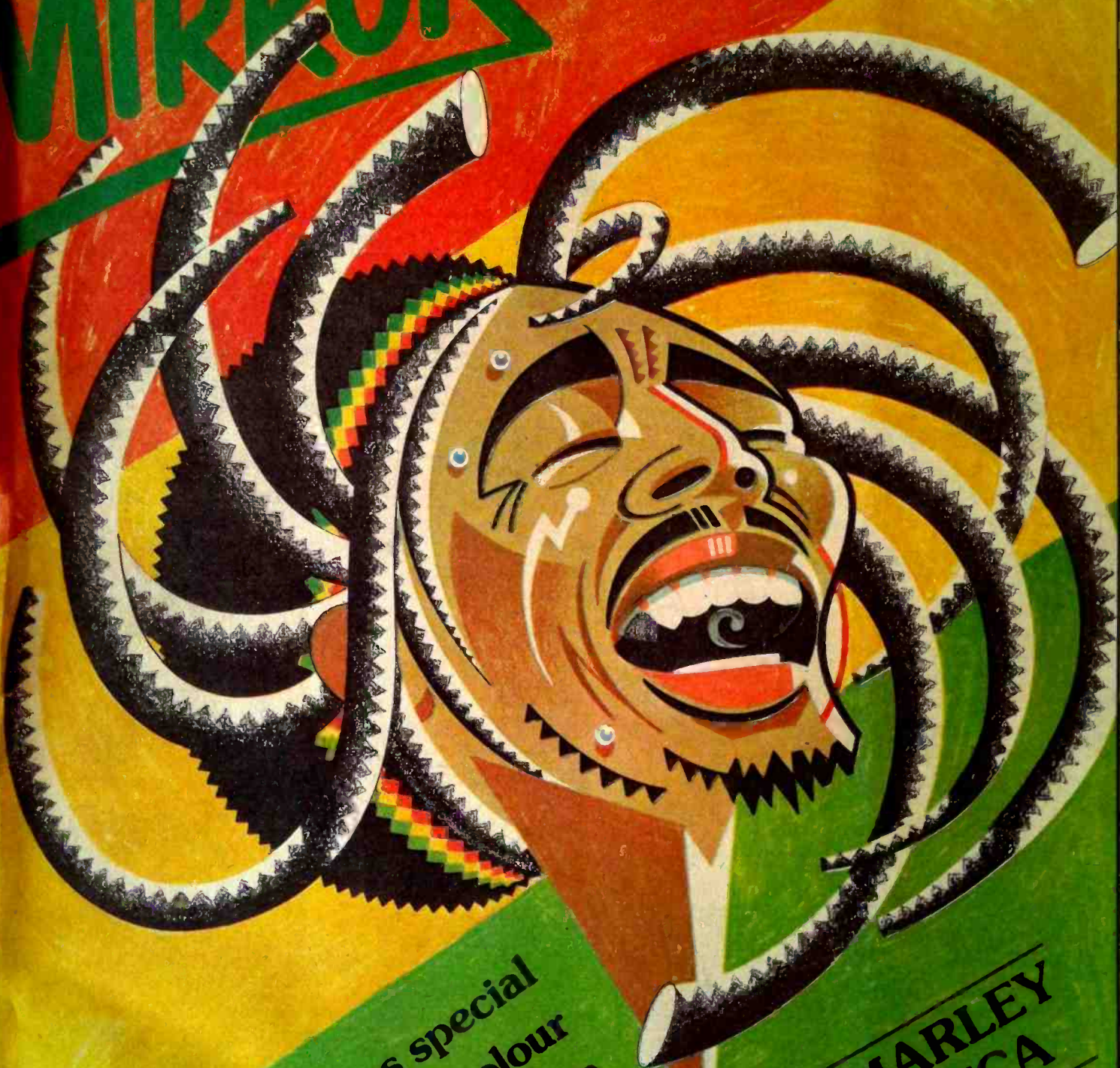


RECORD MIRROR



**Tubes special
plus colour
Johnny Rotten**

**BOB MARLEY
IN JAMAICA**

RECORD MIRROR

UK SINGLES

1	2	NIGHT FEVER, Bee Gees	RSO
2	1	MATCHSTALK MEN & CATS & DOGS, Brian & Michael	Pye
3	3	I WONDER WHY, Showaddywaddy	Arista
4	4	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE, Suzi Quatro	RAK
5	7	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE, Johnny Mathis	CBS
6	8	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY, Andrew Gold	Asylum
7	9	FOLLOW YOU FOLLOW ME, Genesis	Charisma
8	5	WITH A LITTLE LUCK, Wings	Parlophone
9	8	BAKER STREET, Gerry Rafferty	United Artists
10	20	LET'S ALL CHANT, Michael Zager Band	Private Stock
11	11	SINGING IN THE RAIN, Sheila B. Devotion	EMI
12	18	EVERYBODY DANCE, Chic	Atlantic
13	27	AUTOMATIC LOVER, Dee D. Jackson	Mercury
14	14	MORE LIKE THE MOVIES, Dr Hook	Capitol
15	19	SHE'S SO MODERN, Boomtown Rats	Ensign
16	39	BAD OLD DAYS, Coco	Ania
17	21	IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO, Richard Myhill	Mercury
18	13	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH, Dan Hill	20th Century
19	12	WALK IN LOVE, Manhattan Transfer	Atlantic
20	10	DENIS, Blondie	Chrysalis
21	—	RIVERS OF BABYLON, Boney M	Atlantic
22	28	JACK & JILL, Raydio	Arista
23	22	TAKE ME I'M YOURS, Squeeze	A&M
24	23	CHELSEA, Elvis Costello & Attractions	Radar
25	34	DO IT DO IT AGAIN, Raftaella Carra	Epic
26	42	THEME FROM HONG KONG BEAT, Richard Denton	BBC
27	—	BECAUSE THE NIGHT, Patti Smith Group	Arista
28	15	WUTHERING HEIGHTS, Kate Bush	EMI
29	40	BACK IN LOVE AGAIN, Donna Summer	GTO
30	—	COME TO ME, Ruby Winters	Creole
31	17	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN, Eruption	Atlantic
32	29	WHENEVER YOU WANT MY LOVE, Real Thing	Pye
33	45	MOVE YOUR BODY, Gene Farrow	Magnet
34	31	I'LL GO WHERE YOUR MUSIC TAKES ME, Tina Charles	CBS
35	35	EGO, Elton John	Rocket
36	25	I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS, Nick Lowe	Radar
37	16	EVERY 1'S A WINNER, Hot Chocolate	RAK
38	37	HAZELL, Meggie Bell	Swan Song
39	41	I MUST BE IN LOVE, Rutles	Warner Bros
40	24	EMOTIONS, Samantha Sang	Private Stock
41	48	HEY LORO DON'T ASK ME QUESTIONS, Graham Parker Vertigo	Private Stock
42	32	THE ONE AND ONLY, Gladys Knight & The Pips	Buddah
43	—	WHEN YOU WALK IN THE ROOM, Child	Ania
44	48	I CAN'T GET NO SATISFACTION, Devo	Stiff Boy
45	—	LOVE IS IN THE AIR, John Paul Young	Ania
46	36	FOXHOLE, Television	Elektra
47	—	JUST FOR YOU, Alan Price	Jet
48	—	WHAT A WASTE, Ian Dury	Stiff
49	—	THE DAY THE WORLD TURNED OAYGLOW, X-Ray Spex	EMI
50	—	DANCE A LITTLE BIT CLOSER, Charo	Salsoul

UK ALBUMS

1	2	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, Various	RSO
2	1	20 GOLDEN GREATS, Nat King Cole	Capitol
3	3	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE, Genesis	Charisma
4	4	LONDON TOWN, Wings	Parlophone
5	5	THE ALBUM, Abba	Epic
6	10	THE STUD, Various	Ronco
7	—	LDNG LIVE ROCK 'N' ROLL, Rainbow	Polydor
8	18	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE, Johnny Mathis	CBS
9	8	CITY TO CITY, Gerry Rafferty	United Artists
10	19	PENNIES FROM HEAVEN, Various	World
11	9	20 GOLDEN GREATS, Buddy Holly & The Crickets	MCA
12	18	RUMOURS, Fleetwood Mac	Warner Brothers
13	11	THE KICK INSIDE, Kate Bush	EMI
14	8	KAYA, Bob Marley & The Wailers	Island
15	13	THIS YEARS MODEL, Elvis Costello & The Attractions	Radar
16	12	THE RUTLES, Rutles	Warner Brothers
17	14	20 CLASSIC HITS, The Platters	Mercury
18	23	ANYTIME ANYWHERE, Rita Coolidge	A&M
19	15	OUT OF THE BLUE, Electric Light Orchestra	Jet
20	17	PASTICHE, Manhattan Transfer	Atlantic
21	7	ADVENTURE, Television	Elektra
22	20	PLASTIC LETTERS, Blondie	Chrysalis
23	—	HEAVY HORSES, Jethro Tull	Chrysalis
24	21	FONZIES FAVOURITES, Various	Warwick
25	24	BAT OUT OF HELL, Meat Loaf	Epic
26	32	THE STRANGER, Billy Joel	CBS
27	28	NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES, Ian Dury	Stiff
28	22	VARIATIONS, Andrew Lloyd Webber	MCA
29	25	THE SOUND OF BREAD, Bread	Elektra
30	—	GREEN, Steve Hillage	Virgin
31	34	EASTER, Patti Smith Group	Arista
32	30	EVERY 1'S A WINNER, Hot Chocolate	RAK
33	36	BEST FRIENDS, Cleo Laine / John Williams	RCA
34	26	REFLECTIONS, Andy Williams	CBS
35	—	NATURAL ACT, Kria Kristofferson / Rita Coolidge	A&M
36	31	GREATEST HITS, Abba	Epic
37	35	ARRIVAL, Abba	Epic
38	43	ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO, Andrew Gold	Asylum
39	39	EXODUS, Bob Marley & The Wailers	Island
40	—	PLEASE DON'T TOUCH, Steve Hackett	Charisma
41	48	A LITTLE BIT MORE, Dr Hook	Capitol
42	—	HOTEL CALIFORNIA, Eagles	Asylum
43	—	JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION, Johnny Mathis	CBS
44	44	ANOTHER MUSIC, Buzzcocks	United Artists
45	—	HEART 'N SOUL, Tina Charles	CBS
46	—	CENTRAL HEATING, Heatwave	GTO
47	41	SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS,	CBS
48	47	FOOT LOOSE AND FANCY FREE, Rod Stewart	Riva
49	—	LIVE — THE LAST WALTZ, The Band	Warner Brothers
50	—	EAST MEETS, James Last	Polydor

BREAKERS

CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU, Barry Manilow
 LOVE IS SO EASY, Stargard
 BOOGIE SHOES, K. C. & The Sunshine Band
 IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE DANCING, Rose Royce
 NICE 'N SLEAZY, Stranglers
 JOKO HOMO, Devo
 BEAT GOES ON AND ON, Ripple
 THE CLOSER I GET, Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway
 SHADOW DANCING, Andy Gibb
 I DON'T MIND, Buzzcocks



BUZZCOCKS

STAR CHOICE

1 WOMAN LOVE, Gene Vincent & The Blue Caps
 2 WHAT AM I LIVING FOR, Chuck Wild
 3 DAVEY CROCKETT, Bill Hayes
 4 WRECK A BUDDY, Soul Sisters
 5 I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN, Ann Peebles
 6 AL CAPON, Prince Buster
 7 OTIS REDDING, AL JACKSON, WILLIE MITCHELL, AL GREEN
 8 IT SURE CAN GET COLD IN DES MOINES, Tom T. Hall
 9 EMBRACEABLE YOU, Charlie Foster
 10 GENE VINCENT'S OTHER RECORDS
 (Plus a good 6 million other reasons to be glad about music)



IAN DURY

OTHER CHART

1	THINGS GO WRONG, The Reducers	Vibes
2	BECAUSE THE NIGHT, Patti Smith	Arista
3	I DON'T MIND, Buzzcocks	United Artists
4	NICE 'N SLEAZY, Stranglers	United Artists
5	TOUCH AND GO, Magazine	Virgin
6	JOKO HOMO, Devo	Stiff
7	GUTTER KIDS, Dyaks	Bonaparte
8	ALL I WANT, Snatch	Lightning
9	OPIMUM FOR THE PEOPLE, Planet Gong	Affinity
10	ROXANNE, Police	A&M
11	EASY BEAT, Stadium Dogs	Magnet
12	CA PLANE POUR MOI, Plastic Bertrand	Sire
13	I AM A FLY, Wire	Harvest
14	ANOTHER PLANET, The Only Ones	CBS
15	YANKEE WHEELS, Jane Ayrre	Stiff
16	SEX CELLS, The Table	Chiswick
17	UP AGAINST THE WALL, Tom Robinson Band	EMI
18	SATISFACTION, Devo	Stiff
19	SHOW ONE A REASON, The Tubes	A&M
20	KING LED HAT, Eno & Snatch	Polydor

Supplied by: Vibes Records, 3 Princes Parade, Bury, Lancs. Tel: 061 764 2013

YESTERYEAR

5	Years Ago (15th May, 1973)	Dawn
1	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	
2	HELLO HELLO I'M BACK AGAIN	Gary Glitter
3	DRIVE-IN SATURDAY,	David Bowie
4	HELL RAISER	The Sweet
5	TWEEDLE DEE	Little Jimmy Osmond
6	SEE MY BABY JIVE	Wizard
7	ALL BECAUSE OF YOU	Geordie
8	GET DOWN	Gilbert O'Sullivan
9	BROTHER LOUIE	Hot Chocolate
10	I'M A CLOWN/SOME KIND OF A SUMMER	David Cassidy
10	Years Ago (4th May, 1968)	Louis Armstrong
1	WONDERFUL WORLD	
2	SIMON SAYS	The 1910 Fruitgum Co.
3	LAZY SUNDAY	The Small Faces
4	IF I ONLY HAD TIME	John Rowles
5	CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OFF YOU	Andy Williams
6	CONGRATULATIONS	Cliff Richard
7	MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Engelbert Humperdinck
8	JENNIFER ECCLES	The Hollies
9	I CAN'T LET MAGGIE GO	The Honey Bus
10	DELILAH	Tom Jones
15	Years Ago (4th May, 1963)	The Beatles
1	FROM ME TO YOU	
2	HOW DO YOU DO IT?	Gerry and the Pacemakers
3	FROM A JACK TO A KING	Ned Miller
4	NOBODY'S DREAMIN' BUT MINE	Frank Ifield
5	SAY I WON'T BE THERE	The Springfields
6	CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU	Andy Williams
7	IN DREAMS	Roy Orbison
8	RHYTHM OF THE RAIN	The Cascades
9	BROWN-EYED HANDSOME MAN	Buddy Holly
10	FOOT TAPPER	The Shadows

US SINGLES

1	1	NIGHT FEVER, Bee Gees	RSO
2	2	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, Yvonne Elliman	RSO
3	3	CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU, Barry Manilow	Arista
4	4	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU, Roberta Flack	Atlantic
5	5	WITH A LITTLE LUCK, Wings	Capitol
6	10	TOO MUCH, TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE, Johnny Mathis	Columbia
7	9	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT, John Travolta	RSO
8	6	LAY DOWN SALLY, Eric Clapton	RSO
9	7	DUST IN THE WIND, Kansas	Kirshner
10	12	COUNT ON ME, Jefferson Starship	RSO
11	8	JACK & JILL, Raydio	Arista
12	14	IMAGINARY LOVER, Atlanta Rhythm Section	Polydor
13	15	FEELS SO GOOD, Chuck Mangione	A&M
14	22	SHADOW DANCING, Andy Gibb	RSO
15	19	DISCO INFERNNO, Trampas	Atlantic
16	20	THIS TIME I'M IN IT FOR LOVE, Player	RSO
17	17	SWEET TALKING WOMAN, Electric Light Orchestra	Jet
18	16	FLASHLIGHT, Parliament	Casablanca
19	25	ON BROADWAY, George Benson	Warner Bros
20	23	TWO DOORS DOWN, Dolly Parton	RCA
21	28	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN, Sweet	Capitol
22	30	BABY HOLD ON, Eddie Money	Columbia
23	29	MOVIN' OUT, Billy Joel	Columbia
24	26	WEREWOLVES OF LONDON, Warren Zevon	Asylum
25	32	IT'S A HEARTACHE, Bonnie Tyler	RCA
26	13	STAYIN' ALIVE, Bee Gees	RSO
27	11	RUNNIN' ON EMPTY, Jackson Browne	Asylum
28	18	OUR LOVE, Natalie Cole	Capitol
29	21	GOODBYE GIRL, David Gates	Elektra
30	30	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME, Abba	Atlantic
31	—	YOU BELONG TO ME, Carly Simon	Elektra
32	33	MORE THAN A WOMAN, Tavaros	Capitol
33	36	OO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC, Shaun Cassidy	Warner/Curb
34	37	EGO, Elton John	MCA
35	27	LOVE IS THICKER THAN WATER, Andy Gibb	RSO
36	40	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD, Meat Loaf	Epic
37	38	LET'S ALL CHANT, The Michael Zager Band	Private Stock
38	41	DEACON BLUES, Steely Cole	ABC
39	42	EVERY KINDA PEOPLE, Robert Palmer	Island
40	45	DANCE WITH ME, Peter Brown	Orme
41	47	BECAUSE THE NIGHT, Patti Smith	Arista
42	43	SHADOW IN THE STREET, Allan Clarke	Atlantic
43	49	HEARTLESS, Heart	Mushroom
44	48	AIN'T GONNA EAT OUT MY HEART, Angel	Casablanca
45	46	MAKE YOU FEEL LOVE AGAIN, Wet Willie	Epic
46	44	FOOLING YOURSELF, Styx	A&M
47	32	FANTASY, Earth, Wind & Fire	Columbia
48	24	WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE, England Dan Big Tree	
49	34	EMOTION, Samantha Sang	Private Stock
50	—	TUMBLING DICE, Linda Ronstadt	Asylum

US DISCO

1	1	IF MY FRIENDS COULD SEE ME NOW, Linda Clifford	Curton
2	2	VOYAGE, Al Cuta	Merfin
3	3	COME INTO MY HEART, USA	European Connection
4	5	COME ON DANCE DANCE, Saturday Night Band	Prelude
5	4	MACHO MAN, Village People	Casablanca
6	15	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY, Various Artist	Casablanca
7	10	LET YOURSELF GO, T. Connection	TK
8	6	ROMEO & JULIET, Alec R. Costandinos	Casablanca
9	9	GETTIN' THE SPIRIT, Roberta Kelly	Casablanca
10	7	RIO DE JANEIRO, Gary Cross	Salsoul
11	11	LET'S GET TOGETHER, Detroit Emeralds	Westbound
12	17	AT THE DISCOTHEQUE, Lipstick	Tom 'n Jerry
13	8	SEVEN DEADLY SINS, Laurin Rinder & W. Michael Lewis	AVI
14	14	DANCE WITH ME, Peter Brown	Drive
15	16	ROUGH DIAMOND, Madisen Kane	Warner Bros
16	22	HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU, Love And Kisses	Casablanca
17	12	LET'S ALL CHANT, Michael Zager Band	Private Stock
18	18	GRAND TOUR, Grand Tour	Butterfly
19	19	GARDEN OF LOVE, Dan Brown	Crocos
20	13	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN, Eruption	Ania

US ALBUMS

1	1	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, Soundtrack	RSO
2	3	LONDON TOWN, Wings	Capitol
3	2	SLOWHAND, Eric Clapton	RSO
4	6	POINT OF KNOW RETURN, Kansas	Kirshner
5	7	EARTH, JEFFERSON STARSHIP, Jefferson Starship	Gruft
6	4	THE STRANGER, Billy Joel	Columbia
7	5	WEEKEND IN LA, George Benson	Warner Bros
8	10	RUNNING ON EMPTY, Jackson Browne	Asylum
9	13	FEELS SO GOOD, Chuck Mangione	A&M
10	12	EXCITABLE BOY, Warren Zevon	Asylum
11	9	EVEN NOW, Barry Manilow	Arista
12	15	CHAMPAGNE JAM, Atlanta Rhythm Section	Polydor
13	16	SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR, Jimmy Buffet	ABC
14	8	BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT, Roberta Flack	Atlantic
15	11	AJA, Steely Den	ABC
16	21	SHOWDOWN, Isley Brothers	T-Neck
17	20	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE, Johnny Mathis	Columbia
18	18	WAITING FOR COLUMBUS, Little Feat	Warner Bros
19	14	THE GRAND ILLUSION, Styx	A&M
20	17	FRENCH KISS, Bob Welch	Capitol
21	22	INFINITY, Journey	Columbia
22	24	FANTASY LOVE AFFAIR, Peter Brown	Drive
23	26	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE, Genesis	Atlantic
24	60	CENTRAL HEATING, Heatwave	Epic
25	29	VAN HALEN	Warner Bros
26	36	MAGAZINE, Heart	Mushroom
27	19	FLOWING RIVERS, Andy Gibb	RSO
28	34	WARMER COMMUNICATIONS, Average White Band	Atlantic
29	31	BRING IT BACK ALIVE, Outlaws	Arista
30	27	STREET PLAYER, Rufus / Chaka Khan	ABC
31	23	THE PLACEBO SYNDROME, Parliament	Casablanca
32	50	HEAVY HORSES, Jethro Tull	Chrysalis
33	32	THANKFUL, Natalie Cole	Capitol
34	30	FOOT LOOSE AND FANCY FREE, Rod Stewart	Warner Bros
35	35	PLAYER OF THE YEAR, Bootsy's Rubber Band	Warner Bros
36	28	RAYDIO	Arista
37	42	AMERICAN HOT WAX, Soundtrack	A&M
38	43	THIS YEARS MODEL, Elvis Costello	Columbia
39	39	HERE YOU COME AGAIN, Oddy Perton	RCA
40	40	NIGHT FLIGHT, Yvonne Elliman	RSO
41	79	BOYS IN THE TREES, Carly Simon	Elektra
42	44	MACHO MAN, Village People	Casablanca
43	49	BAT OUT OF HELL, Meat Loaf	Epic
44	47	RUMOURS, Fleetwood Mac	Warner Bros
45	25	DOUBLE FUN, Robert Palmer	Island
46	45	HERE AT LAST... LIVE, Bee Gees	RSO
47	52	HER GREATEST HITS, Carole King	ODE
48	37	EDDIE MONEY	Columbia
49	55	REACHING FOR THE SKY, Peabo Bryson	Capitol
50	53	ALL 'N' ALL, Earth, Wind and Fire	Columbia

US SOUL

1	1	TOO MUCH, Johnny Mathis & Demice Williams	Columbia
2	2	ON BROADWAY, George Benson	Warner Bros
3	5	TAKE ME TO THE NEXT PHASE, Isley Brothers	Columbia
4	9	STAY, Rufus / Chaka Khan	ABC
5	3	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU, Roberta Flack	Atlantic
6	6	DANCE WITH ME, Peter Brown	Drive
7	10	THE GROOVELINE, Heatwave	Epic
8	8	NIGHT FEVER, Bee Gees	RSO
9	12	USE TA BE MY GIRL, The O'Jays	Philadelphia International
10	11	RIDING HIGH, Faze-O	SHE
11	4	BOOTZILLA, Bootsy's Rubber Band	Warner Bros
12	13	GET ON UP, Tyrone Davis	Columbia
13	7	FLASH LIGHT, Parliament	Casablanca
14	14	REACHING FOR THE SKY, Peabo Bryson	Capitol
15	25	DANCE ACROSS THE FLOOR, Jimmy "Bo" Horn	Sunshine
16	16	LET'S ALL CHANT, The Michael Zager Band	Private Stock
17			

Dig out the flowers and beads (man)!

HOLD on to your memories of yesteryear my darlings! The past is about to come flooding back — and I'm not just saying that because it rained all the way through my delightful Bank Holiday. This will make your summer!!

By keeping my ears close to the ground, and sipping elegant cocktails in the right places, I've been able to find out just what the creative, energetic and beautiful youth of the nation will be doing as the torments of winter give way to the long, hot and languorous season that we've been looking forward to.

Yes, my darlings, peace, love, Bohemian togetherness and viably meaningful psychedelia are about to make a comeback! This staggering information assaulted Lucy's ever eager ears over a quiet, relaxed lunch last week in the heart of London's West End.

And if the gin and tonic so thoughtfully provided didn't have me hearing wrong the man behind this ludicrous revival is none other than the Damned's former Svengali, mentor and guitarist. **Brian James!**

It seems that the raven-haired "former punk hero" has put the finishing touches to his new band, and plans to unveil the combo at "a major London venue" (believed to be "not a million miles" from the "home" of "Come Dancing") in a huge festival. A spokesman commented that it would take the form of a "Bohemian love-in"! I ask you, my honey bunches, is this what things are coming to?

Name for the new band, I'm told, is *Tanz Der Youth*, which literally translated from the "colourful" German means "dance of the youth". They are currently recording, and plan to play a few gigs in "The North" before wheeling out artefacts and ideals of an era long gone at the London "love-in".

I felt I had to warn you, my darlings, that lion pants (preferably pink), beads, bells and all manner of psychedelic "multi-media" activity may yet be back. May yet again become "socially acceptable". The "summer of love" is again upon us — and Lucy confidently predicts that it will rain all the way through it. That, after all, is better than pouring scorn or cold water.

News from the colonies: While rehearsing for a Midnight Special TV show the famous and exceedingly rich Robert Stigwood — sorry that must be wrong. Ah yes, the famous and not-quite-as-rich *Be* Hop Deluxe ran into "er" censorship problems. One of their members was wearing a T-shirt containing the colourful inscription "Jean Cockoe". To which the producer objected, naturally enough. Within minutes the "offending" garment reappeared on the said member (goddit?) the modf correctly amended to "Jean Cotteau". (Is this really interesting? — Lucy's best friend. All concerned then disappeared under the sea (Thank goodness — LBF).

And so, my dears, so the annual general meeting of that exclusive

Music Biz society, The Over-The-Top Club. Julie's wine bar was the selected venue — several miles from London's West End — and I have to report that the club will not be allowed to hold any future gatherings there. The wine flowed freely — mostly over the head of ageing jock Alan Freeman. No mud hit the wall, but plenty of courgettes did. Alan James whose birthday it was, was presented with a cake straight in the face.

Kaped Krusader Rick Wakeman led the community singing, while an amused Bruce Forsyth and Jimmy Hill sat at an adjoining table. Modesty forbids me to describe exactly what Mr Freeman did with the pepper grinder. You may recall, my sweet peas, that around Christmas time the club was banned from Rags after similar festivities. Even as I write I'm trying to remove the last trace of chocolate mousse from my hair, and looking forward to the next meeting of this mild-mannered society.

Meanwhile up in that grimy land I'm wont to call "The North" strange things have been happening. First I'm reliably informed by friends who speak with thick nasal accents that Batley Variety Club is to throw open its "world-famous" doors . . . to the Gay Liberation Movement! The nightclub, pleasantly situated in rural Bradford Road, Batley, West Yorkshire, is to hold its first-ever "Gay Drags and Gals Cabaret Ball" on May 18. If the show is successful it will become a regular event, I'm told, Lucy will be there to tell you all about it — provided the Northern winter abates in time.

Still "Up North" I was most terribly sorry to hear about the fate that befell Mancunian pop combo the Freshies. These redoubtable "lads" (as they say) decided to create some publicity for themselves, being new to the business and relatively unknown, so to speak. To this end they clambered onto a rooftop in urban Manchester and began to play a selection of original ditties. Well, my dears, the hours went by, several pedestrians went by, several pedestrians were "halted in their tracks" and even passengers in a passing train attempted to throw coins as a measure of appreciation.

But nobody else took a blind bit of notice. A disgruntled group exited with a last rendition of their "hits", cursed the laxness of the local constabulary in not arresting them, and reluctantly decided to leave such pathetic stunts to the loathsome Rutes In future. Aaaaah!

Slightly nearer the metropolitan confines that your correspondent calls "Home", Lucy was delighted to hear that the donkey-jacketed Teddy Boys and Girls of Lewisham now have a regular place to "bop". The venue is Forest Hill Cricket Club, which now resounds to rockably sounds one night a week. Too young to visit rock 'n' rolling pubs and clubs the diminutive Teds can now meet like-minded souls in peace and wooden-floored comfort. The sub-teenage clientele are fervently hoping that their excellent venture will be copied elsewhere.

On then to the "grown-up" parties of which I know you're all so fond of hearing about. First, pride of place must go to my very old and dear friend Al Clark, slightly balding and acid-tongued Press Officer of Virgin Records. Such is the fame of that company's pillar of strength that flaxen-haired Virgin boss Richard Branson allowed Mr Clark to use his palatial residence to hold the party in — an unprecedented move since the house is only normally used for interviews with the wail-like Julie Covington.

Spanish-born Clark coped well with the transition from a 29-year-old spokesman to a 30-year-old with the description, muttering Bogart-



Cherry Vanilla, whose cherries were revealed last week shows there's more to her than just a lovely bunch. True lovers of music could try a visit to the Music Machine tonight (Wednesday) to see if there's any more juicy treats

style, between mouthfuls of food, that he was "More worried about the hairs on his chest than the hairs on his head". Is this a sign of advancing age?

Present at the "downhill all the way from now on" celebration were two of Devo (instructed by their lawyers to make "no comment"), Albie Donnelly (the fattest member of Supercharge) and large contingents from the Wilko Johnson Band.

Most of the grown-ups later repaired to the Music Machine to watch the latter band in action, an event that was the scene of an "unlikely" conversation between Iggy Pop and the aforementioned members of Ohio pop group Devo. Those who are not men are now almost certainly stars — even if it's going to be ages before they get their album out.

● We all know, my darlings, how much that man-of-many-wigs Jonathan King loves seeing his name in print, and just this once I won't deny him. His "stand" as an Independent Royalist candidate in the Epsom by-election is the excuse this time. The evergreen former graduate managed to poll no less than 2,350 votes! This was nearly half of the Liberal vote, I'm assured, and the second largest independent vote in the last 22 Parliamentary by-elections. Hurray! Don't you think it's a terrible pity he didn't get elected, though? It might have cut down the amount of time he spends making awful records.

Another solree that was a "must" to be seen at was post-gig party for my lively young friends, the Rich Kids. Joined on the bill by the White Cats (featuring Rat 'Chris Miller' Scables) the energetic pop combo were assisted by Mick Ronson and venerable Faces' keyboards man, Ian 'Mac' McLagan for the concert. Afterwards champagne was guzzled by all, and among those in attendance were Billy Idol, Steve Jones and Paul Cook, Mick Jones of the Clash and Rat's dad, who wanted his name mentioned. Lucy, however, became somewhat tired of lively young things telling her "how posh" it all was. If you play a gig where they film "Come Dancing" what can you expect?

Whilst travelling in the far-flung regions recently your faithful correspondent has been hearing many an odd tale. Take the "revolting" Mick Jagger for instance. Hanging out (as they say) at an elegant party in the balmy, moonlit hills of Jamaica as a guest of Island Records boss Chris Blackwell, the white-suited Mick seemed happiest talking, about sex. Close friends maintain that this is

always the case. He did, however, consider the Jamaican situation — especially the "One Love" peace concert — "very important". He's excited also about the signing of the volittle Peter Tosh to the Stones' record label. With that "over 30" singer skilfully sidestepped a vomiting German journalist (slightly under the weather with a surfeit of exotic smoking mixture), and betook himself and his elegant white suit off to the paradise island's best hotel.

Slightly nearer to "home" I hear Japan are setting themselves up — already — as the "next big thing"; a label usually reserved for recently formed bands playing "world famous" venues like the "minute" Hope and Anchor or the "unpleasant" Greyhound. The potential "supergroup" provided the Press with the obligatory "free lunch" at a West End eating house, but neglected to inform them that missiles of a confectionery nature were part of the set menu. Lucy made her excuses and left. Later I was "informed" that the redoubtable Janan — supporting Blue Oyster Cult in Glasgow — provided the Lord Provost of that fair city with a pair of free tickets for the show in protest at the "impending" closure of the Apollo as a rock venue. There is no truth in the rumour that the dignitary arrived during the interval.

It has been a week, I'm afraid, where silly stories have taken the place of the exciting tittle tattle that Lucy is normally provided with. I simply must spend more time at the haidressers. Unless, my darlings, you want to hear more about the loathsome Rutes. This latter outfit continue to give me a searing pain — virtually everywhere. One can only hope that their propensity to launch Beatles' recreations almost endlessly means that they will give a concert to save the whale. Actually on the back of the aforementioned mammal. In the middle of the Atlantic. In a raging gale. And absolutely miles from the nearest land.

And so to conclude — with the most delightful fashion note for many a month. Lucy was happily surprised to read in the Daily Telegraph the other week a letter from a disgruntled army officer living in the country. "Sir", he began tetchily, "Am I the only one to notice that one's regimental ties are simply too narrow to wear with the wide-collared shirts that are the fashion of today?" Good Lord! Is this the reason why every Oxfam shop in the country is flooded with these very items — for some time now essential wear for the well-dressed and fashionable male music lover?

Thus I remain, my dears, yours faithfully. And what's more I'll be back to prove it next week. If you can wait that long . . . so can I. Till then, byeeeee!



Cher, the lady who's been in the news more because she's a lady than a singer of late has managed it again. This time revealing (literally) that she tattooed her left and right cheeks — the cheeks in question being the lower ones, situated in the area where her lengthy legs join her delicious trunk. A rose adorns the right one and butterflies on the left one. Gardeners and lepidopterists should contact her fan club for species confirmation.

NEWS

News Editor JOHN SHEARLAW

80,000 MARCH AGAINST NAZIS



SUNDAY'S CARNIVAL Against The Nazis, organised by Rock Tam Robinson Band played to an estimated 91,000 people. Police say there was no trouble at the event, and Rock Against Racism are now planning to hold more of the same. "Next time," promised a spokesman, "we'll have 150,000 there." Full report and photos on Page 41. Photo by Mike Trevillion

Stranglers, Buzzcocks hit by GLC restrictions

THE STRANGLERS and the Buzzcocks have both been hit by Greater London Council concert restrictions in recent weeks, resulting in Buzzcocks cancelling one concert at the Roundhouse, and the Stranglers so far being unable to find a suitable venue for a London concert.

As we went to press both Alexandra Palace and the Queen's Park Rangers football ground at Shepherd's Bush — both previously lined up for a Stranglers concert — had almost certainly been

vetoed as potential venues.

A spokesman for the Stranglers management claimed that the GLC were "unhappy" about the concert arrangements — although the 35,000 capacity QPR ground appeared to be settled last week, and was in fact widely reported on.

Meanwhile the Buzzcocks, originally set to play two concerts at the Roundhouse on May 28 and May 29, will now play only the one date — on May 28. This is the result of a restriction in GLC music licences for the venue following complaints about "excessive noise" by local residents.

The reduction in licences, allied with the recent proviso that the noise level for Sunday shows must not exceed 95 decibels, has placed the regular Sunday music shows at the Roundhouse "in jeopardy", according to a spokesman.

Daavid Allen

forms new band

OLD HIPPIY and founder member of Gong and Soft Machine Daavid Allen has formed a new band ELPlanet Gong.

He's also got a solo album out 'Now Is The Happiest Time Of Your Life' and plans a short tour in mid June.



BOB MARLEY

MARLEY CONCERT LOOKS CERTAIN

NEGOTIATIONS for a major London concert appearance by international reggae superstar Bob Marley are in "an advanced stage."

Marley's manager, Don Taylor, revealed in Jamaica last week that he was lining up "two or three" concert dates — possibly at the Wembley Arena in late June. He was also considering offers to play at a major British open air festival this summer.

Taylor was speaking after Marley's triumphant appearance at the 'One Love' peace concert in Kingston, Jamaica, where Marley appeared in front of a home crowd of over 25,000 people.

However, a spokesman for Bob Marley's record company, Island, emphasised that, at present, were still "tentative" and nothing definite had yet been fixed.

+ Fellow Jamaican artist, and former member of the Wailers, Peter Tosh, has signed with Rolling Stones Records in America. Tosh, originally with CBS (and Virgin in Britain), is widely rumoured to be touring with the Rolling Stones in the near future.

Eurovision winners to play

ISRAELI Eurovision song contest winners Alpha — Beta will be appearing at Earl's Court on May 7.

They will be taking part in the 12 Hours For Israel celebrations organised by the Conference of Jewish Solidarity.

IN BRIEF

BETHNAL release their new single 'Don't Do It' on May 12. The first 15,000 copies will be 12" versions in a picture bag. The band, currently in America recording their second album, have tentative plans for a UK "mini-tour" in late May.

FOUNDER guitarist of Genesis, Anthony Phillips, has signed a solo contract with Arista Records. He releases his first Arista album 'Wise After The Event' (a follow-up to the classical/rock 'The Geese And The Ghost') on May 12.

MICKEY MOUSE, Walt Disney's famous cartoon character, is 50 years old this year, and the occasion will be celebrated with a massive children's birthday party at London Alexandra Palace on May 28 and 29. The event, organised by the GLC, is expected to attract over 100,000 people with a fun fair, displays and pop star appearances.

MEANWHILE former Monkee Davy Jones releases a Mickey Mouse single, 'Hey Ra Ra Ra (Happy Birthday Mickey Mouse)', on May 12. He's joined on the disc by a choir from the National Childrens Home, Harpenden.

Slade add extra dates

SLADE HAVE added further dates to their nationwide tour.

These are: Jersey Behana Club May 4 & 5, Newcastle Polytechnic 12, Swansea NuZ 18, Birmingham Aston University 18, Batley Variety Club 21, Aberdeen Raffles Club 24, Blackpool Nocalympia 27, Salford Willows Club 28.

NOTTING HILL CARNIVAL COMMITTEES STILL AT ODDS

WITH funds from the Commission for Racial Equality now withdrawn, disagreement has again broken out over the smooth running of this year's Notting Hill Carnival — scheduled to take place over the August Bank Holiday weekend.

The split which developed between the two rival carnival committees last year, the Notting Hill Carnival Development Committee and the Carnival and Arts Committee, shows no signs of being resolved this year, with the two leaders refusing to meet each other.

And in a statement issued over the weekend the West Indian Standing Conference warned West Indians to stay away from the carnival, because of the possibility of the violence which has marred the event for the last two years breaking out again.

Meanwhile West Indian community workers in Finsbury Park, led by Pastor Rupert Morris, are arranging an "alternative" carnival in the area — also for the August holiday. They have already been promised local authority backing.

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DEVO PLAY KNEBWORTH

... along with Jeff Beck

DEVO, the five-man group from Ohio, are the latest addition to the Knebworth open-air festival on June 24. It will be their only European appearance before autumn at the earliest.

Meanwhile the wrangle over "who signed Devo" continues with Warners contesting Virgin in a

closed court hearing. Warners were last week granted an injunction to prevent Virgin releasing the first Devo album 'Are We Not Men? - We Are Devo'. Virgin, who would only comment: "We shall resist!" plan to appeal and the case will be heard on May 19.

The "official" Devo

single on Stiff continues to rise up the charts.

The bill for Knebworth has now been virtually completed with the addition of Jeff Beck, and the American-based Atlanta Rhythm Section this week. Beck will be appearing with highly-rated bass player Stanley Clarke.



DEVO: only European appearance

Nico joins Ubu

LEGENDARY American singer Nico, who came to prominence with Andy Warhol's Velvet Underground, is a surprise addition to the bill for Pere Ubu's London concerts in May.

She joins the Ohio band for two dates at the Marquee on May 8 and 9.

Follow up for Williams

KENNY WILLIAMS, whose single '(You're) Fabulous Babe' entered the British charts in November last year, releases a follow-up this week.

Entitled 'To Know You Is To Love You' and written by 'Babe' composer Bob Larimer, the single will be released on the Ember label.

Williams meanwhile hopes to complete an album in New York within the next couple of months.

Co-Co's first album

CO-CO, Britain's losing entrants for Eurovision, 1978, have their first album, 'Bad Old Days', released this week.

Co-Co were "disappointed" at not winning the Eurovision for Britain, but one of the tracks from the album, 'How Can I Make It Baby On My Own', is to be recorded by Johnny Mathis and Deniece Williams as their follow-up single to "Too Much Too Little Too Late".

Depressions with Vibrators

THE DEPRESSIONS, who've just completed a tour with Slade, have now been added to the Vibrators' upcoming nationwide tour.

Prof give it up

THE NEAR-LEGENDARY Prof and the Profettes are to give up live performances.

However in "a last attempt to get recognition" they play a final concert at London Red Cow on May 5.

Seeger's in town

AMERICAN ROCKER Bob Seger releases his follow-up album to the highly-successful 'Night Moves' on May 12. Entitled 'Stranger In Town', it is Seger's 11th

album. It was due to be released in February but recording was put back to enable him to tour this country late last year.

Produced by Seger and

manager Punch Andrews, Seger himself wrote seven of the nine tracks. 'Stranger In Town' also includes a song from Glaswegian Frankie Miller.

A SPLIT IN TYLA GANG

BASS PLAYER Brian Turrington has left the Tyla Gang. The split is said to be "amicable", and his place has been taken by Ken Whaley formerly of Deke Leonard's Iceberg.

The Tyla Gang go out on the road in May and dates are: London Marquee 15, Dublin Coleraine University 17, Belfast Queen's University 18, Belfast Limerick Theatre 19, Cork University 20.

They'll then be abroad until June 6 when they return for a further string of British dates.

Pop Group at Roundhouse

THE POP Group, already playing with Pere Ubu on their tour, join Magazine for a concert at London Roundhouse on May 7.

Warners start new company

THE MIGHTY Warner Brothers Records this week announced the formation of a new record label / production company for the acquisition of UK talent. A name is currently being registered.

The new label are planning "three or four contemporary album releases a year", according to a spokesman.

Darren returns to road

JENNY DARREN, who fired her backing band in the middle of a tour two months ago, returns to the road with a new outfit in the summer. Warm-up gigs are East London Cubes Club, May 20, Coventry Robin Hood, 25, Merthyr Tydfil Tiffany's, June 8, Blackwood Institute, 9, Bradford on Avon St Margaret's Hall, 23.

Abrahams to tour

LATE SUMMER sees the return of legendary guitarist Mick Abrahams, one-time guitarist in Jethro Tull and Blodwyn Pig. He will headline a major concert and college tour as well as putting out a new album.

Black night at 100 Club

LONDON'S 100 Club, who already feature regular reggae nights on Thursdays, are to feature "black contemporary music" every Tuesday commencing on May 9.

The first band to appear will be the Cimarrons.



DR FEELGOOD: in the studio

The Dr make it six

DR FEELGOOD went into the studios last week with producer Martin Rushams to start work on their sixth album for United Artists.

They break work on the album in May when they undertake short tours of Holland and France and go back to the studio in June.

A tour of Eastern Europe and selected European festivals follow at the end of the summer culminating in a 40-day-English tour starting mid September and coinciding with the release of a new album.



JOHNNY MOPED: first ever tour

New Moped single

JONNY MOPED embarks on his first ever tour and releases a new single in May. The new single is 'Little Queenie' taken from the 'Cycledelic' album. It's backed with a new live version of 'Hard Loving Man' and Captain Sensible late of the Damned is featured on guitar.

The first dates of the tour have been announced and more will be added later: London Marquee May 6, Liverpool Eric's 8, Nottingham Sandpiper 11, East Q Bees 12, Woolwich Thames Polytechnic 20, London Music Machine 25, Margate Dreamland June 2, Chester Quaintways 5.

New single and album from Be-Bop

BE-BOP Deluxe return to Britain in May, and shortly afterwards begin work on their new studio album. A new single from the group, 'Electrical

Language' taken from their 'Drastic Plastic' album, is released on May 19.

Meanwhile lead singer and songwriter Bill

Nelson has plans to cut a solo album after he finishes recording with Be-Bop. It will in fact be his second - he cut 'Northern Dream' in 1971.

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NEWS

DYLAN CONFIRMED SIX DATES IN LONDON

BOB DYLAN will definitely be playing in Britain this summer. In his first appearance here since the Isle of Wight festival in 1969, the legendary folk singer will play six concerts at London Earls Court from June 15 to June 20.

As well as being apparently keen to carry on making live appearances after a successful recent tour of Japan and Australia, it's understood that Dylan is in need of a "cash boost" following his million-dollar divorce settlement and an unsuccessful film venture with Renaldo and Clara.

The shows at the 15,000 seat venue all begin at 8pm, and are expected to last for two hours with no support act. Dylan's backing band will be more or less the same as

the one with which he toured Australia including: Billy Cross (lead guitar), Rob Stoner (bass), Alan Tasqua (keyboards), Steve Soles (rhythm), David Mansfield (violin etc), Ian Wallace (drums), Steve Douglas (woodwinds) and several musicians yet to be announced.

Immediately following the London concerts Dylan flies to Europe where he will be performing at both open-air and indoor festivals in Holland, Germany, France and Scandinavia. It is anticipated that Dylan will play to close on a quarter of a million people in Europe.

Meanwhile the "radically new songs" reported by the Japanese Press are likely to be premiered at Earl's Court. Several



BOB DYLAN: needs the money

of these songs are being recorded by Dylan in Los Angeles and CBS hope to release a new album to coincide with the tour in June.

HOW TO BOOK: Tickets will not be available through postal applications or through the usual booking agents. Instead, the only method of purchasing tickets will

be through specially opened box offices in major cities from 10 am on May 7. Tickets are limited to four per person and are priced at £7.50, £8.50 and £5.00. There will be box offices in the following cities: Glasgow (Apollo Centre), Manchester (Hime & Addison, St James Square), Leeds (Barkers), Sheffield (Wilson

Peck), Stoke (Mike Lloyd Music Shop), Birmingham (Cyclops Sounds), Leicester (De Montford Hall), Oxford (New Theatre), Southampton (Gauwont), London (Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, Hammersmith Odeon, Edwards and Edwards at Palace Theatre), Cardiff (South Advice), Liverpool (Ray Ross & Co).



DIANA ROSS (above), who arrives in Britain for three concerts at the London Palladium at the beginning of May, has recently completed her third film 'The Wiz' - based on the original story of the 'Wizard of Oz'.

Diana plays Dorothy in the \$0 million dollar film which features songs from the original Broadway show. Her appearance follows successful starring roles in 'Lady Sings The Blues' and 'Mahogany'.

'The Wiz' is likely to be released in Britain and America in October.

22 4 69

FOLLOWING THE release of their third single, 'Angels With Dirty Faces', Sham 69 are about to begin a major nationwide tour. The 22-date tour opens in Newport, Wales on May 10 and includes major gigs in London and Glasgow.

The new single, needless to say, is inspired by the James Cagney movie of the same name. Flip is a re-working of the stage favourite 'George Davis Is Innocent', only this time the band plead on behalf of Cockney kids.

The Sham play a warm-up gig at Kingston Coronation Hall on May 5 before commencing on the full datesheet as follows:

- Newport Stowaway Club May 10, Birmingham Mayfair 11, London New Roxy Theatre 12, Portsmouth Locarno 14, Swansea Circles 15, Sheffield Top Rank 17, Glasgow Apollo 18, Edinburgh C Clouds 19, Preston Polytechnic 20, Doncaster Outlook 22, Leeds Roots F Club 23, Bristol Yate Stars and Stripes 25, Cambridge Corn Exchange 26, Crawley Sports Centre 27, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 31, Nottingham Sandpiper June 1, Liverpool Eric's 2, Stafford Top of the World 5, Coventry Locarno 6, Hemel Hempstead Pavilion 7, Colchester Leisure Centre 8, East Retford Porterhouse 9.

Gilmour solo LP

DAVE GILMOUR, Pink Floyd's guitarist, releases his first solo album on May 19.

Entitled 'David Gilmour' the album was recorded at Super Bear Studios in the South of France. Musicians included Willy Wilson, drums, Rick Willis, bass, and Mick Weaver, keyboards. There are nine tracks on the album produced by Gilmour himself.

XTC - three dates at the Marquee

SWINDON BAND XTC return from Europe at the end of May to play three London concerts at the Marquee.

But one of the shows will be unique in the club's history... admission will be restricted to kids under 16 only! The show follows a successful event, run on similar lines, which took place in Swindon last December.

There will be two shows on May 30. For the first, doors will open at 5.30 pm and the performance will finish at 8.00 pm. Soft drinks only will be available and no one over the age of 16 will be allowed in. Ticket prices are being pegged at 80p (advance) and 50p (on the door).

The second concert begins at 8.30 pm and alcoholic beverages will be available, as they will be on May 31 at the same time. Ticket prices then rise to £1.25 (advance) and £1.50 (on the door).

XTC's new single, 'This Is Pop?' taken from their first Virgin album, is released this week.

UFO come back

UFO, the British band whose recent album 'Lights Out' has met with success in the United States, return to Britain in June for the first time since they emigrated to the US last year.

The tour has been timed to coincide with the release of their new album 'Obsessions' which like 'Lights Out' was produced by ex-Led

Zeppln, Who and Bad Company producer Ron Nevison.

The UFO line-up, Phil Mogg, Michael Schenker, Pete Way, Andy Parker and Paul Raymond open their British tour at: Stoke Victoria Hall June 14, Birmingham Town Hall 15, Manchester Free Trade Hall 17, Notts Playhouse 18, Leicester

Demontfort Hall 19, Cardiff Top Rank 20, Bristol Caiston Hall 21, Sheffield City Hall 23, Newcastle Mayfair 28, Aylesbury Friars 24, Portsmouth Guildhall 26, Gullford City Hall 27, Hammersmith Odeon 28, Liverpool Empire 29, Edinburgh Odeon 30, Glasgow Apollo July 1, Leeds Grand Theatre 2, Ipswich Gaumont 3.

TOURS

WIRE: Wolverhampton Lafayette May 5, Liverpool Eric's 6, Manchester Mayflower 7, Doncaster Outlook 8.

DOCTORS OF MADNESS: added date: London Nashville May 13.

HI FI: Harrow Road Windsor Castle May 9, London Rock Garden 11, Brockenhurst College 12, Camden Town Music Machine 19.

JAB - JAB: a "reggae-rock" band from Huddersfield, play the following dates: London Red Cow May 11, London Dingwalls 12, Doncaster Birdcote 13, London Red Cow 18, London Pegasus 19, London Hope and Anchor 22, London Railway Hotel 23, London Red Cow 26.

THE SMIRKS: North Staffs Polytechnic May 5, Portsmouth Polytechnic 6, Middlesbrough Rock Garden 12.

ROY HILL undertakes an extensive tour in May to promote his first album 'Roy Hill', which was produced by Gus Dudgeon. Dates read: London Red Cow May 4, London Golden Lion 5, London Music Machine 8, London Dingwalls 9, Reading Top Rank 10. He then supports Styx from May 11 to May 15, and continues with: Cheltenham Plough May 16, Bangor College 17, Burton-on-Trent 76 Club 19, Leeds Ffrod Green Hotel 20, Accrington Lakeland Lounge 21, Bradford University 24, Birmingham Barbarellas 25, Edinburgh Clouds 26, Dumfries Stagecoach 28, Swansea Circles June 1.

THE LURKERS, who release their new single 'Ain't Got A Clue' on May 19 (with the first 15,000 containing a free live recording of 'Chaos Brothers') continue touring in May as follows: Oxford Cape of Good Hope May 8, Brighton Richmond Hotel 9, Reading Bones 10, Margate Dreamland 12, Portsmouth Community Centre 13, Chester Quaintways Club 15, Manchester Pips 18, Liverpool Eric's 19, Bradford Royal Standard 21, Whitley Bay Hotel 24, Oxford Cowley Community Centre 26, London Marquee 28 and 29, Edinburgh Tiffans June 6, Glasgow Cinders 7.

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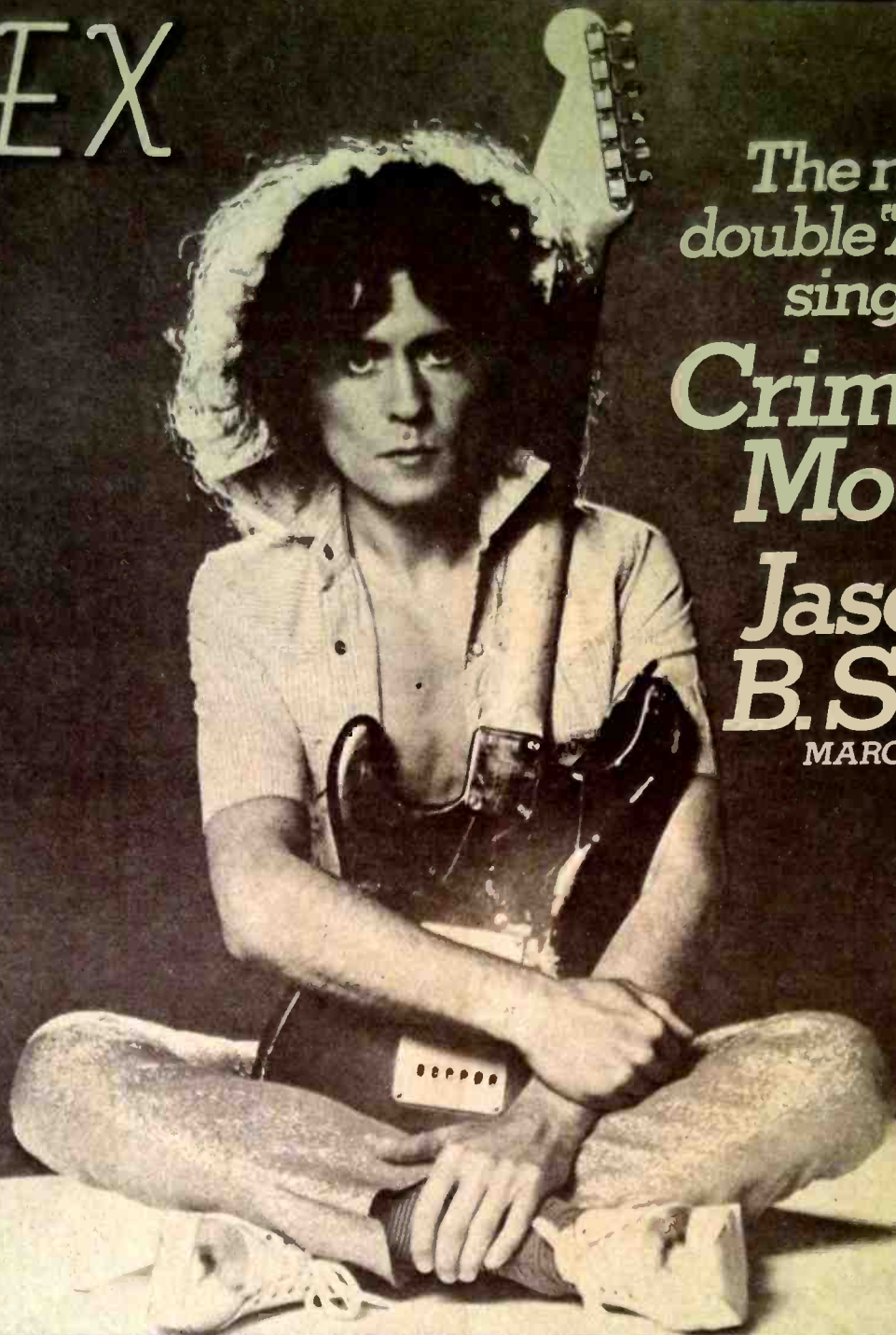
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ONE LOVE



BOB MARLEY returns to Jamaica for the 'One Love' peace festival. JOHN SHEARLAW reports

MONDAY APRIL 17 1978: Three killed in riot in the downtown area of Kingston.

What began as a peaceful demonstration against poor sanitary conditions in the city erupted into violence and looting.

SATURDAY APRIL 22 1978: Crowd of over 25,000 attend 'One Love' peace concert in Kingston's National Stadium. They rise and applaud as Prime Minister Michael Manley and Leader of the Opposition Edward Seaga join international reggae star on stage for a peace salute.

ONE WEEK in Jamaica... "paradise" island in the Caribbean. "I-man step it up a peace street, Step it up a jungle, Natty say step it up in Rema, Natty say step it up in Tivoli, Natty step it up all over town, Now that the war is over, Now that the war is over," ('The War Is Over', Freddy McKay and Jah Lloyd)

NOT IN Woodstock, not in the Isle of Wight, not in Moscow. Not in Notting Hill Gate....

The 'One Love' concert couldn't have happened anywhere else.

'One Love' was the celebration of one event, and the anniversary of another. And the evening (night?) ended with a scene that - to my knowledge at least - has had no equal, or no parallel, in any musical context. Or any other.

Come to that nor has Jamaica. Mick Jagger - name-checked to the audience as "lead singer of the famous Rolling Stones pop group" - stayed the nine-hour course. Dug it all the way. But it wasn't only rock 'n' roll... even if we did like it.

First, 'One Love' was the celebration of peace in Kingston - after 10 years of violence and disturbance in the ghetto. Curfews, gun courts and living "under heavy manners". The peace treaty was signed in January by the two leaders of the rival gangs, Claude Massop and Bucky Marshall, who have now virtually attained the status of "folk heroes". The treaty has held firm.

Second, 'One Love' took place on the 12th anniversary of the visit of Haile Selassie I, the late Emperor of Ethiopia, to Jamaica in 1966. As the

divine King of Kings, crowned ruler of the African homeland, Selassie I is the central figure of the Rastafarian faith which now has over 100,000 adherents in Jamaica. Among them - Bob Marley, most of Jamaica's foremost reggae musicians, and a large percentage of Kingston's oppressed "yout".

Rastafarianism, long-persecuted and treated as an irritating "phenomenon" by Jamaican authorities, is now, simply, the most important cultural force on the island.

'One Love' proved it.

Reggae and religion. Peace and togetherness. Love and discipline.

The audience in the region of 25,000. A balmy, almost tropical night, the initial dark clouds giving way to a full moon and gentle, refreshing breezes.

Breezes that caught hold of the clouds of marijuana smoke and wafted them through the stadium until the air was thick. 'Ganja', Natural mystic.

For seven hours the music played, slick at first and slowing down. Everyone waiting for Marley.

And he was to pull it off. The concluding triumph that seemed both prearranged and totally unexpected. As he finished 'Jamming' Bob Marley addressed the Prime Minister of Jamaica, Michael Manley, leader of the People's National Party, Edward Seaga, Leader of the Opposition, Claude Massop and Bucky Marshall, and the leaders of the Peace Committee. The crowd. Simply invited the leaders on stage to shake hands. To demonstrate solidarity, peace. 'One Love'.

Seaga was the first to move. Manley next, hauled onto the platform - somewhat undignifiedly - by two members of the Peace Committee. A smiling Marley: "I'm not good with words...." Clapping hands aloft with Seaga and Manley. Joined by the peace making gunmen. The crowd rising, surprised and gratified. For three amazing minutes all joined in the theme song of the show.

Unique and without precedent. Unless, like many British journalists present, you thought in terms of a Sex Pistols reunion concert in Belfast where Callaghan, Thatcher and members of the IRA and UDR celebrated their peace and the legalisation of cannabis.

The analogy doesn't work. 'One Love' did.

But it was a long time coming

Throughout the late sixties and up until January this year conditions in Kingston had been worsening. Jamaica is an island of some two million inhabitants, of whom nearly half live in the capital city. Unemployment, bad housing and poor wages led to an increase in violence in the Kingston ghetto, which recently led to the declaration of a National Emergency and the imposition of a curfew. "Under heavy manners".

Gun fights and shootings became commonplace, while the Government introduced a Gun Court in 1974 with the threat of indefinite detention for anyone carrying an unlawful firearm.

Bob Marley, shot and injured at his home in Kingston in 1976, was one of the best-known victims - the shooting coming two days before he was due to appear at a rally in support of the People's National Party.

The treaty came "suddenly" in January, with Claude Massop and Bucky Marshall shaking hands on a borderline street. Since then, on the surface at least, the guns have been quieted.

Shortly afterwards work began on the Peace Concert. Marley's appearance was the subject of negotiations in London earlier this year. "We discussed it with the yout' first," said Massop in Kingston on the eve of the concert. Then we

talked with Bob. He accept every move.

"We want this peace to go all over the world y'know. People will have the spirit behind them."

All members of the Peace Committee were agreed on their aims and objectives - all proceeds for the ghetto. And the instigation of action committees. A somewhat unclarified, and apparently genuine, "people's movement".

We were talking at Island House, the record company offices in uptown Kingston. Marley himself was around; smiling, red-eyed and skillfully avoiding the attentions of the huge posse of "foreign journalists" flown in for the concert. Our presence - and the resultant "best behaviour" of everyone involved in the concert (including the audience) - was continually emphasised.

Massop continued: "Reggae music bring peace, seen? Local artists for local people. The whole movement comes from God. Bob doing it through the power of His Majesty Selassie-I."

"The show is for one-ness, togetherness and unity", he concluded.

Bob Marley, meanwhile, had split for the beach....

JAMAICA is the home of reggae and Rastafarianism - the two now inextricably linked. The former, now approaching the Island's third biggest industry (behind bauxite and tourism), produces some of the best music in the world. Immediate and innovative, seen?

The latter is a faith or cult originating in JA. It's members believe that Haile Selassie is the Black Messiah who appeared in the flesh for the redemption of black people exiled in the world of white oppressors. Eventually they believe they will be repatriated, for the moment they live in a land of oppression - Babylon. To many Jamaica is Babylon.

Principally recognisable by their "dreadlocks", the red, green and gold colours, and the ritual smoking of large amounts of ganja, the Rastas now appear at all levels in Jamaican society. The last obstacle to acceptance lies with the ganja - still illegal in Jamaica although it grows in the hills in vast quantities.

"It natural 'erb, it grow like a tree," as Marley points out.

Yet, while Marley and others' adoption of Rastafarianism has granted the movement 'respectability' with the authorities, no movement towards decriminalisation

seems likely. Serious 'ing?

Some estimates now gauge that six out of every 10 Jamaicans belong (or are sympathetic) to the faith. Rasta - as the most important, and indeed first, indigenous culture in Jamaica - has meanwhile begun to carry the banner of social change. This although the musical leaders, and Marley in particular, emphasise their non-political stance.

Which leaves the real situation as hard to understand as a cloud of ganja smoke erupting from a fired-up chalice.

The Government party are committed to radical social change... slowly. The ghetto dwellers have turned their back on 'Tribal War' for social change... quickly. And somewhere in between lies the hopeful unity (Marley's "unity") with reggae, Rastafarianism and discipline.

'One Love'. The healing of the nation.

So, as they say, there we were. Plane-loads of "foreign journalists" (distinguished or otherwise) descending on Kingston for the concert. "You come for Marley?" The constant request. And the real hope? We write nice things about Jamaica - "everything cool then".

And, of course the constant paradox of "Baldhead no need dreadlock". Whites are conspicuous in Kingston. For half the (Press) party paranoia ruled. You don't go out (of a cab) in downtown Kingston at night. Fair enough. One journalist was confronted, in the middle of the day, by three people wielding planks with nails. Other ludicrous stories abounded. "Muggers" were imagined at every corner.

On one visit we strayed on foot from the main market only to be turned back by a police wagon whose occupants warned: "You go back mon, you be careful". Parts of Kingston are dangerous; it's a big city.

Ultra-conscious, too, of its own problems. Take this from the (left wing) Daily News: "Atop our seething volcano", the story led. "The unrest in downtown Kingston (see above) could be the first rumble of the volcano... action is needed now to stop the tidal wave that is threatening".

But despite - an underlying tenseness the island, and the city, is unique. For a start there's reggae... and that's enough. Third World emergence, Cuban influence, social upheaval, whatever, you can't take away the music.



Inside the National Stadium

Now everybody's talking about the great new Lips single

LIPS

'Say Hello To My Girl'

Catalogue No. GT 219



Have you heard it?

ONE LOVE FROM PAGE 8

SO, again, that's what we were there for. 'One Love' and three prices. 'Togetherness' - 2 dollars. 'Love' - 5 dollars. 'Peace' - 8 dollars. And the Press in a Babylon enclosure up front, shortly to be shared by the Prime Minister, Mick Jagger, an NBC-TV crew, a Cuban film crew, 30 policemen, innumerable Peace Committee staff and God-knows-how-many carrier bags full of ganja.

And Bob Marley appearing on this hallowed anniversary courtesy of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church.

Nine hours... they pass. The slogans surround the stadium. 'Unite, Struggle, Produce.' 'Jamaica Land We Love.' 'Together We Shall Overcome.' But the stage is backed by the red, green and gold stripes atop the head of the Lion of Judah not the Jamaican flag. Tonight we're here on Rasta business.

The first two hours pass with the slick efficiency of a talent contest with top-line acts wheeled on and off almost before you realise who they are. All backed by the tireless We The People we see Lloyd Parkes, the Meditations and Althea and Donna's immortal 'Up Town Top Ranking' lead up to the first big reaction. Dillinger in a dazzling suit toasting 'War is Over', then suddenly hitting a peak with 'Eastman Skanking'. Then a under-exposed set from the Diamonds, and an over-exposed set from local hero 10-year-old Junior Tucker - a Jamaican Jackson.

Already, scarcely dark, the heady smell of ganja is filling the air, deputising (praise Jah) for the stench of hot dogs and onions?

Culture, of '77's Clash' fame, trip on next, followed by the amazing-voiced Denis Brown dressed in white suit and brown shirt. Bad! His 'Whip Dem Jah' has the audience c' their feet for the first time.

After some Constant Spring aping from Trinity the stadium lights go on to restore audience calm. Which is aptly un-restored by Leroy Smart with 'Ballistic Affair' and then Jamaica's answer to Benny Hill - Prince Edwards.

The latter, dressed in pink suit and telling ancient jokes very well, is to reappear later.

For all the foreign journalists present on this history-making occasion: so far, so good. Things start to slow down thereafter. A warm, close evening with a full moon.

A short drum interlude from Bongo Herman is followed by the first in a series of ludicrous raps from producer/radio presenter Errol Thompson. "It is my opinion," quoth he, "that Jamaicans love each other so much that they pretend not love each other".

Soon come, as I-and-I would say, Jacob 'Killer' Miller and Inner Circle. The rotund Jacob undoubtedly the star of the show, dancing, sweating and swaying the crowd. "Run for cover, run for cover, Rasta taking over." Jacob upstages the band, hands a policeman a spiff in exchange for his helmet and finally in 'Peace Treaty Is Going On' invites Claude and Bucky on stage for a quick two-step. The peace treaty bow!

After a long break Big Youth comes on to ape the moon with a silver suit. Never having seen the Yout! LIVE I was disappointed at his long and mellow set, even though he included 'House Of Dreadlocks' and 'Peace At Last'. The audience was slowing down by now... or getting so high they couldn't respond. All cool - one way or another. "History making", no doubt about it.

A burst of sweet soul reggae from the up-and-coming Beres Hammond, more Prince Edwards, more announcements, more smoking.

And the meat. Peter Tosh, ex-Waller and "warring wager", Rasta divinity from Ras Michael and the Sons of Negus. And Bob Marley. Midnight come.

Tosh's attitude was direct and militant, clad in karate suit and black beret over his locks. First attacking the colonial system and the black man's oppression, coming on heavy. His attitude seemed to be contrary to the "best behaviour" of everyone else - or he knew which line to tread. Openly smoking a spiff on stage he rapped the front section mercilessly. "No peace without justice, black man must fight for justice". He addressed the Prime Minister directly, swore and backed by the mighty riddim backing of Sly Dunbar on drums, Robbie Shakespeare on bass and ex-Waller Al Anderson on guitar turned in some killer music. After '400 Years' and 'Burial' Tosh's dangerous attentions turned to the other aspect of Rasta faith. With 'Legalise It' he again addressed Manley, indicating - not entirely without reason - that the 'erb was capable of solving the country's economic problems.

Audience reaction appeared to be



Mobile record shop

mixed. Heaviness has always been Tosh's line and many knew and liked it. Others, understandably, allowed his 'racialism' to wash over. He spoke his mind, put on a show... and it was up to Marley.

Rasta calm took over briefly with intonations from Ras Michael before Marley hit the stage, and by now we'd reached the eight hour mark and man tired and hungry. Still Marley was eager to come on, arriving before he was even properly introduced.

Wired and appearing slightly nervous (with good reason) the "International reggae star" threw himself into his return to Jamaica after early two years away and an assassination attempt behind him.

Starting with a Rasta hymn 'Lion Of Judah', Marley stuck to a well-tried "home ground" selection. 'Natural Mystic', 'Natty Dread', 'Rastaman Vibration'. He was both precise and manic, almost desperately pulling the Wallers and the I-Threes along with him in an attempt to lease 'Trenchtown Rock' - one of the oldest numbers - was truly magnificent, Marley marching and stepping around the stage with a precision that must have turned Jagger green. Then 'Jamming' and the above-mentioned invitation. 'One Love'.

It was the returning Marley triumph. A coup in adversity with a resultant strain that clearly showed.

Then again, reaction was muted. A success, well dead, but with everyone too drained to come on with the thunderous applause that would



Left to right: Earl Wadley, vice chairman of the Peace Committee, Bob Marley, Claudie Massop, formerly leader of one of the rival Kingston ghetto gangs - now a Peace Committee member

have fitted the occasion. Perhaps it didn't need it. He exited with 'Jah Live', his children and full stadium floodlights.

Peacefully the audience dispersed and walked home. 'One Love'... for however long.

Objectives achieved. The profits of the concert to go to the Peace Committee for action. Stemming the seething volcano. And the result of the concert to fully emphasise the importance of Rastafarianism in Jamaica. Marley atop it all, inevitably, as the winning

showman. All cool. It couldn't have happened anywhere else.

The "foreign journalists" were indeed privileged. It was history. But the next day the Government was deep in negotiations with the International Monetary Fund for a renewed loan. Leaving us to write our good reports. Meet the right people, do the right things. And Jamaica is a great place to be.

Hopefully, with the help of 'One Love', it'll stay that way.



Left to right: Prime Minister Michael Manley, Bob Marley and Edward Seaga

Billy Ocean



New single

**"EVERYTHING'S
CHANGED"**



Catalogue No. GT218

THERE'S MORE TO PLANET EARTH THAN ROCK

THE DIAMONDS-PLANET EARTH-VIRGIN V2102



SINGLES

Reviewed by SHEILA PROPHET

She's got the ever decreasing blues

REGGAE

BLACK SLATE: 'Live Up To Love' (Faith KG 008). I'm fairly clueless when it comes to reggae: in fact my concentration span just shrivels when I'm confronted by the stuff. Saw this bunch live, found them fun at first, gently monotonous by the middle and totally tedious by the end. Best to stick to small doses: Five minutes is just about right. There's no time or space for boredom on this single - 12 inches of compelling freshness and naivety, lyrics about living as brothers and sisters, all wrapped up in a glorious hotch-hotch-potch of rhythm and melody. Black Slate are apparently what the press release terms as a 'self-contained concept' - translated from PR-speak that means they do everything by themselves - from living together in Stoke Newington to pressing their own singles. They're worth supporting.

STEADY

DARTS: 'The Boy From New York City' (Magnet Mag 118). Darts look set to run and run. Both their hits so far have achieved amazing longevity in the charts, and this one should stick around just as long. It's less camp, more mainstream than the others: a good move. I remember Darts being an esoteric, doowop club band - today they're a pop group with a good gimmick.

GO

SHAM 69: 'Angels With Dirty Faces' (Polydor 2055 023). Let's analyse this record. Technically, it's no great shakes. Lyrically, it's not very original. Musically, it's at best, basic. But... I LIKE IT! Why? Listen to the poem that came with it, from Master Pursey himself. 'OK, you dirty rats, if you don't like this masterpiece you're just a bunch of prats'. That's why. Charm. He has it, this record has it. By the bucketful. Cheek and charm and humour. I'll take that before genius, any old day. PS. I love the way they've changed the Words of 'George Davis Is Innocent' to 'Cockney Kids'. Smart move, BOYS!
Frankie Lynton: 'Why Do Fools Fall In Love' (Pye 7N 25773). Rave from the grave - literally. Just one year younger than me, and it's lasted (nearly) as well! Still retains its freshness and danceability (if danceability is

a word, which I doubt). Almost single of the week. Wonder how it'll sound in the eighties?
PLAYER: 'This Time I'm In It For Love' (RSO 2394 103). Normally I run a mile from American MOR stuff, but I liked their last one, 'Baby Come Back' and this has a similar appeal - nice melody, tasteful (eek!) harmonies. Probably a minor hit again.

WILKO JOHNSON SOLID SENDERS: 'Walking On The Edge' (Virgin VS 214). A workmanlike double 'A' side from Wilko's new band, I like it, but for some reason I can't get wildly excited over them: just all right, really. Sorry, that's not very informative. So just what would you like to know?
GORDON GILTRAP: 'Oh Well' (Electric WOT 21). Hmm, putting out cover versions of old classics always lays you open to torrents of abuse from ageing writers who remember the originals with rose-tinted nostalgic memories. Well, I'm getting on a bit, and Fleetwood Mac (with Peter Green) were the first band I ever saw and I had all their records, and so of course this doesn't seem to match up. I just find it a bit weedy, that's all. Quite pleasant - but weedy.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS: 'Scotland, Scotland' (Pye 7N 46000). Ah, now this is more like it. Something to stir the blood of Caledonians everywhere. Scotland's answer to Librace, the Bee Gees, and Peters and Lee produce with a new masterpiece - only THEY could come up with something as kitsch as a World Cup Football song sung to the tune of 'Daisy, Daisy'. It's truly horrible. In the same sort of league as their all-time classic, 'Nobody's Child'. And as a special bonus, the 'b' side features that well-known ancient folk melody, 'Flower Of Scotland', well-known to Scottish barmen everywhere.

STEVE HILLAGE: 'Telling Better' (Virgin VS 212). Rather limp version of the old Beatles tune - I preferred his rendition of 'Hurdy Gurdy Man'. Some interesting green squiggles on the sleeve though - wonder what deep significance they have? (Got it, Robin!)

SMOKEY ROBINSON: 'Madam X' (Motown TMG 1100). Our greatest living poet (apart from Pete Shelley of course) comes up with a lovely soul ballad, beautifully sung. Did you know Smokey's real name is William? Well it is - it says so on the record.

SLY DUNBAR: 'A Who Say' (Front Line FLS 105). Time for another four minute 52 second dose of reggae. This one's more or less unintelligible (I couldn't make out the chorus till I'd read the label) but it has a pretty toon to make up for it. Nice.

JUDY MOWATT: 'Black Woman' (Grove Music GM 8). And another a harrowing tale about the lot of the black woman from a lady with a lovely clear voice. Don't know anything else about it - sorry.

THE MODERN LOVERS: 'Astral Plane' (Beserkley BZ14). MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES on this one: my objectivity has been destroyed by gross over-exposure to the Modern Lovers at Aylesbury last Saturday. No doubt I'll learn to love it again in time. Anyway, I still like the flip, 'New England', even if he did play it 16 (or was it a mere 15?) times.

GOING

ELKIE BROOKS: 'Only Love Can Break Your Heart' (A & M AMS 7353). Horrendous version of the lovely Neil Young song. Utterly lacking in soul, conviction, taste - you name it, this hasn't got it.
ERNE GRAHAM: 'Romeo' (1 OFF OFF 2). See the projects are usually at least interesting, but I really can't see anything special at all in this one. Phil Lynott songs are best recorded by Phil Lynott.

CELEBRATION: 'Almost Summer' (MCA 365). Utterly weak-weak-kneed recreation of the sun, sea 'n' sound that made the Beach Boys their pile. Messrs Wilson, Love and Jardine should be ashamed of themselves. Act your age, men... you aren't teenagers any more - and IT SHOWS.

SWAZ: 'Any Way That You Want It' (I'll Be There' (Capitol CL 18986). This is the opposite of the Sham 69 single. The technique's OK, the song's passable, etc etc, but it's utterly lacking in any sort of warmth or charm. Robot rock... for computers only.

SUNSHINE: 'Take Me For What I Got' (Bees 025). Ghastly pop ditty - about 10 years out of date. They'll no doubt get a guest appearance on 'Crackerjack' out of it, though - whoever they are.

SAMMY HAGAR: 'Turn Up The Music' (Capitol CL 18043). Yet another Bad Company soundalike from the States, but for some reason I quite like it. (Don't get excited - I only said 'quite'). Don't know why - guts, maybe? Two listens is enough, though.

JOHN WILLIAMS: 'Travelling' (Cube BUG 75). John Williams is turning into the Mantovani of the guitar world. He's a great player - so why does he have to churn out bland old garbage like this?
GEORGE McCREAE: 'Let's Dance' (TK S TKR 602). No ta - I've got two left feet.

GOING

ART ATTACKS: 'Neutron Bomb' (Albatross TIT 1). Presumably TIT 1 RIGHT is the 'a' side, as opposed to

TIT 1 LEFT: Whatever, it's pretty awful sounds like the snivelling Shits on a bad night. (Oops, who said that?)

PETER COOK & DUDLEY MOORE: 'Goodbye' (Cube BUG 78). I fancy Dudley Moore (isn't he cuddly, girls?) but unfortunately, I don't find his partner funny. At all. The Derek and Clive albums leave me cold, and so does this. Where's my sense of humour? Somewhere out past Covent Garden Tube Station, I suspect.

JOHN TRAVOLTA AND OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN: 'You're The One That I Want' (RSO 006). Damp, gooey, sticky number from the forthcoming movie 'Grease'. Ugh.
THE GOODIES: 'Mickey Mouse' (EMI 2784). Failed rock star Bill Oddie has another bash at kiddiepop. Did you know it was Mickey Mouse's birthday this year? You didn't? Well, you soon will believe me.

SAMANTHA SANG: 'You Keep Me Dancin'' (Private Stock PV 21). Now, what can I say about this one? Samantha Sang - but I can't remember what she was singing about. And I don't care, either.

STYX: 'Mademoiselle' (A&M AMS 7355). Saw this lol live at (ahem) Santa Monica Civic last summer. Wasn't impressed then, ain't impressed now. Negative reaction.

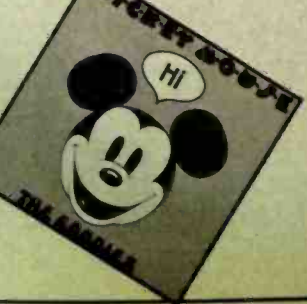
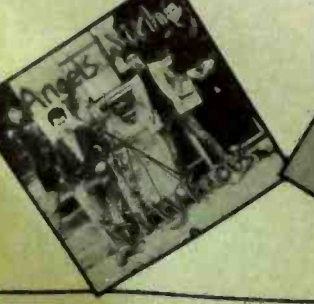
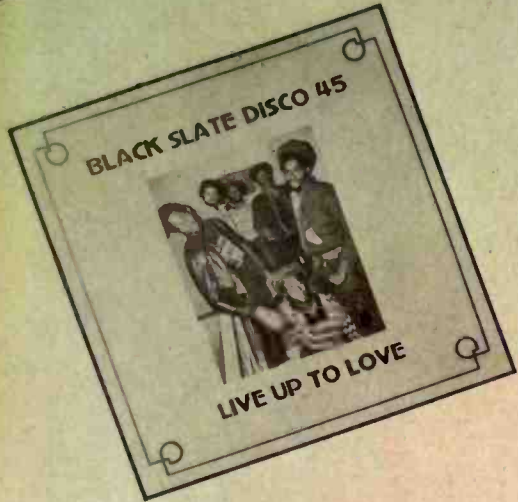
FRANCIS GOVA: 'Argentina' (Sonet SON 2149). Football song. Need I say more?

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK BILTTIS: 'Melissa' (UA UP 34377). Typical wtf film soundtrack. I don't know what the movie's about, but

the sleeve is a soft focus picture of two half dressed girls doing things to each other's bodies. We'll have none of that here, if you don't mind! (Yes we will - Ed).
CALINE & OLIVIER TOUSSAINT: 'Les Jardins de Monaco' (EPIC 8 EPIC 8334).
JOEL PREVOST: 'Somewhere Sometime' (CBS 8 CBS 6300).
JEAN VALLEE: 'Goodbye' (CBS 8 CBS 6257). Oh no, I refuse to sink as low as this. That's it. If we've reached Eurovision level, I'm off.

PAUL SIMON: 'Stranded In A Limousine' (S CBS 8290). Redundant release time. What's the point of releasing a single from the 'Greatest Hits' album? I damn you tell me. It's not one of his most commercial tracks either... can't see it making the charts.
BILLY SWAN: 'You're OK, I'm OK' (A & M AMS 1354). Yeah, this is ok - except that it sounds exactly like the hit he had before - now what was it called? No, I can't remember either. There you go - proves it wasn't worth repeating.

GONE



GUILDHALL - PORTSMOUTH
WEDNESDAY 10th MAY
FREDERICK BANNISTER PRESENTS
DARTS
7.30 PLUS THE LATE SHOW £2.50 £2.25 £2.00 £1.75 & £1.50

GAUMONT - SOUTHAMPTON
THURSDAY 11th MAY
FREDERICK BANNISTER PRESENTS
DARTS
7.30 PLUS THE LATE SHOW £2.50 £2.00 & £1.50

ALBUMS



AC / DC: 'Powerage' (Atlantic K50483)

ANGUS YOUNG, the world's most famous and loveable schoolboy (after Prince Andrew of course) is back with the rest of his chums from the land of blibbongs and vegemite with this, their new and excellent album and a British tour, which knowing Angus (well I don't really) will mean lots of decadent jolly japes, thrills (cheap of course) ... oh yes and some music too ... If there's time

I'd always thought of AC / DC as an antipodean version of Status Quo — more three chord wonder boys, who, live, generate enough heat to make your redundant. But when it comes to the vinyl crunch we have an energy crisis. The excitement has dwindled. No batteries you see. And we're left this tedious, chugga chugga, lifeless sort of sound.

That's what I'd always thought. But I was wrong as AC / DC have proved by coming up (from down under) with this perfect plastic. Made in Australia, but no cheap imitation of the real 'live' thing.

Everything's there ... Angus Young, excitement, screaming guitars groaning under the weight of a ten ton driving bass, Angus Young, raw mean vocals, Steazy song titles like 'Sin City' and 'Kicked In The Teeth' reeking of decadence and lust, and Angus Young.

OK they may be limited — they're as heavy as Dennis Rousseau — and several of the songs sound similar — which is pretty inevitable with such a singular musical approach. But despite that AC / DC are what Boston, Foreigner and Rush would like to be lively, exciting, gutsy, energy. Unfortunately for the latter three sterilisation is an irreversible process. +++ MARY ANN ELLIS



JIMMY BUFFETT: 'Son Of A Son Of A Sailor' (ABCL242)

FROM the man who brought you 'My Head Hurts', 'My Feet Sink And Don't Believe In Jesus' now follows with 'These Burger In Paradise', one of the tracks on this nice little album. 'I like mine with lettuce

and tomato Heinz 57 and french fried potatoes A big kosher pickle and a cold draught of beer' Who the hell doesn't. Side one of this album is really good even for non countryified people (including me) and folks who don't eat cheese burgers (which I do). It's not straight country music, it's a touch of the old Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks — new wave country music?

Side two is straight country music though and as I never really listen to that sort of music I won't comment, but it is worth buying, (take note rock fans) even if only for the first side. +++ JON FREWEN



B. T. EXPRESS: 'Shout!' (EMI International ENS 3016)

THE B.T. Express are among the soul scene's long - stay tenants, but they've certainly been producing some snatchy little numbers in the last few years — remember 'Do It Till You're Satisfied'? This is their umpteenth album, but it shows a good slice of freshness combined with the kind of laid - back non - competitiveness that only arrives after a good decade in the business.

Songs are mainly mid - tempo with the right kind of motivating, foot - tapping feel and a thankful absence of all those heavy funkadelic clichés.

The B.T.'s own production, helped by Billy Nichols gives the album a very free - running, skippy feel around some neat group vocals and playing. Dennis Rowe's conga is specially worth following, once again because he's got himself away from the same old groove, and Carlos Ward's horns are a treat if mixed a bit low.

The strings could do with a shade more adventure though, and one possible weakness right through is that once a song gets off the ground the band seem content to let it slide off under its own momentum rather than pushing in some more ideas later. That's a pretty academic criticism however. Listen to a track called 'I Want You With Me' for a real breeze. 'Shout' is a good one. +++ SU-SANKLUTH

ROGER GLOVER: 'Elements' (Polydor 2391 306)

OLD ROG, Deep Purple's bass player before the big split, has been doing rather nicely in production. He didn't take the chance like his mates of going out on the road in a new band (some have been successful others



KRAFTY KRAUTS REALLY WERK!

KRAFTWERK: 'The Man Machine' (Capitol E-8T 11728 (1))

We are the robots plink plink plink plink we are the robots plink plink plink plink. we are programmed just to do anything you want us to we are the robots plink plink plink plink, etc.

This is the Kraftwerk sound and the Kraftwerk theory. Cybernauts of the German empire, mere operating cogs for the machines that are the realisation of art meets science and succeeds for once.

In their Hitler youth uniforms and cruel haircuts, they suggest idealism, severity, discipline and personal hygiene. At the moment there is no reason to believe that this isn't pure image, that Kraftwerk in reality booze, fart and listen to the Bay City Rollers. I have no idea. I couldn't care less.

'The Man - Machine' is no great departure from 'Trans-Euroc Express' in that it is a purely electronic album. There are no instruments other than artificial noise makers, disco synthesizers. Even the occasional voices are forced into Mekanik, either industrially processed into Robospeak — as on 'The Robots' — or so deliberately flat and soulless as to suggest a creator without life.

If you've had no previous experience of Kraftwerk, the backing track of Donna Summer's 'I Feel Love' is a straight lift of their style — pure, metallic and most important, incredibly rhythmic.

This ceaseless, metronomic rhythm is what makes Kraftwerk totally different from their futuristic cousins such as Edgar Froese, Tangerine Dream, and Eno. Only Peter Baumann as a solo artist occasionally brushes their territory, and he does it not half as well.

Because Kraftwerk are, in a peculiar way, a 1980s dance band. They are not weird except that they use conventional instruments.

In any other sense, they are rigidly orthodox. Not for them the free form flights into the avant garde of their earlier German counterparts Amon Duul. Every piece of music is exactly spaced, painstakingly structured into subliminal beat over which synthesised patterns are computer-run.

Their roots in technology are blatant in the six titles — 'The Robots', 'Spacelab', 'Metropolis', 'The Model', 'Neon Lights', 'The Man-Machine'. All are objects, things; nothing that is human.

They are a compelling music unit, an obsessive beat machine that touches the scientific / mathematical parts of the brain without producing confusion in others.

They are programmed to strike at your response and rhythmic centres. All you have to do is touch a switch and ...

plink plink plink plink were charging to our victory to move your field of energy we are the robots, etc. +++ TIM LOTT

not). Glover's last major opus was 'Butterfly Ball' and now 'Elements' a concept album based around earth, wind, fire and water. The first track with its Euro - voiced girl singers sounds like galactic Abba. The string section of the Munich Philharmonic provides the real guts of the track with some sombre string passages. 'The Next A Ring Of Fire' could enjoy similar serious listening

disco piece success as Jean Michel Jarre's 'Oxygene', but it might need more bump in the back beat for a single. Glover's employed the outstanding drumming talents of Simon Phillips and his work is shown to its best on the pulse race halfway through 'The Next A Ring Of Fire'. 'The Third Ring's Watery Flow' (this is getting confusing) has some flute and I just can't resist it when it starts

weeping all over the place. Behind it all again lies the power of Phillips.

The album then seems to follow a more concentrated path, rushing sea noises behind the super majestic orchestra. There's even some sitar type music not heard for many a year. Welcome back, what more can you say except elementary my dear Glover? +++ ROBIN SMITH



ENGLAND DAN AND JOHN FORD COLEY 'Some Things Don't Come Easy' (Big Tree K30470)

IT'S almost possible to imagine Radio Two having shares in this partnership. Messrs. Dan and Coley seem incapable of producing any aggression in their music at all.

Aha, you think, he doesn't like them. In small doses I find this ultra - American sugary stuff quite enjoyable. The lyrics are, invariably, horribly clichéd, but there are some appealing musical ideas.

Like several other bands, this duo seem to release all their better, more memorable songs as singles, so that when you hear an album of theirs you find you've already heard the best tracks on the radio. There's nothing on this album to compare with the very noteworthy 'I'd Really Love To See You Tonight' from THAT summer of 1976; indeed the outstanding number has already appeared as a single — 'We'll Never Have To Say Goodbye Again'.

As you'd expect, the Americans have lapped this one up. Most of the other efforts are along the same lines, of soft harmonic vocals, soft guitars, soft everything, in fact, for example 'Who's Lonely Now', 'Beyond The Tears' and 'Wanting You Desperately'. The nearest they get to rock is 'You Can't Dance' and even that is harmless.

But then they're not trying to be rockers; and if it wasn't for their wishy-washy lyrics they might find themselves more widely admired. +++ PAUL SEXTON



VAL HULEN: 'Val Hulen' (Warner Brothers K56470)

OH NO, it's non - construction time again. I wish I could be constructive. I really do — but how can you construct anything when the basic material's so weak?

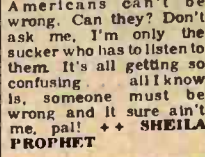
I have this vision of a factory, deep in downtown Hollywood, churning out rock groups in the same way McDonald's churns out Hamburgers — only with a lot less taste. Val Hulen are product sample number 27 of the conveyor belt.

Let's examine them. They are a four piece group. They have long, flowing hair. They wear platform boots, tight leather trousers, and shirts open to the waste, revealing suitably hairy chests. It's difficult to tell from the cover, but the lead singer is undoubtedly pretty in a macho sort of way.

Track one on the album is called 'Run With The Devil'. Strike the guitar hero poses. Shake those regulation length, jocks. Clutch the microphone and cue the first line Yawn.

Van Halen will be written about in Rolling Stone, sell 300 million records, come to Britain and play the Hammersmith Odeon, make their pile and live happily ever in sunny LA.

Three hundred million Americans can't be wrong. Can they? Don't ask me, I'm only the sucker who has to listen to them. It's all getting so confusing ... all I know is, someone must be wrong and I sure ain't me, pal! ++ SHEILA PROPHET



THE FLOATERS: 'Magical' (ABC ABCL 5243)

No distinctive apegout, no nothing. Perhaps OK is as much as its worth. Anyone think different? ++ BEV BRIGGS

FLOAT ON and on and on. Same old toon reworked time and time again and 'we've got our balls caught in the



ALTHEA & DONNA: 'Uptown Top Ranking' (Virgin FL1012)

I HATE disco, Nazis, forty quid 'Punk Outfits' and the fact that Carl Pitterson's production has damn near transformed this album from 'potentially fine' to 'merely adequate' or, at worst, 'terminally lamecd'.

No reflection on the man himself, it's just that the smooth, clinically perfect sound attained here seems more readily suited to soul, funk or 'soft' rock. Or maybe the problem is that Althea & Donna just don't have anything radically new or musically inspiring to offer, and that this relatively 'straight' sound exposes all weaknesses. Either way, the whole thing seems to lack the Errol T / Joe Gibbs sparkle that elevated the 'Top Ranking' single to greatness; in fact, even A & D themselves come on like characterless puppets going through the motions, singing 'bout JA and Rastafari and 't'ing purely because they happen to be Jamaican.

The title track (a different cut from the Joe Gibbs model) is undoubtedly the worst offender, packing as much punch as a dead fish by comparison; in short, re-recording this has become a monstrous blunder, an unforgettable one.

By comparison, 'The West' and 'Make a Truce' are glorious triumphs, but one major point still niggles: Althea and Donna sound totally unmoved by the whole proceedings, almost — goddammit — BORED.

Arrangements are faultless throughout, as is the aforementioned production; it lacks any real urgency, power or 'ear-thiness' — it's reggae made palatable / inoffensive to Western ears, though the material screams out for a Striker Lee or an Errol T.

As it is, 'Uptown Top Ranking' is neither offensive nor inoffensive, which is what really disturbs me: it may prove to be a grower, but, as with any album that leaves you so unimpressed, that seems unlikely. Either recycle or summon a remix by a REAL Jamaican ska - man. ++ CHRIS WESTWOOD

nutcrackers again' vocals. 'Float On' was tolerable as a disco single but this current album is just full of horrible slurg. They even make embarrassing little speeches about love. It drips and then gushes all over the floor, sickly musical syrup. Sleep well. + ROBIN SMITH

Rainbow

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LONG LIVE ROCK 'N' ROLL



LONG LIVE ROCK 'N' ROLL

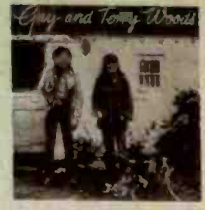


ALBUMS

GAY & TERRY WOODS: 'Tender Hooks' (Rockburgh ROC104)

SOMEBODY by now should have dreamed up a definite title for this folk / country / rock / very eclectic music as performed by Sandy Denny, Richard & Linda Thompson, Gay and Terry Woods. Wood-rock? Oh well, it's probably better off without any kind of label.

Ten tracks on this album from the ex-Steeleye duo, all of them originals, all of them strong, secure, easy and (in a manner of speaking) very well hung. The range stretches from the



vibrant, Byrds-style 'We Can Work This One Out', through a Cat Stevens in full colour, 'I've A Lady', smouldering Fairport-type approach with 'The Edward' to tough blue-female country rock on 'Lonesome Blues' with Phil Palmer's guitar cutting away upfront.

Aside from all those comparisons, you've got the clear, constant voice of Gay Woods, often

Ear from the wood

double tracked; Terry's alternate lead and a frequently more than pleasing mix of guitar, autoharp, dulcimer, banjo and various country cousins.

Keith Donald's occasional alto sax is memorable, while the pianist on two tracks is none other than Kate McGarrigle. Production is by former Steeleye manager Sandy Robertson.

'Tender Hooks' is relaxing in a very sweet-and-sour fashion, and a million miles from wimp. + + + + SUSAN KLUTH

'Just what You Are', with an assortment from Linda Ronstadt, Jimmy Buffet, Queen, Joe Walsh et al coming somewhere in between.

Guess that should give you some idea - even if you treat it just as a rather precious compilation, there's quite a few really fine songs + + + + SUSAN KLUTH



NARADA MICHAEL WALDEN: 'I Cry I Smile' (Atlantic K 50417)

'NARADA is pronounced 'Nar-a-dal' proclaims the cover. 'If you'd care to write to him he'd love to hear from you!' Well fancy that. He cries, he smiles, in fact he's a well-balanced, normal human being, except that he lapses into singing. That is excusable; but then he insists upon recording his finished efforts and charging people to hear it!

Why should people want to lash out and spend money on an album which features a lead singer whose voice is as strong as a split feather?

Perhaps it's the songs? He writes a selection of unassuming little tunes. Nothing startling, but there are a few fairly catchy little ditties in there. The funky ones, 'Soul Bird', the instrumental for instance, and 'Onenessary'. But he comes up with his fair share of duffs too. 'Rainbow Sky, which

was over before it had really started, and in contrast the interminable 'I Cry I Smile'.

After all, crying and smiling are everyday functions. Narada's offerings are pretty much a non-event. + + KELLY PIKE

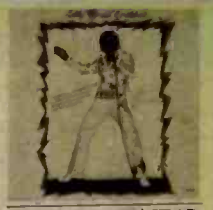
LEBLANC AND CARR: 'Midnight Light' (Big Tree K 50474)

This is one of those nice albums that you buy for aunts and uncles approaching middle-age who don't want to let go of their youth. Come to that it could quite as easily have been your middle-aged uncles who made this.

It's an innocuously dreary offering from another of those American male duos who insist upon making their songs ultra-laid back (as in dead).

It has the usual selection of thrills. An opening track which sounds like an overwound Gallagher and Lyle; a depressing cover version of 'Desperado'; yes all the customary dross has been turned out, always concerning the trials and tribulations of being, falling in and falling out of love.

If this is the best Midnight Light has to offer, I only wish that somebody would put the damn thing out. + + KELLY PIKE.



BILLY 'CRASH' CRADDOCK (Capitol EST 11758)

COR BLIMEY, I mean the bleed'n' name is enough to put you off for a start. Pretentious, that's what it is - a sand in your egg and tomato sandwiches job, hmmm, see back sleeve. 'Sprints arranged by Bergen 'Jive' White', grunt, at least now you know what loexpect.

Pictorial evidence - witness album cover. Aha, Billy 'Crash' Craddock in person. An Elvis-lookalike. Butch and hunky with pectoral fuzz, sporting the latest in Ambre Soaire. Is this just another Elvis clone? (see, I read other music papers too!)

And so on to the vinyl (why not, I've ripped everything else apart) A synthet sounding C&W R&B compilation. Boasts of such showstoppers as Jallhouse Rock, but has very little else of which to brag.

Blatting harmonies originate from Dolly Parton-esque individuals and Craddock has a fairly strong voice to carry the lyrics across. Otherwise a relatively uninspired vinyl, guaranteed birthday presents for 'that other generation'.

List under Presley stereotypes. + + + BEV 'KAPOW' BRIGGS.

JOHN HALL ('John Hall' (Asylum K33675))

YOU might remember the American soft rock band Orleans, who briefly entertained success with 'Dance With Me' and 'Still The One', more so at home than in Britain, a couple of years ago. Both songs were written by John Hall and his wife Johanna, and as both reside in my collection I was expecting quite a lot from this, John Hall's first solo album.

It doesn't wholly fulfil my expectations, despite the assistance of an apparent cast of thousands, including James Taylor, Carly Simon, Lowell George, Bonnie Raitt and Garland Jeffreys.

It's enjoyable, certainly, but for the most part lacks the originality of his earlier work. The track which returns most willingly to memory is the one Hall wrote on his own, 'Messin' Round With The Wrong Woman', a lively piece with a good chorus.

The other songs were all penned with his good lady and the three 'Give Me The Right', 'The Fault' and 'Good Enough' are the worst here. I'm hoping the album will have more effect with further plays. But as solo offerings from ex-front men go, it's commendable. + + + PAUL SEXTON



VARIOUS ARTISTS: 'FM' (MCA MCSP 284) (double)

IT SEEMS the way to do it at the moment: put together a movie with an allstar/oldies soundtrack and you get free advertising everytime the Bee Gees or 'Boogie

Shoes' gets played on the radio.

Remember the impact of American Graffiti and 'Easy Rider', just for sheer, memory-laden music? Recently it's been 'Black Joy', 'Saturday Night Fever', the Star Bore spinoffs - and now 'FM', which, to keep it brief, is a title denoting the various VHF radio stations in the States that do approximately what John Peel does over here. I.e., definitely not pop music but rock, serious business.

FM is a gallery principally of the well-tried, well-heeled artists

of rock over the last two years. The tracks I especially like (just thought you'd like to know) are Bob Seger's 'Night Moves', Steve Miller's 'Fly Like An Eagle', Tom Petty's 'Breakdown' (surely the main reason why everyone went briefly berserk over T.P.), Boston 'More Than A Feeling', and the two from Steely Dan, 'Do It Again' and 'The Title Track'.

Whereas the ones I detest are James Taylor's 'Your Smilin' Face', Boz Scaggs' 'Lido Shuffle', Randy Meisner's 'Bad Man' and Billy Joel's

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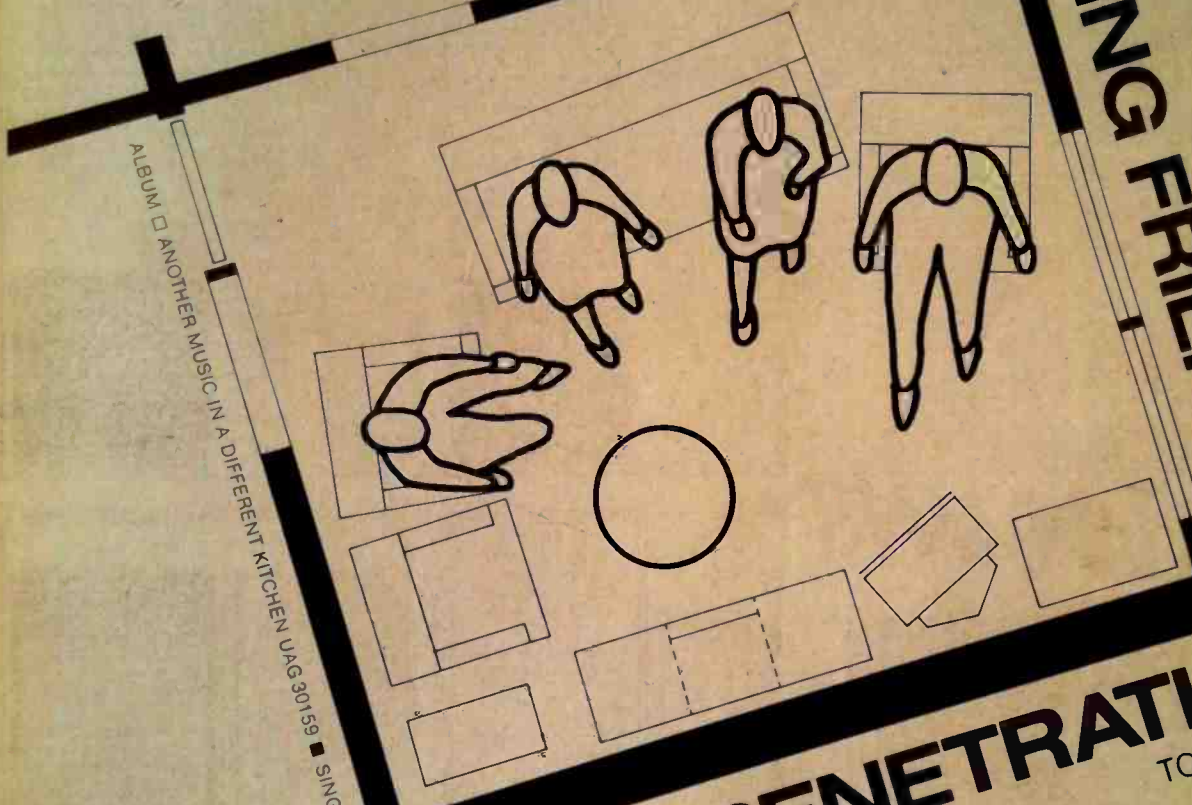
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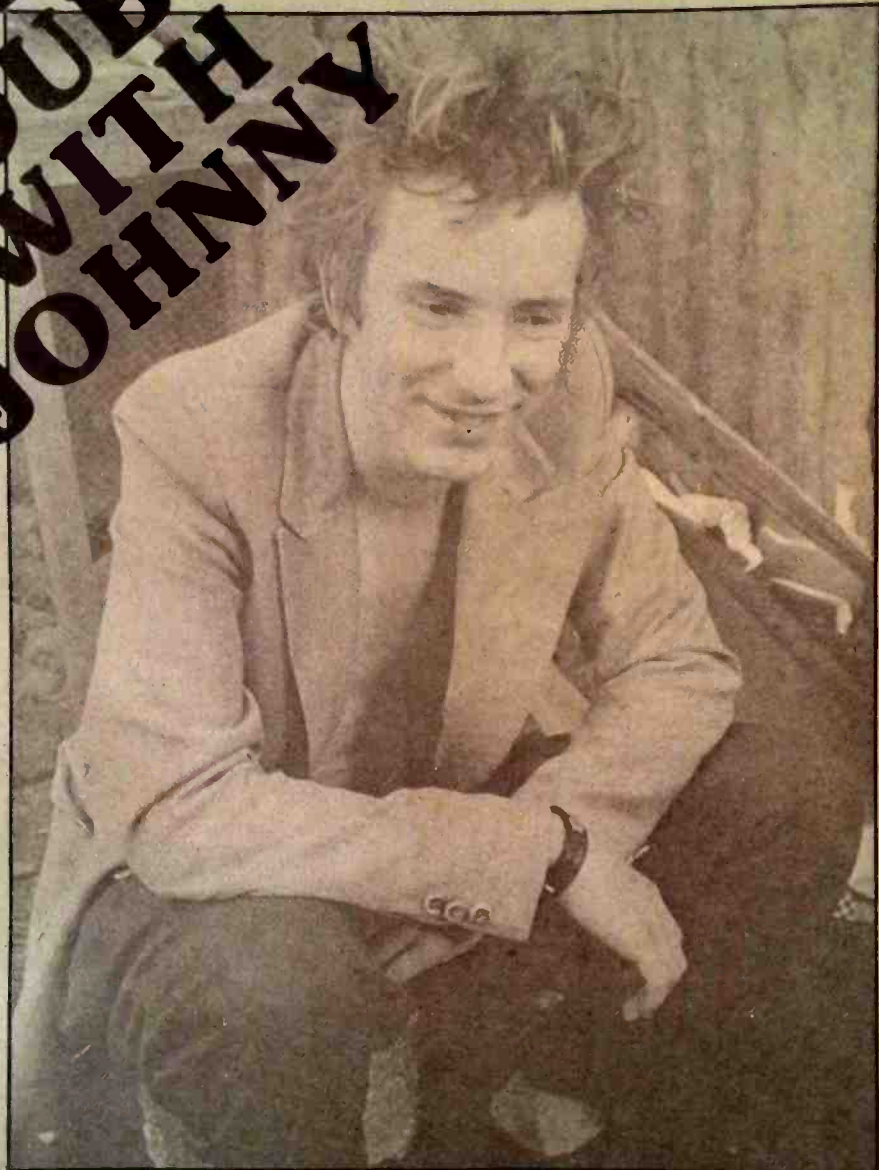
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ANDREW COURTNEY had a film script to show to JOHNNY ROTTEN. After talking to the man of many voices, they agreed to meet. Here is what took place.

TROUBLE WITH JOHNNY



I DIALLED ON a Wednesday afternoon from Brixton to speak to an Outlaw. The call was answered and I spent 2p. The story began.

A: Can I speak to Johnny Rotten, please?
Voice: Who's that?
A: My name is Andy Courtney.
Voice: (Pause and silence). Never heard of yer. Who gave you this number?
A: (I give a fictitious name).
Voice: Who's she?
A: He looks a bit like McLaren.
Voice: Don't know him. Who are you in the world anyway?
A: Er, do I have to be Eric Clapton to ring this number? Who are you?
Voice: I'm John's friend and he's not here. What's your business?
A: I want to know if he's interested in appearing in a film I'm making.
Voice: Yeh, he might be. What's it about - I'll tell him.
A: It takes the piss out of the Pistols.
Voice: They need it taking.
A: Only they're called the Sad Phonies.
Voice: They weren't all phoney. (Razn-throat grunt). One of them believed in what was said.
A: Yeh - that's why I'm ringing Rotten instead of Steve Jones.
Voice: What's it called.
A: The Story Of Technicolour.
Voice: (Liverpool accent). Oh, psychedelic, like, is it?
A: Not quite - do you know when John will be back?
Voice: I don't know.
A: Do you think he'd be interested?
Voice: He might be.
A: Listen - I don't want to discuss this with you.
Voice: (Aggressive Glaswegian accent) I know your name. I've got your number.
A: Are you trying to intimidate me?
Voice: No, No.
A: Don't try to intimidate me pal. (Aggressive Liverpool accent). Who are you, anyway?
Voice: John Lydon.
A: (Surprised) You are?
Rotten: Yeh, it's me, what's the film about, Punk?
A: Sort of, but not entirely.
Rotten: No one's ever made a good pop movie. They're all crap.
A: I think you'd like this script. I know what's good.
Rotten: Oh, so you're an egomaniac too, eh. The phone asks for more money.
Rotten: Put another 2p in - I'm worth it.
A: No one gets any money.
Rotten: If you mention money I'll just put the phone down.
A: Do you want to see the script?
Rotten: Yeh.
A: What's your address?
Rotten: Hah - if you're so smart you should know.

A: I'm not gonna camp outside your front door. I'll mail it.
Rotten: You'll have to if you want me to read it. Can you meet me somewhere? Do you know Finsbury Park? (He names a pub). That's my local. I'll be in there tomorrow at eight.
By 8.20 pm Thursday I'd drunk four pints and Rotten was nowhere. I recognised a chum of Rotten's perched on a bar stool. Where she goes he will be.
You're Debbie aren't you? Is John coming? "Rotten is always late," said Debbie. She went to phone him. I visited the lav, read the walls. "The Sex Pistols are great", in fading black crayon. What a great place Britain was to dance in last year. The paint is flaking underneath though.
Back to bar. Sipping and sensurround sound. Rotten arrived at 8.45, justifying the rub - a - dub tag in one look.
Crepe brogue suedes, 20-inch parallel kecks, Canadian Ice Hockey shirt, four screwed-in front teeth, and unblemished complexion courtesy of Jamaican / LA sunshine. Even the beer tasted different.

I introduce myself, glancing at the nickel-chrome sheriff's badge, pinned on his blue mac. His kid brother hands him a pint of lager and Rotten says: "Let's sit here." He points to a table and seats.
His arms are stuffed in the pockets of his overcoat, which he doesn't unfasten. There isn't room in those pockets for the Meyer script. He stares into space, solving private riddles.
Why the telephone aggro? "I get all sorts of nuts ringing up. Didn't you know it was me?" The 15 different accents did arouse my suspicions. Why didn't he hang up? "They usually hang up when I start acting heavy, but you were persistent. I like that."
He read the script in three minutes and decided it was garbage. He refused to specify its faults, and when I asked him to co-write it with me he made no reply. Would he appear in it? He said he wouldn't. I asked why.
"Because I can't act." But he acts parallel kecks. A day I said, He did not reply. I dropped the subject. John's brothers and friends move into the pool room, we follow. John gives the nod to all and then sits down,

deciding not to play.
I ask him if he is as paranoid as Sid Vicious claims.
"No I'm not. I don't think there is an organised campaign going to harm me, but there are people on the streets who oppose what I have done. And they are prepared to fight to prove their point."
Throughout the evening, John's friends didn't attempt to join in the conversation, perhaps assuming it was business, and deciding that John prefers to deal with such matters in private.
I spoke to one of John's friends while Rotten was at the bar. He lives in the same block of council maisonettes as John's family. What was the neighbourhood reaction when the Sex Pistols took off?
"Everyone was amazed. They used to peep out their windows when he walked past and say: 'God - there's that lad with the green hair!'"
What was John like at 16?
"He was very quiet - always thinking."
Does he think Rotten deserved success?
"Definitely. He was doing something that no-one had ever done

before, and that took guts."
Rotten lights his ninth cigarette in 70 minutes. Punkotics:
"We were the only working class band ever."
What does he think of The Rich Kids? "It's a pantomime."
Tom Robinson? "Not much."
Iggy Pop? "I went backstage at the Rainbow, he's small, all he thinks about is the number of vitamin pills he's gotta take to stop his body shrivelling up."
David Bowie? "I won't be going to see him."
Patti Smith? "No chance."
Devo? "What a load of crap."
What's your favourite cut on the Pistols' album? "Problems - cos that's what that band were all about."
Who was responsible for the heartsmashing Pistols' sound? "It was the engineers. They did it all. That's why it took so long to get out the album. I'm gonna produce my next LP. I've watched them twiddling knobs in the studio for years. I know what sound I'm after, and I know how to get it. Easy."

A Bee Gees number is on the juke. "The production is great on this - very professional," Rotten enthuses. "I wish I had that drummer for my band."
Rotten admits that finding the right personnel is difficult. "I'm thinking about going up north for someone. They've got bands up there who are trying to be different. I like the Buzzcocks. There's a band called Big In Japan too, I like the name. And Yachts - have you seen them? London stinks. No-one's got ideas - and if they have, they're not using them."
I ask John his age. He drops his head between his legs in mock embarrassment before replying: "22 - I feel so old." Does Rotten think McLaren's success was a fluke? "No - I don't think so. I don't think he feels there is anyone he could work with capable of achieving the impact he wants to make."

What about the stories that Rotten and Clash bassman Paul Simonon were rehearsing in a studio? "That's rubbish. Paul's been coming to my flat on Sundays and teaching me to play guitar. That's all." Does Rotten intend to play guitar in his next band? "I've gotta learn how to play the guitar before I can write songs. I'm not gonna play one on stage. I used to hum tunes to Steve, and he'd pick out chords and riffs. I can't do that now."
Rotten says he still writes a song a day.
Is his relationship with Steve Jones as strained as reports suggest?
"We don't send each other flowers but I'm sorry we are not in the same band still. He's a good guy. A good laugh."
Does he miss Sid Vicious' protection?
"That's a joke. He's not hard. He's completely opposite. Do you know his waist measures 25 inches? And he's about a foot taller than me."

How did Rotten feel when Sid's liver collapsed at the end of the US tour?
"I felt really sorry for Sid. He's a good mate of mine." Paul Cooke? "He's just okay, y'know? If I was to ask him what he wanted to drink, the pub would be closed by the time he'd decided."
What was America like?
"Awful. The people there are really thick. Unbelievably crass. I hated it."
There were criticism of your performances on the US tour. In fact, since Mike Mansfield's 'Pretty Vacant' film was screened on Top Of The Pops, people have accused you of intolerance.
"Well, that film was shot early in the morning and it was pretty hard getting worked up at that time of the day. I'd just got out of bed."
He asks if I thought the Sex Pistols break-up was faked. No, but I thought it a tragedy because there is no one to replace them.
At first Rotten seemed suspicious of such tricks, and perhaps sceptical of the value I placed on the role of the Sex Pistols in the music industry being inflated by fan-fervour. But, after a brief consideration he says: "Yeh, I suppose that's right."
Rotten keeps glancing around the room and seems to be losing interest. I ask him if he objects to my questioning.
"No, not at all. I'll speak to the Devil."
Has he any views on the world's political terrorists?
"They always hurt the wrong people. The innocent." "Has he any

political targets in mind?
 "Only Maggie Thatcher. I'd like to get her, stupid bitch."
 Did he ever fantasise about robbing banks when he was young?
 "Yeh," he smiles, "all the time."
 Rotten set himself up as a mediator when the Punk v Ted rumbles were raging, and he has played an ambassadorial role in the acceptance of Jamaican culture by giving Jah sounds his influential approval. Did he agree with Martin Webster's statement that the growth of Rastafarianism in British black communities was a futile search for identity?
 "If they believe, if they find strength in their beliefs, how can it be useless?"
 John's brother walks over and asks if we want refills. Isay yes, and offer to pay, but John refuses, and produces a wad of notes from his trouser pocket worth about £20.
 Is Rotten on the dole? He shakes his head.
 "They won't give me anything cos I'm due royalties. How much I don't know yet, they're still trying to work it out."
 Does Richard Branson, boss of Virgin Records, pay his rent?
 "No. I own my flat. I made sure it was bought. Steve and Paul live in rented places."
 Will Rotten ever work again, I wonder. The temptation to sit back and spend royalties must be tremendous. At the moment his career is paralysed by legalities. Once the problems have been solved, Rotten will be free to form his own band. But comparisons will be made, and if Rotten doesn't get it right first time, he'll be slagged-off good-style. Is he afraid of failing?
 "Not at all. I've made millions of mistakes. For instance The Don Letts movie was a bummer."
 I suggest that it was a critical success.
 "If you're doing something it doesn't matter what anyone says cos you're doing something and they aren't."
 So, he wouldn't miss the limelight?
 "I think it would be a blessing in disguise."
 Enter John's mum and dad. His mother is a soft-spoken Irish woman in her early forties in a green tweed, Dame Edna Everage specs, and Queen Mother hair-do. John's

Irish father is equally respectable in a blue anorak, fawn trousers, Burton tie, and woollen cardigan.
 What did they think of the Sex Pistols breaking up?
 "We haven't discussed it," says John.
John's mother appears proud that so many apparently intelligent people are interested in what her son has to say. John swore in her company once, but she did not seem shocked. Watching John's father, it seemed that he was equally proud of his other less famous sons, who were playing pool and chatting to some young ladies who'd arrived on the scene.
 The parents remained neutral, letting their children play uninterrupted. From time to time friends of the children talked to the couple in a polite, respectful way. Somehow, I couldn't quite see them treating their own parents as nicely, and noticing Rotten's expression on certain occasions, perhaps he couldn't quite believe it either. Johnny Rotten at play. On another night he might watch a band who fail to excite him, and at the same time, check out the audience, to see if they've caught up, left him behind, or simply forgotten. A man of the people has to make sure that the people don't trample all over him when a new guru opens his mouth. Perhaps this is why Rotten sticks to his roots.
 "McLaren was always saying I should try to mix in different circles, improve myself. He was always telling me to stop hanging round with my friends. He couldn't understand that I like being with them. That I am close to my family. He's a climber, he's trying to get somewhere else. I don't want to mix with anyone else. I like it here."
 Was Rotten always determined that success would not change him?
 "I made myself a promise at a very early age that if ever I became a success I would not forget — and I'm keeping it. I'll never change."
 Trying to persuade John to take a part in my movie I suggest he could gain revenge against McLaren, by contributing to a film that satirises the Sex Pistols, before McLaren gets the chance to eulogise them in the much-mooted RIP Sex Pistols film.

"I'm not interested. But, if you want to beat him to the punch you don't have to worry because he's doing nothing at the moment, absolutely nothing. There are so many things I can do at the moment. Everything that band stood for was my idea. If the others release albums mine will be the best."
 I ask his opinion on the following statement:
 "There were 10,000 gobshites in London and Rotten was one of them — the lucky one."
 "That's the way it was. Who wrote it?"
 I tell him I did, but add that no one else had his ideas and courage.
 "That's the difference — I took my chances."
 When the McLaren / Sex Pistols



relationship was in its infancy the band wrote songs on a moderately frequent basis. As the creative partnership disintegrated and concepts were exhausted, enthusiasm within the band declined, and the split was inevitable. The joke was that the LP would be out just as soon as Viv Westwood designed her new collection.
 Rotten is directionless, indecisive and uncreative without McLaren. He would never admit this, even if he were capable of such a realisation. In short, they disagree entirely without each other.
 John has this to say: "Half the clothes in the shop were designed on my ideas. I suggested they destroy T-shirts. The bondage suit was my idea but McLaren never gave me credit."

Glen Matlock has expressed similar sentiments. Bernard Rhodes quit Glitterbest because McLaren refused to acknowledge his contribution. Jordan discarded the scene, although Rotten says she was discarded.
 In a dark spot, on the stairs of a Liverpool club, I asked Jordan if it was true.
 "No, I left McLaren to manage the Ants."
 Is she a junkie, as Rotten said?
 "I was but I've reformed. I don't use junk any more."
 I spoke to Viv Westwood in her King's Road boutique when the Sex Pistols break-up was announced. She blamed Rotten.
 "They could have had so much publicity if they'd gone to South America but John wasn't interested."
 Publicity for the cause, or a cause for money?
 Rotten "She's unbelievably superficial. You should use a 65-year-old to play her part in the movie."
 Debbie chips in: "She makes enormous profits. She sells T-shirts for four quid and they only cost a quid to make. I was sacked."
 She doesn't explain the dismissal but her loyal friendship with John obviously didn't enamour her with Viv.
 John: "Do you know what they wanted us to do in Meyer's movie? Have it off in a telephone box. I mean — how twee can you get? They imagined we wanted it off with each other so they were going to arrange it for us."
 Says Debbie: "I was supposed to stand on a crate of beer."
 Is Rotten friendly with Debbie? Rotten pulls her onto his knee, and puts his arm around her shoulder in an exaggerated display of affection.
 "Oh, I guess the secret's out now Debbie darling. We'll have to tell him. We are getting married on Saturday at a register office. It's going to be a white wedding."
 The humour subsides.
 "Do you know that McLaren went to Warner Bros and told them he wanted to kick me out of the band? It was because I wanted £50,000 to do the movie and he wouldn't do it. They told him where to go," says John.
 "The night we broke up I was in a

run-down motel dive. Steve and Paul were swanking uptown in their own plush hotel suite. He told Steve I wanted a better hotel than the others, so Steve thought I was living in a palace, when he had the best place. Then there was that Biggs thing. I didn't want to go there. It was just another cheap stunt. I was sick of it. Publicity, publicity, all the time."
I asked Rotten if the ape-sounds on the 'Bodies' track were electronic. He jammed his jaws together and started sucking air to make a clichey Chimpanzee noise.
 "I'm the only one in the world who can do that."
 Does Rotten still do drugs? "Oh, yeh."
 Is he courting? "Leave 'orf willya."
 What about the rumours that he is homosexual? "Untrue."
 What does he think of Richard Branson? "He's okay."
 Did Rotten record in Jamaica?
 "No. I just got him (Branson) to sign about 15 bands. I hadn't heard of half of them. I just said these are good, and he'd sign them up. Now I won't have to pay a fortune for imported records, ha-ha."
 As an artist Rotten feels entitled to any reward society thinks he deserves in recognition of his talent. He does not want to make the rich scream, he wants everyone to be screaming rich. But, if he wishes to preserve his integrity and self-respect, financial security should not be his end aim. Once he gains artistic freedom he must not allow any distractions to be more than temporary, or he will lose his struggle to make the world a better place.
 McLaren said at the beginning: "This is not about music." So today kill music — tomorrow tell the truth. Without trying to canonise Rotten, it is a fact that he has made an immense social breakthrough in modern culture. He has ended ugliness. The English language can be used in any way without prejudice as has been finally proved. Rotten is on a protest march for the pathetic weak. His destiny can be glorious.
 Rotten is an atrocious liar, but deep inside him lives the truth, and from time to time it speaks. Listen.

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THE ISLEY BROTHERS



LIMITED EDITION 12" SINGLE

The Police are arresting

Well that's what Bev Briggs thinks after spending a night in the cells

"I was blue and lonely / I
couldn't sleep a wink
I could only go unconscious /
If I'd had too much to drink
There was somehow some-
thing wrong somewhere
Each day seemed grey and
dead
And the seeds of depression
Were growing in my head"

The Police are the 1978 macho
Beverley Sisters, the latter day
Debbie Harrys with masculine
attributes, the peroxide perennials
who've only just learned how to
bloom (eat ya heart out Baby Bitch).
The Police are (in non alphabetical
order) Andy Summers, Stuart
Copeland and Sting. Yeah, that's
right, "Sting". Sting as in bee, Sting
as in stink without the 'k' and with
the 'g'. My oh my, we are having
fun!

"I needed inspiration/a brand new
start in life
Somewhere to place affection / but I
didn't want a wife
And then by lucky chance I saw
In a special magazine
An ad, that was unusual
Thelike I'd never seen"

How to spot a Policeman (should
that be Policeperson?) part one. A
policeperson has yellow hair, out of a
bottle blonde colffeur. A police-
person may also have roots. One
specific policeperson from here-
inafter known as P. C. Sting hauls a
brown canine in tow. Canine as in
dog. Brown as in . . . brown? So
what's the dog's name then Sting?
"Turdy". Ahh, well, that figures.
Three specific policepeople have

nationalities as follows: British,
American and a Geordie . . . ahh, a
native countryman, a fellah after my
own heart. Hang on, let's try and
make some sense out of this - Sting
is the Geordie (howaay the lads),
Copeland is the U.S. of A body and
Andy is the red, white and blue. OK
up to now?

"Experience something different /
with our new Imported toy
She's living, warm, inflatable / and
a guarantee of joy
She came all wrapped in cardboard
All pink and shrivelled down
A breath of air was all she needed
To make her lose that frown"

And so on to the genesis of the
Police (genesis as in the beginning
not the band of the same
name . . . police as in the band not
the Sir Robert Peel kind). Says
Stuart "Sting and I first met in
Newcastle while he was playing in a
band called Last Exit. I thought
Wow! He's fantastic and figured that
this kid was destined for stardom
and I wanted to catch a ride." . . .
Hmmm, a mercenary by any other
name . . .

"So I took her to the bedroom / and
pumped her with some life
And then a moment later / that girl
became my wife
So I sit her in a corner
And sometimes stroke her hair
And when I'm feeling naughty
I blow her up with air"

But, forgive me if mistaken, the
Police are strictly non-rootspunk, so
what's with the whiter than white
crowning glories? Do we want the
awful truth? Well, yes, I suppose we

do . . . "We were offered a part in a
TV advert, for Wrigley's Chewing
Gum as a would-be punk band, so we
had to look the part and bleach our
hair yellow." No kiddin'? Any other
enterprising ventures on the
commercial front? Over to Sting
"I've done a modelling assignment
with Joanna Lumley for a jeans
company. I had to grope her for four
hours while the cameras clicked."
Oh yeah? "Then of course there's
always my guest appearance in the
Triumph Bra ad . . ." Of course,
of course, should've realised (who
the hell are these guys?)

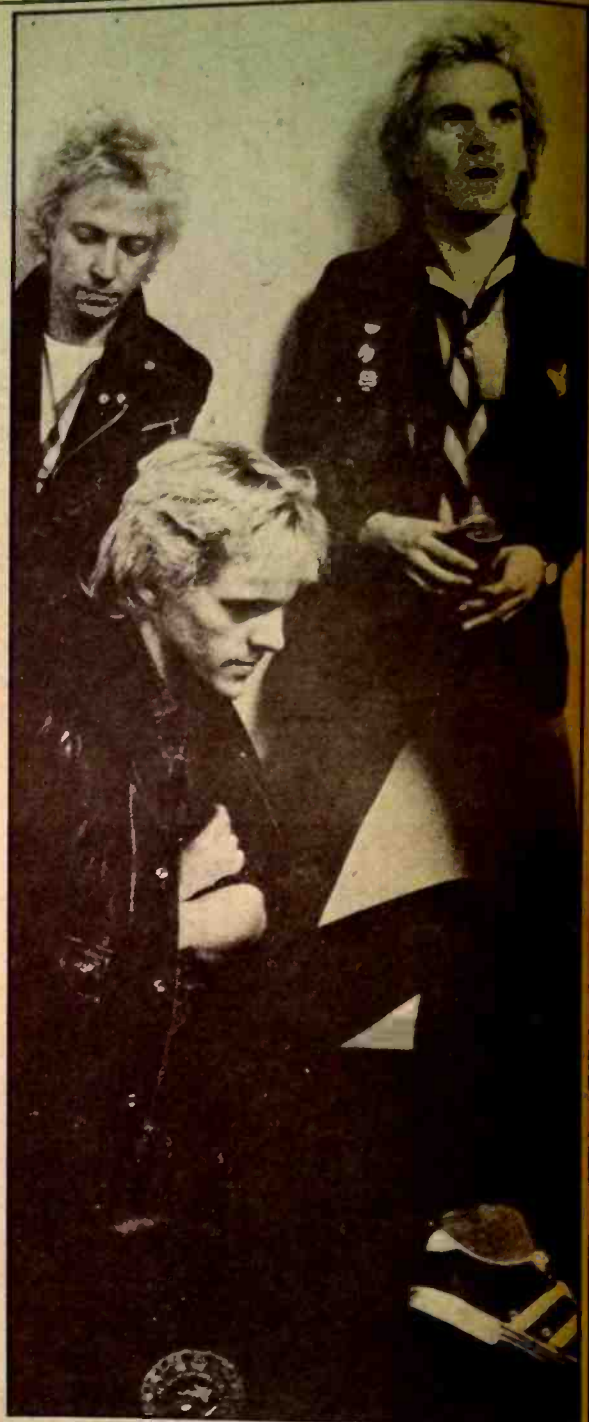
"She's cuddly and she's bouncy /
She's like a rubber ball
I bounce her in the kitchen / I bounce
her in the hall
And now my life is different
Since Sally came my way
I wake up in the morning
And have her on a tray"

Their historical backgrounds and
musical interests are as complex as
an Ordnance Survey of Taiwan.
Andy once played in the Animals,
the band as a whole backed Cherry
Vanilla when her own band fell
apart, and Stuart initiated "Illegal
Records" with his brother Miles.
(Incidentally, the Police released a
single with Illegal last year, before
signing to A&M "the plushiest record
co. in the world.") Their current
diversion (or is that fetish) is
appearing in a laserium show "a
sort of avant garde laser rock thing"
in Munich under the auspices of
Eberhard Schoener. (Eberhard
who?). Their soon-to-be hit single
Roxanne says she with confidence,
was inspired by the band's brief
sojourn to Paris, where they revelled
in the delights of residing in a red
light area. Sting naturally enough
found prostitutes "an amazing
phenomenon" (bless 'em), and for
the sake of lyrical inspiration,
altruistically bared his soul and
heart to one, i.e. "put his money
where his mouth is." And so to love.
And so to Roxanne (listen to the
lyrics).

"She's everything they said she was
And I wear a permanent grin
'Cause I only have to worry
In case my girl wears thin"

The Police are . . . "a re-
incarnation of the three musketeers,
or is it the Marx Brothers?" The
Police believe "That basically
we have been working incognito."
The Police say . . . "The whole
point of our existence is maintaining
our autonomy." The Police are
convinced that "If England is ready
for us - we'll play here." The police
also finished, in the course of our tete
a tete one litre bottle of vin rouge and
a can of lager, and for a Geordie, a
nondescript and a Yank, that can't
be bad!

Oh, and incidentally, in case
you're wondering, the poem "Be My
Girl" was kindly supplied by Andy
- Wordsworth - Summers, who is
surely worthy of a Nascar for his
award winning performance in
Shakespeare's "Rubber Doll Or
Venice". Ole



BIANCA JAGGER at Studio 54 in New York

Zaggerisation

I'M GLAD my name
isn't Michael Zager.
It would have been
rotten at school,
being at the end of
the alphabet, 'cos
you'd be in the last
sections for every-
thing. Apart from
which, it would be
silly to call a girl
Michael.

Michael Zager is quite
pleased he's him, though.
He's got a hit single and is
a fair to middling name in
the disco world. Which is
better than being nobody
at all. AND his partner is
a member of the exclusive
disco club in New York,
Studio 54, which means he
can get in without having
to queue like a berk at the
door.

Have you HEARD these
dreadful stories about all

the aspiring disco bop-
pers standing in line on
the pavement while the
management stroll up
and down, picking out the
ones they think are
worthy of entering? They
all scream and yell and
draw attention to them-
selves, pleading to be
allowed in.
"It's worth just stand-
ing on the pavement
watching them screaming
and fighting," said
Michael, from the lofty
position of comfortable
acceptance. "It's very
degrading, so a lot of
people don't bother
going. There are eight
staff photographers there
so there are pictures in
the papers almost every
day of the famous people
who've been there. In
Britain, people would just
walk away."

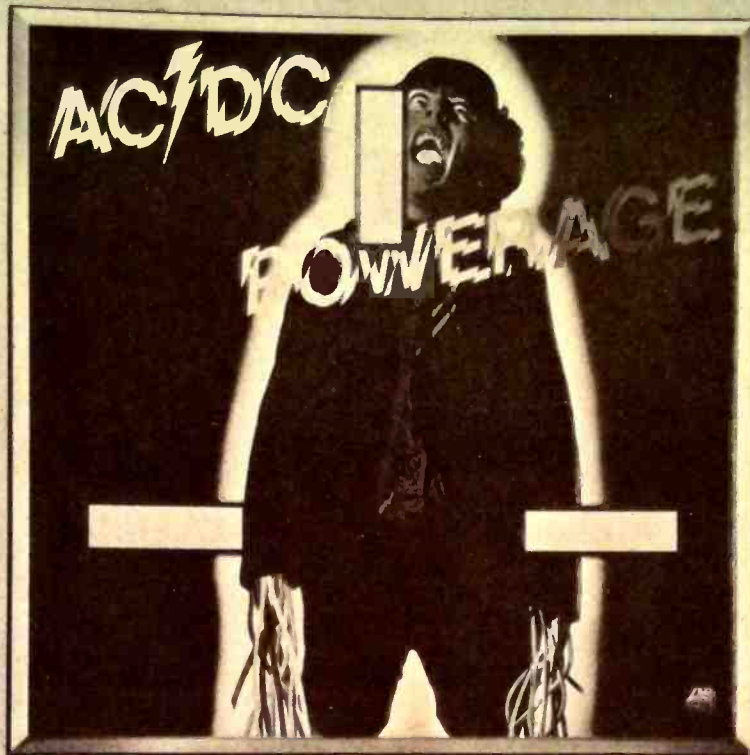
I should think so too.
We're not the kind to

make fools of ourselves in
public. Or are we? The
astute management of
Studio 54 are opening a
place in London soon.
Will they persuade the
self effacing citizens of
Britain to crawl in this
undignified manner,
purely to gain entrance
into a circus for the
famous, you won't find any
of us there. The
humiliation of being
refused would be crush-
ing.
It's not worth the loss of
self respect to rub a
dancing shoulder with
Blanca Jagger, or any
other famous socialite.
"It really isn't worth
it," Zager assured me.
"Believe me when I tell
you the doorman is seven
feet tall."

But Zager won't need a
partner to help him out
soon. He's a great fan of

'Saturday Night Fever'
and the surrounding
hobbed of enthusiasm for
disco and hopes soon to
have his own song 'Let's
All Chant' used in a film
score. The film 'Eyes'
stars Faye Dunaway and
the theme music will be
sung by Barbra Streis-
sand. Not exactly on the
Bee Gees plateau, but light
on the way up.

Zager disagrees that
disco music is responsible
for the downfall of good
soul music, or indeed any
good music. He's cur-
rently working on his next
disco album which will
include a concept. Con-
cept disco? Can't wait to
hear it. But it's not going
to be all 'Saturday Night
Fever' and 'Brooklyn
boys. He's recording in
London in September.
And like I said before, we
have a more developed
sense of dignity.
ROSALIND RUSSELL



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29th	GLASGOW	Apollo	15th	DERBY	Assembly Rooms
30th			16th	KEIGHLEY	Victoria Hall
MAY			18th	COLCHESTER	A.B.C.
1st	MIDDLESBROUGH	Town Hall	19th	LEEDS	Polytechnic
2nd	COVENTRY	Locarno	21st	SHEFFIELD	Top Rank
4th	LIVERPOOL	Empire	22nd	BRISTOL	Colston Hall
5th	NEWCASTLE	Mayfair Ballroom	23rd	BOURNEMOUTH	Village Bowl
6th	MANCHESTER	Free Trade Hall	24th	PLYMOUTH	Metro
7th	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon	26th	BLACKBURN	King George's Hall
9th	OXFORD	New Theatre	27th	CARLISLE	Market Hall
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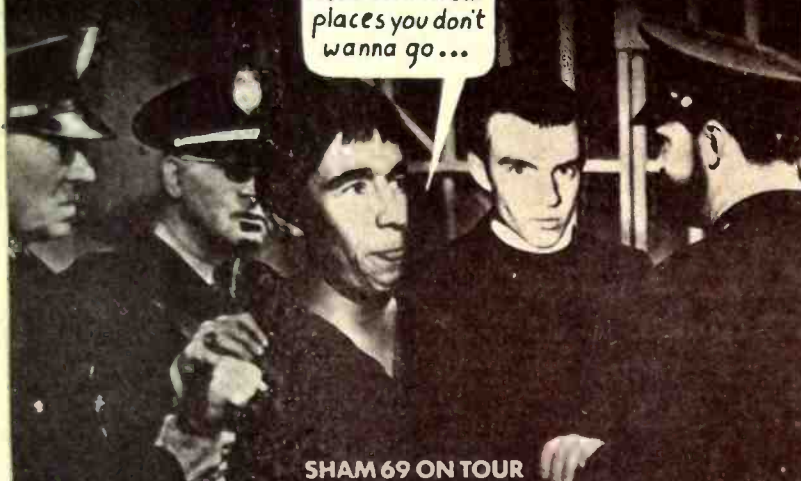


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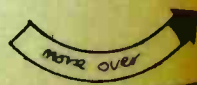


DON'T DUTCH ME THERE

Tim Lott turns onto sheep with the Tubes in Nether Netherland



Worth a second look even if no longer included in the stage act



THE FIRST thing that really strikes you about Fee Waybill is the size of his nose.

Standing here in front of me, minutes before going onstage, there are maybe a dozen things that are remarkable about him. He has his trousers rolled up to a point just above his knees, for no obvious reason. His big-boned face is caked with make-up, where fashion. His height alone is daunting — well over six feet and muscular with it.

But his body, somehow, centres round his nose. My eyes are magnetically drawn towards it, but before the preoccupation becomes too obvious, Fee disappears in between the electric junk of backstage paraphernalia.

In the dressing rooms lofty dancers with endless legs and fishnet tights laugh and parade. Michael Cotton, the technical celluloid expert prepares a new film he's found for the show. Cotton, who looks like a Kraftwerk/Devo androgynous, has a role in the band something like Eno was to Roxy music. He doesn't play an instrument so much as make interesting noises.

Prairie Prince, the drummer, sits quietly fidgeting. Bill Sputnick Spooner, guitarist and straight man for Fee, guffaws and stands up to reveal a surprisingly voluminous gut.

Bernie, the tour manager, calls

time and the whole human shebang — seven band members and four dancers — prepare for the second date of the so-far disastrous Tubes world tour.

ONSTAGE, at the Congress Gebouw, Den Haag, white suited Fee springs onstage, crooning 'What Do You Want From Life', and within minutes he's dragged a hapless Dutch girl in black leather onstage as a stooge.

"I pick the nearest one with the biggest tits," he tells me later.

And the black leather girl is burdened with her plastic aeroplane, and giant master charge card, and even a baby's hand holding an apple.

Eventually she leaves the stage with a packet of gum.

"Bad luck", consoles Fee.

The sound is bad again. It's a rotten PA. It's real quiet so it sounds like a cabaret show or something.

The change from the last tour is 'Slipped My Disco', taken from the pre-John Travolta 'Young And Rich' album. It's an excuse to introduce the dancers and Michael Cotton joins for a quick frug, while Fee nips backstage to change into his John Travolta white suit. Up the stairs, a few desultory punches in the air and he's gone again ripping off the suit to change into a college kid getup.

Onstage, Re Styles has put on a blonde wig and a bright yellow dress. She makes Debbie Harry look kind of uninteresting.

"Yeh," says Fee. "We get lots of letters from sordid guys about her."

This is the new intro to 'Don't Touch Me There', the Tubes' Phil Spector-with-an-erection tribute. Fulfilling the fantasy of every heterosexual man in the house, she plays the husky schoolteacher who gets turned on by a sex education film... and asks one pupil (Fee) to stay behind for some "extra study".

"The smell of burning rubber..."

If genitalia throughout the Congress Gebouw are feeling constricted at this point, a few of the more perverse ones probably cream good as Fee rips off her wig and gets stretched across the stage for 'Mondo Bondage'.

The bad news for sado freaks is that Re no longer bothers squeezing into her vinyl gear for the number, but she still whistles in her chains with plenty of enthusiasm.

"Re is real frightened of being exploited," Michael Cotton tells me, some other time. "She hates it!"

Fee however, is of the opinion that Re Styles loves doing what she does. Re, I never get round to asking.

For practical reasons, 'Mondo Bondage' is followed by a short film that Michael Cotton dug out of a library. It's a 1962 public information film about mugging, and contains plenty of sound, if sometimes self-evident advice as to what Mrs America should do when attacked by a mugger.

"A short sharp jab with the elbow is painful and produces an involuntary reaction from the person that receives it," is after all an

invaluable piece of information, as is 'If he puts his hand over your mouth, bite it as hard as you can and he'll let go.'

These gems of public service wisdom are accompanied by illustrations so horrifyingly as to be enough to put men off even asking a strange woman for the time of day lest she gouge out his eyes, stab him with a nail file, cripple him with her heel and kneel him in the groin.

"You may want to prepare an envelope of Cayenne pepper to throw in his eyes" is the cue for the return of the band for Fee's cowboy satire, a straight 'Rawhide', and a stand-up talking spot which rates as the Skit Most Likely To offend old age councillors).

"Hands up anybody here that's F---ed a HEIFER!" Meeting — not surprisingly — complete lack of response, Fee cocks his hat and chews on his bacxy.

"Thought so. Buncha sheep f---ers. Where Ah come from, we KILL sheep. Ugly ill critters. Those WEIRD NOSES and STOOPID little ears."

"Your food here is s---!! I gotta eight hundred pound heifer back there. I just surgically strip off the meat. Don't kill him. Oh no. I don't eat DEAD MEAT."

"Hey, you ever heard of mountain oysters? Nah. Sheep f---ers. It's what you get from bulls when they make 'em into a steer. An' I don't mean the HORNS. I mean their GOBAM BALLS."

"You cut 'em down the middle like a butterfly prawn. Little butter on 'em and frah them up. Not too much though. Ah lahk manh RAW. Put 'em in a sandwich. Best eatn' ah ever had, know what I mean?"

Much of this is going over the heads of the Dutch audience, and the man from the Daily Mirror thought it was in plain bad taste, but I was laughing uncontrollably. I've edited, in the interests of the good taste that Record Mirror always tries to propagate, the parts of the monologue concerning carnal relationships with hairy mountain bovines, but I can see a few of our guardians of decency and moral standards having kittens over them.

Fee ends the monologue with 'El Paso', and he's carried offstage soaked in blood from the plastic blood soaked in blood from the plastic blood sacs concealed under his shirt, astonishing — I put it all down to the ginseng paste he stuffs and the Tabasco sauce he drinks — he's onstage again, this time for a new number called 'Terrorist', which features Fee done up like an IRA gunman in Seditionaries sunglasses and a black beret.

Dodgy political ground here — the song lampoons left wing rather than right wing terrorists, something that a few extremists are going to no doubt get upset about — but lyrical content is sacrificed to the dance potential.

To tell the truth the choreography is looking the untest bit scrappy at this point in the tour, but as the Tubes hate rehearsing and tend to catch up onstage, this is predictable for the early part of the tour.

The terrorist Fee strips off to reveal the only dumb item in what is a perennially clever show, 'Johnny Bugger'. It's going to look rather silly in England — punk pistsakes have been done by everybody from Johnny Rubbish to the Fabulous Poodles to Alberto Y Los Trios Paranolas, and the groove has been dug to death.

Besides, Fee's got it all wrong anyway. Punks do not wear denim jeans and plimsolls, while The Dirt Boxes (aka the Tubes) play 'I Saw Her Standing There' (which Fee thinks is a song) with a great deal too much dexterity.

This time he doesn't do the chain saw swinging bit, because the authorities think there's going to be a fire risk. Sometimes it freaks people in the front row out anyway, since the chainsaw is really operative, though with the blade removed.

Anyway, 'I Was A Punk Before You Were A Punk' may mean something to American fatso brained audiences, but the English take their cults seriously. If they're sensible they'll drop it or do themselves damage.

To close the set, the gross out of gross outs, Quay Lewd, staggers on with foot high platforms, silver tape strapped round his legs and flashing light QUAY glasses.

The boots, Quay tells me, were taken from a bondage catalogue, which advertised boots that pinched the toes so they hurt good. Quay

Lewd was apparently meant to be Johnny Thunders of the New York Dolls originally but now it's developed into an English creation.

"It could be Rod Stewart," admits Fee cautiously.

And with his plastic penis, hanging from his leotard, and 'Boy Crazy' and clouds of ice steam the crowd sound affected for the first time.

Though his accent isn't quite all there, Fee manages a drunken cockney superstar admirably, though he screws up the little legends he learnt from Hugh Cornwell of the Stranglers.

"D'ya wanna get yer GUMS round me PLUMS? What about yer boyfriend? Boys are alright, y'know hey! Wanna get yer CHAPSTICK round me CLAPSTICK? Yer TEEF round me BEEF? Yer DIPSTICK ROUND ME PLUG."

This is what we critics call a 'cock up'. The correct phrase is 'spadek round ones dipstick'.

But soldering on, Quay get the sheep fu... sorry, the Dutch on their feet for 'Stand Up and Shout'. The encore is 'White Punks On Dope', during which a tinker of hollow speakers fall on Fee, and he's carried off.

Returning supported by a nurse and bandaged all over, he staggers to the Microphone for the new closing number 'Tubes World Tour' which brings everybody back on the stage, the crowd to their feet, and the set to an end.

Just like it was last year, the Tubes show is a great experience. That's not saying there's not a lot of opportunities missed, and a of mistakes — some of the ideas are great but not fully realised, Johnny Bugger has a slinging match with a celluloid Quay Lewd projected behind him. A brilliant idea, but the dialogue is poor, a fairly representative example of a clever concept gone to waste.

Also the sound was bad, but that could have been the acoustics. So don't get the wrong idea. The Tubes show at Hammersmith last year was the most perfect realisation of theatre and rock I've ever witnessed.

I wouldn't dream of knocking the Tubes for having the courage to change their set about so much, but the timing still seems slightly off... too much stop/start, not enough out and out rock 'n' roll at the end.

Your head must be full of holes if you don't go and see them, all the same.

AT THE backstage bar, Roger Stein sits completely by himself drinking a soft drink and hiding behind his large, thick glasses. Roger describes himself as "very quiet". He doesn't relish the thought of returning to London very much.

"I had a horrible time when I was there last. I HATED IT. Nobody cared whether you were there or not. We met the Stranglers, though. They're pretty neat. Hugh was real nice."

"And the warm beer! I can't take that."

To his amazement, he learns that he's been banned in some towns again.

"They DID? That's incredible. That only happened before in Redneck cities in the US."

Which isn't quite true.

"Once," says Fee, "we were banned in Los Vegas! They got everything there — topless, bottomless, everything. They're the only state in America with legalised prostitution. And they banned US!"

I suppose if you're lacking in the sense-of-humour department — hello Portsmouth! — the Tubes could be offensive. The trouble is the media aren't wont to treat them like musical theatre. The Daily Mirror described them as a punk band which is just as unlikely a definition as I could imagine, but it caused a lot of trouble. Best to stick to the Sun approach, says Bill Sputnick Spooner.

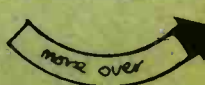
"Yeh, we did the Sun last time we came over. They just ask stuff like "don't you find your UNDERWEAR gets STICKY sometimes? Do you have a WIFE who has to WASH that underwear?"

Bill confirms that the first night of the tour was something of a disappointment.

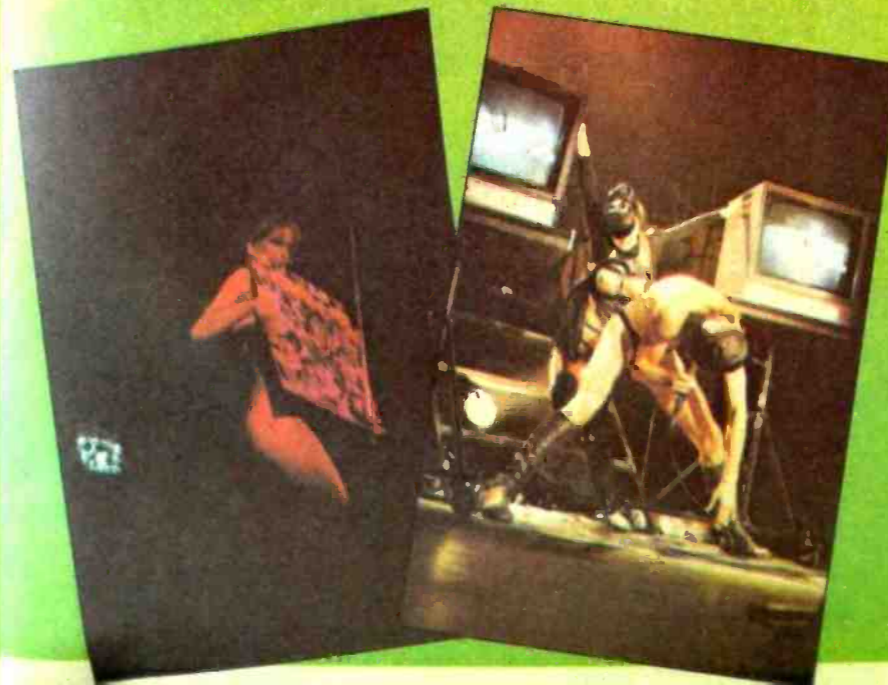
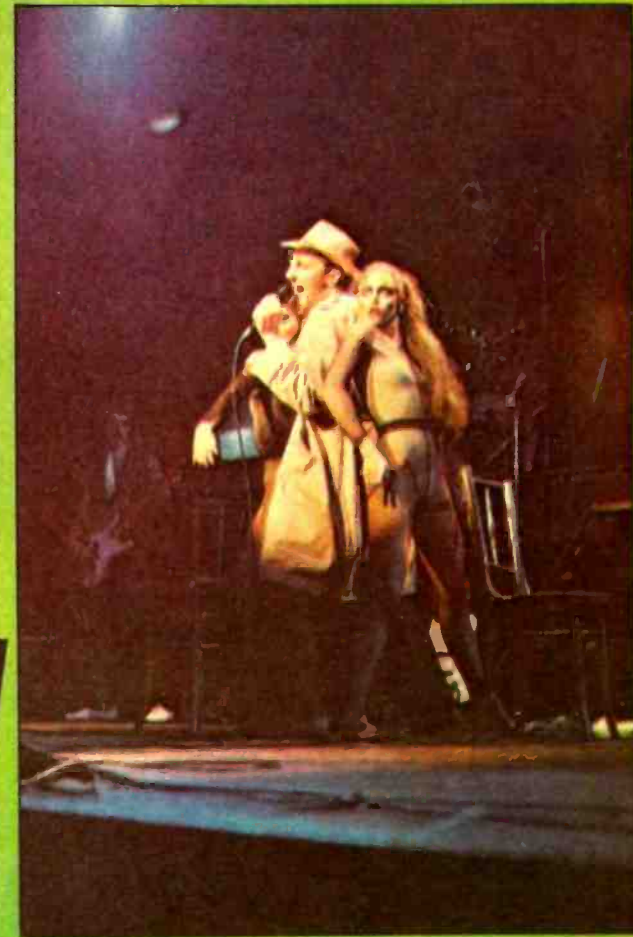
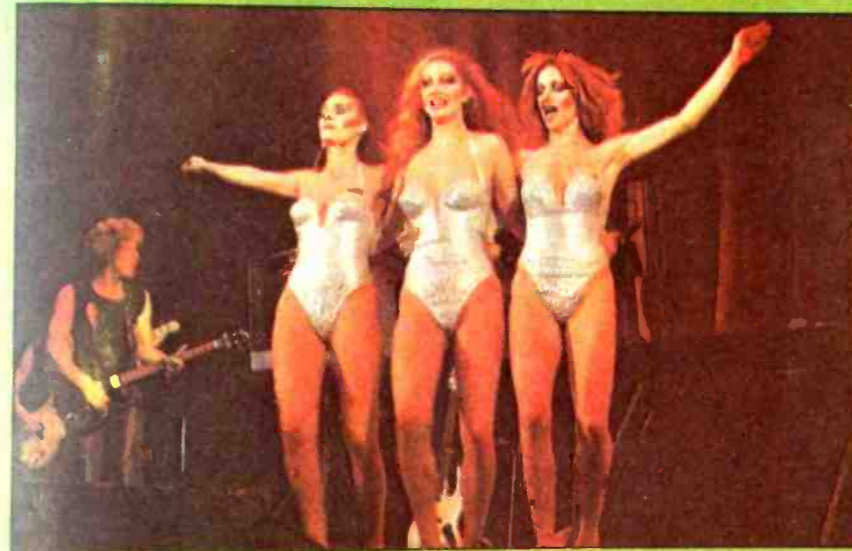
"We had an audience of ONE. It's OK though, because we jumped the



For Real



Tubes live



guy and got his gold watch. If we ever get small audiences we just jump on it.
"Fee fleeces the girls when he gets them onstage. Then we tie them up and sell their bodies."
I think he's pulling my plonker.

GOODBYE DEN Haag, Hello Amsterdam home of red light bulbs and sweating reproductive organs. Fee and Michael head off to do a Dutch radio interview. I play gooseberry.

"We traditionally have nightmare opening shows," says Fee, eyeless through deep blue sunglasses. "They always happen. I try to blot them out."

"We're terrible at rehearsing. I hate to rehearse. We sort of rehearse when we're on the road. Very seldom have we ever done dress rehearsals."

"We've rehearsed breaking up a couple times," adds Michael Cotton sitting hunched and sunshaded beside me.

"Yeah," says Fee wistfully. "We've rehearsed the whole thing, giving up the whole show."

"Brrm Brrm" interjects a judgemental two and the voices are drowned out as we reach the borders of Amsterdam. The driver informs Fee and Michael that they've going to start up a hooker supermarket in town. Michael seems quite taken by the idea.

"They should make it really clinical, then I could go more often. They could have hooker technicians. Scientific laboratories. Get off while being hooked to ECG, digital readouts."

Fee is horrified by the revelation that punk is on its last legs in Britain.

"So punk isn't happening in England anymore! You're KIDDING? Oh no! Nobody told me!"

"We're gonna have to have Johnny Bugger doing a pop number. Maybe 'Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue'."

I express reservations about releasing 'Saw Her Standing There' as a single. It doesn't say much for their confidence in their own material after all.

"If Devo can do 'Satisfaction', and get a hit, we can do a Beatles song!" says Michael.

Devo are something of a sore point with the Tubes, who are still struggling along on just over £100 a week each and whose record sales have been rather disappointing when plotted against their excellent concert attendances.

"Devo were influenced by us, and that's putting it mildly."

There is no bitterness in his voice, but Fee is clearly unhappy at the Tubes continuing lack of big time success.

"You've got to keep one step ahead. People copy us and then they overtake us. We started punk. We started Power Pop (I hope he's being flippant here)."

"Maybe that's been our big hang up. We couldn't stick at one thing long enough. I just can't stand to do the same thing all the time. So we've got to change songs, change looks, change clothes, change everything. Maybe that's a big mistake."

"We're all killing ourselves, that's what we're doing."

"You know what we ought to do," he pipes with a sudden burst of true American initiative, "we ought to go straight country and western. F--- all this pop stuff. Straight C&W. There's money in that."

We arrive at the radio station. I feel confident that the interviewer will open either with "Ow does your muzek relate to ze Dadsdest movement" (the Dutch speak English with French accents, or at least this one does) or "Are you a punk band?"

"Let's get zis cleared up whonce and for all," says the radio chappie, boldly, "are you a poonk band?"

Bonanza.

"No," says Fee, without a trace of disdain. "we're the with-it group of the future. Punk revival."

Michael offers the suggestion that The Tubes are Out-To-Lunch rock.

Fee, having just learnt the term 'power pop' decided to make use of it.

"We're power pop!" he exclaims triumphantly, throwing the Dutch interviewer confusion.

"Ha, keep poppin' hup like bub-hels in a Choka Chola bottle" he counters desperately.

group." Radio person: "Ha ha. No... no shit now."

Fee: "YOU GOT IT. We're a NO SHIT band!" Then, mercifully, Thahts eet gentle-hmen.

Fee comments politely that the interview was painless. Or was it pointless? The point is irrelevant I suppose.

Michael offers one more pertinent quote before we leave the studio.

"One thing about the Tubes. Everyone will find something to enjoy in it. Also, everybody will find something to be offended by in it. More people, probably, will be offended."

HOURS LATER, and Fee relaxes with a werner schnitzel that bears close resemblance to a battered face flannel. Tiring of this gastronomic mistake he outlines the problems that can occur when you drag some stranger from the audience onto the stage for 'What Do You Want From Life'.

"I got this girl punk rocker up once and every time I gave her a prize she threw it on the ground and stomped on it."

"Everything we gave her she tried to rip apart. I was going 'you HITCH, whaddya DOING', but she went right ahead. Every time I gave her a prize she threw it on the ground and STOMPED on it."

"She was wearing these real cool glasses so I took them off her and said 'F--- YOU' and put the glasses on the floor and stomped on them."

"And she started crying and going 'my glasses, you've broken my glasses' and she'd just destroyed HALF our SET! I kicked her ass onstage."

"This other time this chick picked up one of the big inflatable bottles we give to them and started HITTING ME with it, real hard, and I had to defend myself with my one and we had this big fight onstage with the vinyl bottle. She was really HITTING ME!"

"And also there was this great fat chick in Philadelphia who took off her top and started shaking herself about and she was so fat..."

The discussion, incidentally, was started by Fee being told that the man from the Daily Mirror wanted to be pulled up onstage that night as a gimmick.

"NO WAY. He's just not pretty enough. I'm not going to start hauling men up onstage just to get a story."

Integrity, you see, is not a forgotten word among the Tubes. DOWN IN the dressing room, I wander among Fee's props which I venture must have cost a lot of money.

"Not at all," says Fee. "We had a 'It's very difficult to describe. We run everthing into the ground until it's so totally petered out that we have to change."

Kind of ballet rock. They call me



the Rudolf Nureyev of rock. I'm a dancer, too, cantcha tell?"

The interviewer can't tell. He searches for another question and comes up with "did you plahn or did eet grow or" Michael Cotton moves in to twist the knife.

"No, we're very carefully calculated. We've got it charted precisely until I think it was 1984."

Fee manages to fit in a more serious answer.

"We always felt that a combination of theatre and rock was never fully exploited. David Bowie never really got to it. Neither did Alice Cooper. They remained the same, whereas the periphery

Neat forehead!
See also Kraftwerk P14

changed. Whereas with the Tubes, when the background changes, I change, we change completely."

"We're trying to catch up. We're trying to get hip..."

But eez eet nhot so that hyou har setting trends rather thahn jus' trying to be heep?"

"We're trying to stay hip. Also — and this is something else entirely — I'd like to apologise for the cost of the show. But we feel we give more guildler for guildler value than any other group in the history of the world. The show worked out at about a penny a second. And I'd like to say that bootleggers are welcome at the beginning of the show. We ask for volunteer bootleggers to stand up so that we can give them a short round of applause."

"And then we eject them from the theatre."

Joe Doubledutch asks as well as he can whether or not you have to be intellectual to go to a Tubes concert. Michael takes this with a cruelly literal pinch of salt.

"Of course. Do you have intelligence tests here? Well we give the audience intelligence tests. We don't let anyone in with an IQ below 50."

"No, no," corrects Fee. "the rate of exchange from guildlers to dollars is two to one, so it's an IQ of a hundred."

Realising that he's having the J urgen taken out of him, Doubledutch decides to call it a day with the staggering, "what are your influences?" ploy.

"We copy everybody and anything that's worth stealing. If other people say they don't copy, then other people is lying."

Fee who did them us real cheap, guy called Tim Zock. He was killed recently after he drove off a cliff.

"But he made us the QUAY

glasses for 100 dollars, and the glass guitar he gave us free. Back then we couldn't afford any of it ourself."

Getting onto the subject of sex — you can hardly get away from it when you're talking about a Tubes concert — Fee claims that he's only a sexual exhibitionist "when I'm alone or with somebody". Also girls send him naked pictures of themselves to him.

"I don't get too much complaining mail. The letters are mostly pretty timid."

"Most of the old ladies complain to the mayor or whatever... sort of 'my daughter went to see a Toobs show and it PERVERTED her. She just wants to stay in the bedroom now and do Mondo Bondage with her little brother'. I get a lot of propositioning letters."

"Mostly though, I get feedback when I go on the radio and do the Fee Waybill show. They let me do that sometimes, present the show and do whatever I want."

"I always say 'why don't you call me up and say hello' so that's their chance y'know."

"They ring up and say 'you SUCK man. The whole band sucks. Did you take a suck pill today or what?'"

"People would ring up, and I'd say 'Hi, this is FEE WAYBILL and YOU'RE ON THE AIR' and they say, 'you're a f---ing c---' and hang up. And the producer freaks out. 'Why don't you go back to California you asshole' and all that. It's fun."

Cracking up a small cassette player in the corner is a Chris Spedding tape. Michael and Fee love Chris Spedding also Nick Lowe, Elvis Costello and XTC.

"XTC — they're sort of the DEVO of England aren't they," ventures Cotton, misinformedly, and he invites them to come and meet the Tubes in London — "I'd really like to meet those guys."

THIS EVENING I watch the band from a vantage point backstage. As the lights go down Fee stands alone on the stairs at the side, fiddling nervously with his clothes. He takes a deep breath and walks on to the stage and activates a wide grin.

For 'La Vie En Fumer', two body-stockinged dancers put on wigs as dry ice envelops the back of the stage, seeping from containers that look like they were born of a toilet seat mating with a thalidomide elephant. The roadies desperately try to inflate several immense plastic cigarettes as the icy steam blinds them.

'Fe Styles' wig almost slips off on 'Mondo Bondage' and she has to do most of the drastic falling about with one hand on her head, no mean feat.

The mugging film runs, and the cowpoke from Lubbock, Texas returns with 'Rawhide'. He makes a few alterations to the lyrics of 'Proud To Be An American'.

"I'm proud to be an American / and I WISH EVERY OTHER BOY COULD BE ONE! BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GIVE EQUALITY! TO INFERIOR FOREIGNERS."

"DAM RIGHT YOU GODDAM FOREIGNERS," he shouts as the song ends. "NO SHIT!" If they understand the insult, they don't show it.

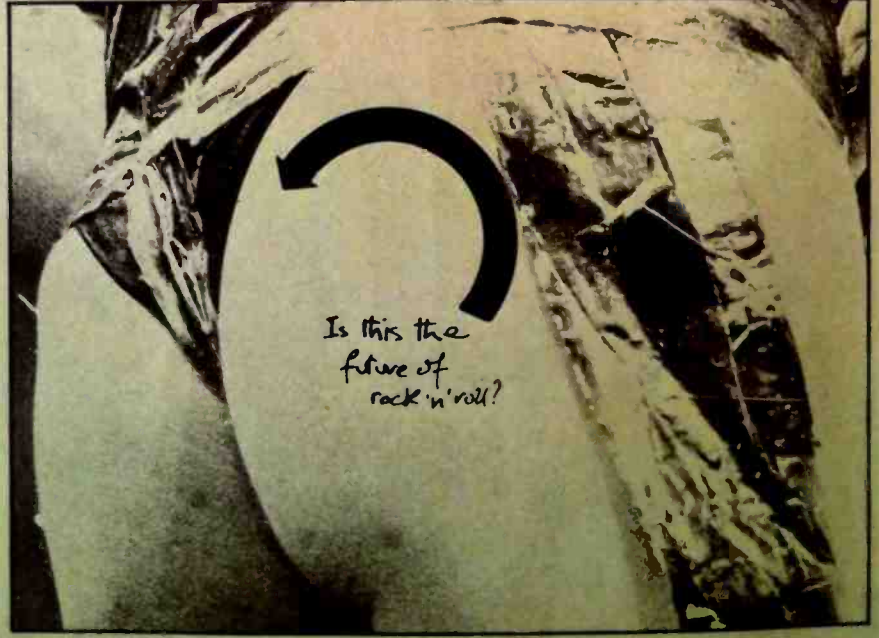
I watch him hit the blood sacs for 'El Paso', and the roadies drag him past me, onstage. In the dressing room, two other shirts from the earlier dates, hang suffused with dried blood substitute.

Finally, he staggers up the stairs in his Quay Lewd get up wobbling to the front of the stage and spitting once at the front row. He falls down and dirties his buttocks somewhat.

"Dya wanna getcha her LIPSTICK round my DIPSTICK?" he slurs. The man is far too professional to make a mistake two nights running. He looks pleased with himself.

"Do you wanna get your PLUMS round my GUMS?"

What's Flemish for "Whgops again?"





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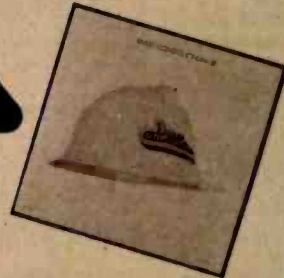
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UK TOUR

- May 10 Salon Ballroom, **Northants**
- May 11 Central Hall, **Chatham**
- May 12 Village Bowl, **Bournemouth**
- May 13 Royalty, **Southgate**
- May 14 Odeon, **Chelmsford**
- May 15 Gaumont, **Ipswich**
- May 17 Hammersmith Odeon, **London**
- May 18 Barbarellas, **Birmingham**
- May 20 The Pavilion, **West Runton**

- May 22 Romeo & Juliet, **Bristol**
- May 23 Top Rank, **Brighton**
- May 24 ABC, **Peterborough**
- May 25 Coatham Bowl, **Redcar**
- May 26 Mayfair Ballroom, **Newcastle**
- May 27 The California, **Dunstable**
- May 28 RAF Upper Heyford, **Oxford**
- May 29 Tiffanys, **Blackpool**
- May 30 Talk of the South, **Southend**



ADBOYS DEAD BOYS DEAD B

NEW YORK: — The Dead Boys returned to their adopted hometown recently, and many of punkdom's celebs were in attendance during the band's two-night CBGB's engagement. Along with members of Blondie (including Deborah H. herself), Television, the Voidoids, the Fast, and Tuff Darts, the Jam also showed up, basking in a bit of touristy r&r before the onset of their American tour.

There was a festive air about CBGB's the first night of the gig, as the Dead Boys celebrated the completion of their second Sire album by providing the packed house with a revamped set, playing crowd-pleaser 'Sonic Reducer' as an encore number instead of as the traditional opener. They also performed songs from the new LP, which is tentatively titled 'Down To Kill' and which is scheduled for American release in June.

New songs included in the set were a surprisingly good version of the Stones' 'Tell Me', plus Dead Boys originals 'Third Generation Nation'; 'I Don't Want to Be No Catholic Boy' — with lyrics "I wanna beat my meat in the street" — 'Calling On You,' and Kim Fowley creation 'Big City.'

Of special interest were 'Son of Sam,' partially penned by the Runaways' Vicki Blue and intro'd with Stiv Bators' invitation 'Let's have some fun — like Davie Berkowitz,' and 'Ain't It Fun,' which was partially penned by the



late writer and musician Peter Laughner, who may or may not be remembered for his prize-winning Punk magazine definition of punk as "knowing that you're going to die, and not caring".

Backstage after the first set of opening night, lead singer Bators described the new album as being "more pop than the first one, an

attempt to return to the sounds that were going down when we were choir boys in Cleveland." He cited Eric Carmen and the Raspberries as influences on the album, particularly the background vocals on 'I Don't Want to Look Back.'

Interspersing interview replies with advice to a rising punk star on what sort of handcream is best for use on spiky hair, Bators said that

he felt the band had benefited greatly from the five weeks spent rehearsing for and recording the album at Florida's Criterion Studios.

"It was good to get away from Cleveland and New York," he said. "It gave us a chance to get back to ourselves, to remember what we are."

According to Bators, the Florida sessions' resultant "roots" music is a pop sound that is much cleaner than the material on debut album 'Young, Loud and Snotty', a record Bators says "sucks", and which he claims was never originally intended as anything more than a demo tape.

"Felix Pappalardi was our producer on this record, and he really kicked our ass, made us work 13 and 14 hours a day," said Bators, explaining the increased professionalism of the band's stage performance.

If their recent CBGB performance is any indication, however, even Pappalardi's influence has not conned the Dead Boys into taming their act more than a little. The usual beer-spraying rites were performed with glee, as Stiv crawled around on the floor, then at one point pulled down the pseudo-leopard leotards of guitarist Cheetah Chrome.

Backstage, the brazen Bators badmouthed both the English and American rock presses alike, singling the British papers out for trying to brainwash their readers into thinking a certain way.

"We loved the English kids," said Bators, "but they believe what they read too much and don't always make decisions for themselves."

The fading seconds of the interview caught Stiv in a contemplative mood, mourning the demise of the Damned, who headlined for the Dead Boys during their first English tour.

"The Damned," he remembered, "were great guys."

MARILYN LAVERTY

The Brakes are one group who don't dream about having a hit record. BARRY CAIN discovers why.

INTERVIEWING bands is often tedious, confusing, disgustingly contradictory, like getting a cross line, loathsome, dipsomaniacally dutiful, encountering the same old deja vu mirages in the rock 'n' roll desert ALL OVER AGAIN.

There are the old hands i.e. Jagger, McCartney, Dylan, who have mastered the art of spitting for hours (and hours) without actually saying anything. Hadrian's Wall secure, never letting anyone in...

There are the up and comers intent on getting in the top bracket i.e. Rotten, Cornwell, Strummer, anxious to intimate their inharmonious ideals. The Contemporary Intransigent(s)...

And there are the virgins i.e. The Brakes with little cognisance of interview processes. Thus, an unnatural coupling of the previous two backed with a mother of an enthusiasm.

Towards the end of my interview two members of the band lost their cool with one refusing to be associated with his colleague's ideals. Listen...

"The public aren't dedicated about anything. Show them a new washing powder on television and they'll buy it. They are ignorant. A band is not a static object, a box of Persil on a shelf. The establishment tries to control people's impressions and views."

"The only reason the public buy records is because they hear it on the radio. They don't go out and actually watch the group whose product they've just bought. They'll just accept garbage from every direction. So Jimmy Young can dictate."

"And when they do go to a gig they don't know how to enjoy it. So

they look around to see if musicians are enjoying the gig. If they see them jumping up and down they will..."

That was Keith Wilson who sings a bit and plays guitar a bit.

Team-mate Joe Fadil vehemently disagreed. "That's absolute shit. You've got too shallow a view of music in that case. It goes so much deeper than that. People are actually stimulated when they see a live group. It's almost a sensual experience. To say someone has no mind of his own and needs to check out a musician's reaction first is incredible."

See what I mean. You'd never see that kind of argument between Robert Plant and Jimmy Page when a journalist is around.

Unfortunately, that's what makes chatting to new bands equivalent to taking a cold shower — initially uncomfortable but eventually refreshing.

The Brakes are a four piece beat group (the other two mainly tightlipped members are drummer Josh Browne and bassist Bob Rene) who "musically ejaculate on stage" to quote guitarist Fadil.

Dunno 'bout that. Ejaculation can sometimes be an anti-climax. But The Brakes do have a neat line in Tricky Dicky hey kidz let's twist again like we did rock. Powerpop it ain't. Listen to their renditions of Petty's 'American Girl' and 'Like A Rolling Stone' and you'll compris.

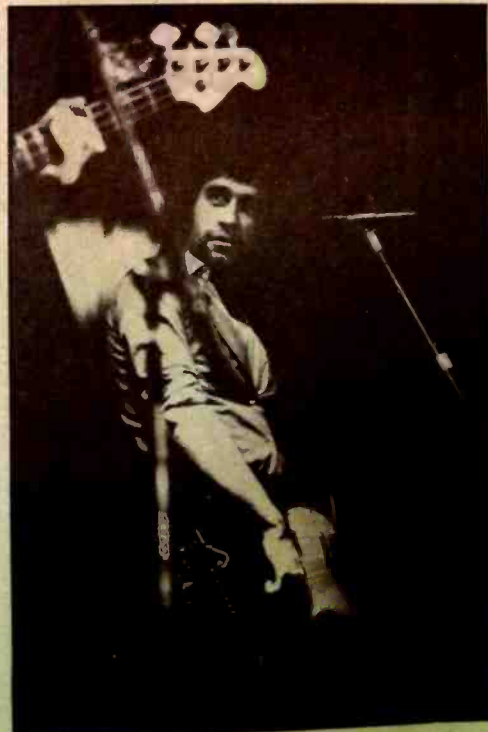
Record companies are falling over themselves to sign the Londoners. Current leaders in the race are Sire and Chrysalis.

They pride themselves on their cement-like alliance.

"We're not one plus one plus one — we're four squared," said Joe whose on stage creeping theatrics are vaguely reminiscent of Jean Jacques Burnel.

"We all inspire each other to be

AFFIX NO LABELS



JOE FADIL: 'Little bands don't make any money'

The Brakes. No one member is more important than the others."

He added that the band defied categorisation. "I refuse to put our music into any bag. It would make me sound like a moron."

Joe reckoned he had been wandering around in a void, directionless and with little motivation.

"Then the whole new scene arrived which stopped record company domination of its artists. For the first time bands could do what they wanted without fear of recrimination."

"Keith and I had been convincing ourselves that we needed a hit single. That erroneous thought occurs in the minds of people who have been in the business for a long time. But after the Pistols etc I decided all I wanted to do was to play rock 'n' roll."

And Joe's decision materialised in the form of The Brakes who played their first gig just before Christmas. And last week they supported Slade at Hammersmith Odeon.

"We have all seen the inner light," mused Joe and downed another pint.

Both Joe and Keith complained about musicians and the unappreciative British authorities.

"Little bands don't make any money," said Joe.

"You are shat on in every direction" echoed Keith. "Shat on by insurance companies, inland revenue. They tax you to the hilt but an out of work musician can't go on the dole. They just put you down as an unskilled labourer."

"Some immensely talented people in this country are classified as unskilled."

The Brakes are no musical mugs. But what of their rock future?

Rather enigmatically Joe says: "A Roman candle is brilliant for ten seconds not ten years. If you see Mount Everest everyday outside your bedroom window you become accustomed to it. The 77 surge is burning out..."



RICHARD MYHILL: not just a gimmick

Don't laugh at the square, it's a hit

GIMMICK NUMBER 3032 in that well known musicians manual, 'How To Get Your Single Into The Charts', is... Make a **SQUARE** record.

And that is just what Richard Myhill did with the first 20,000 copies of his current single 'It Takes Two To Tango'. The result of which is that quite a few people now have a copy of 'ITTTT' going rou... sorry... square on their turntables. And Richard and Doris (a dummy, and gimmick Number 203) can be seen on some of the best shows TV has to offer like 'Maggie', and of course some of the worst like 'TOTP'. However, despite his appearance on 'TOTP' Richard's record is heading towards a single figure chart position. In other words (to use quote 42 from 'The Book Of Rock Cliches') he has 'a hit on his hands'.

Around about now Feature Editors decide that the time is right for 'the interview', where journalist meets nearly famous person and stuns them with such devastating questions as "How does it feel to be successful?" and "Do you know how to mend tape recorders?"

Richard Myhill has reached this stage and is subsequently sitting opposite me in a small room somewhere in the deepest depths of Phonogram Records. His face is ugly/ attractive with furry caterpillar eyebrows and a smile on permanent loan to his mouth.

He fiddles nervously with his tie. No doubt wondering what the first question will be. Musical influences perhaps or a delving into the meaning of his lyrics. Wrong. The first question was did he fancy a fag. Yes he did. Though of course he was trying to give it up.

Among other things Richard is an amusing raconteur. And the other things? Well he certainly is no newcomer to the music biz having recorded two albums and three singles for EMI back in '73. Unfortunately the only copies sold were to Richard's mum. (Watch out for re-releases by shrewd record company though).

"Funnily enough," said Richard, "they all got fairly good reviews. It's just nobody bought them."

Mind you, he is enormous in Italy. "My second single, 'Oh Doctor', got into the Italian charts," recalled Richard proudly. "So I got lots of free

promotion trips, a suntan and some money too."

Since then Richard has been writing and producing jingles and radio commercials. Plus songs for Lulu (famous people first), Dennis Waterman (heart throbs next), Hello, Sparrow, and Robin Molr Lane (who?). Obviously an ideas man?

"Well yes," said Richard "I like to think of the 'square' record as an idea as well as a gimmick. Nobody's ever done it before which makes it a collectors item I suppose."

"Obviously it has helped sales but funnily enough sales have increased after the first 20,000 instead of dropping off. So presumably that means people like the record too."

Richard insists he is not trying to be funny ha ha. "Musical fun" is how he defined the single.

"I do want to be taken seriously though. I don't want to be branded as a while suit and dummy, forever."

We interrupt the interview for 10 minutes to watch Richard on 'Maggie'. Whilst waiting for the pop slot we continue to chat and I surreptitiously take down the recipe for homemade bicies that we're being shown how to make on the screen. Richard appears, disappears and interview is resumed.

So what kind of people does Richard think he'll attract when he plays live?

"I don't think anyone will come and see me at the moment," he laughed. "It's too early for a start and I haven't been categorised into any particular musical slot as yet."

"My next single will be very different so I'm going to make classification difficult."

For the moment file under commercial pop (well he's got to eat hasn't he). Ambitions: Hopefully when a little more established, Richard will be able to be taken seriously as a singer/songwriter. Influences: Everybody under the sun from Cliff, "I bought his first single before I even had a record player. I just used to take it out of the sleeve and look at it!"... to Elton John "He's influenced me a lot."

He stands up. "Any last questions?"

"Will you give me piano lessons?"

"Do you know how to mend tape recorders?"

"Whatever did happen to Jonathan King?"

MARY ANN ELLIS

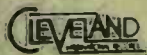
I'M MEATLOAF

Whaddya gonna do about it?



Meat Loaf's new single

'You Took The Words Right Out Of My Mouth'



You're gonna buy his new single 'You Took The Words Right Out Of My Mouth', that's what. Just because it's on the goddam radio all day doesn't mean you don't need a slice of Meat loaf at home.

From the chartbusting Meat Loaf album 'BAT OUT OF HELL'



Right? Right!

MAILMAN

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

Let this hatred cease



Repatriation is no answer

REFERRING to that racist git who wrote a so called letter in the April 22 issue of RM, I think people like him ought to be lynched so badly so that they never open their fascist gobs again. All right, so people have the right to voice their opinions, but repatriation is just pathetic. Britain has now firmly established herself as a multi-racial society, and animals like L. Barton have just got to face up to that fact.

I live in Southall, which is heavily populated with coloured immigrants, and there is no way that any of them or myself for that matter are gonna go "back" to our motherland. I'm a British citizen and I was also born here, so I'd just like to see anyone push me around just coz the colour of my skin is brown.

K. Kudhall
P.S. Lookout L. Barton coz I'm after your life!

Colour, bah humbug!

CONGRATULATIONS Mailman. I knew there was hope in you yet. This was proved in your brilliant reply to L.

Barton's letter April 22. It's about time somebody put the NF cranks in the picture.

People — black, white, yellow, pink with purple spots do integrate well until some loony spreads malicious propaganda which leads to trouble. **The Blue Eyed Budgie**

Entrenched in fascism

RE: L. Barton's letter. Yes, it is a shame that politics have to be discussed in good music papers like RM, but when they are based on hatred and white lies, as those of the NF active opposition through every possible channel is necessary.

The NF have their evil roots firmly entrenched in the traditions of British fascism. Their leaders, like the Nazis of Germany, prey on mass hysteria and make scapegoats out of innocent people. Compulsory repatriation could never be called humane and the NF would be the last to understand the meaning of the word.

How can anyone consider that sending Asians back to Ugandan tyranny or second third generation "wogs" (me included) back home is common sense?

Integration would be much easier if people such as L. Barton were a little more tolerant and a little less prejudiced.

A. Phillips, Hants.
P.S. Anti-Nazi League supporters are not brick-throwing morons. They include any non-violent deep-thinking individuals who are united in preventing the spread of ignorant racist filth in this country.

Nerds department

LOOK who are all those nerds who waste their money on shit like Abba, Brotherhood of Man, Bee Gees, Darts and Showaddywaddy. To keep buying records released by these groups when all the words and music are the same is beyond me. It ain't the law you know to make sure that these songs reach the upper numbers in the charts and get constant radio plays that drive decent people like me (and don't give

me one of your funny jokes at the end of this sentence or else) mad. Teds and punks are a load of frustrated wallies. **The Zombie, Kent**

Kris and Rita

AFTER reading about that disgustingly-pure pair of Kris & Rita (no I hadn't heard of them either), and reading about the boyish good looks (who is he trying to fool) of Jonathan King, I had to write to you to plead for an interview with that seemingly underrated superstar Steve Miller — Yes! let's all have something worth reading. If possible also a lot of his albums and future tours.

R. S. Gomez, Southend.
P.S. Don't let Ros (bitch) Russell do it coz Marc B. sez so.

Barry Cain Club

WHY are you all so mean to Barry Cain — all your criticism has driven him to leaving your (once) fantastic journal. I think he's sweet and can we have a colour pic of him — preferably naked. On the subject of pin-ups you printed Debbie Harry and Kate Bush and Bonnie Tyler for your male readers so how about some real hunks for us nubbles? (don't fob me off with that pic of Marc Bolan — he's about as sexy as a dead corpse.)

I want Bob Geldof and Hugh Cornwall and Tom Robinson and Wayne County all naked and lying on broken glass (I am 50 per cent female, 50 per cent perverted and 100 per cent curious).

Could you please give me the addresses of all the Boomtown Rats (so I can go and see them) and Shella Prophet (so I can go and smash'er up for all that sick crap she writes). Bye for now, as I am going to ram Debby Harry down Kate Bush's throat.

A Perverted Pot.
P.S. Hasn't Tom Robinson got fantastic eyebrows?

• **A Doctor reports:** Barry Cain and broken glass. I'm afraid there's no hope.

RM is great!

I HAVEN'T bought the Record Mirror for months because I thought it was a teeny bopper's paper. But on the front cover of the April 15th ish I noticed Bowie, so I bought the paper thinking to myself the Bowie tour review would be the only decent part of the paper.

But low and behold, gasp, shock, oh ya beauty and all those sort of words, I read about Rory Gallagher's concert at the Glasgow Apollo on the 9th

(which me and the mates hopped along to) and Steve Hackett's new solo album was reviewed as well as on interview, also Rainbow's and Steve Hillage's albums reviewed, oh nearly forgot Bowie's gig at LA reviewed.

Not a bad paper after all. Let's have less of this punk garbage and much more heavy stuff. **G. Rone, Glasgow.**
P.S. Could you print a picture of Lindsay Wagner just for sweet old me.

• I didn't know that Lindsay was heavy.

Oh, oh, Quo

WOULD you please do a devoted Quo fan a favour and print a centrefold of the irresistible, terrific lead singer of Quo, yeh you've guessed it Francis Rossi, is my man I'm not fussy whether he's clothed or not, but please give me something to slobber and drool over. **The Besotted Potty Quo fan.**

• Wasn't Riek Parfitt enough!

Aussie filth

I AM an Australian and as you know, Australians spend most of their time doing three things: drinking Fosters, sheep and mooning. Your description of the Boom-

town Rats was far too simplistic. Basically there are three types of moons.

The Moon — pants dropped showing just bum and any spots that may be visible.

The Pressed Ham — As above, but the bum is now pressed hard against the window of a car, house, telephone box, etc.

The Brown Eye — I think I can leave this one to your imagination. So up yours Bruce and happy mooning.

Mark (I think I'm great) Stevens.

P.S. I bet you get piles of mail on this subject.

• Littlemore eh? I might of guessed. Sorry to disappoint you but you're the only one.

Elton's Ego trip

WHAT'S Elton John playing at, first he tries to humiliate one of the world's most talented performers by saying in a daily paper that he wouldn't walk across the street to see or listen to David Bowie. Then because his latest single 'Ego' isn't jumping the charts as quick as he thinks it should, he insists the charts must be fixed.

It's a pity Elton cannot face the truth and admit that he is well past his best. His new single is no better than the other 49 records in the charts. Elton still has a lot of loyal fans and will

continue to if he keeps his big mouth shut, and refrains from pulling other stars' records to pieces. **D. John, Newcastle.**
• Football I think.

Vanilla threat

SO RECORD MIRROR readers have discovered how sexy Deborah Harry is. As her last album was released last year it's about time.

But Debbie had better watch out coz Cherry Vanilla is here. So please print a picture of Cherry Vanilla — the next big sex symbol — and don't let your readers be left in the dark.

A word to readers: Forget Debbie Harry, forget Gaye Adverti, forget Kate Bush — and take a lick of Cherry Vanilla — you won't regret it — you'll love it. **Pete Plastic, Glasgow.**

• I'm sure our readers would love to be left in the dark with a few of the above.

Matchstalk suicide

BY THE time you print this letter I will be dead. Life has no meaning anymore. Just who is buying Matchstalk Men and Matchstalk cats and dogs?? They are only doing it out of sympathy because Brian (or it is Michael?) has got a glass eye and looks like he is contipated when he tries to blink. I have never known the charts to contain such crap. The only glimmer of hope is the release of another Abba single. Goodbye cruel world!

A Frustrated Glue-sniffer, Hull.

Broken glass goes metric

BROKEN glass fetishists take heart, all is not forgotten. Is this the shape of glass to break????

Reading Mr. D. J. Allen's letter telling us how many years it would take one to crawl a million miles over broken glass, and how many milk bottles it would take to furnish the way, inspired me to reach for my (I hope you're going to say "calculator" — Mailman calculator (ahh, good MM)).

I think it may have escaped Mr D. J. Allen's notice but the metric system was introduced to this country, from Europe, in 1962, and earlier this decade we, the British Nation (aaagh! patriotism — MM) became Europeans ourselves. So far the benefit of metricated (?) people I have calculated thus:

One path, one million km long and one metre wide (I have widened the path because if one stumbles one wants to remain on the broken glass) — 1,000,000,000 sq. m — 100,000 hectares. To cover with broken glass would take 20 1/2 litre bottles per square metre — 200,000 bottles per hectare. 100,000 hectares at 200,000 bottles per hectare — 20,000,000,000 bottles.

Assuming one crawls at a steady 5 km per hour, allowing 8 hours per day for resting and "changing bandages", it would take 50 years 7 months 3 weeks.

Unfortunately they haven't metricated time yet... but I have (oh no — MM). Taking 100 seconds per minute (centisec) and 100 centisecs to one hour (decikilosec), 10 decikilosecs to one day (day), 10 days to one week (deciday), and 100 decidays to one year (kiloday) ... it would take ... 109 kilodays ... or ... 1 centikiloday and 9 kilodays ...

Yours metrically, Bretwalda, Chief Viking of Merseyside. God save the Queen (what? patriotism twice in one letter? — MM), and Radio Stars.

• OK all you nauseating intelligentsia geeks out there, any one got any more ideas for wasting valuable RM space? So who's gonna be the first to reveal how many cornflakes it would take to carpet Hyde Park?? Yours in disbelief, the Declman.



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Althea and Donna

Uptown Top Ranking



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of the ranking smash
Uptown Top Ranking

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MOTORS 'Breathless'

KEVIN COYNE 'Are We Dreaming?'

STEVE HILLAGE 'Unidentified (Flying Being)'

XTC 'Radios In Motion'

ALTHEA and DONNA 'No More Fighting'

GLADIATORS 'Fly Away'

COLIN TOWNS 'Kate'

TAPPER ZUKIE 'Dangerous Woman'

THE DIAMONDS 'Planet Called Earth'

YELLOW DOG 'Up In The Balcony'



**NEXT WEEK COUPON NO. 6 WILL APPEAR FOR OUR
RECORD MIRROR/VIRGIN RECORDS HALF POUNDER ALBUM!**

SOUL

SUNSHINE SUPERMEN

Susan Kluth basks
in the light of the
Sunshine Band

IN THE old blues tradition of railroads and chain-gangs 'K.C.' invariably denoted Kansas City. Say the word to any soul fan these days and she or he will immediately flip the atlas over to Florida, home of K.C. and the Sunshine Band.

K.C. and the S.B. have certainly seen some singles chart action in their time, with 'Queen of Clubs', 'Sound Your Funky Horn', 'That's The Way (I Like It)', to name but a trio. Not so much has been heard of 'em in the last year or two, it's true (though they've certainly been getting up to tricks behind the scenes, as we'll see in a minute). But the Sunshine Band are back now and ushering in the spring with that very infectious crossover, 'Boogie Shoes'.

"It was always one of my favourite songs, 'Boogie Shoes', right from the start, and I was really excited when they picked it to feature in 'Saturday Night Fever' and released it as a single.

"We've got a follow up to that, just about to be released in the States, called 'The Same Old Song'. Yeh, it's that old Four Tops number, and in a sense I didn't alter it too much, it's still in the kind of vein they did it in. But it's all my version as well."

Sounding remarkably clear over the airwaves and remarkably perky in the head considering it was about 8 a.m. UK time K.C. was calling me from his home in Hialeah, Florida, to let me know what's new on the Sunshine horizon. (Maybe it's all those oranges wot does it, and the fact that he's not signed to Mercury!) The lad's full name is Harry Wayne Casey (geddit?) but to each and everyone, he's forever K.C.

By some miracle of timing, 'The Same Old Song' just happened to turn up on the radio at that moment, and K.C. very obligingly held the phone up to the speaker so I got a transatlantic FM earful. It's something else, 'Same Old Song', and that's a promise!

"I was looking for a little bit of variety really. It's always been one of my favourite songs and I simply had the inspiration to record it.

"Actually, I quite often have the inspiration to cover an old song, but

never do anything about it in time - and then three weeks later I turn round and someone else has done it!"

Just out over here is a 'new' album from K.C. titled 'Do It Good'. It was recorded a couple of years back, but with its rolling, flowing, funky funky feel and a general lack of those hooks which become clichés all too soon, 'Do It Good' is weathering the years well. Tracks include the hits of 'Funky Horn' and 'Queen of Clubs' as well as a couple of very strong contenders in 'I'm a Pushover' and the title track. The main fault is that it's terribly short, with a playing time of just under 30 minutes. Still, after 'Village People' and all that's done, who complains about playing time?

In the pipeline though is a true new album by name of 'Who Do You Love?'

"We're putting the finishing touches on it right now," explained K.C. "It's hard to explain really what we're doing on it, but there'll be quite a few midtempo songs, and even a reggae tune which comes out like an Island kind of thing. It's just the Sunshine sound at heart, though, which in its turn is pretty hard to define. High energy, no strings, lots of rhythm, easy lyrics, easy melodies, that kind of thing. But how much that's got to do with working in Florida I wouldn't like to say!"

Florida has always been K.C.'s home. Although he himself is of Irish-Italian ancestry, he had like many black musicians his early musical experience through the church, singing and playing piano. Leaving school, "searching and hoping that one day I'd be what I wanted to be, an entertainer", he worked first in a record shop, later in a record wholesaler's (where he first met co-writer and producer Rick Finch), and finally knocked on the door of a record company, Henry Stone's Miami-based TK label.

"Originally I was looking towards a solo career. But when the time came to set up my first record I realised that everywhere a solo artist goes he'll always be looking for a band. I didn't want to have to do that, so I decided to form a group. Eventually as it happened around August / September, 1973, I became involved with the Sunshine Band who'd already been together about two years."



K.C. and The Sunshine Band

By this time, Rick Finch was an engineer at TK, and the two of them started up a backroom association that has played a substantial part in building up the label to what it is today. Their initial collaboration produced an almost unequalled success with George McCrae's 'Rock Your Baby'.

"Right now we're working with an artist called Jimmy 'Bo' Horne, who's got a single titled 'Dance Across The Floor', and an album of the same name just out in the States. The Sunshine Band are on it, Robert Johnson on drums... It's a pure party album, real exciting. And we're also working on an album for Fire, who are the two girls who do our background vocals... this one's a pretty interesting mixture with a golden oldie or two."

It was no surprise to learn what K.C. and the Sunshine Band were - or weren't - up to over the rest of the year.

With the exception of a couple of TV appearances "We cancelled tours for 1978. It's not that I've found touring an exhausting thing. It's basically because we want to get some more albums out and so we need to spend most of our time in the studio.

"In fact, it seems like I'm so busy here that I just won't have time to get away at all.

"I've really missed England, I can tell you! Every now and then when I'm sitting around I catch myself saying, 'Wish I was over there.

Well, I guess I'll have to come over on a promotional visit and show my face somehow!"

Do it.

WHEN THE
TANKS ROLL
OVER POLAND
AGAIN

UPFRONT

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

WEDNESDAY

MAY 3

- AYLESBURY, Britannia, Acne Club (4838), Iona / Dolly By Doll
- AYLESBURY, Friars (88948), Steve Hillage / National Health
- AYR, West of Scotland, Squad
- BANBURY, Winter Gardens, (3075) Fairport Convention
- BARNSTAPLE, Chequers (73784), Glimk
- BATH, University (6941), Graham Parker and the Rumour / Strangeways
- BATHGATE, Green Tree, Dana Band
- BIRMINGHAM, Babarellas (021-643 9418), Biki and the Last Days of Earth
- BIRMINGHAM, Town Hall (021-236 2339), Slaughter and the Dogs
- BRADFORD, University (35468), Wilko Johnson / Blast Furnace & The Heatwaves
- BRIGHTON, Alhambra (27874), Charge
- BRIGHTON, Conference Centre (202881), Tubes
- BRISTOL, Polytechnic, Unity Street Site (421768), Suggot
- DUBLIN, Charlot, Herb Reed
- GLASGOW, Cincars, Chou Pahrot
- HALIFAX, Bulls Head, Jab Jab
- HAWTHORN, Flaming Club, West Wells Road, Automatics
- Huddersfield, Polytechnic (38158), The Cincaron
- HULL, New Theatre (20463), Elkie Brooks
- IPSWICH, Gaumont (33841), Don McLean / Bowles Brothers Band
- KEELE, University (62541), UK
- LEEDS, University (39071), Lindisfarne
- LONDON, Albany Empire, Creek Road, Deptford (01-692 0765), Raaw / The Slugs
- LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-465 3078), Grand Hotel
- LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden (01-267 4967), Reggae Regulars
- LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081), Hue Oyster Cult / Japan
- LONDON, Hope and Anchor, Islington (01-359 4610), Warren Harry
- LONDON, Lyceum, The Strand (01-838 3716), Climax Blues Band / Dire Straits
- LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Cherry Vanilla / News
- LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 8930), The Monks / UK Subs
- LONDON, Red Cow, Hammersmith (01-748 8720), Benny and the Jets
- LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-249 0198), The Killers
- LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3861), The Lurkers
- LONDON, Trafalgar, Shepherd's Bush, Aposroph
- LONDON, Wimbledon Football Club (01-946 6311), Charlie Dore's Pocket Band
- MANCHESTER, Apollo, Ardwick (081-278 1112), Jethro Tull
- MANCHESTER, Spurley High School, The Smirks
- MILTON KEYNES, Factory Theatre, The Albion Band
- NEWPORT, Stowaways (80578), Slouze and the Banishes
- NOTTINGHAM, Hucknall Miner's Welfare, The Turbines
- OXFORD, College of Education, The Motors
- OXFORD, New Theatre (44544), Sad Cafe

- PORTSMOUTH, Milton Arms, Lesser Known Tunishans
- PONT TALBOT, Troubador, Alvis Stardust
- SLOUGH, Slough College (34586), The Vibrators
- TORQUAY, 400 Club (28108), Glimk
- WAKEFIELD, Tiffany's (78216), The Real Thing / Hippolytes
- WEYMOUTH, Weymouth Pavilion (3226), Rumble Strips
- WESTON SUPER MARE, Webbington Country Club (Edingworth 491), Suzi Quatro

THURSDAY

MAY 4

- BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9418), Biki and the Last Days of Earth
- BIRMINGHAM, Hippodrome (021-822 2576), Climax Blues Band / Dire Straits
- BOURNEMOUTH, Village Bowl (26658), The Motors
- BRIGHTON, Alhambra, Skidmar
- BRISTOL, Crookers (827481), NW10
- BRISTOL, Granary, Welsh Back (28287), The Young Bucks
- BRISTOL, Stars and Stripes (Chipping Sodbury 318881), Slouze and the Banishes
- BROMLEY, Saxon Tavern, Jenny Han's Lion
- COLWYN BAY, Dixieland (2594), Jeff Hill Band
- CROYDON, Fairfield Halls (01-688 9291), Sad Cafe
- DONCASTER, Outlook (84434), Slaughter and the Dogs
- DUBLIN, Charlot, Herb Reed
- EASTBOURNE, Winter Gardens (26262), The Pirates
- EDINBURGH, Astoria, The Monks / Charlie Brown
- EXETER, Blue Lagoon, Rikki & The Last Days of Earth
- GLASGOW, Satellite City, Apollo (041-332 6065), Cincaron
- GLASGOW, Woodside Halls, Chou Pahrot
- HIGH WYCOMBE, Nags Head, London Road (21758), The Tribesman
- KILMARNOCK, Sandriane, Hector
- KIRKALDY, Abbots Hall, Brody
- LEEDS, F Club, at Roots (46101), Adam and the Ants / The Silettes
- LEICESTER, De Montfort Hall (22860), Don McLean / Bowles Brothers Band
- LIVERPOOL, Empire (051-709 1585), AC/DC / British Lions
- LIVERPOOL, Erics (051-238 7881), Bk In Japan
- LONDON, Albany Empire, Deptford (01-692 0765), Raaw / The Magnets / Mario & Alken / Sledgehammer Sounds



QUEEN: Stafford Bingley Hall, Saturday and Sunday

THE ROYALS are makin' waves again. QUEEN, complete with full entourage including an enormous illuminated Crown and other mucho-regal effects, are back, playing a two-nighter at Stafford Bingley Hall (Saturday and Sunday). But if you don't already have tickets, you're too late as Wembley dates next week are sold-out too.

CLIMAX BLUES BAND, recently signed to the Warners empire, kick-off their current 12-dater at London's Lyceum (Wednesday), with more big 'uns to follow at Birmingham Hippodrome, (Thursday), Manchester Apollo (Sunday) and Sheffield City Hall (Monday). Climatic support from Phonogram proteges, DIRE STRAITS.

David Bird (guitar) and Don Snow (keyboards and sax) join the v.v.v.-VIBRATORS on the road at Slough College (Wednesday) and Preston Polytechnic (Friday). . . the BUZZCOCKS "Entertaining Friends" epic opens at Liverpool University (Friday), with a little help

from PENETRATION, and THE MOTORS with THE JOLT and MARSEILLES get into first gear on the college 'n club circuit. Dates include Cambridge Corn Exchange (Friday) and Edinburgh Tiffany's (Monday). Bunter rock returns in the shape of Leete BOB STORY the only man with a custom-built leather - jacket - Dalston Bees (Friday). Shades of the Liverpool sound from THOSE FOUR, paying tribute to John, Paul, George and Ringo and Beri at London's Rock Garden (Thursday). Winchester St Alfred's College (Friday), Cheltenham St Mary's (Saturday) and Manchester Rafter's (Tuesday).

FAIRPORT CONVENTION are off on an 11-dater with a special down home gig at Banbury Winter Gardens (Wednesday) . . . you got impressionism from DON McLEAN, exhibitionism from CHERRY VANILLA, piracy from THE PIRATES and panik from PERE UBU, London Marquee (Monday and Tuesday).

FRIDAY

MAY 5

- LONDON, Dublin Castle, Parkway (01-485 1773), Oval Band
- LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081), Blue Oyster Cult / Japan
- LONDON, Hope and Anchor, Islington (01-359 4610), The Makers
- LONDON, 100 Club Oxford Street (01-638 0933), Malumbi
- LONDON, John Bull, Chiswick (01-894 0062), Pin Ups
- LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Dean Ford / Stadium Dogs / Interview
- LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-803 8071), Wayne County and the Electric Chairs
- LONDON, North East London Polytechnic, Greengate Street, The Tickets
- LONDON, Palladium (01-437 7373), Diana Ross
- LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 8930), Warren Harry
- LONDON, Red Cow, Hammersmith, Roy Hill Band
- LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3861), Those Four
- LONDON, Rivalry, Southgate (01-366 0956), Heinz and the Wildboys / Cadillac
- LONDON, Walthamstow Polytechnic, Forest Gate (01-

- 527 7317), Nebula
- LUTON, Royal Hotel (29181), Charge
- MANCHESTER, Apollo (081-273 1112), Jethro Tull
- MANCHESTER, Rafter's (081-238 9788), The Tanned / Those Naughty Lumps
- MELTON MOWBRAY, Painted Lady (81212), David Parton Band
- MILTON KEYNES, Factory Theatre, The Albion Band
- MILTON OF CHAMPSIE, Kincaid House, The Exile
- NEWCASTLE, City Hall (20007), UK
- NORWICH, Samson and Hercules Ballroom (21541), The Real Thing / Hippolytes
- NOTTINGHAM, Robin Hood, Whirlwind
- NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper (54381), The Yaechs
- NOTTINGHAM, University (55912), Lindisfarne
- PERTH, St Albans Hotel, Imae
- POLESWORTH, Polesworth Top Club, The Incredible Kidda Band
- READING, University (80622), Graham Parker and the Rumour
- SEVENOAKS, Black Eagle, Badgers, Mount, Bill Kream
- SUTTON COLDFIELD, Dog Inn, Raw Deal
- YORK, De Grey Rooms, Mean Street / Sem4 / The Issue

- ABERDEEN, Capitol (23148), Elkie Brooks
- ABERDEEN, University (57251), The Cincaron
- ABERYSTWYTH, University (4242), Lindisfarne
- BAKEWELL, Monsal Head, Alwoodley Jet
- BIRMINGHAM, Odeon (021-643 8101), Jethro Tull
- BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9415), Cafe Jacques
- BIRMINGHAM, University (021-472 1841), Fairport Convention
- BLACKBURN, Dirty Duck, Idiot Rouge
- BLACKPOOL, Jenkinsons (29203), Limalight
- BRIGHTON, Top Rank (23898), Steve Hillage / National Health
- BRIGHTON, University of Sussex, Fairport Convention
- BURNLEY, Bankhall Miners Club, Oso
- CAMBRIDGE, Corn Exchange (88787), The Motors
- CARDIFF, University (38421), Graham Parker and the Rumour

- CHELMSFORD, City Tavern (412601), Tony McPhee's Terraplane
- CHELLENHAM, Town Hall (23690), The Pirates
- OLETHORPES, Submarine, The Pistons
- DUBLIN, Charlot, Herb Reed
- DURHAM, University (84186), The Young Bucks
- EDINBURGH, Odeon (031-667 3898), UK
- EDINBURGH, Queen Mary's Union, Ignatz
- EDINBURGH, The University (031-667 1290), The Vibrators
- FIFE, St Andrews University (38251), VFF's
- HEMEL, HEMSTEAD, Arts Centre, Night Line / The Commuters
- HIGH WYCOMBE, Nags Head, London Road (21758), Pekoe Orange
- IPSWICH, Gaumont (58641), Charlie Pride
- KINGHORN, Cuznie Nook, Dana Band
- LANCASTER, University (68021), Climax Blues Band / Dire Straits
- LIVERPOOL, Erics (051-238 7881), Cherry Vanilla
- LIVERPOOL, University (051-709 4744), The Bussecks
- LONDON, Acklam Hall, Portobello Road (01-960 4590), Misty / Pleasure Zone / The Passions
- LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-465 3073), The Violls
- LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-478 2889), The Roll-Ins
- LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Garbo's Celluloid Heroes
- LONDON, Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet (01-449 0465), Nebula
- LONDON, Freemasons Tavern, Fenge, Thist
- LONDON, John Bull, Chiswick (01-994 0662), Terra Cotta Band
- LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), The Look
- LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Mungo Jerry / 13
- LONDON, Palladium (01-437 7373), Diana Ross
- LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 8930), The Skunks / Benny & The Jets
- LONDON, QBees, Dalston, Little Bob Story
- LONDON, Queen Elizabeth College, Campden Hill

- Road (01-937 6411), Doll by Doll
- LONDON, Red Lion, Leytonstone High Road (01-539 2407), Metallist
- LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-249 0198), Wayne County and the Electric Chairs
- LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3861), The Strakes
- LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-386 4112), Sweet Sematlon
- LONDON, Star and Garter, Pulney, Gay and Terry Woods
- LONDON, St Martins School of Art, Charing Cross (01-437 0058), Reggae Regulars
- LONDON, Tetherdown College, Muswell Hill, Charge
- LONDON, Upstairs at Ronnie's, Frith Street (01-439 0747), The Casual Band
- LUTON, Royal Hotel (29131), Bullies
- MARGATE, Dreamland (27011), Fruit Eating Bears
- MARGATE, Sunshine Rooms, Dreamland (27011), Skunks / Record Players
- MILTON KEYNES, Factory Theatre, The Albion Band
- NEWCASTLE, Mayfair (23109), AC/DC / British Lions
- NEWCASTLE, Polytechnic (2761), Radio Stars
- NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper (43881), The Automates
- NUNEATON, Buckshill Club, The Incredible Kidda Band
- OXFORD, New Theatre (44544), Don McLean / Bowles Brothers Band
- PERTH, St Albans Hotel, Charlie Brown
- PITLOCHKE, Town Hall, The Skids
- PLYMOUTH, Metro (51826), Slouze and the Banishes
- RETTFORD, Porterhouse (4681), Wilko Johnson / Blast Furnace & The Heatwaves
- SHEFFIELD, City Hall (37074), Sad Cafe
- SHEFFIELD, The Limit, The Sneakers
- SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont (22001), Tubes
- SOUTHAMPTON, Mountbatten Theatre (42981), Lesser Known Tunishans
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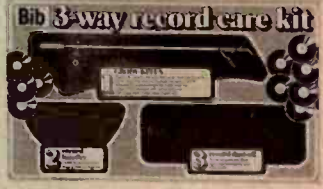
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- | | | | |
|--|---|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Rita Coolidge — Anytime, Anywhere | Carl Douglas — Keep Pleasing Me | Gerry Rafferty — Cry To City | Working Girls |
| Gallagher & Lyle — Showdown | Jimmy Helms — | Cimarrons — Live | Hope & Anchor — Live |
| Chris De Burgh — At The End Of A Perfect Day | Gonna Make You An Offer | On of Madness — Sons Of | Warren Zevon |
| Close Encounters | Gordon Giltrap — Perilous Journey | Survival | Smoke — Greatest Hits |
| Rufus — Street Player | Dan Hill — Longer Fuse (Sometimes when we touch) | Band Of Joy | Steve Hillage, Motors |
| Steely Dan — Aja | Merri Wilson — First Take (Telephone Man) | Charlie — Lines UK — | The Vintage Years — Vol. 1 |
| 20 Rock Musical Greats | Spice — Deliverance | Jubilee — Cert X | The French Collection |
| Rolling Stones — Get Stoned | Darts | Nazareth — Play 'N' Game | Pasadena Roof Orchestra |
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| David Essex — Gold And Ivory | Buzzcocks — An Other Music In A Different Kitchen | Krazy Kat — Troubled Air | Chartbusters |
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| Genesis... And Then There Were Three | | Deaf School — English Boys / | The Rubinoos |
| Johnny Moped — Cycledelic | | | |
| Link Wray — Early Recordings | | | |
| Radio Stars — Songs For Swinging Lovers | | | |
| Chewick Chartbusters (Vol. 2) | | | |
| Frankie Miller — Double Trouble | | | |
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| Blondie — Plastic Letters | | | |
| Ruby Winter | | | |
| Little Richard — Now | | | |
| John Miles — Zazaron | | | |
| Bowles Bros. | | | |
| Camel — A Live Record | | | |
| Juana — News Of The World | | | |
| Hot Chocolate — Everyone's A Winner | | | |
| Isaac Hayes — Chronicle | | | |
| Know Your Product — Saints | | | |
| Heatwave — Central Heating | | | |
| Dean Friedman | | | |
| War — Galaxy | | | |
| Elvis Costello — This Year's Model | | | |
| Nick Lowe — Jesus Of Cool | | | |
| Dusty Springfield — It Begins Again | | | |
| Bethnal — Dangerous Times | | | |
| Jonny Cougar — A Biography | | | |
| The Imperials — Who's Gonna Love Me | | | |
| Carl Perkins — Blue Suede's Back | | | |
| Elton John — Live | | | |
| David Bowie — Heroes | | | |
| Beccars — Sorry I'm A Lady | | | |
| Fifth Dimension — Star Dancing | | | |
| Bob Marley — Kaya | | | |

Section 4
Please answer the following questions, then cut out and keep

- In what year did Jimi Hendrix die?
- Give the title of Mike Oldfield's first album
- Name the group Leslie West used to be in

M.....

This section only valid when accompanied by sections 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6



DASH



ROADSHOWS

Rich Kids on the make

THE RICH KIDS, WHITE CATS, SNEAKERS, The Lyceum, London

AS THE summer of 78 approaches, it is interesting to look at how the music scene has seemingly progressed since last year's flood of spiky head speed merchants. Hard core punk has faded while the media's creation, power pop, struggling to make the sort of impact expected of it, so what we have got is a bit of both and a lot of fun. That is, music which refuses to be categorised but instead combines pure melody with natural energy to produce new stars.

The Rich Kids are not a power pop band, they are making songs which are going to last for far longer than any instant fashion. They were better than I expected. Their songs were not particularly simple happy tunes but were really so full of true rock & roll life that it is hard to see how this band can fail to succeed.

They have everything going for them. Pretty faces, mad movements, and a sound so full of determined energy that it was almost impossible not to respond to the band. Why, they even had a couple of super stars in Mick Ronson and Ian McCagan playing and contributing skill and charisma to a set that was impressive enough to convince me of the Kids' rosy future in big time rock & roll.

Talking about super stars Chris Miller alias Rat Scabies unveiled his new band the White Cats. Their first number 'Teenage Dream' had such a forceful melody that it left me writing great notes in my notebook about them.

However, their set wore on, sounding out of date, plodding and eventually monotonous. At times they veered positively towards clumsy heavy metal complete with an over indulgent drum solo. Still, I suppose they will appeal to anyone into head banging old new wave, which is the reason I didn't like them. I did like The Sneakers. They played marvellously contrived pop, which together with their embarrassing poses helped to show the true value of corny music. Go along and see them, they will make you squirm with pleasure.

PHILIP HALL
SPEEDOMETERS
Rochester Castle, London

DARE I say that they have promise? Would it be cliched to venture that you should keep your eye on the Speedometers? Certainly they are not just a good little band - their lead guitarist made sure of that.

From the moment the machine gun lead intro launched their first number I had a good feeling about them. Sharp, classy rock & roll music with cunning arrangement and they tell me their lyrics are good too. (Well, it's hard to tell when it's loud, innit?)

Ian Taylor (Toose to his friends) plays a skilful but really raunchy guitar with a style that matches his nimble footwork. He zooms up front and grins devilishly while he tears into his sizzling riffs.

The other two guitarists deserve a mention too but I was so engrossed in watching Toose throwing lead breaks around that I didn't have time for them. However, it is pretty obvious that these guys are into what they are playing, and they don't hang about waiting for it to happen either.

Robert Watson on bass seems to be in command of things, writing most of the songs and handling a lot of the lead vocals too. But the song that really knocks me out was written by the rhythm guy Martin Finlay, called 'Tonight, Tonight (Liverpool Ladies)'. They did it again for the encore and it already sounded so familiar that I was caught out trying to think where I heard it before.

They ripped through a dozen numbers in 45 minutes. My first thought at the end was: "Do it all again, will ya?"

It would not tell you much if I reeled off a list of song titles, but I will say that the one number that wasn't their own (The Kinks' 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone') sounded unimaginative in comparison.

Their own songs combined melody and power very effectively, and they didn't buy me a drink to say that either.

Considering The Rochester was not exactly packed out they put a lot of life into their performance. I could easily have my arm twisted into seeing them again - I hear that they are going to be doing some touring with Radio Stars very soon which should be worth seeing.

ALEX SKORECKI
THE LATE SHOW
The Marquee, London

SATURDAY night was pop night down at The Marquee, home of London's lovable puss rockers. Topping the bill was The Late Show, who have just graduated from numerous support slots, and in that vacant capacity, The Starjets.

The Starjets play out and out pop, even including the old Archies number 'Sugar, Sugar', whilst The Late Show opt for a more sophisticated approach to the same style.

For impact, The Starjets win hands down. They've got energy! Fun. And lots of Little Nicedies! They bounded onstage to hop, skip and jump their way through a lengthy set



GLEN MATLOCK of the Rich Kids

of mainly home-grown material, much of which is inspired by their hometown, Belfast. Not politics - pop, just healthy observations.

The Late Show on the other hand decided to take a rather more refined stance, concentrating upon an almost tongue-in-cheek humour. Perhaps it is because their music is full of unexpected twists, egged along by suitably aloof attitudes, but for some inexplicable reason the idea of art-school pop arises.

Their line-up was unusual, the customary rhythm section, accompanied by two vocalists and one violinist, all of whom double up on guitar, often simultaneously. The vocals, particularly those by Bobby Sox, were strong and distinctive, along with the witty lyrics. They even had catchy tunes to boot!

They've cultivated a style, and it's best shown by their self-penned numbers, such as 'Beaver Hunting' and 'I Really Wanna Show Ya', both typical of their originality.

One less spectacular number showed how this style can easily turn sour, if pursued a little too far. It was a long, semi-monologue, in which Mr Sox told of his first love; if the affair was as stimulating as the narration, it died a suitable death.

The songs were not all original, and neither was their pick of covers. The current number one amongst reworks, 'I Saw Her Standing There' and the perennial 'Let's Spend The Night Together' both found a place among the last three songs in the set. The motive behind this string was apparent; as yet The Late Show have no charisma, no able front-man, and their songs are relatively unknown. They just had to rely upon old favourites for a reaction, and an encore.

The play was effective, this time, but until they can find themselves a niche live, they will probably remain an acquired taste. Or is that just another way of saying there's no impact?

KELLY PIKE
THE CIMARONS
Ulster Polytechnic, Belfast

The gig took place in a small hall inside the college that was jam

packed with students most of whom had never seen a reggae band in their lives. The Cimarons proved to be everything that they had been waiting for.

They literally went berserk. Jumping up on stage, singing along and proving that they cared passionately about the music. Considering that this was the first Cimarons gig for six months the band were miraculously together.

They played loosely but with an overwhelming spirit. They opened with 'Ship Ahoy' with Winston's voice ringing out clear above Maurice Ellis's magnificent rock like drumming. Here was a sixth man supreme, delivering his drum kit of all its hidden power and hurling the sound into the air.

Their current single, criminally lost in the record company flood of releases, was one of the highpoints.

The machine gun drum assault to the opening of 'Harder Than The Rock' had the audience gasping in appreciation.

The live album just released captures hardly any of the pent-up energy of the Cimarons on this night. It makes me wonder about record producers to listen to that record and then to have witnessed them here. The difference is astounding.

The band mix the familiar with the innovatively new. They did their version of Marley's 'Talkin' Blues' a version which incidentally put the Cimarons at number one in the J.A. charts a few years back.

The opening lines still bring a lump to my throat when I hear them. 'Cold ground was my bed last night, rock stone was my pillow too.' It's a line stolen from the blues, reggae moves from a blues feeling through the jazz-tinged feel of Carl Levy's keyboards sorties to the unique dubwise sound of the Cimarons rocking it up all over the stage.

By the end the band were exhausted by the calls of the crowd that had brought them back from the dressing room twice and the swarm of people on the stage who were eager to share this Cimaronic explosion.

This was Macka music from a mighty band. They lead where others will follow. Belfast was converted and conquered. **GEOFF TRAVIS**

TESTING...TESTING...1 ...2...3.



29?! REVIEWS OF HI-FI EQUIPMENT ALL IN THE MAY ISSUE

And we aren't kidding it's a review bonanza

15 CARTRIDGES

Chris Rogers looks at 15 models, both moving coil and magnetic.

3 CASSETTE DECKS

Hitachi, JVC and Teac decks tested.

3 TUNERS

Sansui, Trio and Yamaha high-performance tuners put through their paces.

3 RECEIVERS

Sharp, Optonica and Pye receivers given a thorough check by Gordon King.

Also in our mini

reviews section **FIRST IMPRESSIONS:**

- 2 SPEAKERS — from Richard Allan and Griffin, 1 PICK-UP ARM — from ADC,
- 1 AMPLIFIER — Lux, 1 CARTRIDGE — Ortofon.

But wait, that's not all, the May issue starts our super £2500 Pioneer Numbers Competition and includes all usual features: News, Advice, Letters, Record reviews, Discussion and much, much more!



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88 PAGE SHOW GUIDE TO
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ROADSHOWS

SQUEEZE IN



SQUEEZE The Outlook, Don-caster

ANOTHER STEP nearer world domination? a debut album par excellence, a classy single lodged firmly in the chart. Squeeze are gonna have a lot to live up to, if you ask me, but tonight they DELIVERED. Des (me matel said it was the best £1.20 he'd blown in yonks — he wasn't fibbing either. Today Deptford, tomorrow.

I just couldn't fault it. Squeeze, y'see, are so goddamn GOOD this whole review could subside into some bloated exercise in self-indulgent hyperbole. Still.

What we got was five guys raising hell till they bled white; what we got was Glenn Lavis performing such uncompromisingly savage

drum-kilt destruction he came on like a dozen John Bonhams and broke a drum — stick into the bargain; we got Glenn Tilbrook performing unmentionable rituals on his white Strat and, amidst chaotic feedback, machine-gunning down the audience with the damn thing.

Musically, the band surpassed even their fine recorded work, 'Model' and 'Strong In Reason' packing class sixties-style melodies and more gut-energy than a barrowload of curried eggs.

'Cat On A Wall' bordered on self-destruction, guitars wailing, symbols crashing; Jools Holland (keyboards) somehow kept this insouciant Ron Maellesque non-expression on his mush as the rest of the band committed musical anarchy about him. I cracked up.

In the space of 50 minutes, audience reaction progressed from mild to wild, culminating in some yutz trampling half the onlookers into the floor as he 'bopped' to

'Wild Sewerage Tickers Brazil' the first of two encores. It's fair comment that, by the end, everyone — but EVERYONE — was smiling / laughing and (wait for it) actually ENJOYING themselves.

I make eno apologies for this slightly crazed blurb, so there. Squeeze are now a vital, valid part of '78. I expected SOOOO much — I wasn't disappointed — and I wanna see the little blighters again, pronto. CHRIS WESTWOOD

MATUMBI — THE SHIRTS Dingwalls London

WHAT can be more pleasant than a stroll down to Camden Lock on a Sunday evening to listen to the reggae rhythms of Matumbi and witness the debut gig of the New York new wavers The Shirts — and all in a good cause too.

Reggae bands are made to move to, they play to a basic beat, a beat that's meant to take you onto the dance floor, to make you sweat, to reply physically to the music not to stand and watch. Reggae bands can get very boring just to watch and unfortunately the people that night reacted as if they were at a film premier. They crowded down to the front, covering the dance floor and stood still, undoubtedly enjoying it but not really getting into it, maybe they hadn't seen a decent reggae band before?

Matumbi play their music well with a much more JA oriented sound than the Birmingham boys in Steel Pulse, they're pure reggae, not reggae / rock like Steel Pulse. I'd rather see them on a normal night with a vibrant audience than with the mixed crowd of critics etc that were gathered that night.

Onto the band that everybody was really there to see, The Shirts (to be pronounced with a Brooklyn accent). A six piece group comprising of two guitarists, bass, keyboards, drums and Annie Golden on vocals, or that's what I thought. Annie Golden is not the front person / lead vocalist of The Shirts, she is just one of the vocalists so everybody who expected another Debbie Harry is going to be disappointed.

They played all the songs off their forthcoming album, which should be out in the second week of July but the only one I can remember was 'Empty Ever After' which might have a psychological link-up with my feelings about the night in question. Annie Golden and the bass guitarist Robert Ra-

cioppo worked well together but I found the use of the two guitarists upfront as well an intrusion on these two.

And their policy of letting everybody have a turn upfront (including the keyboard player) though fair and just to the rest of the band makes for a disjointed act.

Admittedly it is possible for bands with this sort of line-up to be all up-front. Kokomo managed it and more recently The Rezillos. But in those bands you never get one person out front while the rest stand back and wait for that person to finish, they all manage to be part of it all the time. This is something the Shirts seem unable to do at the moment.

The band were undoubtedly nervous considering that it was a one-off gig, putting them on in Dingwalls in a sort of showcase for people to go and gawp at was not a good idea. If I'd seen them a few times on the London pub circuit I'd most probably have been a lot more sympathetic to them. But from the impression they made I'd say they belonged on the pub circuit — at least to start with to give them a feel of English audiences.

Whether that was impossible to do due to Annie Golden's hectic schedule split between her film career and the band I don't know. If it is, she might well have to make a decision. All in all a less auspicious start would of been a better idea. **JON FREWIN**

DANSETTE Jacksons Lane Community Centre, Highgate

WITH an unfamiliar band and a modest venue I was prepared for disappointment. Not a bit of it.

Dansette — like those old record players, right? All cheapo sound, nostalgia and sixties revival? No way. Image-wise they can be classified as a high energy three-piece band — nimble footwork from the two guitarists (Colin Duke? Gordon on lead and Paul Bradbrook on bass). But musically they take you through an amazing succession of

sounds, styles and speeds, well beyond the boundaries that define powerpop.

At times it verges on eclectic pastiche — strained vocal intros followed by punctuated rock 'n' roll, cutting perhaps to a fairground interlude then back to heavy rhythms. But in each song they are masters of the music — they have confidence, class and talent. And their consistent melodic inventiveness makes up for any confusion in the continual change of pace.

Within seconds of appearing on stage they were into a promisingly tight sound and several superb throwaway melodies. 'Trust In Death' was a compelling number with fine lyrical irony, while 'In Parallel' proved that they could handle a short sharp number with equal feeling and ability.

But what really won me over was their excellent version of 'I'll Be There', introduced by a cunningly distorted variation on the opening theme and then full-on excitement and gutsy playing throughout this classic number. If the crowd were lukewarm to start, this one had them convincingly hooked and added untold depth to the atmosphere of the proceedings.

Teamwork, a controlled presence, and Duke's impressive voice won well deserved appreciation for this band from a crowd that weren't always easy to play to. Jacksons Lane can boast of having featured several bands in the past who were on the point of making their name. Given time and experience Dansette might well be another. **ALEX SKORECKI**

THE AUTOMATICS The Marquee, London

EVER had that feeling that you've seen and heard it all before?

Perhaps I'm just getting old and decrepit by now, but neither The Automatics, nor The Rivvits, held even the slightest buzz / enjoyment / interest for me.

The programmed po-goers at the front, thought it all fab, and the intellectual foreign students at the back no doubt read some profound psycho / sociological meaning into it all, but cynical me only registered two bands, one middling and one plain boring.

Let us deal with the worst first, The Rivvits. They played a selection of tried, tested, and done-to-death formula material, displaying a remarkable lack of exuberance and enthusiasm.

The Automatics were pretty well non-starters due to the abominable mix, which would have knocked the most experienced and proficient band for six. Guitars submerged into a whirlpool of feedback and vocals were reduced to a guttural grunt in the deafening, glorified hiss emitting from the speakers. I should imagine that if they chose to employ a deaf mute as their next engineer they would still find a radical improvement.

As their sounds had little to do with music, vocalist Dave Phillip (who bears a startling resemblance to Jean-Luc Jaques Bernal, nubes!) and guitarist Wally Pierce had to make do with merely providing visual attraction, which they managed quite handsomely. Fortunately the rhythm section from bassist Bobby Collins and drummer Ricky Rocket was strong, and could be heard above the din.

Much of the material however consisted of tired riffs and rip-offs from a dozen other of the better punk bands. Of those which had a dash of vitality, 'Dumb Guys' stood out as one of the only songs where the lyrics could even be semi-read, along with their debut single, 'When The Tanks Roll Over Poland'.

It was a bad night to hear them for the first time, but even without the plugging sound problems, I shouldn't think that they will have a major contribution to add to the British music scene. **KELLY PIKE**

Day of the rising free



"YOU'VE HEARD of Woodstock? Well, F---Woodstock! This is the Carnival Against the Nazis!"

If that sounds to you like a very obvious, over-simplistic statement, you're probably right. But somehow, on Sunday, it seemed to sum the whole thing up.

Because, although the scene at Victoria Park was superficially like one of those festivals that drag on annually at Reading and Knebworth, pathetic, pointless remnants of a bygone era, this was in fact something very different. Something new. And something IMPORTANT. Because this time, the thousands of kids squatting in the mud were there for a PURPOSE.

It began as a simple rally against the National Front. It became all that and more — much, much more.

It became maybe the first truly positive musical event of the Seventies — the first time in ten years that rock musicians and young people had got together to make a united stand.

Whoever says the new wave came

to nothing just couldn't be more wrong. This was the result of the new wave. Before the new wave, this event couldn't have happened. Two years ago the only political move a rock star made was to sign an X by the name of the Tory candidate in the Virginia Water by-election.

Today, all that has changed. Today, we have new heroes to speak for us — Joe Strummer, Jimmy Pursey and most important of all, Tom Robinson. And that in itself justifies all that's happened in the last two years.

It was the kind of event, inevitably, where everyone, but everyone, talked statistics. 20,000 people were expected, the final figure, according to Rock Against Racism, was 61,000. Whatever, there were enough people to fill the streets of London for six miles: When the head of the march reached the park, the tail of it still hadn't left the square.

The route was lined with thousands of police. Thousands of bored policemen. Because at the end of the day, the final verdict from the authorities was 'no trouble'.

What could have been a day of

Photographs by Syd Shelton and Mike Trevillion

Report by Sheila Prophet

violence was rapidly turning into one giant, joyous party. No heavy politics — the motivation was understood. Plenty of jolly sloganeering though — the favourites en route being '2408. We don't want a fascist state' and 'National Front is a Nazi Front, Smash the National Front'. Or as one bloke doing his bit over the megaphone for the umpteenth time put it, 'Nazi Front is a — oh shit!'

By half past one we were in the park. The work was over — now it was time for fun. Which of course is exactly what the opening band, X Ray Spex were all about. It's difficult — and unfair — to comment on the music at these events, especially since the sound system was set up for a crowd a quarter of the actual size.

So suffice to say, Poly looked good in green day-glo socks and matching

headbands (which she removed at the end to reveal a nearly naked skull), the band played well, and they got an enthusiastic reception, especially for 'Oh Bondage'.

Patrik Fitzgerald was on next, a tiny, appealing figure who suffered the only real ill-feeling of the day when some nards decided to heave beer cans at his head. Third time lucky, they got him square on, and he stomped off, understandably upset. A real shame — one person, at least, who'll have sour memories of the Carnival.

The sound was still much too faint for the Clash's set — so much so that you could hardly even hear them at the back. It seemed to have been turned up by the end, but it wasn't really soon enough to give them the impact they needed. Perhaps the biggest cheer of their set came when Jimmy Pursey joined them onstage for 'White Riot'.

That 'Steel Band', as the disgruntled parkkeepers called them, came on about four, and sounded fine to me. But they were never happy with the sound, constantly complaining about it, and finally cutting their set short

because of it.

A long wait, and then everyone flocked to the nearest vantage point for the musical event of the day. No matter how much Rock Against Racism had insisted there was no star billing at this gig, there was never any doubt that Tom Robinson would play last.

And he deserved it. Suddenly it all came together, his band playing as well as I've ever heard them, and Tom himself controlling the crowd as easily as if he was playing the Marquee. The sight of 80,000 fists simultaneously punching the air during 'Motorway' was enough to bring a lump to even the most hardened, cynical throat.

Then everyone came back for a final, glorious, triumphant jam — on a song specially written for the Carnival, echoing the feelings of everyone present — 'Black and white, together tonight'. And no one was arguing with that.

Let the cynics sneer at what happened on Sunday — I believed. And enjoyed. And got a suntan (well, my nose was a bit red).

I wouldn't have missed it for the world.



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DISCOS

By JAMES HAMILTON

HOT VINYL

CHRIS HILL (you name it, he'll claim it!) Import tips Prince 'Just As Long As We're Together' (Warner Bros LP), Idris Muhammad 'Boogie To The Top' / 'One With The Star' (Kudu LP), Lorenzo Fraise '12 Engle Street' (AVI LP), Stanley Clarke 'More Hot Fun' (Nemperor 12in), Ray Simpson 'My Love Is Understanding' (Warner Bros 12in), Larin Rinder & W. Michael Lewis 'Pride' / 'Lust' (AVI LP), Raul De Souza 'Overture' (Capitol LP), Kenny Delt & Parana 'Conquer All, Pt 2' (Mercury) ... some of which you probably heard at Purley on Monday, huh?!

DISCO DATES

WEDNESDAY (3) TV's Mr Superbad joins Barry Lee Martin at Larkfield's Hunting Lodge on the M20 near Maidstone, and Tricky Dicky's new weekly gay hotspot is West Kensington's Beagles in North End Crescent; **THURSDAY** (4) Kid Jensen's Tea Council Young DJ search reaches Sheffield's Genevieve, Tony Barnfield and Mark Russell reopen the brand new Bobby Magee's in South Harrow's Shaftesbury Avenue (where Circles used to be), and Tom Wilson has a new solid soul night at Edinburgh's Rutland at the west end of Princes' Street; **SATURDAY** (6) Bristol's Nico Valentino and Peterborough's Steve Allen are Radio Luxembourg's Celebrity DJs (good luck lads!), Tony Shades Valence's soul show starts on BBC Radio Orwell at 8pm, Froggy funks Southgate Royalty, Johnnie Walker funks Alton Centre, Jason West wows Mildenhall Community Centre, Pete Hallett hits Petersfield Community Centre, and Jim Kool hits Hazlemere Way-Centre; **SUNDAY** (7) John DeSade funks Larkfield Hunting Lodge, and Dave Dastard Lee has a new sound system at his Mervyn Vale Club weekly gig; **MONDAY** (8) Kid Jensen's Young DJs are at Newport (Gwent) Tiffanys, Stuart Robinson pops Rothwell's Blackburn Hall every week, and Alan Hughes is similarly at Worcester's Western Bar; **TUESDAY** (9) Terry Hooper and Larry Foster funk Ilford's Room At The Top every week; **WEDNESDAY** (10) Owen Washington starts another funk night as well as Mondays at Gillingham's Oasis in the Old Ash Tree, Rainham Road.

DJ HOTLINE

BIDDU ORCHES-TRA 'The Stud' (Epic) gets Greg Davies (Watford New Penny), Andy Davids (Reading), Steve Wiggins (Barry YC), Mark Rymann (Swansea Cinderellas) **JRT** 'Play It Again Sam' (Electric 12in) cooks Tricky Dicky (Soho Spats), Tom Amigo (Cardiff), Tom Wilson (Edinburgh Rutland) **Memphis Horns** 'Just For Your Love' (RCA) pulls Phil Bishop Golders Green Great Expectations, Baby Boy (Leicester Palais), Keith Black (Warwick) **Dooleys** 'Don't Take It Lying Down' (State) licks Liz Bailey (Leicester Society), Dave Simmons (Preston Scamps), Bill Robinson (Durham) **Bryan Ferry** 'What Goes On' (Polydor) hits Harry Wright (Manchester), Craig Dawson (Edinburgh Napier College), Gary Allan (Liverpool McCillans) **Flack & Hathaway** 'The Goner I Get' (Atlantic) adds Peter J. Reilly (Aldershot), Alan Donald (Rothsay Royal) **Tyrone Davis** 'Get On Up' (US Columbia) gets Graham Gold (Greenford Champs), Eric Heart (Wirral Westwood Grange), Tony TNT

Moakes (Bromley) **USA** European Connection 'Come Into My Heart' (US Marlin 12in) nabs Norman Davies (Dublin Phoenix), Steve Charles (Richmond Talls) **Prince** 'Just As Long As We're Together' (US Warner LP) funks Johnnie Walker (Farnborough Gallaghers), Owen Washington (Maidenhall Romans) **Pharaoh Sanders** 'Go To Give It Up' (Arista LP) bags Bob Jones (Chelmsford Dee Jays), Graham Canter (Mayfair Gullivers) **Olympic Runners** 'Whatever It Takes' (RCA 12in) socks Steve Allen (Peterborough Annabellas), Jason West (Cambridge) **ORS** 'Moon Boots' (Salsool) adds Lloyd Richards (Runcorn Cherry Tree), Martin Star (Bristol) **Steve Khan** 'Darling Darling Baby' (CBS LP) pulls Peter Tong (Gravesend Nelson), Feds (Carlisle Flopps) **Diamonds** 'Sweet Lady' (Virgin) reggaes Stuart Robinson (Wakefield Black Swallow), Phil Black (Barry Zevon) 'Where Women Of London' (Asylum) bites Dr John (Telford Disco Tech), Steve Day (Chingford)

Blonde Kidnapper (Chrysalis LP) grabs Jimmy Wilde (Bees), Cal Parton (Salford) **Devo** 'Satisfaction' (Saff) has Les Aron (Lancing Place), but it's Helen Davies 'Satisfaction' (Carrere 12in) for Gordon McNellie (Rothsay Glenburn), Alan Kerr (Kilmarnock) **Baccara** 'Parlez - Vous Francais' (RCA) drops Paul Sharpe (Brighouse), Tony Barnfield (Mayfair Saddle Room) **Guys & Dolls** 'Only Lovin Does It' Magnat) MoR. Brian Stevenson (Royton) **Bread** 'Diary' (Elektra) pulls Peter Magee (Rayleigh El Padrino), Paul Allen (Hull Scamps) **Cell Bee** 'Macho' (US TK 12in) taps Peter Gunn (Bristol Dreamland), Guy Marks 'Lovin You Have Made Me Bananas' (ABC) peels Steve Orpin (Brighton Castle), Danny Wild 'Old Bill Boogie' (Raw) bops Trevor John Redeye (Wednesfield) **Gladstone** 'A Bush' (Front Line) adds Mick Ames (Bedford), Jacksons 'MUSIC Taking Over' (Epic) adds Double H Disco (Chelmsford), Pussyfoot 'Dancer Dance' (EMI) adds Sammy DeHavilland (Billesley)

WRONG WAY ROUND



TONY ALLEN, ex-Voice of Peace and other interestingly nautical radio stations, now jocks permanently at Hinkley's plush Bubbles niterie, in Leicestershire. He writes: "Imagine you're walking into a

night club and all of a sudden you realise that everyone has their clothes on back to front! Well, first of all, two thoughts run through your head: 'This is a nut house', or 'I'm pissed outta my head'. Neither would be true of course. What in fact you're witnessing is, for the first time anywhere, the 'Back To Front Spot', born here at Bubbles on Saturday, March 18. It's a regular attraction now, and at one stage of the evening everyone actually dances to a record that isn't even playing, just to make things even sillier! Another idea we do is a 'laughing' and 'crying' session, where I get people up onto the stage and get them to imagine they're really upset, and then really happy. Everyone cries and laughs differently, while the whole audience joins in to create a wonderfully happy atmosphere. Sounds a bit like a Chris Hill gig, actually!

DJ TOP 10

NICK TITCHENER jocks while brother Iin manages their Rock Street mobile, based in South Wimbledon (01 542 2512). Although they do every type of gig from heavy funk to MoR parties, they've noticed a rise in popularity for reggae wherever they play.

- 1 STICK A BUSH, Gladiators
- 2 EASY, Jimmy Lindsay
- 3 KU KLUX KLAN, Steel Pulse
- 4 CONSCIOUS MAN, Jolly Brothers
- 5 SWEET LADY, Diamonds
- 6 MOVE UP STARSKY, The Mexicano
- 7 IS THIS LOVE, Bob Marley
- 8 HARDER THEN THE ROCK, Cimmaron
- 9 JAMMING, Bob Marley
- 10 TAKE FIVE, Reggie & The Oracles

- Front Line
Island 12in
Island 12in
Magnum
Virgin
Ice
Island
Polydor
Island 12in
Electric

DISCO NEWS

ROGER SQUIRE starts a series of two-day equipment shows in the West Country this Sun / Monday (7/8) at the Great Hall, Hotel De La Bere, Southam, Cheltenham, where he and his staff will demonstrate much of their massive range between 2 and 9 pm.

RK Records, who soon launch a new Casino Classics label for northern soul, are expanding their DJ mailing list; send your full details to Mike Walker at RK's Northern Office, 3 Pennington Street, Hindley, Wigan

Bill Robinson, busily mobile with his Transit Sound roadshow and jocking on Durham's Hospital Radio, would like to find a German DJ pen - pal for mutual exchange of disco music and language (Bill's studying German); write to him at 16 Beech Close,

Brasside, Durham City, Danke!

UK DISCO TOP 90

CONTINUING the positions from page two

- 21 21 BACK IN LOVE AGAIN / TRY ME I KNOW WE CAN MAKE IT, Donna Summer
- 22 23 LOVE MUSIC / LOVE TRAIN, O'Jays
- 23 61 RIVERS OF BABYLON, Boney M
- 24 27 MORE THAN A WOMAN / YOU SHOULD BE DANCING, Bee Gees
- 25 16 BIG BLOW, Manu Dibango
- 26 47 BOOGIE SHOES, KC & The Sunshine Band
- 27 80 IT MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE DANCIN', Rose Royce
- 28 28 LOVE NEW YORK, Metropolis
- 29 40 SUN IS HERE, Sun
- 30 31 RUNAWAY LOVE / IF MY FRIENDS COULD SEE ME NOW / GYPSY LADY, Linda Clifford
- 31 42 THERE ARE MANY STOPS ALONG THE WAY, Joe Jackson
- 32 39 DO IT DO IT AGAIN / A FAR L'AMORE COMINCIA TU, Raffaella Carrò
- 33 29 GALAXY, War
- 34 43 TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE / EMOTIONS, Mathia & Williams
- 35 33 TAKE FIVE / HAND GLIDERS, Reggie & The Oracles
- 36 38 SOLAR HEAT, Olympic Runners
- 37 68 LOVE IS IN THE AIR, John Paul Young
- 38 25 CLOSE ENCOUNTERS, Gene Page
- 39 30 YOU, Samuel Jonathan Johnson
- 40 26 LOVE MUSIC, The Regal Dewy
- 41 36 FLASH LIGHT, Parliament
- 42 22 KU KLUX KLAN, Steel Pulse
- 43 54 MOVE YOUR BODY, Gene Farrow
- 44 34 NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY, Andrew Gold
- 45 46 MACHO MAN, Village People
- 46 60 LET'S GET FUNKIFIED, Boiling Point
- 47 32 EVERY 1'S A WINNER, Hot Chocolate
- 48 DISCO REGGAE / DUB A LITTLE REGGAE, Mavrala
- 49 45 SUPERNATURE / GIVE ME LOVE, Cerrone
- 50 71 SHADOW DANCING, Andy Gibb
- 51 69 JUPITER, Earth Wind & Fire
- 52 68 MORE THAN A WOMAN, Tavares
- 53 35 BAMA BOGGIE WOGGIE, Cleveland Eaton
- 54 84 COME ON DANCE DANCE, Saturday Night Band
- 55 81 LOVIN' YOU IS GONNA SEE ME THRU, Tower Of Power
- 56 75 SATISFY MY SOUL, Bob Marley & The Wailers
- 57 89 ROMEO & JULIET, Alec R. Costandinos
- 58 58 DISCO INFERNO / I LIKE IT, Players Association
- 59 64 YOUR LOVE IS SO GOOD FOR ME, Diane Ross
- 60 53 VENUS, Lipstique
- 61 44 THE GREATEST OF LOVE, Tavares
- 62 37 FANTASY, Earth Wind & Fire
- 63 51 UP YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE, Suzi Quatro
- 64 70 DANCE ACROSS THE FLOOR, Jimmy Bo Home
- 65 56 RIO DE JANEIRO, Gary Criss
- 66 - IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, Yvonne Elliman
- 67 - LET YOURSELF GO, T-Connection
- 68 72 ALL NIGHT LONG, Dexter Wansel
- 69 82 STANDING ON THE VERGE, Platinum Hook
- 70 56 JUST LET ME DO MY THING, Sine
- 71 78 EYESIGHT / NATURE / SPANK / JAM, James Brown
- 72 58 LET ME PARTY WITH YOU, Bunny Sigler
- 73 57 MOVING LIKE A SUPERSTAR, Amadeo
- 74 49 TAKE ME I'M YOURS, Savuers
- 75 - AIN'T NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE, Eddie Kendricks
- 76 - HEY LORD DON'T ASK ME QUESTIONS, Graham Parker
- 77 67 EASY, Jimmy Lindsay
- 78 - TAKE ME TO THE NEXT PHASE / LIVIN' THE LIFE, The JBs
- 79 - MOVIN', Eruption
- 80 - FREAK WITH ME, Universal Robot Band
- 81 86 WEST SIDE STORY, Salsoul Orchestra
- 82 - CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO, Tuzado Junction
- 83 - DISCO DANCE, Michele
- 84 - KIDWATY WATY, Kay Gees
- 85 60 WIDE STRIDE, Billy Preston
- 86 - THE BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY, Dets
- 87 - DISCO INFERNO, Trampms
- 88 77 PUT THE WORD OUT / PARTY POOPS, Heatwave
- 89 - I WAS BORN THIS WAY, Carl Bean
- 90 - DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, Dionne Warwick

NEW SPINS

ROBERTA KELLY: 'Gettin' The Spirit' LP (Oasis OASLP 505). Sensational zappy gospel - disco side - long segue of 'Oh Happy Day' / 'To My Father's House' / 'My Sweet Lord', taken lickety - split with Giorgio Moroder's usual gimmicks added to a superb bouncy beat and some real soul singing!

MAYTALS: 'Toots Presents The Maytals' LP (State ETAT 10). Full 5:52 version of the clever 'Disco Reggae' hits is longer in every different musical section, and has many great progressions that are missing completely from the edited 12in single. The rest is straight reggae with plenty for purists to use.

DEXTER WANSEL: 'All Night Long' / 'Disco Lights' (Phi Int FIR 8255). Chunky funk burler, big on import, awaited synthesiser stamper - what a great value 12in!

SINE: 'Just Let Me Do My Thing' (CBS 6351). Largely instrumental synthesiser squeaker with a catchy chorus like the Universal Robot Band, big on import (especially as 'improved' by Chris Hill!)

VARIOUS: 'Fantasy Dancin' LP (Fantasy FT 54). Superb compilation includes Slide Effect's beautiful full - length floater, 'Keep That Same Old Feeling', full of ethereal ethereal and crazy birdcalls, plus three by Blackbyrds, two by Pleasure, Johnny Guitarr Watson's slow lurching 'Lone Ranger', Stanley Turrentine's smoochy 'Midnight And You', and dozen funky goodies in all. Check it out!

DORIS JONES: 'Suddenly I'm Alive' (UA UP 30380). Great tension - building fast New York - style thudder, finally out now, with an elongated 10:21 promo 12in for lucky jocks!

SUN FIGHTER: 'City Nights, Pt 1/2' (EMI 2781). Their old 'Cafe A-Go-Go' is a hot Canadian EMI 12in, and this slickly harmonised blue - eyed rhythm whapper has off - beat funk appeal too.

BRASS CONSTRUCTION: 'Celebrate' / 'Top Of The World' (UA UP 30380). Typical but down - tempo funky roller, brighter flip with acid guitar could be a better bet.

CARLY SIMON: 'You Belong To Me' (Elektra K 12299). Gorgeous sophisticated subtle MoR soft - rock groover.

ELVIS COSTELLO: 'Pump It Up' / 'Radar' (RCA 12in). Great weirdly booming stomper, sure to smash!

GEORGE THOROGOOD: 'THE DESTROYERS' / 'Can't Stop Lovin' (Sons Of SON 2148). Frantic Merseybeat - style rocker with blues guitar!

PETER COOK & DUDLEY Y MOORE: 'Goodbye' (CUBE BUG 79). Classic 1965 silliness, good for a nancy end - of - gig send off!

CONQUATADOR: 'U.O. Me' / 'Argentina' (EMI 2782). Jolly MoR instrumental conga kickers, could be useful.

BERNIE FLINT: 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes' (EMI 2793). Pleasant banjo - jangling MoR revival.

CHARLES MCMIRAN & RICHARD MATHEWS: 'Penny Black' (Miramar MIR 1, from Miramar, 15 Hollycroft Avenue, London, NW3 1QH). Surprisingly good philatelic collector's item turns out to be an oddly haunting hustler with phasing guitar and strangely distant vocals, available with special stamp sleeve for £1.40 or plain at 90p (post included).

MONTANA: 'A Dance Fantasy Inspired By Close Encounters Of The Third Kind' LP (Atlantic K 50482). Recently hot as an import 12in promo, here's the full beautiful 15:45 'ground picture with a beat' (an early evening scene - acter or for more dedicated dancers).

GENE PAGE: 'Close Encounters' LP (Arista SPART 1052). Zippy set of space - related titles (including 'Star Trek'), probably too determinedly 'disco' for most people here.

JIM DAVIDSON: 'Here Comes The Fuzz (Nic Nic)' (Pye 7N 40070). Straight Euro - style fast disco bouncer by the recently - nicked comedian.

GORDON GILTRAP: 'Oh Well' (Electric WOT 21). Still recognisably the Fleetwood Mac rock olde.

BRYAN FERRY: 'What Goes On' (Polydor / EG POP 3). Comparatively dull thudder, getting pop plays though.

DOWNLINERS SECT: 'I Want My Baby Back' (Charly CEP 119). Clumsy UK cover of Jimmy Cross's all - time 'worst' record, a (non - dance) death sickle from '65.

SAMANTHA SANG: 'You Keep Me Dancin' (Private Stock PVT 15). Bee Gees sound, but not song (it's a slinky slow chummer).

JOE TEX: 'Get Back Leroy' (Epic EPC 6303). Old fashioned soul whopper.

SMOKEY ROBINSON: 'Madam X' (Motown TMG 1108). Rhythmically complex tender smoocher.

GEORGE MCRAE: 'Let's Dance' (TK TKR 0028). Tricky little Latin tinged 5:21 mid - tempo tripper.

CUBA GOODING: 'Mind Pleaser' (Motown TMG 1107). Main ingredient guy on a jaunty lurching but rather empty thudder.

STUART SWANN (Nantwich Cheshire Cat) has his own version of 'Hot Vinyl' like many jocks, but he's plummeting through the letterbox of his Congleton home on most mornings. 'The other day I was up late and the early postman had already delivered six singles - which my kid brother had collected and left for me in a prominent spot. Namely, the top of the hall gas heater, which was ... resulting in six pieces of lovely wavy hot vinyl! Luckily the companies were very good, and replaced them for me (thanks, MCC and Motown). Moral: beat brother to postman - or beat sense into brother.'

DISCO SCENE

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MANHATTEN, TRANSFER concert photos. - Hodges, 214 Bishopsgate, EC2.

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BARRY MANLOW for details send S.A.E. to Cyndi, 47 Temple Road, Croydon, Surrey. CR0 1HU.

JULIE ROGERS fan club details from Margaret Gallagher, 65 Westfield Road, Bletchley, Leitchley, Milton Keynes MK2 2RD.

BRENDA LEE official fan club - SAE details Mr L. Clooney, 50 Cephas Avenue, Stepney Green, London E1.

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CALLING ALL GARY GLITTER FANS! If you are a loyal fan of Gary's, read on - Now that the Fan club is closing. D'you wanna be in our gang? We need your continual support and ideas to organise a get-together at the next London show. Write now Inc. S.A.E. if poss. to Gary's Gang, c/o 88A St. Leonard's Rd. London E14.

MARC BOLAN fans everywhere would like to say Tanx to Tony Visconti, Gloria Jones and All who helped make him great from futuristic four, Alan, Andy, Steve, Graham 32 St Pauls Road, Wallasey, M/Side.

STATUS QUO still rule OK, The Quo fans R. F. G. Eastwood.

GARY GLITTER happy birthday love Joy and Janet, Tonbridge, Kent XX.

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BOLANITES 9 tanx Visconti Purple Pie Pete.

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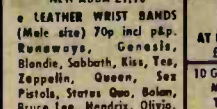
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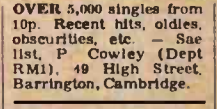
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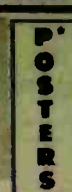
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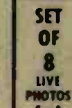
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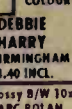
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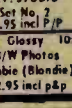
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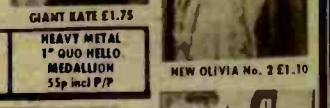
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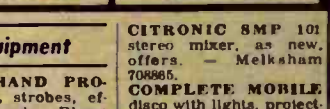
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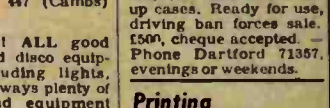
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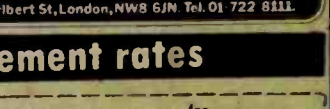
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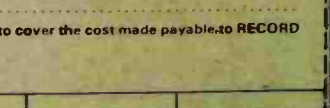
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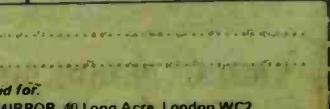
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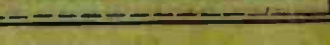
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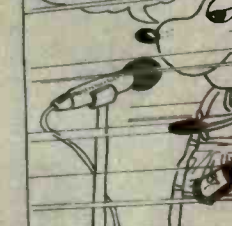
THE STORY SO FAR...
ZAP MALONE HAS SHOCKED THE BAND BY TURNING INTO A FEMALE RAT. BUT, HE WAS ONLY JOKING AND IT WAS JUST A PUBLICITY STUNT. NOW THE RATZ ARE GETTING READY FOR A GIG...

ZAP MALONE IS UP ON THE SPEAKERS AS SOON AS THE GIG STARTS. IT'S HIS DARE-DEVIL PERSONALITY AND ALSO BLIND STUPIDITY....



BUT THE AUDIENCE DIDN'T APPRECIATE THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE RATZ AND START TO MURL ABUSE (AND OTHER THINGS)

THANKS YOU'VE BEEN A REALLY WUNNEFUL AUDIENCE



CHARLE BRINKWORTH



THE RATZ, HOWEVER, MANAGE TO CARRY ON REAL TROUPERS, HUM? ...



THEN SUDDENLY A FULL SCALE RIOT BREAKS OUT AS A GANG OF NEO-FASCISTS CLASH WITH A WOMENS LIB. ANNUAL OUTING AND THE LOCAL LENINIST, MARXIST, THATCHERIST, FREE WALES ARMY. THEY ARE THEN JOINED BY SOME PEOPLE CAMPAIGNING FOR CIVIL RIGHTS FOR HAMSTERS AND THREE JAPANESE SNIPERS WHO DON'T KNOW THE WAR IS OVER...



RATHER VIOLENT AT GIGS NOWADAYS AREN'T THEY?



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STEVE (21) seeks shy unattached girl 16-20 in London area for lasting friendship. Interests include sport, discos records. I've good sense of humour and enjoy life but need girl to enjoy it with even more Box Number 1568.

PENFRIEND MAGAZINE for all age groups. Only 50p fortnightly (pay after receiving 8) Write: Leisure Times (R.N. 36) Chorley, Lancs.

DESPERATELY LONELY male, 22 desperately seeks girlfriend for friendship. Interests: pubs, cinema, Box Number 1565.

JULIE 18 seeks, male 18+ for friendship. Peterborough area. Write to 5 Old West Estate, Benwick, Cambs.

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GIRL 18 seeks male sense of humour. St. Helens area. All answered. Box No. 1562.

QUIET MALE (21) own car. Seeks pleasant, cheerful girl to enjoy summer with. S. Humberside / N. Lincolnshire. Please reply - genuine Box No. 1563.

UN ATTACHED PEOPLE of all ages are meeting new friends through Sue Carr's Friendship Agency. Why stay lonely? Free brochure no obligation - Somerset Villa, Harrogate. - Tel. 0423 63525 anytime.

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Tuesday 2nd May	SHEFFIELD City Hall	Friday 12th May	COVENTRY Theatre	Sunday 28th May	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont
Wednesday 3rd May	HULL New Theatre	Saturday 13th May	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	Monday 29th May	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont
Friday 5th May	ABERDEEN Capitol	Tuesday 23rd May	OXFORD New Theatre	Tuesday 30th May	WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall
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