

RECORD MIRROR

WE'RE 25

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birthday party



STATUS QUO JUDAS PRIEST

ABBA ARE HUMAN SHOCK

SO NICE to see that Abba have a human face after all... or at least that's what I thought after witnessing the combo in action in Dublin last week.

Not only was it pert, petite brunette Anni-Frid's birthday, which led to the usual collection of roadies' jolly japes (talcum powder on the piano keys, guitar leads in knots and that sort of thing) but it was also the last night of the tour. Anyway, the highlight of it all was a brilliant version of 'Fernando', which had the girls attempting to soo their quiet bit before a hushed audience (many of whom had paid up to £130 for tickets etc. etc.). As Agnetha (the blonde) and A-F (the other one) whispered gently "Can you hear the drums Fernando" the drummer came crashing out with an alarmingly loud tympani solo. So alarmingly loud in fact that both A and F collapsed in giggles, hardly able to continue the song.

Abba's stint in Dublin ended with a simply supper (sic) party — one which ended with the entire road crew getting a peck on the cheek from the blonde one and not washing for a week.

ANYWAY, HERE'S another Irish one. Did you know that 'Mastermind' was coming from Ireland for two weeks? Pass. Did you know that the brother of the Undertones' bassist Mickey Bradley — lame at last — had managed to get through into the finals? One of a very bright family (Mickey writes all the Undertones' biographies in his spare time — gasp!) young Terry Bradley will be answering questions on 'The Films Of Steve McQueen', in front of a polished Magnus Magnusson and an audience of millions.

What next? The younger sister of a Boomtown Rat answering questions on John Travolta's career as a Shakespearean actor?

AH, JOHN TRAVOLTA. I nearly forgot. The rest of you seem to have done so ages ago. Isn't it sad how the former Anglo-American heart throb just can't seem to latch onto a decent film, and thus bury the ghost of 'SNF' for ever? His latest, ahem.

■ **CUDDLY** Pete Briquette, bass player with the Boomtown Rats, had a rather nasty experience at Dingwalls club in Camden Lock last week, when he got roughed up by people who were unaware that he was a famous person. As soon as his identity was established, there were much apologies all round — a bit late in the day though.

Pop, is 'Moment To Moment', in which, The Sunday Times reports: "he has little, except his epidermis, to reveal". Still, I expect a thick skin — which I take this comment to mean — will act as a buffer towards a wholesale lack of good reviews, paying customers at the box office... and a general decline in interest.

SO AT last it's official. Gary Glitter, once Paul Raven and a man with

Briquettes may go up 20%

THE price of peas briquettes could go up by 20%, or more, if the National Prices Commission approves. Commission by Bord Bia.

THE IRISH TIMES scooped the music Press on the inflation of the small Boomtown Rat.

nearly as long a career as Record Mirror, has made yet another comeback. Desperate excitement overtook the staff last Friday as we prepared to venture into the wilds of Essex (Chelmsford) to watch it Good ol' Gary. It seems, is much in demand from students at educational colleges and the like.

Last Friday's waddle - up (well, let's face it, he hasn't got any thinner) was the first in what is expected to be a series of concerts throughout December. And with the absolutely brilliant Glitter Band still going strong we'd advise you to keep your ears to the ground.

Next week: Alvin Stardust opens new Virgin record store in Kirkcaldy? Joe Brown re-signs to Decca for record fee? AND... Cilla Black re-breaks her nose to recapture that elusive hit sound of the early sixties? Only in Record Mirror — order now to avoid disappointment.

THE TOURISTS got their Common Market European tour off to a good start when one of their members turned up at the airport minus his

passport. Needless to say, they missed their plane while he hared back to find the missing document. Bet they're the sort of people who had to have their gloves threaded through their sleeves with elastic.

DARTS MEN Horatio Hornblower and Grif Fender were foolish enough to go fishing in Hampstead Ponds the other day, even though the water was almost frozen over and the weather was almost Arctic. After sitting around shivering for a few hours Horace felt a big fish bite his line, but much to his dismay the fish proved stronger than he was and dragged him into the ponds for

an impromptu swim. Naturally Horace is now suffering from an incredibly bad cold and is sitting at home with his feet immersed in hot mustard baths.

SOME PEOPLE will swallow anything deep: a Journalist on a Sunday newspaper wrote that John Cooper Clarke was trying to get an operation to graft his glasses onto his ears, because he kept losing them. This, ahem, reporter went as far as phoning a top surgeon in Switzerland to find out if such an operation was possible or whether the ears would reject the plastic legs. When John was asked for a



ALEX HARVEY makes comeback as fall guy. And the kid slapping a plateful of food into Alex's face is his son Tyrone.



'SMASH AND GRAB'

The new album from RACEY featuring the three smash hits

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quote, he replied that he was at present touring the country in order to raise funds. Somebody's being framed.

A SOURCE, who must remain nameless, told me that Richard Branson, head of Virgin Records, recently asked Jake Riviera out to lunch. Jake, being suspicious, asked why. "Well," Richard said, "I thought Elvis Costello might be looking for another record company." Jake asked Richard to name two of the tracks of Elvis' last album. If he was so interested, unfortunately Mr Branson didn't pass the test so Riviera hung up. So now you know he WON'T be recording for Virgin.

■ **MOTORHEAD** are not taking off as planned on their current tour. They're using an old bomber aircraft which lifts itself three feet into the air, and because this is technically termed as flying they have been told to apply to the aviation authority for permission.

IF YOU haven't already got your ticket for the forthcoming Wings concert, you may as well forget it unless you are stinking rich or your dad is a ticket tout. Tickets are changing hands for £80 to £100. If you still intend to battle for a ticket you may need an armoured van to carry the money. So much for the "small gigs" we were promised.

CHRISTMAS gets earlier every year as the Salart Records Christmas party proves. It's being held at the Music Machine on November 29 and is compered by Gary Hollon (remember him?). The cast consists of Toyah (naturally) The Boys, Teenbeat and the Yobs. Anyway, the entire bash is FREE. (So it should be with a line up like that.)

BLONDIE HAVE just finished filming in Texas, prior to their concert dates

over here. Apparently the film crew were expecting them to smash up the film set and spit on them, or whatever American punks are supposed to do. Instead they were as good as gold and the directors were most impressed. Could it be a re-make of 'Dallas' with Deb as the neurotic Sue Ellen? Watch this space.

ON TO THE Stranglers. In an effort to beat the Police for playing in exotic places, they have now lined up a gig in Katmandu, Nepal. The problem lies in the fact that this place is 16,000 feet up in the mountains. Where will they find a Sherpa Tensing? Will their enthusiasm wane when they realise they might have to carry their own gear? Or will they simply rush out to Marks and Sparks to stock up with thermal underwear? All this and more, cont page 94.

■ **QUEEN TO SPLIT SHOCK!** Now I've got your attention — of course they're not spitting! — just let me pass on a message from the very wonderful Brian May. If you, dear Queen fan, happen to see a film in your local cinema called 'Mad Mack' and happen to see that the music was composed by one Brian May... well, hate to disappoint you folks, but it wasn't me.

I'M VERY happy to be the very, very last person to report that Chrissie Hynde is contemplating starting a 'Rock Against Journalists' campaign. And why? Simply because it is thus my great pleasure to remind her of that old proverb: "Let them that be without syntax cast the first stone." Ms Hynde, as we all know, is an American and a garrulous American to boot, and the grammatical arrangement of her sentences are a joy to the ear...



Lynott's legs unsupported by leather shock

PHIL LYNOTT comes out of the closet to show a fine pair of, er, legs. He was the star of an allstars football team, which also included Steve Jones and Paul Cook (of course) Billy Idol, and Richard Jobson — who assures us that if it hadn't been for a cartilage op he would have been playing for Celtic today.



Why, then, does she proisleth so? So comely doth the lady spoke that time in her company would be the joyest great, Which all means, if we're truthful, why are the Pretenders taking so long to finish an album that's only got TWO tracks that haven't already been out on singles (late January is the latest estimate)? And why aren't they out on the streets blabbing and promoting it like everyone else? "It's a tough business getting hits," as Mickie Most once said to Racey.

THE BEHAVIOUR of the pathetic Damned gets even more pathetic, I'm sad to report. Seemingly lacking in acolytes to laugh at his jokes, the loathsome Rat Scabies galecrashes an intimate coach trip to the wilds of the West Country.

Ignoring protests, he becomes emotionally excited. Nearly starts a fight, Begins to look stupid. The coach trip is for Wild Horses but by the end Rat looks like a Feeble Puppy. How sad. "Did you know that I played drums on the Tartan

Horde's 'Bay City Rollers' which was a 1 — Number One in Japan." he bellows as a parting shot at two Japanese Pressmen. "Yes, so what," they reply with all the implacable boredom of the Japanese. At last Mr Scabies has someone to laugh at him.

JUST FANCY THAT DEPT: Congratulations to John 'Drake' Davis, whose "controversial" film about punk rock in Northern Ireland — 'Shell Shock Rock' — you

remember being reviewed in our very pages. 'SSR', Drake tells me triumphantly, has scooped a silver award at the New York International Film and Television Festival... in the 'Industrial And Educational Films' section. Well at least it makes up for the poor response in Ireland, where the film was mysteriously withdrawn from the Cork Festival at the last minute.

PAULA is still on holiday but promises to return with fascinating gossip about the rock scene in the Andes.



TENUOUS CLAIMS to fame part 94: new group CONTAINER are fronted by a girl called Josephine Buchan whose grandad wrote 'The 39 Steps'. Bet you're thrilled.

JOHN MILES

The new single

"DON'T GIVE ME NO SYMPATHY"

DECCA FR 13882

Catch John Miles on his current successful tour:

- 21st November — Oxford Polytechnic
- 22nd November — Plymouth Polytechnic
- 23rd November — Bristol University
- 24th November — The Theatre, Coventry
- 25th November — Coatham Bowl, Redcar
- 26th November — City Hall, Hull
- 27th November — York University
- 28th November — Bradford University
- 29th November — Hamilton Club, Birkenhead
- 1st December — Sheffield University

P.S. Birthday congratulations to Record Mirror from all your friends at Decca!

TOURS

STARJETS

STARJETS: Belfast Queens University November 29, Dublin Trinity College 30, Cork Arcadia Ballroom December 1. They'll also be filmed for the Irish 'Green Rock Programme'.

JOHN OTWAY

JOHN OTWAY: Liverpool University November 30, Leicester University December 1, High Wycombe Town Hall 3, Manchester University 5, Blackpool Tifanys 6, Sheffield Earnshaw Hall 7, Plymouth Polytechnic 11, Cheltenham North Gloucestershire Technical College 12, North Staffordshire Polytechnic 13, Lincoln Drill Hall 15, London Rainbow 22. More dates will be announced later.

DOLLY MIXTURE

DOLLY MIXTURE: will be headlining at the Clapham 101 Club on November 26 not on November 23 as previously announced. They'll also be playing London West Hampstead Club December 1, Covent Garden Rock Garden December 5, London Hope And Anchor 11.

NO DICE

NO DICE: following London dates: Camden Music Machine November 24, Victoria Venue December 8.

THE MISDEMEANOURS

THE MISDEMEANOURS: following London dates: Canning Town Bridge House December 9, Covent Garden Rock Garden 14, Fulham Greyhound 15.

THE LAMBRETTAS

THE LAMBRETTAS: who just signed a deal with Rocket, play the following dates: London West Hampstead Moonlight Club November 26, Nottingham University December 7, Brighton Alhambra 12, Manchester New Osborne 13, Nottingham Sandpiper 15, Bradford Palm Cove Club 28.

THE SELECTER

THE SELECTER: will be playing the London Lyceum on December 9 supported by the latest Two Tone signing the beat and UB 40.

XTC

XTC: have cancelled their forthcoming gig at Norwich Cromwells.

MEKONS

MEKONS: Essex University November 24, Hitchin College December 8, London Marquee 11, Loughborough University 13.

TALKING HEADS

TALKING HEADS: added dates, London Camden Electric Ballroom December 7, 8.

THE INMATES

THE INMATES: play at the Venue on November 30.

SPIZZ ENERGI

SPIZZ ENERGI: London Notre Dame Hall November 30, Lancaster Art College December 5, Middlesex Polytechnic 6, Norwich St Andrews Hall 10, Cambervell Art College 14.

MONEY

MONEY: a four piece Birmingham band, play the following dates: London Covent Garden Rock Garden November 26, Leamington Spa Crown Hotel 29, Birmingham Golden Eagle 30, Middlesbrough Rock Garden December 7.

THE JUMP

THE JUMP: following London dates: Harrow Road Windsor Castle November 22, Woolwich Thames Bank Polytechnic 24, Fulham Palace Road Greyhound December 10.

TREVOR RABIN

TREVOR RABIN: who recently supported Steve Millage on tour, plays his first British headlining date at the London Venue on November 29.

BOGEY BOYS

BOGEY BOYS: who will be supporting Alvin Lee on his forthcoming tour will also be playing a string of London dates in their own right at West Hampstead Moonlight Club November 22, Islington Hope And Anchor December 1, Covent Garden Rock Garden.

JEEP

JEEP: who recently released their wacky 'Wild Rover' single, play Isleworth Marla Grey Teachers Training College November 23.

LONDON ZOO

LONDON ZOO: supported by the Cheetahs will play the London Marquee November 30.

SIMPLE MINDS

SIMPLE MINDS: London Marquee December 13 and 14.

SMALL HOURS

SMALL HOURS: Clapham 101 Club November 23, Canning Town Bridge House 26, London West Hampstead Moonlight Club 29, Harrow Road Windsor Castle 30, London Islington Hope And Anchor December 3, London Notre Dame Hall 6, Nottingham Lincoln College 7, London Clapham 101 Club 8, Manchester New Osborne 13, Bradford Palm Club 14, Newbridge Memorial Hall 16, Crystal Palace Hotel 21, Clapham 101 Club Christmas Party.

Marvin Gaye for Britain

MOTOWN STAR Marvin Gaye is to visit Britain in January as part of an extended European tour.

Gaye, who'll be supported by another top American soul artist, has already been confirmed for two shows in Liverpool and three in London. And at least five more UK dates are still to be arranged.

Dates already announced are: Liverpool Royal Philharmonic January 23 (2 shows), London Royal Albert Hall 25 (2 shows), and London Rainbow 26 (1 show).

Tickets are available from box offices, but can also be obtained by post for the Albert Hall show only, from Kruger Organisation, PO Box 460, Brighton Sussex. Prices are £10, £8.50, £6.50, £5.50, £3.50, £2.25, and £1.00 (standing) and an SAE should be enclosed.



CLASH: track listing

Clash cuts

MORE DETAILS have now been announced about the new Clash album, 'London Calling' — set for release on December 14.

The £5 double album will be out at the same time as a double A-sided single, featuring 'London Calling' and 'Armageddon Time' (which isn't on the album) and will now include the following tracks:

Full track listing is — Side 1: 'London Calling', 'Brand New Cadillac', 'Jimmy Jazz', 'Hateful', 'Rudi Can't Fail'. Side 2: 'Spanish Bombs', 'Right Profile', 'Lost in The Supermarket', 'Clampdown', 'Guns Of Brixton'. Side 3: 'Wrong Em' Boys', 'Death Or Glory', 'Koka Kola', 'The Card Cheat'. Side 4: 'Lovers Rock', 'Four Horsemen', 'I'm Not Down', 'Revolution Rock'.

THERE'S still no further news, however, about the Clash's reported plans for a short series of British dates around the Christmas period. Difficulties hinge around the availability of venues, and the short period available for ticket allocation and as we went to press the Clash office couldn't confirm whether the gigs would take place.

Ad records

BY EARLY next year major companies could be advertising their products on special 12in singles in discos up and down the country.

The scheme will be known as 'Sponsordiscs', with social records being circulated to DJ's — each containing two new releases and three manufacturer's commercial 'jingles'.

The first Sponsordisc will come from a deal with the Public Eye record promotion company and the Wrigley's chewing gum company, and should be heard in around 500 discos by February next year.

Glenn Simpson of Public Eye believes he can reach 500,000 people a week and says: "The Sponsordisc is a good thing for the record company, who will get a new record played, as well as good exposure for the sponsoring manufacturer's product."

The discs, which Simpson describes as "tastefully done", will last about eight minutes, with a jingle, a new record, another jingle, the second new record and the final jingle to close.

Wrigley's are the first company to participate, but similar deals are being finalised for a building society, a cosmetics firm and a drinks company.

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ROB'S MOB

JUDAS PRIEST'S Rob Halford
knows the audience he attracts.
ROSALIND RUSSELL was
one of them

WHEN THREE people get in a fight and have to be taken to hospital BEFORE the doors of the gig even open, you know you're in for an eventful night.

The venue in Hanover was a huge barn of a place, built of breeze blocks — utilitarian enough not to be damaged much by a 4,000 or so hairy heavy metallurgists surging round.

Backstage Judas Priest were easing themselves into their Lycra jumpsuits, so close fitting you couldn't have slipped a liver down the waist without the bulge showing. The bulges that were showing certainly weren't rolls of livers.

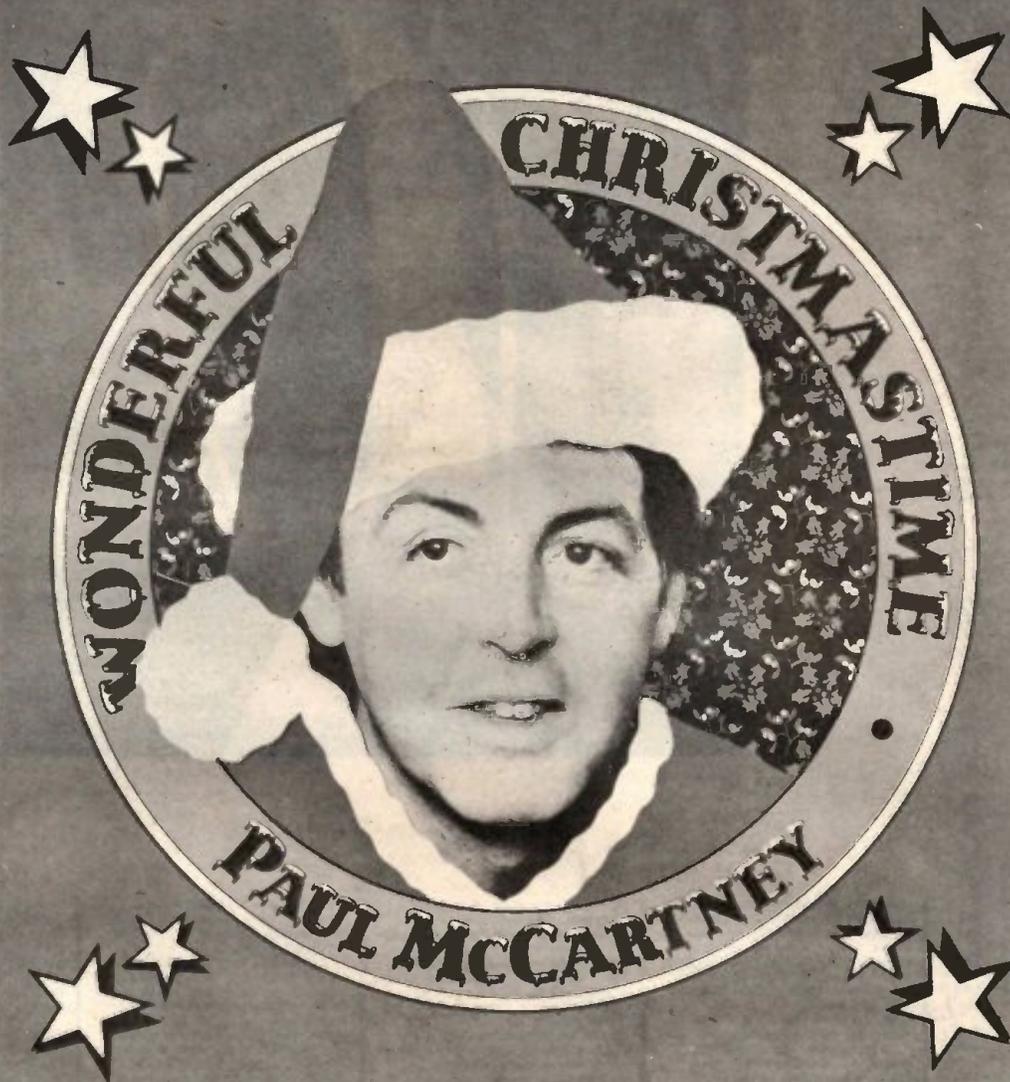
Frontman Rob Halford, his face made up to look oddly surrealistic, strapped on his sludded shin shields (a theme that's carried on round the front of the drum podium). He walked from the dressing room, balancing so carefully on his stacked heeled boots, he looked like a nervous Grand National entrant high stepping its way across the paddock.

In the next dressing room, AC/DC's girlfriends looked a little sharp and dangerous. One Japanese girl had with her a small child, who'll surely be dead before it's five years old. A backstage pass was pinned conspicuously to the front of its romper suit. Access all areas, it read; the poor mite wasn't even big enough to negotiate a snaking cable on the floor, never mind anything else.

Priest ran onstage to roars of Teutonic approval. The response was so overwhelming that I wondered why the band was going out as support to AC/DC when they could obviously have headlined their own tour. I later discovered that this was their first tour of Germany.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

THE CHRISTMAS SINGLE FROM PAUL McCARTNEY



B/W RUDOLPH THE RED-NOSED REGGAE

R6029



ROB

FROM PAGE 6

As the audience seemed to appreciate them as much as AC/DC, the next tour should see them top of the bill. (It was also very obviously the first time in Germany for some of the road crew, who couldn't seem to stop themselves making silly references to Hitler and the last war: with a sense of humour like this, they could start the next.)

The set was visually quite spectacular, good lights, good sound, and ridiculous posing on behalf of KK Downing and Glen Tipton, the two lead guitarists. While I found it amusing, there's no doubt the martial-macho audience adored it. Priest play commercial heavy metal and by that I mean songs which have a melody that I can remember, rather than showy set pieces of guitar wizardry which Van Halen indulge in.

The song I liked best from the set was 'Running Wild' from the recent album 'Unleashed In The East'. But the whole set was musically and visually exciting. By the end, the audience were holding up their lighted matches and sparklers, a token of esteem they must have picked up from the Americans.

Priest struggled out of their sweaty costumes, looking a little less like Olivia Newton John (in 'Saturday Night Fever') now, cracking jokes about the miniature Angus Young, who'd walked past me and I hadn't even noticed him. By the time we were sitting in the bus preparing to leave, the walls of the hall were shaking to the volume of AC/DC, walking their highway to hell.

In the restaurant, everyone had trouble with the menu — French — except Rob who was lighting up a cigar of Saville proportions and sipping his red wine like a connoisseur. He looks surprisingly normal, having divested his leather jacket and biker's hat. Next to him, KK was trying — unsuccessfully — to chat up the waitress who looked like Linda Lewis and didn't understand a word he was saying to her.

I asked him if his hair was naturally blond, or did it come courtesy of Recital. My mistake. He stood up, unzipped his fly and revealed his pubic hair. He could have bathed in peroxide of course, but it's unlikely he would have been able to sit down to dinner with such ease. He looks a bit like Brian Connolly (remember him, all you old Sweet fans?) but has a cheeky sense of humour that's hard to resist.

In fact, I have to admit to being totally wrong in my preconception of the members of Judas Priest. I thought they were going to be as surly and macho as their act. I stand corrected.

Halford and I found a table away from the rising madness of the bands' and I asked him about the difference between his stage persona and his offstage reserve.

"I release all the tensions of the day onstage," he said. "It's just that side of me that comes out then. I can genuinely say, for myself and the rest of the band, that it isn't contrived, a preconceived thing. We've been doing this since 1973, we didn't just build it up for the media. There are showbiz aspects to it because we want to give an entertaining show."

"We know that what we're doing isn't the 'mode', the idiom of what rock bands do in the 1980s. But the way we perform is the way we've been doing it since Day One."

Because of that, Judas Priest, along with the other heavy metal bands, went underground for about two and a half years, beginning with the new wave explosion in '76. Over the past few months, perhaps since the beginning of the year, HM has been seeing a renaissance — and not only with the old hairies who were around at the end of the sixties. Today's HM freaks are 14/15 years old.

"It's never been out of fashion, except with the media," claimed Rob. "We've constantly attracted large numbers of people throughout the world. And since we've been back from America, we've seen new, young bands playing the heavy metal format. You can easily fill larger venues with heavy metal."

"I think it was because new wave

bands were limited — though obviously bands like The Clash have survived and are doing well. But some of them were going out and preaching politics and that doesn't work very well in somewhere like the Hammersmith Odeon. Unless it was The Clash."

Did he think that punk bands didn't live up to expectations? "You can say that of the mid sixties... bands like the Pink Floyd. It's simply a case of adaptation. We've gone through fashions of acceptance in the media, but I've always felt there was a place for this band and for the music."

"Our second album established the band worldwide, but we've always had a hardcore following in the UK."

"To take an objective view of the punk/new wave thing, it was limited to an age group. It has a revolutionary aspect, in relation to the situation at home with parents. That exists for maybe two years, then you mature and go on to something else, maybe heavy rock. It has a commitment, a message which is important."

The message I imagine Priest's to be is anarchic ('Running Wild'), vaguely sinister ('Green Manalishi') and definitely threatening ('Ripper').

They populate their world with monsters, darkness and revving motorbikes (though the Harley was left at home for this tour).

"Lyrically we have something to give," said Rob. "Regardless of age or social class. We're aware of political aspects although we're not in that deep."

"The world hasn't changed that much, although it sometimes seems like it. We're grateful for the resurgence of interest in heavy metal and for the excitement. I would be the last person to deny that."

Many brandies later, Halford and I are on our own in the hotel dining room, the rest of the band having got bored with our meaning of life/lyrics conversation. They've all gone to bed, obviously not in the Van Halen school of 'party party party' (though I thank God). My ideas about semi-coherent heavy metal exponents have been firmly turned on their head by Rob's sincerity and deeply held convictions. We're still on the subject of lyrics.

"I'm not in the Paul Rogers syndrome of 'Let's get together tonight babe'. I write lyrics that hopefully can be read and interpreted by people who can become involved with them. You'll

find few 'he's and 'she's' and 'love's' in them, I avoid that. Apart from anything else, it becomes limiting to a lyricist."

"I would be let down if I wrote the sort of songs that would appeal only to young ladies. In fact, more of the lyrics have been attributed to black magic, particularly by the American Press. Perhaps it's all the leather and chains. But we were wearing silks and satin in '73/'74 and our attraction is much the same as it is today. This phase is an advancement of what we feel."

"As to my whip — well, Dave Dee was using one in the 1960s in the same interpretation. And the motorbike interprets 'Hell Bent For Leather', though there are people who would say it was a phallic object."

"Because of the audience we attract, young kids, some of them may interpret it that way. They might watch the show and then go out feeling they should do a particular thing. I hope they wouldn't take that attitude. Some of our aspects are blatant, but I hope not in the exploitive sense."

"We're in our late 20s, sexually experienced. Our audiences are not, and I don't think they'd try to explore things with whips and motorbikes themselves. Judas

Priest are just part of growing up."

It could also be said that AC/DC are part of growing up, though with their reputation, it's a part of growing up that I could live without. Angus Young must have one of the most easily recognised bums in the business.

"Their mooning onstage is perfectly ridiculous," said Rob, though he qualified fairly quickly.

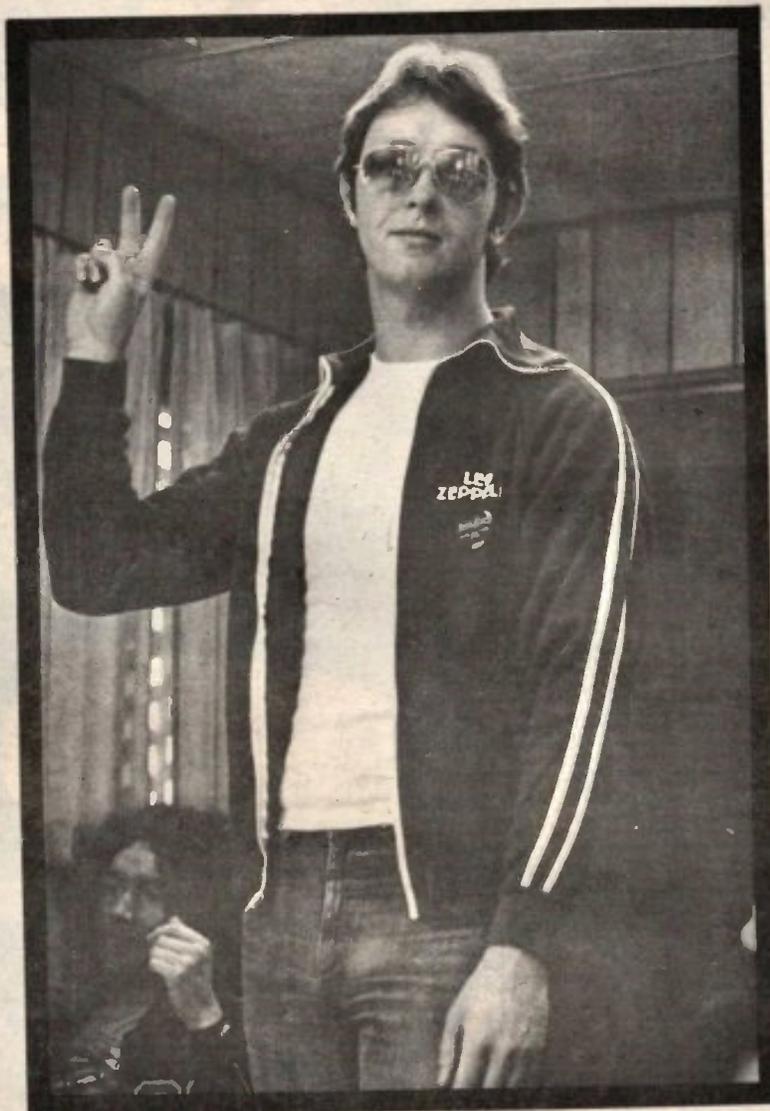
"As far as the European tour goes, we're grateful to be on the same bill. We're playing to the same kind of audiences."

"I didn't stay to watch AC/DC, so I can't say if the Hanover crowd were treated to the sight of Angus' backside, but I do know that it's not my idea of a thrilling show. I'd find it quite offensive."

"There are people whom you can offend regardless of how you present a visual show," said Rob. "Most people aren't offended. It's people in the media who get offended."

"We use all the props on stage that people could get offended about, but we don't deliberately set out to do that. Ours is a purely theatrical concept."

It was obviously time to make a theatrical exit. Besides, the booze had run out, as had our waiter. Auf wiedersehen.



Rob without the Lycra suit

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THURSDAY 22ND NOVEMBER

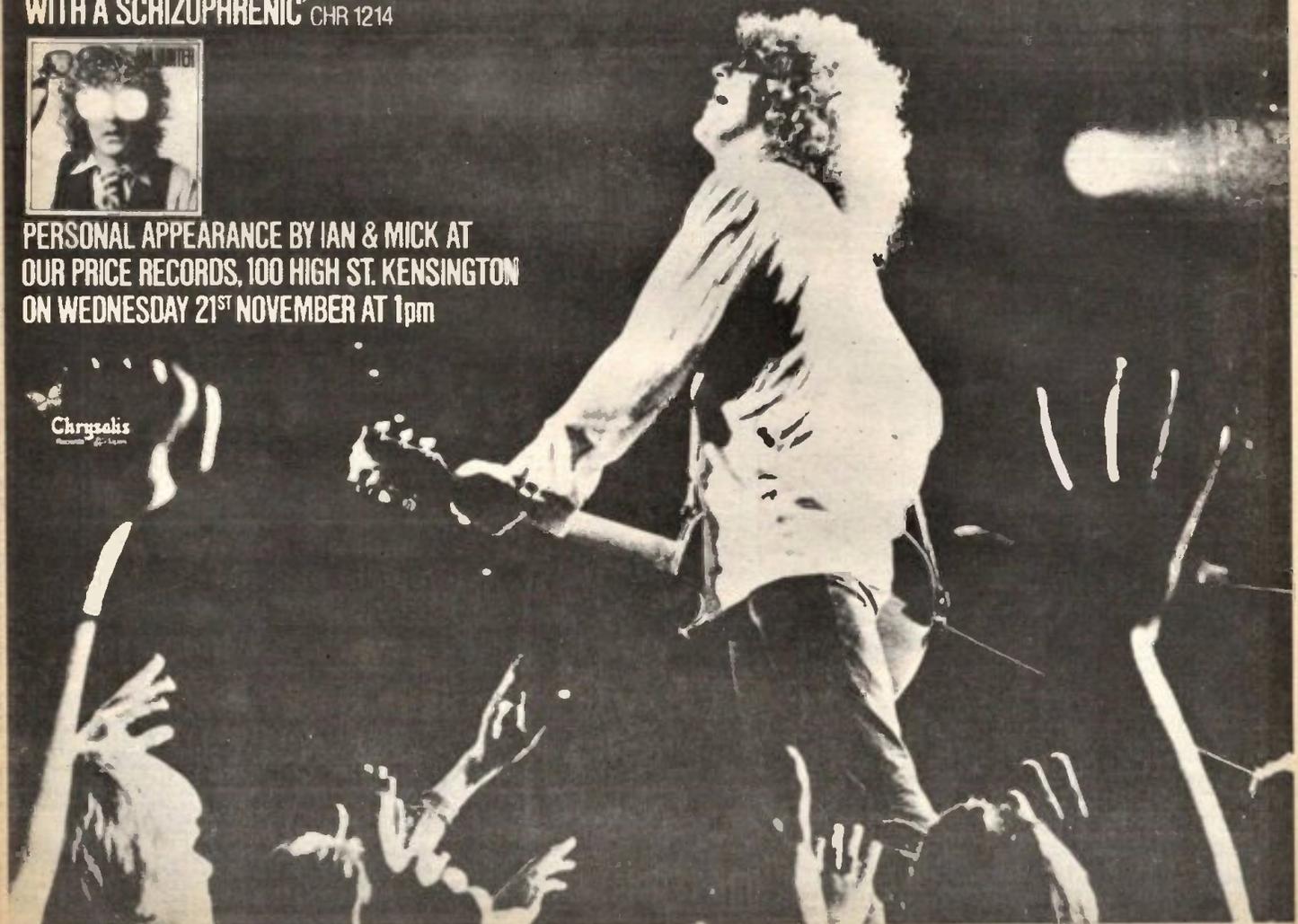
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ALBUM: 'YOU'RE NEVER ALONE WITH A SCHIZOPHRENIC' CHR 1214



PERSONAL APPEARANCE BY IAN & MICK AT OUR PRICE RECORDS, 100 HIGH ST. KENSINGTON ON WEDNESDAY 21ST NOVEMBER AT 1pm

Chrysalis



SINGLES

Reviewed by CHRIS WESTWOOD

WAKE UP!!



Background pic: The U-2's

SOAPBOX OF THE WEEK
Vinyl crisis. If only there were a real shortage — not a mythical one invented by record companies — I'd perhaps find more products excusable. The industry is under recession and sees a way out through constant, unmitigated dedication to plasticity, enigma, breeding and glamorised escapism.

"We hate the punk elite" and movement slays movement (and they've all got it wrong).

So to hail with *Mad* and *Wild* with *Punk* and *Wild* has differences. The rock and roll institution is surviving on a good-night-out basis, a basis of escapism if people living for the event, for the "entertainment" and not for themselves.

Anything that has to emphasise its own role as a "movement" is immediately suspect, especially when its members are propagating "action" when they don't know what the action is, "frustration" when they just wish they could go on writing songs about frustration even when they aren't frustrated, or "anarchy" when they don't realise the meaning or implications of the word.

Like these movements, these singles, rock reinforces where it should attack. It's all becoming so superficial and escapist, so Hollywood. Make believe rebellion. That's why ideals are in quandries, that's why you'll probably buy nearly everything here. You'll make the manipulators very happy.

When the stripshow's over, people still have to work, live, sort out their problems, work out what they want to do in life, a mohair won't point you in the right direction, it'll point you in a direction but that's as far as it'll go.

Now back to these singles — do you think you should ever be satisfied? Is there

anything to be gained by cynicism? And, more importantly, is there anything to be gained from satisfaction? Are things are going to be improved, "satisfaction" should be a dirty word. Most of things here are here for the wrong reasons, unfortunately most of those with the right motives don't work particularly well.

U-2: 'Three' (CBS Ireland Import). But this is the word!

U-2 are among the most expensive rock posters of their generation, the teenage lightning of Dublin.

On 'Three' they're taking a precise, well-informed look at the dilemmas facing youth, the fantasies bred by TV, heretic comic books, and they're trying to put them into perspective. Idealisation can be harmful, they say, because it's a process of idealisation, it's a process of re-assessment and subtle comment, and it's just the kind of area rock and roll needs to probe.

They're also doing something else, something which will become obvious to whoever hears 'Three': they're playing a new and forceful rock pop, the brashiest most bubbly pop since the early Skids singles.

'Three' is 'Out Of Control', 'Stories For Boys' and 'Boy! Girl!' (the A-side was selected by listeners to the Dublin radio station RTE2). It's roughly mixed, cheaply done, lead (to believe) recorded, there's very little to suggest U-2's aren't the Great White Hopes of the eighties.

TRAX: 'Home' EP (Lonely Records). All the "best commercial" rock I'm informed is currently of Celtic descent, so it would seem Trax have

their work cut out before they start.

They owe small debts to The Skids and probably to many others they end up sounding like no one in particular (apart from Trax).

'Home' is one of those epic-sounding things that don't have an awful lot to say in a clean, well-recorded, urgent, glamorous, with no pretensions, outside entertainment — fair enough — that's the way you like it.

THE CURE: 'Jumping Someone Else's Train' (Fiction). The Cure are gradually heading towards something of a pop paradox when the absolute state-of-the-art Waddy makes an impression of those ugly charts.

They lack the insight of U-2, but possess a rich sparkle and imagination of their own. 'Jumping Someone Else's Train' is better though less instant than the throwaway 'Boys Don't Cry' — it's more growing, more paced, more structured. It builds into an essential and fetching commercial song, typically Cury, which means it doesn't compromise a great deal but points at what you can do with rock structures given a modicum of inspiration. **RACEY: 'Such A Night'** (RAK). Racey, probably don't have a care in the world. I'll wager they really do say things like 'Juvvy duvvy' and 'huggy dussy fun fun fun' a real life. I'll wager they really do dream about islands of milk, money and niceness when they've been firmly tucked in by mummy, just after 9 o'clock.

They probably still own teddy bears, rompers, suits and colouring books, go to school on Sundays and chuckle amongst themselves when little Felicity from next door walks in wearing make-up and a dress up to her knees.

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CHEWING HIDES THE SOUND is the provocative title of **SNAKEFINGER'S** first LP. Co-written and produced by **THE RESIDENTS**, **SNAKEFINGER** rips through a dozen new pop tunes in the style of his last year's #1 New Wave hit, **THE SPOT**. **CHEWING HIDES THE SOUND** is destined to be the most unique record you have ever snapped your fingers to. **CHEWING HIDES THE SOUND V2140** Available now by arrangement with **Ralph Records** on **Virgin**.



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QQNT FROM PAGE 10



THE POP GROUP: Say it all with 'We Are All Prostitutes'.

Racey are faultless because they're flaunting absolute piffle-pop for pre-teen tear-jerkers, piffle-pop which can hardly be mistaken for anything but. They'll live a very happy, very nice life. Such well-groomed boys.

THE PLANETS: 'Iron For The Iron' (Rialto), 'Iron For

The Iron' is the sort of immensely successful whitewash - wallpaper only achieved thus far by Mike Oldfield and Blondie - mistake for anything but. They'll live a very happy, very nice life. Now that's success!!

COCKNEY REJECTS: 'I'm Not A Fool' (EMI) EMI

meet Cocky Rejects? Does this mean Cocky Rejects are 'safe'? Why are EMI putting out a song called 'East End'? What makes these people so sure they are not fools (especially with pyjamas like that)?

The sleeve says 'We will never be put away'.

but that seems kind of funny on a label like this. Maybe EMI see Cocky Rejects as Chas & Dave with balls. It's kind of strange to see Cocky Rejects and stuff like them hallowed as punk; I didn't realise singing football chants facilitated punkdom, but that means there're still millions of punks in Britain, pasted all over Saturday afternoon.

ed its own ideal years ago. Maybe EMI see Cocky Rejects as Chas & Dave with balls and no ideals.

LIVE WIRE: 'Hi & Run Driver' (A & M). I take it the world must be in desperate need of another Dire Straits for Live Wire to be given any room for manoeuvre at all.

"I just wanna be... a hit and run driver" is the message. Slick. America musical meandering is the mode. Live Wire are as in touch with rock and roll as

Bob Geldof or Linda Ronstadt, about as 'Live' as Marc Bolan, and about as essential as a bag of stale crisps.

ROY SUNDHOLM: 'Did You Ever Have A Heart' (Ensign). INTERVIEW: 'To The People' (Virgin). These type of records don't even have a place here, they're sub - club - circuit mournings, tuneful, self - important prattlings, little songs stumbling for acceptance, failing between so many stools.

Both Roy Sundholm and Interview will be extinct by 1980 because they're so obsessed with being tuneful and catchily commercial they turn out records sandpapered right down to smooth, sickly nothingness.

They're less excusable than Racey because they're every bit as hollow and they don't want to admit it.

ELECTRIC CHAIRS: 'So Many Ways' (Safari). Sans the presence of their front - woman Wayne County, the Electric Chairs sound like they've slipped into the role of vehicle - for - David - Cunningham and his mysterious laboratory of aural effects.

Treated drums, vocals, and most other things, it's obviously cunning Cunningham with the E Chairs flailing away in the background somewhere. If they were so adamant about paring company with Wayne County they might have at least avoided this kind of production - manipulation. Maybe Cunningham's goal for the eighties is to turn all unstable working bands into clone-flying lizards.

GIORGIO MORODOR: 'What A Night' (Oasis). Conveyor-belt disco with no conscience, no humour, nothing but a well-suss business sense. Morodor has his fingertips on the only moderne disco I've heard, but spoils himself by insisting on constant production of stereotypic dirges which

negate detail, insight and all those other things you need to turn to at home when the discos have shut up shop.

WHITE SNAKE: Long Way From Home' (UA). "It's a long way from home / I'm just trying to get my message to you / It's a long long way from home / And I don't know what I'm going to do"

David Coverdale is preserving the old macho - love - song legend; about as sensitive as The Hulk in clogs. "Long Way From Home" is the wasted love song you'd expect from stumblebums like this. SHAM 69: 'I Don't Wanna' (Step Forward). SQUEEZE: 'Packet Of Three' (Deptford Fun City).

THE POLICE: 'Fall Out' (Illegal). Old records in new bags. Sham 69 before the rut set in. Squeeze before they got sick. The Police before they got boring. All three sound a bit on the dated side now but - documents, of course - these are the roots of our current Pop Culture. Whether that's a bad or good thing is yours for the deciding.

THE STRANGLERS: 'Don't Bring Harry' (UA). A bid for festive financial aid from the men you'd most like to beat you up for Christmas - a cursory listen informs me that this - like 'The Raven' - is not of the Strangling Ones' best but rather a gesture for the Xmas shoppers with linings like 'Crabs' (live from the Ronnie Gurr kidnapping at Hemel Hempstead) and 'In The Shadows' clattering the other side.

I should just hold on to 'Black And White' if I were you.

THE POP GROUP: 'We Are All Prostitutes' (Rough Trade). Perhaps this reviewer is a closet - manic depressive but I find it difficult to argue with or ignore what this record is getting at.

"Yes, any kind of entertainment in a capitalist society is made to rebuild the work force, so you have fun, then you are ready for 10,000 years of exploitation. The function of entertainment is just that." is the label - message, and yes - it's an obvious statement, like most things said on these pages, but are you prepared to merely discard it as such or make your own little stand?

The Pop Group are young and hot-headed (like this heap of soot, perhaps) and they're fighting something which is in essence, indestructible, creating their own audience, and performing with complete individuality; at least they shouldn't have a conscience.

ADA WILSON: 'In The Quiet Of My Room' (Elle Jay). More quiet, unassuming do-it-yourself optimism from an ex-Strangeway. Ada Wilson's single is melodic, low-key and fresh, totally void of trend-dictates.

Any more of this stuff and I'd probably be a happy lad...

It's kind of sad watching Cocky Rejects clinging to something which swallow-

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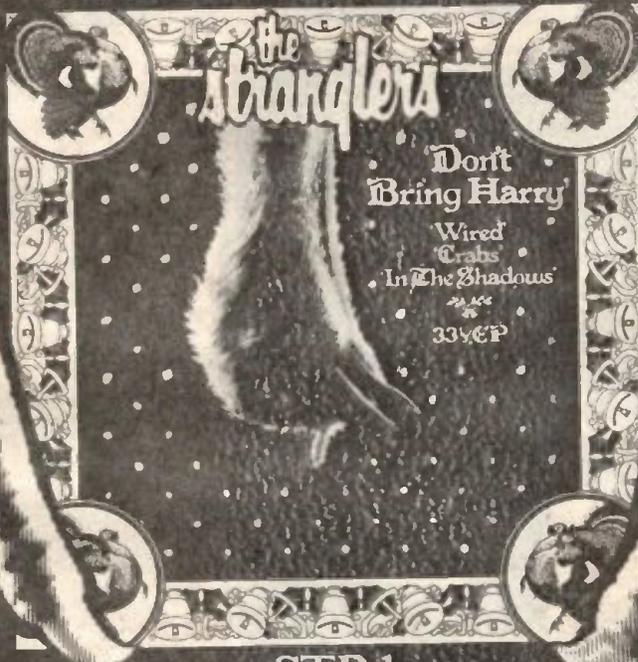
AND UGH H: a thoroughly depressing week's Product. Apologies to those like Low Numbers, The Playboys and so on and so on, for not having time nor space to listen or review: apologies to our subber whose nervous breakdown is due any moment and no apologies to those whose records were so vital they didn't even merit a slapping. Your reviewer tips his tiffer and goes back on the bottle.

A Merry Christmas HO! HO! HO!

the stranglers

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STR1

'Don't Bring Harry'

'Wired'
'Crabs'
'In The Shadows'



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WHO SAYS 25 INTO 17 WON'T QUO

Not Mike Nicholls



PARFITT AND ROSSI

RICHARD PARFITT steams into his manager's office gasping profusely and clutching his heart. Evidently the dash up the three flights of stairs in deepest Soho has been too much for him.

"Goin' to a health farm next week," he pants, while inexplicably changing into a bright yellow track suit. "a right poncey joint, an' all!"

He fixes his gaze on the receptionist, a sweet young thing earnestly struggling with an antiquated switchboard.

"Got any toot?" the stocky guitarist enquires. Just as the boiler is replying that she hasn't, a raucous youth in a figger's tour jacket crashes on to the scene.

"I 'ave," he offers obsequiously. Parfitt follows him into a small room. Moments later he's back.

"Kinnell!" the man blurts, with a mixture of relief and disgust, emptying a considerable amount into the waste paper bin. "Y'see," he shouts with sadistic delight. "We've got so much money, we can afford to throw the stuff away!"

All this is very well, but the fact of the matter is that Richard has arrived too late for the interview. Just as well, really. Francis Rossi on his own was quite enough to handle, as, indeed, he pointed out himself, presumably, he'd also been indulging in a fair amount of "toot". Or perhaps he's naturally sky-high.

And when you think about it, he's got every right to be. For Status Quo boast the longest - surviving line-up in the history of rock 'n' roll and they are still at their peak.

"Yep, Richard's the new boy," reflects Rossi, who is somewhat slimmer than his axe-toting cohort. "he only joined in '66!"

The other three started out four years earlier, roughly at the same time as fellow veterans the Rolling Stones, The Who and The Kinks, all of whose personnel changes prevent them from being the longest - surviving etc.

So, as Record Mirror proudly announces its quarter - century, what better band to talk to than the one which comes nearest to enjoying such laudable longevity?

So, Mr Rossi, 17 years together. What have you got to say about that?

"What 'ave I got to say about it? I'll tell yer what. There's no one more surprised than me..."

Really? Such modesty!

"Well, yeah. Five years ago we'd have said the same thing. There was nobody less likely to break in the business than ourselves, everyone thought that. And having broken, it was oven unlikely that we'd be able to sustain it."

That surprises me. Surely with their basic, infectious, earthy simplicity, Status Quo were on to a

winner right from the start?

"Oh yeah," he agrees. "It was basic enough, but not easy to do and make it happened every time. But somehow we discovered a way to do it. There was a chemistry there that the kids obviously went for, and so the music became commercial, saleable, popular or whatever you want to call it."

Discovery, however, did not come immediately. After a couple of hits at the back end of the sixties, including the fabled 'Pictures Of Matchstick Men' and 'Ice In The Sun', Quo went through a lean period. So lean, in fact, that the band, horror of horrors, were reduced to wearing jeans on stage.

"In those days," says Rossi, getting well into the conversation. "You were conditioned towards dressing up. We went through that whole frilly shirt and three - piece suit scene. But by about - ooooh, Christ, I can never remember dates - '71, we were so broke we 'ad to come on in jeans..."

And accidentally set the style for a whole generation of boogie bands. But then Quo have quite a history of happy accidents.

"A few years back we got fed up with the old routine of releasing an album, then a single, album, single and so on, so we thought we'd put out an EP - quite unheard of at that time. But as it 'appened, it was our 13th year together, it was our 13th 45, and the running time totalled 15 minutes! Now none of this was planned," Rossi promises. "It just worked out that way."

"It was the same with our 'Rockin' All Over The World' campaign. It just so happened that we were doing that at the time, which no one else was. I can tell you. So we named the album after it. It wasn't any sort of master plan, like trying to prove to everyone - look - we can handle a world tour. It just worked out that way."

"I'll tell yer what," he continues apace, his eyes verily twinkling like stars in the vast firmament. "A guy in the Rats said to me the other day - no, not the one with the big mouth, y'know the one in the dark glasses - he says "you've always broken all the rules." Well, yes and no. Our attitude has just been, yeah, like you say, whatever you want. We don't actually plan what we're doing next. It's just that things do 'ave a knack of sorting themselves out."

Phew! It's difficult not to like Francis Rossi. God knows, he doesn't have to be doing this interview. It's not like he's even trying to promote the next album, because he didn't refer to future plans once all afternoon. Rather, he's just full of natural enthusiasm for what he's doing and proud, without being boastful, of his track record.

Sitting there on the sofa in his manager's office, he looks anything

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- BRIGHTON Conference Centre
- LONDON Hammersmith Palais
- LONDON The Rainbow
- LEICESTER Granby Hall





CONT FROM P. 14

but a star. Simply dressed in faded jeans, pumps and a round-necked sweater, fidgeting with a packet of 20 No 6, he might, for all the world, be applying to audition in his first-ever band.

Yet the fact remains that Quo was and of course still is the one and only group in which he has ever played. Was there never any temptation to split, particularly during the lean years we were talking about?

"No, not really. Y'see, we'd been together since we were 12 or 13 and so had never played with anyone else. So as much as anything, we stuck together out of a sense of security, and besides, by that stage we'd already been through a fair bit together. Then again, to be quite honest, at the same time, I don't think any of us had realised quite how low Quo had sunk!"

The breakthrough was 1972's "Piledriver" album. "Yep, that was our first big record, 14 instead of 12," cracks Rossi. Since then, Quo have sold millions of records worldwide. I ask him for a vaguely accurate figure of how many million.

"I've no idea," he replies, "and shall I tell you something? I don't wanna know, either. There's no need to get my head lost in the clouds of my own success. Put it this way. No matter how big you are to one set of people, to another lot you're nothing at all. They haven't even heard of you."

"The first time we played Wembley, it was a very big thing, 'cos like no one played Wembley in those days. Yet we came out of the gig and y'know, life was going on as usual. A couple of minutes away and there were people who weren't even aware that there had been a show going on."

"That kind of thing prevents you from getting carried away with what you're doing. It's very important to realise the limits of your dozen, he speeds away. 19 to the dozen, "however great you feel on stage, it's vital to realise that there are other things going on in the world. I mean, some bleedin' hippo at a waterhole in darkest Africa doesn't know about us, neither does a woman with three starvin' kids in India."

"It's wonderful to be brought down with a bang. So with regard to how many millions of records we've sold, I'm just not interested. And anyway, I might get upset if I find out that someone else has sold more than us!"

Talk about other artists led to the mention of other acts. After so many years of slogging away himself,

what did he think of apparent overnight sensations like The Police?

"Well at first I thought they were asking for it, with a name like that! Then I reckoned, what a way to con the kids. 'Cos bands like them and The Stranglers largely broke by jumping aboard the punk bandwagon, and yet they're not punks at all. They're nearly as old as us!"

"But quite frankly, I've seen all this before," he goes on, assuming the air of an elder statesman. "In 1969 I met this geezer in Berlin who told us he was planning a version of our 'Down The Dustpipe'. Great. I thought. Anyway, that didn't work out and his album didn't sell either. But the next thing we knew, he was in America and the biggest thing since God knows what. Know who that guy was? Elton John."

By Jove

"Then there's ELO. Well at first, I got frustrated by their success, but when people knock them now, I get annoyed. I mean I've known Jeff Lynne since a long white back, when he was in Idle Race. He was working out that incredible guitar technique even then. People say he rips off The Beatles, but, y'know, there was a lot of influential stuff before them. Take The Everlys (you can)."

"What's more," he continues, "it's gonna happen again, people are gonna nick stuff from the seventies ... Ay, I'll tell yer what," he interrupts himself — well it had to happen sooner or later — "I saw a right sight the other day. Driving back from the airport, these two kids drew alongside on Lambrettas, wearing parkas! Christ! It was like coming out of school again!"

I inform him that we are in the midst of some kind of mod revival.

"Er, yeah, I'd gathered that," he retorts, "but, it's like I say, everything I'll come back. The wheel will keep turning full circle," he announces dramatically, to no one in particular.

So what rock 'n' roll trends would you like to predict for the eighties, I enquire, having waited patiently all afternoon to pop the question.

"Doh, I don't go for that," he replies coyly. No one springs to mind. Let's just say that within the next 10 years a lot of established bands will spill up."

Cos, you don't say. "Well, F - in 'em! I dunno. Rock 'n' roll? Soul? Who knows? I'll tell yer what: Some little band from round the corner that no one's heard of is gonna take the world by storm!" he assures himself emphatically.

Did somebody whisper "The Beatles"?

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PLAY CHARLIE FOR ME

MY GREAT aunt always says to me 'why didn't you sing it like a nice English girl?' and people always say things like that but I don't think any English singers sing in a very English accent. They all sound American."

Little Miss very tall Dore answers my criticism that for some reason young pop singers nowadays seem content to mimic our American, er, friends while some get constantly slagged for it and others more lucky — Edmunds, Lowe, Jupp, Feelgoods and even JP — get clean away with the absolute cheek of the idea.

Of course Charlie Dore finds it easier than most because once upon a time she was an actress. Ah! I knew I'd soon hear before. Yes, of course. She used to appear on all those afternoon layabout programmes (what are layabout programmes? Well, you know, stuff like 'Pebble Mill', 'Crown Court' and 'Houseparty'. All the things that people like me sit and stare at and get hypnotised by every afternoon about one or two o'clock because we are the privileged 20 per cent of poor people in this country who don't have to hold down a terminally boring 'nine to five' every day of our lives). When she mentioned the parts I could almost remember the plots themselves.

Remember 'Rooms'? 'Cause if you do, well, Charlie was in that. Remember 'Within These Walls'? You know, with withered Google and all that mob in the women's prison? Well in that one she played an archetypal drug-ridden, guitar-playing hippie. I recall it easily. It was the episode where the warden (Google) took a bite from a nasty hash cake and a couple of minutes later was slurring her speech and swaying about and doing all manner of terribly debauched things.

Charlie also had parts in Hamlet and Joe Orton's 'What The Butler Saw' in Newcastle rep and was once one of those super little stage fledglings with fly-away waist length hair (Silvikrin?), and Alice hair-bands who get the chance to go where all pretty little girls would like to and nip off to stage school where they take tap-dancing instead of geometry. If, as she said, her whole raison d'être was to become a professional actress I asked her why she was on Paul Burnett's show every bloody day wading amidst this sugary-sweet vehicle of an old South Carolina country ballad?

"When I was at drama school and in Newcastle rep I was always getting roped in to do the little musical bits because I could play a guitar. I just thought I might as well do the thing wholeheartedly for once because I



CHARLIE DORE: that's not her real name but she won't tell her real one.

would have so much more control over what I was doing.

"In acting there are so many things that can make the job a pain even before you start to play the character. For a start the script might be lousy and you'll probably be stuck with a director who hasn't a clue what he's doing even before you get to speak the part. They can mess you around before you begin to do anything.

"With music, especially if you write your own songs, you have more or less complete control over where you can perform, what songs you're gonna play and how you sing them. You're much more your own boss. I can even tell you just what I want in an interview and I don't want to dwell on the past too much so I'll just talk about what's happened recently you see."

Her sponsors, Island Records, suggested she be produced by the Bruce Welch/Alan Larnay team and they created 'Fear Of Flying' and 'Pilot Of The Airwaves', both of which have so far received massive airplay and look all set to shove Charlie Dore into the forefront of the soul/country singer elite of Bonnie Raitt, Robert Palmer, and Donny Hathaway, whom she admires so much. Was this 'Pilot' song deliberately concocted to flatter these divine DJ's into playing the thing out of sheer sycophancy or what?

"No, not at all. I'm not telling the song from my point of view. I'm thinking of all those lonely people who sit and listen to the radio all day long with no one else to talk to. They really fall in love with certain DJ's voices and imagine they know them personally. In the song the girl's written a letter to one of the DJ's but she won't even send it. In most of the songs I will assume the role of a storyteller."

But surely it's important to write songs from your point of view because people want to see things coming from the singer as they actually might have happened and anyway, singers who want to be respected and refer to themselves as 'artists' usually like to stamp their personal feelings and real life experiences all over their product don't they?

"Yes, but in most of my songs it comes from the third person and you always get something of yourself in it anyway don't you?"

Well, whatever it is, it's worked hasn't it? I can't turn the radio on without hearing it. Perhaps if they do a musical version of 'Play Misty For Me' Charlie can play the part of the girl. Perhaps I can get in on the Clint Eastwood role. After all I do know the gel.

Charlie Dore sings 'Pilot Of The Airwaves' on Island Records WIP 6526-A retailing at most good record stores at 95 pence. JAMES PARADE

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"I only lash out if people push me too far"

ROBIN SMITH and IAN GILLAN, the grand old man of rock.

OUR STORY begins in a field near downtown Hounslow. Unmarked by years on the road, a young Ian Gillan walks home from the bus stop, mind numbed by dreams. He wants to be a film star and his brain is feverishly working on a plan.

He's seen Elvis and Cliff in the movies, so he reckons he should become a singer and then somebody will sign him up for the silver screen. "I was walking along and a guy was coming the other way," he says some 20 years later, sitting in a comfy chair at his record company. "I asked him if he knew of anybody interested in forming a band and pretty soon we were doing gigs at the local youth club, under the name of Jess Thunder And The Moonshiners."

So began the Gillan rise to fame and the day when Ritchie Blackmore offered him a job with Deep Purple. Tour followed tour, ideas dried up and Gillan departed, before Purple started heading for the heavy metal graveyard.

"The excitement and chemistry was going," he continues. "I didn't want to go on and become tired and lethargic. I believe in making changes sharply and quickly. Glover (bass player) and I made a vital contribution to Purple. When we joined it was playing comfortable music. We made it a lot ballser."

"It annoys me when people call Purple a heavy metal band. We had a lot to say and we were making careful and well constructed comments. Take a song like 'Mary Long' which was a satire on the Mary Whitehouse / Lord Longford situation."

Through exposure in Purple Gillan was nearly able to fulfill his film career. After singing on the soundtrack of 'Jesus Christ Superstar', he was offered the lead role in the film, but turned it down. "I went down to see the producer but to me he was going to turn out a very shoddy production. I didn't want to appear in something which was going to be cheap and tacky so I turned the role down. Maybe I lost out on thousands of dollars."

But Gillan's never been too worried about it. He's invested his money in a recording studio, sells out tours and has a nice little place in Berkshire. Pushing the mid-30s and still sporting shoulder length hair, he's also a prime target for the crueler elements of the music press.

"In 20 years time I'll start worrying that I can't deliver," he says. "I passed out eight times during the last tour, but that's because I was giving my all."

"Sometimes I find it annoying when the press is particularly spiteful. I once had a liver complaint and put on weight so they were always calling me flabby. The British Press is in a state of adolescence at the moment. Hopefully they'll mature and assume responsibility."

"I reckon I'm good for many years. I keep fit when I'm home and I play football for the local police team. I live in a village called Pangbourne and it's the quiet backwater I need. It's an escape from life on the road and I need that kind of release. I have very few friends in the music business. I don't want to eat sleep and drink it every day of my life."

But life hasn't always been cosy in his little backwater. Gillan recalls a nasty incident from some years ago.

"This crazy Scandinavian girl came down and slashed her wrists pouring blood everywhere. Christ knows why she did it and fortunately she recovered. I still get letters from her today."

It's such stark images that help Gillan write his songs. Apart from basic bump 'n' grind you'll find deep ponderings on the meaning of life. "My Universe", the title track of his current album, was inspired by childhood dreams.

"I couldn't comprehend the universe, so I used to lie in bed at night constructing a brick wall around it

in my mind to try and give it some form of ending. I couldn't believe in infinity, but then I realised that there must be something behind that brick wall and I tore it down there would still be infinity stretching behind it."

"But I'm not just a wet-eyed dreamer. There's always been a great conflict between the artist and the animal in me. My mum saved hard to send me to a private school because she thought I would get a better education. In my smart school uniform and cap I was a prime target for the other kids. So after getting beaten up twice I thought I'd better fight back. I've broken my right hand many times in fights. You can see it's got a bit worn down over the years. But I'm not the type of guy who wanders into restaurants and smashes the place up. I only lash out if people push me too far."

"Most of my energy is channelled into stage work. People ask me what kind of music I'm doing. I can't put myself into categories. I can only say I'm me. I'm Ian Gillan. I have my influences but I'm unique."

Gillan's very scathing about big American bands. He even turned down an offer from Ritchie Blackmore to join him in the States, but down the years the duo have remained firm friends.

"I think Ritchie's very misunderstood," says Gillan. "He is a very sensitive and sincere person. He drives himself and his band hard which is probably why he's built up his supposedly nasty reputation."

"I don't want to go to America because I don't want to become part of that 'Hotel California' syndrome, where you're turning out safe comfortable albums for sale comfortable radio shows. I think Fleetwood Mac's latest album is a pity of shit."

"I knew Mick Fleetwood in the early days. The band had freshness and vitality, but now they've been out in the sun for too long. Frankly for much of the past four years I think there's been a great musical vacuum. Nothing of great note has come from the States or from Britain. They tried to make punk acceptable to the American market by labelling it new wave. But it burnt itself out because it was putting a plastic explosive under society instead of delicately chipping at it with a sculptor's chisel."

This is something Gillan enjoys doing from time to time. His next single is called 'Sleeping On The Job', inspired by apathetic bosses and workers.

"It's very poignant. It's really about all those workers wrapped in sleeping bags when they should be working on British Leyland production lines, and bosses who slump over their desks after a heavy business lunch."

You'll seldom find Gillan stumped anywhere as he commutes between being on the road and his recording studio.

"We aim to break even on a tour and maybe come away with a bit of cash in our pockets," he says. "We always try to keep ticket prices to a minimum. We also sold thousands of copies of our album for £3 because we thought that the real fans were the ones who would buy it first and we owed them something."

Gillan also maintains that there's no rivalry between him and other former Purple person David Coverdale.

"If there's any rivalry then it's been manufactured by the Press. I really can't comment about his style though. I've got his albums but I haven't got round to playing them yet."

And what of Deep Purple getting together again? "The line up wouldn't include me. I had great times with them but you can't recapture it. A Purple reformation would be terrible, we just couldn't capture that old energy. I'm still doing 'Smoke On The Water' in my show but that's as far as it goes. I never again want to reach that state where I'm in danger of living in a plastic world. I like relying on myself and my record company, where I'm treated like a person and not a number."

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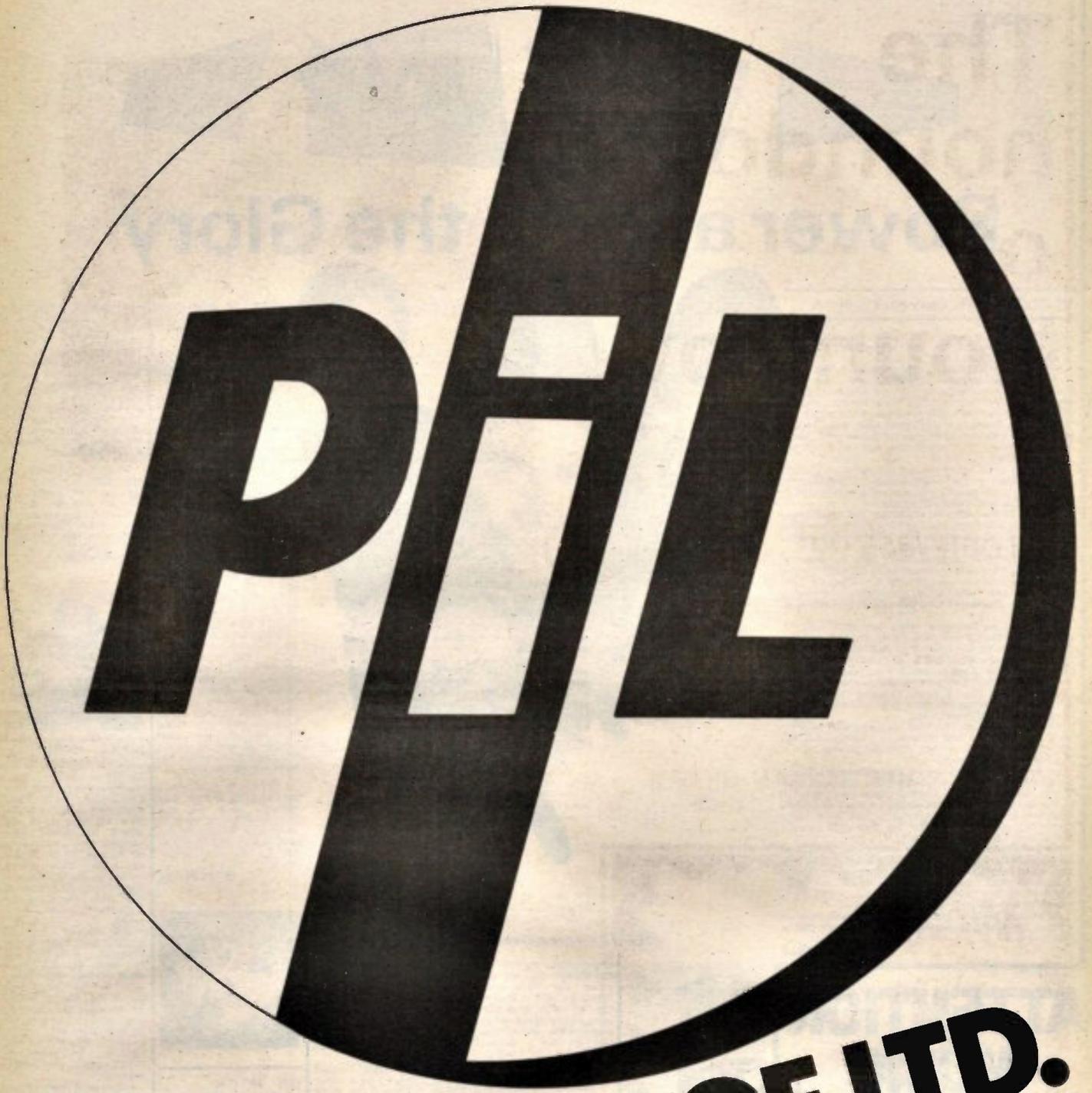
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ALBUMS

Power and the Glory

SECRET AFFAIR: 'Glory Boys' (I-SPY I)

DO YOURSELF a favour. No matter how trivial this year's revival might seem, don't let it cloud judgement of a fine modern pop album.

In other words, forget the absurd Mod vs The World Berate (not debate) and face the music. Of course, there are likely distractions. Like the sleeve. Even the lettering is ludicrously sixties - style, though I doubt if 15 years ago anyone would have dared substitute 'o's for Mandies. But then that's Secret Affair's Ian Page to a T, picking established sounds, attitudes, etc, stamping them with his own individuality and just about getting away with it.

A case in point is the column of trash poetry which appears alongside the 'Ready Steady Go' photo of the group. The street poem gives us a certain amount of insight into this whole Glory Boys lark.

The fact of the matter is, the singer and mouthpiece for the band was determined to court a kids - like - you - and - me following from the start. That the kids wound up as mods was purely incidental.

Regarding the songs themselves, most significantly, the important cuts are not necessarily the best or most memorable. And since the likes of 'Glory Boys', 'Time For Action' and 'New Dance' are intended as rallying cries, surely this would have been the object of the exercise.

No matter. As individual tunes they work out fine: mobile, uncluttered and presumably most essentially, good to dance to. The lyrics aren't bad either - sharp, concise, unpretentious and an all - round reflection of Page's personality and present pre-occupations.

Musically, there's muscle to spare, if nothing very original. Sob Shelton's drums resound high into the mix, counterpointing the razor licks and brief power-chords of guitarist Dave Cairns.

As for Page, apart from lead vocals he also tries his hand at keyboards and trumpet, but brings in a sax player for funky bits like the extended section on 'I'm Not Free (But I'm Cheap)'.
 Listen carefully and you'll be shot at from all sides by echoes of the sixties. An exception is the superb soul-buster, 'Shake & Shout', where for once the pose is left in the wardrobe and Ian sounds as if he is genuinely enjoying himself. In comparison, 'Let Your Heart Dance' sounds well contrived, but then right now it's singer must be the least relaxed kid in town.

He's worked himself into the unenviable position of spokesman for a movement. 'I'm Not Free' etc is an indication of the paranoia this type of situation can bring, though he does seem fairly well in control. "I shout smart-assed one liners to critics all day / Cos I'm a superstar with nothing new to say."

An unusual piece of self - description, particularly on a debut, but then Secret Affair are already going places fast. ++++

MIKE NICHOLLS



SECRET AFFAIR: kids like you and me

tempting to make your music work in the new musick / industrial / underground field

Which brings me smartly to the Residents who take up the other quarter of the album.

What makes the Residents shine above the rest is their humour. You can hear it in their dopey / funny / scary lyrics and in their plodding cartoon synth riff. They make their short songs, like the four on this album, work on a pure surface level. On other albums, the Residents' work certainly does require deeper concentration but when they're working with short spaces of time they make just lovely little pop oddities. To consume, to store in your record rack and to finally forget.

The compilation, generally, is not a good thing. Lots of different ideas, dreams, poems all chucked on the same piece of plastic, just because they're on the same label or they come from the same city. Does that really mean that they've all got to attend the same party? Use the same record sleeve?

I think it's best when they all stick to their own records, so we can choose what we want to listen to. A Residents' fan (like myself) has to pay £4 odd for four new tracks. +++

MARK PERRY

Win' and it is just about the most commercial song The next single and current US hit is 'Better Love Next Time' a pleasant but rather shallow offering. That's the trouble with most of the album. There's a variety of composers, like Ray Sawyer and Dennis Locorriere, the faces of the band, plus old friend Shel Silverstein and Eddie Rabbitt.

There's quite a country approach to 'Help Me Mama', 'Oh Jesse' and others, and an air of polished pleasantness that will sell more than a few copies. But nothing of any endurance. +++

PAUL SEXTON



DIANA ROSS: '20 Golden Greats' (EMI TV 21)

THIS BRINGS back memories of Diana at the New Vc four years ago where for seven consecutive nights she reeled off hit after hit to ecstatic applause. This album reassures me that the fact that throughout the age of POP only one thing has consistently made hits - tunes.

With Holland / Dozier / Holland and Ashford and Simpson to write their hits for them the Supremes were just that. When Diana split in '69 that same bunch of Tamla house writers were still churning out melodies like 'Remember Me', 'Surrender', 'Reach Out And Touch', and the immaculate 'I'm Still Waiting'.

In fact what really comes across here is the number of solo hits she has actually had. Even the ones I didn't recognise from the titles came shooting back by the time they were under the needle. 'Gettin' Ready For Love' was a brief sortie into soft jazz and 'Theme From Mahogany' was the start of a fruitful relationship with writer Michael Masser until she teamed up with the Stylistics' writers Thom Bell and Linda Creed for 'Stop, Look, Listen' and the beautiful 'You Are Everything' in soulful '73.

EMI are obviously going for a number one Christmas album and God knows they need it so maybe he'll grant them their little wish. With 20 hits and only a couple of duellers at least this is worth a liver of anybody's money. ++++

JAMES PARADE

It's come to us
ATTENTION
 That's the amazing pack of
MUSIC
 would make a great gift for
LOVERS

THE DAMNED
 New Single
I Just Can't Be Happy Today
 Ballroom Blitz
 Turkey Song



COZY POWELL: 'Over The Top' (Ariola ARL 5038)

ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT. I'll come out of the closet and admit here and now that I'm a sucker for drummer-based albums. Billy Cobham is the best exponent of the art, of course, but there's nothing to stop the likes of cymbal-crashing Cozy from having a crack as well.

Past associations with duff projects too numerous to mention haven't done Cozy any favours, so he's taken to promoting himself as an individual musician. This is not easy to do. 'Over The Top' opens with the promise of things that are never realised as the album progresses. 'Theme 1' and 'Killer' are the strongest tracks (all in-

strumentals, by the way) but things steadily slide down hill from there. There is a limit to what you can do with a drunk, which Cozy reaches fairly easily. After you've done a last bit and a slow bit that's about all there is to it. Unless you're Billy Cobham, that is.

I suspect the whole project was approached somewhat tongue-in-cheek by the lads, including Jack Bruce and Gary Moore, and if it wasn't it should have been. With a title track like 'Over The Top' which sounds like the name suggests it might - 1812 Over-ture rip - off and all a certain amount of satire must have been intended.

Cozy is a very good drummer indeed. If he could find the rest of that band missing here, the result would be spectacular rather than coming across as the undernourished solo effort that this is. ++ SIMON LUDGATE

VARIOUS: 'Subterranean Moderns' (Ralph Records Import 7908)

I WAS really looking forward to this compilation

from the Residents' record label but if this really is San Francisco's "new underground sound" Karl Maiden's got nothing to worry about. Take away the four Residents tracks and the album sinks into the Pacific.

Perhaps Japan would like Chrome? I have never liked them and the three tracks here don't change my mind. Their heavy metal slogging, with riffs that would fit in nicely on any Scorpions' album, just seems really pointless.

The same goes for MX-80 Sound who I used to die for. On this they're so dreary that I simply can't understand why they're bothering anymore. They made quite a neat album for Island records a couple of years ago but now it sounds as if they're on their last legs.

Tuxedomoon are so bad that they actually had me taking them off half way through. As with Chrome and MX-80 Sound they are just dreary new musick bashers.

I don't know why but the new English bands, even the worst of them, seem so more alive and so full of humour, which is so important when you're at-



DR HOOK: 'Sometimes You Win... (Capitol E-ST 12018)

AN APT title you'll agree. The years have blown hot and cold for Dr Hook, 1972 and 1976 being just about the hottest, somewhere in between the temperature dropped right down and the album 'Bankruptcy' was another apt title. But sometimes you do win, and in the strangest of ways. The catchy single 'When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman' was on their 'Pleasure And Pain' album of last year and released as a last-ditch single sometimes around spring. Months later, it's at the top and on this album too.

Don't blame Capitol for using the song twice - it will be the main selling point of 'Sometimes You

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CREPES! ANOTHER ONE!

SHOWADDYWADDY: 'Crepes And Crepes' (Arista ARTV 3).

IT'S an eerie sensation reviewing a necrophiliac exercise such as 'Crepes And Drapes', especially when you consider that within a matter of weeks it will be Top Five. Before I start the ritual siag-off of a Showaddywaddy release I think it's only fair to say a few words in their defence.

Their tour sheet alone (250 live appearances a year) indicates that they are one of Britain's hardest-working bands. 17 hit singles and a pair of platinum albums are further proof that Showaddywaddy clearly have something to offer to someone. Showaddywaddy are, above everything else, professional. But what's so great about professionally diluting, thereby ruining, some of the classic songs from the golden era of rock 'n' roll?

To their credit 'Crepes And Drapes' sounds like a greatest hits compilation; 'Sweet Little Rock 'n' Roller', 'Remember Then' and their new single 'A Night At Daddy Gees' are all included and the remaining tracks contain all the familiar Showaddywaddy clichés that I've grown to hate and Top Of The Pops has grown to love.

When you place their lame versions of rock 'n' roll standards alongside the lean genius of the originals there is absolutely no comparison. 'Twist And Shout' has been covered too many times to succeed and the Showaddywaddy rendition lacks even the basic dance excitement that the song demands. Richie Valens would turn in the plane wreckage if he could hear their assassination of 'Come On Let's Go', and Eric Carmen drum into — sounds like cabaret Gary Glitter. Definitely not Gary's best period. 'Sea Cruise' carries some of the zesty punch of Frankie Ford's original recording, though bearable moments such as that are far and few between.

No Ted worth his greasy DA would be seen alive with a copy of 'Crepes And Drapes', but for Woolworth's teddy boys and rosy-cheeked grannies everywhere it's almost a perfect Xmas record to get bored with when the Queen's speech is on TV. + + PETER COYNE



SHOWADDYWADDY: (L to R) Well, er...

singsongs: 'Monotonous', 'Mr Star', and 'Incredibly cliched'. The band only sound convincing on 'Ragare Is A Bunch of Mother + + +', where they make an angry noise about the local bully boys, and 'We Got Polar Bears In Our Streets', which accurately describes how outsiders see Sweden.

The Rude Kids play primitive punk rock without style, melody, or skill. Isn't that what it used to be all about? + + PHILIP HALL



THE DICKIES: Dawn Of The Dickies' (AMLE 68510).

AMERICA'S MIDDLE of the road punks aim for credibility on this slightly serious album. There are 10 tracks on the album and most are at least three minutes long. The Dickies have traded in their two minute, 100mph bashes for a more subtle pop sound. Surprisingly enough the change works well.

The Dickies only demolish one BOF classic 'Nights In White Satin', and the rest of the tracks are likeable Dickies compositions. The songs are pushy, infuriatingly catchy pop songs. Chorus like 'Where Did His Eye Go (I Don't Know)', 'I'm Stuck In A Pagoda. With Tricia Toyola', and 'Manny Moe & Jack', grind their way into your skull.

The Dickies are a first-class, fancy-dress party band. They don't try to be clever or outrageous but entertain by virtue of their primary school hooklines and great sense of the silly. 'Dawn Of The Dickies' proves that this band can write and perform worthwhile tunes, which will ensure that The Dickies will be with us for a while yet. + + PHILIP HALL.

THE STEVE HOWE ALBUM (Atlantic K50621).

THE ENID: 'Six Pieces' (PYE NH 118).

I FAIL to see how anyone can describe an instrumental album as 'easy listening' unless it falls into the horrendous James Last/Bert Kaempfer bracket. For without the human voice factor and especially on an album which employs the use of more than about 30 instruments a certain degree of attentiveness is required before even the slightest appreciation can be registered by the earholes. Most listeners are probably very glad that

Colltrane had a beat and that Prokofiev with all his attenuated violins did write some fairish tunes and how would 'She Loves You' or 'Jailhouse Rock' soul without voices. Well, let's just say that the human voice is such an easy instrument to latch on to — except on Kings Singers records — that I'm not surprised that Clita, Sandie and Chrissie have gotten away with so much.

Well here are two excellent 'instrumental' albums. This is the third Enid album I've reviewed and it is well up to Robert John Godfrey's high standard, having gotten a little bored with Edgar. R.J. has turned to Khachaturian for inspiration and the result is that the opener 'Punch And Judy Man' is as near as we'll get to an eighties version of the 'Dnein' theme. The six pieces beautifully executed here are the same End pot-pourri of styles incorporating the usual tempo and mood changes which make their albums both fascinating and nauseating at the same time. I still reckon that Godfrey should go to Hollywood and start mixing with the Legrands and John Williams of this world. If he's looking for appreciation in London then I'm afraid I can't foresee much hope.

Surprisingly the Steve Howe opus is just as good. Steve isn't exactly my idea of a guitarist of image but the tiresome meandering he constantly bores us with in Yes is not present here. As an Astaire Janatic my favourite here is 'The Conventional' with excellent violin from Graham Preetet and the 'Double Rondo' with full and very sumptuous orchestra. Listening to this it makes me sad that the Enid can't afford a proper ork to recreate Godfrey's ideas as the texture of orchestral sound on the Howe album, especially the strings, is so much more striking and complimentary to the melodies than the Enid's surrogate synthesizers however cleverly they play them.

Unfortunately we have to suffer yet another cover from the talented, tired and uninspired mind of Roger Dean and the usual cavalcade of Howe's guitars on the inside sleeve. Never mind, nice albums + + + JAMES PARADE



FREDA PAYNE: 'Hot' (Capitol ST-12003). PIECES: 'Pieces' (Liberty/United UAG 30252).

ONE EXAMPLE of disco for its own sake, and another of dance music meeting pop/soul and effecting quite an interesting fusion.

Freda Payne, I've always thought, has failed to make the best of her voice. She sings strongly and attractively, but apart from the obvious monster-hit and that's going back a bit, nothing's seemed to do her justice. That's sadly true of 'Hot', like most of her last album, 'Supernatural High', it's full of facile all-embracing disco music. The little track and others appeal for a minute or two but go on much longer and run out of ideas. The ballad 'Something's Missing' works the best — significantly it's the only real stowie.

Pieces, meanwhile, are a rather mysterious American soul band, and their album brings to mind most of the other currently successful bands in the genre, and occasionally a few other people like Stevie Wonder. There's a strong vocal sound and quite a few catchy melodies, all very lightweight but put across with some conviction. They might just be on their way to a more distinctive sound. For their trouble (if they have any) here's + + + and + + + for Freda Payne. PAUL SEXTON



CHARLES JACKSON: 'Gonna Getcha' Love' (Capitol ST-12002).

IT WOULDN'T be too much of an insult to Charles Jackson to say that you'd have to be talking in pretty intimate soul circles to find people who know anything about him. Last year his debut album for Capitol 'Passionate Breezes' got a lot of praise but not many sales.

That album found a happy mixture of uptempo dance tunes and some intimate soul smoochers. The mixture's the same this time: the best of those faster items are the little track and 'I Finally Found My Love'. Last time out Charles came across a mean, funky little thing called 'Ooh Child' and he's done similar here with 'At The Party'. For what's left, Jackson steps between the deep soul of songs like 'For The Sake Of The Memories' and rather happier and livelier pieces such as 'Just For You' and 'Lovin' and 'Superstar'. Jackson's talent — an interpretative vocal one but at this rate he doesn't need to do much else. + + + PAUL SEXTON

FUNKADELIC: 'Uncle Jam Wants You' (Warner Bros K 56712).

READY TO go on groove manoeuvres? Good 'cos Uncle Jam wants you to funk with him. After all, it is the American heritage, according to George Clinton, the freak with more alter egos than the worst schlitzo in the street.

Last year the Funkadelic battle campaign was based on the ideal of having one nation under a groove. This year the plan is to 'Rescue Dance Music From The Blahs'. No, I don't understand either, but once again this is marvelously enjoyable comic book funk. Aside from the 'Exclamation Of Funkation', the 'Funk Army' and all the other lunacy, Clinton and the gang really do believe in funk as a religion.

The amazing thing is that with all their records they manage to come up with something fresh and fun every time. 'One Nation' was, I suggest, THE funk single of '78, and the monster on this album is 'Not Just) Kneee Beat', a whole 15 minutes of clapping, whooping, freakin' — the Funkadelic/Parliament sound is an unusually complex one and often requires patience, but give this track, and the rest, a play or three and you'll be well away.

'Freak Of The Week' is a slower, almost sensible piece, like the instrumental electric 'Field Manoeuvres'. There's a ballad, 'Holly Wants To Go To California' (I 'Holly would... y see?) and more freakin' with 'Uncle Jam' and 'Foot Soldiers (Star-Spangled Funky)'. They're real funk junkies, these guys and gals. + + + PAUL SEXTON

STREET TO STREET: 'A Liverpool LP' (OELP 501).

'Street To Street' is an album recorded in Liverpool within the last 12 months, an album which supposedly showcases the new Merseyside. Sadly a number of groups featured are no longer with us, an example being Big In Japan. They kick off the album with 'Match Of The Day', an inventive instrumental featuring the twangy guitar of Ian Broudie. TonTrix are another group who have now broken up, but their 'Clear On Radar' will serve as a testimony to their existence. The ID have now evolved into Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, but Julia's song featured here shows them at their electronic best.

Some of Merseyside's hardest working bands are also featured, the Accelerators, Modern Eon, Activity Minimal and The Moderates are a all groups you can't find hard at it most nights of the week.

Jaqu and Jeanette's contribution, we are informed, comes from an 'all star jam session' held one night. The result being '194 Radio City'. The album closes with 'Monkies' by one of Merseyside's brightest hopes for the future Echo and the Bunnymen.

All in all 'Street To Street' is an unusual collection of songs, from an unusual collection of groups. Groups that represent the new Merseyside. + + + CH R I S SEXTON

THE RUDE KIDS: 'Safe Society' (Polydor 2379 178).

FEELING FED up? I was until I heard this album for the first time. The Rude Kids, like most foreign punk bands who sing in English, try hard to sound threatening but end up sounding ridiculous. The lyrics, from Sweden's premier punk band, are enough to bring a smile to anyone's face. Try these for starters — 'Marquee is the best, but don't forget the rest/Music Machine, with the very high scene/Dingwalls is a fantastic place there you always see a famous face'.

There're plenty of naughty words on this album as the band struggle through a collection of predictable punk

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THE DAMNED

NEW SINGLE
I Just Can't Be Happy Today

Ballroom Blitz
Turkey Song

ELO: 'ELO's Greatest Hits' (JET LX 525)

THE MAIN thing about ELO is that they're so damn unpopular. Come on now, admit it. Are they your favourite band? Course not. No one likes a band that plays, er, what's that clichéd, bland MOR (same number of letters as ELO).

Okay, so if everyone hates them so much, how come they sell so many records? After dinner limo sounds did I hear you say? No wonder I'd be unreasonable. There aren't a million people living that kind of life-style. No, the fact of the matter is that ELO (ie song-writer Jeff Lynne) produced the ultimate in white cross-over appealing to the lowest common denominator.

That isn't meant to sound patronising, either. Sophisticated pop, mellow rock, call it what you will, any grounds for knocking it are ultimately tenuous. The amount of care which went into creating each of these mini-epics has to be applauded, even if you don't approve of that sort of thing.

If you don't, the chances are that your high sense of morals will also be ranked by the unabashed plagiarism on display in the songs. That's the charge usually levelled at ELO, but for the life of me, I can't detect one ripped-off Beatie note in the delicious 'Telephone Line'. A haunting tune that positively aches with pleasure, not only is it my favourite ELO tune here, but also one of the best Jeff has ever come up with.

Also representing 'A

HIT MEN

New World Record' are 'Livin' Thing' and 'Rockaria!'. The latter is such an obviously intended pastiche of contemporary styles, that once again charges of theft can only be quashed.

Other goodies include 'Showdown', the one hit which didn't appear on an album and the irresistible 'Can't Get It Out Of My Head' from 'El Dorado'. At that stage ELO had still to find popular acceptance and old Jeff must have been doing his nut, what with recruiting a 30-piece string section and all the rest of it.

Anyway, that album was the turning point in as much as no longer did the band have to utilise the original technique of continually over-dubbing two cellos and a violin to get their unmistakable sound.

Fascinating stuff, eh? But not as fascinating as the sales figures for 'Out Of The Blue' as I'm sure Mr Arden will be the first to point out. By this time ELO were an international force, UFO's an all and out of Lynne's blue period came the hits 'Turn To Stone', 'Sweet Talkin' Woman', 'Mr Blue Sky' and (and heinously omitted here, the excellent 'Wild West Hero').

Still, you can't win 'em all, though I wouldn't have minded that and their early hit '10583 Overture' in

place of the less spectacular 'Ma-Ma-Ma Belle' and 'Strange Music'.

But not to worry. This is a greatest hits compilation which doesn't defy the Trades Description Act. Of course it's been released deliberately to catch the Xmas market, but know something? I bet there's a lotta folk out there who are gonna say it's just what they wanted + + + +

MIKE NICHOLLS

GLORIA GAYNOR: 'I Have A Right' (Polydor 2391 426)

AMIL STEWART: 'Paradise Bird' (Hansa K50673)

A PALE of two sellouts, this. Two more singers fatally attracted to disco, built in the shape and style of a pound note. Gloria Gaynor, at least, should know better; she's been behind some fine soul tunes in the past and even earlier this year came up with 'I Will Survive', possibly her finest yet. Amil Stewart's sketchy background is infinitely more dubious; two facile disco reworkings of 'Knock On Wood' and 'Light My Fire', top 10 hits the pair. Gloria's album disappoints, Amil's merely confirms expectation.

Gaynor's intro to her album is the single of the same name, a rather poor relation of 'Survive'. She's



JEFF LYNNE

BETTE MIDLER: 'Thighs & Whispers' (Atlantic K50636)

WITH MS Midler looking as divine as ever on the album sleeve, it took me some time before I realised that I had to review the plastic and not the cover.

The album was dedicated to Bette's mother, Ruth — and 'Thighs and Whispers' is basically a pot pourri of strings, brass and disco.

The Brothers Brecker, Randy and Michael who worked on Spiro Gyra's 'Morning Dance' album, feature strongly here with Michael playing tenor sax on 'Married Man' and the softer 'Gracie Days'.

Bette has a tremendous vocal range and can adapt herself to any style of music. On the gentle 'Rain', she sounds very much like Barbra Streisand, whilst she is heard at her gutsy best on the Bob Crosby oldie, 'Big Noise From Winnetka', a real brassy up-tempo track. (If you remember the original, you're older

than you think!) Sex appeal oozes from Bette Midler on the sensuous 'Hang On In There, Baby', a hit for Johnny Bristol some four years ago. This number is guaranteed to send you off for a cold shower, fellas!

All told, there are only eight songs on this very polished album, the other tracks being James Taylor's 'Millworker', Bette's co-written composition 'Hurricane' and the disco-y 'My Knight In Black Leather'.

Nevertheless, you're on the right path if you like Midler-the-road music. + + + 1/2 NORMAN SMITH HERS



THE POP: 'GO' (ARISTA SPART 1107)

YEARS AGO little plastic rock singles by the Pop used to filter through to some of London's independent hip corner record shops. Nobody used to take that much notice of them and they always used to get dumped into a rack beside things like Mumps, Owick, Nerves and Earle Mankey singles. In other words, not exactly big sellers.

Out of all these LA / New York hangout bands it looks as if the Pop are the only ones of that very first generation of 'new pop' bands to have survived.

Lance Loud's Mumps look destined to become a comic legend, the Owick are already history, one of the Nerves writes hits for Blondie and former Sparks twanger Mankey, apart from engineering the odd Beach Boys disc, has produced this second Pop album.

For a start, the name has always been misleading. The Pop are a light rock 'n' roll band and that's a completely different thing from Pop Music. The only pop sensibility they've ever displayed has been a preference for three minute songs and a pretty lead singer with a polka dot shirt — these things are so important.

The Pop, like the patchy Motels and the inconsequential, have all been brought to you — only three years after the date — by the groovy and monotonous Annie Nightingale, hippie extraordinaire and BBC interviewer with only a single question — "How would you define the difference between the British new wave scene and what is happening in the States?" — but I reckon they won't sell any more albums or singles than the abysmal Only Ones because, which ever way you look at it, the Pop aren't very commercial.

Here, only the nauseating 'I Want To Touch You' stands apart from the rest as being slick and very lightweight third generation MOR rock. Mankey, working apart from Kim Fowley, is uninspired and the whole thing sounds rushed throughout and I hear one of them's gone bad.

Oh, Anne, if only you'd have discovered them earlier. + + JAMES PARADE

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The Beatles MONTHLY BOOK No. 43 VISITING PAUL

RICK DERRINGER: 'Guitars & Women' (Blue Sky 83746).

AND SO ladies and gentlemen, yet another guitar maestro. Or should I say maestro? Mr D called his last album 'I Weren't So Romantic' I'd 'Shot You' and here the sentiments are hardly any more subtle.

Nonetheless, who is this guy? Well people, remember 'Hang On Sloopy' by The McCoys? Thought you wouldn't. Anyway, Derringer was part responsible for it way back in '65, after which he fell into company with the Winter Bros, Albinos Johnny and Edgar, not Mike 'n' Bernie, which makes him a fully-fledged guitar hero I guess.

Or does it? Apart from his own band he also relies on Cheap Trick's Rick Nielsen while in with 'Thank you' on the sleeve is one Frankie LaRocka, who purists among you will recognise as being the mainstay of another Blue Sky outfit, the David Johansen Band.

But the real hero of the hour is Todd Rundgren, whose familiar production techniques score from the outset 'Something Warm' swirls of sounds in along with some fine echo on the backbeat and starts the album off at a peak it is never able to maintain.

Fleisty guitar snatches on the title track 'Man In The Middle' and a couple of others aren't enough to give this record the panache one would expect from such a self-styled flash boy. Tom Petty, he ain't not that he's got the sense to even aspire to be.

Twelve bar Derringer-

style is deadly dull and the loken slowie 'Hopeless Romantic' (I believe you, thousands wouldn't) manages to squeeze in ever clichéd bit of wimpy Vince Hill ever thought of.

But the worst thing about it is that it's so old-fashioned, danking. Apart from the odd yank idiosyncrasy inasal whine, chick back up singers) this could have come from any of the below average Brit-rock heavy combos of the past and present.

The words are essentially disposable (they don't even bother to insult our intelligence with a lyric sheet) and the tunes ain't a whole lot to write home about either.

One exception is the closer, 'Don't Every Say Goodbye' which sports a cowboy acoustic guitar intro and well-structured build up. Quite frankly if the rest of the album was like this, there would be few complaints but as it is, everybody would be better off if the first and last tracks were slapped together as a 12" single in a full colour picture sleeve. But 'tis ain't the stuff that biz is made of.

THE LAUGHING DOGS: 'Laughing Dogs' (CBS 83807).

IT'S A clever play the way record companies try to make sure that a band's best song occupies the 'track one, side one' position on an album. The first track has to be the one that makes the listener sit up and take notice.

'Get 'im Outa Town', a fast, fresh, commercial popping song, opens this album and the strength of the song made me think that The Laughing Dogs

MACHO MAESTRO

were an exciting prospect. Unfortunately, as so often happens, the rest of the album never quite matches the perfection of the opening track.

The Dogs, from New York, are a competent modern pop band who rely heavily on rather wimpy sixties hooklines. The songs are pleasant but forgettable, and it's the bands sharp distinctive harmonies which at least gives The Laughing Dogs a flimsy identity.

Now if only all the tracks were as consistently catchy as the opener this album would move up from the back to the middle of my record collection. + + + PHILIP HALL



PAT BENATAR: 'In The Heat Of The Night' (Chrysalis).

YOU CAN have all the talent and a good amount of hype as well, but not every bank is willing to exchange that for record sales. Without the right

breaks, talent is sometimes non-negotiable. Ellen Foley's found that recently, with a really powerful album only now nudging the charts and two singles from it with tepid reaction. It's a problem likely to be met soon by Pat Benatar.

Comparisons with Foley's 'Nightout' are tempting. This is a slightly more contemporary sounding set, but with guts by the bodyfull and stylish energy and pacing Pat Benatar could be the first female sex symbol with balls. Her voice can really rock off songs like 'Heartbreaker' and 'No You Don't', but there's plenty of variation and something of an accent on slow-burnin' moody pieces like 'In The Heat Of The Night' and 'Don't Let It Show', covered from Alan Parsons' 'I Robot' album. The pop aspect is covered with Chinnichap's 'If You Think You Know How To Love Me' and a cover of John Cougar's 'I Need A Lover', but the most successful blend is the marriage of pop melody to rock aggression which she really nails on 'We Live For Love'. It has distinct Blondie touches, especially Pat's Marry-esque vocals. THAT'S the single, all right. Sure, Chrysalis are selling Pat's looks, but for once there's something else to market besides. + + + + PAUL SEXTON



RICK DERRINGER

GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS: 'Better Than The Rest' (MCA 3037) JOHN HIATT: 'Slug Line' (MCA 3005).

APART FROM the Motels on the Old Grey Whistle Test I don't think I've seen anything worse than George Thorogood in concert on the telly this year. I hang on, there was that Lowe/Edmunds documentary that was pretty bad, then there was the Doobies on TOP and Nightingale interviewing the Pop, pretty ex-cruciating.

Well, George was bad. Real bad. If the blues are supposed to be out of tune then he plays them right. If they're supposed to be out of time then he does

that right too. If they're not supposed to have any feeling and sound like they're coming out of a matchbox then George does it right. I get a feeling that he does it wrong though. Thorogood has about as much idea of music as he does of entertainment.

Here he slogs away at some sweaty 12 bar forms including Chuck's 'Nadine' and Willie Dixon's 'I'm Ready'. George sounds bored. So would I be playing this rubbish.

John Hiatt is another angle friend but he writes his own tunes. Well, he has the nerve to call them his own. I've heard them hundreds of times before. Lots of other people say they wrote them too. To me I'm afraid they're not worth writing anyway. Worthless melodies on a tired old bit of plastic. Hiatt sounds like Roger Chapman joining G

Parker's band for a day and tried to get into some hip Americana — drugstores, negroes, radios etc. which is the equivalent of writing about palais dances or sausage and mash over here.

None of them sound very happy and I'll be content as long as they promise to stay that side of the blue Atlantic. I'll que'em a point between them. Honestly, this stuff doesn't deserve any more. + JAMES PARADE

BILLY COBHAM: 'BC' (CBS 83641)

BC ON CBS and like last year's 'Simplicity Of Expression, Depth Of Thought' it's another sound album from the jazz/soul drummer and friends, of course Cobham would be in a pool of bother without such stalwarts as keyboardist Bobby Lytle and vocalist Jim Gilstrap. Here's a collection of pleasantly light and varied tunes and rhythms, like 'Mendocino' with Gilstrap on the vocal role, the brassy 'A Little Travelling Music' and the frantic 'The Lonely Bull' (El Soro Toró).

'What is Your Fantasy' is as chunky a piece of funk as you'll hear, with fine lead vocals by Miki Howard, and there's an entertaining rap number called 'Bring Up The House Lights' in which Billy enjoys a few spontaneously exchanged with George Duke. You can say that Cobham 'only' plays the drums, but when he plays 'em like he does on 'Vastar — An Encounter' you take notice. It beats a live drum solo routine any day. Cobham and colleagues do it again. + + + + PAUL SEXTON

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FRANK SINATRA

NO OTHER culture has inspired so much variety in the way we look than popular music. From the gradual change in clothes style inherent in a "new-look" could be expected to last about a year, until 1961 when the Beatles came along and began to speed up the process. At the end of this decade intrinsic fashion seems to linger for a mere few weeks before someone tries to fabricate an alternative "look" later to hit the mass production lines for huge personal financial gain. Fashions have even been inspired by the government — the "I'm Backing Britain" slogan backed by the sad-faced Union Jack found its way on to T-Shirts and mini-skirts — and by the World Of Sport when a little lion called Willie Cup appeared on just about everything from a soup plate to a car key-ring, even though it lacked the magic of a Disney creation. Remember the hula-hoop, clackers and the frisbee? Well, they all came ashore on the boat from America with the hamburger and

Colonel Sanders and orange "tiger-tails" and the ludicrous idea of actually inflicting polythene "bullet-holes" on to the back window of your Austin Cambridge sprang from the ever animating matter within the advertising industry. The sixties were by far the most important years ever for British style. From the French inspired beatniks we were treated to such movement cuts as greasers and and strange cuts as moonies and skinheads, looks and the new most recently punks and the touse-haired slacks, which the touse-haired Beatles had encountered in Hamburg as early as '59 but thought too "effeminate" to import into Britain, surfaced in '64 along with the revolutionary flares while the "military look" checks, crushed velvet and ubiquitous gingham dresses soon replaced the old two-piece suit and flannels and felt until the sequinned seventies proliferated glitter, silks and gossamer thin satins which recalled all the latent

Glamour of the Hollywood years. Loud records played in an exclusive hall became known as a "discotheque" and Germaine Greer abolished slavery and liberated women all over the Western hemisphere. Cowboys and Indians were even influential in the retrogressive seventies as 15-year-olds relived the swinging sixties as their older brothers watched HG 'Trek' (on television of course) and had already been previewed as caught on to the Space Look which haute couture by Sidney Brent and Ruben Torres in the late sixties. Still the image-makers are working class and the horses they dress are aristocracy happy to be photographed with their newly found autocratic friends. In the last 25 years formal style has been thrown out to be replaced by individuality and a very real sense of colour and adventure. One fashion accessory (the crash helmet) is compulsory by law even though it does tend to rather spoil that meticulously blow-dried coiffure.

CARNABY ST BEFORE THE era of Carnaby Street and the Kings Road, male fashions were very diversified. Tottenham Court Road catered for the style-conscious younger man with Shaftesbury Avenue and the large West End stores for the older man. Regent Street, Piccadilly and Harrods were for the discerning executive and Savile Row for the wealthy. It was very seldom that respective class users nationalised shops used by another group. It was an accident that first took John Stephens to Carnaby Street in 1957. The hiccoughing pop stars needed someone to dress them. The result was that their fans soon found a little shop behind Regent Street which was supplying their pop icons with their clothes. When other sections of the public began to take notice Stephens opened other shops in the same street and eventually controlled eight properties there. Other competitors snatched up

HATS



TOYS



vacant sites in the gold rush as Carnaby Street became a mecca for the young in heart. As fashion-hungry teenagers flocked there in not every season but every week Feuds boiled up between competitors. When Warren Gold came in on the scene and opened a boutique called 'Lord John' Stephens served a writ on him. There was only one lord in Carnaby Street according to Stephens. — who had a little shop around the corner in Newburgh Street with a young out of work actor called Sean. Immediately started exporting hipsters and thick corduroy outfits in lavender pink and buttercup yellow with broad felts his black leather belts, crazy wide Arthur English ties and shirts with big floppy collars. The Carnaby volcano exploded, the world welcomed Carnaby Street and it all added up to the best 'inside-leg story' of all time.

MARY QUANT

MARY QUANT came from an originally working-class Welsh background. Her husband and partner Alexander Plunkette Green was of upper-class origin, very eccentric and displayed a strongly groomed decadence. They met at post-war art school. Goldsmiths College in the early fifties, and opened Bazaar in the Kings Road in 1955. They had absolutely no business experience but a lot of flair. Mary Quant's genius was to stylize the clothes of the poor and

spell 'chic' as 'cheek'.

Along with the French fashion designer Courreges she took the credit for inventing the mini but in fact she just did what all good designers do and cleverly tuned into public taste. They just gave the upward hike of the hem some kind of couture respectability. Quant made two and a half million pounds persuading the world that London dolly girls are the girls to look like. She was lucky in her moment. She and Plunkette - Green became the centre of what was known as the Chelsea - set and attracted the total attention of the gossip writers of the period. Together they changed the whole approach to British fashion. They chucked lady-like accessories into the dustbin, attacked the whole rigid structure of the rag - trade and won hands down and skirts up.

In imitation of Bazaar, boutiques all over the place. The mass-fashion boutiques in places like Selfridges and Harrods owe everything to Quant. She and her successors drew on 'pop elements' the child - woman Barbi - doll and polka - dots, the 'kinky clothing' of the recently suppressed prostitutes and new materials and cliches like tartan and gingham were made to stand on their heads.

During the seventies the Quant empire branched out into make-up, bedclothes and even beds. 'Adventure' was the word in Quant's camp, but very smart bonema

THE MODS

LIKE THEIR uncles the feds, the mods developed in London streets. The first mods were mostly grammar school educated sons of lower middle class parents. They were into smart clothes, soul and lived a life of youthful abandonment in what they considered to be a fairly hopeless world. The mods were a fairly select group and if the first arch mods had a leader it was Peter Meadon the original manager of The Who (then the High Numbers), then himself the arch mod pop group. He said that mod was 'a society unto itself - you have your own values, your own set of scales, your own units of existence - which is to have a good time.'

Meadon described his Saturday as: 'hitting out on Friday night, high on speed, down to 'Ready Steady Go' down to the Scene Club - dance all night 'til Saturday morning. Saturday you'd go shopping to buy a pullover, a scarf or a pair of socks dancing all night in desert boots. Then all through Saturday night at the Scene Club through to Sunday morning. That's when the come down would come on. 'cos you couldn't sustain it much more and you'd start heading home to mum.'

The mod life started at night and because mods wanted to be more awake than usual, that's where the pep pills came in. Amphetamines were as central to life as music and dancing. The object of their game was to get the adults on their own ground. As Pete Townshend said 'It was acceptable, this was



LADIES WORKERS TRY OUT THE HULA HOOP CAME IN 1962



FEDDYBOYS, LONG COATS, BOOTLACE TIES AND BROTHEL CREEPERS



1954 CHRISTIAN DIOR



1957 M. JAY SHACTER INVENTS A NEW TYPE OF HAIR NET CALLED A HAO



1957 AUTUMN FASHIONS



1960 SLOT METER TELEVISION SET



1960 SPRING FASHIONS

PLATINUM

PLATINUM
MIKE OLDFIELD

PLATINUM

Mike

Mike Oldfield

...in the late seventies, a once precious metal
gave its name to an extraordinary piece of music ...

Platinum. The album by Mike Oldfield.
First available November 23rd 1979. V2141.

Virgin



1964 REMEMBER THE GOONK?



SKATE BOARDER KICKED DOWN IN THE STREET SAUGHT ON WITH EVERYONE IN 1977

PEOPLE



1972 JOHN McVICAR GETS KICKED



1964 LILLY FURY



THE SHARP AND STEEL MARRIED IN 1967



1966 WATLEY MILLS AND HYWEL BENNETT



THE GOONS, PETE SELLERS, NARRAYSEUMBE, SPICE MILLER



PETER COOK AND DUDLEY MOORE 1966



LENNON AND M. ARBNEY WITH JANE ASHER 1966

important, their way of dressing was and it was fashionable. It was clean and it was groovy. You could be a bank clerk and still be a mod because you got them on your own ground. They thought, "well, there's a smart young man" — you didn't get people upright."

THE TWIST

BEVERLY NICHOLS reporting from New York in January '62 said "the essence of the Twist is negroid, half Manhattan. Half see it on its natural hearth it is wholly frightening. I can't believe that London will ever go to these extremes."

The Twist's instigator, Mr Chubby Checker, explained the dance by telling you to imagine that you'd just taken a bath and were lowelling columnist's jumped on the Twist the Twist was seen to be one of the factors leading to the collapse of Western civilisation etc. Checker demonstrated the dance on TV and the home of the craze — New York's Peppermint Lounge — such celebs as Noel Coward, Judy Garland, Tennessee Williams and Garbo had begun to haunt the night all twisting like crazy. Even Jackie Kennedy was rumoured to have twisted. Very respectably. For the first time since the Charleston, dancing lost its ballroom romance and developed into an exhibitionistic declaration of sexual play and display.

After the twist faded — and it didn't take too long — and it there were still no superhuman pop artists on the horizon, innumerable dance crazes like the Hully Gully, the Madison, the Fly, the Pony, the Popeye, the Mashed Potato, the Dog, the Monkey, and later the Slop, the Waddle and the Frug, the Jerk and the Block, to be soon replaced again by the Sanctification, the Philly and the Boogaioo.

MERSEYBEAT

BY 1962 it looked as if the Liverpool sound was about to over-run the whole world. Because Liverpool had export and import connections with America the rock n'roll groups of the late fifties listened very early on to the music of Motown, Isleys R&B influenced by early American black music. By the time the Beatles had returned from Hamburg for the third time the Merseybeat movement was in full swing. With its own paper, 'Merseybeat', its own Palladium, the Cavern Club, and its own pet sounds of Rory Storm and The Hurricanes, J. Kramer and The Dakotas, Freddie Merseybeats, the Big Three and later on the weak shout of Cilla Black as a Liverpool sound started to establish itself on the pop chart. Fortunately for them the Beatles were the only band who wrote their own songs and consequently their momentum could not be kept up and Merseybeat officially died in 1965.

POP SHOWS

READY STEADY GO (ITV '63-'66) managed to record pop music and fashion as it changed week by week. With comperes Keith Fordeyce (who later went on to washing powder commercials) Michael Aldred and Cathy McGowan — who took over when the programme and the performances went out absolutely live — was probably the most successful pop show ever. Around 1963 children's pop TV Swingin' Time, 'Five O'Clock Club' and 'Come Here Often' and in '64 'Top Of The Pops' — a kind of sound litany of the hit parade — and the 'Beat Room' which was more of an updated 'Oh Boy'. On the other channel the excellent 'Thank Your Lucky Stars' was going strong with Brian Matthew and Ken Wallon's 'Discs A Go-Go' trio had to recreate a disco/cool night club atmosphere. Simon Dee's wonderful 'Dee Time' showcased pop groups' and pop people and in 1968 the more approach of 'Colour Me Pop' and 'Disco 2' took over, both forerunners of the nauseating 'Old Grey Whistle Test'. The seventies could only spawn stuff like 'Lift Off' and 'The Arrows' pop show, while 'TOTP' continued to run its marathon route while scooping up ratings and TV awards challenged only by Mickie Most's dismal 'Revolver' which lasted only for one series.

PIRATE RADIO STATIONS

THE FIRST pirate radio station, Radio Caroline, was started on



CHUBBY CHECKER DEMONSTRATES THE TWIST



1964 LILLY FURY



1964 SPRING FASHIONS



SAMANTHA JUSTE OF TOP OF THE POPS' FAME



1964 BIBA'S FIRST DRESS MADE BARBARA HUGANICKI AN OVERNIGHT SUCCESS.

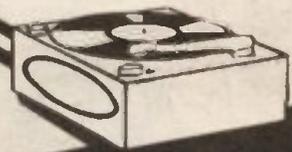


ERTHY MCGOWAN DEMONSTRATES THE NEW DANSETTE PRIZE 1966



1966 FASHIONS

25



EMI
EMI RECORDS (UK)



HELP CARNETT
WARREN MITCHELL

Easter Sunday 1964 by a young and very passionate Irishman named Ronan O'Rahilly. He said that the aim of the station was to encapsulate the new feeling of youth, energy, health and joy in life. In Latin he said Caroline meant 'happiness'.

Soon after Caroline came Radio London which was an improvement though it had none of Caroline's idealism. London's maxim was that it would play any record that was good, no matter how unknown the record label or how strange the sound.

For a mixture of legal and emotional reasons the government which had always despised pirate radio, finally outlawed the whole thing in the summer of '67.

PEACE AND LOVE

WITHOUT A doubt the most singular fashion of the whole decade was peace and love. On one quiet Sunday afternoon in August '67, 25,000 flower children planted themselves peacefully in the park of Woburn Abbey where things were certainly "happening". Lovingly they danced and kissed to the delicate tinkle of bells and eight pop groups a day performed. Advertised as 'The Great Love-In' it was more a series of separate arrangements and the love wasn't exactly free. The fee for the three days were £1, 10 or £1 for 24 hours.

NEW DANSETTE

AT THE Earls Court Radio Show, TV hostess Cathy McGowan gave a preview of the new Dansette fully

automatic, completely portable record player. Taking up to six long playing records it has an automatic four speed changer and a 7in speaker. It comes in two units — a main unit and a main only unit and retails for 19½ guineas. Cathy McGowan helped with the design.

HOT FAVOURITES

HOT PANTS were the nicest thing that could happen to a girl in 1971. In Hot Pants girls were supposed to be able to do everything that was decidedly dodgy in a mini-skirt. Even Jeff Banks, fashion designer husband of Sandie Shaw jumped on the Hot Pants bandwagon and designed a pair of pants with matching battle dress top. Hot Pants rather upset some of our respected gentry to the extent that the Duke of Norfolk had them banned from the Royal Enclosure at Royal Ascot. But admission was offered to the girls wearing Hot Pants. Some of the spectators probably found the Hot Pants more engrossing than the racing programme.

HERE IN MY CAR

THE MINI-SKIRT wasn't the only familiar commodity to be miniaturised during the sixties. On June 19, 1969 the 2,000,000th Mini rolled off the British Leyland production line at Longbridge, Birmingham. Designed in 1958 by Alec Issigonis, who was later knighted for his trouble, the Mini was the first ever

British car to reach the 2,000,000 mark and being Britain's leading export model, the demand for the supply. On the Mini's 20th birthday this year the designers even converted the faithful Mini to a two-seater, three-wheel model.

Issigonis was said to be working on a new, superior Mini but as he said himself "there is no point in introducing it unless it's better than the one we have now."

The motor industry produced prototypes of various electric cars which we were all told would be the 'thing' of the seventies, such as the Ford Comuta. The design was so squashed that two would fit into a normal meter bay allocation. The experimental model was powered by four 12-volt batteries and had a cruising speed of about 40 mph. Recharging the batteries cost livepence, which would have made it equivalent to 480 miles to the gallon.

For the really discerning motorists designs sprang up for cars like the Alkengas — named after a mythical African monster. With speeds of up to 162 mph the projectile could rocket from its resting point to 60 mph in a mere five seconds. In 1976 the car would've cost £17,500 and guzzled a gallon of petrol every 13 miles.

Another new travel system which never saw the light of day was the idea to combine the private electric automobile with the overhead rail line. The computer would drive the car to a ramp from which it would roll onto a supporting rail and link up to other commuter cars — all of the same design — the driver



MARY HOPKIN WHOSE WERE THE DAYS



JOHN KENNEDY



HAROLD WILSON WITH KING STARR AND JOHN GANNON



CHARLES MANSION OF TATE MURDER NOTORIETY



THE CLOSING OF THE CAVERN CLUB 1966



JEAN SHRIMPOT 1968



1968 JOHN CHRISTIAN-DEE SHOWS OFF HIS PSYCHADELIC CAR



EDWIN ALDRIN PHOTOGRAPHED BY NEIL ARMSTRONG THE FIRST MEN ON THE MOON



MISS WORLD KEITA FARA IN 1966, THE FIRST BLACK MISS WORLD



1966 BOBBY CHARLTON IN THE 60'S WE COULD STILL PLAY FOOTBALL



MARY QUANT HAS HER HAIR DONE BY VIDAL SASSOON IN 1964



1976 PROTOTYPE ALKENGAS 162 MPH SUPERCAR



TRUSTY AUSTIN SEVEN

relinquishes control and with electric power and direction being provided from a central point, the commuters idealistically follow each other to work.

FOOD

If the old adage that "you are what you eat" were true then the great gastronomes of the planet would've become some of the strangest things over the last 25 years.

Ye olde English bone - china country plateful was thrown out of the window and the only fruit it yielded was a vitaminised, body-building, calorie - controlled vegetarian diet of nothing of much interest on a paper plate.

At the school tuck shop sherbet dabs and Licorice Allsorts gave way first to Jelly Tots and then to horrendous Space Dust and tasty packets of crisps with greasy blue came to us air - packed and ready. Frozen fish - fingers and cod pieces, which were consumed in enormous quantities and backed by heavy TV advertising, as were all food stuffs, gave way to Americanised hamburgers with a dried - up sesame - seed bun. A trip to Jo Lyons corner tea - shop became a trip to the Wimpy Bar. Col Saunders and later McDonalds and we actually became aware of what we were eating for the first time or rather of what damage we were doing to ourselves. Muesli, brown rice and raw vegetables were

consumed in large quantities as latent hippie types chewed "munchies". Tea - cakes became waffles and flapjacks and alficianados of Coke - a - Cola Tizer, Vimto and Besslet switched to Pepsi - Cola (still the "real thing") and the less successful Cresta. Fasting and slimming became ultra fashionable and suddenly it seemed that everyone from Twiggy to Harold Wilson was on a diet. That old hair - snipper of the sixties Vidal Sassoon, discovered a way to look 20 years younger (give or take a face - lift or two) married an American who was and wrote a bestseller about it.

Every food was "new recipe". The Mows and the Corn Flakes on the family gingham breakfast tablecloth were replaced by bread that made the sun shine and various cereal concoctions boasting the contents of niacin, thiamin, wheatgerm and few calories under an Imaginary Scandinavian name for three times the price.

Late Sixties city cowpokes let Southern Comfort and Tequila Sunrise trickle down their sandy fruuts which 10 years later had given way to the ubiquitous Buck's Fizz and the ill - named Long Hard Screw Against The Wall.

Today we drink "real beer" and devour "health food" and handfuls of gelatine - coated multi - vitamins at extortionate prices but who can honestly say we weren't all much better off 25 years ago? After all, no one would really want to look like a pill would they.

HATLINE

THE FIFTIES was without a doubt the most exciting and outrageous decade for hat design. Peacock - coloured detailed creations and an abundance of pastel ribbons, bows and ostrich feathers were always featured in the most exclusive sitting - rooms of the period. Crinoline, felt and satin hats, net veils and mushrooms of pleated tulle, along with heavy clusters of earrings were absolute de rigueur until the sixties led the way to a much simpler and cheaper line. In contrast to the ultra femininity of litvics headgear the crowning glories of the sixties were usually uncomplimentary and a plagiarism of the old straw-hat or the boater or a foray into foreign territory with the ubiquitous turban (flavoured by middle - aged housewives attempting to shed decades) or the Chinese wide - brim shape with striped basketwork effect.

With plumes, tiaras, trilbys and the old teddy boy Cheese cutter gone for good, if hats were worn by young people at all it was in cases like the pork - pie hat - first donned by Sinatra - adopted by skinheads in the late sixties - and again recently - or the hideous leather cap which had some success after Johnny Lennon insisted on wearing it or the floppy felt hippy hat - very cheeky with a flower or two - which was really a throwback to the high - society lilies shape. David Bowie instigated a return to the trilby in the mid - seventies. Malcolm McDowell adopted the



1967 ELECTER CAR KNOWN AS THE COMUTA.



1969 2,000,000th Model ROLLS ROYCE, THE PRODUCTION LINE



SWIMWEAR



1960 BININI OF SATY GREEN LEATHER



1978 A REVOLUTION



1960 BOOTS, SPORTS AND FALSE EYEBROWS FOR THE BEACH



1966 LOOKS IT BE THE NEW ARSENAL TRIP OR A BERMUDA SUIT FROM CECIL GEE?

SUNGLASSES



1968 IT PREHEND SHOW SWANDNESS AT WELL.



1967 A FLOWER MAN LEAVES FOR THE COMBUB FASHION SHOW



1969 ZEBRA PRINT LOAT BY MICHAEL



1967 THE GREAT LOVE IN SCURED AT WOBURN ABBEY 25,000 FEMALE CHILDREN ATTENDED DESPITE A BANNED PLAN



DAVID BOWIE CIRCA 1966



ANDY WARHOL



1967 HIPPIE FLOWER DRESSER IN TRANSIT TO DASH FASHION SHOWS

WIN A TICKET to RECORD MIRROR'S

EXCLUSIVE

50's PARTY

You must have guessed by now that Record Mirror is celebrating its 25th Anniversary — but what you don't know is that we're holding an exclusive fifties-style party, taking place on January 25 in London. As a special treat we're giving YOU, our very dear readers, the unique opportunity of going to this cool party — because we're offering 25 tickets as prizes in this week's competition. If you're one of the lucky winners, not only do you get to rub shoulders with some of the big names in the music business, from the fifties to the present day, but you also get to meet all those hep cats on the Record Mirror staff. We're sure the editor will look delightful, sporting a quiff — we're not so sure about the stiletto heels though.

A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME? — YOU BET!

So now's the time to pour your feet into a pair of brothal creepers, get those skirts swirling and those drapes flapping and answer the questions below.



Primary Cloney was No. 1 in Record Mirror's January 1966 chart, with what number?

The man with the kiss cut was also in that chart with 'Shake, Rattle and Roll'. Who was he?

'Softly, Softly' was also there. Who was the female singer?

Name

Address

Cut out the coupon and send it to us at Record Mirror 25th Anniversary Competition, PO Box 16, Harlow, Essex CM17 0HE to reach us no later than 10th December

First 25 correct entries drawn out of the bag will be sent a ticket plus further information on the party.

NB — Fifties-style dress must be worn.

bowler in Clockwork Orange. Procol Harum and Albert Slepian did very little for the Homburg and Tommy Cooper probably never helped boost sales of the Fez.

A return to wearing of hats would certainly help brighten-up the eighties but it seems a slim prospect in the light of so much publicity against covering the hair up for the sake of lasting and healthy locks.

HAIR

NO FASHION accessory has ever been of more absolute importance than hair. The out-of-date warrime waves and pigtails of the fun fifties were soon ruffled by the brand new 'younger generation' and the new school of swinging scissor-boys — most of them poor East End street-kids made good — of the early sixties. By the time the preened bouffant and the 'bob' were redundant the futuristic seventies salons had dreamed up the most ridiculous names for ladies coiffures, doing away with slides and grips for good. Very confused gentlemen who once frequented 'barbers' had to get used to a 'style and blow-dry' rather than the old 'quick trim' (usually at three times the price).

The teddy-boys 'DA' (duck's arse) and Haley's kiss — curl quiff inspired such atrocities as the 'Mohican', a single narrow plume from the forehead to the nape of the neck, and led to widespread Elvis army-shorn clips. While ladies still wallowed in the security of the cumbersome heavily-lacquered permanent wave and young girls previously sporting pony-tails dabbed in the easily created plaits as worn by Swedish kindergarten kiddies, 'Beat' types were content to wander disillusioned in long-fingod Beatie-cuts.

For the first time ever — except for the golden Hollywood years — the sixties made Big Stars out of the humble hairdresser. Raymond, 'Mr Teasy-Woasy', ruled the waves while Leonard and Sassoon cut and blow-dried the Chelsea Set (Vidal invented the Quiff cut). By the middle of the decade the Bouffant had given way to the more Sikhian look and hyped American imports like the 'Wig Warm', a wig made of Dynel synthetic, which could be brushed smooth and lacquered into place like a sleek hair-do or worn wild like a fur hat.

Delighted sixties schoolkids marched triumphantly toward after being banned from school for wearing their hair either too long or too short and by '67 hair fashions had diversified so much that at one end of the scale — with Gall McDermot's 'Hair' overtaking the West End, campaigning hippies were persuading us that long hair would save the world, while Skinheads and 'Brolley Boy's' baretts were shorn into a special cut which soon grew out to make them 'Suedeheads'. While even trendy Beatles had discovered sideburns and the puffed coiffure, Sixties swingers were happy to go on taking short cuts and an American hair specialist developed a wire hairnet for men called the 'hair halo'.

By the time 1970 came along the — unthrilling perm was back and a longer spiky look was said to have been inspired by a shaving-brush even if it did look more like the lavatory variety. The 'Fritz' did unreparable damage to teenagers wavy strands and long-haired lankey girls took retreat in 'the bob'. The revelation that those modish icons Rosy Music had theirs cut by Keith and Smilla, drove legions of their fans to the smart Knightsbridge salon even though Paul McCartney referred to it as 'this place where they cut holes in your head'.

The 'pageboy' and the Rod Stewart spike — cut quickly came and went and by the time punk came bursting in and orthodox hairstyling

went out of the window our Mdeous youth were walking around in green, turquoise, pink and purple hair resembling trolls and Debbie Harry had done for peroxide what Edward the Seventh did for the moustache.

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

THE HULA Hoop and the Yo-Yo were possibly the first examples of pop playthings. The Hula Hoop craze swept America and Britain in 1956 and pretty soon the whole of Britain was getting hip to hoops. Schools bought them in bulk supply and grown-ups used the hoops as a slimming device. The media and the pop process dreamed up such frivolities as a TV programme called 'HOOP CRAZY' which featured whole families hooping it up together and three hoop-la records were released in Britain in one month — 'The Hoopa Hoopa Hoopa' by Teresa Brewer, 'Hoopa Hoopa' by Betty Johnson and an orchestral 'Hoop Theme'. Games Mistress Margaret Tiley said 'they develop flexible hips and they're useful to schools who can't afford expensive games equipment'.

Bobbiexors and brilliantoned spotty British kids in the late fifties were to be seen standing on street corners dangling obedient yo-yos which consisted literally of two disc-shaped pieces of hard plastic around which was wound a length of cord. A toy similar to the yo-yo called the Bandalore or Quiz was a popular parlour game in fashionable drawing-rooms in the thirties.

The next big toy craze to come along were the Gonks, which were marketed as 'toys for adults'. Apart from the Gonks themselves which were usually badly made designs, half way between a man and a friendly monster with a Beatie-cut in stuffed felt you could buy Gonk T-Shirts, Gonk dresses or Gonk pyjamas in late '64. In fact just about anything Gonk was available in the lucrative Gonk-cult market.

During the seventies, pop games such as the Wonderball — a super bouncy rubber ball that would easily bounce over a house, Clackers — two plastic golf-ball size balls connected to a piece of string in such a way that they would constantly hit one another and create a wholly nauseating noise, and American imports (which most of them were) like Space-hoppers, the Frisbee, the incredible Poi-Rock — an inanimate object on a string dragged along the pavement by imbecies — and the all encompassing skateboard craze occasionally provided the press with their precious 'tribe' stories, it appeared that even Father Christmas and chimpanzees displayed exuberant toe action and took to their skateboards.

SWINGING LONDON

1965 TO 1967 was a time when a certain fashion would rest on one second of time, take a short breather and by the next second it would've shot off to be replaced by whatever transitory fad came to follow it. The Swinging London years were certainly the most intensely fashion conscious of the entire century. As Roger Miller sang — even Westminster Abbey, the Tower and Big Ben swung like pendulums, to the overt flamboyance of the new generation of 'bright young things'.

Those swinging fads ranged from those of David Bailey, Jean 'The Shrimp' Shrimpton, Mary Quant and her hairdresser friend Vidal Sassoon to Terence Stamp, David Hemmings, Suzanna Leigh and Julie Christie from the acting fraternity to plain old pop VIPs like Andrew Loog Oldham, Mike D'Abo, Marianne Faithful and Cathy McGowan to Gordon Dighton, Michael Fish (who re-introduced the kipper tie and later became proprietor of the Embassy Club), model Vicky Hodde, who is still making headlines of a rather

different nature and designer Tom Gilbey.
The places where they hung out and swung far into the night became as celebrated as the people themselves. The Ad Lib was said to be where the swinging generation first became aware of themselves. The proto-dollies and their synchophantic beaus then moved onto Annabels and then to Scotch of St James which became the next Place. This was succeeded by the Cromwellian in South Kensington and then Dolly's which had the right sort of 'hard to get in' reputation. When Sibylla's opened it was impossible to open the Evening Standard, Town, Queen or London Life the four guides to where the action was moving to without reading about it.

You would have learnt that Mr David Mitnarić had designed the walls in blue perspex that George Harrison had what they called a "piece of it" (though Ringo and Maureen still seemed to favour Dolly's) and that Alan Freeman picked the music. Even washing machine bungler John Bloom instantly became the place - not to be.

Apart from the discotheques these prototype dandies favoured specific shops. Mary Quant's Bazaar put together in 1965, literally on a shoestring, was said to 'swing' so was the first manifestation of Biba in Kensington Church Street and Quorum, Spectrum, Clobber, Gucci and Bus Stop were all very in with the in crowd.

Pendulum people bought things from shops like 'I Was Lord Kitchener's Valet' Forpostor, Gear, Kleptomaniac and Habitat and street signs, unfunny postcards and distinguished pieces of tourist trade junk began to invade their homes. Laying on the rounded perspex coffee table would be the International Times or Oz magazine and their cultural activities would be restricted to being seen at the New Arts Laboratory in Covent Garden or turning on and freaking out while televisioning at home.

Most faces smoked Rothmans and most of the rest preferred Benson and Hedges. They invariably drank whisky and in order after that ran vodka and rum with some of the girls preferring wine. Their favourite eating place was closely followed by Road which was followed by The Spot with San Lorenzo. Oats and the tratt in Soho just about tying in popularity. The in-bubs were The Chelsea Potter and the Markham in Kings Road where it wasn't even necessary to enter to 'dig' the scene as both had huge glass windows (probably the reason for their great popularity).

They prooved to Wesker, Becket and Osborne at the theatre and flocked to see 'in' films like 'Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush' and Paul Jones in 'Privilege' at the cinema. However, there was a time to stop swinging and by the time the San Francisco 'flower power hippie' trip had pollinated London, the swinging stopped and the loving began. The new set began to dress down rather than dress up. People started handing passes to policemen and London became part of the new International Underground.

FUTURISTIC FURNITURE

FROM THE mid-sixties to the mid-seventies modernist furniture designers created every thinkable (and some unthinkable) design for furniture of the future. Furniture was not only square, oblong and round but scoop-topped, wedge-shaped, transparent, inflatable, convex and concave, filled with water, very silly and some quite impractical.

French designer Claude Vidić unveiled his Womb Room - a womb with a view? - which was a white fibreglass "bubble" selling for approx £800 which might seem a bit much for something which he described as being "a conversation piece for the corner of the living-room." But it did include underfloor lighting, a telephone and a television.

Tony Wright introduced a giant telephone, a giant pair of basketball boots and a giant hand, all excellent gimmicks for relaxing in which soon gave way to more practical designs. In 1970 at London's Design Centre there was an exhibition called 'Here Tomorrow' which included furniture specifically for a single sex - just the opposite of what Unisex was doing for the fashion world.

PUNK

As a backlash to the over-sophistication and expense of haute couture and the plasticity of mid-seventies rock music, former Roxy Music and Bowie aficionados hung around a World's End clothes shop dealing in revivalist teddy boy attire and in late '75 started



1966 WE WERE BAKING BRITAIN, IT DIDN'T CARE ON



1966 TENNIS RAQUET SUNGLASSES AT WIMBLEDON



1954 SEEN AT THE PREMIERE OF MARILYN MUNROE'S FILM HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE!

HAIRSTYLES



THE ONLY THING KNOWN AS A WIG WARM FROM USA



1966 A MASSOON CUT



1956 A MOKIAN CUT



1960 STYLE



1970 BLEACHED HAIR AND FALSE EYEBROWS



DICK IN THE BUCK POSTER PRODUCED BY YIPPIE INC. BECAME THE BIGGEST SELLING POSTER OF 1973. A DOCTORED PHOTO FROM THE REPUBLICAN PARTY CONVENTION ILLUSTRATING HOW RASH FALSIFICATION CAN BE



VERDENKA THE MOST EXPENSIVE MODEL OF THE TIME 1973



SIGN OFFERS FREE HANGING ON RACE COURSE AFTER DUKE OF NORFOLK BANNED HOT PANTS AT RACE



WHITNEY SAND THROUGH TO THANKFULLY LOST IN 1973



HELLS ANGEL AT ROLLING STONES HYDE PARK CONCERT 1969



REMEMBER HOT PANTS REMEMBER LEGS? 1971



1966 THE SEXY SEXY SEXY



1965 DEMON STRAINING METAL

FURNITURE



1967 SEX THROUGH FURNITURE JOINED



1971 1968 ITEM NAMED THE WOMAN ROOM



1970 BUILDING BLOCK FURNITURE



1971 TONY WRIGHT DESIGNED POP ART TELEPHONE SEAT



Stretched cover for a tulip paper chair

something called punk style. As the shop changed its name to Sex it's employees, name of Sue Calwman, little Debbie and the father grotesque Jordan who travelled up from the provinces every day on British Rail just to be a part of it all, became the stars of the movement whose themes were illegitimacy and an addictive and paralysing boredom.

Like all youth movements their ideals were laudable although the end product of it all was to shock and the main achievement was swearing on prime time television. Eventually Punk ran the same route of all youth cults until like the other lost generations they were to be seen roaming the Kings Road on a Saturday in search of an audience and parading on Top Of The Pops playing nasty to a TV camera. When Sex changed its name yet again to Seditionaries — "clothes for heroes" — ran the ingenious catch phrase — punk fashion invented its very own haute couture and Jordan sold Viv Westwood's bondage suits for £100 (£150 with boots) and Pistols T-shirts for £4 in cotton and black leather buckles, dustbin liners, ripped T-shirts and the ubiquitous safety-pin all became part of the excuse to make ugly adolescent punkettes appear even uglier until punk was adopted by Beautiful People and Zandra Rhodes started selling well-hung pink jersey-skirts with diamante studs in the name of high fashion for a mere £375.

Unfortunately it never ended with a bang but quietly petered out as Roxy Music reformed and the older hangers-on turned back to them and Gary Numan. Their younger brothers rejoiced in claiming to be "new mods" which meant they had to do everything the old mods did but with less flamboyance. Just as Saturday Night Fever had spawned the unimaginative and finicky disco uniform '78's mods know that they have to wear at the very least a parka or a little suit, once again some sort of scooter with a few mirrors is a must and you must case the London scene rattling to the sound of blues. Because new mod isn't exactly modernistic, ironically it is over almost before it's begun. In a similar way to Punk mod ended not with a bang but with a Vespa.

THE REVIVALIST SEVENTIES

The main achievement of the seventies was to be able to revive every craze from the lapped stacks of the fifties to the pill-box hat and styles managed to incorporate fabulous forties and rocking fifties into the latest fashion must is a look of Hollywood fillets melodrama with high-split skirts, fishnet tights, sailors tunics and stilettoes. Off the shoulder T-shirts had their day and geometric space dress is now as overplayed as the over large gathered at the waist T-shirt from earlier on in the year. Men's clothes are still relatively conservative and ultimately pretty boring with a new generation of Star

Trekking kids running around with shoulders padded like US football teams and tight felt slacks with ankle zips and a few nicely-placed geometric lines for decoration. Discophiles have tired of the Travolta look and reverted to looking like mid-seventies shampooists with a short back and sides while their partners have either retreated into the glamorous world of Veronica Lake or Jayne Mansfield or into the flayed skirts and sleeveless blousons that their mothers were used to in the fifties.

Every day men's working commuter suits have changed little since the lucky few used to shop in Savile Row, the only difference being that now only in several selected occupations is it absolutely necessary to turn up in a white shirt and tie. School uniform has become particularly avant-garde and the public in general have become much sloppier about their overall appearance. Skinheads have been revived alongside mod, heavy metalling rockers have had a second life, so "ethnic look" of the early seventies has run its tiresome route. The exciting prospect of garments made from such materials as lin and asbestos which were being predicted in the late sixties has not been realised and generally clothes have become over expensive and trashily made. If anything can accurately be predicted for the eighties then it must be a return to the genuine style and overall smartness. Maybe we'll soon be dressing up again to take dinner in our own homes.



JORDAN AND SIMON MAKE PUNK FASHIONABLE, CLOTHES FROM SEDITIONARIES KINGED AROUND A STREET CREDIBLE £120



PRINCESS ANNE AND THE CITY ROGUES



1979 BIKEDATED FASHIONS IN FASHION AGAIN



1978 FORTIES AND FIFTIES STYLES PROMINENT



FACES OF 1979 JOHN TRAVOLTA AND OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN REACH PAMELA GRACE



DAVID BOWIE CIRCA 1974

THE VIEW IS BREATH TAKING.

Linda Lewis has come a long way from the old school yard. Now, for the first time, she's realising her true potential. The result, *Hacienda View*, is a collection of ten stunning songs produced and arranged by Mike Batt.

Featuring the single '109 Jamaica Highway', *Hacienda View* reveals a totally new dimension to Linda Lewis. You'll find the view breathtaking.



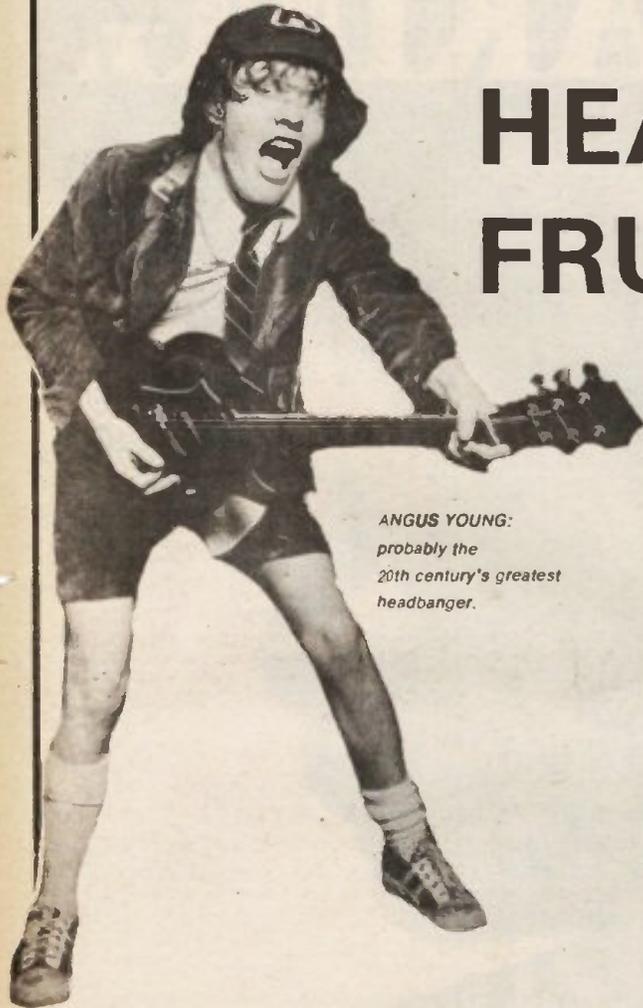
Linda Lewis. Hacienda View.

Her brand new album includes the single, '109 Jamaica Highway.'



MAILMAN

Write to Mailman at 40 Long Acre, London WC2.



ANGUS YOUNG:
probably the
20th century's greatest
headbanger.

HEADBANGERS 3, FRUITCAKES 2

HERE COME THE NUTTERS

I AM 18 years old and depressed. Why can't I drive about in a limo, have my own private jet to whisk me to my villa in the south of France and eat out in the best, most expensive restaurants in the world where toothpicks are purchased by American Express? I am, in fact, a poor deprived college student with nothing. My dream is to get a loan of a Porsche, Lotus, limo etc. pick up my bitch, sorry, girlfriend, take her to the best restaurants in my area (if Paris is out of the question) and kid her on date that I'm really an eccentric billionaire who has been living in the working class society as an experiment. Robert J Cummings (the deprived), Glasgow.

•This one's worst of all — seems to want to stuff Shearlaw. Oh, I don't know, though.

SO IF you would send him just as he is (don't bother to wake him up) and I will spend my happy hours "stuffing my Shearlaw". Yes, why shouldn't I say it? I'm tired of keeping it quiet.

We should all come out in the open and admit to enjoying being Shearlaw Stuffers. So I appeal to you (I would if you saw me) to join me, we have kept quiet for too long, so do like me, come out in the open and shout "yes, I'm one too!"

Terry Cooper, Cannock.

USELESS INFO DEPT

DID YOU notice that on both the British and American charts of 30 October 'Tusk' by Fleetwood Mac jumped from eight to nine? Do you even care? Are you really a mailman or a male man? Or a mail computer? Why are you frowning? Why are you screwing this letter up and chucking it in your bin? Why Aaagh!!! Mark Emmett (deceased) (definitely not a boat person), Gants Hill.

•Good jump that, from eight to nine. Next week it'll probably shoot right up to number 47.

ROGER TAYLOR

THE LETTER printed in last week's Mailman signed Roger Taylor from Queen was not in fact written by Roger. Record Mirror apologise to Roger and Queen for any embarrassment caused.

ABBA/SHEARLAW FAN CLUB

I AM writing to praise your paper for its clever initiative in sending such an astute, intelligent observer of everything good in music (who writes this rubbish? — MM) as John Shearlaw to review the greatest musical unit in existence, Abba, at Wembley. His fine report captures almost perfectly the magic of the occasion. What a refreshing change it makes from the pretty hatch job Prophet made last time (yes, she can't sleep for thinking about it — MM). However, according to the otherwise impeccable Mr Shearlaw, this was the fourth live performance given by the group in front of a British audience, the others being at Brighton and the Royal Albert Hall. May I ask, what the hell happened to Birmingham, Manchester and Glasgow last time around? Neil McAndrew, Hartlepool.

•Yikes! A mistake by the otherwise impeccable Mr Shearlaw.

STANDARD FARE: NUMAN, QUEEN, SPARKS

FIRST of all I could say Gary Numan is brilliant and make many new

friends, instead I'm going to say he is a boring mental moron who churns out meaningless crap from that open void between his ears. Also about that stupid fat tart called Deb H, who seems to be in every issue of the excellent paper of yours. In last week's page some creep mentioned Sweet, who the hell are they? Has no one heard of that fantastic group Lindisfarne? Alan, Gary Numan and Deb H hater from Tyne and Wear.

THERE WAS once a time not long ago when I would have cut my way out of an electrified copper cage with my teeth, fought the Incredible Hulk and Miss Piggy (these are excerpts from a letter of extraordinary imagination — MM). Now however that is what I will do to avoid going to a Queen gig. What's the use of Queen having an 'Xmas Gig Orgy' in London while fans of Queen (bless their cotton straitjackets) live all over Britain? Queen can't call the handful of gigs a tour. For example one date in Birmingham has to satisfy the whole of the Midlands. So what about the kids that live in Leicester, Derby, Wolverhampton, Coventry and Nottingham? 'Enry Cooper, Ross-on-Wye.

IN ORDER to get an article on Sparks in your paper do us Sparks followers have to scream, kick, pant, prostrate on the floor, sweat blood, strip all our clothes off, or simply hand over £50! Erika, a Soviet Sparks supporter.

•All that lot will do for starters, you tryout for the human race, you. Think — Mailman is going to have fun with all the poison pen replies next week. The Sweet letters are on their way. In fact, here's one now

IT'S ABOUT time that the British public swallowed their pride and admitted what a talented band Sweet are. Sweet have sold over 35 million records, had 3 European number ones and have a total of 16 gold and silver albums and singles to date.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

HI PARDNERS, it's the good doctor here. Listen, what the heck's going on with the little of charts in downtown England. And just who is this Lena Martell fella? Ah well, we made it the next week Great song, don't you think. When you're On Top Of A Beautiful Woman? Sylvia's mother.

SURPRISE! KISS, SWEET, AC/DC FANS HIT OUT

OH! WITH reference to the recent review of Kiss by a reporter who dare not mention his/her name and signs themselves "Deuce Strutter" (which shows they've wasted some of their valuable, precious Record Mirror time listening to 'Alive' or any other available Kiss album), we, the two Kiss fans quoted, would like to point out that although Kiss freely admit to their lack of, dare I say it, talent, this is purely modesty on behalf of Peter Criss and the Bronx Kid (Ace Frehley, to all you Lena Martell fans). Just listen to 'Shock Me' on 'Alive II' for verification... blah blah blah until end.

Two 100,000 year old Kiss freaks (No, not Ace Frehley's mum and dad).

I wanna Peter Criss you all over, and all over again.

I HATE you and Peter Coyne — if I met him I'd bloody kill him. I mean — KILL him — and you need one hell of a good kick out the backside too! How dare that Coyne creep give a review like what (We may be able to transplant vital organs, but we still can't master grammar, can we? — MM.) he did for Sweet's new album? I'll bloody murder him GOD! Why the hell can't people forget the old Sweet — cause they don't exist and haven't for years now. Sweet are the rock band of all time — all over the world there are rock fans who love and are into Sweet. I'll go to any lengths to get them the recognition they deserve — and by God I'll do it one day — just watch!

Bryan Johnson, Stockton-on-Tees

You're no joker? Oh, Glad you mentioned that, 'cos I had been wondering.

Dear Uncle Ronnie
when will you come and see us
Evelin was going to go and see
you but Mum wouldn't let her
Love Erica.



THE SPELLING in this visual/verbal communication would put most of RM's writers to shame.



Write to 'Help', Record Mirror, 40 Long Acres, London WC2. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a personal reply.

Edited by SUSANNE GARRETT

KICKED OUT

LAST MONTH I met a new friend at a gay pub, and I really enjoyed his company. He's asked me to spend Christmas with him at his flat and when he asked me to lend him some money for a Christmas party and dinner.

Now I've found he has another friend who lives at his flat and sleeps in the same bed with him. He's told me I can sleep in the sitting-room when I stay at Christmas. But if he doesn't want to have sex with me, I don't know whether he loves me or not.

He still keeps going out with me though. Can I trust him? Should I leave him?
M. London

•Don't expect too much of every new friend you meet. This man seems to be offering you friendship and no more. From what you say, he already has a close relationship with the guy who shares his flat.

If you're going around together socially, he obviously likes your company too, although he may not feel emotionally involved on the same level.

One word of caution. If you're at all worried about his motivation for wanting to know you, avoid being too free and easy with your money. By all means contribute your share to the Christmas festivities but, if the wind seems to be blowing in a mercenary direction, shut your wallet.

You're the one who must decide what you want from this friendship and whether to continue on the same basis or break it off.

Stretch marks

EVER SINCE I started to develop a bust, I have had stretch marks. Though I've heard people say they'll disappear in time, I'm 18 now, and they haven't. When I wear a low-necked dress, they look unsightly as they are very noticeable.

I'm worried in case there is something wrong with me? Is this common in a woman? How long will I have to wait before they go?
Trudy, Hereford.

•Stretch marks are fairly common. They often occur after you've lost a lot of weight at some point in your life, and are basically a form of scarring on the surface layers of the skin. Although you may find them slightly embarrassing, they really are no cause for worry.

Once you have stretch marks there's little you can do about it, but working out a camouflage in your style of dress may make you feel better. Are you sure other people notice anyway?

They will become far less noticeable as the skin ages generally, with time.

Sight

I'VE BEEN going out with my girlfriend for six months now and am very much in love with her, and she feels the same way about me. However, I'm very worried about her eyesight. She had to wear thick glasses until she was 14 when she switched to contact lenses. The optician has told her that she is 'partially long-sighted'.

Recently he gave her glasses to wear as well as contact lenses for reading and close work. But even then she has to hold a newspaper ever so close to read it. Why can't she just wear stronger contact lenses? Will her eyes ever improve? Or could they deteriorate more? My fear is that she may eventually go blind, and she's reluctant to discuss this with me.
Ken, London.

•It's impossible to comment on your girlfriend's eyesight at second-hand on the basis of fairly limited information. The description "partially long-sighted" is not a technical optical term. The combination of contact lenses and glasses may be prescribed for any one of several reasons. Your girlfriend may have different vision in each of her eyes; she may be astigmatic (here the sight varies in different directions in the same eye).

As well as having contact lenses to wear daily for cosmetic reasons, she has probably been prescribed an equally strong pair of reading spectacles as a supplement to her vision when reading. Like the lenses of glasses, the thickness of contact lenses differs too, and it may be that the thickness of lens required for close reading would be too great for the eye(s) to hold effectively for any period of time.

Try to discuss the subject with her a little more. For the fullest possible information you or your girlfriend can ring or write to The Optical Information Council, 418/422 The Strand, London WC2. (TEL: 01-836 2323).

Donation

AFTER WATCHING the recent John Pilger television documentary on the atrocities in Cambodia, I've decided that I'd like to send a donation to help with food and medical supplies for the refugees there. Could you publish an address as I'm sure other readers would like to have it too.
Andy, Coventry.

•Oxfam, which spearheads the emergency lift of supplies to this small and desecrated country, estimates that there are between four and five million people — the entire remaining population

of Cambodia. Including some half a million children, desperately in need of food and medical supplies in the short-term and resources to help build an agricultural economy in the long-term. Their first appeal to the British public, launched on October 14 reached an initial target of \$1 million earlier this month. They need another million by the end of this year if more lives are to be saved.

UNICEF and the International Committee of the Red Cross, also supplying aid to Cambodia, are now concentrating on a £52 million target, to cover immediate food needs and urgently required basic drugs and medical supplies. Oxfam, while sending some food, is currently working on longer-term projects, and money donated will be put towards seeds, agricultural implements, twine to mend broken fishing nets — ways and means of producing food within Cambodia itself, as well as the establishment of clinics for mothers and children.

You can send donations to Oxfam, 274 Banbury Road, Oxford, or UNICEF, 9 Osnaurgh Street, London NW1, or to the British Red Cross, 9 Grosvenor Court, London SW1. (Cheques or postal orders should be made out to the organisation — but mark your envelope Cambodia Appeal).

Stop light

I'M 16 and am going out with a girl the same age as myself and we get on well. There is one problem though. Every time I approach her sexually she tells me to stop, and says I remind her of someone she went out with a long time ago. This upsets me but I don't want to chuck her as I like her very much. Is there anything I can do about this?
Andy, Bristol.

•Yes. Follow your instincts and stay with this girl, but try to get to know her better. How do you do that? By talking it over together. This takes time but it's not impossible.

Your girlfriend may be acting this way for a number of reasons. Perhaps she has had an unfortunate emotional involvement with someone a lot like you in the past, leaving her reluctant to become totally involved again until she's ready. Perhaps she just isn't happy about the idea of a sexual relationship. There's no reason why she should be — once again, time is the key. Alternatively, she may like you a lot as a friend but not fancy you sexually at all. Stick with it. You'll find out.

Early riser

MY GIRLFRIEND and I have been going out

together for a short while — the trouble is that when we have sex I can't get a full erection. She's pregnant by a few weeks, but that has nothing to do with it. I also come fairly quickly, which also happened when I masturbated before I met her. Recently the end of my penis feels numb too, and it hurts when the skin goes right down.

I think this may be caused by lack of sleep. As I work in a bakery, I have to get up at 5 am and when I see my girlfriend I have only a few hours sleep or none at all. What is wrong with me?
Paul, Lancs.

•Undue interest in yourself — that's what. You're obviously capable of having intercourse, and the fact that your girlfriend is now pregnant should set your mind at rest on

the subject of your ability to procreate. Are you relating your angle of erection to your experiences of masturbation, or to some ideal in your own head? The angle of erection can and does vary from male to male, and from experience to experience. But it's quite possible that physical exhaustion induced by lack of sleep may be a contributing factor if your erection is less than in the comfortable seclusion of your own company. If you have to work early — go to sleep earlier.

Or maybe you simply find your own company more arousing. As for your ability to control ejaculation, this will happen naturally — although masturbating before intercourse may help. If you're really worried about the numb sensation you mention, see your doctor.

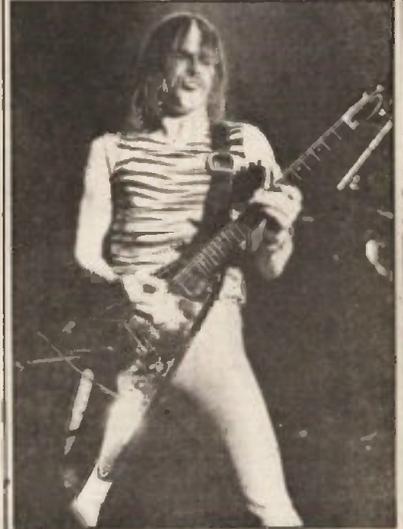
X WORD



- ACROSS**
- 1 Dave Edmunds favourite card (5,2,5)
 - 7 They've got you're number on the back of their hands (4)
 - 8 A replica of Cars (3,7,8)
 - 10 Wood or Hatper (3)
 - 11 American West Coast band, featuring Jerry Garcia (8,4)
 - 13 The Plastic Ono Band wanted to give it a chance (5)
 - 14 Group with a Nuclear Device (10)
 - 16 The girl in John Travolta's life (5)
 - 19 Who The Rats never loved (3,5)
 - 22 One of 10 cc's greatest hits (3,4,4)
 - 25 1971, Alice Cooper LP (16)
 - 27 Motors' hit (7)
 - 28 & 24 down. What Bob Geldof was caught in (3,4)
 - 29 Steely — McCallery (3)
 - 30 E.W. and Phil (4)
 - 31 See 12 down
- DOWN**
- 1 I may have started the mod revival (12)
 - 2 Painful Sao Cafe hit (8,5)
 - 3 1976, Walker Brothers hit (2,7)
 - 4 She had a Band of Gold (5,5)
 - 5 The length of Leo Sayera flight (7)
 - 6 Motor Bikin' guitarist (8)
 - 7 Supersonic Wings single (3)
 - 9 Yes bassman (5,6)
 - 12 & 31 across. Group that was Made in Japan (14,6)
 - 15 They had a 1977, hit with Northern Lights (11)
 - 17 Beatles classic (9)
 - 18 Bowie single (4)
 - 20 They had a Broken Down Angel (8)
 - 21 Supertramp's song (7)
 - 22 Group that had a hit this year, with I'll Had You (6)
 - 24 See 28 across
 - 26 The former Creme in 10 cc (3)

- LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION**
- ACROSS:** 1 Harsham Boys, 2 Leo Sayer, 9 Gangsters, 11 Old Sam Sir, 12 Who Are you, 14 Sig. 15 Duty, 16 Trower, 18 Past, 20 Lingo in The, 22 Heep, 24 Ruts, 25 Lane, 26 I'll Be There, 28 Scaggs, 31 Urush, 32 Television, 33 City Boy.
- DOWN:** 1 Highway To Hell, 2 Run For Home, 3 He's A Rebel, 4 Slip And Tickle, 5 Tonight, 6 Palmer, 8 Exile 10 Sound And Vision, 13 Yes, 17 Riot, 18 Pet, 19 Seger, 21 Three, 22 Presley, 27 Harry, 29 Bed, 33 Mac.

FEEDBACK



SCORPIONS: not exactly subtle.

WE KICK OFF with a brief excursion into the land of Kraut-rock with tax for DAVE ROBERTSON, LIVERPOOL, and MEL ROPER, SWANSEA, both instant converts to high-speed metal following the last-minute Reading Festival appearance of the Scorpions, this summer. How many British album releases so far? Seven in all, if you include the new RCA 'Best Of' compilation (PL28356), out on November 30. As for the rest, in chronological order: 'Fly To The Rainbow', (RS1023), October 1975; 'In France', (RS1039), March '76; 'Taken By Force', (PL 28309), March '76; 'Virgin Killer', (PPL 4225), February '77; 'Tokyo Tapes', (NL28331), February '79, with RCA. After signing with Harvest earlier this year, the band released 'Lovedrive', the one with the controversial cover, (SHP 4A97).

More storm and drang for TERRY KING of BASTINGSTOKE, an ardent follower of KRAFTWERK. Once more into the listings. Albums: 'Radioactivity', Capitol, January '67; 'Trans Europe Express', (EST 11603), May '77; 'The Man Machine', (EST 11728), May '77. Singles: 'Radioactivity / Antenna', (CL15853), January '76; 'Trans Europe Express / Europe Endless', (CL15917), April '77; 'Show Dummies / Europe Endless', (CL1104), July '77 (12-inch); 'The Robots / Space Love', (CL15981), April 1978; 'Neon Lights / Trans Europe Express / The Models', (CL15996), 7-inch and 12-inch; 'Showroom Dummies / Space Lab / Europe Endless', (CL 169081), July '79. There is no news whatsoever of forthcoming releases or indeed, future plans to tour in the UK, but fans can write for information or to the band c/o Capitol, Records, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES.

XTC PLANS

MORE FUEL for catalogue conscious followers of XTC, currently in the charts and on the road. Eyes down discographers — here's your starter for ten. Singles: 'Statue Of Liberty / Hang On To The Night' / Virgin, (VS201), January 1977; 'This Is Pop / Heatwave', (VS209), September '76; 'Are You Receiving Me / Instant Tunes', (VS231), April '79; 'Life Begins At The Hop / Homo Safari', (VS259), April '79; 'Makin' Plans For Nigel / Bushman President / Pulsing Pulsing', (VS282), September '79. EP: '3-d-E-P', with 'Friction / She's So Square / Dance Band', (Voice 3), April '78. Albums: 'White Music', (V2095), January '78; 'Go 2', (V2108), October '78; 'Drums And Wires', (V2129), August '79. There is no official appreciation organ for y'all to join, but you can unite with the band in long-distance spiritual harmony, and seek further information too by dropping a line to: Virgin Records, 314 Vernon Yard, Portobello Road, London.

MAIL-ORER hassies, dodgy records, catastrophic concerts, and the rest? Write to feedback, enclosing fullest possible details for instant action. Feedback, Record Mirror, 40 Long Acres, London WC2. Send fullest possible details.

Syn - rock is here!!

Knobs twiddled by TIM LOTT. Aided and abetted by CHRIS WESTWOOD

THIS IS not a feature about "new music" or "the cold wave" or the "robot age". Those, and most other labels roped haphazardly to electronic music, are emotive and finally irrelevant.

They conjure images of something gimmicky, something emotionless, something ridiculous, something ersatz. The idea that synthetic music is just cheap copy of real music — propagated by Walter Carlos and 'Switched on Bach' in the sixties — dies hard.

This is simply some information about another musical instrument, the synthesiser. It is no more and no less a machine than a guitar or violin. It is exciting and important simply because it is the first genuine original musical device to emerge for perhaps hundreds of years.

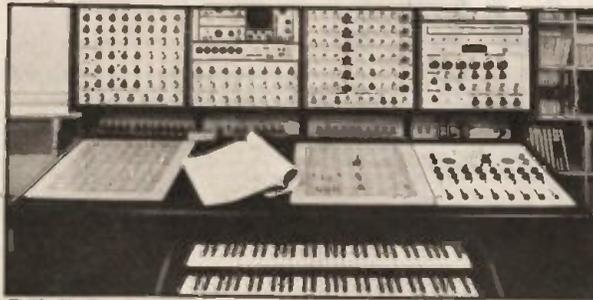
Now, after years of gradual demystification and experimentation, the synthesiser is emerging from its childhood. For a long period it was just

treated as a novelty, or something you just had to have if you were a mega star band. Up until recently its use relied more on its value as a status symbol for supergroups than any creative spark.

On the Continent too, synthesisers were emerging in the early seventies as the plaything of the avant garde. Tangerine Dream, Can, Amon Duul, Magma — all used it haphazardly for their tiresome Pink Floyd rehash jobs.

In Britain, grass roots bands studiously avoided synthesisers until recently, perhaps because of the expense, perhaps because of its bad press.

Now, suddenly, synthesisers have regained respect. Somebody somewhere — perhaps Giorgio Moroder, perhaps Kraftwerk — discovered that the synthesiser is not, after all, simply the tool of a few egghead elitists keen on formless, non-rhythmic experimentation. It is the



THIS IS the face of eighties rock.

Ideal pop device, versatile, simple and capable of that all important crossover beat.

The popularity of the synthetic sound is snowballing. 'Pop Musik' by It has been a hit all over the world. 'Are Friends Electric' produced a Number One album and single for Tubeway Army. Even an old chestnut like 'Rock Around The Clock', when given an electronic

facelift, creeps into the charts.

We have not featured bands that simply use synthesisers, but bands in which the oscillator represents their character, their whole sound. Most of the bands mentioned have been formed in the last few years, but those that haven't, have been included because of the debt those new bands owe them. Cosmic gross-

of the sci-fi age. The Teardrops are Julian Cope, Micky Finkler and Gary Dwyer. In preferring the trappings of complete normalcy to the amateur robotics of, say, Kraftwerk, they are helping strip eighties pop of its layers of 'fant and 'style'. Good records, too.

Singles: 'Sleeping Gas' (Zoo 1979), 'Bouncing Babies' (Zoo 1979).

HUMAN LEAGUE

OTHERWISE known as the Sheffield Steal, the victims of the theft in this case being Kraftwerk, right down to the twenties camp Berlin haircut (exaggerated slightly). But then, The League have progressed since the blatant plagiarisms of 'Being Bored' and still take credit for being the first

ULTRAVOX **D**ESPITE their chronic schizophrenia and newsprint unpopularity Ultravox were not as bereft of talent as they were often made out to be. True, they had a fatal tendency to swing unattractively to and fro between opposite points of the metronome; punk beginnings at one end of the arc and European synthetics at the other. True, John Foxx always tried too hard to be David Bowie. True, they often seemed unsure of their own direction. But they did produce at least one accomplished album, 'Slow Motion', their last before dissolving in January after being dropped by Island.

They're also Gary Numan's favourite band, which must mean something to somebody.



HUMAN LEAGUE: first British synthesiser band.

eighties singles charts, not leftovers from the sixties albums charts.

The synthesiser may never oust the guitar in the way that the guitar ousted orchestras and big bands before it; nor should it. But it isn't a passing fad, either. The surface is barely scratched, and the way is paved with platinum.

Where to from here? Go ask IBM.

British synthesiser band. Immensely enjoyable, and if prone to the occasional creative hiccup (like most of 'The Dignity Of Labour', which many thought to be out of character) The League still have a head start on the rest of the field. Their version of 'Nightclubbing' makes Iggy look rather lame. Adrian Wright, Ian Marsh, Martin Ware, and Phil Oakey have been

Now John Foxx is pursuing a solo career, and the new look Ultravox features Midge Ure (H) on vocals. The revamped band are doing some dates in America later this year ("We're not quite ready to be savaged by the press in Britain again yet," says bassist Chris Cross) but the real re-emergence of Ultravox probably won't take place until early next year.



ULTRAVOX: Gary Numan's favourite band.

PART OF the Scouse incest circuit populated by the likes of The Yachts and Echo And The Bunnymen, Teardrop Explodes are the human face of the oscillator overkill. Like the Silicon Teens, their interest is in pop music rather than pretence, the soul music

working for two years now, and their debut album 'Reproduction' should establish them as the premier British machine music maestros.

Albums: 'Reproduction' (Virgin 1979). Singles: 'Clits of Death / Being Bored' (Fast 1978), 'Dignity Of Labour' — 12in, including flexi disc (Fast 1979), 'Empire State Human' (Virgin 1979).

Albums: 'Ultravox' (Island 1977), 'Hal Hal Ha!' (Island 1977), 'Systems Of Romance' (Island 1978). Singles: 'Dangerous Rhythm' (Island 1978), 'Wrockwok' (Island 1977), 'Young Savage' (Island 1977), 'Quirks' (Island 1977 — free with 'Hal Hal Ha!' album), 'Slow Motion' (Island 1978), 'Quiet Man' (Island 1978).

JETHRO TULL

4 TRACK E.P. AVAILABLE NOW

Home* • King Henry's Madrigal (Theme from Mainstream) • Warm Sporan* • Solstice Bells

*Taken from the album STORMWATCH

Chrysalis

TELEX

DESPITE their image of charlatan inviolity — fostered by the ally but successful 'Rock Around The Clock' — Telex have a lot to offer those interested in the Radio 2 side of electronics. And although lightweight, Telex have produced at least one synthetic classic, 'Moskow Diskow', an almost — sendup of Kraftwerk. The trivial trio also have the misfortune to come from Belgium, the sure kiss of death for true scholars of chic. And as Telex helmsman Marc Moulin so rightly points out "electronic music is nothing but knobs". All Moulin, and his sidemen Dan Loeksman and Michael Moera are interested in is fun and good pop records, they score highly on both counts.

Albums: 'Looking For St Tropez' (Sire 1979). Singles: 'Twist A St Tropez / Le Fond De L'Air' (Sire 1979). 'Moskow Diskow' (Sire 1979), 'Rock Around The Clock' (Sire 1979).

PETER BAUMANN

APERENIALLY obscure figure, the occasional Tangerine Dream nucleus is nevertheless one of the most important figures in

electronic music. Along with Moroder and Kraftwerk he was one of the first musicians to use synthesizers as a rhythmic rather than a melodic instrument. Although prone to pretence — he has a dreadful affection for titles like 'Meadows Of Infinity' — Baumann can be quite inspired.

'Romance 76' was perhaps the first — ever electronic album worth buying, despite half of it being terribly contrived. 'Transharmonic Nights', this year's offering, is also inconsistent — and often trite — but worth a listen.

Albums: 'Romance 76' (Virgin 1976), 'Trans Harmonic Nights' (Virgin 1979). Also check Tangerine Dream albums.

SILICON TEENS

HERALDED as the first teenage electronic band ever (possibly), the Silicon teens are Liverpool's Fab Four of the eighties. Although they have only been together a couple of months and have performed no live gigs whatsoever, Darryl, Jackie, Paul and Diane have had one single released on Daniel Miller's Mute Records. Described as being "a bit like the Human League only better" and "a bit like Telex only less

gimmicky" by Daniel, who admits to a slight bias. The Silicon Teens are the mutant Monkees of the electronic age.

Singles: 'Memphis Tennessee' / 'Let's Dance' (Mute 1979).

THE NORMAL

THE NORMAL is Daniel Miller, a television engineer turned avant garde record label boss. Miller's Saturday Night Fever persona disguises a printed circuit creative heart and his

'TVOO/Warm Leatherette rates as one of the finest electronic one-offs ever. Daniel says he doesn't know what the next record will be called, but expect it before the end of the year. Also watch out for a live Normal/Robert Rental collaboration album recorded live in Paris earlier this year. "All you need to have an electronic record," says Daniel, "is a stylophone and a bit of imagination."

Singles: 'TVOO/Warm Leatherette' (Mute 1978).



Pic by Gerald McNamara

GARY NUMAN: "Everything I used to write was a rip-off from Ziggy Stardust."

originally formed in 1977 as a straightforward punk band — Numan, bassist Paul Gardener and drummer Bob Simmonds. In January 1978 they signed to Beggars Banquet. By the spring Simmonds had left and a new drummer was substituted along with the addition of a new guitarist. Two singles were recorded but they split in the Summer of 1978 only to reform a few months later to record the first album 'Tubeway Army' in November. Limited to 5,000, it has now been re-released. Numan, along with Gardener and his uncle on drums then went on to record his number one album, 'Replicas', released Spring 1979.

The latest line up featured on 'The Pleasure Principle' is Numan, Ced Sharpley (drums) and Chris Payne (keyboards). Ultravox man, Billy Currie, will also appear on tour playing keyboards.

Quote "Everything I used to write was a rip-off from Ziggy Stardust. I still do that, but I disguise them more." — Gary Numan.

Single: 'That's Too Bad' (Beggars Banquet, 1978), 'Bombers' (Beggars Banquet, 1978), 'Are Friends Electric' (Beggars Banquet, 1979), 'Cars' (Beggars Banquet, 1979). Albums: 'Tubeway Army' (Beggars Banquet, 1978), 'Replicas' (Beggars Banquet, 1979), 'The Pleasure Principle' (Beggars Banquet, 1979).

MAYBE IT'S through practice, maybe it's their haircuts, maybe Germans are simply good at that sort of thing, but the ageing Dusseidorf mannequins still represent the pinnacle of the electronic age. Although they were very much "just another bunch of Kraut rockers" up until 'Radioactivity', their last two albums have seen them peak. Kraftwerk are the perfect example of the real potential of electronic music, and although some find their transsexual / mechanical posturing rather cloying their grasp of the scope of electronic music is incomparable.

The root of Kraftwerk, Rolf Hutter and Florian Schneider have worked on some nice albums together, although they were for the most part dispensable until 'Autobahn', which produced a surprise hit single. 'Radioactivity' developed the rhythmic side of the band, an aspect that blossomed to incredible effect on 'Trans Europe Express'.

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and 'The Man Machine'. Muller and Schneider are currently coupled with percussionists Wolfgang Flur and Karl Bartos, and the cloak of robot uniformity that the band has adopted has been plagiarised by many, from Devo, to Gary Numan, to Bill Nelson. The most important and the most exciting of synthetic musicians. Watch out for new album later this year. Capitol say there will be "an announcement shortly".

Singles: 'Radioactivity' (1976), 'Trans-Europe Express' (1977), 'Showroom Dummies' (1977), 'The Robots' (1978), 'Neon Lights / Trans Europe Express / The Model' (1978), 'Showroom Dummies / Spacelab / Europe Endless' (August 1979). Albums: 'Kraftwerk 1' (deleted) (Philips), 'Kraftwerk 2' (deleted) (Philips), 'Kraftwerk' (1973) (Phonogram), 'Rott and Florian' (1974) (Phonogram), 'Autobahn' (1974) (Phonogram), 'Radioactivity' (1976) (Capitol), 'Trans Europe Express' (1977) (Capitol), 'The Man Machine' (1978) (Capitol). All pre-Capitol singles deleted.

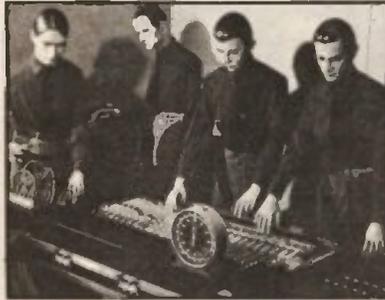
FAD GADGET

FAD GADGET, known to blood relatives as Frank Tovey, is 23 years old and making a living working in a furniture warehouse, which he describes, quite correctly, as "pretty boring". An art college grad, he has one single, 'Back To Nature / The Box' released on Mute records shortly. Although a Bowie / Tubeway Army parallel is blatant, the record has an insistence that is difficult to ignore. The original demo was recorded in a 4ft x 4ft cupboard which might go some way towards explaining the claustrophobic nature of both compositions. Fad has so far done just one gig — with an electric piano, a fuzz box and a tape recorder — but a tour with a Continental electronic band may be on the cards later this year.

Singles: 'Back To Nature / The Box' (Mute 1979).

JEAN MICHEL JARRE

DESPITE ALL his disadvantages in life — being rich, handsome and married to Charlotte Rampling — Jarre has managed to drag himself out of the indolence of affluence



KRAFTWEK: 'take another look at these dumplings.'

and establish himself as second only to Moroder as unit shifter extraordinaire. Typically European he is more concerned with "culture" than "fun" but his art is in the right place if you get my drift. Jarre is perennially underrated because of his underlying pomposity. But he is a painstaking and meticulous craftsman in his work, and has spliced together some dynamic moments on both 'Oxygene' and 'Equinoxe'. Admittedly only on the borders of the English synthetic culture — much of his work gravitates towards the earlier, melodic / experimental approach —

Jarre is still a more worthwhile musician than his critics would suggest.

Albums: 'Oxygene' (Polydor, 1977), 'Equinoxe' (Polydor, 1978).

Singles: 'Oxygene 4' (Polydor 1977), 'Equinoxe 5' (Polydor 1978), 'Equinoxe 4' (Polydor 1979).

GIORGIO MORODER

ALTHOUGH he looks more like a Spanish waiter than the kingly technocrat of the electronic age, Giorgio Moroder has been the most potent single force in popularising synthetic sound. Like ABBA, his name is alternately reviled and revered by fashionable young men, one minute a crass charlatan, the next an important innovator. He was certainly ahead of the pack; 'Son Of My Father' — covered in England by Chicory Tip — was the first successful record to use synthesiser as its main instrumental track. For all its crassness it represented some sort of milestone, as did Donna Summer's 'I Feel Love' in 1977 which put the Kraftwerk mekkanik disco sound at Number One. Giorgio, of course produced, but it was his record.

Similarly Moroder dragged Sparks back into the limelight through his disco mincing machine this year. He sometimes seems more engineer than artist, but his circuits are printed in Platinum. 'E-MC2', his new album is the first electronic live - to - digital record, a complex technical process which finally touches the ultimate "computer as artist" concept, both commercially successful and artistically erratic. Giorgio Moroder is nevertheless the sultan of the silicon chip.

Singles: 'Knight In White Satin' (Oasis 1978), 'Chase' (Casablanca 1978). Also check: 'Number One Song In Heaven' Sparks (Album 1979 Virgin), 'I Feel Love' Donna Summer (Single 1977 Casablanca), 'Munich Machine' Munich Machine (Album 1977 Oasis).

Albums: 'Knight In White Satin' (Oasis, 1978), 'Chase' (Casablanca, 1978), 'E-MC2' (Oasis, 1978).

ROUGH ESTIMATES put sales of 'Pop Muzik' at around two million which means that M mastermind, Robin

Scott is well on the way to overtaking his old art school chum Malcolm McLaren in the cash input stakes. Like McLaren, Scott has a keen eye for image, if at the other end of the scale from the Pistols: 'M' wear suits, ID badges and sport a clean shaven, fresh underpants ambience. Whether M really fit into this feature or not remains to be seen. 'Pop Muzik' being very much on a knife edge between the synthetic and the "classic". A brilliant record all the same and it leaves no doubt about the potential of the "organisation". An album is on the way later this year. 'M', incidentally, is not just Scott, though he produces, writes, sings and plays sax. Wally Badaron was responsible for the synthesiser hook. Also featured were Philip Gould (drums), Julian Scott (bass), Guy Barnado (sax) and Brigitte Vinchon (vocals). Singles: 'Moderne Man' (Do It Records re-released on MCA 1979), 'Pop Muzik' (MCA).

THROBBING GRISTLE

LAMBASTED BY many as the most garish, outlandish and alienative of the synthesiser bands, Throbbing Gristle are cynical exponents of electronic minimalism. Throbbing Gristle evolved from Coun Transmissions, essentially an anti-art foursome whose work extended beyond "music" itself and into art gallery exhibitionism. They both reject and parody what we stile as rock and roll culture, produce a noise which is

vis: gigs, recording schedules, finance. They do what they want when they want and invite no one to see them, write about them or buy their records.

A new album was expected late October, and is purportedly their commercial shot. "It's really nice," commented lynch-pin Genesis P-Orridge. "mums and dads will like it."

Gristle subject matter is the root cause of much controversy; their fascination with the morbid, the gruesome and the naughty brings in the flak, but is never calculated shock - horror, and always based on factual occurrences.

Throbbing Gristle aren't always easy or pretty, but they cleverly mirror the utter, worthlessness of much current commercial music. Other Industrial releases pinpoint the furtherance of new and experimental music — the Renal / Leer axe, Monte Cazazza and Swedish punk band The Leather Nun.

Singles: 'United' (Industrial '78), 'Five Knuckle Shuffle' (Sordid Sentimental Import '79). Albums: 'First Annual Report — The Best Of TG' (Industrial tape '76 — deleted), '2nd Annual Report' (Industrial '77 deleted; reissued by Fetish as "official" bootleg), 'DOA — 3rd And Final Report' (Industrial '79), '20 Jazz Funk Greats' (Industrial '79), Monte Cazazza 'To Mom On Mothers Day' (Industrial '79), Leather Nun 'Slow Death EP' (Industrial '79). Also on Industrial ... Albums: Robert Renal & Thomas Leer 'The Bridge' (Industrial '79).

art exhibition; its significance could be overestimated, but Cabaret Voltaire's music seems very much a reaction to established rock trails and accepted artistic standards.

Their sound is fraught with ironies: normal things — guitar, voice — become synthetically treated into unrecognisable areas, whilst everything they do, no matter how tough or ugly, is essentially always rhythmic - danceable.

Their stage approach is fraught with ironies. Mallingder (bass / voice) might well be criticised for his dry, serious presence at gigs ... but he's basically just nervous.

The Cabs: a band with a sense of the bizarre, they are strange but recommendable.

Singles: 'Headkick EP' (Rough Trade '78), 2 tracks included on 'A Factory Sample' (Factory '78), 'Nag Nag Nag' (Rough Trade '79). Album: 'Mix-Up' (Rough Trade '79).

FILE UNDER POP

SIMON LEONARD, Ian Kerr and Susan Stein are a London - based three - piece, formed about around two years ago. File Under Pop are described here in their own words: "At first we played 'songs' which veered on experimental style — ie, not using the guitars only to various treatments and effects, we also became interested in the idea of 'portable performances'. We performed at the Barbican Estate, London.



CABARET VOLTAIRE: took their name from a Dadaist exhibition.

often ugly and impeneferable, for which they are promptly dismissed. Their mutual interest lies in the side-effects of music which complies to nothing so much as its own rules and regulations, not the rules and regulations of something (rock) which has long been established / contrived. TG's prime forte is the unexpected. Their 'United' single was a charming pop song, just to prove they could write and perform something within a mode of convention The B-side, 'Zycion B Zombie' was, ironically, as unattractively uncomfortable as anything they ever did. Working within their own Industrial Records complex, there's precious little pressure

CABARET VOLTAIRE

THE CABS, as they're affectionately dubbed in their Sheffield

hometown, are a long-standing — five year — example of a break from the musical norm.

A three - piece, Chris Watson, Stephen Mallingder and Richard Kirk, Cabaret Voltaire are as radical / individual as any current "experimental" band, reluctant to comply to any expectations, be they musical or financial. To wit: a spate of press coverage mid-'78 merely saw the band making a retreat to their collective shells, avoiding gigs and recording processes.

The Cabaret Voltaire was the first Dadaist anti-

using radios and tapes and a portable oscillator. At the same time, we were playing under more traditional circumstances, although adapting these to suit our performance style — ie, not using the stage, but other parts of the building, a way in which we saw less separation of audience and performers, less of the hierarchical nature of performance.

Their 'Heathrow' single was compiled from an hour's tape recordings made at the airport, edited down to five minutes. Pure sounds, as well as synthetic sounds, will be introduced for an album, towards which they're working at the moment.

Singles: 'Heathrow' (Rough Trade '79), 'After All Love' (Output '79).

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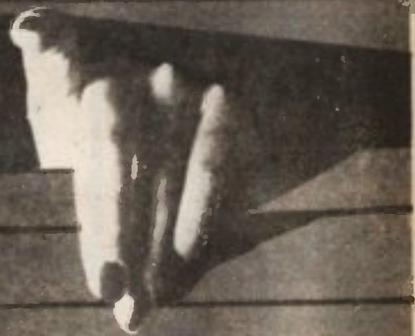
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FLYS UNDONE



FLYS: Doors may open and doors may close but Marlowe rip-offs go on for ever.

It had been a dead weekend. I'd eaten, watched TV and fed the cat and that was about all that went down excitement-wise.

By ten Monday morning I had showered and shaved and was trying to figure out if three hours of sack time had done me more harm than good. A plan was beginning to mesh in my head and I

fortified it by climbing into my only suit. It's a dark blue double-breasted worsted that wears well under duress. I threw in my lucky tie for good measure.

I dialled an old friend who is in PR and asked if he would be kindly disposed to getting wrecked with me. Mike Wellensky said he'd call back later.

It was now 20 after four and I was worried. Another hit on the bourbon and my disquiet

was subdued. The phone rang and Wellensky drawled: "Get your ass round here quick... like now!"

I jumped the first yellow hack, though not before slotting six stugs in my snub-nosed .32. I had a feeling that tonight meant trouble.

By nine that night we were in Edinburgh. Athens of the north and to be precise Tiffany's, a dive on the lower East Side. The cold gun metal that was itching to kill felt

good against my skin. For tonight we were at a Ruts gig and the joint was jumping with ugly looking punks. Wellensky had brought me to this place to speak to the four noods that are supporting this racket. I'm told that these killers are collectively known as The Flys and that their latest aural outrage is called 'Flys' Own'. I smiled wryly having written for one of these pap papers once.

"These have been the

worst six weeks of my life," confesses guitarist Dave Freeman, "and you can print that." I took out my note-book and scribbled. "It's only 17 miles from Dunfermline to Edinburgh yet The Ruts turn up at nine for their soundcheck. Thank God it's the last night, that's all I can say." The young buck knocks back his vodka and storms off to get the boys together.

Ten minutes later the tour strap on their gear. I plunge deep into my

wallet and pull out the other three identikit pics. Sure enough on drums there's Graham Deakin, on bass is Joe Hughes and on other guitar and vocals is Neil O'Connor.

These four looked a nasty piece of work so I jammed my hand into my pocket and pointed my finger at them the way George Raft did in the movies. But The Flys didn't go to the movies. They ripped forth sterling rock music that could have crushed a grizzly's skull.

Reference points stem from Bowie circa 'Ziggy' - Bowie that is at his hook line bristling best. Best lemur pumper of the night were '15 Down', a song described elsewhere as the best aeroplane disaster song of all time and the encore of the Velvet Underground's 'Run, Run Run'. Freeman and O'Connor share chirpy vocals and guitar duties. I thought that the former went overboard a little with the psychedelic six string histrionics and I would question the structuring of the set. Still the crowd swelled as they played on and by the end they received some healthy hysterics.

I strolled back to the bar and considered how light they were. I ordered and labbed a Whisky Mac and watched The Ruts make fools of themselves. Downing my 29th drink I adjusted my sege tribly and sauntered down to the band's hotel. The night porter was felled in one by my right to the jaw and the door of the third floor room gave way easily to my out of date and used credit card. Stealthily I locked the door only to be confronted by Neil O'Connor and his wife. "What the..." he blurted before I could pull my .32. I told him to sit down, and educate me. Go.

How you enjoying this tour?
"I've enjoyed playing but the in between times I've found very, very frustrating. The Ruts have been very fair I think. There have been times when we haven't had soundchecks and that is frustrating, going out there and not knowing how you're going to sound."

But your partner Oave said that this tour had been the worst six weeks of his life.

"When you step out there you tend to over-react to circumstances. Every member has had a wally time at some point during the tour. Oave had his in Hemel Hempstead when he walked off after three numbers. I had one, the first one in Cambridge. It comes from playing to a punk audience when the music is not UK Subs, Ruts, or Oamned. We've been playing to their audience and that is what they

want, the majority of them anyway. It also comes not only from the gobbing and everything that goes with that but from not playing too many gigs together and because of the lay-offs we've had."

Layoffs, bud?
"Graham only joined us in August. The last drummer wasn't into what we wanted to do so we had to say to him that there was no point in continuing with him. There was a big decision time for us when we were doing rehearsals and demos for this album. He's a good drummer but he realised we realised so he moved back to Coventry. I think he'll do OK."

How come you got into this game?

"Well I met Dave through his mum and Joe and Dave were at school together. I'm 5 or 6 years older than they are. They decided what they wanted to play and I showed them a few things but basically they laughed themselves. That was about five years ago. We began messing about and getting progressively better. Then came the 'Bunch Of Five' EP which was financed by our last manager. His brother became our first drummer."

What's the scam on Deakin's record?

He's played with John Entwistle's Ox and Frankie Miller but I don't think he's had an identity with any of those bands. With The Flys he has the opportunity to be known as Graham Deakin of The Flys rather than Graham from John Entwistle's or Frankie Miller's band. We're playing music that he wants to play. He's well into people like Keith Moon, people that make a noise but are always there when necessary."

Any past vinyl convictions?

"I think that there were perhaps a few wrong tracks on the first album and I think that the singles taken off it were perhaps wrong. We all thought 'Namedropping' was the one (Note: 'Namedropping' is a dashed attractive record). Why d'ya think it failed?"

"We've never been fashionable and we've never been unfashionable so no taste-makers have ever picked up on us. I think that has something to do with it. We're still really trying to find out who our audiences are. We'll find them though. They're out there somewhere," concludes O'Connor like a true rock and roll hit man.

Someone on the street below us a siren began to wail. I'd remember. The night would forget.

Author's note: Basically what I'm trying to say is that you should catch the Flys. RONNIE 'JOE SCARLATTI' GUOR

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BIRMINGHAM, Underworld (021 477 7985), Tours
BIRMINGHAM, University (021 472 1541), Am Faturu
BLACKPOOL, Tiffanys (21572), Squeeze
BOURNEMOUTH, Town Hall (27058), Gang Of Four / Red Crayola / Au Pairs / Delta 5
BRADFORD, Palm Cove, The Cuts / The Fashions / The Associates
BRADFORD, Princeville (7545), Deadring
BRADFORD, St George's Hall (32513), The Undertones
BRIGHTON, Hungry Years, Marine Parade (604409), Airport
BRISTOL, Crown Cellar Bar, Apartment
BRISTOL, Granary (28272), Bethnal / Screams
BUCKLEY, The Ballroom (2782), Black Gortia
CAERPHILLY, Double Diamond, Mary Wilson
CANTERBURY, Art College (69311), Here And Now / Sploogenesisounds

CARDIFF, Smiley's, Pointless Exercise
CHATHAM, HMS Pembroke, Fish Cats
CHATHAM, White Lion (4367), Prodigal Son
COLCHESTER, Essex University (72482), Piranhas
DUBLIN, Olympic Ballroom (754227 / 782347), Dr Feelgood / The Specials / The Blades
DUBLIN, RDS Hall, Simmons Court (680845), Oyven
EASTWODD, Langley Mill Club, Nightmaro
EDINBURGH, Odeon (031 667 3091), John Martyn
ELLESMERE PORT, Bulls Head, Stonehead
GLASGOW, Apollo (041 332 921), Cliff Richard
GLASGOW, University (041 339 6591), Chris and Ian Turvey Band
GLASGOW, Red Lion (65127), Nighttrier
HALESOWEN, Tiffanys (021 4227671), Diamond Head
HENDON, Middlessex Polytechnic, Speed-O-Meter
HULL, Wellington Club, Wellington Street, John Cooper Clarke / Chris Sneyd And The Freshies / The Out
KINGSTON, Polytechnic, Psychedelic Furs / Bauhaus
LAKENHEATH, USAF Club, The Running Dogs



LINDA AND PAUL: on the road again

THEY'RE BACK! After a three-year absence, WINGS take-off on their extensive winter tour, complete with drummer Steve Holly and guitarist Lawrence Juber making their first public UK appearance. First off is McCartney's home territory, Merseyside, with three nights at Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (Saturday, Sunday and Monday), followed by a double-tilt at Manchester Apollo (Wednesday and Thursday 29).

A mixed selection of talent trends the boards for a special charity gig in celebration of the International Year of the Child 1979, at Wembley Arena (Thursday). The concert, featuring GARY NUMAN, DAVID ESSEX, SKY, WISHBONE ASH and CAT STEVENS is now sold out, but those of you who didn't manage to get tickets will have a chance to view the proceedings, courtesy of co-promoters, the BBC. Same night, there's another multi-package — this time at Hammersmith, as old team-mates IAN HUNTER and MICK RONSON duke it up with RACHEL SWEET.

Better late than never, **THE DAMNED** embark on their new series of dates, kicking-off at Leicester De Montfort Hall (Thursday), followed hothot by Cambridge Corn Exchange (Friday), Peterborough Winton Stadium (Saturday), Cardiff Top Rank (Sunday), Sheffield Top Rank (Monday), and Brighton Top Rank (Wednesday).

What else? XTC follow up the chart success of a man called Nigel, opening at Nottingham University (Friday), Birmingham University (Saturday), Reading Hexagon (Sunday), Canterbury Odeon (Monday), Norwich Cornwells (Tuesday), and Manchester University, (Wednesday). JAM, supported by THE VAPORS move on QUEEN accelerate the royal chariot... and JOHN MILES goes cross-country with dates including Coventry New Theatre (Saturday), and Redcar Coatham Bowl (Sunday).

And there's a debut tour for **THE STILETTOS**, recently signed to Ariola, with a massive 31-date to prove their giggering ability — Hull Tiffany's (Monday), Rugby Emaline's (Tuesday), High Wycombe Nags Head (Wednesday). Check the listings too, but don't forget to ring before you go.

BLTYNE, Golden Eagle (4343), Carl Green And The Scene / The Cassettes / Dave Barberian
BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens (26440), Gallagher And Lyle / Judie Tzuke
BRADFORD, Palm Cove, The Teenbeats
BRADFORD, Royal Standard (27886), One Adult
BRADFORD, St George's Hall (32513), Motorhead / Saxon
BRANDON, RAF Lakenheath (3121), Clem Curtis And The Foundations
BRIGHTON, University (693114), Hero and now / Sploogenesisounds
BRISTOL, University (35035), John Miles / Roy Sundholm Band
CAERPHILLY, Double Diamond (86777), Mary Wilson
CAMBRIDGE, Corn Exchange (86787), The Damned
CHELTENHAM, St John's and St Mary's College (Cirencester 61483), Medium Medium
CHELTENHAM, Shaftsbury Hall, The Silks / Creation Rebel / Dead Airman
CORK, Connelly Hall, Planxy
COVENTRY, University of Warwick (27406), Samson
COVERACK, Youth Club
Metro Gider
DALKEITH, Lothian Arms, Traith
ODDLEY, JB's (53597), The Stiletto
USN Base Officer
DUNDEE, College of Technology (2775), Original Mirrors / Veinomas
EDINBURGH, The Art College (31229 821), The Fingers
EDINBURGH, Astoria (031 661 7682), Another Pretty Face (Cambodian Refugees' Benefit)
EDINBURGH, Netherbow Theatre (031 556 9579), Visitors / Day Trippers
GALASHIELS, Tailman Disco, Market Street, The Chesham
GLENROTHES, Rother Arms (753701), Rough Justice
GUILDFORD, Star (32487), Matchbox
GLoucester, USN Base Officer of Surrey (71281), Caravan
HARROW, King's Head (4225541), The Mods
HASTINGS, Ocean Bar, The Kingsbury, Bandwagon (21291), Angel Whiff
KINGSTON, Grove Tavern (01 549 5080), Stripes
KIRKCALDY, Eric Bell Band (69279), Black Market
KIRKLEAVINGTON, Country Club (Eaglescliffe 780983), Speed-o-Meats
LANCASTER, White Horse Inn (208), The Fans
LEEDS, Florida Green Hotel (490934), The Movies
LEICESTER, University (26651), The Cooper Clarks / Chris Sneyd And The Freshies / The Out
LEMSWORTH, United Services Club, Zorro
LIVERPOOL, Oscar's (051 709 383), Dick Smith Band
LIVERPOOL, Polytechnic (051 236 2481), Revillos
LONDON, Acklam Hall, Porticello Road (01 960 4599), Demon Preacher / The Normal Hawaiian / Public Animal Number Nine / The Car Parks
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01 476 2693), The Brakes / The Strikes
LONDON, Central London Polytechnic, Anti-Nuclear (01 636 6271), Local Operator / The Heat / Mighty Whybes
LONDON, City of London Polytechnic (01 347 1441), The Scappo
LONDON, Clerkenwell Youth Club, Bowling Green Lane (01 253 1534), Silencers / The Effect / The
LONDON, Grogwells, Chalk Farm Road (01 267 4967), Revelation
LONDON, Electric Ballroom, Camden (01 485 9006), Gang Of Four / Red Crayola / The Pop Group / Au Pairs / Delta 5
LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01 385 3942), The Blues Band
LONDON, Half Moon, Putney (01 788 2387), The Blues Band

LONDON, Hampstead Town Hall (01 278 4444), The Resisters / SpoilSports
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01 359 4510), Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01 437 8863), Moon Martin And The Ravens
LONDON, Moonlight Railway Hotel, West Hampstead (01 992 8863), The 45s / Kicks / South Circular
LONDON, Nashville Kensington (01 603 60781), GFI
LONDON, Princess Louise, High Holborn (01 405 8816), Scoop
LONDON, Towers, Westminster Bridge Road, Matchbox
MAIDSTONE, Mid Kent College, Roger Chapman And The Snort List
MANCHESTER, Apollo Ardwick (061 273 1112), Squeeze
NELSON, Railway Workers Club (83741), The Nice Men
NEWCASTLE, Polytechnic (28761), Secret Affair / Squire
NEWPORT, The Village (0119491), The Cure / The Passions / The Associates
NORWICH, Keswick College (56541), The Running Dogs
NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper (51311), Bethnal
NOTTINGHAM, University (51311), XTC
OXFORD, New Theatre (4544), Hawkwind
PETERBOROUGH, Pant
PORT TALBOT, Nine Volts Club, Racing Cars
READING, University (860222), Psychedelic Furs
ROTHAM, London Hotel, Dangerous Girls
RETFOUR, Porterhouse (709881), Piranhas
SALFORD, University (061 738 74311), Chesham
SALISBURY, City Hall (27676), Thieves Like Us / The Marlian Schoolgirls
SCARBOROUGH, Penhouse (62304), Slaughter And The Dogs
SHEFFIELD, Crucible Theatre (799223), Maddy Prior
SHEFFIELD, Limit Club (70086), Screams
SHEFFIELD, Medical School, The Vips
SOUTHPORT, New Theatre (4044), Maria Muldrar
STAFFORD, North Staffordshire Polytechnic, Beaconside (52331), Straight 8
STALYBRIDGE, Commercial Hotel, Direct Hits
SUNDERLAND, Annabettes
ULSTER, Unit One (01 574 2005), The Attendants / The Statisticians
WEYMOUTH, College of Education (72311), Sia-Prest

SIMPLE MINDS TOUR U.K. '79

NOVEMBER
Friday 16th ABERDEEN, University
Saturday 17th GLASGOW, Queen Margaret's Union
Sunday 18th ST ANDREWS, University
Monday 19th EDINBURGH, Tiffanys
Wednesday 21st WOLVERHAMPTON, Poly
Friday 23rd BIRMINGHAM, Aston University
Saturday 24th NEWCASTLE, University
Tuesday 27th SHREWSBURY, Music Hall
Wednesday 28th COLCHESTER, Essex University
Thursday 29th PORT TALBOT, Troubadour
Friday 30th LIVERPOOL, Enics

DECEMBER

Saturday 1st MANCHESTER, Poly
Sunday 2nd LEEDS, Florida Green Hotel
Wednesday 5th NORWICH, University of East Anglia
Thursday 6th SHEFFIELD, Limit Club
Friday 7th STAFFORD, North Staffs Poly
Saturday 8th NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper
Monday 10th EXETER, University
Wednesday 12th KEELE, University
Thursday 13th LONDON, Marquee
Friday 14th LONDON, Marquee

Simple Minds - New Album - Real to Real Cacophony

THE I-SPY DANCING IN THE STREET TOUR SECRET & AFFAIR SQUIRE

NOVEMBER

Thursday 15th COVENTRY, Tiffany
Friday 16th CAMBRIDGE, Corn Exchange
Saturday 17th READING, University
Sunday 18th BRADFORD, The Pant
Monday 19th WALSLEY, Unity Hall
Wednesday 21st BRADFORD, University
Thursday 22nd LINCOLN, Drill Hall
Friday 23rd NEWCASTLE, Poly
Saturday 24th MANCHESTER, Wardour Street (01 437 8863), Mobile
Monday 26th WOLVERHAMPTON, Civic Hall
Tuesday 27th LEICESTER, University
Wednesday 28th LIVERPOOL, University
Friday 30th ABERDEEN, University

DECEMBER

Saturday 1st ST ANDREWS University
Sunday 2nd GLASGOW, Wilson's
Monday 3rd EDINBURGH, Tiffanys
Tuesday 4th AYLES, Pavilion
Wednesday 5th THE FRIED POLY
Thursday 6th COLCHESTER, Essex University
Friday 7th CANTERBURY, Odeon
Saturday 8th LONDON, BAINBOW
Sunday 9th BRISTOL, Locarno
Monday 10th BOURNEMOUTH, Village Bowl
Wednesday 12th SHREWSBURY, Music Hall
Thursday 13th GUILDFORD, Civic Hall
Friday 14th GLOUCESTER, West Eastern Pavilion

SECRET & AFFAIR - THE ALBUM - GLOBY BOYS

LEEDS, Royal Park Hotel (785078), Proposition 31
LEICESTER, De Montfort Hall (7832), The Damned
LEYSWODEN, Isle of Sheppey, New Island Hotel, The Shettos
LIMERICK, Savoy (44844), Planxy
LINCOLN, Drill Hall (24303), Caravan
LIVERPOOL, Enics (051 236 7881), Landscape
LONDON, Acklam Hall, Porticello Road (01 960 4599), Mink and Friends (LCC)
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01 478 2699), Mo-dettes / Wasted Youth
LONDON, Dingwells, Chalk Farm Road (01 267 4967), The Shirts / Critical Mass
LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01 385 3942), The Kiddo Band
LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01 748 4081), Ian Hunter / Mick Ronson / Rachel Sweet
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01 359 4510), The Tomates
LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01 636 0933), Sons Of Jah
LONDON, 101 Club, St Johns Place, Clapham (01 221 8309), Kevin Armstrong's Local Heroes
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01 437 8863), Mobile
LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, West Hampstead (01 992 8863), Boney Boys / The Back Numbers
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01 748 0428), Cuddly Toys / Features / Embryo
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01 603 60781), Sports / Paul Goodman
LONDON, The Swan, Hammersmith Broadway (01 748 1043), Badlands
LONDON, Thomas A Beckett, Old Kent Road (01 703 7334), Flatbackers

LONDON, Old Hat, Ealing, The Mode
LONDON, Wembley Arena (01 902 1234), Gary Numan / Wishbone Ash / David Essex / Cat Stevens / Sky (International Year Of The Child Benefit)
LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01 286 5403), Armes Like Us / The Jump
LOUGHBOROUGH, Town Hall (81511), Maddy Prior
MACCLESFIELD, Krumbeins (23752), Lies All Lies
MANCHESTER, De M new Osbourne, The Name / Back To Zero
MANCHESTER, Polytechnic (961 273 1182), Manchester Men
MANCHESTER, The Squal, Zanathus / Any Trouble / The Cheethas
NEW BRIGHTON, Riverside Hotel, Dick Smith Band
NOTTINGHAM, Heally Goodfellow (42257), The Drug Squad
PAISLEY, TUC Club, Gina And The Rockin' Hebeles
PEWZANGIE, De M etzas, Seatron, Sabotage
PERTH, Plough Inn (22251), The Cheethas
PLYMOUTH, Polytechnic (81911), Samson
PLYMOUTH, Talk Of The South, Metro Gider
PORTSMOUTH, Polytechnic (81911), Samson
PORT TALBOT, The Sandman, The Flies
PORT TALBOT, Troubadour (77868), Simple Minds
PRESTON, Clouds, Delegation
PRESTON, The Warehouse, The Fall
READING, Sweeney's, The Romantics
SALFORD, Bulls Head, The Salford Jets
SCARBOROUGH, Penhouse (6304), Carl Green And The Scene / The Cassettes / Dave Barberian

SHEFFIELD, Limit Club (730949), The Movies
SHEFFIELD, The Penguin, The Accelerators
SHEFFIELD, University (24076), Eric Bell Band
SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont (2972), Gallagher And Lyle / Judie Tzuke
SOUTHAMPTON, Joiners Arms (25812), Lip Moves
SOUTHEND, Scamps (40299), Bastille
STEVENAGE, The Swan, Heroes
STOKE NEWINGTON, Victoria Hall (24641), Motorhead / Saxon
THORNABY, Conservative Club, Vardis
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Hanover Hall, Vivaldi Third
WIGAN, Casino, Human Data
WOLVERHAMPTON, Civic Hall (21356), The Jam / The Vapors

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 23

ABERAVON, Nine Volts Club (Port Talbot 6072), Little Bo Bitch / Racing Cars
ABERDEEN, University (62723), John Martyn
BELFAST, Queens University (415133), Dr Feelgood / The Specials / DC Nien
BIRMINGHAM, Aston University (021 359 6531), Simple Minds
BIRMINGHAM, Golden Eagle (021 643 5403), Sensible Suggestions / Catch 22
BIRMINGHAM, Underworld Club (021 477 7985), Cowboys International
BIRMINGHAM, University (021 472 1841), The Human League
BIRMINGHAM, Underworld Club (021 477 7985), The Pop Group / Au Pairs / Delta 5
LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01 385 3942), The Blues Band
LONDON, Half Moon, Putney (01 788 2387), The Blues Band

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 24

ABERYSTWYTH, College of Librarianship, Little Bo Bitch
AYR, Darlington Hotel (88275), JALN Band
BARKINGSIDE, Old Maypole Club, Matchbox
BLAUNTON, Lion Bar, Salford Jets
BIRMINGHAM, National Exhibition Centre (021 780 4141), Queen
BIRMINGHAM, University (021 472 1841), XTC / Screams
BISHOPS STORTFORD, Triad Leisure Centre (56333), Eplin Piles / Spelling Mistakes
BLACKPOOL, Norbreck Castle (52341), The Revillos
BODMIN, Jail Club, Sabotage (private party)
BOURNEMOUTH, College of Education (1938), Lip Moves
BRADFORD, Royal Standard (27886), One Adult
BRIGHTON, Northern Hotel, York Place (602518), Airport
CANTERBURY, Kenil University (64724), John Cooper Clarke / Chris Sneyd And The Freshies / The Out
CARDIFF, Heath Hospital, Screen Gema
CAERPHILLY, Double Diamond (86777), Mary Wilson
CHELTENHAM, St John's, Caves, Prudgall Son

ROAD SHOWS

JOE JACKSON Zellerbach Auditorium, Berkeley

ONLY JOE Jackson's second tour Stateside and already he's headlining in medium-sized halls. Berkeley's university theatre has two tiers of balconies that look like the sides of council flats. They're packed out.

The man is preceded by No Sisters, a San Francisco dance band consisting of four brothers and a drummer and then dollops of reggae. Finally the lights dim and a huge Union Jack is lowered from the ceiling. A nationwide backdrop for an undeniably English performer.

JJ's off and running with 'Look Sharp', his theme song and a comment both on Joe's perception and his dress. Sharp in his suit and in good voice it's a confident opener.

Tonight's show features the best of the two albums, a rhythmic mixture of white reggae and down the line rock, introduced by Joe's chatter, a combination of music hall impresario and the strictly confidential.

Joe moves about a lot, gawkiily enough, pounding his fist, "the guy with the big feet", a friendly penguin. Joe's uncertainty remains in his movements which are endearingly amateur.

Private yet professional, aggressive but uncertain, Joe has all the power of someone who's discovered a voice despite it all and is damned proud of it but not quite used to it. Joe's proud of staying raw so what we get is power without posturing.

Joe introduces all the songs chatting away like a folkie, the audience's best friend on equal terms with a quick wink. He hovers about his band, gives the crowd a lecture on the News of the World, a copy of which he's brought from Canada. "Scandal, filth and sex," he says with a spiv's leer and launches into 'Sunday Papers'.

The songs alternatively thrash out or reflect. The band have developed a strong identity around Graham Maby's bass as lead instrument, backed by Gary Sanford, looking like the fourth member of the Police, on rhythm guitar. A reggae arrangement. The drums power it all along and Joe decorates the sound with piano and melodica.

Jackson remains not so much your overage Joe as one of the people with a voice of his own. On 'Friday' he fills the stage with an imported disco crowd which he conducts — he likes his theatre. 'Is She Really Going Out With Him?' is virtually a singalong, the new songs as strong as not as catchy. The crowd loves him. He gives them a couple of encores to demonstrate his heritage, 'Come On' and a Ramones tune. Like he

says in 'Kinda Cute', "I'm the guy with the big feet but plenty of nerve". He the new man, no way macho but tongue in cheek and a word in your ear. He's got plenty of room. MARK COOPER

HAWKWIND Odeon, Edinburgh

CERTAIN BANDS never fail to amaze me. How can this famous, though individually anonymous, combo trot around the country playing to sold out crowds of maniacs who perform the expected ritual perfectly, year after year?

Down in the front stalls an acid casualty cart-wools and somersaults away through the interval, all hair and denim. Not that I mind one or the other, but they are an horrendous combination. A big band version of 'Silver Machine' plays and the Hawkwind chant that interspersed the Doll By Doll get reaches heights of fervour.

Doll by Doll actually acquitted themselves admirably though I have seen them play better. Totally unstylish the band are true members of the old school. The crowd here's them.

The bands soaring and flexible vocal talents and the strobe-laden 'Palace Of Love' are, despite being intrinsically nasty, hugely entertaining. The ice cream ladies wore out, trays afloat, selling their wares before the Dolls had vacated the stage. The lads certainly wowed them.

Hawkwind, rock's answer to a rotary club, are currently Dave Brock and Huw Lloyd-Langton on guitars, Tim Blake on mountains of keyboards, Simon King on drums and Harvey Bainbridge on bass. Hipper than hip pedigrees you couldn't ask for. Visually they are still stunning. Bob Calvert has left with his outre theatrics but one can still marvel at Brock's nutty professor chic. Blake's silver stride and Bainbridge's green and brown striped barnet.

King and Lloyd-Langton tear into their instruments like ex-Ramones. Crowd reaction is on a par with a Nuremberg rally. 'Shut Down In The Dark' opens and immediately it is easy to see that bands like the Strangers are going where Hawkwind have been. Whether the bands are futuristic or out dated I know not. Suffice to say their bombastic bluster is undeniable. The lads do tend however to drag things to extraneous, dragging each number out to around the 10 minute mark.

Stoned, it must have been a fine show, straight it reeked of anachronism, but then again nostalgia isn't a time in the past, not as far as a Hawkwind crowd are concerned. The scissers of an editing room would have made my night brighter but that would defeat the band's purpose in life. RONNIE GURR



THE JAM'S Bruce Foxton in action

GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME

THE JAM/THE VAPORS Arts Centre, Poole.

Well, you can't really complain when you break the house record on the opening night of a tour — and The Jam at the start of their 'Setting Sons' tour have little to moan (or be moaned at) about.

Support act The Vapors faced with 2500 rampant Jam fans started the show on the defensive, seeming almost apologetic about their appearance, but finished in all-out attack. Their music is raunchy but melodic and they've a strong and hardy set of songs on their side. The shaky start detracted from the music, which was consistently fine, and featured some nifty guitar work, particularly on their single 'Prisoners'. The layered build-ups they specialise in are deceptively catchy, and though they aren't God's latest gift to the world they are more than worthwhile, and more importantly listening to.

The Jam's set proved that they have managed to retain their energy and vitality even though recent material reveal rapidly expanding directions. The new songs rely less upon beat-'em-down choruses with the verses taking second priority and have opened to become powerfully structured little epics throughout.

Although the sound was good the whole night through the lyrics were generally incomprehensible. Unfortunately but not tragic, as the visuals and atmosphere were fine compensations. The light show was spectacular and unusual without going over the top and the mood, to use that time-honoured adjective, electric.

The Jam opened with 'Girl On The Phone' and plunged straight into a stream of album tracks instead of using instant hysteria tactics by kicking off with singles. The breakneck speeds they love so well were kept away for the most part until the end — while the majority of the set was medium-paced, equally effective, and left you wanting more.

'Smithers-Jones' cued the build-up to a climatic close with 'Strange Town', 'Down In The Tube Station At Midnight', (which scooped the most rousing cheers of the night) and a surprisingly menacing mood finishing with the excellent 'Eton Rifles' by which time the crowd had the floor visibly bouncing in trampolined fashion.

Two lengthy encores were tacked on to the end of the superb show, and I doubt if there was a person in the place who was unsatisfied. The Jam have by-passed their one dodgy period (circa 'David Watts') and are getting more potent all the time. If you think the 80's are looming large, wait until you see The Jam this time around. KELLY PIKE.

25 YEARS ON FOR BILL

BILL HALEY AND THE COMETS The Venue, London

RECORD MIRROR celebrates its 25th birthday this week and what better way to mark the occasion than stepping into a time-warped that takes you back to the fifties to visit one of the giants of that era? When Bill took the stage, the lads surrounding me shot to the front of Venue's dance floor to be at the feet of their idol. Uncle Bill looked just the same as he did all that time ago. Over two decades and several musical revolutions have left him unmarked.

The old hits rolled and the youthful Comets rocked in authentic style. 'Shake, Rattle And Roll', 'Rip It Up', 'Johnny B Goode', 'Hail, Hail Rock And Roll' and the Haley anthem 'Rock Around The Clock' were all there. The latter sounded, sadly, like the worn-out 45 it is. In fact, the whole effect was like an old cardigan your dad loves and refuses to wear — worn out but familiar. The lads, disappointingly few in number, were all in their mid-thirties and as vaguely pathetic as dear old Bill kiss — curling his way through the act for the millionth time.

Nostalgia gets like that, though and Bill and the boys only just managed to catch the dying chants to come back on for the encore, 'Rock This Joint'. However, Mr Haley has come to terms with those twilight years admirably and at least he's still working at playing rock 'n' roll the way it used to be for anyone who'll listen. SIMON LUDGATE

WILD HORSES Herriot-Watt University Edinburgh

YOU DON'T have to be out of your brain to enjoy Wild Horses but it helps. This is the third gig I'd seen by the four horsemen in a week and it was perhaps the least enjoyable of the bunch.

The Dealer' is a thunderous opener that like 'Blackmail' and 'Woman' sees the band throwing plenty of memorable vocal and instrumental hooks. All three are typical Horse-Fare, concise hard rock with very few of the clichés that plague much of the genre.

The three front men epitomise cool. Brian Robertson beams back into his mate Jimmy Bain and rips out truly great guitar breaks. Neil Carter wields a fine six string, treading not far behind Robertson in the guitar hero flash stakes. Clive Edwards meanwhile contributes some sturdy drumming. Vocal chores are split between Bain and Robertson with the former taking the lion's share. Bain delivers his best lines on the new single 'Criminal Tendencies' (see last week's singles page) though throughout he croons with total aplomb.

Robertson saves his best vocal contributions for some spot on harmony work — 'The Slash' one of the newer songs retains all the typical hallmarks but strolls along to a reggae beat. Bain straps on the rhythm guitar and Robbo moves over to bass and lead vocal on 'Nights On The Town', and 'Retribution' which has some mammoth riffing. Both equipped themselves well with one call each, where Robertson delicately picks and sings a wistful verse before crunching into the hook, then it's sweat and toil for home with the war

dance of 'Reservation And The Kid'.

A sole encore with 'The Rapist' mirrored the fact that the crowd like me missed not having a bar in the tiny room. Not for them the sweaty delights of 'Horses' bluesy 'Saturday Night' rap. Still their loss. RONNIE GURR

VIP'S Windsor Castle, London.

FOR THE last few months a band have been quietly slogging around the London pub circuit building up a solid following of die-hard fans. Now with a record contract under their belts the VIP's should at last start to get the recognition they deserve.

The quality of the set I saw at the Windsor Castle proved that the VIP's have the songs, the stage presence and the conviction to become VIP's (very important poststars).

On stage the four VIP's give off a likeable, confident charm. They are all clean cut, bouncy lads from Coventry (this month's trendy town). Their songs are rooted firmly in the sutiles but the quality of the bands harmonies and jangling guitars give the band a cheery sound of their own.

They are primarily a boogie dance band who are lucky enough to possess a set full of potentially consistent chart singles: 'Thunder Under My Hood', 'Memories', and 'Complications' are the songs I found myself humming long after this gig.

The VIP's are not attempting to be original poststars but they have the knack of making an audience smile. I dance / clap for more. As the bloke standing next to me commented, I don't really like what they do but they sure do it well. PHILIP HALL.

BIG MAL GROSS OUT

FLEETWOOD MAC Nassau Coliseum

EVEN THOUGH Fleetwood Mac are usually meticulous about their recorded sound, John McVie's thudding, unclear bass, Chris (no McVie's muddy keyboards, frequent feedback and indistinct vocals all round were especially disappointing.

That Stevie Nicks was off-stage more than she was on was additionally annoying. But most surprising of all was how, with the exception of Lindsey Buckingham's guitar work, basically boring this super-super act was.

At a press conference a few days before the show one reporter asks if the group were worried that their four shows in the New York area weren't sell outs. "They are," insisted Mick Fleetwood who then looked unperturbed when informed the shows were not indeed sell outs.

That lackadaisical attitude was typical of the performance itself. There was no structure, no building of momentum, no sense of pacing and no particular rapport among musicians or between band and audience.

A fair amount of 'Tusk' material was included and the album came closer than anything in the two hour

set — to the kind of exhilarating rock one came expecting. "Rhannon" and other such past hits sounded tired at best.

At 14.50 dollars a seat Fleetwood Mac are taking too much for granted, their own talent as well as their audiences. IRA MAYER

B-52's, Electric Ballroom, London

BEEN WATCHING the news recently? What do you think of all those rows of gleaming surface-to-air nuclear deterrents, eh? In an age like ours it's more than the human mind can bear to miss a band called the B-52's.

Besides which, no one else her wanted to go. I mean it's not everybody's idea of fun to be jammed up alongside another 3,000 heaving mortals just to catch the latest in Yankee wackiness.

Needless to say, the profusion of cawing bodies precluded the possibility of copious note-taking, though fact freaks may find solace in the following points. 1) The band opened with their lorincoming '55, 'Planet Claire' and finished with their first single, the justifiably eulogised 'Rock Lobster.' 2) The lead singer's pegged pants were yellow. He also appeared to have a

hero lip until closer inspection revealed that he had merely pencilled a moustache above his upper lip (where else?) 3) Throughout the proceedings I consulted my wrist-watch but once. This would indicate that although the music was not to my total satisfaction, the act was entertaining, to say the least.

This may have been due to their strong visual impact. Apart from our false-moustachioed friend up-front (let's call him Fred, his friends do), the B-52's sport two damsels seemingly imbued with early sixties fashion sense. Kate opted for a glittery mini-number while Cindy's usual bouffant was scraped back into a less-becoming bee-hive.

American mods, already? Wait till you hear them. Cindy's stuttering keyboards, quite phenomenal on the opening tune, and Ricky's dissolute chord-chopping make for an XTC/T Heads-style staccato sound. This eventually grew wearisome, though one would never have guessed by observing the whirling dervish movements acted out by the lads, commonly mistaken for dancing.

Things did pick up towards the end, but by then it was too late and only a mere one encore was offered. The sweat-drenched



WIRE: at least it wasn't rock 'n' roll

WIRE Jeannetta Cochrane Theatre, London

LATE IN '79 and the list is getting shorter. It's good that Wire's self-removal from the grand guignol of the circuit turned out as satisfying, in certain ways, as this did.

The audience were patient, given that much of it comprised random snatches of art-theatre experimentation ... a Bruce Gilbert water-drinking sketch supposedly rejecting the concept of 'change' — an admission that Wire's developing search for the radical and "different" is an entirely theoretical search? Self-effacement or contradiction?

A Colin Newman vision of 15 guitarists in a room (or on a stage). A Graham Lewis video interplay from outside the auditorium to inside it, rather formless and unclear in motive, though visually captivating.

A not-successful Robert Gotobed attempt to portray audience reaction on canvas, hindered by calm observers who didn't realise a mere scream of "Sod off!" ensured immortality in Dulux. Maybe this happened on the other nights.

multitude left the ballroom, collectively a good few thousand words lighter, to the strains of The Cramps singing 'Domino'. Now there's a band... MIKE NICHOLLS

MATCHBOX Nashville, London

WITH A full house of old timers, new wavers and the idle curious about to

lose their rockability virginity to TOTP's newest sons, the Nashville gig was both an actual winner for Matchbox and a symbolic crossroads.

The band has built its six year following with both the hazy W dedicated revivalist factions, and with timeless good-timers. A good bit of that spirit seemed to work into the new audience, while lead singer Graham Fenton

Wire's objectives are still a little unclear; there are comments, asides, snap-shot observations, but all one retains is the reassuring notion that the game is being played on their territory.

One wonders, therefore, whether the final act — Wire performing group material, 'Our Swimmer', 'Lories', 'On Returning' and such — was the work of conscience; a confession that live music is still a necessary pay-off. Or was either that or the question of a different context: what they performed was familiar but certainly unusual because of the circumstances and situ.

A video records the observers as they vacate the auditorium at the end; I wonder what it's all about. I wonder whether this kind of display necessarily means Wire have to station themselves above their audiences for the sake of alternative performance. Still, if you're working outside and away from rock business preconceptions ...

The irony is that I did feel Wire elevating themselves while practicing something instinctive, of their own interest; the connotations of free expression aren't necessarily hierarchical. Are they?

But at least it wasn't rock and roll ... CHRIS WESTWOOD

wisely chose not to rub in the message of the confederate flag too hard. Most of their songs were real collectors' items fished from the vaults. A sensitively sensible salute to Gene Vincent was the closest thing to the K-Telism of too many revival groups; chief scribe Steve Bloomfield has time-warped himself so well it's often hard to tell the difference anyway. One

disappointment was the unusual shortage of Bloomfield originals on this occasion.

But that's progress. Give or take a few fireworks and a smoke bomb, Matchbox are visually a pretty low-key band, which doesn't make them a dull one. And the discipline, especially in the guitar work, is a plus factor. SUSAN KLUTH

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of looking in
the Mirror...

and still looking
good.

RCR



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A BOOST TO MORALE



HUMAN LEAGUE'S Phil Oakey

SCREAMS
JANE KENNAWAY
Dingwalls, London

ALL CREDIT to Auntie Ann for a review of this one. An unusually articulate interview on the Old Grey Matter Pest in conjunction with a champion blast of powerchords had me out of a flu-germ infested sick bed and into the dance hall of drunken pleasure.

First on was newcomer Jane Kennaway, a ballsy bad-ass blonde on a crash-course to stardom. Her vulnerable Marianne Faithfull looks belie a strong voice and a confidence uncommon in one playing only her third gig.

For the Screams it was their British debut and despite their youth they show a shrewdness destined to get them places fast. Although ostensibly new wave, their sound lends towards the hard rock end of the spectrum, which obviously makes them more palatable to American tastes.

At the same time, their accessible side can hardly be ignored. Screams are overtly commercial, from their striped 'n' spotted shirts to their insistent riffs and smart harmonies.

In fact, comparisons could be made with advanced pop combos such as The Records and The Knack, although instead of chugging out predictable tunes like the latter, the band occasionally float into heavier slipstreams redolent of modern rock outfits like Wild Horses.

Most of the songs were recognisable from their fine debut album, including 'Imagine Me Without You' and the fast-but-tough 'It's Only Money'. A crashing cymbal solo preceded a corking version of 'Take This, Take That', possibly their top song and an undoubted contender for airplay if not the singles charts.

If they can avoid getting stuck in the rut in which their cleverly calculated blend of styles could put them, Screams may be something to shout about for some time. **MIKE NICHOLLS**

PSYCHEDELIC FURS
PRAG VEC / PRIVATE VICES
Electric Ballroom, London

"THIS", proffered Private Vices' lead singer "is rock 'n' roll".

All I can say, mate, is if that's rock 'n' roll, I wish it was dead 'cos to me it sounded suspiciously like a sub-heavy metal racket punctuated with overlong, lumbled guitar solos. Private Vices have absolutely no virtues whatsoever, as far as I can see.

PRAGvec got what Private Vices deserved from the one-dimensional punk is not dead brigade in the audience. A surfeit of gob from these small-

minded ingrates caused the group's synthesiser to conk out after four songs. But after much twiddling of knobs and verbal soothing (?) it continued on its fizzing and popping way. "pop" being the operative word here as Sue Gogan yodelled along to the attractive, complex melodies — dance music for existentialists. Perhaps?

The Psychedelic Furs recently contracted and recovered from (to their credit) a bout of that all-too-virulent, debilitating disease known as "this week's thing". Their music basically consists of the constant repetition of a particular riff into a pulsating — unidentifying sax-dominated din which usually sends me into paroxysms of pleasure.

But this wasn't such a good night for them. I never thought I'd complain about the Electric Ballroom's sound being too clear, but the balance seemed to play down Duncan Kilburn's all-important wailing sax in favour of the other instruments, consequently negating the full impact of the Furs' wonderful, fuzzy wall of noise. Only 'Pulse', 'Blacks' and both versions of the magnificently brooding 'India' (they opened and closed with it) came across with the atmospheric intensity associated with this group.

Perhaps I'm nit-picking — it's just that the Psychedelic Furs are usually so impressive that even the slightest hiccup makes for a disappointment. But (Richard) Butler Rep is still the most compelling, posing post-Rotten vocalist, thrusting his bum at the audience as he wraps himself around the mic stand and Kilburn's sax playing still makes me go ga-ga. Make no mistake, the backlash doesn't start here. I'm still in love with the Psychedelic Furs, as they might say. **JANE GARCIA**

BORICH
Good Mood Club, Halifax

THIS Australian threesome are known down under as the Kevin Bonch Express. Over here they aren't known at all. However, I doubt if they'll be such an obscure entity when they come back for their second UK tour. Good music can't be ignored for long.

Kevin Borich's guitar work is mean and heavy, though perhaps a little dated, is not punk, offering shades of early Trower and Hendrix. Bonch set an uncompromisingly relentless pace by starting with a medley of four high powered songs including the title track from their latest Aussie album, 'No Turning Back'.

The audience belonged to a group of "hairies" (dying species circa 1975)

leaping up and down so much the boards shook to the extent I wished I weren't two floors up.

The band, intent on tempting fate, drove the audience wild with some excellent slide blues, a fine bass solo from Tim Partridge on 'Angel's Hand' and an echo filled reggae song, 'She Don't Care'. 'Celebration', from their first album, showed Kevin to be worth his salt on guitar, it's lengthy solo was received with justifiable applause. After two encores I was scared the crowd would mob the stage.

Forget 'Waltzing Matilda' and Roll Harris. If this is Australian music, I wanna hear more. **MARTIN ASHE**

HUMAN LEAGUE / TEARDROP EXPLODES / THE BEAT / FLOWERS
The Lyceum, London

DOWN TO THE Lyceum for an entertaining evening of pop, post-punk, and poignancy. The audience, gratified that here lies an opportunity to be seen, clap in all the right places, and even cheer too, sometimes.

Unsure whether it was cool to like Flowers, first on the bill, they showed a mild enthusiasm for this unheard of band. Flowers were OK in fact, a band in the new accepted form; female vocalist with ordinary Stouxie intonation, gawky drumming from a high-hat and cymbal-less gawky drummer, a rather derivative set.

The Beat, the latest Two Tone recruit were the odd band — out in this line-up of weird revivés. Yet another raveable mod/reggae/ska product, they churn out strong, reggae inspired songs. Bad choice for the new single though, with a weak version of 'Tears Of A Clown', covered by so many of today's bandwagon bands. 'Wine and Dine' and especially, 'Jack Tar' were two more inspiring songs of their own.

Teardrop Explodes play innovatory stuff, with each song worth meriting for some brilliant aspect. They play tuneful rock music strung tightly on simple keyboard melody lines which shriek and ripple through the vocals. I liked 'Take A Chance With You' a boppy pop song with more commercial attributes than 'Bouncing Babies' their debut single which was disappointingly overlooked by most.

Human League entered to the assumed pomp and circumstance with 'Almost Medieval', and coloured slides of President Kennedy and Margaret Trudeau (not together). Most songs were from the album 'Reproduction', with

a mesmerised audience enthusiastic about the eerie 'Circus Of Death', and the haunting 'Before The Last Word'.

Favourite composition was 'Morale', with an atmospheric spotlight focusing on Phil Oakey's head as he sang for his supper. But definite piece de resistance was their own cover version of 'You've Lost That Loving Feeling', back in their repertoire, and a boost to the evening with strong, exacting duet vocal which resounded through the old worldie crass surroundings of the Lyceum.

Human League were certainly impressive, and cannot be faulted on lack of imagination, but it reminded me of a Hammer movie, with taped drums and flashing slides synthesised noise abounds, their contrivance could become a little tedious. **DANUTA WISNIEWSKI**

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Rainbow, London

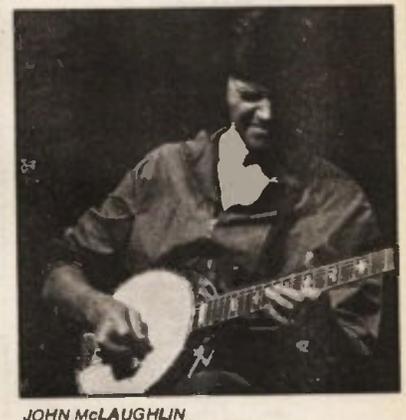
IT'S A FEW years now since McLaughlin was hip-ship himself — too much love and Chimmy took care of that. However unlike a great many cult heroes of our recent past, he hasn't gone disco, stale, to the bottle or taken to modelling underwear on the tube. Relieved by time and by example of a super stardom, McLaughlin keeps on keepin' on, back to roots and forward to even better things.

This one-off Rainbow gig confirmed the impressions of the most recent 'Electric Dreams' album — cracking, on-the-move energy, well textured, bold manoeuvres and a dedication that finally doesn't take itself too seriously. It was a real treat. On stage alongside

keyboard player Stu Goldberg, suddenly horribly earnest and two-dimensional; a nappy and vaguely unconcerned Jack Bruce who also managed a couple of songs, and hidden behind one of the few big drum kits ever to be properly exploited, old flame Billy Cobham.

Musically, maybe socially as well, it was the guitar-drummers partnership that proved the light of this particular world, with the

somewhat self-conscious microsecond timing of Mahavishnu days having mellowed more than a touch. Along with the expected solo spots, a riotous bit of percussion quadrophonia, and similar notions, the aforementioned album provided most of the material including the title track, featuring Johnny McLaughlin, electric banjoist (and very nice too, even if it does entail pulling faces). Two very good hours were had by all. **SUSAN KLUTH**



JOHN McLAUGHLIN

BETHNAL ARE STILL GREEN

BETHNAL,
Florde Grene, Leeds

BETHNAL have been around for AGES. They've been filmed, reviewed and recorded, but never escaped the status of being only a second-rate outfit. Then they disappeared. Now they're back having made a startling metamorphosis, and emerging with much new material and a guitarist of great dexterity of a mere two months standing.

So why the lack of fame? Bearing this question in mind I listened to a set which made the answers obvious. Take 'Dangerous Times' for example. This, the title track of an album, chugged along whilst raising very little steam, and, compared to the newies, lost out as a positive bore. It made nothing of the skills of ubiquitous George Casp who sang, played keyboards and danced a line jig with his electric violin.

Only rarely did the old numbers give new guy, Steve Linton, occasion to play the sort of screaming solos much too good to be confined to the pub circuit, and the energetic twistings of bassist Everton Williams brought the vigour of new wave to a band who had once seemed all but washed out.

From here, the next step should be to ditch the less than high-quality remnants characterising the former era, in favour of songs from their current heavier direction. Then perhaps success will evade them no more. But finally some words from the band themselves:

"Why haven't we made it? Nobody buys our records, that's why." And there we have it, the reason why Bethnal aren't BIG — yet. **LESLEY STONES**

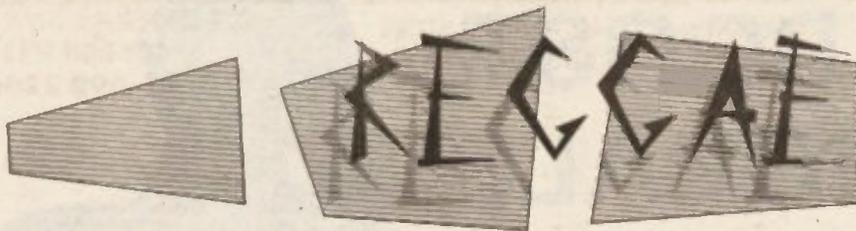
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Edited by ALEX SKORECKI

ALBUMS

WITH singles definitely carrying the swing in reggae, an albums column tends to read like a list of also-rans, particularly as once again it's the imports which attract the most attention, carry the most good music and generally are what matter in this corner of the world. Most of the best selling albums of the minute are only available on import - like Papa Michigan and General Smiley's 'Rub A Dub Style' (Studio 1), Marcia Griffiths's 'Steppin' (High Note) and Sugar Minott's 'Showcase' (Studio 1).

So it's not surprising that the first two discs up for mention are both sampler albums, articles that in general are held in pretty low esteem.

FRONT LINE III (FLB 3002) and **BALLISTIC BREAKOUTS** (Ballistic/Second Assault SAM 102), are let's face it, just marketing exercises for their respective labels. Any consumer appeal is largely a secondary matter, though in theory you should be getting good tracks to show the best of the featured albums. The trouble is that for the reviewer it's largely a matter of second - time round too soon, so I'm not best qualified to say how much Front Line III stands up on its own as an album worth buying; it certainly doesn't have the tracks I'd have chosen from the Gregory Isaacs, Mighty Diamonds or Gladiators LPs. If you want my advice, just buy the 'Soon Forward' album, and perhaps Prince Far I's 'Cry Tuff Dub Encounter Part II', and forget the sampler.



As for Ballistic's effort, that's not quite the same as they've only got three albums to flog from it. Considering the respective sizes of the two labels, Mo's outfit are able to put out a pretty good competitor; Mickey Dread's 'Barber Saloon' is a laugh, Hugh Mundell's 'Blackman Foundation' cool enough, and the Rassa and Sugar Minott tracks worth possessing. It's a toss up really.

But wadda we have here? **ERROL DUNKLEY** 'Darting Ooh' (Trojan TRLS 179). Wouldn'tcha just know it? The first of the EO re-releases, this one being from 1972 when man were men and album covers were... well, what is that thing she's got round her shoulders? Anyway, the surprising thing is that this disc has aged particularly well, with its solid Pottinger no-gimmix production and excellent (uncredited) rocksteady backing. 'Movie Star' is especially worth listening to.

MARIE PIERRE: 'Love Affair' (Trojan TRLS 177). I must admit it took courage to play this, especially after the last two singles, but thanks to the magic touch of Dennis Bovell's production, songwriting, keyboard work and bass it ain't all bad at all. But those lyrics... ooh, the next one please.

HORTENSE ELIS: 'Reflections' (Ballistic UAG 30272). Being Alton's missus must give her some sort of start, but she's only really worth the time when she's got a good song to work on, as 'Unexpected Places' (included-heret) proved when it appeared on Hawkeye. The rest of the album leaves little impression, and sadly Hortense's own compositions are most colourless of all.

MIKEY DREAD: 'Dread At The Controls' (TRLS 178), Jamaica's radio DJ phenomenon, who shot to fame last year with his show 'Dread At The Control', has subsequently been taken off the air because of complaints that he was playing too much reggae. Can you believe that. In Jamaica? What more perfect piece of publicity could a rising reggae star wish for? To be sure, Mikey brings more than usual threadbare ragbag of tricks to the art of toasting, but it takes more than that to flog the stuff to me. No doubt he's a cool hand behind the control panel but Jamaica's obsession with all things gadgety seems an unlikely affection to catch on in Britain.

BLACKSTONES: 'Insight' (Burning Rockers BR 1009). Leon Liefler, founder member of this most bottom - ranking bands, seems to have a masterplan of putting sties rocksteady back into the frontline of business. Half the material is either adapted from old favourites or a cover of same, and in an age that looks backwards more often than forwards it might not be long before we see others covering the same area. However, there's nothing here that's compulsive enough to start that revival single - handed.

PRINCE FAR I: 'Free From Sin' (Trojan TRLS 175). Two DJs, two albums, and only one track between them which takes my fancy at all, that being 'Mojo Working' on Militant Barry Dunn's album. Nice covers though.

SINGLES

AS USUAL, the most scintillating sounds are still only on pre-release as yet, like the Mighty Diamonds' soulful 'There's No Me Without You' (Channel 1), Judae Eskander Tafari's 'Rastafari Tell Ya' (Studio 1), Errol Scorcher's 'Infectious 'Roach In The Corner' (Aries) and Roman Stewart's excellent 'Don't Get Jumpy'. Meanwhile, many of the recent releases have been around on 'pre' so long that the novelty has worn off, but thankfully there are exceptions to this rule. In particular:

HORACE ANDY and **TAPPER ZUKIE** 'Natty Dread A Weh She Want' (Stars) what sets it above its competitors (like George Fullwood's version) is partly the sensitive horn accompaniment, sad and sweet, but most of all Horace's imitable voice. That emotional young-boy-in-love style, that he was the first to popularise, sounds heartrending on the right song, and this is the right song. Without doubt the single of last month (this month) and probably next month too, if you never buy another reggae 42-inch, go ahead and buy this one. You won't regret it.

Which isn't to say there aren't some very good runners up: **ERROL DUNKLEY**: 'Little Way Different' (Arawak): Gratifying to see a well-chosen follow-up to his hit 'Ok Fed' released, even if the ethnic market will regard this as pretty old hat (eg. it's on his 1972 album 'Darting Ooh' (also re-released, on Trojan, this week), but more important it received blanket approval in this D. Bovell production at exactly this time last year). Hopefully the chart-following public will warm to it in an even bigger way than the last single.

AL CAMPBELL: 'Respect' (Bushays), 'Gone Down The Drain' (Soferno B), 'Late Night Blues' (JB Music). Three just-short-of-first-class singles, the first being a version of the above mentioned 'Don't Get Jumpy', the second a powerful and lugubrious piece about William Garden and Co. in the manner of Winston Rodney and the third about grooving at the disco, JA style. There's also a fourth hard work keeping up with all these singles (in-7), 'My Whole World' (Hit Sound), rather inferior to the others.

AUGUSTUS PABLO: 'Oregon Style' (Dub Vendor): Heavy duty purposeful dub, 1975 'No No No' style, from those Patsy aficionados, and a well worthy piece of rhythm too. Wait till the piano takes over from Pablo's melodic, then you know what it's all about. Deadly.

GREGORY ISAACS: 'Rock Di Ya Reggae Beat' (D Roy): From the team that produced 'Soon Forward', Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, comes yet another well up to standard Isaacs tune, despite the unpromising title. And the fact that this spent a tenth of the time on pre that that latter tune did shows that the UK labels are getting on to the case at last.

DENNIS BROWN: 'Slave Driver' (Laser): A touch of Black Uhuru guitars then we're into a fairly faithful rendition of Marley's 'Catch A Fire', complete with identical harmonies. Non-essential but quality material.

JUDGE DREAD: 'Lovers Rock' (Sire): I disapprove of his albums being dumped in the reggae racks, but he certainly lives up to the single reviewer's task. A pastiche of ska, various toasting glitches and his own unique rudeness. 'When you're ranking, and a skanking, and a wanking, and etc.'

KC WHITE AND DENNIS ALCAPONE: 'Throw Me Corn' (Justice):... while all too often tunes like this get less attention simply because their makers haven't got

Judge Dread's flair for self-promotion. A merry affair that clucks along with guitar and piano stepping in at all the right moments.

PETER TOSH: 'Stepping Razor' (Virgin): A cash-in on the film 'Rockers', but still worth having, with slightly less valuable 'Legalise It' on the flip.

CULTURE: 'International Herb': Not only was the album disappointing, but this is the most disappointing track on it.

HORACE ANDY: 'Pure Ranking' (Sufferers Heights): Our man of the moment fares less well here due to repetitious lunge rather Jacob Milleresque, though as ever a single on this label means a far weightier than average product.

GENERAL ECHO: 'Sex Educational Class'/**RUPERT REID**: 'Africa Must Be Free' (Arawak): A real double A sided offering, with Echo's amusing and successful 'pre' now re-released back to back with Reid's surprisingly moody and well constructed prophetic piece.

FILL CALLENDER: 'Island Music'/**ITS LATE** (Arawak): It's been a big hit in Jamaica, but that's not to say you'll like it. Very MOR tunes from the In Crowd's main man, which just goes to show that the dread pon de corner doesn't dictate musical tastes in JA (he can't afford records anyway).

LOVERS ROCK STORN: 'It's My House' (Soundoff): Of all this month's kette-girie sounds, this one deserves success most because of its firm foundation, courtesy a Diana Ross song with a clip-clop reggae beat welded on.

INVESTIGATORS: 'Turn Out The Light' (Inner City): Battersea rock of higher than average quality.

SIMPLICITY: 'Feeling Is A Feeling' (Hail Music Force): A certain sophistication to the harmonies that makes it not at all unpleasant.

NATURAL MYSTIC: 'Let's Get Together' (Ethnic Fight): Not Al Green's song, and not up to their promising debut standard with 'Runaway Love'.

SISTER CC: 'Stop Hurling Me' (Ethnic Fight): You're just a silly boy, playing silly games - now where have I heard that before?

VIVIAN WEATHERS: 'Just A Game' (Island): Linton Kwesi Johnson's painstaking biog of his old friend might be interesting reading, but Viv's 'Soppy Love' song deserves no more attention than any other this month. He should stick to playing bass.

MARIE PIERRE: 'Choose Me' (Attack): I did and what happened? They picked the wrong track to release.

BRENTON KING: 'Don't Cry Little Girl' (Arawak): Nothing going for this one at all.

FREDDIE CLARKE: 'If You Don't Know Me' (Arawak).

LEROY BROWN: 'Give Thanks' (Arawak).

MICHAEL BLACK AND TRINITY: 'Out Of Love' (Bushays). Of these last three, only Mr Black sounds like he's really interested in his song, and even that's a weak - kneed affair. I've got plenty more like these, but I think I've made my point.

PAUL BLACKMAN: 'I Don't Wanna Lose You' (Sante): If 'Earth Wind And Fire' was the ecstasy, this one's not far off being the agony, given substance only by Pablo's familiar dubonics.

SONNY OKOSUN: 'Fire In Soweto' (Ranby): Not a South African artist as it happens, but from Nigeria, and this song reminds me how cosmopolitan the West African scene is, with at its Eddy Grant - like disco overtones, Dull.

REGGAE MP



MARIE PIERRE: lovers' rock.

LIKE IT or not, lovers rock is the happening thing on the UK reggae scene. Much of the music may be of an eerily good standard - off-key weakly vocal, banal lyrics and dull melodies.

There are, and always have been, some truly great lovers rock numbers around.

Marie Pierre might be taken as a fairly typical practitioner, she's had a couple of successful singles, 'Walk Away' and 'Nothing Gained' both displaying the typical elements of crossover pop reggae combined with the usual concerns of affairs of the heart. But Marie herself expresses a desire not to be so easily labelled.

"I don't really want to be categorised as only being able to do lovers rock. Lovers rock doesn't allow me to use my voice to its full, and I feel that if I were able to do a lot of other things then it would show my best ability."

Marie is talking to me at Trojan Records' teen-better-days head-quarters, where her sea-dressed, glamorous appearance seems oddly out of place. But she manages to make herself look at home, and as I switch on the tape recorder she switches on her said-it-is-a-thousand-times-before voice to trot out the potted life history.

"I don't have an interest in singing until I began to rehearse with a band called Stonehenge, better known today as Matumbe. Dennis Matumbe used to spend a great deal of time snacking him in and out of Spencer Park School in South London."

To fill in, Marie is of Guyanese parentage (hence the French name), had her first taste of music-making at 15 (she's now 26), but got her break in 1977 when Dennis 'Blackbeard' Bovell 're-entered her life' and they cut the single 'Walk Away' together. It made a decent splash on the reggae charts, and she had her debut album, 'Love Affair', issued her while she was shelved with the album, and Marie weighs her words as she reflects the appropriate lines.

"I feel that I can do a lot better. I see myself doing a lot of different stuff in the future - soul, jazz-funk, whatever. But the LP turned out very well to my surprise. My favourite track is 'Over Reactions'. It's true that 'Love Affair', despite the inclusion of these two love singles, makes for more entertaining listening than one would expect. As usual the explanation lies behind those D Bovell credits, the man who put me into the Sire album, and produced this year's reggae number one for Janet Kay. This man knows what music's about, and as long as Marie is working with him her chances are as good as any other pretty face in the business."

"I would like to continue working with Dennis, but of course he has his own things to do, being a member of Matumbe. I hope that we shall be able to work together for a little longer - he does seem to bring out the best in me."

TRIBESMAN Dingwalls, London TRADITION Dingwalls, London CIMARONS Rainbow, London

THE PRINCELY characters who promise to go down in history have had some of the shiniest blunders out of their labels. Not surprising either. Two years ago you could still put on a disc attracting the punky reggae crossover audience, but now that reality is cold and the Cash has slipped covering reggae songs, it's a very different matter.

Tribesman and Tradition were two of the bands that were making headway on the club circuit then, but you don't have to save your willy up for neither name alone to get a glimpse of their newsworthy, both nights were sadly under-subscribed, particularly Tribesman's and it looks as if the club's closed circuit video system has arrived too late as far as they're concerned.

Admittedly Tribesman's music is hardly the stuff to incite teenage rambage, but its ultra-smooth blend of reggae and bass listening soul has made it one of the least famous of last summer's hits. Maria has its appeal, when 'Father Come' might be the wrong side of tape, but 'Back To Nature' isn't, and songs like 'Fishery Park' and 'The Wolf put the bonp back'.

Tradition still talk about roots music, but they're showing influences of the lovers' rock boom, and their occasional self confessed excursions in to the genre indicate they're more at a crowd. Despite this they're still not doing back as the spirit charts. But meanwhile they're wandering round aimlessly, and for too many of their numbers just don't have enough pressure to leave any impression. Despite the excellent sound system that Onyxballs always achieves, the audience stoically managed to restrain themselves from displays of avid attention.

As for the Cimaron, well as hoping you wouldn't see the choice of the Rambone, even if it was supposed to be a farewell gig, was a bad move, the punters stayed away in their thousands. And worse still the PA system was so atrocious that I can only say that they made me regret being there.

The Cimaron have long been billed as Britain's first reggae group, and I would have thought that a Cims to split for JA (Jamaica) however simply should have attracted more of a crowd. Despite this they're still well performing mostly new numbers from a forthcoming album which seems to have banked upon them in the making of it, but the sight of ribs at Friday evenings is enough to depress any concert and I'm feeling distinctly philosophical about the future of live music. Roll on the rocksteady revival!

REGGAE CHART

1	UNIVERSAL ROCK	White Williams and Erly Mayes	Singapo
2	DANCE WITH ME BABY	R Campbell	Niagara
3	NATTY DREAD	AH WHAT SHE WANT	Mace Andy and Tapper Zukie
4	HOLD ME TIGHT	Robert and Mac	(B Ray)
5	POINT OF VIEW	Marjano	
6	SECRET	Hortense Elis	GG
7	AM A REVOLUTIONIST	Freddie MacGregor	(Grover)
8	CRUCIAL BURNAL	Augustus Pablo	(Niagara)
9	IF YOU DON'T KNOW ME	R Campbell	(GG)
10	MOTHERLESS CHILDREN	Gregory Isaacs	(Niagara)

PRE-RELEASES

1	TWO HOUSE DEPARTMENT	Burr Brinen	(Thrill Seekers)
2	SKY JUICE	Isaac Koola	(Joe Gibbs)
3	MY GOD IS REAL	Tapper Zukie	(Shri)
4	SECRET	Hortense Elis	(Corner Stone)
5	FREEDOM SOUNDS	Ricky Ramo	(Rockers)
6	MR WICKED MAN	Philip Fraser	(Shri)
7	IF YOU DON'T KNOW ME	R Campbell	(Joe Gibbs)
8	REVELATION	Barrington Levy	(Niagara)
9	MYN PEOPLE	The I-Tals	(On Top)
10	WON'T YOU COME HOME	Horace Andy	(Rhythm)

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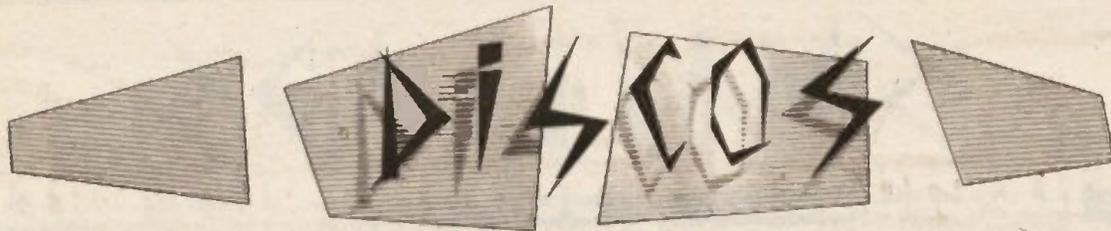
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By PAUL SEXTON

CHEATING TIME



THE TIME LORD from Sensors and Systems Ltd.

LAST WEEK the small ads staged a fairly effective takeover of the disco hardware page, with the result that we had a photograph that bore no relation to any of the text on the page. So, this week, we reprint the photo of the "Time Lord" and since you've been so good, as a bonus, here's the story to go with it.

If you're a mobile jock gigging several nights a week, you're probably very glad of the money and the experience you're accruing, but perhaps you regret missing a radio programme. A disco chart show, maybe, or something or more general interest. If you're one of the lucky ones, you've already got a VCR to take care of all the things you're missing on television, but here's a new product from Sensors and Systems Ltd which

could save you missing radio shows. Set it up before you go out and then, if you're not too wrecked, you can listen when you come back, or at some later date.

The Time Lord is a digital time controller for recorders and other hi-fi equipment, with which you can record any radio programme within a 24-hour period. Sensors and Systems Ltd are a Derby-based firm and have designed the unit in conjunction with TV personality (should have been a radio personality) Robert Buckman, of the programme 'Don't Just Sit There'. Admirably, Robert's going to donate 50 per cent of his royalties to cancer research.

The unit comes in an attractive white case with a red acrylic window, showing a 24-hour clock display with LED characters of 18mm high. The timer is fairly small at 56mm high by 131mm wide by 72mm deep. There's a standard 13 amp socket which brings the total depth to 107mm. It will switch a maximum of 750 watts, and

has these switching facilities: Auto On, Auto Off, Manual On/Off. The Manual On/Off feature allows equipment to be permanently connected through the Time Lord. The Auto Off facility means that equipment can be switched off at any preset time up to 99 minutes, so that the record is switched off precisely at the end of a programme. Apart from the 24-hour clock display, there is an auto "on" time display and a "time to run to off" display, when the correct non-locking pushbuttons are depressed.

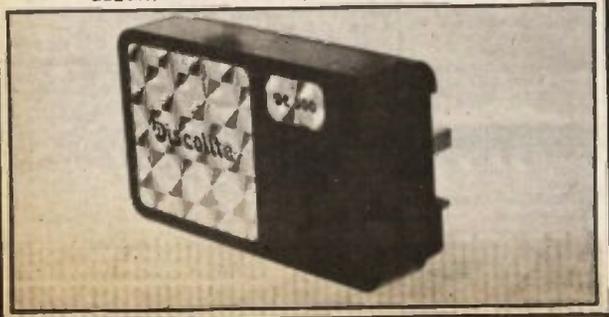
Sensors and Systems Ltd specialise in the design and manufacture of advanced, sophisticated equipment for Britain's Power Stations, Oil Industries, Public Utilities and other industries where the word is reliability. If you'd like to find out more about their Time Lord, phone them on 03316 2228 or write to them at High Street, Melbourn, Derby DE7 1GJ. Video may not have killed the radio star just yet.

DISCOLITE RELIEF

NEW FROM Davi is the Davi Discolite, a plug-in light control unit, activated directly by sound input. It measures just 6" x 3 1/2" x 2" and has a capacity of 500 watts, so you can use up to 20 coloured bulbs of 25 watts each, and the unit will respond to both the sound and tempo of the music. There's an external control which means the Discolite can be adjusted for sensitivity.

The unit is aimed squarely at the "young market" especially because of its price which is £19.95 plus VAT. The Discolite is available from wholesalers or direct from Davi Marketing. Send your cheque to them — including the VAT — at 46a High Street, Stamford, Lincolnshire, PE9 2AS. Or speak to Mrs Fox on Stamford (0780) 53088.

BELOW: The Davi Discolite, a new light control unit.



HITACHI-FI

A COUPLE of weeks ago, Hitachi announced their 1980 range of hi-fi consoles, and have based it around the idea that people should have a wider choice of individual models than before. This is because they have provided units which house the great majority of their models.

The range includes four basic cabinet designs. The VC1, a vertical model, accommodates any one of our Hitachi turntables the HT 324, 354, 356 or 463

plus a cassette deck and one of four stereo receivers, from the new SR 2010L, with 18 watts per channel, to the big number, the SR 604 Dynaharmony receiver, with 35 watts per channel.

The VC2 cabinet is also vertical but taller to house a turntable, slimline cassette deck and one of two tuners, the FT 4060 or FT 5000, both with quartz

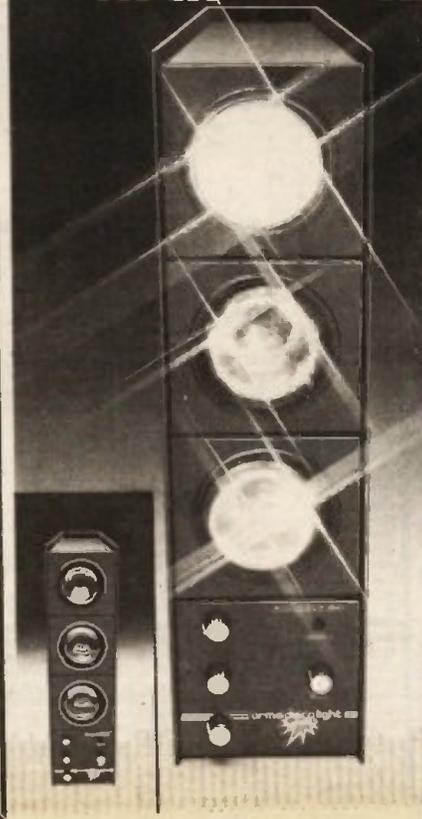
digital synthesiser and auto band sweep 14 station memory, and a stereo amplifier from the new range of slimline models. Including the HA 5700 amp, with 50 watts per channel.

There are two horizontal consoles, the HC1 accommodates any one of four Hitachi turntables, plus the D 230 cassette deck, and one of three

stereo receivers. The HC2 model, like the VC2, accommodates a turntable, cassette deck, stereo tuner and stereo amp.

All four unit designs have plenty of storage space for tapes and records in the lower section, protected by hinged or sliding smoked glass doors. They come as a flat pack with assembly instructions. Prices go from £44.50 and £63 including VAT, and all the cabinets are finished in simulated teak.

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NIGHT FEVER.



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SMALL ADS

Personal

SWEET? LOVING? Lonely? Female pen-friends wanted. Brian 18. Lonely, loving, caring but sad. — Box No 2175.

CROYDON, MIKE, 22, seeks female companion. Likes rock (Floyd, Yes, Fleetwood Mac, etc) — Box No 2172.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIEND service, s.a.e details — I.P.C.R., 39a Hatherleigh Road, Ruislip Manor, Middlesex.

UNLIMITED DATES. Friends, penfriends, marriage introductions by return. Free literature, stamp to Lee, 42 Bowden Green, Bedford, Devon.

MALE, 23, would like to write, meet a girl into jazz funk and soul, from anywhere — Eric Holden, 47 Greenfield Road, Smethwick, Warley, West Midlands B67 6SE.

FRIENDLY ATTRACTIVE girl, pencil wanted for guy 25, like Wings, Eagles, Rod, Bowie, etc. Photo appreciated — Box No 2176.

PENFRIENDS WANTED. guy 29 seeks similar for possible concerts, Birmingham area. — Box No 2177.

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 Datineline, Europe's largest, most successful computer dating service has over 80,000 members. At least it would like to meet you - now.
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DATELINE

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POSTAL FRIENDSHIP Club, introductions by stamp for all ages. Postage stamp for free colour brochure to — Miss Chidgey, 'New Horizons', 1241RM, Kings Avenue, Bristol BS7 0HL.

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LONELY? WANT a new lover every night? Or something more permanent? You need 'Lovers and Friends' — lots of information, plus addresses. It's unique! £1.00 — Hamilton House Productions, Staverton, Devon.

USA / CANADA, live, work, travel, adventure, penfriends, seasonal employment. For full details and magazine of opportunities and activities send 50p PO to North America Club, 477 Cheetham Hill Road, Manchester M8 7LR.

GUY, 20, Stoke-on-Trent, seeks new friends, outings etc — Box No 2155.

ARE YOU seeking occultists, witches, groups, penfriends etc? Long standing service, all areas and worldwide — Stamp please 'World Baraka', The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

FINNISH AND Swedish penfriends. Write for free details — Pen Friend Service, PL27 5F-20801 Turku 80, Finland.

OPPOSITE SEX partners found!!! It's free at **INTERDATE!** Push letters describing yourself — SAE to Box 2009, Record Mirror (or) — 49 Long Acre, London WC2.

ROCK JOURNALISM, photography? Booklet by ex-stallion tells how to start your career. £1.30 to Intro Books, PO Box 3, Scotland, Catterick Garrison, North Yorks DK8 3NT.

JANE SCOTT, genuine friends, introductions opposite sex, with sincerity and thoughtfulness — Details free. Stamp to — Jane Scott, 31/3M, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex, BN1 3CS.

HOW TO get girlfriends. What to say how to overcome shyness, how to date any girl you fancy — SAE for free details. Matchrite Publications, School Road, Frampton, Colterell, Bristol BS17 2BX.

TUITION

LEARN GUITAR, bass guitar or songwriting cassette/text course. £3.95. Send large s.a.e for details — Harmony House, (RM), 194 Frimley Road, Camberley, Surrey.

Disco Equipment

ROADSHOW SALE. Various items of disco equipment for sale. Ranging from light controllers to fog machines, v.c.c. — Phone Tony, 01-804 0240.

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G & C Disco — 01-743 1093, after 6pm.

CLOUDS, — 01-368 7447.

VFMO, — 266 0077.

DISCOTHEQUES, — 01-965 2391/2876.

KEITH LAYTON'S Stereo Roadshow Professional discotheques — 01-521 2322.

STEVE DAY, — 01-524 4976.

DAVE JANSEN, — 699 4010.

Fan Clubs

OFFICIAL 10CC fan club. Send SAE for details to Alan Dawes — PO Box 50, London E18 1AX.

BING CROSBY Photo Club. Quarterly magazine, BING PICTORIAL. Details see 32 Ferndale Avenue, Walsend, Tyne and Wear.

OFFICIAL UK Subs Fan Club — Send SAE to PO Box 12, Guildford Surrey.

THE WHO official club — Send SAE for details to The Who Club, PO Box 107a, London N6.

GENESIS OFFICIAL fan club send s.a.e for details to Genesis in formation, PO Box 107, London N6 5RU.

Situations Vacant

LYRIC WRITERS required by recording company. Details (sae) — 30 Sneyd Hall Road, Brixwich, Staffordshire.

RECORD COMPANY secretaries. Are you on our books? — MEMO Emp Agy 734 5774-5.

ALTERNATIVE EMPLOYMENT. Jobs with record companies, radio stations, etc. Full-time, part-time. Experience unnecessary. "Music Industry Employment Guide" £1. "Radio Employment Guide" £1. "British Music Index" (Includes 450+ record company addresses), £1. All three £2.40 — R S Productions, Hamilton House, Staverton, Devon.

Musical Services

LYRICS WANTED. No publication fee — 11 St Albans Avenue, London W4.

ABSOLUTELY FREE. Twenty Songwriting Questions Answered in a booklet explaining copyright, promotion, publishing, recording contracts, royalties, song contests, setting lyrics to music without payment, etc. Free from International Songwriters Association (I.S.A.), Limerick City, Ireland.

Records Wanted

PHILIP GOODHARD 'Tat Almost Killed A Man' Good condition J Singles Box No 2171.

BEE GEES LP "Sound of Love" (Polydon) send details to Roger, 81 Beauport Road, Bourville, Birmingham B30 2EB.

BEATLES, WHO, rare TAMA albums, London label. Buddy Holly, discography, sales, wants, etc, plus top 100 rare disc chart are all in the November issue of Record Collector Magazine, in your local newsagent now — Box 2163.

Special Notice

RADIO FILE YEARBOOK

Contains special reports on offshore, land-based and community radio. Also names, addresses, frequencies, staff lists, programme information, ad rates of all UK stations. Yearbook covers BBC, I.R.C., Cable, terrestrial, industrial, land-based and offshore stations. The comprehensive guide for all radio enthusiasts! Send £1 only for your copy. Radio File Yearbook, The Promenade, Swansea, Gls.

BOLAN FANS, issue 3 of "MARC" out now. Much bigger plus a fold-out poster. New price 40p. C/O Cosmic Dec, 63 Waterloo Road, Wokingham, Berks. Or Cosmic Dec, 16 Seabury Grove, Harmsworth Water, Bracknell.

SLADE NEWS issue six — Includes Dave Hill interview. 25p plus large s.a.e. 25 Ingham Road, London, NW6.

LESLIE MCKEOWN happy birthday. Don't drink too much Love Jean xxx.

LINDA NEW Zealand is a long way but my heart will be there all day.

RAY STILES happy birthday for November 20th, please tour soon. Slough was fabulous, hope to see you very soon, Love you always and forever. All my love, Terry, High Wycombe.

GREAT NEW BOLAN MAGAZINE "The Marc Bolan Magazine" is the big (84 x 114). It's got 16 full page pics, double page pin-up comps, new ideas and lots, lots more. 70p (includes p&p). Gordon 52, Embassy Gardens, Denon Burn, Newcastle NE6 7BB.

HOME OFFICE THREATEN TO SILENCE RADIO CAROLINE! Dramatic news in Newsweek, Britain's leading independent radio magazine, professionally printed, only 45p including postage. From South Coast Radio Movement, 147 Mackie Avenue, Brighton BN1 8SE. Also Radio Jackie's attempt to gain licence. Flashback Nordsee International.

DIFFERENT TIMES

Lou Reed fanzine No 2 now ready. 40p. Box No 2173.

LESLIE MCKEOWN happy birthday — sorry it's late — love you. — Sandra Plymouth.

WANTED BABE Ruth concert photos, 73/74, West Drayton 49760.

WINGS TWO tickets. Bembey will exchange two tickets together. Rainbow, Lewisham, 01-590 9584.

CAROLINE STICKERS, badges etc, why not send a sae for list? S.R.C. Souvenirs Dept RM, 1 Telfy Terrace, Newcastle-Elymry, Dyfed, SA33 5EA.

T. REX FANS limited edition 'Slade' mag. Send 50p and large sae to 'Slider', Beech House, Baldersby, Thirst, North Yorks.

RADIO FILE (incorporating Euroradio) November edition contains 300 per cent more on off shore, land-based, independent broadcasting. The information 50p monthly/£5 yearly. 7 The Promenade, Swansea.

CAROLINE GIFT trip, December 15th. Sae details: 7 Promenade, Swansea.

HEAR CAROLINE loud without interference C60.

TOK English evening recording £2. South Coast Radio Movement, 147 Mackie Avenue, Brighton, BN1 8SE.

RADIO CAROLINE offshore news plus land-based 'pirate' news in soundwaves, bumper issue 6 out end November with A4 Caroline photo. 25p from Soundwaves, Box 110, Orpington, Kent.

BOLAN'S T. REMXAS boogie tickets now available. £1.50 per member, £1.25 members. SAE for tickets of info to T. Rex Appreciation Society, 148 Wennington Road, Southampton, Merseyside, or T. Rex Easy Action, 40 Langdale Road, Liverpool, Tanz!

Records Wanted

FLYING NUNS or living ducks — either set of 3, for £3.50 + p&p to Vanilla Beer, Cephalonia, Ruar dean Woodside, Glos, GL17 9YL.

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UK SUBS teeshirts, £1. Sweathirts, £4.95 — SPRINTPRINT (Dept R), 120 Shaltesbury Avenue, Swindon, Wiltshire.

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YOUR FAVOURITE group professionally engraved for special wording on exquisite safety clip badge (in x 3in in brush metallic gold finish. Bronze or aluminium. Enclose 90p and s.a.e to G&C, 169 Even, Crockerside G105.

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Wanted

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WINGS TICKET 1/2 for Newcastle concert. Stewart Saunders, 5 Wileton Close, Stockfield, Northumberland. Telephone Stockfield 3876.

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GARY NUMAN T-shirts, £2.95 Sweatshirts. £4.95 (s/m/l/exl) Cheques/POs to SPRINTPRINT (Dept R), 120 Shaftesbury Avenue, Swindon, Wiltshire

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NEW "IN CONCERT" TOUR PHOTOS NOW AVAILABLE. Gary Numan, Leo Sayer, Darts, David Essex, Ian Dury, Chic, Hackett (Autumn tour) Hillage, Whitesnake, Gillan Only £3.55 for ten 5in x 3 1/2in colour photos send cheques / PO's Mike Thompson, 81 Crawford Road, Sheffield S8 9BT

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US ALBUMS

- | | | |
|----|---|---------------------|
| 1 | THE LONG RUN, Eagles | Asylum |
| 2 | CORNERSTONE, Sly & The Family Stone | ASM |
| 3 | IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR, Led Zeppelin | Swan Song |
| 4 | TUSK, Fleetwood Mac | Warner Bros |
| 5 | ON THE RADIO - GREATEST HITS, Donna Summer | Casablanca |
| 6 | JOURNEY THROUGH THE SECRET LIFE OF PLANTS, Steve Wonder | Tamla |
| 7 | RISE, Herb Alpert | A&M |
| 8 | WET, Barbra Streisand | Columbia |
| 9 | ONE VOICE, Barry Manilow | Arista |
| 10 | GREATEST, Bee Gees | RSO |
| 11 | KENNY, Kenny Rogers | United Artists |
| 12 | MIDNIGHT MAGIC, Commodores | Motown |
| 13 | HEAD GAMES, Foreigner | Atlantic |
| 14 | BREAKFAST IN AMERICA, Supertramp | A&M |
| 15 | OFF THE WALL, Michael Jackson | Epic |
| 16 | GET THE KNACK, The Knack | Capitol |
| 17 | EAT TO THE BEAT, Blondie | Chrysalis |
| 18 | DREAM POLICE, Cheap Trick | Epic |
| 19 | LADIES NIGHT, Kool & The Gang | De-Lite |
| 20 | FLIRTIN' WITH MASTERS, Molly Hatchet | Epic |
| 21 | HIGHWAY TO HELL, AC/DC | Atlantic |
| 22 | SLOW TRAIN COMING, Bob Dylan | Columbia |
| 23 | EVOLUTION, Journey | Columbia |
| 24 | DAMN THE TORPEDOES, Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers | Backstreet/MCA |
| 25 | KEEP THE FIRE, Kenny Loggins | Columbia |
| 26 | I'M THE MAN, Joe Jackson | ASM |
| 27 | UNCLE JAVI WANTS YOU, Funkadelic | Warner Bros |
| 28 | YOU CANGO, Jimmy Buffet | MCA |
| 29 | EYE, The Alan Parsons | Arista |
| 30 | MARATHON, Santana | Columbia |
| 31 | RESTLESS NIGHTS, Karla Bonoff | Columbia |
| 32 | THE GLOW, Bonnie Raitt | Warner Bros |
| 33 | MASTERJAM, Rufus & Chaka | MCA |
| 34 | FIRST UNDER THE WIRE, Little River Band | Capitol |
| 35 | VICTIMS OF LOVE, Elton John | MCA |
| 36 | LOVE AND SLEAZY, Village People | Casablanca |
| 37 | REGGATTA DE BLANC, Police | ASM |
| 38 | STATIC, Darryl Hall & John Oates | RCA |
| 39 | MISS THE MISSISSIPPI, Crystal Gayle | Columbia |
| 40 | THE MURPETS, Soundtrack | Atlantic |
| 41 | FIRE IT UP, Rick James | Gordy |
| 42 | WHO TWE THE FIRE, Peaches & Herb | Polydor/MVP |
| 43 | DISCOVERY, Electric Light Orchestra | Jet |
| 44 | ONE ON ONE, Bob James & Earl Klugh | Tappan Zee/Columbia |
| 45 | CANDY-O, Care | Eletra |
| 46 | PART OF THE GAME, Pablo Cruise | ASM |
| 47 | B30, Weather Report | ARC/Columbia |
| 48 | DIONNE, Dionne Warwick | Arista |
| 49 | STORMWATCH, Jethro Tull | Chrysalis |
| 50 | PRESENT TENSE, Shoes | Elektra |
| 51 | IN THE MICK OF TIME, Nicolette Larson | Warner Bros |
| 52 | Angel Of The Night, Angela Bofill | Arista/GRP |
| 53 | FEARLESS, Tim Curry | ASM |
| 54 | INJOY, Bar-Kays | Mercury |
| 55 | A TASTE OF PASSION, Jean Luc-Ponty | Arista/Atlantic |
| 56 | IDENTIFY YOURSELF, Identify Yourself | PIR |
| 57 | YOU'RE ONLY LONELY, J.O. Souther | Columbia |
| 58 | I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, Anne Murray | Capitol |
| 59 | IN THE EYE OF THE STORM, Outlaws | Arista |
| 60 | WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND, Waylon Jennings | RCA |
| 61 | PRINCE, Prince | Warner Bros |
| 62 | DON'T LET GO, Isaac Hayes | Polydor |
| 63 | HYDRA, Toto | Columbia |
| 64 | WILLIE NELSON SINGS KRISTOFFERSON, Willie Nelson | Columbia |
| 65 | FEAR OF MUSIC, Talking Heads | Sire |
| 66 | OASIS, Jimmy Messina | Columbia |
| 67 | FUTURE NOX, Pleasure | Fantasy |
| 68 | I HAVE A RIGHT, Gloria Gaynor | Polydor |
| 69 | ARE YOU READY, Atlanta Rhythm Section | Polydor |
| 70 | GREATEST HITS VOL. 1, Rod Stewart | Warner Bros |
| 71 | FRANCE JOLI, France Joli | Prelude |
| 72 | STREET LIFE, Crusaders | MCA |
| 73 | MORNING DANCE, Snyro Gyra | Infinity |
| 74 | MELISSA MANCHESTER, Melissa Manchester | Arista |
| 75 | BRENDA RUSSELL, Brenda Russell | Horizon |

UK SOUL

- | | | |
|----|---|-------------------|
| 1 | LADIES NIGHT, Kool & The Gang | Phonogram/Mercury |
| 2 | DON'T STOP TILL YOU GET ENOUGH, Michael Jackson | Epic |
| 3 | DISCO NIGHTS, (Rock Don't Stop), Rarey Brothers | Epic |
| 4 | RISE, Herb Alpert | ASM |
| 5 | I DON'T WANT TO BE A FREAK, Dynasty | RCA |
| 6 | STILL, Commodores | Motown |
| 7 | STAR, Earth Wind & Fire | CBS |
| 8 | MY FORBIDDEN LOVER, Chic | Atlantic |
| 9 | DEJA VU, Paulinho Da Costa | Pablo Today |
| 10 | YOU CAN DO IT, Al Hudson and Partners | MCA |
| 11 | CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE, Tammo Jones | Polydor |
| 12 | HOW HIGH, Cognac | Electric |
| 13 | GONNA GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU NOW, Viola Wills | Arista/Mansel |
| 14 | GROOVE ME, Fern Kinney | WEA |
| 15 | SING A HAPPY SONG, O'Jays | Phyl Int |
| 16 | THE RE & SO MUCH TROUBLE IN THE WORLD, Boo Marley | Island |
| 17 | SHAKER SONG, Snyro Gyra | MCA |
| 18 | LET ME KNOW I HAVE A RIGHT, Gloria Gaynor | Polydor |
| 19 | POINT OF VIEW, Mzambi | Mzambi |
| 20 | STREET LIFE, Franky | Mzambi |
- Compiled By BLUES & SOUL, 153 Praed Street, London W2 Tel 01 902 6897

US SOUL

- | | | |
|----|---|-------------|
| 1 | STILL, Commodores | Motown |
| 2 | I WANNA BE YOUR LOVER, Prince | Warner Bros |
| 3 | LADIES NIGHT, Kool & The Gang | De-Lite |
| 4 | DO YOU LOVE WHAT YOU FEEL, Rufus And Chaka | MCA |
| 5 | RAPPER'S DELIGHT, Sugar Hill Gang | Sugar Hill |
| 6 | I JUST CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF, Nature's Divine | Infinity |
| 7 | CRUISIN', Snyro Robinson | Tamla |
| 8 | MOVE YOUR BOOTIE BODY, Bar Kays | Mercury |
| 9 | KNEE DEEP, Funkadelic | Warner Bros |
| 10 | CALL YOUR NAME, Switch | Gordy |
| 11 | DON'T LET GO, Isaac Hayes | Polydor |
| 12 | KNOCK OUT - YOU, Michael Jackson | ASM |
| 13 | RISE, Herb Alpert | Epic |
| 14 | DON'T STOP TILL YOU GET ENOUGH, Michael Jackson | Epic |
| 15 | OLIVE, Pleasure | Fantasy |
| 16 | SENO ONE YOUR LOVE, Steve Wonder | Tamla |
| 17 | EGG TRIPPING OUT, Marvin Gaye | Tamla |
| 18 | LOVE GUN, Rick James | Gordy |
| 19 | SO GOOD, SO RIGHT, Brenda Russell | Horizon |
| 20 | BREAK MY HEART, David Ruffin | Warner Bros |

US DISCO

- | | | |
|----|---|---------------------|
| 1 | NO MORE TEARS, Enough Is Enough, Donna Summer | Casablanca/Columbia |
| 2 | BEAT OF THE NIGHT, PUMP IT UP, Faver | Fantasy |
| 3 | DEPUTY OF LOVE, Don Armando's Second Avenue Rhumba Band | ZEA |
| 4 | E-MC! Gorgio | Casablanca |
| 5 | HARMONY, OOH LA LA, Suzi Lane | Elektra |
| 6 | DON'T LET GO, Isaac Hayes | Polydor |
| 7 | WEAR IT OUT, Stargard | Warner Bros |
| 8 | SADNESS IN MY EYES, BOYS WILL BE BOYS, Duncan Sisters | Electric |
| 9 | LADIES NIGHT, Kool & The Gang | De-Lite |
| 10 | MOVE ON UP, UP/DESTINATION'S THEME/ MY NO. 1 REQUEST, Destination | Elektra |
| 11 | TLL TELL YOU, Sergio Mendes Brasil '83 | Warner Bros |
| 12 | HOLLYWOOD, Freddie James | Solar |
| 13 | THE SECOND TIME AROUND, Shatamar | Solar |
| 14 | POP MUZIK, M | Sire/Warner Bros |
| 15 | LOVE INSURANCE, Front Page | Parade/MCA/RCA |
| 16 | LOVE RUSH, Aph Margie | Ocean |
| 17 | KEEP ON MAKING ME HIGH, Unyque | DJM |
| 18 | NIGHTDANCER, Jean Shy | RSO |
| 19 | RUBY DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE TO TOWN, Kenny Rogers and First Edition | Mercury |
| 20 | DON'T STOP TILL YOU GET ENOUGH, Michael Jackson | Sugar Hill |
| 21 | THE RAPPER'S DELIGHT, Sugar Hill Gang | Sugar Hill |

UK DISCO

- | | | |
|----|---|----------------|
| 1 | LADIES NIGHT, Kool & The Gang | Mercury 12in |
| 2 | DON'T STOP TILL YOU GET ENOUGH, Michael Jackson | Epic 12in |
| 3 | YOU CAN DO IT, Al Hudson & The Partners | MCA 12in |
| 4 | IT'S A DISCO NIGHT, Rarey Brothers | Epic 12in |
| 5 | I DON'T WANT TO BE A FREAK, Dynasty | Solar 12in |
| 6 | MELLOW MELLOW RIGHT ON, Lorelei | AVI 12in |
| 7 | STAR, Earth Wind & Fire | CBS |
| 8 | RAPPER'S DELIGHT, Sugarhill Gang | Sugarhill 12in |
| 9 | RISE, Herb Alpert | ASM 12in |
| 10 | OFF THE WALL, Michael Jackson | Epic/EP |

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|----|--|--------------------|
| 11 | MY FORBIDDEN LOVER, Chic | Atlantic 12in |
| 12 | DANCING ON OUTER SPACE, Atmosfear | MCA 12in |
| 13 | CORON RLEU, Ben Mosper | MCA 12in |
| 14 | WE GOT THE FUNK, Paradise Force | US Turbo 12in |
| 15 | BOOGIE ON DOWN TOWN (INSTRUMENTAL), Hudson Peete | Virgin 12in |
| 16 | STREET LIFE, Franky | Phyl Int 12in |
| 17 | GONNA GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU NOW, Viola Wills | Arista/Mansel 12in |
| 18 | EXPANSIONS, Lonnie Liston Smith | RCA 12in |
| 19 | THE SECOND TIME AROUND, Shatamar | Solar 12in |
| 20 | MUSIC, One Way/Al Hudson | MCA 12in |

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|----|---|---------------------|
| 21 | THE RIVER DRIVE, Jupiter Beyond | Pyg 12in |
| 22 | HOW HIGH, Cognac | Electric 12in |
| 23 | JAZZ CARNIVAL/ YOUNG EMERACE/ LIGHT AS A FEATHER, Azymuth | US Milestone LP |
| 24 | DEJA VU/ LOVE TLL THE END OF TIME, Paulinho Da Costa | Paulo 12in |
| 25 | NO MORE TEARS (ENOUGH IS ENOUGH), Stevicand/Summer | CBS 12in |
| 26 | STILL, Commodores | Motown 12in |
| 27 | OK FRED, Errol Dunley | Scope 12in |
| 28 | QUE SERA MI VIDA, Gibson Brothers | Island 12in |
| 29 | WEAR IT OUT, Stargard | US Warner Bros 12in |
| 30 | RIGHT IN THE SOCKETS, Shatamar | Solar LP |

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|----|--|-----------------------|
| 31 | STREET LIFE, Crusaders | MCA 12in |
| 32 | I WANNA BE YOUR LOVER/ SEXY DANCER, Prince | US Warner Bros LP |
| 33 | LET ME KNOW I HAVE A RIGHT, Gloria Gaynor | Polydor 12in |
| 34 | ROOM WITH YOU/ GET ON THE FLOOR/ WORKING DAY AND NIGHT/ SHE'S OUT OF MY LIFE, Michael Jackson | Epic LP |
| 35 | DIM ALL THE LIGHTS, Donna Summer | Casablanca 12in |
| 36 | GROOVE ME, Fern Kinney | WEA 12in |
| 37 | SING A HAPPY SONG, O'Jays | Phyl Int |
| 38 | PIOT JUST KNEE DEEP, Funkadelic | Warner Bros LP |
| 39 | SWEET TALK, Robin Beck | Mercury 12in |
| 40 | CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE, Tammo Jones | Polydor 12in |
| 41 | THE BREAK, KarMandu | US TK 12in |
| 42 | GET UP AND BOOGIE, Freddie James | Warner Bros 12in |
| 43 | ORANGE TO THE MUSIC/ EVERY DAY PEOPLE/ I STAND, Sly Stone | US Epic 12in/ LP |
| 44 | STREET LIFE/ ROTATION/ I BEHIND THE RAIN, Herb Alpert | ASM LP |
| 45 | MONKEY CHOP, Dan T | Island 12in |
| 46 | MY LOVE DON'T COME EASY/ GIVE IT UP/ WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND/ WHEN I FIND YOU/ LOVE/ WHAT'S THAT ALL IT WAS/ START THE FIRE/ LONELY GIRL IN A COLD COLD WORLD, Joan Carr | US Phyl Int LP |
| 47 | HAVEN'T YOU HEARD/ LET THE MUSIC TAKE ME/ CALL ON ME, Patrice Rushen | US Elektra LP |
| 48 | THE HUSTLE (REMIX), Van McCoy | MCA 12in |
| 49 | IT'S CALLED THE ROCK, Edwyn Star | 70th Century Fox 12in |
| 50 | WEST END DANCER/ SAMBA PA NEGRA, Jay Moggard | US Ariet GRP LP |

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|----|--|---------------------|
| 51 | MOVIN', Brass Construction | UA LP |
| 52 | GIMME GIMME GIMME, Abba | Epic |
| 53 | REACHIN' OUT (FOR YOUR LOVE), Lee Moore | Source 12in |
| 54 | SEX O'RAM, Slick | Fantasy 12in |
| 55 | DON'T LET GO/ EVER, Isaac Hayes | Polydor 12in/ LP |
| 56 | LOOKIN' FOR LOVE TONIGHT, F.L.B | Fantasy 12in |
| 57 | DON'T DO THE DOG/ DOGGIN' IT/ GIMME YOUR LOVE, Creme O'Clocks | US Venture 12in/ LP |
| 58 | IS IT LOVE YOU'RE AFTER, Rose Royce | Whitfield 12in |
| 59 | IN LOVE/ LOVE LITE/ I ENJOY YAMMO (RETTOR LOVE), SAY IT AGAIN, Sheevey | US Elektra 12in/ LP |
| 60 | BABY BABA BOOGIE/ SHAKE, Gao Band | Mercury 12in |

STAR CHOICE



DAVID COVERDALE

- | | | |
|----|------------------------|-------------|
| 1 | BEY JOE | Warner Bros |
| 2 | YOU KEEP ME HANGING ON | Warner Bros |
| 3 | BORN TO BE WILD | Swampy/Int |
| 4 | STATESBORO BLUES | Tal Vano |
| 5 | GAME SOME LOVIN' | Sony/Int |
| 6 | OH WELL | Warner Bros |
| 7 | I WANNA BE YOUR MAN | Warner Bros |
| 8 | HOWDY TOWN, WOMEN | Warner Bros |
| 9 | HEY GRANDMA | Mercury |
| 10 | FOR YOUR LOVE | Mercury |

YESTER YEAR

ONE YEAR AGO (NOVEMBER 25 1978)

- | | | |
|----|---------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 | RAT TRAP | Blownown Rats |
| 2 | HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU | Olivia Newton John |
| 3 | MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL | Carli |
| 4 | DO YA THINK I'M SEXY | Rod Stewart |
| 5 | PRETTY LITTLE EYES | Showaddy/Decca |
| 6 | BARBIE | Ken Bonine |
| 7 | SUMMER NIGHTS | John Travolta/Olivia Newton John |
| 8 | INSTANT REPLAY | Dan Hartman |
| 9 | HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE | Blondie |
| 10 | SANDY | John Travolta |

TEN YEARS AGO (NOVEMBER 22 1969)

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 | SUGAR SUGAR | The Archies |
| 2 | CALL ME NUMBER ONE | The Timeboxes |
| 3 | OH WELL | Fleetwood Mac |
| 4 | SOMETHING COME TOGETHER | The Beatles |
| 5 | RETURN OF ELANOR DOLLAR IN THE TEETH | The Lipsetttes |
| 6 | WONDERFUL WORLD BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE | Jimmie Gilm |
| 7 | SWEET DREAM | Jethro Tull |
| 8 | NOBODY'S CHILD | Ken Young |
| 9 | RUBY DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE TO TOWN | Kenny Rogers and First Edition |
| 10 | YESTER ME YESTER YOU YESTER DAY | Steve Wonder |

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO (NOVEMBER 21 1964)

- | | | |
|----|---|----------------------------|
| 1 | BABY LOVE | Supremes |
| 2 | ALL DAY AND ALL OF THE NIGHT | The Kings |
| 3 | HE'S IN TOWN | The Rascals |
| 4 | LET'S GET TOGETHER | The Impressions |
| 5 | SHA LALA | Martha and the Vandellas |
| 6 | UM UM UM UM UM UM | Wayne Fontana |
| 7 | THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME | Roy Douglas |
| 8 | WALK AWAY | Van Morrison |
| 9 | TOKYO MELODY | Helmuth Zschalig Orchestra |
| 10 | DON'T BRING ME DOWN | The Pretty Things |

FIVE YEARS AGO (NOVEMBER 22 1974)

- | | | |
|----|---|----------------------|
| 1 | GONNA MAKE YOU A STAR | Queen |
| 2 | HILLER QUEEN | Queen |
| 3 | YOU'RE THE FIRST THE LAST MY EVERYTHING | Berry White |
| 4 | HEY THERE LONELY GIRL | Eddie Holman |
| 5 | EVERYBODY'S TOWN | Ken Bonine |
| 6 | PEPPER NO. 2 | The Peppers |
| 7 | NO HONESTLY | Lynsey De Paul |
| 8 | JURK BOY BOY | The Raincoats |
| 9 | LET'S PUT IT ALL TOGETHER | The Raincoats |
| 10 | ALL OF ME LOVES A L O U | The Bay City Runners |

SECRET AFFAIR

GLORY BOYS



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