RECORD
MIRROR

GREASE
TICKETS
TO BE WON

COMMODORES  10CC
JILTED JOHN  JOHN  READING REVIEW
GLAD tidings my little cherubims, your loving Aunt Lucy is back again from her two week sojourn of sultry sands, seas and skies, and even though I say so myself, looking twice as hirsute and desirable as ever before. Ahh, Torremolinos, Torremolinos, place of eternal beauty and youth. I must say however that I was just a trifle perplexed by the mannerisms and tetchy remarks Lucy has been making. What? The only fiscally I can see coming into this is a bit of a total��nification, still, I did bring him a lovely Bia Constricier back from my vacates his place for the weekend last year, I've heard of tongue in cheek, but I always thought you were supposed to keep your tongue in your own cheek! I tell you this place is going to the dogs. Speaking of which, rumour has it that the Fabulous Fools are becoming an entry - aren't we bored with their canine look and are seeking a new design in clothes. And about time too.

What else can I tempt you with my posies? How about the ever-irresistible Ray Stevens (piece a rat, always a rat), who is attempting to muscle in at the new place in being rigged up, London's Electric Ballroom, with a weekly residency. Tak, tak, can't you just imagine the effect that will have on lowering the rates? And even more astounding, three of The Damned (gone but not forgotten, unfortunately) have set up a gig at the Electric Ballroom for September. The trio is producible in question being Dave Vanian, Rat Scabies and Captain Sensible, playing with Lemmy (ex Hawkwind and Motorhead). Old Damned never die, they just keep on having fun and playing better than ever!

Well, well, seems that you made people have been busy, even that Lyons American soulista and star, Al Green, has parted company with his Modern Lovers (it was in the stars my impoverishment), and has sunk to the depths of entering talent competitions. Pity, he was such an endearing little chap, still he did manage to save face when he was nailed as the winner of the competition in New Hampshire. (Think of the embarrassment of losing!)

Incidentally, haven't I always said that the people on my side of the fence are a little underfed when it comes to the old grey matter, well, my suspicions have been proved. On Beerer's list of directors in all grade press is the name of one Max Fellini which just happens to be the A&R director's cat (a lapsy). And from that Animal Farm was just a fairy tale! Even worse, someone actually phoned Beerer to invite Max to lunch. Imagine it! My posies, Kit - Kits for two and a quarter of milk. Perhaps the country is going to the dogs after all.

Guides and notices of sympathy for Borne Throat who were booked for a gig at Dudley JPs but were informed that they couldn't play there because JPs were being closed. Well, I've heard that this place is a cross between the Rocky and the Marquee after a bomb's been thrown in, so Borne Throat are naturally curious to say the least. It turns out that JPs's had booked in Steve Golloons for a warm up gig on that same night. And poor, poor Borne Throat couldn't even get the deposit back on their booking.

As for the Reading Festival... well it was hardly worth breaking my holiday for. There wasn't even much to complain about, then of course there'd be no idea of conditions what with the place lark.

From my privileged position, I have got the chance of being able to attend all the gigs (the ones at Reading Festival... well it was hardly worth breaking my holiday for. There wasn't even much to complain about, then of course there'd be no idea of conditions what with the place lark).

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AUTUMN TOUR

Profits from new album to benefit whales

YES WILL play three British dates in the autumn.
Celebrating their tenth anniversary the band will play three dates at the Wembley Arena on October 28, 29, 30.

How to book: tickets priced $10 and $12 are available by mail order enclosing a SARF from YES Harvey Goldsmith Box Office, Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W1. Enquiries: 01-629 1403.

As a prelude, YES will be releasing their new album 'Formula' next week. The
nine track album includes the just released single 'Don't Kill The Whale'. For
every copy sold of this single YES will donate a penny to Greenpeace an action
group who want to stop large scale whale slaughter. Should the single do as well as
the band's last hit 'Wondrous Stories' then Greenpeace stand to benefit by

Full track listing for the album is side one: 'Future Times', 'Rejoice', 'Don't Kill
Of Heaven', 'Onwards', 'The Silent Wings Of Freedom'.

You have just departed to the States for a six date tour including tour stops at
Madison Square Garden. The band's latest stage effects cost $100,000 dollars
and include a revolving platform and entire platform that revolves in the
direction for singer Jon Anderson.

ROUSSOS RETURNS

GREEK SUPERSTAR

Demis Roussos arrives in Britain at the beginning of November for an extensive
tour which begins at Sheffield City Hall on November 4th, followed by appearances
at Newcastle City Hall, Hall 5, Glaister's, Edinburgh, Hall 7, Leicester De Montfort Hall 12,
Birmingham Odeon 10 and 11, Oxford New Theatre 12, Stoke-on-Trent Jovilles Club 13,
Manchester Apollo 15, Briggart Spa Royal Hotel 18, Bradford Alhambra Theatre 19,
Brighton Centre 20, Portsmouth Guildhall 21, Bournemouth Winter Gardens 22, Bristol
Colston Hall 24, Liverpool Empire Theatre 25, and the London Palladium
November 28 for one week.

Brand X on the road

ANDREW GOLD has cancelled his forthcoming British tour.

His debut appearances in September have been cancelled because Gold's
recording commitments have been moved forward. A spokesman for his
record company says they hope to rearrange the tour for later this
year.
TELEVISION, one of America's first new wave bands have split up. The band followed six recent sell-out shows at New York's Bottom Line club. The split is an amicable decision and Tom Verne, bassist Fred Smith will form a new band. Guitar player Richard Lloyd may form a new band with drummer Billy pics.

Commenting on the split Tom Verne said: "It happened a week ago. There was a full moon that night. Rory Grape broke up on a full moon, so we wanted to too.

Weather Report coming

JAZZ ROCK band Weather Report will be touring Britain in October. To coalesce with the tour "Mr Good" released a new album "Mr Good". Dates are: Newcastle City Hall (prices £3.00, £2.50, £1.50), October 4, Manchester Apollo (prices £3.50, £2.50, £1.50), October 5, Liverpool Empire (prices £3.00, £2.50, £1.50), October 6, Nottingham Academy (prices £3.50, £2.50, £1.50), October 7, Birmingham Odeon (prices £3.00, £2.50, £1.50), October 8, Sheffield City Hall (prices £3.50, £2.50, £1.50), October 9, London Palladium (prices £3.50, £2.50, £1.50). Check with local box offices for other ticket prices.

Stranglers' park gig

THE STRANGLERS will headline a concert at Battersea Park on September 12. Tickets go on sale at all Precious and are £2 each. The venue is the old Franklin's Park. The Stranglers will be supported by a number of acts that have not been announced. The gates open at 4 pm and the stage will be located in the centre of the venue meaning all round view.

ROARY GALLAGHER, GERRY MCGEOY and TED MCKENNA

Rory's new line up

RORY GALLAGHER is to re-open Glasgow Apollo on September 1 and release a new album on September 14. The concert is a special benefit opening with all proceeds going to the Apollo Restoration Fund.

Rory's new band features Gary McAvoy (bass) and Ted McKenna (drums) formerly of the Sensational Alex Harvey Band. They will play on their forthcoming album release tour. The album was co-produced by Rory and Alan O'Duffy. Tracks are: Side one, "Behind"; Side two: "Someone You Should Love"; Side three: "Blondie"; Side four: "Mississippi Motor", "Someone You Should Love"; Side five: "Blondie"; Side six: "Mississippi Motor". The band will also be releasing a new album recorded in England and produced by Brian Jones.

SECOND ALBUM FROM BUZZCOCKS

THE BUZZCOCKS' second album 'Love Bites' is due for release on September 22, following the release of a single 'Love Bomber' on August 26th. Both tracks are taken from the album and were recorded in a Buzzcocks' spokesman: "This release is a marketing experiment. Its function is to look at the behaviour of the record buy."

The album consists of two instrumental tracks and nine songs and was recorded at Olympic in one week. One of the instruments, "Walking Distance" is the composition debut of bass player Steve Garvey.

WILKO JOHNSON'S Solid Senders. Bristol, October 24th, Cardifff University (prices £3.50, £2.50, £1.50), November 21st, Coventry University (prices £3.50, £2.50, £1.50), November 22nd, Leeds University (prices £3.50, £2.50, £1.50), December 6th, London Empire (prices £3.50, £2.50, £1.50). The new smash hit from

BRIAN & MICHAEL

(THE MATCHSTALK MEN)

IN A SPECIALY DESIGNED SINGLES BAG
Do these men look like black Beatles?

Barry 'Phoner' Cain gets a Commodore connection with Walter 'Sweet' Orange in Tuskgee, Alabama

I ONE OF my least favourite things is interview people on the phone.

It's as restrictive as, say, chatting to a numb star (not an adjective) and striving in lip read.

'Phoners', as they're lovingly referred to, are simply black and white interviewers.

Cone is the smartass description e.g. 'She had more lines on her neck than at Paddington station.' Cone is the annoying edge of the seat build up (that usually ends up as an annoying hair). e.g. 'I'll another cigarette as climbed into the back of the car. I wondered how would react to me! Would I else? The operative word is such proceedings, being "I". Cone too is the blow by blow account of the interviewer's quirks e.g. 'He scratched himself, nervously.

All are replaced by a disjointed and ultimately dull 'chat' in which both parties gain nothing except an ever increasing frustration.

And when you're conducting such an interview with a little limited, all American negro whose fingers are in a state of premature erosion due to incessant gnawing on your of a definite lesser.

So you can imagine my trepidation when unannounced by the order - 'On a phone, with one of The Commodores.' And that trepidation was intensified when I discovered the guy's name - Walter 'Sweet' Orange. I ask you, Sweet Orange? What kind of name is that for a drummer?

Anyway I dialled the code for Alabama and crossed my fingers.

'Hello, Walter. Speaking - Hi. Well, congratulations on your number one hit. You mean, we're number one? What's going on?'

'WEEEeeeeeeeee!' He exclaimed. I concluded he must have either had a heart attack or had flashed out of his house telling the whole of Tuskgee about his British success.

After a while seemed an eternity Walter came back to earth. 'Hey man, that's really stupid. Number one hit. Wow! But you gotta admit, that's one hell of a song.'

I had to admit it. 'We really wrote our songs for the ladies. See, Three Times A Lady is the greatest compliment a man can pay to a woman. It merely expresses the emotions a guy feels in his heart but can't put into words.'

'Most of the band are married with kids which makes it easier for us to write a song like that. I guess we're experts on the subject of love.'

'Sentimental'

Walter's got the kind of downhome doubleburger sentimental sat - on the porch and watch the sun go down voice to transform these otherwise dull sentences into a cute, conceivable and conclusive whole I believe him for all my critical faculties.

The Commodores are the epitome of that unique late seventies phenomena - the musical microaera. Their sound initially superficial in a deliciously derisory way, is a fusion of slick white rock, sweet black soul, and neo jazz - rock as purveyed by bands like Chicago.

Like Earth, Wind and Fire, they have survived the crucial implosion period which gave rise to a whole host of saturation sounds and are now beginning to reap the rewards. Deservedly so for both bands music is often breathtakingly brilliant.

Churning out white song after white song...

'True, that's what we want to be and there ain't nothin' wrong with that. The Commodores had the world in the palm of their hand I saw them on film and it just knocked me out, man. All them girls just cryn' and bawl.' Well I could never understand that kinda music. But I always enjoyed it.

At least it's over.

Funk

'We want to be an institution like say, George Washington.' said Walter. 'In 50 years I still want people going out and buying our records. It's as simple as that.'

'I know some people class us as a white band and I've gotta admit three times is a white song. And that's one of the reasons why our next album is gonna be a return to...'

'You kids feel we've left our blacks behind. See, with black people you just gotta take them by the hand sometimes and lead them, so we gonna sidetrack whilst pick up the boys and carry on.'

'Tail our audience is white now. Why? We've even been gettin' 15 per cent white on our current tour which, incidentally, is taking in an incredible 60 dates. I realise we might lose our asses for a time but we gotta take this step.'

'We've never been afraid to take steps. We've always led the way while other black bands have shied off. They criticised us for going white but hot you look at 'em now.'

Churning out white song after white song...

'True, I don't want to be classed as a black or a white band. We just wanna get to everybody.'

And because of this determination they've been sarcastically dubbed the 'Black Beatles.' Walter didn't hesitate when I confronted him with this title... he concurred.

Yes, it's true. That's just what we want to be and there ain't nothin' wrong with that. The Commodores had the world in the palm of their hand I saw them on film and it just knocked me out, man. All them girls just cryn' and bawl.' Well I could never understand that kinda music...

We want to do some serious acting which, with trust, will enable us to get across to the folks in a more personal way. Besides, that whole thing ain't gone last much longer.

I won't be so sorry to see it demise. For one thing it mean return to live music cloth which can't be bad. A lot of musicians have been put out of action because of disco's overwhelming success.

'And for another thing I can't dance anyway.'

Walter is 31, married with a little girl. He had 11 years of increased fame with The Commodores - reaching an unqualified level when they changed the 'Tuskgee' in their name to 'Welcome To Commodores Country.'

If the trend continues, you might start seeing those signs when you light from a plane at Kennedy Airport.

incredible, he spouts the same smile ever and over again eventually disappearing up his own ornate cetation stuck in a shocking pink sequin suit. It's as though he's actually afraid of his success - or losing it - and he has to over compensate by flaunting off illogically ideas.

Walter is no exception that you can add exceedingly friendly and polite. He's an erudite array of Commodore philosophy, which looks like succeeding by the way.

With a little help from 'Thank God It's Friday.' We're going to a lot of people with that movie. So much so that we intend to make a movie of our own next year - and it won't be a musical.

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**WIN TWO PAIRS OF TICKETS AND 25 ALBUMS**

HOW WOULD you like to be the first among your friends to see the film that everybody is talking about? In Record Mirror's 'Grease' competition we're giving away two sets of tickets to the lucky winners, so you can impress a friend too!

It's the biggest musical explosion since 'Rock Around The Clock'. It's the movie with all the romance of the fifties and all the style of the seventies! And best of all it's a silver screen extravaganza with two of your favourite stars - lovely Olivia Newton-John and handsome John Travolta!

Yes, after a runaway success in America 'Grease' opens in Britain later this month. And thanks to Record Mirror you can have a chance to join the stars and celebrities at the London premiere on September 13.

You've heard the songs, seen the fashions and read all about the stars. Now you can see the whole film... FIRST!

**HOW TO ENTER:** All you have to do is answer three easy questions, then IN NO MORE THAN 15 WORDS tell me why you would like a date with either John Travolta or Olivia Newton-John. What could be easier?

Here are the questions:
1) In which country was Olivia Newton-John born?
2) Which came first for John Travolta - acting or singing?
3) In which city in America were Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta mobbed when the film opened there? (Clue: Al Capone once lived there!)

Answer the questions first, then get thinking about that dream date!

ENTRIES, on a postcard please, to 'Grease Competition', Record Mirror, PO Box 16, Harlow, Essex. The senders of the correct answers and the best reasons for their date will win a pair of tickets for the 'Grease' premiere. In addition 25 runner-ups will receive a copy of the 'Grease' double album. Closing date for entries is Monday September 4 and the Editor's decision is final.

Employees of Spotlight Publications and RSO Records are not eligible for the competition. To the rest of you 'Grease' fans... get dreaming, and good luck!
WHEN YOU review the singles in the RPM office, they make you sit and face the wall so you don't get distracted. But it's good fun reading records and you can pull out actually starting the reviews for hours and hours, until the Ed comes up and threatens violence. For instance I could tell you what I think of The Fall for hours and... on. All I just went to listen to...

DIRK & STIG: "Ging Gang Goolie" (EMI) where a picture of a non-black number. Notably, they've crossed polyphonic folk with a classical Jethro Tull idiom. I'm short but the idea is to fill legged wildness. It can run like the slippers but is prone to metal fatigue. A veile wide hit, I'd say. The flip: a sort of tribute to Barry Sheene who doesn't have tin legs, as far as I'm aware.

Yes, as I was saying, Juicy went to the party and had a few too many (drinks, that is and...

DAVE EDMUNDS: "Deborah" (Swamp). My hero (swoon swamp) does it again. How does he manage to be so chummy? Apart from his truly wonderful singing and playing, the drumming on the single is fantastic. The bass playing isn't bad either. It's like a super-speed Every Brothers' song and I just can't wait to hear the whole new album and wonder if he's considering running away with this, too (though it's real). KEN ARMSTRONG: "An Amazing Grace" (Old Crow Records). Formalists I (at least) consider this to be a group of musical events which inevitably fall into the traditional arrangement of "Amazing Grace."

I pointed it out to you. I see by your address you live just down the road from me. Well of course I see the artistic influences behind the single. See you in the anthropological sense, Ed. FRANKIE VALLI: "Grease" (RSO). It's already amusing the proportions of a monster so why should I risk it against the tide of popular opinion? Cost I hate it, that's why. It's much weaker than Revolting Fears and Lizzy's song. The B-side is an instrumental version of the same.

The floor was falling flat on her back with a Pimm's still in her hand...

COUNC GIOVANNI D1. REGINA (a.k.a. Jonathan King) 'Just One Cornetto' (Magnetic). This was my rave TV id except for the time when the puppy dragged a toilet roll round the garder until I'd had a go at it. He may try to be all things to all men, but a class opera singer he is not. More like the last man in the chorus of the Pirates Of Penzance.

THE FALL: "Psycho Mafia" / "Lingo Master" (RPM Forward EP). New wave, old splash. Apart from the OX drumming, "Psycho Mafia" has become the theme tune of "The Rich Kids Royal Rye who came up to read the R.I. graffiti and heard how much about the piano sounded out of tune in "Singles Master" but apart from that it was unremarkable.

MOTORHEAD: "Louie Louie" (Bronze). I liked the Kinks version best...

-she's that kind of woman, Juicy, never one to lose her marbles in a jumble. Anyhow, in that unusual position she was able to look up from the floor and notice...

WHITE SHIRE: "Mercy Killing" (I'M THE ONE (IRA) EP). Their "social commentaries" are (fortunately) hidden by the mix. Added Rusty...

"The Mouth" Egan: "Musically it's nothing and what they're saying we know already. The Rich Kids say if you want to change the world, become a missionary, don't join a rock band. I hope I don't meet them on the motorway somewhere, having said that"

But we're standing behind each other and by what we've said, next week, we're going out as a double commitment act.

SNIPS: "Waiting For Tonight" (Jet). Rusty: "Good drum sound but the vocal isn't high enough. I think it's good, if nothing brilliant and it should get played. Tony Blackburn would probably say 'it's not worth the vinyl it's pressed on.'"

If you're interested, it's pressed on a rather nasty green vinyl...

THE SNOOT: "Up To You" (City). Naffest song that's nothing to write home about. In an effort to stir up some publicity, they've released it with a song called 'Loving Lullaby' which is dedicated to Mary. Mary makes me feel how people like this group try to get mileage out of old people's lives. It's all very well for them writing songs about her as if she were some part of history, but she has to live with all the attention turned on her. Looks like they're just out for cheap thrills.

AMANDA LEAR: "Run Baby Run" (Ariola). Rusty: "They're trying to hit the disco market with hits from the straight and getting people to..."
ACROSS
1 Re-assurance from Blue
Oyster Cult (4,4,3,6)
8 Black and White Stranglers
single (4,1,6)
9 Group who were suffering
from Moon Madness (5)
12 1970, Jackson 5 hit (3,2,5)
14 American state where the
Players come from (4)
15 Small Mountain in Peter
Gabriel single (4)
17 They had Lynx Eyes (6)
19 B 1 Down, Boney M hit (5,4)
22 ELO's tribute to the GPO (9,4)
25 He was Dizzy in 1969 (3)
26 Steve Hillage's old outfit (3)
27 Jethro Tull gave us songs
from there (4)
28 Former Hawkwind member
who formed Motorhead (5)
31 The world's first square record
(2,5,3,2,5)
33 1973, Carpenters hit (9,4,4)

DOWN
1 Marshall Hall hit (7,2,3,4)
2 The Jesus of Cool (4,4)
3 Famous make of guitar (6)
4 & 19 Down. Every Brothers
No 1 that was a 1968 hit for
Glen Campbell and Bobbie
Gentry (3,1,4,2,2,2,5)
5 Refreshment for the
Tillerman (3)
6 Reversible Steely Dan
album (3)
7 Mott the Hoople classic
(4,4,3,5)
10 Who Drummer (4)
11 See 19 Across
13 They have just had a Minor
hit with Golden Earrings (4)
16 Stranglers label (1,1)
18 The Kinks man (3)
19 See 4 Down
20 King Crimson LP (3)
21 Nelson or Withers (4)
23 Rod Stewart's hot limb (3)
24 He had just received a sign
of the times (5)
29 Had 1976 hit with
Summertime City (4)
30 Not stereo (4)
32 Elvis told us that his was
ture (3)

ACROSS:
1 Name of the Game, 7 Moon Flower, 8 Rio, 9 L.A., 10 Roy C, 13 Roundabout, 15
Hull, 16 Gun, 17 Ash, 18 Oto, 19 Reed, 22 Ian, 23 Sam, 24 Fret, 26 Laine, 29
Supper straps, 31 Previs, 32 Steely.

DOWN:
1 No More Heroes, 2 Moody Blues, 3 Full House, 4 How Long, 5 Girl Can't Help
It, 6 Eric, 11 Roski, 12 Albin, 14 Don, 20 Dave, 21 Cream, 26 Stan, 27 Idle, 28
Easy, 30 Pye.
Graham Gouldman and Stewart give Robin Smith the holiday spiel

The SUN kissed palms
The sparkling sea
The golden sands
The big guy with a knife
- Hey, they didn't mention that in the holiday brochures.

Some heavy heads in the West Indies have a liking for tourists' jewellery. If the Vietminh doesn't dislike, then the thief backs off a little or two. An effective but painful method of robbery.

And so came part of the inspiration for 10cc's 'Dreadlock Holiday'. I thought it was a song taking the piss out of reggae.

Actually, it's about a guy swimming around on the island trying to get into the culture, says Eric. He's trying to get in and get into it. Instead of appreciating it from the outside, he can't cross the barriers easily because he can't turn it off.

'But the West Indies aren't full of people trying to mug you. There are certain parts you don't visit just as you wouldn't go to certain places in London. Most of the people over there are very generous. I think 10cc artists have done much for the place but some of the people there seem to find an unproductive life, sitting in the sun and smoking dope all day long. Because of their worldwide travels 10cc have decided to name their next album 'Boody Tourists'. It's the first studio album Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman have recorded with their new band.

'Sometimes we felt we were on a never-ending passenger tour', continues Eric. 'It's like being rushed around the world in three weeks, or being dragged around Paris to see all the sights in half an hour.

Not long ago, they ended up at the Berlin Wall which inspired a new song 'Red in My Head'.

'The wall gives you a depressing feeling that hits you right in the gut,' explains Eric. 'Those people in East Germany are so cut off they can't be happy like the people in the West.'

'I heard a story about one guy who actually got himself walked into a car so that he could escape. To me the Berlin wall is the greatest testament against Communism. Quite simply, if all the people were content and happy then why build a wall so that they can't get out of the country?'

'We have made statements in our songs. We always want them to be complete stories in themselves and form the basis for everybody's imaginations. The state of the church once inspired us. Churches are half empty and that's because they don't keep up to date with modern ideas. You can't get away anymore with telling people that if they're good they go to heaven and if they're bad they go to hell. They've been pulling that confidence trick for too long.

'Before we get too deeply entangled in religion, let's change the subject to the next tour. I'm a little startled that 10cc always pull in £3m in large quantities, without benefit of a fancy laser light show or an elaborate image.

'We've never been part of a trend, we're just us,' says Graham Gouldman. 'We never set out to be a media band. We were praised one moment and knocked down the next. The trouble with a trend is that it disappears. We never wanted to end up as a Gary Glitter's glittering around in sequinned platform boots. I agree that we're down to earth ordinary people. You'll find too many details of our private lives in newspapers, our music speaks for us.'

'The old Hollywood stars could live up to their image, but when a guy is singing about the blues and breaks into a song in a dimmer, it just doesn't seem to fit.'

'I saw a documentary on Rod Stewart and he gave a pathetic impression. He was like a spoilt child with too much money, deciding how many art deco lamps he could buy.'

But Stewart makes good copy and Eric doesn't. You'd find little out about them as people, although Eric reveals he is rebuilding an old Maeserati for racing.

'In the course of parodies to be drawn from the music and motor racing world' - he says, 'organising a tour with a road manager and staff is just like organising a race with mechanics and other technicians.

Both Eric and Graham come across as do our northerners with just a little hint of dry humour here and there. Had they lived 100 years ago they might have been prosperous mill owners. They've plunged their money into two recording studios one in Manchester and one in Dorking.

'We have a hard-headed sense of what to do right and we're careful' - says Eric. 'People say you're mad setting one up in Manchester but to us it's like an asset amongst the industry.'

In the future, Eric and Graham see themselves getting involved with audio visuals.

'There'll come a time when you'll be able to buy a soundtrack and visuals on the same package,' continues Eric. 'It's expensive to produce at the moment but with increasing technology and mass production machines will come down in price. You'll have ear movies, a total audio visual experience.'

'They also talk about the development of direct playback records by laser beam. The laser beam would cut out record wear and tear. They're normally we phone ahead and book one specially. It seems the decent things to do and that way, the hotel manager often joins in and has a bit of fun as well.

'It's difficult coming down from being on stage especially as now we feel like that.'
The Degrees
new single
GIVING UP - GIVING IN
ARO 130
Special Limited Edition: Red Vinyl 12" Single
Taken from the forthcoming album NEW DIMENSIONS written and produced by Giorgio Moroder
Off Centre
Edited by Tim Lott

BONY TONK IN' by Richard Wootton (£1.40)
This reissue of a volume, which has expanded considerably since it first appeared, is even more absorbing and informative than before. There are now even more details of the music you can find them, live, in their own land.

Richard Greyhound happens to be a great name and the Greyhound's music is excellent guidance to anyone who wants to know about the music they like. It's a book that will tell you about the music you can find them, live, in their own land.

Who is Hepzibah?

Value of Rare Deletions by Vermillion Publishing (£1.20)
This book tells you about the value of rare deletions in the music world. It's a great guide for anyone interested in the music industry.

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We want to buy your unwanted records at the following prices. We buy in bulk and exchange for cash.

- 78 rpm records: £0.25 per piece
- 45 rpm records: £0.50 per piece

Cash for all unwanted records.
THIS WEEK: THE NORM

THAT BOX. that plastic
and-glass cube in the
corner, does it offend you
sometimes?

Don't you ever want to
turn it off?

(Repeat in monotone
over and over. while
falling and
fainting)

TV OVD TV
DTV
You don't need a TV
across. I just stick an
apron onto my head
and feel the signal
flow into my veins

TV OVD TV

You may be familiar
with this

but it's unlikely. It
appeared as a single on the
Mute Records label
earlier this year

packaged in monochrome
vinyl. Making it difficult to
appeal to be by a

"group" called TV OVD.
It was not a hit.

The record was both
fascinating and
monotonous, repetitive
and compelling. It
was the sound of cheap
synthesizers and functional
voices. Functional music.

TV OVD was backed by
the equally mysterious

DaniMillar, alias "Le Louvetier". This
week I nominated it the
best of 1978. In the 1970s,
its existence has become
almost accepted.

Drifting into my head
is a song called "While
the Dog". The loop is
nearly a minute long.

At the office

a guaranteed further
investigation, which
ultimately will
prove that The Normal were
not guilty of any act of
non-existence.

The Normal are
just imaginary. They are the
creation of Daniel Millar,
then a freelance TV editor in his late twenties.

Millar is his
pseudonym. He is not
as bizarre as it would be
to imagine, but he
looks like a well-to-do
disco-goer, slightly
coiffed and impeccably
dpaid.

I am rather normal", he
says, with a frankness
that might just be
irreverent.

I worked as a freelance
TV editor for ATV and
made enough money to
start on the record

Daniel's time in

television was

responsible for the creation
of TV OVD.

"It's my personal
affection", he
speculates, "spent too much
time working on TV and
watching too much. I

feel that TV can be very
damaging.

After leaving his job, he
bought himself a second
hand synth and recorded
TV OVD and "Warm Le Louvetier" in his
bedroom. For he doesn't have
the equipment to
perform any live gigs, but
he's working on a second

single that will be
re-released later this year.

He is adding to his
collection of

noise machines but won't

be doing anything with
cinematic instruments.

"I'm not a fan of

potential." They don't

replace the guitar, but
they will play the same

level as them.

The price of

synthesizers has come

down and over the last

few years, it will

be within the reach of

most kids. Mine cost me

about £25

If you can't afford

that much, Daniel
depicts that you buy

second-hand -

yes, like the one

advertised on the

unpublished

report by Reel Harris

"You can laugh", says

Daniel, grabbing the

poly from his

bedroom. "But you can be

very serious.

Rumours that Daniel's

ex-girlfriend is out for

revenge

Not with coin or knife

or drugs, but with

molestata

tage and

TV OVD.

"Oh, "

Millar's 30-year-old

sometime musician who
don't lack of a number

of threats in prison two

years ago after he was

convicted of assailing a

girl.

He claims he was in

nocent, but the judge from

giving him 12 months

behind bars. Now he
believes that he will live to

be ebulliently

grateful to the
government.

Because

while

imprisoned at Eastchurch

Penitentiary on the Isle of

Sheppey, he came up with
an idea that may make
him a wealthy man - a

gangster movie on

record.

His idea came after

reading an article in

Playboy magazine about

famous Gangland
caller "Vidal". He

imagined a story of

notorious gangster

"Bugsy". Stieg.

Grabbing every piece of

material he could find,
he could lay his hands on,

Daniel, himself a

recorded music fan, played a

magnificent tapes to his

friends, who immediately

relisted to his tune to the

time of £1,000.

Now, a couple of years

later. Neil is still on

the chasing. His dream is to

record an album that will

be released at the time the
tune is released. and

serve as the soundtrack

for a film.

Neil is a friendly East

Kentish man. He grew up

in Swancy, Kent, which

he describes as "totally

scaring" - who displays a

remarkable lack of

acumen towards the

system that has had him

locked up for a decade.

He got his own back on

the authorities who

locked him up.

"I am using the

sentence they gave me back

against them. Because

having been in prison is

good publicity", he says.

Neil has been a music

fan since earliest

memory and in fact used to be in

a band. In trouble even at

that tender age, he used

to write songs on the back

of sunnies.

But he never managed
to get that serious

about writing until his final

year in school.

I've always been

fascinated by

gangsters", he

says, and when I read

these two paragraphs

about Virginia Hill, I

was determined to

find out more.

She was an

inflammatory woman. She

made a hell of a lot of

money even before she

married Bugsy Siegel.

"Before meeting him

she was in with Capone's

mob. Then she tried to

be a film star and

appeared in one film, "Bell Of Fire"

before giving up.

Then she went to

Bugsy, her fourth

marriage. Her first came

when she was 16.

Bugsy, in the time

honored tradition of

hoodlums, got killed

prematurely.

At this point, she

decided she wanted out,

and she went to Austria.

"But she

knew everything".

And in 1960, she was

found dead. It was

made to look like suicide. I

know for

certain she was murdered

by The Mafia.

Neil is not alone in his

opinion. A German

magazine, Baure, recently

published a 14

part series on Hill which,

he says, came to the same

conclusion.

"This public airing of

the Mafia's dirty

washing, says Neil, has

escaped the

organisation's notice."

I was at home with

my parents in	Switzerland when there was

this knock on the door. It

was some

bloke who asked me how

much money I wanted to

drop the whole project.

"I just thought he

was sent by somebody else

working on the same files

and ignored him.

But it's soon because

clear that I would be in

bad trouble if I got too

involved. I got a bit

worried about my

parents so I left Switzerland

and went to live in

Chatham.

Neil claims to know a
great deal about The

Mafia and speaks on the

subject with apparent

authority. He is

convinced that The Syndicate

is involved in the

music business - in Britain as

well as America in a big

way.

So far, no-one has tried to
"take him up for a ride".

I'm not involved,

unfortunately, so he should still

be knocking around for the

Eastchurch Penitentiary.

But he won't perform,

except for a possible
guest appearance on

name."

"I ain't good enough" he

says, humbly.

Neil doesn't like to

describe "Mafia Rose" as a

"rock opera", though it

is, he says a work with

some songs and some

narration.

But above all, he

vows it's the truth - with, as he

puts it, "one or two

improvisations to get the

point across".
HONEY I'M RICH
Arist 183
The Third Hit Single From
RAYDIO
FROM THE ALBUM - RAYDIO SPART 1041
Also includes The Hit Singles
IS THIS A LOVE THING & JACK AND JILL
Out Now.
FOR SOME unknown reason, the GPO have taken an intense dislike to me. Every dulcie tinkle of the telephone produces two alternatives for its raison d'être. The either/or situation.

The either, for example, the dry observers with their sincere apologies than the black vuvy draupines combined with undeniably slogans throughout, have, unfortunately, replied. On the 'or'.

The dismembered Northern scene, frantically chasing the remains of last week's hole money into the GPO one-armed bandits, where the odds are tipped at 100 to one against, struggling with the rudiments of the English language, stuffing through clacking lines and adenos. Voraciously wolfing on about his peky little band from Heton-to-Hole which just happens to be playing in some hole, four and a bit miles from the nearest underground station, and 3/4 weeks hence. And you would suppose to come and review them-chang-your-much.

So you reply to the lingering little side: "No, sorry, it just isn't cricket."

But all of a sudden, things are becoming a little more civilized. The voice-acting the blues is the only thing the inimitable Marquer, and although the beer lacks a little water at least the place is reasonably central, and besides, the voice农民 says that he's heard the blues and all the brand names of the KM stuff. Not being aware to a few lighter shades of flairer's, you turn up. And thank God that you did.

Surprise No 1 ... the Marquer is packed. Kids who've already had the visions and kids who've got nothing better to do on a Monday night. By the end of the night I'd gamble on the number of them being converted the same. I knew I was. Surprise No 2: The Tourists take to the stage four specimens of the music variety and one - ever female? male? her newbreed?!

mate/female emilia, which turns out to be definitely female - Ann Lennox (flute, keyboards, vocals). Peet pours out the black coffee, while the neglected amount of black singer stands in front.

Squatting around the kitchen table, the bongos, vacuums served as announcers and just before it's the moment of their forthcoming success nobody hasn't arrived as far as the back accounts. Inn, but, given time.

It's a very informal affair, tea with the views sort of guff. Eddie Chin relaxing on the window sill, and Dave Peet and Amatullah nudes in playing together. The Tourists are a kind of breath of fresh air, not the flash in the pan, nor the cringe of the centre band. Ann is a proficient flautist trained at the Royal Academy, a transatlantic slyness blonde (fishbone mouse) of the kind of beauty not prevalent in the glassy pans. Speaks with a soft Scottish lilt, born and bred in the Highlands of Ireland, do you believe Abderdeen?

Dave and Peet are the OAP's of the band, and have been playing together for a couple of years, in various forms and places. Their past ventures they describe as 'more of an artistic thing than trying to get anything together on a serious basis. If you're trying to work your way to a direction - When they have now toured - with the Tourists.

And met Dave a year ago, while the were still running house, going through a Joan Armatrading phase, writing and singing sad, indigent touches on the piano and harmonium.

The only reason I was doing it was so that I didn't have to go gawp-waiting to go." The natural equation was for them all to pool their resources, which resolved in the Tourists. "The anthems of what I was playing four years ago at the Academy's.

Their songs, Peet claims, are "as atypical as possible." He doesn't write about banal things like being on the dole, because that direction is limiting, and is structured by time. In ten years time it might not be relevant so they're relevant always, therefore the subject matter should be more relevant always.

On their direct relation with New Wave, Peet admitted: "You'd have to be dead and / or sitting on a sofa to not care about it."

There's New Wave involvement because "we've been, or rather applied theergus, but don't worry. We're all up in blues and folk, so we're not part of one distinct group. We're part of - well, a sort of a group, whatever has native than an off-shoot of what has been before.

So far, so good, but still no recording contract (yet, at the time of writing anyway) although there has been interest. The band are a group in themselves and have the cynicism to ride it through stealthly. Not destined for a one-off effort, they have more promos of silver linings.

Mostly folk songs to add really. The Tourists are still enthusiastic in their direction. As yet.

The band is a vehicle for all to be interested in. It's a vehicle for today's situation. We went to a festival a couple of days ago in the Highlands and only walked into a time warp, hanking donning their wristbands, swinging donning their wristbands, clinging to the past, thinking a few decades later we'll take from ten years. They forget enough, they were 19. They're 30 now.

The Tourists are the Tourists and I (although I jump into a line more of the apprenticeship) of the Oxford Street, and I thank the GPO for discovering them for me, but not me, the next generation of soulful pea for recognition, the answer is will NO T. C. JONES

ROLL UP FOR THE MYSTERY TOURISTS

First five minutes: you trying to sex the platinum Amazon on keyboards. Flash of white woolly mug and Woodland in plastic. The china doll facing the wide range of Darcey Girl and the colour of the rainbow. The voice enters the face, only to store.

Musically - fun, energetic varied.

A number of influences and personalities. Too difficult to name. Race a feature after a thinking, a salt to the Damante. Leaving three for more. And believe me, we'll get more: as soon as the & R's management of the world get off their fat backides and join our just WHAT is going on.

One week later in the backwaters of North London: Meet the Tourists in person. Peet (coated hair), Jim Dox (guitar), Eddie Chin (bas), Jan Dox (drums) and not forgetting the

SORE THROAT

SANDWICHED between the converging metal arteries of British Rail that leads to King's Cross and St Pancras, is a Victorian tenement block with a riveting panorama of six washed green gasometers.

Inside there's me, the club

Rude throat and the Flower brothers.

Matt considers his first experience of Justin's performance and says a lot more.

"We've done a lot of Justin's. Either normal, as the word is, or he writes most of their material."

The sound is a mixture of rock, roll, blues, R&B, the soul

"I accepted after Gregory Mason."Superman. Striking the greatest hits like a Vague cancer spread that makes fronte look like a smart when it actually is.

"On guitar, Red Savage."

The spotlight hits a cocky sod who's probably introduced his face to the shiny metal looepes of his cherry red, while practising making techniques on a brick wall for another afternoon on the terraces.

"On drums Robin King."

He plays with conviction. (2 counts of BHE and one blog with Violence). On saxophone: Sturgis, Greg, a new world. A slogan that means exactly what it says. Matt: "Not so different from the sound of a hammer and an echo.

"On guitar, Red Savage." He looks like Al Green in his prime with the National Health suite but it's the dance of movement that gets stroked. Matt: "He's a drunk star, a clumsy motorcycle and a series of single drum kicks."

Then they're a few kraupner on each stroke of the sound of a ruck that once had the function of providing mobility between the ankle and thigh.

The whole full swing and resembles a missed marionette with the slightest pinch of a child's fingers which you could wish on your worst enemy.

"I was shocked when I first played with the Flowers," says Matt. "Jan and Danny" you've met yet another brother of tea.

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"I was shocked when I first played with the Flowers," says Matt. "Jan and Danny" you've met yet another brother of tea.
IT'S SAID all the world loves a lover. One whose aim is true enough to withstand the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and ends victorious with their one and only by their side.

But there's also the fascinating but painful emotional milestone of adolescence that the growing youth must hurdle through. A universe where the harm, reality of puppy love and infatuation are magnified to grotesque proportions till each veneer of the bitter sweet joy, the laughing tears, the soft focus dream world revelation and the life taking despair become instrumentally powerful events more serious than before.

"Jilted John" is a rich slice of what is on hindsight the laughable and slightly embarrassing period that most teenagers go through during their preoccupation towards adulthood. The song is an accurate insight into the world of Heller Skiller declarations of devotion, long meaningful relationships of those weeks duration, various rejections and desolate hopelessness.

It's a drama concerning Julie, the hard hearted eleven who jilted John for the trendy hunk Gordon. The story is narrated by John who establishes the only image of watching tale with his bird before the emotional Hi-jack of the rejection is chronologically dropped.

The reverberations send the vulnerable John through disbelieving hurt, humiliation, anger, resentment, revengeful verbal retaliation kind...submissive.

Naive Utterances

It's a classic single that captures and displays the anguish of the immature world, yet manages to convey the detachment that all the parties really feel for each other. It's the struggle for the trappings of adulthood but played on the level of Wendy House "Mothers and Fathers."

An interview with the Sheffield born "Jilted John," or Graham Pedlow as he's known to his mum, is a strange experience as the dividing line between the two becomes an indistinguishable blur with Felows' self-mocking and Jilted John's naive utterances mingling and disorientating the listener. He entices you, opening up his protective barriers and then slamming them shut as you cross the threshold to either John or Graham.

"I've developed my own philosophy about childhood and adolescence. I'm fascinated by the period of early puberty, just before the pangs of adolescence really hit you - the sexual crises. I won't say anymore than that.

"But when you're about 15-16 years old, you are an adult. That's my philosophy."

So what I mean! I sit back stunned. He continues the questioning by playing hard to get. Trying to make me feel pleased that I've seemingly crossed him into thinking on his wonderous problematization.

"You go to parties and you experiment with sex, not like adults but in a light hearted way and everything's a joke. I don't want to say too much," he told himself under his breath but well within earshot.

"You're very kind. You're totally down the street."

He signed out a line from a song on his forthcoming album. "I saw a cow on the bus shelters and screamed at the sky. I don't give a monkey's for the passers-by."

Sexual Feelings

"At that age you're not scared of girls. It's only when you become fully conscious of your sexual feelings that you realise what monumental things sexual relationships and your feelings are.

"It all sounds reasonably plausible, doesn't it? But when it's allied to a dreamy wide-eyed stare of such innocence as to make Jonathan Richman seem like a dirty old man then you realise you're witnessing a half-baked performance. When he drops the information that he's studying drama at Manchester Polytechnic for a professional training diploma, you realise it's a game that you either join in or stand on the sidelines.

"His chaperone, Laurenco and Martin from Isobold records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quietly, repeating the 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all quietly, repeating the latest Record Mirror records, all quiet..."
"I'm very guarded about what I say about my relationship with my mice because people think it's a bit sick. It's a perfectly wholesome relationship. I've been quoted as saying I like my mice running up and down my naked body. I don't know where they get that from. That distressed me," he whispers.

Apparently his finest moment was setting the second best time in the under eight weeks plus white eye section at the Bradford Championship Show in 1978. And the name of this Titan among rodents?

"Don't be silly. You don't give them names. You can't be sentimental in this game. It's the same in the record business." he said. He got emotionally involved with mice.

"Oh but I do," he beamed, "It's a paradox. I've looked into them and I can't say any more than that. You'll know about it when the album comes out.

The conversation stumbles onto sport.

"Rugby is loved very much with me. I played it at school and enjoyed it in that transition period before puberty, but when I reached adolescence I came to see rugby as a being sort of game where sex was displayed and sexual I feel parodied. The rugby ball was the girl and the way the boys treated it was chauvinistic. The lasts used to go to the pub and everyone was rough and bawdy - the dirty jokes and things frightened and upset me.

Wallowing in Depression

"Women were told of as a rugby ball or a gird of beer - something to be consumed. I went back to wallow in my depression."

He glances at me, taking a break from the wallowing stare he had been giving the diary, then crack the solemn atmosphere with a guffawing laugh. Then the romantic hurt mask slipped back on.

"I used to write a lot of poetry when I got my moved at 18. I used to ride up into the countryside, sit on the moors and write poetry and draw pictures.

His songwriting goes back way before he tuned a second hand Heber guitar to G and in a frenzy of inspiration wrote 'Jilted John'. For instance, he wrote the following gem as an introduction to decimal currency at the healthy age of 10 in 1949. It's sung to the tune of the Beach Boy's 'Lily the Pink'.

'They'll release, release, release, The ten penny piece, the piece, the piece, And the five penny piece as well, Yes they gave us The decimal currency Which is the better, the future will tell.'

Okay, one last attempt at penetrating the mask. Do you divorce the Jilted John character from yourself or is it you?

"Jilted John is part of me but I have to present him as a commercial package," says Graham. Then 'John' takes over.

"I'm trying to vent my own frustrations at past failures and hopefully satisfy any fears the other people have. I don't know if it's working, and try to bring some happiness. Somewhere inside (nudges). Some people think the record's funny but I don't know."

"I can't change the world (laugh)."

"I tried to relate to these but it's all this machismo thing. You know girls being girly. I wish I couldボー" (chokes)."

But now I'm 18 and I'm growing out of that period and I can now look back on it and write about it. There's so much to it that's interesting. This is what I want to share with other teenagers.

Girls Are Like Meals

I sit back and wait for the violin chorus. All I see is the sound of a jiggernaut passing by the window. But it is too late to stop him in full flow.

"I don't like Gordon (or what he stands for, chokes). But I respect him because he's part of life. We're all on the same gravyboat of life (laugh). Relationships don't mean anything to him - girls are like meals.

On this note he draws the flabby Anthea into the interrogating spotlight.

"What do you think of all this talk about women, does it anger you?"

"No. If you mean me."

"Does Gordon anger you?"

"I don't know Gordon. I've only heard about him."

"Would you fancy him?"

"No."

"Would you go out with him?"

"I can't tell till I've met him. He sounds all right to me."

"See," he spits at me, the point of this little palpitation becoming obvious.

So I join in the game.

"Would you go out with him?" I ask pointing at Jilted hero.

"I don't know," says Anthea.

"See," says John, "Jilted again."
Write to Mailman, Record Mirror
40 Long Acre, London WC2E 9II

Hey, got a thing for Darts? - Yeah, right! Dirty Barty would have taken a job with Derek and Clive where there should be enough crap to keep her happy for hours.

Who dragged you up without manners? Didn't anybody tell you to be kind to your elders? I really couldn't stand the thought. I've only got used to that sappy, sheepish, neurotic grind.

The Shads/Cliff mafia are still alive

I'm sorry, but this time no pop paper has gone too far. I'm talking about the piece of utter garbage that was printed within Off time of Darts, Cliff Richard and the Shadows.

Now, the Shads have some real hits and they're no pushovers. They're all super musicians and no-one will every equal their brilliance, both as individual entertainers and together as a group. Their track record of smash hits and concert tours is simply incredible.

And now onto Cliff and the Shadows. If all we were invaded by 25,000 replicas of Cliff and the Shadows, it would be a better world than the one we have now. There are few who really cares about his music, he's just a mass of personality with a bit of talent. I hope we never have to endure such a monster again.

John Travolta. I never did like that nasty punk. I just left it be, but it looked good, punk. I wouldn't want to be different. I must confess that's what brought in Bee Gees' records and saw the film etc. etc.

If you're one of these, please go down there and feel nothing but pity for you. You see, the Bee Gees give a damn about you, pathetic lives, they don't.

The Gruesome Plague Bag

.health and safety

WHAT IS all this 'Disco Special' crap doing in what I thought was an intelligent pun-appealing paper. I saw the Bee Gees on the cover of 'This is my life' and opened it up to find the above. I have never seen the Bee Gees in my life and the above is not in any way connected to them.

They all think it must go and see SNP and Greens to be 'hit' and pay out on their sweaty paper round money to watch television while someone babbles on about how much money is being spent on television. The thing is, no matter what anyone says, the Bee Gees are still the Bee Gees, with their whiny voices and non-existent appeal.

The kids have been singing 'You've been on holiday, what now?', and go buy the soundtrack and laugh through their three best songs, two of which have never been heard, and wrong 'he's so sexy'.

Boring old disco shock

HOW CAN any sane human being call Darts the greatest pop since Rocky Sharpe and the Razors burning? In such a refined paper such as Record Mirror I expect to see interviews not an insane nonsense.

COME BACK DENT. From Number One Darts Fan.

Allow me to dispel some of the confusion that has been sending publicists, fans and the sales department into paroxysms of outrage. I do not think the Darts boring. The feature appeared in Record Mirror I suppose is entitled to an instant rebuttal.

Oh, although I thought both Rita Ray and Bob Fish were very similar, intelligent people who have a lot of time for balance - and still believe that they have nothing to say that wasn't obvious or tedious - this is a tribute to their honesty. I think all pop stars who tell the truth are boring. But no. I suppose I have read the Finest Hour. I made it into a joke - which too many people find too common. Tough luck. See a psychiatrist and get your super ego inspected. Love, P.

Unkindly swipes at Jumply

JUST STARTED reading RM and give it an OK to start with. It's not a ephemerol drivel but should be revised in point of fact. Jumply Licky, no doubt is the model of the opinion that it contains. The section on the royalties is excellent and convinced me that if 100 stars and their managers do this sort of thing, they have so much power in the music business. The column contains all the madness of a Davy Crockett and the Albert Hall and convinced me that if it were such a thing as an intelligent magazine, millions had yet to be found. Perhaps the outcome, troubleshoot

Sloppy on the tickle

POR ALL the good you do at Record Mirror, you may as well slap a tidy friggle with a brush of naked great.

Thank you. The Basic Horse, Bellaire Walk, Miss.

PI Let's have a feature about some decent person who tries to crack your biceps.

Ever had the feeling that some people are on totally different planets to you. Ever wished some people were on different planets?

Cheaper by the dosing

AFTER SEEING them in the newspaper I thought that they might have got a million. But now, every week that passes, they do more - and do it better. John Purley always manages to get a mention. You have never even done a cover of them. How about a page of their music, you know, you don't want to be left out.

Please beg grovel, Crazy Carol, London.

How come you forget to mention me when you're talking about Cheap Trick?

The whereabouts of Carlisle

WITH REGARD to RM's feature A Guide To the Music of Carlisle Cumbria, not only the Carrs of Carlisle, but also Carlisle in the North of England.

NORTH OF ENGLAND, Carlisle. I have been there and I know it's on London NT.

Do you mind if I don't hold my breath waiting for you both to name the day.

Squeeze come first

ON THE SUBJECT of size and length of various objects, would you care to take a look at the latest album cover of Squeeze's latest album and see that it meets the eye when you glance at Glen Tipton's Hairdo?

If the unfortunate Tedman of the Bangers reading do not look at Glen Tipton's Hairdo, you may develop a severe inferiority complex.

A hopeless devoted Tony Curtis fan

Do you know something about Mr Curtis that is not obvious at first glance?
MY MUM just won't let me do things for myself. I wash my own hair or pick up my back and she won't let me stay out late at parties either. So I have to make excuses and leave early. She still treats me like a five year old. Though I'm 18, and if I carry on asking her why she just shouts at me and tells me to shut up.

I still have to tell her where I'm going when I go out, even if it's only up the road and she makes me share my bath with my ten year old sister who can get away with blue murder where I can't. My mum always says that it's nothing until my own hair I'd get water all over the place and so on.

What frightens me is that my sister will tell my friends about this and then they'll call me a fairy and other names and I will be bullied. I'm worried that this will ruin my whole life.

My mum is a nice person, but she can be very bad tempered - if she wants anything done, she starts crying and threatening to leave us. We are always overlaid by my mum on everything we do. I love my mum and know she loves me, but don't know where my love is.

Try to understand why your mother has been smothering you with misplaced affection. Like many parents who often can't accept the fact that their offspring are no longer the all-demanding and all needing extension of themselves you used to be, your mother is reluctant to believe that you're growing up fast and have every right to stand on your own two feet. You know your mum loves you. What you may not realise is that she, too, needs strong reassurances that you love her in return. She may be desperately afraid of finding the kind of emotional support she gets from you shows signs of gradually slipping, trimmed or even replaced. You'll feel used doing things for yourself, but you know you're ready to take her on as a child.

To be treated as an adult, you must start to act like one. Take it slowly and surely, without being too hasty and without creating unnecessary arguments. It won't be easy, but you're the only one who can break the ice.

When you're not just a juvenile delinquent who has to be perpetually refillled with love, money and the role of human kinship, by being more financially independent by finding a Saturday job or an evening job.

You dad is on your side, and if you have a heart to heart about what you feel is happening to you now, he may agree that your case harder next time. Your mum won't be the one to make the first step, so talk it over with your parents.

RUINED by mum the treats I tell her to do things for myself.

Dad, says.

This is a tough situation, but one which can be solved through changes in your mother's mind. She is living in her childhood and will not accept the fact that you're growing up fast.

In celebration of the immediate coming of a new mother / son relationship.

When her agreements are in a reasonable time of night, at the age of 18, you're certainly old enough to wash your own hair without flooding the house, take a bath alone if you choose to, select your own friends and generally begin to make your own decisions.

The barbers - as far as washed, trimmed or even replaced. You'll feel used doing things for yourself, but you know you're ready to take her on as a child.

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If she's agreed to be the one to make the first step, at the agreed time of night, that's up to you, and she's known and heard that it would eventually have to happen all along.

You'll have to be aware of showing your affection for her. She's looked after you all her life, she's made you stay up all the bread and take her out alone, and it's not as if you're doing anything. You'll have to be aware of showing your affection for her. She's looked after you all her life, she's made you stay up all the bread and take her out alone, and it's not as if you're doing anything.

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To be treated as an adult, you must start to act like one. Take it slowly and surely, without being too hasty and without creating unnecessary arguments. It won't be easy, but you're the only one who can break the ice.
10CC: 'Wildly Thirsty'

*A PHRASE* echoing from many a Londoner's mouth at the moment. Guaranteed to offend our foreign brethren. Not really, it's more a dig about themselves and their worldwide travels. However, you're not out of place packed the tour is about to start. The album takes off with the first single 'Dreadlock Holiday'. Don't like Jamaica, I don't like reggae! It elicits the fear of the lonely, in what at present, is a somewhat hostile country to white boys.

The track 'You For' And It's rather undistinguished. Nice melody, doing lyrics, just a perfunctory sound, rather like a holiday with no high waves. 'Take These Chances' is the first track on the album, the sad but still soldiers on - safe but still dangerous enough to attract the listeners. I wait for the eruption.

'Shock On The Tube' starts slowly and rather surprisingly the song builds up into a set, the background is by the heart I can't reconstruct the songs. The people who sang Hollywood.

RONALD BURSEY

THE TYLON GANG

'Moonproof' (Beggars Banquet)

I HAD the great pleasure of reviewing the Tylons first album, titled 'Yachts and Sailors', and was even happier to be able to review their second album, a rather intriguing thing to say that they have produced an album.

On 'Last Night' the lyrics read 'Last night I saw you pass by a bar, you ordered a bottle, a bottle of wine. We left there and went into the bar'.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, the Tylons have come up with yet another load of music, a good change for your legs warm this winter. 'Moonproof' is another shot at an album and contains two sides worth of perfe tickets.

Come on and listen to an amazing new version of the classic 'Sailor Duckie' which marks its first outing as a single on Dynaco this year.

'Through the years' is also a new version of the classic 'Duckie', which marks its first outing as a single on Dynaco this year. Sean on the boys have recovered and given it an even better production. Through the years' is also a new version of the classic 'Duckie', which marks its first outing as a single on Dynaco this year. Sean on the boys have recovered and given it an even better production.

The album, 'Yachts and Sailors', is a real surprise, it has all the qualities of a classic album. The vocals are outstanding, the production is top notch, the songs are catchy and the overall sound is very good.

One of the highlights of the album is the song 'Through the years', which features a beautiful vocal by the singer and is followed by a chorus that is both catchy and memorable. The lyrics of the song are also very touching and make you think about the years gone by.

Overall, 'Yachts and Sailors' is a fantastic album that should not be missed by anyone who loves good music.
EDMUNDS ON THE ROCKS?

DAVE EDMUNDS: Tracks On Wax 4 (Swansong SSK 56707)

LISTENING to Dave Edmunds is rather like eating a Pringles — very enjoyable, but rather limited.

Of the two, I prefer Pringles, but it's a close thing.

Dave Edmunds has a lot of things going for him, like Nick Lowe for example. It's a fine healthy diet, fine straight teeth, and a voice capable of both and soul.

All these qualities combined last year to produce one of the best albums of 1977 — Rockpile, who played some energetic and passionate concerts and produced an incredible album, Get It! 16 months later, Edmunds seems to be running a little short of steam — Tracks On Wax 4 has no shortage of footloose rock 'n' roll, but there is something of inspiration detectable.

Though there isn't anything on the album you could call a new or revolutionary piece of work, it still sounds fresh and exciting.

The tracks 'Not A Woman' may be deliberately glutinous and affec-tionately conceived, but C&W isn't a novelty, you know what I mean.

Edmunds, like Nick Lowe, is an uneven musical talent, incorporating every known smell, every classic hook, but this time, at least, he isn't quite equalled.

Lowe is a very good hard rock performer, but when it comes to the more subtle aspects of music, he is completely out of his depth.

Edmunds, on the other hand, is a master of the fine art of putting together a well-crafted and enjoyable album.

The track 'Trouble' is one of the best on the album, with its catchy guitar riff and memorable chorus.

The album also features the hit single 'Love of the Best', which became a huge hit and helped to establish Edmunds as a major star.

Overall, the album is a great success, and Edmunds' talent is clearly evident in every track.

DAVE EDMUNDS Rockpile: a crisis imminent?

DAVE EDMUNDS Rockpile: a crisis imminent?

These two bands are both very talented and have produced many great albums, but they are not necessarily alike.

Dave Edmunds is a skilled guitarist and singer, while Rockpile is a more experimental band.

The album features a wide range of styles, from rock to pop, and the musicianship is first-rate throughout.

The tracks 'Trouble' and 'Love of the Best' are standout tracks, with their catchy hooks and memorable choruses.

On the whole, the album is a great success, and Edmunds' talent is clearly evident in every track.

TIM LOTT

NEW SINGLES

* \textit{Teenage Boogie}

\textit{Rockabilly Rebel}

\textit{Ray Campi and His Rockabilly Rebels}

\textit{On Tour With D. J. Feel Good}
THURSDAY

LONDON, Music Machine, Clendon, (01-347 4011);
SHEFFIELD, Apple, 151-359, (01-249 4011);
LEEDS, Park Hall, 110-359, (01-499 4011)

ROCHESTER, Nags Head (01-661 4011), The Record
DURHAM, Villa Hotel (01-613 4011), The Record

Friday

PASLEY, Three Horse, Robert (01-671 4011), Charity
BARRY, St. Alban Hotel (01-144 4011), Quality
DARWIN, Village Hotel, Morecambe (01-200 4011), The Dairy
Macclesfield, Cream Club (01-231 4011), The Cream
SOUTHAMPTON, Hamburgh, Croydon (01-471 4011), The Hamburgh
LOWE, Middlesex Arms, Duke Street (01-249 4011), The Middlesex
MIDLERSHIRE, Rock Garden, Blackpool (01-361 4011), The Rock
NEWCASTLE, Coventage, Newcastle (01-249 4011), The Coventage

Saturday

SEPT 3 PEGASUS, Stoke Newington
SEPT 5 NOAH'S ARK, Islington
SEPT 7 MUSIC MACHINE, Manchester (SKIDS), Birmingham
SEPT 9 NASHVILLE, Kent (SKIDS), Birmingham
SEPT 12 RED ROSE CAFE, Islington
SEPT 14 NASHVILLE, Kent (SKIDS), Birmingham
SEPT 16 ROCHESTER, Nags Head
SEPT 17 GREENHILL, Covent Garden

THURSDAY

THEMOTORS: Fresh from Reading triumph play a prestige gig at Portrush Arcade on Thursday.

PAISLEY, Three Horse, Manager (01-671 4011), Charity
BARRY, St. Alban Hotel, Quality
DARWIN, Village Hotel, Morecambe, The Dairy
Macclesfield, Cream Club, The Cream
SOUTHAMPTON, Hamburgh, The Hamburgh
LOWE, Middlesex Arms, Duke Street, The Middlesex
MIDLERSHIRE, Rock Garden, Blackpool, The Rock
NEWCASTLE, Coventage, Newcastle, The Coventage
**ROBIN SMITH**

*(not him again, Ed)*

reports from Reading

---

**HELLO, Gay Switchboard, call that Robin Smith and tell him to get it...**

**AIRPORT.**

Ooohh... you've got a smile on your face.

**BECAUSE the night was made for Daimlers.**

---

Some old standards turn apart by over-loud bass. It was to be a festival still largely dominated by boring old farts. Wallow, Lindsayfarne were to triumph again. They hadn't gambled too heavily on playing songs from the new album and even started with "Lady Eleanor." Without the big production of their recent tour, the songs seemed to be played more loosely and with more of the charm of the old days. All the crowd stood up and cheered.

Spirit again destroyed the early evening sally, unleashing Isle Of Wight pottery with "These Foolish Things" after more than an hour at last melted into the darkness.

Time has passed the Jamb, by, they're still singing three minute incomplete songs and spells on stage. For a long time they were lost to the vastness of the festival despite a shiny PA and elaborately back-drop. For much of their set they were just three lonely figures in the distance who didn't generate an end-of-first-night-ratency.

In the Folding Giant playpen Green Monday afternoon, the kids were becoming restless. Next year, Bath's namesake), and those damn silly foreigners Gruppo Sportivo were ignored but perennial festival head-hang Nuts had some success in putting the crowd on their feet.

Greg Rahn should have been ideal. He's saved. But it's all in vain, the strawberriness filling in the cake or the cream on the doughnut. His balladry failed to impress and mistakenly believing that crie of "Oh, Quoos" was signs of encouragement. He played some old standards torn apart by over-loud bass.

Sunday afternoon is the most difficult not to sit at a festival, but Bethesda came from the back of beyond and in a series of epic moments knocked the crowd backwords. With their double player they removed me of East Of Eden from a few years back. The energy's all there, but not the noise and polish that could take them higher. Their version of the Who's "Baba O'Riley" proved their superior musical talent that isn't reflected in enough of their own songs.

Squeeze should have followed the excitement last night but their escapades into the sexual habits of policemen. Even "Take Me Your's" failed to impress.

The Albatross were a boring bunch of sweaty folkies who sang through their nights like every other folkies. God, even I'm bored singing about a mining disaster.
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TRADE B accounts only welcome
MICK ABRAHAMS
Manchester Band
On The Wall Club

IT'S ALWAYS good to see MICK ABRAHAMS, the bands especially one formed by MICK ABRAHAMS. This trio arrived in Brum last night. Full. MICK went for good. The song was an underground hit and the crowd were made up of MICK ABRAHAMS. The name was the key to the success of the band. MICK ABRAHAMS, Jimmy and John Lee Hooker to name a few. The set was a killer. Clever guitars, blues and soul.