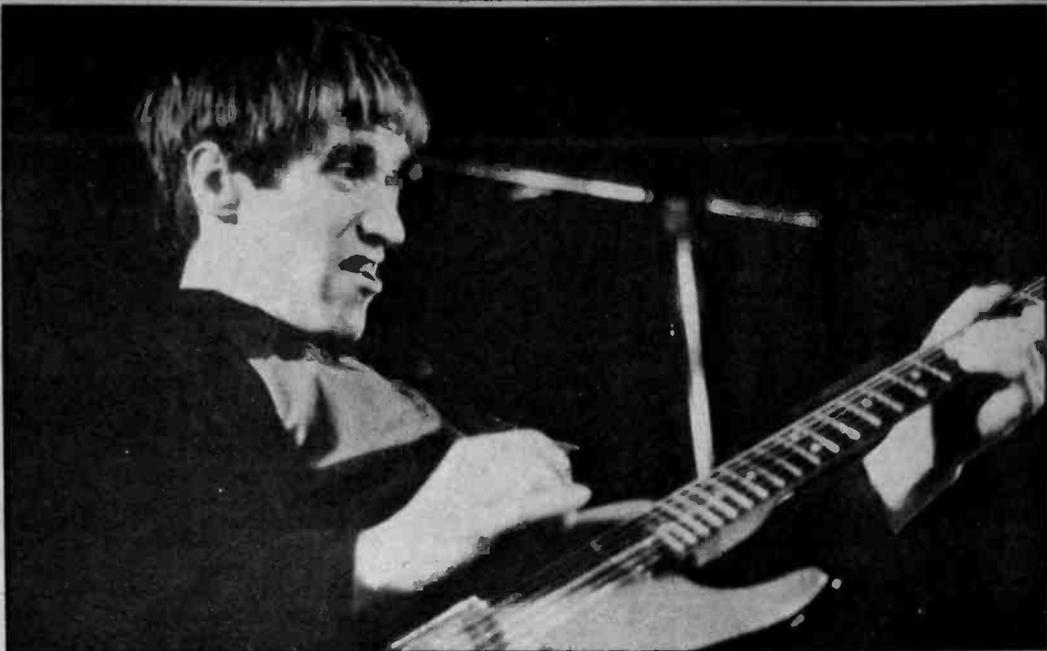
THE information here was correct at the time of going to press, but it may be subject to change so we advise you to check with the venue concerned before travelling to a gig. Telephone numbers are given where possible.

WEDNESDAY

APRIL 5

BATLEY, Variety Club (475228), Johnny Nash
BELFAST, King's Hall (665225), Merle / Haggard / Ely
BIRMINGHAM, Barbarella's (021-643 9415), Cock Sparrer
DOUGLAS, (IOM), Palace Lido (4671), Heavy Metal Kids
FOLKESTONE, Lea Cliffe Hall (53193), Slade
HAWICK, Town Hall (2347), Max Boyce
HUDDERSFIELD, The Polytechnic (22288), Oso
HUNTINGDON, Camelot, Raw Deal
LEEDS, Brannigans, The Sneakers
LIVERPOOL, Eric's (081-236 7881), Planet Gong
LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), Silpatrum
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town, Filthy McNasty
LONDON, Crawford's Covent Garden (01-836 0807), Thunderflag
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-387 4987), WHI Birch's Records
LONDON, Hope and Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Dana Gillespie
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Tapper Zukie
LONDON, Palladium (01-437 7373), Stylitics / Candy Station
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01995 6153), Rivivits
LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-249 0198), The Skids
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Kevin Coyne
LONDON, Ruskin Arms, East Ham, Danseuse
LONDON, Upstairs at Ronnie's, Leicester Square (01-439 0747), Rumble Strips
LONDON, Western Counties, Paddington, Rednite
LONDON, Windsor Castle, Westbourne Park, Jerry the Ferret
LUTON, Royal Hotel (29131), Screens
MANCHESTER, Pip's (061-834 1833), Depressions
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Eridge Hotel (27760), The Marshall Hall Experience / Bride
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, The Coopersage (28286), Junco Partners
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Gosforth Hotel (66617), Southbound
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Newton Park Hotel (862010), Scorcher
PLYMOUTH, Woods Centre (26618), Generation X
READING, Bones, Slouxsie and The Banshees
SHEFFIELD, Top Rank (21927), Elvis Costello and The Attractions
WELWYN GARDEN CITY, Garden West (21106), The Real Thing
WHITLEY BAY, Jonah's, The Steve Brown Band
WHITLEY BAY, Rex Hotel (523201), Oasis / The Squad
YORK, Wine Bar, Mean Street

BRIGHTON, New Regent (27800), Tapper Zukie
BRISTOL, Tiffany's (34087), X-Ray Spex
BUXTON, Gaslight Club (813020), Ballet
COVENTRY, Zodiac, Raw Deal
DONCASTER, Outlook (8436), The Boyfriends
DOUGLAS, (IOM), Palace Lido (4667), Heavy Metal Kids
DURHAM, Coach and Eight (63284), Preacher's Dram
EPPING, The Centre Point, The Vipers
GREAT YARMOUTH, Chicago Club, Red
HARTLEPOOL, Gatsby's (77646), Young Bucks
HIGH WYCOMBE, Nag's Head (21758), Late Show
LONDON, Cranbrook Theatre, Rednite
LEEDS, F Club (663252), Gloria Mundi / Mean Street
LIVERPOOL, Eric's (051-236 7881), Clayton and The Argonauts
LONDON, Brecknock, Camden, Scarecrow
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town, Filthy McNasty
LONDON, Cart & Horses, Stratford, Jerry The Ferret, Rednite
LONDON, Crawford's, Covent Garden (01-836 0807), Thunderflag
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4987), Charlie Ainley
LONDON, The Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet, Southern Ryds
LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081), Marty Robbins / Don Everly
LONDON, Hombie Club, Wells Street, Otis Waygood
LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Reggae Regulars
LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-836 0933), Naumb
LONDON, John Bull, Chiswick (01-994 0062), Apostrophe
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Electric Chairs / Levi and the Rockets
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), The Saints / The Front
LONDON, Palladium (01-437 7373), Stylitics / Candy Station
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington, Sore Throat
LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-249 0198), The Makers
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Kevin Coyne
LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-866 0961), Wee Willy Harris / Shades / Wild Wax Show
LONDON, Swan, Hammersmith (01-748 1043), Zhaiin
LONDON, Windsor Castle, Westbourne Park, Doll by Doll
MANCHESTER, Middleton Civic Hall (061-643 2389), Shabby Tiger / Cry Tough



WILKO JOHNSON: West Runton Pavilion, Friday

NEVER a day go's by without an X-RAY Spectacular this week as POLY S and the boys devastate rock places throughout the land with sci-fi tales of teenage depression and twin sets. Get your dose of de-X-itement at Bristol Tiffany's (Thursday) and Plymouth Metro (Friday), to name but two, or if you're after the big 'un it's London Music Machine (Monday).

Sartorial spiv WILKO JOHNSON is all toggled-up and ready to kill, on a debut tour with his brave noo band. Catch 'em at West Runton Pavilion (Thursday), St Albans Civic Hall (Friday), Swansea Circles, (Monday), Cardiff Top Rank (Tuesday). And there's even more elegance when hormone king WAYNE COUNTY gives the UK a resounding smakeroni and really drags out the works my dears at his farewell gig, London Music Machine (Thursday) Shine your pearls girls, there could be competition.

Moving down the best-dressed list of blue jeans can still do it too. RORY GALLAGHER (who else?), axe at the ready is up 'n' off on a 12-dawer, his first British visit since way back in '76. The blue-eyed boy from Ballyshannon kicks off at Glasgow Apollo (Sunday), closely followed by Newcastle City Hall (Tuesday).

Truly a band to watch, TELEVISION are over on another Transatlantic adventure, bringing tales of moons and Junes and Venus De Milo to lucky of Newcastle City Hall (Monday) and Glasgow Apollo (Tuesday). Where else?

RADIO STARS have three nights at London's Nashville (Saturday, Sunday, Monday). SIOUXSIE'S on the warpath again and there's much more from Jamaica jock TAPPER ZUKIE, GRAHAM PARKER, SLADE and the rest. Eyes down—see the listings.

SATURDAY

APRIL 6

ABERDARE, Colosseum Theatre, Racing Cars
ABERTILLY, Six Bells (2543), Warren Harry
AYR, Darlington Hotel (88278), Black Gorilla
BATLEY, Variety Club (475228), Johnny Nash
BIRMINGHAM, Barbarella's (021-643 9413), Bethnal
BISHOPS STORTFORD, Triad (56333), Generation X
BRADFORD, East Bowling Unity Club, Ronnie Storm & The Typoons
BRIGHTON, New Regent (27800), Johnny Curious & The Strangers
CHELTENHAM, Town Hall (23690), X-Ray Spex
CRAWLEY, Sports Centre, Wounded / John Scott Cree
DUDLEY, JB's (53597), Young Bucks
DUNDEE, Caird Hall (22389), Max Boyce
EASTBOURNE, Cavalier (22307), Steve Boyce Band
FARNBOROUGH, Town Hall (01-464 3338), Brains
TRUST / SWIT
GLASGOW, Apollo (041-332 6055), Manfred Mann's Earth Band
COVENTRY, University of Warwick (4011), Planet Gong
HAILSHAM, Crown Hotel (84001), Southern Ryds
HARROGATE, PG's, Trapese
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, Dacorum College (63771), Desperate Straits
HITCHIN, College of Education, Young Ones
IPSWICH, Gaumont (53641), Merle Haggard / Joe Ely
LEEDS, Florde Grene Hotel (623470), The Vipers
LEEDS, Meanwood Gardens (752160), Overlord
LIVERPOOL, Eric's (051-236 7881), The Saints
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4987), Freddie Fingers Lee / Sore Throat
LONDON, Garden Llon, Fulham (01-386 0524), Dana Gillespie
LONDON, Music Machine (01-387 0428), Supercharge
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Radio Stars
LONDON, New Roxy Theatre, Harlesden (01-965 6946), NYBO
LONDON, Palladium (01-437 7373), Stylitics / Candy Station
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington, Big Chief
LONDON, Rainbow, Finsbury Park (01-263 8168),

FRIDAY

APRIL 7

MANCHESTER, Pip's (061-834 1833), Ester
MANCHESTER, Rafters (061-236 9783), Elvis Costello and The Attractions
MELTON MOWBRAY, Painted Lady, Delegation
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, The Coopersage (28286), Sabre Jets
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, The Hawthorne (741096), Avalon
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Park Hotel (662010), Oasis
FENZANCE, The Garden (245), Generation X
PETERBOROUGH, ABC (3004), Hot Chocolate
SHEFFIELD, Limit Club, Planet Gong
SPRINGTOWN, Perthshire Club Chou Pahrot
STOKE, Gately, Juggernaut
STOKE, Tiffany's, Real Thing
SWANSEA, Circles, Oro
SWANSEA, Nutz (66409), Bethnal
TREFOREST, Non - Political, Club Warren Harry
WEBBINGTON, Country Club, Slade
WICKFORD, Youth Centre, Gygafo

CHELMSFORD, Rock Club, Grand Hotel
CHELTENHAM, Pavilion (7029), Satan's Rats
COVENTRY, University of Warwick (20359), Planet Gong
DUDLEY, JB's (53597), Magic
GREENHEAD, Greenhead Hotel, Michael Chapman
HUDERSFIELD, Town Hall (22133), The Real Thing
ILFORD, Cranbrook, Rednite
IRVINE, Mercet Cross, Hector
KIRKLEEVINGTON, Country Club (780345), The Boyfriends
LINCOLN, New Bootham Days (21779), Strangec
LONDON, Battersea Arts Centre (01-223 5358), UK Subs / Plague
LONDON, Bouncing Ball, Peckham, 90 deg Inclusive
LONDON, Brecknock, Camden, Suckers
LONDON, City Arms, Islington, Frankenstein

LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4987), The Orphans / The Lightning Raiders
LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, Swift
LONDON, Duke of Sussex (01-803 4783), Southern Ryds
LONDON, Half Moon, Fife (01-758 2387), Saffron Summerfield
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Gonzales / Captain Webb
LONDON, New Roxy, Harlesden (01-965 6946), Tapper Zukie
LONDON, Palladium (01-437 7373), The Stylitics / Candy Station
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington, The Late Show / The Monos
LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-249 0198), The Young Ones
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), The Voice Squad / Clumy
LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-866 0961), Funky Team
LUTON, Royal Hotel (29131), Garbo's Celluloid Heroes
MALVERN, Winter Gardens (01-866 4112), The Adverts
MANCHESTER, Rafters (061-236 9783), Elvis Costello and The Attractions
MARGATE, Dreamland (27011), Slouxsie and The Banshees
MELTON MOWBRAY, Painted Lady, Delegation
NEWCASTLE, Bridge Hotel, Disguise
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, City Hall (20007), Manfred Mann's Earth Band
NEWPORT, Village (61199), Bethnal
NORWICH, Jaguard's Club, Mischief Tavern, Fye, Ruby Joe
NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper (54381), Gloria Mundi
PLYMOUTH, Metro (51326), X-Ray Spex, Racing Cars
PORT TALBOT, Troubadour, Slade
READING, Hexagon Theatre, Dave Swarbrick & Friends
REDDITCH, Tracey's (61160), Limelight
RETFORD, Porterhouse (4981), Wreckless Eric



SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHIES: Margate Dreamland, Friday

THURSDAY

APRIL 6

BASILDON, Double Six (20140), Rebel
BATLEY, Variety Club (475228), Johnny Nash
BIRKENHEAD, Mr Digby's (051-647 9329), Body
BLACKWOOD, (Gwent), Blackwood Institute, Racing Cars
BRADFORD, Princeville (78646), Race Against Time

CONTINUED OVER PAGE

UPFRONT

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Damned, Johnny Moped / Soft Boys / Prof & Profettes
LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-249 0188), Subs
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3881), Spitzel
LONDON, Royal, Neal Street (01-438 8811), Mean Street / Public
LONDON, Squire, Catford, Rebel
LONDON, Stapleton, Crouch Hill (01-272 2108), Redrite
LONDON, Swan, Hammersmith (01-748 1043), Lesser Known Tonikans
MANCHESTER, Mayflower, Tapper Zukie
MARGATE, Dreamland (27011), Roll Ups / Stag
MATLOCK, Pavilion, Juggernaut
MELTON MOWBRAY, Painted Lady, Delegation
MIDDLESBROUGH, Rock Garden (241988), Disguise
NEELSON, Victoria Bar, Hector
NEWCASTLE, Bridge Hotel (27780), Hot Snax
NORTHAMPTON, County Cricket Club (32917), China Street
NOTTINGHAM, Boat Club (880932), Strider
OXFORD, College of Further Education (46318), Wreckless Eric
OXFORD, Oranges & Lemons, Left Hand Drive
RETTFORD, Porterhouse, Rokotto

SNODLAND, The Bull, Edge Band
ST ALBANS, City Hall (44511), Wilko Johnson
STROUD, Leisure Centre (8771), Slade
STROUD, Subscription Rooms, Muscles
SWINDON, Oasis (33494), Denis Waterman and The Sprinklers
WARRINGTON, Lion Hotel, Body
WIGAN, Riverside Social Club, Beano

SUNDAY

APRIL 8

AREDEEN, Capitol Theatre (23145), Manfred Mann's Earth Band
ANFIELD PLAIN, The Platinman (33113), The Barfly
BARILDON, Double Six (20140), Gyrate
BOLTON, Blighty's (Farnworth 792022), Slade
CHELMSFORD, Chancellor Hall (65848), Siouxsie & The Banshees
COLCHESTER, University of Essex (63211), Planet Gong
COVENTRY, Coventry Theatre (23141), Stylites / Candy Station
CROYDON, Fairfield Hall (01-838 9281), Dave Swarbrick & Friends
CROYDON, Greyhound, Wreckless Eric
DUNDEE, Samantha's, Black Gorilla
GLASGOW, Apollo (041-332 6055), Rory Gallagher / Joe O'Donnell

GLASGOW, Pavilion (041-332 0678), Max Boyce
HENRIEF HEMPSTEAD, Pavilion (44451), Elvis Costello and The Attractions
KIRKALDY, Station Hotel, The Exile
LEEDS, F Club, Roots (48010), Tapper Zukie
LEEDS, Sizzling Post (545626), Race Against Time
LIVERPOOL, Empire (051-709 1555), Merle Haggard / Joe Ely
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town, Remus Down Boulevard
LONDON, Brecknock, Camden, Roll Ups
LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081), Hot Chocolate
LONDON, Hampstead Country Club, Spitzel
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 8003), Dana Gillespie
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-803 6071), Radio Stars
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington, Charlie Dore's Back Pocket
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), John Adams Band / Out of The Blue
LONDON, Roundhouse, Chalk Farm (01-287 2864), Generation X
LONDON, Stapleton, Crouch Hill (01-272 2108), Helicopters
LONDON, Torrington, North Finchley, The Slukas
LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road, Frankenstein
MANCHESTER, Band on the Wall (061-238 9114), Mekon / Toy Town Symphony
NEWBRIDGE, (Gwent), Newbridge Institute, Warren Harry
PURFLEET, Circus Tavern (4001), Herb Reed
SOUTHAMPTON, Odeon (22243), Denis Waterman and The Sprinklers
WHITLEY BAY, Rex Hotel, Easter

LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-803 6071), Radio Stars
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington, RIT Raff
LONDON, Red Cow, Hammersmith (01-748 8720), The Subs
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), JJ Jameson / World Service
LONDON, Thames Polytechnic, Woolwich (01-854 2030), Grand Hotel
MALVERN, Festival Theatre (8377), Dave Swarbrick & Friends
MANCHESTER, Band on the Wall (061-832 8026), No Mystery
NEWCASTLE, City Hall (20007), Television
NORWICH, University of East Anglia (52088), Planet Gong
OLDHAM, Tower Club, The Fall, The Slugs / Identical Zips (Rock Against Racism)
PRESTON, Pear Tree, Body Purfleet, Circus Tavern (4001), Herb Reed
SWANSEA, Circles, Wilko Johnson
SWINDON, Affair (30670), The Banned
WHITLEY BAY, Jonah's, Harcourt's Heroes
WOLVERHAMPTON, Civic Hall (28482), Bethnal
YEADON, Peacock Hotel, Smick

TUESDAY

APRIL 11

BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), X-Ray Spex
BOURNEMOUTH, Richmond Hotel (83974), Flesh
CARDIFF, Top Rank (28538), Wilko Johnson
OOVENTRY, Locarno (24570), Generation X
GLASGOW, Apollo (041-332 6055), Television
LEIGHTON BUZZARD, Unicorn Club, Left Hand Drive
LONDON, Brecknock, Camden, Grand Hotel
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town, Dick Envy
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-287 4967), The Saints
LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-838 0933), Chelsea / Holt
LONDON, John Bull, Chiswick (01-994 0062), Rebel
LONDON, Kensington, Russell Gardens (01-403 3245), Spitzel
LONDON, Moonlight, West Hampstead (01-877 1473), Cheap Stars / The Streets
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Young Bucks / Live Wire
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-803 6163), The Monos / Plinprint / The Echoes
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Landscape / Doppelganger



X-RAY SPEX: London Music Machine, Monday

LONDON, Tramshed, Woolwich (01-854 3983), Pekoe Orange
LONDON, Western Counties, Paddington, Stage Fright
LONDON, White Hart, Acton, Doll By Doll
MANCHESTER, Rafter's (061-238 9783), Doctors of Madness
NEWCASTLE, City Hall (20007), Rory Gallagher / Joe O'Donnell
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, The Coopage (28286), Jeff Grant Band
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Gosforth Hotel (856617), White Heat
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Newton Park Hotel (862010), Harcourt's Heroes
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, West House, Killingworth (681373), Barfly
PENZANCE, Garden (2475), Elvis Costello and The Attractions
PURFLEET, Circus Tavern (4001), Herb Reed
SHEFFIELD, City Hall (27074), Manfred Mann's Earth Band
SOUTHEND, Talk of the South (87921), Imperials
SOUTHEND, Zero Six (546344), Planet Gong
TAUNTON, Odeon (2288), Real Thing
WHITLEY BAY, Red Lion, Earadon (529376), Achilles Heel

TV

WEDNESDAY
Granada / London / Regions — Pop Quest (4.45-5.15): Pityer wits against the computer mind of Rock Superbrain of '78 in this final quiz of the series, kidz. 'Ere Brian, me brain'urts, click, whizz, whirr.
BBC 1 — Hong Kong Beat (9.35-10.05): Schlock, horror, sloop, Inspector Wong of the Hong Kong police traps the wily Big Gun. Another searing human drama-ette from the land of fied plawn.
THURSDAY
BBC 1 — Top of the Pops (7.10-7.40): Any contenders to prise soap-commercial, ultra-complacent Abba from the top slot? Look 'n' see.
FRIDAY
BBC 1 — Portrait of Twiggy (10.30-10.55): Swinging sixties model Twiggy participates in BOF extravaganza concerning flower power, power power and her conversion to C&W gas.
SATURDAY
LWT — Cur Show (10.00-11.00): Mike Reid and Eddie Kidd are this week's guest victims, and you got steel band sounds from the all-gal West Indian combo from Priory Park Skool (spl).
LWT — The Monkees (11.00-12.00): More nostalgia folks, in 'Royal Flush'. The weenybop rage of the sixties are back with a recycled series. Micky, Michael, Peter 'n' Davy do a Sir Galahad and stop a young maidens wicked uncle from having his way with her.
SUNDAY
LWT — London Weekend Show (1.00-1.30): Janet Street-Lamp checks out the teenage male prostitution scene in London's West End.

RADIO

MONDAY
BBC 1 — Chiggers Plays Pop (4.40-5.05): At last Keith Chegwin (53) escapes from his role as multi-coloured wozit and plays about with his own show — worst stanz, news'n'views.
TUESDAY
BBC 2 — Old Grey Whistle Test (10.55-11.35): French jazzrock band Gong strut their stuff and Bryn Haworth, bottleneck wizard, plucks away at his instrument.
MONDAY TO FRIDAY
Radio One — John Peel (10.00-12.00): The Man Who Fell To PUNK flips more esoteric vinyl into orbit.
WEDNESDAY
Radio Nottingham — Jaye C (6.30-7.30): Jolly Jaye shoves another nickel in his antiquated jukebox to bring you a session of rock raves from the grave. Surprise guests too.
FRIDAY
Radio Clyde — Baroque 'n' Roll (7.30-9.00): Pop versus classical in a musical mixture of Davey Graham, Richard Clayderman, Son of Pete and the Leningrad Symphony Orchestra. Anyone for tennisovitch?
SATURDAY
Radio Clyde — Hear Me Talking! (10.00-11.00): Vintage rock 'n' roller Carl Perkins greases back his hair in a nostalgic hidden studio session.
SUNDAY
Radio London — Honky Tonk (12.00 midday - 1.30): Another rock show — but one of the best. Charlie Gillett offers a viable alternative to roast beef 'n' two veg. Pop-sulula all the way.
Radio Luxembourg — (7.30 - 8.30): All the punk that's commercial presented by our man hanging onto the bandwagon by the skin of his spornan, Stuart Henry.
MONDAY
Radio Newcastle — Bedrock (7.15 until the pubs close): Greg Kihn, the Rubinos and Cheap Trick rap about how great it is to be here and much much more.
TUESDAY
Radio Clyde — Boozy Woogy Rock Show (12.00 midnight - 2.00 am): Tartan temptress Maggie Bell exercises her cheese-grater tonsils in a boozey-woogle session with the resident jock.



RORY GALLAGHER: Glasgow Apollo, Sunday

MONDAY

APRIL 10

BANNOCKBURN, Tartan Arms, Black Gorilla
BIRMINGHAM, Golden Eagle, Bullets
BIRMINGHAM, Rebecca's (021-643 6951), Tapper Zukie
BLYTH, Golden Eagle (4343), Steve Brown Band
BRIGHTON, Dome (882127), Hot Chocolate
BRISTOL, Colston Hall (292768), Slade
BURTON-ON-TRENT, Eve's Disco, Muscles
CROYDON, Red Deer, Desperate Straits
DONCASTER, Outlook (84434), Wreckless Eric
HATTON-LE-MOLE, Fleming Hotel, Avalon
HOWLAND, Birdcage Ballroom, Beano
LIVERPOOL, Empire (051-709 1555), Max Boyce
LIVERPOOL, Sportsman (051-709 3757), Juggernaut
LONDON, Brecknock, Camden, Tour De Force
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town, Young Bucks
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden (01-287 4967), The Saints
LONDON, Half Moon, Putney, Noel Murphy
LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-838 0933), Whirlwind
LONDON, Kensington, Russell Gardens (01-803 3245), Pekoe Orange
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 8003), Doctors of Madness
LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, West Hampstead (01-877 1473), Adam & The Ants / Patrick Fitzgerald
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), X-Ray Spex / Automatics / Unwanted



TELEVISION: Newcastle City Hall, Monday

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ROADSHOWS

Bubblegum comes of age at last

THE SMIRKS / THE RUBINOOS / THE GREG KIHN BAND / THE SPITBALLS, Hammersmith Odeon

The Smirks evade review here for two reasons (a) I've run out of things to say about them (b) I didn't see them.

But I feel confident that they were truly wonderful, as usual.

Idle conjecture of this sort is unnecessary re The Rubinoos, who I did see, and loved. Seven years ago, the stuff the Rubinoos do would have been virulently poo-pood by anyone with half a brain and an age into double figures and that includes me. I hated bubblegum too.

I could have happily emptied vats of sulphuric acid and pigs droppings over the likes of the Archies and the 1910 Fruitgum Company, and probably would have if they hadn't been nothing more than a pigment of some producer's imagination.

I wanted to hear Black Sabbath not such namby pamby gibblings.

And now, in 1978, as tastes for thudding heavies fade, a lust for the innocence and feyness of that era has been born. This bubble, I want to see burst, right in the faces of all the sour faced goons who treat rock 'n' roll like some pompous pagan god.

The Rubinoos are the best pap I've ever heard, pap-happy, poking fun and having it at the same time. Pretty instant lemonade tunes — the best being the singles 'Hard To Get', 'Rock 'n' Roll Is Dead' and 'I Think We're Alone Now'. They think they're so cute, and they are, too.

Don't think, because the content is so fluffy. It's necessarily easy. Rubinoos have been together seven years and have the harmonies and teenage simper intonations down perfect.

They laugh at boogie, they take Ted Nugent to pieces, they giggle at themselves. Beserkers still live with their moms.

The Greg Kihn Band, also out of the Bay Area, are likewise a pop band, but rather more straight of face. They lack the onstage romance appeal of The Rubinoos whereas like the Monkees the Rubes come out with a sense of personality for each member. Greg Kihn and his band projected themselves as being slightly colourless.

The first half of the set was pretty nondescript really. I found myself almost dozing off.

But I was shocked back out of the land of nod with some rhythms from eleven fasters rock 'n' roll plus a shock of white

reggae (and I like white reggae). 'Chinatown', and 'Secret Meeting' and one track which I'm not sure was called 'Remembering' got those peepers as wide open as my ears. Jingle jangle rock 'n' roll music, and we all begged for more.

And we got it. And how. To astonishment and veneration, the legendary Spitballs (all god-knows-how-many-of-them) took the stage. The Smirks and The Rubinoos and Greg Kihn Band and Roysse Rubino dressed up as Ted Nugent and they did 'Telstar' and we all hummed along, and I haven't enjoyed myself so much since God knows when. Berserk Berserkers

Jam lift lid at CBGB's

THE JAM, Second Avenue, New York BE-BOP DELUXE, The Palladium, New York

THIS IS the modern world, and The Jam are modern music. Right on stuff for modern kids.

Be-Bop Deluxe pretend to be modern, too, what with their sci-fi sound and futuristic self-flagellation and all. But they aren't modern, not really.

That's because modern pop keeps up with its fans' needs. And it is this fan's need to be jolted out of a perpetually numbed-out, basket-case (alias New York) state of mind, and into one where mind and heart are working full speed ahead.

Which is what Be-Bop did not promote in their Saturday show. Fitted against the over-amplified drumming of Simon Fox. Bill Nelson's self-effacing showmanship took on a drone-like quality only a computer could love. Assuming the role of 21st century Jerry Garcia, Nelson led Be-Bop in bloodlessly correct read-outs of the all-new 'Speed Of The Wind' as well as current repertoire numbers such as 'Surreal Estate', 'Shine', 'Ships In The Night', 'Panic In The World' and 'Fair Exchange'. And if Be-Bop's sterile perfection is what music in the future world (the air age?) is all about, I'll take the Jam's modernity — even if it is in part a 60's rehash — anyway.

For The Jam can and did jolt this fan out of aforementioned basket-case state on Friday night. Midway through their first major North American tour, the group served up local modern wave fans with something they only rarely taste — excitement. In terms of both personal charisma and musical dynamics, the trio beat out all of their American 'scene' competition except perhaps The Ramones.

From the opening number 'This Is The Modern World' to their repetition of near non-stop affirmation of the reasons for their music's success. They made you believe that they had something to say to you (even if the exact message wasn't clear). That the notion of solidarity through music isn't totally insane.

The all-white stage lighting The Jam employed provided a spectacular atmosphere for the transformation of these three reasonably inarticulate and otherwise normal lads (as they were observed off-duty at CBGB's a few weeks earlier) into the pious pillars of their disaffected peers. Effectively uniformed in black and white, the like Weller and Foxton pounced at the crowd from their spots at the edge of the stage. One moment a fat mike, the next moment animal wild, the cultist duo slammed out vocals and instrumentals with relentless energy.

Together with the hyper-active drum work of Rick Buckler. The Jam breaknecked their way (seven songs in the first 20 minutes) through a set which included 'I Need Your (For Someone)', 'News Of The World', 'Here Comes The Weekend', 'All Around The World', 'In The City' and many more, and which had so much defiant force that it roused the audience to their feet — no mean accomplishment for a New York new wave show. Two calls for encores by the 1,700-plus capacity crowd gave additional proof of New York's appreciation of the show.

Come back soon, Jam. MARILYN LAVERTY



RUBINOOS: pap happy and cute as the devil

everywhere, really chumps, this is what pop music is all about.

TIM LOTT

SHOWADDYWADDY London Palladium

SHOWADDYWADDY WERE brilliant, polished, superb. The Palladium security staff were stuffy, sour faced, unrelenting. I wouldn't mind betting that Showaddy are sad they decided to play the Palladium, because not

one Ted was allowed to bop in the aisles. Bop? They weren't even allowed to stand up. At the first sign of excited movement, an anxious security man scuttled down the aisle and reprimanded the fan who dared to enjoy himself.

And it was a supremely enjoyable show. They appeared to the tune of 'The Dambusters' and then warmed up with snatches of 'Wipe Out' and 'Peter Gunn'. From the strobe lighting to the smoothly rehearsed choreography, Showaddy performed a perfect show. Considering there are eight of them, their stage movement showed tight co-ordination. They must have rehearsed each step for months — even down to tilting the mike stands at the same time.

Their show is a cleaned

up version of rock 'n' roll, the family size block, and as such they waver into a pantomime atmosphere now and again — getting the audience to sing, or clap their hands. A Bullins touch, but one which obviously added to everyone's enjoyment, so I don't knock it.

Although they all take turns to come to the front, it's singer Dave Bartram who holds the hearts of the girls. They screamed. I haven't heard screaming at a gig since I last saw the Bay City Rollers. Bring it back, I say. One young lady overcame her shyness (and beat the bouncers) to leap on the stage to grab hold of Bartram. It took three blokes to get her off again.

They did fish for the occasional cheer by having a go at punk rock,

which I thought was unnecessary — they'd already won over the audience and didn't really need to resort to digs at other performers. But that was covered by their excellent performance of songs like 'Jenny Remember Me' (their version of John Leyton's 'Johnny Remember Me') and 'King Of The Jive'.

I don't think any of them stopped moving for a minute: their dance sequences were fascinating and I could just see the Teds in front itching to get out in the aisles to dance too. It was very frustrating being nailed to the seat by the glare of authority.

To ensure the two drummers didn't get forgotten behind their massive kits, both came down in turns to grab some limelight. I think Romeo Challenger made the most of his — the addition of tymps to the percussion was a stroke of brilliance which he used to the full. Later he was given a short solo spot, but I think drum solos are tedious at the best of times and in this show it was definitely out of place, no matter how well he played.

But Showaddy use all the tricks, including dry ice. Their sound, however, is no trick. When you hear a show as smooth running as this, you wonder why other groups struggle along with squeaks and hums fighting their way out of the PA. In the whole show, Showaddy had feed back only once.

Through 'When, I Wonder Why', 'Rock 'n' Roll Music', 'Three Steps To Heaven', 'Dancing

Party' and 'Heartbeat' they didn't falter once. And when they built up to 'Rave On' by mentioning the Big Bopper, Richie Valens and Buddy Holly, the response was gratifying. Building up the steam must also have increased the heat for the band, all of whom eventually removed their long jackets. I was impressed by their stage suits, but felt that they could have been made out of firmer material. By the end of the evening, the trousers were sticking to them like Rudolph Nureyev's tights. Unfortunately this did not show off Dave Bartram's figure to flattering advantage — he looks better with the jacket to cover his hips. Only a minor thing though, and it certainly didn't detract from the pleasure I got from the show.

In fact, the only part I was disappointed in was the end. They went into 'Jailhouse Rock', but instead of keeping it tight, like the rest of the show, they slipped in that drum solo, which I felt spoiled the continuity. The rest of the band left the stage while Romeo did his stuff, and when they came back the fire had gone. I didn't think it was necessary either, to yank down Bartram's trousers on stage — that was just too like the pantomime.

The ending aside, the show was great. I just wish it had been held in a venue where we would at least have been allowed to stand up at the end to show our appreciation.

I'll definitely go to see Showaddywaddy again, but I'll be thumbing my nose at the Palladium. ROSALIND RUSSELL

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The O'Jays: Collectors Items

ROADSHOWS

LIZZY LACK LUSTRE



PATTI SMITH: her own worst enemy

Patti pleases (herself)

PATTI SMITH GROUP
Rainbow, London

THERE'S A fine line between having faith in your own art and self-indulgence. The difference is that in the former the end product is worthwhile whereas in the latter it's boring as hell.

Bowie, for instance, and Nick Lowe do precisely what they want, how they want. The end product happens to be interesting. Sometimes this high principled method of creating can run amok, though, when in the wrong hands, and the result — for the observer at least — is atrocious tedium.

What this is leading up to is the suggestion that Patti Smith was her own worst enemy at The Rainbow. She had it all at her feet — the crowd worshipped her, the sound was perfect, the sense of occasion was monumental.

And sure enough she handled these factors with the deftness they deserved, at first. Devoting her energies almost entirely to the new album 'Easter', Patti was spraying excitement into the air, and it dribbled down and infected the audience like some potent drug, squeezing out their every last ounce of adoration.

This blissful scene went on for some happy time, through 'Till Victory' and 'We Three' and 'Ghost Dance' and 'Rock 'n' Roll Nigger' and 'Ask The Angels'.

Then her ego took hold, and she grabbed her guitar and subject us to the terrible rigours of 'Radio

Ethiopia' which seemed to go on for days, but which probably went on for a couple of hours. I can't tell you how terrible it was. I wanted to leave.

Eventually it was gotten out the way, but it somehow upset the atmospherics of the concert. Patti made a fool of herself, and even the love-blind could hardly ignore the fact.

Accusations of self-indulgence pt. 2: Patti did one Stones number, one Who number, one John Lennon number and one Ronettes number ('Be My Baby' believe it or not).

While this was all very jolly, and there was a droll irony in listening to all the punker idiots wildly applauding songs written by artists they have spent the last year declaring redundant, it took up room that could be filled with songs by Patti Smith, which is the reason, I for one, came to the Rainbow.

We got all these cover versions, but what we didn't get was 'Free Money' or 'Redondo Beach' or 'Birdland' or any of the other classic numbers from 'Horses' (except for 'Gloria', which was the zenith of the performance).

On the flip side of the coin, Patti's band dashed mud-slingers who had previously daubed them with derisory labels. They were adept and sympathetic and most vital of all, tough without being clumsy.

But I felt, sweating, with feelings of disappointment lurking below the surface, because we got what Patti wanted, not what the fans surely wanted. Does this make her worthy of respect or contempt? And I'll give you a clue. The answer isn't respect. **TIM LOTT**

THIN LIZZY
Rainbow, London

RIGHT, facts first, criticism later. Thin Lizzy are international superstars. Last week they played a one off gig at The Rainbow. It was filmed for a forthcoming TV special about this extremely popular band. (Phil Lynott wore a silky shirt and black leather trousers). All our favourite Lizzy songs were played with great professional skill. (Scott Gorham was resplendent in a red cat suit). The new numbers sounded OK. (Brian Robertson looked cool in a sequinned shirt and skin tight white trousers). Dry ice, smoke bombs and multi coloured lighting were used in suitable doses to provide visual glamour. John Earle played magnificent sax on 'Dancing In The Moonlight', a true showstopper. Was that really a drum solo I heard, as I treated myself to a much needed liquid revitaliser. Lizzy's music is quite enjoyable but they are just too perfect on stage.

There was no atmosphere in the circle. It was like watching TV. All the right movements, a nice sound but no stimulation. Everyone in the stalls looked as though they were enjoying themselves. If bands choose to have to play large halls they should be able to involve ALL the audience. Lizzy were unable to stand still, looked down and analysed them.

Conclusions: Lizzy create pleasant rock 'n' roll, are very smooth, are sometimes complacent, are rarely exciting, lack charisma and have become too Americanised. I should have stayed at home, listened to a Lizzy album and just imagined them on stage. It would have saved a journey and a big disappointment.

Don't worry Lizzy fans, you'll still enjoy them. But then you're probably the sort of people who only go to 'big' gigs, only buy

chart albums and think that Alan Freeman is God! See you at Knebworth. **PHIL HALL**

GRAHAM PARKER AND THE RUMOUR, The National Stadium, Dublin

WHEN IT came to the final weighing of the scales in the British music press at the end of last year, Graham Parker and the Rumour were probably the most neglected band around.

Maybe, it was the fact that the brilliant 'Stick To Me' came so late in the year — or more likely that people were competing to have more fashionable names topping their 'ten of the best' — but there was nothing like the recognition that album demanded in evidence.

Now's the time for those responsible to come clean or shut up altogether. Cos if they don't waken up now to the fact that this is one of rock's finest incarnations, of 78 really hits top gear, well, forget it.

This Dublin gig came at the end of a highly successful five-day Irish tour that contained two other classic performances in Galway and Belfast. And the finale was a triumph, from the start to finish.

No notes. It was that kind of gig. But the music flowed and burned from the racing, tempestuous 'Stick To Me' right through to the triumphant, final 'White Honey', so that there was just one option open; get on your feet and move. Which is what everyone in the Stadium did — even a couple of the bouncers — in what must have been the most ecstatic response to any act in this country in years.

It is as simple as this. Not only is possible to assert but there is not a weak link in the whole Parker-Rumour set-up, but there are also reserves of guts and drive, the likes of which virtually no other band currently boasts. And the

addition of brass really has given the music another — soul — dimension.

From the left — Belmont, Bodnoff, Goulding, Schwarz, Andrews and (in the centre) Parker himself — the whole crew play in varying degrees like men possessed. And what communicates to an audience is commitment to back up all their evident musical skills. And when you have got such fine basic raw material to work on as Parker's songs then there is just nothing missing.

Nor was there a moment throughout the whole set when the intensity sagged. Even a slow song like 'Watch The Moon Come Down', had the people on tenterhooks, with Parker's images of neurosis spilling out over the teeming, hypnotic instrumental back drop. Brilliant stuff.

Otherwise a frantic, almost psychotic 'New York Shuffle' and the new version of 'Don't Ask Me Questions' — Parker's current single, 'Stand Out In My Head', the latter uplifting, righteous, magnificent music that should crack the charts wide open.

NILE RIVERS
DANA GILLESPIE
The Nashville, Kensington

APPARENTLY this was Dana's first gig for two years, and whatever else she has been up to during that time, she certainly has not been dieting. Although, in fact, those people who had undeniably come along merely to sup their beer and ogle, were largely disappointed in the latter department since Dana, clad in sweat shirt and jeans seemed to be, to her credit, trying to live down her former glamour girl image.

Furthermore, after such a long absence there was an air of sympathy for the occasional detectable sign of nervousness. But the emphasis was on the music and it was this that was to form the evening criteria.

Dana's band comprised six capable musicians but the annoying way in which she directed the spotlight to each of the three soloists in turn only served to demonstrate how contrived each snippet of guitar, saxophone and keyboard playing really was.

However, during 'Organ Grinder Blues' Dana joined her keyboard player on piano to good effect. This was her best song. Many of the others were standards like 'I Hear You Knocking' 'Save The Last Dance For Me', 'Love Potion No 9'.

Curiously intermingled with such well-covered classic material were several innumerable soaked songs like 'Don't Touch Me There', 'Man Size Job' and of course 'Get My Rocks Off', which did little to enhance Dana's rock 'n' roll credibility.

Given more time, gigging experience and better material (while preserving that old raunchy blues feel), Dana could develop a unique style. But as it was, those who came to listen were almost as frustrated as those who came to look. **GARETH KERSHAW**



DANA GILLESPIE: strong, harsh voice

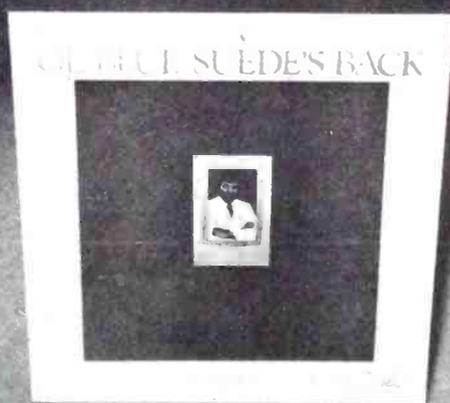
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ROADSHOWS

Master of the Clever Trevor

IAN DURY
Old Waldorf, San Francisco

THE old Waldorf isn't old, it's hemmed in by skyscrapers and the Trans - America pyramid building, all part of a new shopping precinct. But inside the lights do the work and crammed round the tables watching the waitresses and clinking the glasses it feels like a rock 'n' roll club.

Dury is working hard; two shows a night for four nights and then down to L. A. and the Roxy for more.

The Blockheads go straight into 'Sex and Drugs and Rock and Roll' and Dury in bowler and more silk scarves than a magician lurches on carrying a shopping bag full of dirty tricks. He storms through the new Boots and Panties album fondling everything that comes to hand, exhibiting his cast of curious including Clever Trevor and Billericay Dickie while breathing heavily and squealing.

He has his debauched way with the mike on 'Wake up, make love with me', and not content with that he explores some of the more perverse uses of a bike pump while describing Trevor. It's all good, clean back street under the counter sleaze.

Out come all the fantasies and fears of inadequacy (if I had a woman, look at them laughing - all of them at me) and the night - time tales like the one about the bus shelter, the green scissors and the severed hamstring of an unlucky lady - guess who did the dreadful deed.

Sooner or later they'll lock him up and they'll probably take the sax player too. But the audience is taking to this perverse eccentric while the sax cackles and the rhythm section bubbles and heaves. Tales of clots and Curtains may be foreign to the Yanks but Dury is so excessively English that he's going to meet them coming round the bend like Python did.

He tells the audience cheerfully that they're foreigners and kindly explains that mandies are qualudes. He may feel obliged to protest that Dickie ain't a bloody thickie while all the time fearing that they're laughing at him. But they aren't.

All the Blockheads have a good time and so do the audience. The set's over in 50 minutes but it's a pilledriver getting Dury down to his shirt and finishing with him fondling his collection of silk panties and drooling.

The window cleaner is confessing and America's going to cock its ears. MARK COOPER.



IAN DURY: Cheerful sleaze

no apparent direction or cohesion.

As I write this I find myself unable to recall a single phrase from any of the songs, all of which were unremembered. There were just a couple of moments of flickering light amid the gloom, when they stopped singing and allowed an interlude of thoughtful guitar or keyboard playing, but these were far too sparse to improve the overall impression of deadness.

I don't think I heard more than half a dozen words they sang all night - the ones I did catch were expressing the old 'us v them' argument. A banner on stage proclaimed the song title 'Condemned To Be Free' in letters about two feet tall, which is the only reason I've remembered it. Another title was 'Fight Back', a recent single and as such a wise choice by RCA since it was the only song that showed any real flair.

Paradoxically, this was a completely immemorable gig which I fear I will never forget.

PAUL SEXTON

CHICK COREA Rainbow, London

I'VE REALLY tried, I've listened to his albums and seen him before, but still I don't like him.

As RECORD MIRROR'S resident BOF I really should you know I mean Chick Corea is technically perfect and all that, but to me watching him in action is like sitting with your bum in the fridge for over an hour watching a boring television programme. I just find him too clinical in approach. He has immense skill turning his fingers through a variety of styles, but he delivered without feeling. It's like someone who's read a text book and is copying the formulae word for word.

True, there aren't many people you can compare him with. Maybe he's a sort of jazz Rick Wakeman but he sounds like there's nothing behind the keys. He whips himself up but I found again that he's like an artist painting by numbers, the forms all there but no great depth.

Seat shuffling time came about midway through the set, when the indulgences on stage became too great. Ear scratching and sighing time came about a quarter of an hour later. Ah, no good. Concentration was finally diminished by boredom. Everybody else loved it. What else can I say?
ROBIN SMITH

FABULOUS POODLES/DEAD FINGERS TALK.. Charing Cross Astoria, London.

IT was an odd venue and an odd (Pye) double-bill. The Astoria is one of those plush, seated theatres where one feels one ought to be awfully polite, and applaud in time with one another at the end of each song, good or bad.

For the Fabulous Poodles it was a one-off gig, which just happened (?) to coincide with vocalist Tony De Meur's 20th birthday. For Dead Fingers Talk it was a warm-up for their forthcoming tour.

Dead Fingers Talk were the first to appear, and from past confrontations it was obvious that this wasn't their kind of night. The light, airy stage clashed with their show which was anything but light and airy. Although the sound was shallow, the whole evening, DFT were intense and went for an all-out grip upon the small audience. The largest stage was utilised in full by singer Bobo Phoenix, Andy Linklater (bass) and Jeff Parsons (guitar). The set was tight and included their best known number, 'Harry', a song which plays upon the prejudices and insecurities of a middle-class 'queer-basher', whose malice is first directed towards our hero Harry, and then extends to embrace all queers, 'And even worse, nigger queers!' It's dramatisation is compelling and forceful, and as does all DFT's material, hits home its message sharply and with urgency.

They encore with 'The Boyfriend', which sounds, with its harmonies, quite commercial. With Mick Ronson's production behind them, their album should be excellent.

The Fabulous Poodles were a total contrast with a set manifest with humour and tinged with nostalgia. Fortunately their humour was not of the slapstick or monologue variety. It was confined to the lyrics in the songs and to the sharp, witty raps between numbers, band v audience and De Meur v everybody.

De Meur is the central character of the band, his vocals and delivery were both well-rehearsed and amusing. His guitar playing is a little less so, but is shelled by the violin and mandolin contributions of Bobby Valentino. Valentino looks like a young Clark Gable and his playing spices the songs with an unusual and refreshing flavour. (Well how many

rock hands do you know with an electric mandolin?)

De Meur's performance may have been intentionally cool, but he still lacked any positive enthusiasm. The definite lack of audience (the place was about one-third full) affected their overall conviction and inspired several terse comments from their drummer, Bryn Burrows. These, in its early stages, suffered as a result.

The material was of mixed virtues. I wish I'd been keen on the mock-reggae treatment of 'Let's Wrist Again', a version of the old Chubby Checker hit. Several numbers hit the mediocre level, but there were at least half a dozen strong commercial ditties, including 'Topless Gogo', 'Oh Cherry' and 'Mirror Star'.

The first encore was also particularly catchy, 'Don't Bother Me', and they finished with an acapella 'We'll Meet Again'. I'm sure we will.

KELLY PIKE

CHEAP TRICK, Mayfair, Birmingham

HAVE YOU ever walked into a mausoleum? After walking through a shopping precinct in Birmingham's Bull Ring and up the escalators to the Mayfair Ballroom you had the feeling there was a curfew after 10 o'clock.

About 150 to 200 people had turned out to see Cheap Trick. After reasonably good press I would have expected more. Maybe the fact that the Boomtown Rats were playing down the road didn't help.

I'd seen Cheap Trick twice before abroad and thought they were ideal for the British rock audience. Loud, not too heavy, played by good musicians and with a touch of humour - something most bands need.

When I saw the small crowd I felt depressed. Then Cheap Trick came out and there could have been a million people out there or just 100, they were up there ready to convert. They knew before they came to Britain it wasn't going to be roses all the way. They've built themselves up in America from playing small clubs to working in front of thousands.

All they know is to obtain that following you have to play and play well. I could tell you idiots - the ones that didn't turn up to see them on the British tour - about every song they played but that would be pointless. But I can say that Cheap Trick - Rick Nielson, guitar; Tom Peterson, bass; Robin Zander, vocals / rhythm guitar; and Bun E. Carlos, drums - did convert everyone there.

The next time Cheap Trick make it to this country these people will be fans. They will take along friends that they have convinced that Cheap Trick are good and the band will eventually be big in Britain. These new converts will then kick themselves for not seeing the group first time round.

Later in the set it was clear that the tomb had been brought back to life. The crowd were searching the floor for plectrums that Rick Nielson continually flicked at them. If you didn't get one on this tour I feel sorry for you, you missed a helluva fine band. ALF MARTIN

RADIATORS FROM SPACE

London University

THE RAMSAY Hall looks like the inside of a council flat. Now, while I can't speak for the inside of your council flat, on the whole they don't have the atmosphere that's generally necessary for a hot night out with a rock band.

The punters, almost all students (as it was a closed gig) pogoed self consciously all over what was obviously their day time dining room, looking and feeling as if The Head would come in at any minute. The booze was very cheap so everyone got plastered as well. In fact, some of them looked so happy, I don't think it would have mattered which band was up onstage.

It was, however, the Radiators, playing one of the last gigs before going back to Dublin to start writing for their next album. And because of the nature of the gig, the band kept to mainly older songs, as it would have been pointless to try anything new on this jolly bunch.

Taking into account they weren't using their usual PA and the one they did have was rubbish, they did very well. (Their van broke down with all their gear in it somewhere inaccessible). They

opened with 'Press Gang' and ripped through a credible set which I found eminently enjoyable - especially their version of 'Shake Some Action' which reached to the hair in even the wooliest head. I really liked their new single 'Million Dollar Hero' (out next month) and the following song 'Television Screen' which is a cracker.

But I don't know if the audience really had their hearts in it - after the gig they immediately reverted to the disco which played The Eagles and Fleetwood Mac.
ROSALIND RUSSELL

LITTLE BOB STORY

London Dingwalls

THE TROUBLE with Little Bob is that he's never gonna be a sex symbol. He's little, round and jolly but these very delightful characteristics don't cut the ice with the glad eye girls. And none of the bitches are really going to want to identify with him as they do other, more streamlined singer-heroes.

So where does it leave him? It leaves him with one helluva lot of talent and a long uphill climb. But I think he's great, and anyway these obvious types were never the men for me.

It really kills me the

way he bounces all over the stage like a Spacehopper. The ideal shape for a rock 'n' roller. He's got an amazing voice, something he uses not only to sing with, but to establish a close rapport with an audience who knows that beauty is only skin deep. He opened with 'Baby Don't Cry', and with very little exception, tore through a monster of a set.

I've never really thought the Frogs were much good at rock, but you don't even notice Little Bob is French until he opens a song with 'un deux trois quatre' instead of the usually sloppy English run in.

Of course, the single 'All Or Nothing' went well, maybe not as well as the small Faces' version but good all the same. They closed with 'Riot In Toulouse' but with the encore came a surprise. He and the band were joined by the two Johnnies, Thunders and Moped. It was a riot in Dingwalls as they blasted out two classics - 'Roll Over Beethoven' and 'Lucille'. Just the ones for the road as you reel out into the cold night air.
ROSALIND RUSSELL

GLORIA MUNDI Marquee, London

GLORIA MUNDI have me worried. Apparently there are people who are

willing to pay money to and see them. Now I wouldn't dream of criticising those people's taste because the whole business is entirely subjective anyway, but dammit, I've rarely seen such a display of deadening musical mediocrity as this.

I'd read some pretty harsh comments about the band in the past, but I think I went to the Marquee quite prepared to give them a chance. Unfortunately, they squandered that chance, for me, by a set which had

ART GARFUNKEL New York

HOW appropriate that St Garfunkel should make his first live, solo appearance in New York in eight years on Good Friday.

As the prestine half of Simon and Garfunkel, Art's three celestial solo albums have all suffered from bland vocal phrasing, childish lyrical visions of love, and thick production, pouring in like Milk of Magnesia over Lilliput.

But live, Art's staunchly apollonian stance worked to his advantage. He stood on Carnegie Hall's massive stage, with his Bozo the clown hair style function-



ing as a halo, and sang in a stunningly clear voice that made his dour weeping tunes seem totally electrifying.

Garfunkel has an amazing well - trained voice, with a sense of control and dynamics that few pop singers can touch. With sturdy backing vocals from Leah Kunkel, Art graced us

Is it Art or Funk?

with old S&G faves like 'Scarborough Fair' and 'Sounds of Silence' that were perfectly moving even without Paul Simon.

It all added up to a most understated show, never descending into the sterility or homogeneity of his albums. Dressed in Pat's Smith attire, Art gave us the required ample reason to measure our wrists with razor blades in such depressive gems as Jimmy Webb's 'I Woke Up Crying', and the older 'For Emily'. That Art could maintain credibility while coming so close to the dreaded borders of saccharine bishness was a wonderful achievement, and a great pleasure to witness.
JIM FARRER

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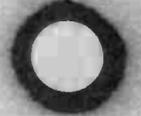
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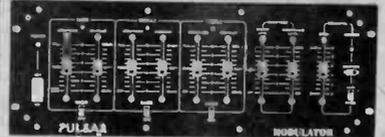
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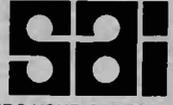
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by JAMES HAMILTON

DISCOS

BEE GEES: 'Night Fever' (RSO 002). By now typical frothy disco pop, from you know which movie.

RIFFLE: 'The Beat Goes on And On' (Sabal 890L 105). Monstrous as an import (2in), the catchy driving zinger's been edited for 2in only here. What a pity!

PETER BROWN: 'Dance With Me' (TK TKR 0027). Brilliant funky burbler, now an full 5:16 - long 7in!

UNCES OF LOVE: 'Star Love' (Motown TMG 1105). Emotions - style exciting girlie group jigger from the Commodores' stable.

DONNA SUMMER: 'Back In Love Again' (GTO GT 117). Laid-back Supremes - style looper, on lavish 12in with (at last!) the edited 'Try Me I Know We Can Make It' and bubbly 'Wasted' as Bp.

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR: 'Hey Lord Don't Ask Me Questions' (Vertigo PAK 002). Terrific skipping rhythm builds into an incredibly catchy chorus chant.

ALAN PRICE: 'Just For You' (Jet UP 3635A). Gorgeous sophisticated smoocher, lightly rhythmic and ideal as classy MoR.

JIMMY 'BO' HORNE: 'Dance Across The Floor'



BEE GEES

NEW SPINS

(TK TKR 0028). Jittery brassy clapper, repetitive and simple, his strongest since 'Gimme Some'.
KC & THE SUNSHINE BAND: 'Boogie Shoes' (TK TKR 0025). Old US chart-topper / lesser UK hit, re-issued as it's in "that" movie.
THE JACKSONS: 'Music's Takin' Over' (Epic EPC 6263). Norman Whitfield - type funky clapper.
VILLAGE PEOPLE: 'Macho Man' / 'In Hollywood' (DJM DJs 10856). 'San Francisco' -

type pounding title to their forthcoming LP (which has better tracks). Flipper for value by their last LP's other disco hit.
THE DIAMONDS: 'Sweet Lady' (Virgin VS 208). Attractive reggae jigger with strong Marley / Lindsay appeal.
ELTON JOHN: 'Ego' (Rocket ROKN 538). Jaggedly spurring rhythm racer, a bit stop-go, but good pop.
IAN GOMM: 'Come On' (Aibion 10N 1). Subtle slinky Chuck Berry

revamp, good for Ian Dury fans.
SPITBALLS: 'Telstar' (Beserkley BZZ 10). Tornadoes classic revived true to its original spirit!
BEACH BOYS: 'Little Deuce Coupe' (Capitol CL 15989). '63 classic with great new stereo dragster intro.
THE PLEASERS: 'The Kids Are Alright' (Arista ARST 180). Great hit-bound Beatles - type Who re-make.
THE JOLT: 'What'cha Gonna Do About It' (Polydor 2059008). Aggressively authentic '60s-style Small Faces re-make.
DANNY WILD: 'Mean Evil Daddy' / 'Old Bill Boogie' (Raw 12, via CBS). Good UK rockabilly boppers.
EDDIE MONEY: 'Baby

Hold On' (CBS 6050). Epitome of great American pop, lazy tempoed but packing an emotional punch in with the beat.
RONNIE SESSIONS: 'I Like To Be With You' (MCA 341). Ray Stevens-ish 'Misty' - type catchy MoR swayer.
MARTY MITCHELL: 'You Are The Sunshine Of My Life' (MC7001). MC is Motown Country, and this is a happy country MoR treatment like a faster 'Misty'.
SWEET SUBSTITUTE: 'Top Hat White Tie And Tails' / 'Rockin' In Rhythm' (Decca F 13768). '30s classics given a gay vintage - sounding Boswell Sisters treatment.
REGGIE & THE ORCHIDS: 'Take Five' (Electric WOT 20, via Pye). Catchy little pop reggae instrumental, with panting chx and jaunty sax.
CULTURE: 'Jah Pretty Face' (Lightning LIG 513). Currently hot reggae swayer, great old-fashioned slow flip.
1-ROY: 'Fire Stick' (Virgin Front Line FLS 101). Pulsating rhythm-riding skank goodie.
GEORGE FAITH: 'I've Got The Groove' (Island WIP 6424). Hypnotically throbbing slow reggae.
RUDDY THOMAS: 'Loving Pauper' (Lightning LIG 528). Sweetly soulful slow Impressions - is reggae jigger.
JAH LLOYD THE BLACK LION: 'This Ya Sound' (Front Line FLS 103). Freakily clanking dub with 'I and I' toasting.
REVOLUTIONARIES: 'Revolutionary Dub' (Jama JA 0037). Wild and woolly dub with jangling piano reverb.

DISCO DATES

THURSDAY (6) Tony 'Shades' Valence's BBC Radio Medway soul show now runs from 8 pm to midnight. The Drifters play Norwich Cromwells and Bogart Enterprises' disco party has a late licence at Edinburgh's Royal Mile Centre; **SATURDAY (8)** Dave Cash raves Southgate Royalty, and Johnnie Walker starts another weekly 'lunk night' at Farnborough Dicks, now renamed Gallagher's, in the Tumbledown Dick Hotel; **SUNDAY (9)** Steve Allen has a new funk night at Peterborough's Lime Tree, and Jason West is at Cambridge's new Caroca Club tonight, Tuesday and Thursday; **TUESDAY (11)** Rosetta Stone play Southgate Royalty, and Flashback Records have another promotion night at Thatcham Hamiltons with freebies and imports (details for DJs on 0793-812327).

DISCO NEWS

RADIO LUXEMBOURG'S RADIO LUXEMBOURG'S first Celebrity DJs in the new Sunday morning 1 - 2 am spot have been Chessington's Ambrose Harcourt, Gloucester's Mike Longely, Canada's Nick Carson and Teeside's Peter Quest, while this week's are Lux's own David Sarsfield and Cambridge's Steve Collins, ex - Voice Of Peace. Les Spaine has quit jocking at Liverpool Timepiece to become London - based assistant promotion manager at Motown, covering both disco and radio - call him on 01-486 7144 to try for his mailing list. John Waller has replaced Yvonne Marvill in the disco dept at Phonogram, where the current DJ list will stand though actual files are being updated. John's been a DJ here and in Denmark since 1970, but most recently was in Marketing at Phonogram.

MIX MASTER

DAVE 'DASTARD' LEE'S Sound Un - Limited Disco (Merthyr Tydfil 6719) does many MoR gigs. Currently, big Dave's mixing Raffaella Carra 'Do It Do It Again' (Epic) between Sylvia 'Y Viva Espana' (Sonet) and George Baker Selection 'Una Paloma Blanca' (Warner Bros) for jolly Continental knees-up, while other jocks in the foreign au - pair belt flip Carra for the original Italian version. My own big MoR hits are Manhattan Transfer 'A Gal In Calico' (Atlantic LP) and Peter Skellern 'Put Out The Flame' (Mercury), both huge!

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DJ HOTLINE

SAMUEL JOHNSON 'You' (US Columbia LP) hits the heavies Chris Hill (Maidenhead Romans), Chris Brown (Camberley Frenchies), Big Tom Holland (Ilford Lucy Lady), Graham Catter (Mayfair Gullivers), Johnnie Walker (Farnborough Gallaghers), DJ Wally (Trumppton Green Candles) USA - European Connection 'You Came Into My Heart' (US TK LP) gets Graham Gold (Greenford Chambers), Taloola (Soho Bang) Village People 'I'm

Just A Gigolo (DJM LP) camps Tricky Dicky (Soho Spats) Carl Bean 'Born This Way' (US Motown 12in) cops Colin Hudd (Gravesend Wings), Gary Criss 'Rio De Janeiro' (US Saboul 12in) taps Tony Barnfield (Mayfair Saddle Room) **Bolling Point** 'I Want To Get Funkified' (US Bullet) and Platinum Hook 'Gotta Find A Woman' (US Motown LP) get Robbie Vincent (Radio London), Brains-torm 'Wake Up And Be Somebody' (US RCA 12in remix) has Robin Nash (Camberley Banners), James T 'Begg'n' (US Reid's World) smooches

Owen Washington (Chatham Old Ashtree), Randy Brown 'I'd Rather Hurt Myself' (US Parachute) souls Tony TNT Moakes (Bromley) - **Anudeo** 'Moving Like A Superstar' (Rampage 12in) pulls Pete Gaylor (South-sea Jo'annas), Greg Gregory (Soho Sundown), Stuart Robinson (Wakefield Swallow) **Kiln John 'Ego'** (Rocket) hits Jason West (Cambridge), Doctor John (Telford Disco - Tech), Rob Harknett (Harlow Gilbey Vintners) **T. Connection 'Let Yourself Go'** (TK LP) bags Bob Cheek (Lowestoft Hedley House), Liz Bailey (Lelcester Society) **Lipstique** 'Venus' (Ensign) adds Mark Rymann (Swansea Cinderellas), Jim Hunter (Aldrie Marcos) **Pleasers 'The Kids Are Alright'** (Arista) rocks Andy Davids (Reading), DJ Donald (Coldstream) **Watsonian Institute** 'Master Funk' (DJM LP) funks Bob Jones (Chelmsford Dee Jays), Peter Gunn (Bristol Dream-land), and George Duke 'Reach For It' (Epic) funks Feds (West Walls Twisted Wheel), Tom Wilson (Edinburgh Rut-land) **El Coco 'I'm Mad As Hell'** (Pye 12in) nabs Nick Titchener (Wimbledon), Larry Foster (Ilford Room At The Top)

DJ TOP 10

- ALAN KERR'S C-Jad Disco (Kilmarnock 25110) keeps busy around the Ayrshire area, and at private parties he's currently driving 'em football crazy with this topical ten!
- 1 ALLY'S TARTAN ARMY, Andy Cameron Klub
 - 2 EASY EASY, Scotland World Cup Squad Polydor (74)
 - 3 HEY ARGENTINA, Scotland Sons EMI Int
 - 4 THE ROAR OF THE LION (OLE ALLY), Bone Idol Smack
 - 5 GIVE US A GOAL, Slide Barn
 - 6 SCOTLAND SCOTLAND, World Cup Squad Polydor (74)
 - 7 FLOWER OF SCOTLAND, Scotland Sons EMI Int
 - 8 FLOWER OF SCOTLAND, The Corries Pan-Audio (74)
 - 9 MULL OF KINTYRE, Wings Parlophone
 - 10 SAILING, Rod Stewart Warner Bros

UK DISCO TOP 90

CONTINUING THE positions from page two

- | | | | |
|----|----|-------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| 21 | 21 | THE GHOST OF LOVE BEIN' WITH YOU | Tavarez/Capitol / promo 12in |
| 22 | 27 | WHENEVER YOU WANT MY LOVE | Real Thing / Pve |
| 23 | 33 | DANCE A LITTLE BIT CLOSER | Chard / Salsoul/US 12in |
| 24 | 10 | WISHING ON A STAR | Ross/Rovco / Whitefield |
| 25 | 17 | JACK AND JILL GET DOWN | Raydio / Arista LP |
| 26 | 25 | EASY | Jimmy Lindsay / Island/Black Swan 12in |
| 27 | 53 | I LOVE MUSIC / LOVE TRAIN | O'Jays / Phil Int 12in |
| 28 | 38 | I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS | Nick Lowe / Radar |
| 29 | 30 | WHAT'S YOUR NAME | Anitrea / True Connection |
| 30 | 22 | MOVE YOUR BODY | Gene Farrow / Buddha/US 12in |
| 31 | 32 | MAGIC MIND/JUPITER, LOVE'S HOLIDAY | Earth Wind & Fire / CBS LP |
| 32 | 11 | COME BACK MY LOVE | Darts / Magnet |
| 33 | 24 | ALL RIGHT NOW | Free / Island EP |
| 34 | 11 | FROM EAST TO WEST / POINT ZERO / ORIENT EXPRESS | GTO LP |
| 35 | 31 | IF IT DON'T FIT DON'T FORCE IT | Kellee Patterson/EMI Int |
| 36 | 78 | SOLAR HEAT | Olympic Runners / RCA LP |
| 37 | 40 | DANCE WITH ME | Peter Brown / TK LP |
| 38 | 46 | SHAME | Evelyn 'Champagne' King / US RCA 12in |
| 39 | 64 | TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE | Mathis & Williams / CBS |
| 40 | 69 | NIGHT FEVER | Bee Gees / RSOALP/US 12in |
| 41 | 18 | TAKE A CHANCE ON ME | Abba / US Capitol LP |
| 42 | 48 | SUN IS HERE, SUN | US Capitol LP |
| 43 | 85 | BAMA BOOGIE WOOGIE | Cleveland / Eaton US Ovation |
| 44 | 35 | THERE ARE MANY STOPS ALONG THE WAY | Joe / US ABC LP |
| 45 | 58 | YOUR LOVE IS SO GOOD FOR ME | Diana Ross / Motown LP/US 12in |
| 46 | 44 | THE BOTTLE/HELLO SUNDAY! HELLO ROAD! | Gl Scott / Arista 12in |
| 47 | 48 | KU KLUX KLAN | Steel Pulse / Island / 12in |
| 48 | 56 | BAKER STREET | Gerry Rafferty / UA |
| 49 | 73 | ILL GO WHERE YOUR MUSIC TAKES ME | Tina Turner / CBS |
| 50 | 34 | BRICK HOUSE/ZOOM (LIVE) | Commodores/Motown LP/promo 12in |
| 51 | 89 | I WONDER WHY | Showaddywaddy / Arista |
| 52 | 11 | ALL NIGHT LONG/SOLUTIONS | Dexter Wansel / US Phil Int LP |
| 53 | 42 | ON BROADWAY | George Benson / Warner Bros/12in/LP |
| 54 | 41 | WE BRASS CONSTRUCTION | UA |
| 55 | 36 | GALAXY | War / MCA/12in |
| 56 | 86 | SWEET TEARS/WHEN IS REAL REAL | Roy Ayers/Polydor LP |
| 57 | 43 | TOO HOT TA TROT | Commodores / Motown/12in |
| 58 | 1 | I LOVE NEW YORK | Metropolis / US Salsoul 12in |
| 59 | 60 | LET'S HAVE SOME FUN | Bar-Kays / Mercury/LP |
| 60 | 1 | LOVE MUSIC | The Real Dewy / RCA |
| 61 | 39 | FUNK REACTION | Lonnie Smith / TK |
| 62 | 68 | IF YOU FEEL LIKE DANCIN' | Al Hudson / ABC/12in |
| 63 | 66 | KILDWATT INVASION | Kay-Gees / US De-Lite LP |
| 64 | 77 | MIDNIGHT AFTER DARK/STARBOOTY | Ubiquity/US Elektra LP |
| 65 | 47 | MY GUY | Mary Wells / Motown |
| 66 | 45 | WUTHERING HEIGHTS | Kate Bush / EMI |
| 67 | 58 | MUSIC HARMONY AND RHYTHM | Brooklyn Dreams / RCA/promo 12in |
| 68 | 62 | RISKY CHANGES | Bionic Boogie / US Polydor/12in/LP |

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|----|----|--------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| 69 | 71 | EMOTIONS | Samantha Sang / Private Stock |
| 70 | 63 | 'DO IT DO IT AGAIN' | Raffaella Carrà / Epic |
| 71 | 57 | CLOSE ENCOUNTERS | Meco / RCA |
| 72 | 37 | I DON'T WANT TO GO TO CHELSEA | Erin Costello / Radar |
| 73 | 27 | JUST ONE MORE NIGHT | Yellow Dog / Virgin |
| 74 | 1 | IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE | Suzi Quatro / Rask |
| 75 | 90 | DISCO INFERNO/ LIKE IT | Players / Aspacation Vanguard/12in |
| 76 | 72 | MR BLUE SKY | Electric Light Orchestra / Jgt |
| 77 | 90 | WIDE STRIDE | Billy Preston / A&M/US 12in |
| 78 | 90 | YOU ARE THE REASON | Bin Dimension / Motown |
| 79 | 80 | FLASH LIGHT | Parliament / Casablanca/US 12in/LP |
| 80 | 65 | DISCO LOVE BITE | Tea Ceas / DJM/LP |
| 81 | 74 | OH PRETTY WOMAN | Uncle Sam / Arista |
| 82 | 84 | JUST LET ME DO MY THING | Bino / US Prelude LP |
| 83 | 83 | BAD LUCK | Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes / Phil Int LP |
| 84 | 53 | DISCO DANCE | Michelle / US West/End 12in |
| 85 | 53 | A DANCE FANTASY/WARP FACTOR II | Montana / US Atlantic 12in |
| 86 | 49 | SAUSALITO | Grover Washington Jr / Kudu LP |
| 87 | 51 | YOU'RE SO RIGHT FOR ME | Eastside / Connection |
| 88 | 65 | DANCE LITTLE DREAMER | Bionic Boogie / Polydor |
| 89 | 80 | BLEU SUEDE SHOES | Carl Perkins / Charly |
| 90 | - | HANG LOOSE | Whitwind / Chess/UK |

HOT VINYL

GRAHAM CANTER (Mayfair Gullivers) rightly raves about the sensational slide - long gospel - disco medley of Roberta Kelly 'Oh Happy Day / To My Father's House / My Sweet Lord' (US Casablanca LP) and the punchy blend of old ska and modern disco on Maytals 'Disco Reggae' (State 12in pre). His other hoties are James Brown 'Nature' / 'Le Spank' (Polydor LP), Shotgun 'Good Bad And Funky' (ABC LP), Linda Clifford 'Runaway Love' / 'If My Friends Could See Me Now' / 'You Are You Are' (Curton LP), Cheryl Barnes 'Save And Spend' (Millennium 12in), Allen Toussaint 'Night People' (Warner Bros LP), Smokey Robinson 'Madame X' / 'Why Do You Wanna See My Bad Side' (Tamla LP), Heptones 'You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'' (Sensation Sounds 12in pre).

JOX VOX

GARRY ALLAN, resident at Liverpool McMillans, has a goodie about another DJ mate of his. "I met him in a local pub where he was doing a dinner time disco in one large room, while in another smaller room there was a juke box. This is used mainly by girls having lunchtime snacks, and is switched off when the disco's going. However, this time, it wasn't off - as we discovered when a huge bloke came up and said in best Scouse language, "Can you turn your bloody disco down, I can't hear the jukebox!" Get out of that!"

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DISCOS

And Travolta wasn't even there

May the Funk be with the National Soul Festival



Chris Hill, left, watches the T-shirt changing competition



EDDY GRANT



ROBBIE VINCENT



The Mexicano toasting to 'Move Up Starsky'

EASTER MONDAY'S National Soul Festival all-day ended up more like a rally of the National Funk party.

Whipped up by Chris Hill's passionate preaching over the top of such anthems as the O'Jays' 'I Love Music' and Double Exposure's 'Ten Per Cent', the sweating thousands crammed into Purley Tiffans all but Selg Hell-ed in response. However, Hill's preaching was about nothing more sinister than the solidarity created by sharing a taste in music, and the response was one of happy satisfaction in belonging to such a sensible scene.

The day was marked by a distinct lack of aggro, despite there being something like three thousand funky fans packed together so tightly that there wasn't even room to hold a dancing competition. The only contest possible involved half a dozen girls who won T-shirts by putting them on (and taking off what they were already wearing) while up on stage!

Thanks to Robbie Vincent blowing the gaff in an evening paper a few days earlier, Tiffans' management banned the planned mooning competitions. This didn't stop the eruption of human pyramids, swaying and teetering five guys high, topped off by mooning barebums!

Whistles and "whoop - whoop" chants added to the

pandemonium, while, towards the end, Chris and Robble got out the silly records for a straight tango and a funky conga (done to War's 'Galaxy', helped by Hill on harmonica).

As well as Chris Hill and Robbie Vincent, the packs included Greg Edwards, Chris Brown from Camberley Frenchies, and Sean French from Bogno Regis Dante's. Pete Wingfield, Mike Vernon and George Chandler of the Olympic Runners joined The Mexicano and Eddy Grant in making personal appearances, but the biggest PA hit of the day came when Hi-Tension arrived to mime to their funky smash, which had to be the most played record of the whole festival.

The great news is that Hi-Tension will be playing live at the next all-dayer, which organisers Peter Matthews and John Kennedy are holding at Purley on May 1, Bank Holiday Monday, when Messrs Hill, Vincent, Brown and French will be joined by Froggy and his sound system.

They won't be without rivals, though, as Camberley Frenchies is also having an all-dayer then, with Radio London's Dave Simmonds, Mayfair Gullivers' Graham Center, plus double-booked Chris Brown and Frenchies' own Robin Nash. Still, there should be enough funksters to go around, as there were thousands unable to get in to Purley this last time.

Like the badgays say, "May the Funk be with you!"

JAMES HAMILTON



And looking very relaxed, Adolf Hill on harmonica

SMALL ADS

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