

# RECORD MIRROR

## THE FURY OF RITCHIE BLACKMORE



**BEE GEES Part two WHO Interview**  
**ARE YOU BLONDIE'S DOUBLE? See inside**

# UK SINGLES

- 1 1 THREE TIMES A LADY, Commodores Motown
- 2 2 THE ONE THAT I WANT, Travolta/Newton John RSO
- 3 4 IT'S RAINING, Darts Magnet
- 4 5 BROWN GIRL IN THE RING, Boney M Atlantic
- 5 6 FOREVER AUTUMN, Justin Hayward CBS
- 6 18 DREADLOCK HOLIDAY, 10cc Mercury
- 7 3 SUBSTITUTE, Clout Carrere
- 8 11 SUPERNATURE, Carolee Atlantic
- 9 7 BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE, Taste of Honey Capitol
- 10 25 JILTED JOHN, Jilted John EMI
- 11 10 NORTHERN LIGHTS, Renaissance Warner Bros
- 12 36 OH WHAT A CIRCUS, David Essex Mercury
- 13 16 6-7-0-5, City Boy Vertigo
- 14 9 IF THE KIDS ARE UNITED, Sham 69 Polydor
- 15 13 BABY STOP CRYING, Bob Dylan CBS
- 16 14 IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE, Child AMA
- 17 15 FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED, Gladys Knight Buddah
- 18 20 WHO ARE YOU, The Who Polydor
- 19 12 SMURF SONG, Father Abraham Decca
- 20 22 STAY, Jackson Browne Asylum
- 21 17 LIFE'S BEEN GOOD, Joe Walsh Asylum
- 22 27 WALK ON BY, Stranglers UA
- 23 21 ANTHEM, New Seekers CBS
- 24 39 COLD AS ICE, Foreigner Atlantic
- 25 32 AN EVERLASTING LOVE, Andy Gibb RSO
- 26 34 TOP OF THE POPS, Rezillos Sire
- 27 31 BRITISH HUSTLE, Hi Tension Island
- 28 23 FROM EAST TO WEST/SCOTS MACHINE, Voyage GTO
- 29 16 DANCING IN THE CITY, Marshall Hain EMI
- 30 24 IDENTITY, X Ray Spex EMI
- 31 57 FORGET ABOUT YOU, Motors Virgin
- 32 - DAVID WATTS, Jam Polydor
- 33 30 HOW CAN THIS BE LOVE, Andrew Gold Asylum
- 34 - I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU, Herbie Hancock CBS
- 35 19 WILD WEST HERO, Electric Light Orchestra Jet
- 36 26 LIKE CLOCKWORK, Boomtown Rats Ensign
- 37 41 SIGN OF THE TIMES, Bryan Ferry Polydor
- 38 29 RUN FOR HOME, Lindisfame Mercury
- 39 51 GALAXY OF LOVE, Crown Heights Affair Philips
- 40 38 YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY REAL), Sylvester Fantasy
- 41 28 LITTLE BIT OF SOAP, Showaddywaddy Arista
- 42 33 NO-ONE IS INNOCENT, Sex Pistols Virgin
- 43 40 RAININ' THROUGH MY SUNSHINE, Real Thing Pye
- 44 48 TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD, Meat Loaf Epic/Cleveland
- 45 54 HOT SHOT, Karen Young Atlantic
- 46 37 STUFF LIKE THAT, Quincy Jones ABM
- 47 66 KISS YOU ALL OVER, Exile RAK
- 48 45 DON'T BE CRUEL, Elvis Presley RCA
- 49 - HONG KONG GARDEN, Siouxsie and The Banshees Polydor
- 50 43 COPACABANA, Barry Manilow Arista
- 51 46 IS THIS A LOVE THING, Raydio Arista
- 52 42 SHA LA LA LA LEE, Plastic Bertrand Sire
- 53 - SHE'S GONNA WIN, Bilbo Lightning
- 54 55 MAGIC MIND, Earth Wind And Fire ABM
- 55 50 YOU'RE ALL I NEED TO GET BY, Mathis/Williams CBS
- 56 36 USE TA BE MY GIRL, O'Jays Chrysalis
- 57 58 FARAWAY EYES/MISS YOU, Rolling Stones EMI
- 58 - GREASE, Frankie Valli RSO
- 59 60 SHAME, Evelyn 'Champagne' King RCA
- 60 - TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP, Crystal Gayle UP
- 61 - PICTURE THIS, Blondie Chrysalis
- 62 64 DON'T WANNA SAY GOODNIGHT, Kandidate RAK
- 63 63 LET THE MUSIC PLAY, Charles Earland Mercury
- 64 56 ONLY YOU CAN ROCK ME UFO Chrysalis
- 65 62 SLOW TRAIN TO PARADISE, Tavares Capitol
- 66 52 YOU LIGHT MY FIRE, Sheila B. Devotion EMI
- 67 - LET'S START THE DANCE, Hamilton Bohannon Mercury
- 68 44 AIRPORT, Motors Virgin
- 69 47 COME ON DANCE DANCE, Saturday Night Band CBS
- 70 - I WON'T MENTION IT AGAIN, Ruby Winters Creole
- 71 49 I DON'T NEED TO TELL HER, Lurkers Beegars Banquet
- 72 - DON'T CARE, Klark Kent ABM
- 73 69 LOVIN' LMVIN' AND GIVIN', Diana Ross TIME
- 74 73 DISCO INFERNO, Trammps Atlantic
- 75 71 NIGHT FEVER, Bee Gees RSO

# UK ALBUMS

- 1 1 SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, Various RSO
- 2 2 NIGHTFLIGHT TO VENUS, Boney M Atlantic
- 3 3 20 GIANT HITS, Nolan Sisters Target
- 4 14 STAR PARTY, Various K-Tel
- 5 4 20 GOLDEN GREATS, The Hollies EMI
- 6 5 GREASE, Original Soundtrack RSO
- 7 6 STREET LEGAL, Bob Dylan CBS
- 8 7 WAR OF THE WORLDS, Jeff Wayne's Musical Version CBS
- 9 15 CLASSIC ROCK, London Symphony Orchestra K-Tel
- 10 10 IMAGES, Don Williams K-Tel
- 11 12 OUT OF THE BLUE, Electric Light Orchestra Jet
- 12 11 NATURAL HIGH, Commodores Motown
- 13 8 LIVE AND DANGEROUS, Thin Lizzy Vertigo
- 14 13 SOME GIRLS, Rolling Stones EMI
- 15 20 HANDSWORTH REVOLUTION, Steel Pulse Island
- 16 19 OCTAVE, Moody Blues Decca
- 17 9 THE KICK INSIDE, Kate Bush EMI
- 18 24 BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS, Joe Walsh Asylum
- 19 27 CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS, The Rezillos Sire
- 20 16 NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES, Ian Dury Stiff
- 21 21 AND THEN THERE WERE THREE, Genesis Charisma
- 22 18 THE ALBUM, Abba Epic
- 23 26 B FOR BROTHERHOD, Brotherhood Of Man Pye
- 24 17 TONIC FOR THE TROOPS, Boomtown Rats Ensign
- 25 22 RUMOURS, Fleetwood Mac Warner Bros
- 26 - THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR, Mathis / Williams CBS
- 27 23 BAT OUT OF HELL, Meat Loaf Epic / Cleveland Int
- 28 44 YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE, Johnny Mathis CBS
- 29 29 ROCK RULES, Various K-Tel
- 30 25 A NEW WORLD RECORD, Electric Light Orchestra Jet
- 31 - LENA MARTELL COLLECTION, Lena Martell Ronco
- 32 35 BLACK AND WHITE, Stranglers United Artists
- 33 37 THE STRANGER, Billy Joel CBS
- 34 47 20 GOLDEN GREATS, Nat King Cole Capitol
- 35 - EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS, Darts Magnet
- 36 48 GREATEST HITS, Abba Epic
- 37 - WHO PAYS THE FERRYMAN, Yannis Mepkopoulos BBC
- 38 32 BACK AND FOURTH, Lindisfame Mercury
- 39 42 FM, Original Soundtrack MCA
- 40 28 SHOOTING STAR, Elkie Brooks ABM
- 41 - GREATEST HITS, Slimon & Garfunkel CBS
- 42 41 DARK SIDE OF THE MOON, Pink Floyd Harvest
- 43 - A SONG FOR ALL SEASONS, Renaissance Warner Bros
- 44 - THEIR GREATEST HITS 71-76, Eagles Asylum
- 45 38 SHADOW DANCING, Andy Gibb RSO
- 46 - GOODBYE GIRL, David Gates Elektra
- 47 30 KAYA, Bob Marley & The Wailers Island
- 48 49 THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY, Various Casablanca
- 49 34 20 GOLDEN GREATS, Beach Boys Capitol
- 50 - POWER IN THE DARKNESS, Tom Robinson Band EMI

# UK SOUL

- 1 1 THREE TIMES A LADY, Commodores Motown
- 2 2 BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE, A Taste Of Honey Capitol
- 3 3 STUFF LIKE THAT, Quincy Jones A & M
- 4 4 YOU MAKE ME FEEL MIGHT REAL, Sylvester Fantasy
- 5 - I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU, Herbie Hancock CBS
- 6 5 YOU AND I, Rick James Motown
- 7 6 SHAME, Evelyn 'Champagne' King RCA
- 8 7 BROWN GIRL IN THE RING, Boney M Atlantic
- 9 5 USED TA BE MY GIRL, O'Jays Phil Int
- 10 9 FROM EAST TO WEST, Voyage GTO
- 11 - HOT SHOT, Karen Young Atlantic
- 12 15 LET'S START THE DANCE, Hamilton Bohannon Mercury
- 13 8 FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED, Gladys Knight and the Pips Buddah
- 14 14 GALAXY OF LOVE, Crown Heights Affair Mercury
- 15 19 LET THE MUSIC PLAY, Charles Earland Mercury
- 16 18 IS THIS A LOVE THING, Raydio Arista
- 17 - BRITISH HUSTLE, High Tension Island
- 18 12 MAGIC MIND, Earth, Wind & Fire CBS
- 19 17 COME ON, OANCE, DANCE, The Saturday Night Band CBS
- 20 11 SLOW TRAIN TO PARADISE, Tavares Capitol

# RECORD MIRROR

## UK DISCO

- 1 4 BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE, A Taste Of Honey Capitol/21n/US LP
- 2 3 STUFF LIKE THAT, Quincy Jones ABM/12n/LP
- 3 6 GALAXY OF LOVE/FOREVER/SAY A PRAYER FOR TWO LOVE YOU, Crown Heights Affair Mercury 12in/De-Luxe LP
- 4 9 THREE TIMES A LADY, Commodores Mercury/12in/US West 6n/2n/2LP
- 5 7 HOT SHOT, Karen Young Atlantic/12in/US West 6n/2n/2LP
- 6 2 YOU AND I, Rick James Motown/12n/US LP
- 7 8 I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU, Herbie Hancock CBS 12n/US LP
- 8 12 YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY REAL)/DANCE (DISCO HEAT), Sylvester Fantasy/12in/US 12n
- 9 4 COME ON DANCE DANCE, Saturday Night Band CBS LP/2n/2LP
- 10 15 LET'S START THE DANCE, Hamilton Bohannon Mercury 12n/US LP
- 11 18 LET THE MUSIC PLAY, Charles Earland Mercury 12n/US LP
- 12 19 BRITISH HUSTLE, Hi-Tension Island/12n LP
- 13 5 YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT, Travolta/Newton-John RSO
- 14 25 AIN'T WE FUNKIN' NOW/RIDE-O-ROCK-ET/STREETWAVE, Brothers Johnson ABM LP/12n LP
- 15 10 IS THIS A LOVE THING, Raydio Arista LP/12n/2n/2LP
- 16 17 EVERYBODY'S SINGIN' LOVE SONGS, Sweet Thing US Fantasy WMGT 12n
- 17 11 FROM EAST TO WEST, Voyage GTO LP
- 18 13 SHAME, Evelyn 'Champagne' King RCA/12n LP
- 19 30 COPACABANA (AT THE COPA), Barry Manilow Arista/12n LP
- 20 24 ONE NIGHT AFFAIR, Samone Cooke Mercury/12n/2n/2LP

(Continued on page 27)

## STAR CHOICE



JOHN CALLIS, The Rezillos

- 1 THUNDERBIRD THEME Gary Gray Oct 1978
- 2 SUPERMAN David Bowie (live version from the 'Eurovision' album) Polygram
- 3 MAYBE I'M AMAZED Paul McCartney The McCartney Band
- 4 NEW ROSE The Sweet
- 5 WUTHERING HEIGHTS Rod Stewart
- 6 DAN DARE OH YEAH Pat Stinson
- 7 TENAGE RAMPAGE The Sweet
- 8 BONY MARONIE Legs Williams
- 9 ALL GIRL BAND Leslie
- 10 DO IT The Redskins

# DIRTY BERTY

## Facing facts

IT'S BEEN a particularly clean week in pop land and I for one am most disappointed. I realise I'm rather naive but I thought these music chappies had a rare old time drinking and swearing and kissing girls.

But it appears we have more fun in the dorm with Donkey Dick on a Friday night than this lot in a week. I mean, the closest we get to a decent slice of downright dirtiness we can't back up with facts. I'm referring of course to that fearsome black stud Phil Lynott. Now, we've all heard about his naughty conquests where the fairer sex (and women) are concerned but recently he seems to have curbed his animal (otherwise known as Gaelic) desires somewhat.



PHIL LYNOTT

Reason? None other than the precocious blonde and topless subject of countless dorm wet dreams... Caroline Crowther, daughter of a famous comedian (?) whose name escapes me. Miss Crowther, who first shot to fame in a girls magazine posing for photographs that inflamed her father (old wassinsname) has been the sole object of Phil's attentions — and affections — for some months.

And now she's pregnant. Yes, that's right, pregnant. And guess where she might be going to contemplate her ever increasing navel? None other than Phil's homeland Ireland. Interesting huh. Naturally I'd like to say it's Phil's baby. I'd like to say it — but I can't. Etiquette, good manners and all that.

And talking of comedians' daughters what do you think I've just been told? Karen O'Connor, whose father is probably the worst singer in the world (I think he's

suberb. 'Dit A Dum Dum' rates as a classic example of seventies existentialism — Ed) is living with unwholesome but handsome Billy Idol! And their relationship has been blooming for almost a year. "They seem very much in love," says a close friend. Oh dear, what would Des say? It's enough to turn the poor man's guff grey. Though come to think of it, he's old enough for that to have happened naturally anyway — just look at our Editor.

And won't she be simply thrilled if Billy lands the role of Elvis in an autobiographical movie of the coffin rocker. The blonde one claims he's already been offered the role. Maybe she can get to play Priscilla. What will Generation X do? Meanwhile Bob Geldof denies emphatically that he has been asked to play Bing Crosby in a new film.

Glen Maddock hasn't been acting very much like a Rich Kid recently. He's been spotted down the Music Machine trying to cadge a bed for the night from passing strangers. The ex-Pistol is currently homeless due to a flat mix-up. I shouldn't bother asking Billy Idol Glen, he's already full.

Have you noticed the current trend among pop stars to be seen in public with bodyguards? Why, only the other night I saw Pistols Steve Jones and Paul Cook with a veritable Hulk lovingly nicknamed 'Tiny' down at the Music Machine while The Redillos were playing. The tattooed tornado found it easy to get drinks for his loved ones at the crowded bar and messrs Cook and Jones managed to get a perfect view of the Scottish band — with a little help from their bulldozing friend naturally.

And then there was Blondie's Clement Burke seen almost arm in arm with a human skyscraper at the Marquee. If this trend continues I'm



"Wow Paul, I've been looking for them everywhere." "Sorry Linda honey, but I have this need..." You can see what happens next in the promotional film for Wings new single 'London Town'. If Denny Laine had been wearing similar attire I suppose we could have called it Petticoat Lane.

not going out unless Donkey Dick is by my side. That stinker Bully Burton from the lower sixth is always picking on me.

While I remember it, weren't the Redillos awfully ill-mannered at their London gig? That horrible Eugene Reynolds seemed intent on spilling everyone's evening by hurling insults at the audience and later at guests in the sidestage bar. Always did have a terrible inferiority complex that boy. Scottish don't you know. And what on earth was that Dalek doing on stage at the end of their set? Instead of just ambuling around looking extremely silly it should have exterminated obnoxious little Eugene.

Singer - come - journalist - come - singer Mick Farren seen swaying at Dingwalls the other night, obviously the worse for drink. Maybe the aged afro-haired hippy feels out of place in these clean cut days and can't stand the pace.

Zeppelin's corpulent drummer John Bonham played a solo gig over the weekend — at the Dovey Valley Schoolboy's Scrambling Club Superdiscos Disco in Machynlleth, North Wales, no less! No, he doesn't need the money. John was doing his bit for an invalid carriages charity. He brought along his drumkit and jammed along with the records. The club usually takes around £100 for a disco and John's presence only put another £100 on. He just doesn't have the pulling power anymore. Not like his son, who coincidentally is a big schoolboy's scrambling hero. Don't these superstars have rustic fun.

How many of you recognised the skinny private in 'Virgin Soldiers' on television last Saturday. He didn't say anything but floated around nonchalantly in the background. Give up? It was none other than David Bowie in his first screen role. His name in the film was John Parts so he became... Private Parts. Hawhawhawhaw!

Back at public school we're not allowed to stay up after 6 pm so it's been a great treat during the hols to catch up with the action on my favourite TV programme, Coronation Street. Words can't describe how surprised I was to discover that chunky Len Fairclough had opened a record shop. The most prominent poster on display in his establishment is one of 999, though I can't imagine Rita or even Elsie for that matter realising that. Come to think of it, nor would anybody else.

I say, doesn't Kris Kristofferson look musclebound on the posters advertising his latest film 'Convoy'? Those Bullworkers certainly work wonders. And to think, Barbra Streisand used to kick sand in his face.

Bedside stories: Steve Jensen, drummer with the exceedingly effeminate Japan, was taken ill with appendicitis before a recent gig and was rushed to hospital where the offending object was removed. If he had died I suppose his condition would have been described as "satisfactory". By the way, Rat Scabies has challenged Mr. Jensen



Now that Victor Silvester's dead it's only natural that up and coming young dancers should want to fill the shoes vacated by the Ballroom King. Here, Radio One's Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers (but which one's Ginger?) are seen holding an impromptu quickstep at Gatwick airport where they decided to entertain delayed passengers. The girl in the background is only smiling because she knows where their other hands are. Airport employees decided it was grossly unfair to put passengers through such stinking misery and got the planes back on time.

to a drinking match because he thinks he's a pool. Steve has agreed — but only if the drink is Babycham.

And Valves singer, the unlikely named Dee Robot, actually broke out of hospital last week to join his band at their Yellow Carvel gig in Edinburgh. After he returned to his sick bed, where I gather the sister gave him a particularly cold bath. Serves him right. And was it worth it? No.



PETE TOWNSHEND

Emaciated Pete Townshend has just sold his 18th century cottage on the Thames at Twickenham (dear old Twickers, what memories that conjures up in my mind. Rugby and mud) for £30,000. He originally bought it four years ago for his children's nannie. Oh I say, aren't we posh. Bet you didn't have a nannie back in Shepherds Bush, Peter. Still, £30,000 isn't much when you consider further down the river the old chap has a Georgian mansion valued at well over £100,000. Peter is now holidaying in another cottage in Cornwall. With property like that who needs The Who? Nobody, gathering from their latest album. A wful stuff.

Well, what did I tell you? The Vicious White Kids, led by the disgusting Sid Vicious did play the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town. And what an appropriately tasteless evening it was too, what with haggard members of Blondie hiding in shadows, Debbie Harry flaunting herself with few people taking notice and those cheerful Boys getting horrendously drunk again as usual.

Sid screeched his way through the set backed by Glen Matlock, Steve New and Rat Scabies and I was relieved when the whole sordid affair came to a close. But I must admit, the almost obscene fight at the back of the hall between a certain female fashion designer and another girl was most entertaining. All pulled hair, teeth and nails. Keep it up.

The manager of The Stranglers (goodness what an impressive roll call), Derek Savage found himself in a spot of bother with the police recently. Anyway, to cut a long story short they asked him for his fingerprints, despite the fact that he had not been charged with anything.

Young Derek refused — and was promptly taken to court. "He refused to give his fingerprints," said the policeman. "Oh," said the judge, "but was he charged with anything?" "No," replied the by now red-faced blueboy. "Case dismissed," decreed the judge and Derek was once again a free man. So take heed. You don't have to give your fingerprints unless specifically charged. I think.

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith has been issued with a writ by Bingley boys in blue for staging naughty bits of the female anatomy. It arises out of The Stranglers' recent concert there when a well endowed stripper accompanied the band on 'Nice 'n' Sleazy'.

Geddy Lee, who writes all that Rush rubbish, has just composed a 10-minute disco song! Apparently he saw Hot Gossip on Kenny Everett's terrible TV show and was immediately smitten by the beat. I suppose it can't be any worse than his usual tripe.

Oh, and a big congratulations to famous Dave Jarrett, press officer at WEA Records. He's just got married to delectable Mary Kerwin. Now maybe he'll be able to concentrate on his job more often.

THE MOODY BLUES

STEPPIN' IN A SLIDE ZONE

THE SUPERB HIT SINGLE FROM

THE MOODY BLUES

FROM THE CHART ALBUM 'OCTAVE'

ALBUM TRS 129 CASSETTE KTRC 129

DECCA

IF 127901

# RECORD MIRROR

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# NEWS

## IT'S QUO AGAIN and again and again

STATUS QUO stampede back into action with a new single and album.

Coinciding with their only British appearance this year at Reading Festival, they release a single 'Again And Again' this week. The song was co-written by Rick Parfitt, Andy Bown, who plays keyboards onstage with the band and Status Quo's old friend, vocalist Jackie Lynton.

The new album 'If You Can't Stand The Heat', will be released in October. It was recorded in Holland and produced by Pip Williams. Williams and his songwriting partner wrote one of the album tracks,

## FIRST REGGAE FESTIVAL

LONDON'S ALEXANDRA Palace is the venue for the First International Reggae Festival on September 23.

Headlining are Matumbi and other acts are the Cimaron, Aswad, and Fifteen, Sixteen, Seventeen. Disc jockeys will include Sir Coxon and Shaka. The concert runs from 3.00 to 12 pm and tickets are £4 in advance or £5 on the door. They are available from Third World Records, Tottenham; Greensleeve Records, Shepherds Bush; Daddy Kool Records, Tottenham Court Road; Deb Records, Battersea; Vince's Records, Romford Road, E12; Grove Music, Harrow Road, or by post (enclose an s.a.e) from the organiser, E. Lyons, 21, Allison Road, Acton, London W3. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to E. Lyons. Any further information can be obtained on 01-992 3809.

## Blondie follow up

BLONDIE FOLLOW up their hugely successful 'Plastic Letters' LP with a new album 'Parallel Lines' on September 8. A single from the album, 'Picture This', is released this week.

**NO. 6 OUT NOW!**

**SKINS**  
Deptford  
Peter Tosh  
Jimmy Pursey  
Africa  
Patrik Fitzgerald  
Adam the ants

**TEMPORARY HOARDING**

OUR NO. 11 20p. & S.A.E. - VERY LARGE!  
FROM: R.A.R. box 11, 27, Clerkenwell close  
- London E.C.1.

## ROYCE DATES AND SINGLE

DATES FOR the Rose Royce September British tour have been finalised and they'll be supported by all-giri trio Stargard. The tour begins at Birmingham Odeon on September 29 and continues Liverpool Empire 30, Edinburgh Odeon, October 1, Newcastle City Hall 2, London Hammersmith Odeon 4 (two shows 6.30 and 9), Bristol Colston Hall 8, Southampton Gaumont 7.

Provincial ticket prices are £3, £2.50, and £2, while Hammersmith Odeon prices are £3.50, £3, £2.50, and £2.

Rose Royce release a new album 'Rose Royce Strikes Again' on September 8 and a new single taken from the album, 'Love Don't Live Here Anymore', is released on September 1. Stargard recently charted highly with their single 'Which Way Is Up'.

'Accident Prone'. Other songwriting contributors on the album are Mick Green of the Pirates and Bernie Frost, a singer / songwriter who has written with Francis Rossi in the past.

The tracks are: side one: 'Again And Again', 'I'm Giving Up My Worrying', 'Gonna Teach You To Love', 'Someone Show Me Home', 'Long-Legged Linda'. Side two: 'Oh What A Night', 'Accident Prone', 'Stones', 'Let Me Fly', 'Like A Good Girl'. After Reading Festival, Status Quo will be appearing at an outdoor festival in Stuttgart on September 8, with Wishbone Ash and Uriah Heep.

## Eagles album for Christmas

THE EAGLES are expected to release their sixth album at Christmas.

Following their current American and Canadian tour featuring new members Joe Walsh and Tim Schmit they'll be working on completing the mix of the yet untitled double album. The album was recorded in Miami and produced by Bill Szymczyk.

## Rockpile tour

DAVE EDMUNDS' Rockpile featuring Nick Lowe, hits the road next month for a short series of dates. The tour coincides with the release of Edmunds' new album 'Tracks On Wax' out on September 8.

Dates are Knebworth Festival September 9, Hemel Hempstead Pavilion 10, Birmingham Odeon 16, London Roundhouse 17, Sheffield Polytechnic 29, Manchester University 30, Cardiff Top Rank October 1.

## Crusaders back

AFTER A two-year gap, the Crusaders return to Britain for a September tour. The quartet's last appearances here was in July 1976.

On the tour, Billy Rogers replaces Larry Carlton and the rest of the line up is Joe Sample keyboards, Wilton Felder tenor sax, Stu Hooper drums and Pops Popwell bass. During the tour the band will be recording for BBC 2's 'Rock Goes To College' programme.

Dates are: Bristol Colston Hall (tickets £3, £2.50, £2) September 23, London Hammersmith Odeon (tickets £4, £3.25, £2.25) 25 and 26, Manchester Apollo (tickets £3.25, £2.50, £1.75) 27, Birmingham Odeon (tickets £3.50, £3, £2.50) 28, Liverpool Empire (tickets £3.25, £2.50, £1.75) 29, Dunstable California Ballroom (tickets £3.50) 30, Oxford New Theatre (tickets £3, £2.50, £2) October 2, Brighton Top Rank (tickets £1.90).

## Linda's sixth

LINDA RONSTADT releases her sixth album, 'Living In The USA', on September 9.

Once again it's been produced by Peter Asher and tracks include Little Feat's 'All That You Dream', Elvis Costello's 'My Aim Is True' and Elvis Presley's 'Love Me Tender'.

Linda will be touring America soon, but there is no news on British appearances.

## Zones headline

THE ZONES headline a free open air concert in aid of the Jobs For Youth Campaign at Kelvin Grove Park, Glasgow, on August 27. The concert begins at 2 pm and other groups include Sneaky Pete, Modern Man and Sign Of The Times.

## New Kihn single

THE GREG KIHN band release a new single on September 1 shortly after their historic appearance at Reading Festival. They haven't decided on a A side yet, but the B side will be 'Satisfied'. It's taken from Kihn's first album 'Greg Kihn'.

## Snips makes his debut

FORMER Baker - Gurytis Army singer, Snips releases his debut single for Jet Records this week. It's called 'Waiting For Tonight' and the B side is 'Smash Your TV'.

## Double A for Perkins

CARL PERKINS releases a double A sided single this week. The tracks are 'Mustang Wine' and 'The Whole World Misses You', a tribute to Elvis Presley.



YES: single written by Jon Anderson and Chris Squire

## YES HELP THE WHALE

SHOWING CONCERN about large scale whale slaughter, Yes release a new single 'Don't Kill The Whale', this week.

Written by Jon Anderson and Chris Squire, the track is taken from the forthcoming album 'Tormato' for which no release date has yet been set. The B side is a Steve Howe composition, 'Abilene', which was specially recorded for the single and won't be included on the album.

The single comes in a special black and white bag.

## Tour for Climax Blues

THE CLIMAX Blues Band who had a hit with 'Couldn't Get It Right' undertake a British tour in October. Dates are: Cleethorpes Winter Gardens October 2, Hull Tiffany's 3, Bradford University 6, Durham University 8, Newcastle Mayfair 6, Strathclyde University 7, Stafford Top Of The World 9, Warwick University 12, Salford University 13, Liverpool University 14.

## One off for Clash

THE CLASH play a one off date in September.

They play the Harlesden Roxy on September 9 with two, as yet, unnamed support bands. Tickets are priced at £2.50 and can be obtained from the Roxy Box Office from August 25.

## Palmer adds date

WHITE SOULSTER Robert Palmer has added a date to his forthcoming tour. He plays Birmingham Odeon on September 11. Tickets priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 are on sale at the box office now.

**SPIDER MERSEY BOOGIE!**  
**BEAST ON 8 LEGS**  
**September 1978 TOUR**

Fri 1st LEEDS The Shaftesbury	Tue 19th YORK Oval Bar
Sat 2nd NOTTINGLEY	Thu 21st PLYMOUTH Woods Centre
Fri 3rd WORWICK Warbrock Rd	Fri 22nd TORQUAY Pelham
Wed 6th NEWCASTLE Bridge Rd	Sat 23rd TORQUAY Pelham
Sat 9th DISBURY Blenheim Hl	Tue 26th DERBY Odeon Ball Rd
Mon 11th WOLVERHAMPTON	Wed 27th LIVERPOOL Haymarket
Queens Mt	Thu 28th BIRKENHEAD Rescals
Tue 12th BIRMINGHAM	Fri 29th NEW BRIGHTON Fort
Bournebrook Rd	Fri 30th LEEDS Beckett Park
Wed 13th LIVERPOOL Macclesfield	Sat 1st Oct BRADFORD
Fri 15th MOSELY Fighting Cocks	Princess St
Sat 16th WALSALL Dirty Duck	
Mon 18th LEEDS Viper	

FOR DETAILS 091-428 8200/1428

# WILL THE LIBERALS CLOSE HAMMERSMITH?



**HAMMERSMITH ODEON: is it the end?**

**LIVE CONCERTS** may be banned at Britain's premier rock venue, the Hammersmith Odeon. If a leading Liberal councillor gets his way.

"I have made it a political requirement that Hammersmith council objects to the granting by the GLC of a live music licence next month," says the councillor Mr. Simon Knott.

"The noise when they pour out of the Odeon is disgusting and the quality of life in that area has been degraded," he goes on. "The GLC closed down sex cinemas in Soho and this is worse than pornography. It has got to stop!"

Mr. Knott has had a personal vendetta against the venue for the last 10 years but now he expects success - thanks to the Conservatives. He claims they have promised to back him in his battle in return for supporting the Lib-Con pact which keeps the Tories in power.

On Wednesday, representatives from the GLC, the Tory Council, the police, the Odeon management and the Rank Organisation met to

discuss a petition signed by 338 local residents complaining about noise and disturbance.

Council officers are quick to point out that the Council had no power to control noise on the street and said they had no complaints from residents about noise from inside the cinema. Last year a Jam concert was monitored and no increase in noise level was detected.

Local Tory councillor John Putnam says it is too much to expect residents to have to put up with scenes like the recent rush for Dylan tickets.

"To be realistic what we have got to aim for first is a very much tighter control by the management of the way these things are run.

"But if matters do not improve and more stringent conditions are not imposed we should go all out for stopping it altogether, although I hope we would not have to arrive at that."

Odeon manager, Mr. Phil Leivers did not want to comment before the meeting but he looked forward to meeting the various representatives to discuss the situation.

## TOURS

**CGAS FIVE:** London Global Village, August 25, Basildon Double Six, 26, Bradford Royal Standard, 27, Nottingham Sandpiper, 28, Leeds Routes, 30, Sheffield Limit, 31, Liverpool Eric's, September 2.

**SKIDS:** Following London dates: Hope and Anchor, September 6, Music Machine (co-headlining with Zones), 7, Nashville (co-headlining with Zones), 8, Rock Garden, 9, Rochester Castle, 10.

**ROSETTA STONE:** Manchester Old Century Hall, August 25, Wigan Casino, 26, Devon Tiverton Motel, September 1, Winsford Civic Hall, 2, Swinton Lancastrian Hall, 4, Horth Alloton Community Centre, 8, Walsall Town Hall, 14, Usk Memorial Hall, 22, Newport Stowaway, 25.

**MICK FARREN:** Following London dates: Music Machine, September 1, Dingwalls, 14.

**PRESSURE SHOCKS:** Peckham Bouncing Ball, August 26, London Music Machine, 28, Sheffield Limit Club, 30, Shropshire Stonehouse, September 22, Telford Town Hall, 23, Oxford Polytechnic, 25, Huddersfield Polytechnic, 26, Liverpool Polytechnic, 28, Norwich Topper Club, 29, Derby Langdale College, 30.

**TIGER ASHBY:** Nottingham Sandpipers, August 24, Lincoln AJ's 26, London, Thomas A. Beckett, 30, London Dingwalls, September 2, London Brecknock, 9, Brighton Alhambra, 28, London Brecknock, October 4.

**HARLOW:** Sheffield The Limit, August 26, Doncaster Outlook, 31, London Nashville, September 1, Leeds Staging Post, 3.

**FISCHER-Z:** Additional dates: London's Rock Garden, August 27 and 29, and Dingwalls, September 1.

**STRANGEWAYS:** Manchester Raffles, August 24, Wakefield Unty Hall, 26.

**SORE THROAT:** Sheffield Limit Club, August 24, Wolverhampton Lafayette, 25, Dudley JB's, 26, Leeds Ford Green, 27, London Nashville, 28, Retford Porterhouse, September 1, Wolverhampton Civic Hall, 7, Islington Jackson's Lane Community Centre, 9, London Marquee, 11, Liverpool Eric's, 15, Manchester The Factory, 22, Leeds Fan Club, 23, Music Machine, 27, Scarborough Penthouse, 29, Middlesbrough Rock Garden, 30.

## IN BRIEF

**SIOUXSIE AND** the Banshees play a one-off gig at Aylesbury Friars on September 16. They'll be undertaking a full British tour in October.

**THE JALN Band** headline a special benefit show in aid of children's charities at Birkenhead Hamilton Club on August 23.

## New album and film for Bowie

**DAVID BOWIE** is set to release his second live album this month.

Recorded in America the double album 'Stage' was produced by Bowie himself and Tony Visconti. It draws from 'Ziggy Stardust', 'Station To Station', 'Low' and 'Heroes'.

Side one features five songs from 'Ziggy Stardust', while side two comprises 'Station To

Station', 'TVC 15' and 'Fame'. Sides three and four are devoted to work from 'Low' and 'Heroes'.

The album was recorded on the American leg of Bowie's recent tour and features Carlos Alomar on rhythm guitar, Adrian Belew, lead guitar, Dennis Davis, drums, electric violinist Simon House, Sean Mayes, piano, George Murray, bass, and Roger Powell on synthesiser. Bowie

also plays keyboards on some of the instrumental tracks.

Having completed the film 'Just A Gigolo' with David Hemmings, Bowie is now at work on 'Wally', a film about Austrian expressionist painter Egon Schiele. He'll be returning to the road in November when he tours Japan. There are no details on another British tour.

## STRANGLERS DATES

**FOLLOWING LAST** week's rumour stories, the Stranglers will definitely be touring Britain next month. The dates have been designed to take in places they haven't played before, or venues they haven't visited for a long time.

The tour opens at the University of Lancaster on September 11 and then

Dunfermline Kinema 12, Aberdeen Ruffles 13, Cardiff Top Rank 17, Peterborough Werrina Stadium 18, Lincoln Drill Hall 19, Sheffield Top Rank 20, Great Yarmouth Tiffanys 21, Portsmouth Locarno 24, Exeter Routes 25, Bournemouth Village Bowl 26, Bath Pavilion 27, Manchester Apollo 28, Bridlington Spa Pavilion 29.

## New Rainbow single

**RAINBOW RELEASE** a new single 'L.A. Connection' this week. The B-side is 'Lady Of The Lake' and both tracks are taken from Rainbow's current album, 'Long Live Rock 'N' Roll'.

In September the band complete their American tour and will be going into the studio to record another album.

## Third World out of TRB tour

**THIRD WORLD** have pulled out of the forthcoming Tom Robinson tour.

The band were due to support TRB on all their dates but have cancelled due to management disputes over monetary arrangements. Island Records are now trying to bring Third World over for an October tour. Meanwhile the band are releasing a new single, 'Now That We've Found Love'.

## Cafe Jacques' dreams

**CAFE JACQUES** release a new single, 'Boulevard Of Broken Dreams', this week. It's based on a song from the forties musical 'Hollywood Babylon' and is taken from their forthcoming album.

# RICH KIDS

## NEW SINGLE OUT NOW



## GHOSTS of princes in towers

EMI 2848



# BITCHY RITCHIE

Was it for real? Was it a farce? Ask Ritchie Blackmore, but don't mention it to SHEILA PROPHET



**H** EY, DOES anyone want to know about this great new game I've discovered? Well, not just me — there's also his photographer, Polydor's English product manager, and two ladies from Polydor in New York. The game is called 'Waiting For Ritchie' and though the rules are a bit confusing (seeing as Ritchie makes them up as he goes along) you can become quite an expert at it, given time. And we've had lots of time.

It all started one Saturday in Bridgeport, Connecticut (Where? Yes, exactly) where Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow has been booked to play one of those open air shows they specialise in over there in the USA. After standing around outside the stadium (so we couldn't see the other bands, presumably) for two, or was it three (I lost count) hours, a passing roadie informed us Rainbow wouldn't be playing, because the equipment got here too late. We searched out the manager and found this to be the truth. Ah well, I thought, maybe I could just do the interview instead.

Oh, NO. Ritchie was in no mood to do it now. I was told, although Cozy Powell and Ronnie James Dio were waiting to talk to me. I explained we had 'done' Cozy several times already: this time it was Ritchie we wanted.

It turned out Ritchie was free till Wednesday, when he was playing in Philadelphia, so I asked if we could do the interview at his home before then. This bright suggestion resulted in me spending Monday and Tuesday trapped in my New York hotel room, just in case Ritchie decided he'd do it, on the spur of the moment, and we had to drive out to his place. He didn't of course (rule 44 of the game: never choose the simple solution) and on Tuesday afternoon we were informed he'd do it after Wednesday's gig.

And this is where you came in, Wednesday, after the gig. We wait. Outside the stage door. Yes, we're told, Ritchie will do it. At the hotel. Add another hour of waiting time. (Rule number 97: never underestimate those previous last minute hold-ups.)

And at last, at midnight on Wednesday, I am finally ushered into the mighty Blackmore presence. We retire to an empty corner — Blackmore, his current girlfriend, and me. He doesn't bother to introduce us.

He's wearing a red shirt: in an effort to get things off to a cherry start I remark chattily that I thought he always wore black?

"No," he says, looking with distaste at my (coincidentally, black) dress. "Why, do you?" He speaks with all the warmth of a Birds Eye frozen dinner. Uh oh. I drop the idea of making friends and go on with the interview. Tonight's gig was a short one? He explains that, since the group have been supporting Reo Speedwagon, they have rehearsed a shortened support set — which is what they played tonight. He admits they were 'very average' tonight — one reason he didn't feel inspired to smash his guitar.

**M** OST nights, though, Ritchie does go through the pointlessly destructive ritual of breaking up a perfectly good guitar, because, he reckons, music is not enough these days — you need an extra gimmick to make the show an event.

I say isn't it very expensive? And Ritchie replies that he doesn't mind, because it's important to the show. Yes, he says, he does buy his own guitars they cost him £100 each. (Now, as you probably know, this is extremely cheap for a quality electric guitar: I later find out from a director of Fender that Ritchie has a promotional deal with the company which means "He ets his guitars at an extremely advantageous price".)

Next question. What about the 'Rainbow to split' rumours?

The truth is, he says, that they have asked a certain member of a certain other band to join Rainbow. No he can't tell me who, because the guy hasn't decided yet.

So will Rainbow be expanding to a six-piece?

"No."

So you're kicking someone out then?

Says Blackmore sarcastically, "This would appear to be the logical conclusion."

the suggestion is not denied. I ask Blackmore what the financial situation is (meaning are the two outsiders paid differently from the rest) and he groans. "Dire."

Oh come off it. You're a tax exile, living in America — you can't be that badly off?

To my amazement, Blackmore proceeds to deliver a lecture on "Communism having Britain by the throat" saying he'll return home only when a Tory Government get in. (And presumably, lower the wealth taxes: if Blackmore was living here now, he'd be paying 82 per cent in tax.)

I ask him how he feels able to comment on the political situation in Britain when he isn't living there? He replies that my question is 'predictable. All the journalists say that.'

Well, perhaps, but the fact that my reaction is an obvious one doesn't make it any less valid.

Blackmore's tone of voice has gone from the initially cold to the positively icy, so I decide to soft-pedal, and try to jolly things along with a few joky questions about:

- a) his moody image;
- b) his reputation for being seen around with lots of women;
- c) his infamous VD quote from the last interview he did for Record Mirror with American writer Jim Farber.

**N** ONE of these does anything to relax the tension, and the last gets him considerably upset: he talks about it "upsetting my mother" (!!). He tells me he got Jim to print a retraction, and, at various points, calls him 'thick', 'Dumb' and 'strange'. Really? Jim seems perfectly normal to me, when I meet him later in the week: he tells me Blackmore's retraction claim is untrue. What actually happened was that, after the RM feature was printed, Blackmore's management kicked up a ridiculous fuss about it, both to us and to him himself. When he was subsequently writing a piece on Rainbow for the US mag, Circus, the US publicist rang him and asked, as a special favour to her, since Ritchie was so upset about it, could he leave out the VD quote? Seeing it merely as a (in his own words) "cute" aside, and not vitally important to the piece as a whole, Jim agreed. This, Ritchie does not constitute a retraction; simply a piece of (in my view, misplaced) courtesy.

Anyway, this subject is getting us nowhere, so back to basics: how's the new album, 'Long Live Rock 'n' Roll' (gosh I wish I'd thought of that

title first) selling? "Very well," he says, and reels off a list of impressive statistics.

I remark that that's odd, because I'd heard the album hadn't sold as well as expected (in fact I'd even heard someone say it "suffed everywhere") — a statement which later provokes an unbelievable burst of paranoia. I am called over to where Blackmore, manager, road manager, and various other group members, are sitting with Dennis, the man from Polydor in England. Blackmore starts shouting at me: where did I get that information about record sales from? Was it Polydor?

I say I just heard it around. "You said Polydor," snarls Blackmore. "It was Dennis, wasn't it? Dennis told you."

I tell them I will not get involved in their private politics and walk out. For some reason, Blackmore shouts after me that I am "scared". Wrong again, Ritchie.

However, back to the rapidly deteriorating interview.

I ask Blackmore if he thinks the album is an advance on the others. He does, of course. I ask him to explain how, since I can't see it myself, and he answers nastily that the advances are too subtle for someone like me to understand.

I suggest that perhaps the reason for Rainbow's popularity is not because they're advancing; but because their sound is so comfortably familiar.

Silence. "That question is so silly," says Blackmore. "I'm not even going to bother to answer it."

Further silence.

Blackmore glares at me. He has a peculiarly malevolent glare, which he cultivates by drooping his head forward and staring up at you sideways from the corner of his eye.

So you won't answer the question? "No."

So do you want to continue the interview? "No."

Suits me. I call over to the others that the interview is over. In that moment Blackmore pinches the tape from my cassette recorder. When I ask for it back, he offers to fight me for it. (Robbery with violence?)

**T** HE manager and roadie rush over, and start asking me what I did to upset him. Blackmore, his morale obviously bolstered by their presence, goes into attack. He threatens me (pathetically, does he really think anyone would listen to him?) by "suggesting strongly" that I do not write the feature, and — now don't laugh, this is supposed to sound

ominous — asking what my editor would think of "my attitude".

He demands to know what other bands I've interviewed recently. He asks if I like rock 'n' roll. He accuses me — gasp, shock, horror — of liking punk rock. He goes into a tirade about the definition of punk being "inferior". It's always embarrassing to see an older musician (Blackmore is 33) putting down younger groups, who could do with his support.

At some point the phrase 'original punk rockers' comes up. "I think you'll find," says the smoothie manager, who looks like a character from a California cop show, complete with extremely flash car, "that we were the original punk rockers."

I try not to laugh. Inexplicably, the girlfriend — silent up till now — suddenly comes up with the evening's prize statement. "Well, somebody's got to keep rock and roll alive, haven't they?"

At this point, I think — I hope — I left.

When I got home next Monday the bizarreness goes on. The tape has now gone to a solicitor — kind of amusing that they're hoping to use as legal evidence what is, legally, stolen property!

The English publicist attempts to persuade The Editor, to change the feature. When he refuses she says, "Well, if she mentions VD, they'll sue!" (What for? He said it, not us!)

If you think this whole thing sounds farcically over the top, you're right. In normal circumstances, the situation would never have happened, — in the face of such rudeness, I would normally have told Blackmore to stuff his interview after the second question. But since Polydor had brought me all that way to do the interview, I somehow felt obligated to try and salvage the situation. Wrongly, as it turned out.

Why did Blackmore behave so badly? Sounds' Geoff Barton says he doesn't like women. Ros Russell says he's always been like that. She remembers him throwing his guitar at her back in the Deep Purple days. Ros also remembers the rest of Deep Purple couldn't stand him, which would make the 'Deep Purple To Reform' rumours seem a little unlikely — unless of course, they're desperate for the money.

Why do I think he did it? To be honest, I don't know — and I care even less. I do know though, that I have no desire to encounter Ritchie Blackmore ever again — once in a lifetime is quite enough.

God preserve me from aging prima donnas whose egos have grown so bloated that they can no longer see past them — now they're the only ones of the music business

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STRAWBERRY LETTER 23 - GET THE FUNK  
AMS 7379

# ARE YOU DEBBIE'S DOUBLE? DOUBLE?

Do complete strangers accost you in the street asking for your autograph and shampoo tips? Do you often wear tight leopard skin leotards?



If so then you could be the girl we're looking for. We're giving away a whole host of marvellous goodies to the girl who most resembles the devastating blonde Debbie Harry - and Debbie herself will be judging the competition.

- The winner will get
- ★ A night out in London with Blondie, all expenses paid
  - ★ A set of the band's albums
  - ★ A Blondie tour jacket
  - ★ A special Blondie T-shirt.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is send a photograph of yourself with your name and address on the back to **DEBBIE COMPETITION, RECORD MIRROR (AJJ Martin), 40, LONG ACRE, LONDON, WC2E 9JT** to reach us not later than Wednesday August 30. Debbie will do the rest.

The Editor's decision in this and all matters is final. If you want the photograph returned, please send an SAE

# SINGLES

Reviewed by **BEV BRIGGS**

## Never mind the balloonists ... here's



IT IS a little known fact that at the age of four Bev Briggs, then a sickly underweight child, was blown across the Atlantic from her Newcastle home while clutching a helium filled balloon. Never one to boast, Briggs kept it a secret, only to be hurt beyond all reason when three Americans repeated her trip in reverse last week, Briggs was last seen with a stack of singles, boarding an observation satellite in Deptford for 'an indefinite period'. She radioed in yesterday to say that if she is to remain outside the gravitational field she must jettison all extraneous matter. Starting with ... omigosh, no it can't be ... yes it is!

**BLONDIE:** 'Picture This' (Chrysalis 2242). Sedate and quite, quite loathsome. The vaunted one's vocals plod along tiresomely with a monochrome backing from the rest of the band. Debbie Harry sounding more and more like Jenny Darren every day (gasp!)

**JAPAN:** 'The Unconventional' (Ariola ANA 526). You mean this isn't the Climax Blues Band????

**LITTLE RIVER BAND:** 'Reminiscing' (EMI 2030). Washed out housewife's disco a la Radio Two. Somewhere near Andrew Gold backed by Mantovani. Little River Band running dry. Hands up all those yearning for the drought.

**WINGS:** 'London Town' (R 8021). Typical faceless Wings album track. No substance for a single and certainly shouldn't shift much vinyl, reads like a dyslexic Jane Austen.

**RICH KIDS:** 'Ghosts Of Princes In Towers' (EMI 2848). Matlock / New composition which green lights the entrance to (ALL HAIL) Top Of The Pops. Chorus is catchy first time round although the vocals highlight the need for the Bullworker. Castles in the air type lyrics pose an antithesis for Matlock's past career. Bubblegum by any other name.

**GOLDIE:** 'To Be Alone' (Bronze BRO59). Fifth grade Rod Stewart sandpaper wallowing in its own self-destruction. Personifies the 'Identity Crisis' idea. Music to walk through Woolworth's by. As inspiring as a dead rat.

**FLYING SQUAD:** 'Backroom Boys' (Epic 6542). Cruise along Calverley High Road, stop in the first pub and you'll probably discover a band not too dissimilar to this. One repetitive riff holds the whole song(?) together, macho alcoholic words and the inevitable staccato of masculinity — the guitar solo. File under Watney's Rock and leave well alone.

**TONY BIRD:** 'Bird Of Paradise' (CBS 8593). Taken from the album 'Tony Bird Of Paradise'. Imagine a Spanish eunuch pushing the Watney's in the local live spot and trying to sound like El Zim? You've got it. Obviously CBS talent scout have been to Torremolinos for their holidays.

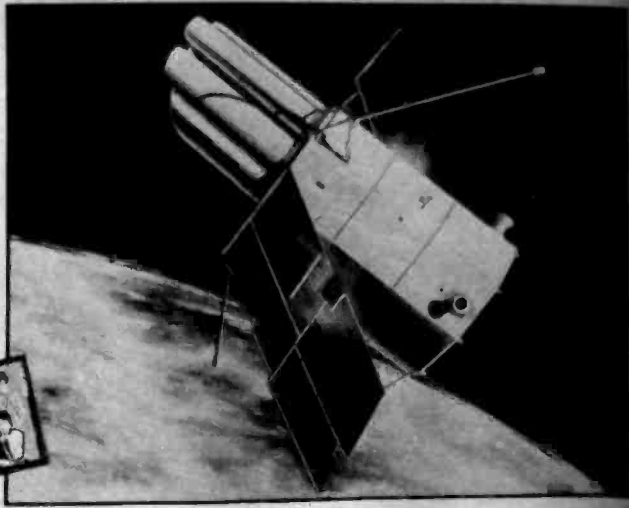
**THE SAINTS:** 'Security' (Harvest 5108). Otis Reading wouldn't exactly turn in his grave, but he might shuffle around a bit. Arrangements are fine but Chris Bailey sounds as though he's got more foot in the grave than old Ous.

**LOUISIANA'S LE ROUX:** 'New Orleans Ladies' (Capitol 16003). THAT was a record? God give me earplugs.

**HOT WATER:** 'Different Morning' (Duff Records). Around '67 this would have been a dead cert, guitar and FX circa early Traffic. Beads and bells music prompt another raid on the budgie's cage, hey ho, revert to the norm of mind expansion and acid trips ... see if you can pick it up anyway.

**DOMINIC FRONTIERE:** 'Washington Behind Closed Doors' (A&R 4205). Remake of a Colt 45 advert, sounds more like Elephant And Dattle Grease behind closed doors. Not even worth plissing on — I've tried it!

**ROMA:** 'Shaving Cream' (EMI International 584). Unfunny record which keeps slipping in 'Shaving Cream' as a euphemism for 'Shit'. Calypso background throughout ... so while CBS spend their hois in Spain, EMI A&R dept are obviously sunning themselves in Notting Hill Gate



# BRIGGS IN SPACE



**ZERRA CROSSING:** 'We're Going Places' (EMI 2841). EMI have blown it again, this is not 'We're Going Places', this is a disco version of 'Summer In The City'. Doesn't anyone believe in copyright?

**TEDDY AND THE DISCOLETES:** 'Let's Spend The Night Together' (Trojan 9040). Not even the Bobos next door liked it.

**DEVO:** 'Come Back Jonee' (Virgin 223). A supposed inversion of Berry's concept of young boy making good. Quirky rhythms and manufacturer's name will probably sell the product, but God only knows why.

**TAMMY WYNETTE:** 'Womanhood' (Epic 6545). The only thing prolific about Ms Wynette are her tits (or am I thinking about Ms Parton?). Here we have another emetic perpetuating romanticism and Christianity. What the lyrics boil down to is: "Dear God, should I — or should I not?" In your case Tammy, the answer is "no".

**ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL:** 'Pie Groove Blues' (Capitol 94580). The real export of the South (funny and I thought it was Southern Comfort). New Orleans music, Cajun at its best. Feels rather than sells, and they've got the right idea

**TOM ROBINSON BAND:** 'Too Good To Be True' (EMI 3286). It has none of the raunch of the campaigning one's earlier efforts. The song moves along at a pedestrian pace whilst Tom's others accelerate like umm a grey Cortina? Not even a blistering guitar solo rescues it. Fine as an album track ... not as a single.

999: 'Feelin' Alright With The Crew' (UA 36435). Not nearly so frigid as Devo, but rings as repellent as their name. New name for New Music? ... onomatopoeic wave? Superfluous solo on bass just about sums it all up.

**HORRY GOLDSBORO:** 'Summer The First Time' (UA 258). Re-release which rankles a bit (try chewing your way through a pound of sugar cane), but appeases some romantic streak. Unfortunately I still like it this time round — do I lose all credibility???

**DOMINO:** 'Heaven Must Have Sent You' (EMI 2846). Dispensable version of a one-time good release. Brainwashed and manufactured, sounded better in '71. BAD.

**SCHOOLGIRL BITCH:** 'Abusing The Rules' (Garage 192). Sixth rate punk which merits only two words of advice: Sod Off.

**THE QUESTIONS:** 'Some Other Guy' (Zooom 0). Tak, tak, so many records inspired by the jealousies of amour / amour. Very MORish number with some wimp voicing his neurosis in possession in love. Music to chop hamburgers by.

**HORRORCORIC:** 'I Don't Mind' (Lightning 512). An apt moniker for the band anyway — three horrors and one tubby middle aged comic. Now for the poser — when is a record punk (in the genuine sense) and when is it a piss take? 50000. If this was satire, well sorry lads but it was as amusing as diarrhoea, and if it was sincere ... God help you. (If you need a clue, at least two of them are wearing flared jeans on the sleeve).

**THUNDER:** 'Turk's Delight' (Ariola ANA 5233). Obnoxious disgusting How come all the crassest, naftest bands in the world? Anyway, this offering must be about their worst.

**T. FORD AND THE HONESHAKERS:** 'I Go Ape' (Splash CP21). Sorry, my D.A. was amputated six months ago. Indistinct rock 'n' roll for the lovers of the le-rovers of the revival.

**EARL KLUH:** 'Cry A Little While' (UA 36441). Orchestral piece. A.K.A. the stuff broadcast on TV while the "There Is A Fault — Please Do Not Adjust Your Set" obliterates the screams. Totally unnerving when focus amidst the rest of this week's dross. Lulls you into a false sense of melodic

**NETWORK:** 'Lonely Nights' (Private Stock 109). Geezitis rears its ugly head. Sounds like third cousin four times removed of the Gibb Bros. Awful.

**HUNTER:** 'Tonight's The Night' (Rampage 71). Hooper. Not quite gone but soon to be forgotten.

**ALAN DAVID:** 'Get Your Love Right' (EMI 2823). More selling MOR!

**TRUE WRIT:** 'Jette Can't Come Tonight' (EMI 2822). Bourgeois cabaret stuff. Go stick your wimpy record up your bank manager's ass, see the realisation the error of your ways and take a job in the local Tesco's.

**RAL DONNER:** 'The Day The Beat Stopped' (Thunder 7801). This is all we need — Tammy Wynette and Gene Pitney rolled into one, singing a false-to-tribe to Elvis. Sounds like a decent kebab with no balls. If Elvie wasn't dead before, he would be when he heard this effort.

**KATHY BARNES:** 'I'm In Love With Love' (London 8324). Disco driven but demented discus thrower. What else do you want Blood?

At last, Briggs pulls down of the Earth's pull and heads for Uranus (discovered in 1781) with her single of the week.



**THE COUGARS:** 'Saturday Night At The Duckpond / See You In Dreamland' (EMI 5855). Adam Faith counters across to Helen Shapiro ask for a dance and The Cougars are playing in the background, as he whispers sweet nothings into her ear, they ... God, Bring Back '63. This is brilliant. BUY IT BUY IT AGAIN. Sod of MOR's disco and punk. THIS IS IT. At least that was it. The ending? Eh ...



WINGS  
SINGLE  
'LONDON TOWN'  
C/W 'I'M CARRYING'  
RELEASED  
ON AUGUST 11

EMI  
MPL  
R 6021



# LEO SAYER



## PURE AND SIMPLE.

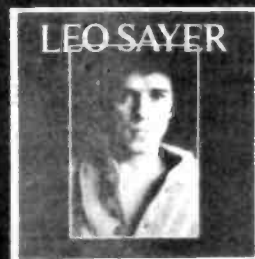
Leo Sayer. It's the name of the man and the title of his latest album. On it you'll find a mixture of his own compositions, songs by Jackson Browne, Andy Fairweather Low, and classics like Buddy Holly's 'Raining in My Heart'.

Leo Sayer is an album that's more introspective than his previous albums. Naturally there are some real rockers

as well but it's on the slower numbers that the Leo Sayer magic will reach out and touch you.

Listen to Leo Sayer. He's a man who's been through several changes himself. Perhaps you know the feeling. You'll certainly find it on his latest album.

Listen, that's all. Just listen.



LEO SAYER  
ALSO AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE



# ALBUMS

## A toast to B movies?

**BIG YOUTH:** Dread Locks Front Line FL1014

THIS album is a stone delight. Its like watching Bela Lugosi beckoning some hapless victim in a Sunday afternoon B horror movie.

Big Youth is so unlike any other DJ. All the talk you hear nowadays about it being impossible to listen to a boasting album all the way through just doesn't apply to this man.

Anyhow this is actually an old album; a reissue of the set that was originally out on Klok. It contains some of Youth's most famous toasts and naturally they are sung over some of the very best of Jamaican songs.

Being old it contains some of that absolutely essential rhythm guitar scratch and slash that characterised this era of music. It is like hearing the crazy Dylan of the Basement tape era boasting over your favour-

ite Beatle tunes. So brother, what's happening. I like it like that. + + + + + **GEOFF TRAVIS**

**THE ROYALS: Ten Years After (UAS 30189)**

**SIDE one**, track one, 'My Sweat Turns to Blood (Disco Style)'. Well that's what it says on the album sleeve. Discofied reggae eh? Sounds like average reggae to me, slightly flinny but that might be the office Dansette. I doubt it somehow.

The next track, according to the sleeve, is not 'Disco Style'. Well it doesn't sound any different from the first one in style, speed or anything else.

So what is this 'Disco Style'? Some play to convert budding Revoltas into ultra hip U-Roy's? Some bright young marketing executive's idea to expand sales? A new craze?

The effort should have been channeled into the

production of the album and the sleeve design. It looks like a Polish 2nd World War propaganda poster.

Side two is a slight improvement, only two 'Disco Style' tracks out of five on this side compared to two out of three on the other. The one good track on the album, dare I say it, 'Disco Style' song entitled 'Free Speech and Movement' injects some much needed feeling into the album, but unfortunately there's not enough spirit in the syringe and the high soon fades.

The rest of the songs return to a mediocre 'Disco Style' reggae. The form is an enigma. Can it be solved? Can you solve it? Do you want to solve it? + + + **JON FREWIN**

**TERRY CALLIER: Fire On Ice (Elektra K52096)**

**ACCORDING** to the blurb Mr Callier is a minor cult in the states, though it's hard to see why. He follows the soul path already beaten down by the likes of Bobby Womack and Bill Withers but he writes songs that are simply dull. He's also bogged them down with headache inducing strings.

The only track that rises above the swamp is 'Street Fever' which uses the aforementioned influences and actually lives and breathes without the burden of heaviness that the rest labours under. + + **MIKE GARDNER**



**BRAD DELPH:** Boston's vocalist

**BOSTON: 'Don't Look Back' (Epic EPC 86057)**

**SO WADDYA** do for an encore, having climbed the platinum staircase and emerged from obscurity into the clear white light?

Tom Scholz, Boston's Godfather, has played it safe. He's looked back and mildly reconstituted the first LP. Yug, there's even a flying saucer on the cover of 'Don't Look Back' with more than a hint of 'Close Encounters'. The album is a B feature after the main film or the slightly sour milk after the cream. I expected more pinnacles to be climbed and more depths to be plumbed. But no.

The title track is a tribute to Scholz's abilities to write a hard listenable song. Once heard never forgotten, and geared for the motorway. A slice of

cosmic balladry follows while 'It's Easy' has the familiar ploy of soft guitar breaks. It is then that you begin to feel you've heard some parts of the album before. Boston are caught up in a formula that means they can't shift one way or the other. They try and break out with 'Bottom View' but the tasteful sentimentality becomes a wet mush despite the high drama of the guitar work.

I thought more inspiration might come on side two, but Boston relegate themselves to song after song of 'e'mon everybody, clap your hands, join in with the band' etc etc etc. Boston have got caught in the quicksand of comfortable success. The dollars have been flowing in and they're not about to change what they do well I only hope the third album will break out of the mould. + + + **ROBIN SMITH**

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# CLASH!

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# CLASH!

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# CLASH!

AND ALL THE SINGLES INCLUDING "CLASH CITY ROCKERS" AND EVEN "CAPITAL RADIO". THE MUSIC.

# CLASH!

TO ALL THE SONGS (CHECKED BY MICK JONES) AND BIOGRAPHIES WRITTEN BY THE GROUP.

# CLASH!

**VARIOUS ARTISTS: 'California Jam 2' (CBS 88318)**



**A MERETRICIOUS** double package of live muscular catastrophe rock. Yes, you too can be scalded by Santana, mauled by Mason, heaved by Heart, niffled by Nugent, appalled by Aerosmith, roasted by Rush (of the Mahogany variety) and ripped apart by Rubicon.

The choice is yours. If you take it be warned. These sterile albums are devoid of any atmosphere - obliterated by the sheer grossness of the totally self-indulgent cacophony that prevails.

Good, disciplined taste is jettisoned by the likes of Frank Marino and Mahogany Rush with a disastrous version of (not again) 'Johnny B. Goode', Heart's 'Little Queen', Aerosmith's 'Same Old Song And Dance'... need I go on?

Santana alone transcend the madden with 'Jugando' and 'Dance Sister Dance'. They sound like scholars in a class full of mentally handicapped, monosyllabic microbes.

**BARRY CAIN**

**COMMANDER CODY: Flying Dreams (AB 4183)**

**A RATHER** green looking

Mr Cody stares from the back of the album sleeve. Could it be air sickness? Is the grass growing under his feet? Has he had some of the office coffee?

This man and his lost Planet Airman never soared to the heights of the Eagles and now he seems to have lost his Airman altogether but still he flies on, especially on the rocky tracks. The only dull tracks are the two slow ones at the start of side two. So if you start off with that side make sure you listen beyond these.

All side one is good uptempo country rock, to hell with East Coast, West Coast, disappear up your own terms and such. Commander C plays well, nothing brilliant, nothing bad, nothing lost, nothing gained, but the boys in the bar listen on, order another beer, stare at the peroxides and the grime on the glasses. Yep, you got it, bar room music that really only rocks 'cause nothing else around it moves.

An album full of dreams, not impossible ones, just everyday events but with that extra twist that makes a story worth telling, the story that's going to make the boys in the bar blow a long low whistle and wish it had happened to them.

'Down at McDonald's in the pourin' rain I dropped my watch in an old storm drain I almost got runned over by a Mercedes Benz'

A voice inside said 'Come on - get in Inside was a gram with a blonde of cocaine I said, This must be my day'

See what I mean? + + + **JON FREWIN**

**THREE OUNCES OF LOVE: (Motown STML 12088)**



**THREE CHIX** who recently appeared here with the Commodores and who Motown would appear to be rearing up the latter-day Supremes. In fact their down - middle soul style puts me in mind of the Emotions, particularly on 'Star Love' with its shrill, intense vocals.

The production on this track is probably a little too messy for the song to make a crossover into the pop chart should they make it a 45, but the Brian and Eddie Holland penned 'I've Got A Right To Be Loved' has sufficiently catchy chorus to become a hit. The girls are doubtless a very competent vocal team, the intro of 'Bet You'll Come Running' - a slight drum beat followed by the whispered and repeated title - is quite arresting and the song goes on to develop an almost funky feel. 'Give Me Some Feeling' and 'Today Will Soon Be Yesterday' are put over with brassy vocals, the former accompanied by a twangy bass, but however almsy they sound, I'm bound to say they'll not make any great impact with this offering, chiefly because the tracks mentioned are the highlights of a largely ordinary soul album.

**+++ PAUL SEXTON.**

NINE NINE NINE

FEELIN' ALRIGHT WITH THE CREW

NINE NINE NINE

IT WITH THE CREW



dp design press limited

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UP 36435



Side 2  
1 TITANIC (MY OVER) REACTION  
2 YOU CANT BUY ME  
Produced by: Andy Arthurs  
Engineer: Alan Winstanley

Side 1  
FEELIN' ALRIGHT WITH THE CREW  
Produced by: Martin Rushent  
Engineer: Alan Winstanley

NINE NINE NINE



# OFF CENTRE

Edited by **TIM LOTT**

**EDDIE KIDD:**  
*lost his licence*



# The Grand Canyon's out, No 1's are in

**A DAY IN THE LIFE OF EDDIE KIDD** (motorbike wonderboy and op star) based on the novel I Kidd You Not.

**Starring** — Eddie Kidd, Spike Milligan, Ed Stewart, Mickie Most, Eddie Kidd Snr, Rich Kids, Eddie And The Hot Rods.

**Special Guest Appearance** — A radio four producer and a tubby hack.

**Special Guest Non-Appearance** — Johnny Rotten.

It was raining outside, but deep inside the bowels of the BBC the sun was shining (metaphorically speaking. A useful device).

Dainty canteen girls smiled in the tea urn steam, rare unscripted laughter emanated from behind mysterious doors in the labyrinth of corridors and Eddie Kidd looked ill.

"I had too much to drink last night," said the 19-year-old motorbike wonderboy and pop star. His father concurred — "Aye" (he's Scottish) "He did."

But let us not dwell on insignificant matters. Let us instead go forward 20 minutes in time. We are seated in the control room of a radio studio. Behind the glass panel Ed Stewart chats to Spike Milligan and film censor James Firman in a teenage phone-in.

The producer, in mandatory sloppy jumper, needs to relay a message to kiddie champion Stewpot. He shouts something down the mike and everybody jumps, clutching their ears in agony. "For goodness sake don't do that," screams the man at the control desk. "It's too loud."

"Sorry" Five minutes elapses. He relays another message with the same reaction. "I said don't do

that!" "Sorry." Another five minutes another message. This time it's so loud it comes over the air. "Good God!" yells the producer. "Was that me?"

"I told you about that didn't I," says the control chappie on the verge of hysteria. "I hope to Christ" (very religious this producer) "nobody noticed it," replies the producer who proceeds to get up to go to the toilet — tripping over a cable on his way out.

"Don't worry, he's only our producer," says a mournful telephone girl.

Meanwhile Eddie has been waiting, entirely in vain, to make his appearance. The producer returns, remembers Eddie and tells him to get on quick. The show is almost finished.

"Yeah, I've jumped over 14 buses," Eddie tells the panel. "is that why we can never get one," retorts Spike, appropriately. The End.

"Great show," beams the producer. He's obviously setting his sights very high. Who knows, a stint on The Archers may be just around the corner.

Eddie doesn't look perturbed (he never does) as we leave the building and drive to Euston in order to pick up a northern express bound for Birmingham. The train ride passes unevenly. Discussion — merely convivial conjecture relating to Eddie's imminent appearance on Revolver singing his new record 'Leave It To The Kid'.

Once at the studio our party makes straight for the canteen. Much to the chagrin of the assembled the menu was not the gastronomic delight we had been promised. "All you can have," says the white-capped Brunimaged lady in true Pytho-

nesque spam style "is liver and bacon, ham and chips or sole."

While devouring our strawberry fools (forever) the message — "Will Johnny Rotten please report to the Revolver studio" — booms across the tannoy. A Hot Rod (you only meet the biggest stars at ATV) explains Public Image would be appearing on the show. I look around and spot several eagle-eyed journalists.

During the ensuing tedious rehearsals I exchange a few words with young Eddie (19). "I suppose I've always wanted to be in the pop world. But there's not much difference between that and stunt riding — both jobs attract the birds."

"See, the funny thing is I'm skint. I've been ripped off so much in the past. I used to jump for nothing in the beginning. What a mug I've been. But it won't happen again. I'm only gonna jump for money in future. That jump over the lions would have brought in 10 grand. But now it's been banned by the RSPCA."

"All I've ever got out of jumping is a seven-year-old Jag, which I can't drive because I've lost my licence, and my own bike."

And to think, he holds the record with a startling leap of 202 feet. "I've always wanted to prove to people I can do something they can't. One day I saw a film about Evel Knievel and that was it. I jumped my first coach, lengthwise, at 15. My sole ambition was to jump the Grand Canyon — but now I think I'd rather have a number one record."

After the rehearsals I return to the canteen with Eddie's publicist. The eagle eyes of the journalists have turned bleary after imbibing the TV atmosphere and imbrication has unfortunately, hic, set in.

"Saw the Kidd singing," grins an

obese, bespectacled and bearded face. "I feel sorry for you," he tells the publicist. "Christ what next? Henry Coopers great hit?"

The publicist bravely swigs his coffee. "What label is he on," laughs the bearded one. "No, don't tell me, Decca, hahahahahaha!"

The publicist doesn't have the heart to tell him he's right. He merely clenches his empty coffee beaker, screws his forehead into a wrinkled ball and says to me: "I'll kill that bastard if he doesn't stop."

The journalist continues to jibe blissfully unaware he's on the precipice of death when he's interrupted by the news that his wait has been futile. Mr Rotten has decided to spend the day at the seaside instead. We depart to the sound of gentle sobbing.

Eddie is ready. Skin-tight black leather strides, black leather T-shirt revealing heavily tattooed arms. The laconic cockney is reminiscent of a chunky Jimmy Pursey, Mickie Most ambles around backstage looking suitably cool in shades (though all the lights are out) carefully avoiding falling over studio obstacles.

Eddie is nervous. He climbs onto the cliche revolving stage with his backing band English Assassin and says a prayer. The first take is, well, okay. The band aren't suitable being too animated which forms an uncomfortable contrast with the leather kid's frozen feet. The incongruity is still evident in the last take but Eddie looks a lot better — the only image he can possibly cultivate.

"That was more nerve-racking than jumping a fleet of cars," he gasps as the Rich Kids, Rotten's subs, are about to revolve. Mr Kidd may not be the greatest performer in the world but he sure needs the money. . . . **BARRY CAIN**

# The Temptations are <sup>Bare</sup> Back.

^

## Bare Back; the new Temptations album.



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- Birmingham's Nite Out 4th to the 9th September
- Watford's Bailey's 10th to the 16th September
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- Leicester's Bailey's 18th to the 23rd September



Temptations · Bare Back  
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# ROCK 'N' LUST

As I sit pondering on the gentle hues of my Long Acro chambers — the rich old mahogany desk, the deep blue inks and grey quill pens — a revolting scrap of paper lands on my desk and interrupts my mood of quiet reflection.

It is a pulp magazine, the like of which our cousins, the Americans, seem to have an insatiable appetite for. One can only imagine that their quite unspeakable progress has now plunged hither to unexplored depths.

The "magazine" is called 'Groupe Rock' and is a sort of cross-fertilisation of 'Mates', 'Playgirl' and 'The Beano', but focused on the lucrative rock 'n' roll market.

It features a cover shot of some long-haired demi-woofah and an editorial that is almost beyond belief for us altogether more dignified British lovers of good music. It runs something like this:

"Dear Hot Little Groupe,  
"Seriously now, when you sit down and think about it, what does rock 'n' roll mean to the average boy or girl? If you think very hard, you will come to the conclusion that rock music carries the basic connotations of RAMPANT LUST, DRUGS and above all, the adolescent SEX DRIVE.

"Why, when I think about rock music, I immediately conjure up images of nubile young girls squealing in the scantiest outfits imaginable licking their lips and squirting just to rub their lithe young bodies against those rock stars and perform unspeakable acts. . . . So in this festive spirit, we have created Groupe Rock".

In fact, the content is not as extreme as the editorial suggests, but still unreservedly titillating. Features include 'How To Dress Like A Sexed Up Rock 'N' Roller And Attract Young Lovelies', 'I Met Peter Frampton', 'What Makes A Groupe' and 'The Glamour Ladies Of Rock'.

Some of the content is quite exceptionally sordid; sometimes I wonder if it isn't just the figment of some copious hack imagination. How cynical of me!

I strongly urge the News Of The World to investigate this publication immediately. And I trust that the Director Of Public Prosecutions will not shun his duty following that investigation. FORD LONGLORD



**GROUPE ROCK** couldn't you just lick your lips?



SCARLET RIVERA as, you guessed it, Scarlet the over-made up violinist in 'Renaldo And Clara'

## 'RENALDO AND CLARA' (Camden Plaza from September 7th)

'RENALDO and Clara' is a long film, running out at nearly four hours. It's fragmentary nature makes it virtually impossible to draw the many varied strands into a neat package that will present complete illumination.

I've always regarded Dylan's songs as sketches, using light and shade to hint at colours rather than impose them, and his film style employs a similar technique. Dylan plays with time, themes, sound, visuals, characters and the audience, and then throws the whole mass of tangled knots for you to unravel. He never has been one to compromise and make it easy and accessible.

'Renaldo and Clara' is



firstly a road movie, using the Rolling Thunder tour of 1976 as a focal point. The actual concert footage is riveting with a truly vicious version of 'Isis' being the highlight with Dylan spitting out the words like he wanted to kill. But one gets the impression that the songs are rewards for sitting through the more experimental part of the film.

Dylan uses the characters on the revue to improvise scenes. So we

get Ronnie Blakely acting as the insecure star worried about her fading looks. Mick Ronson playing a bouncer to the stage door. Ronnie Hawkins playing a downhome rock star who's trying to set himself up with some female comfort for the punishing slog of the road and soon.

Peppered among these scenes is footage of genuine interview with David Blue, who reminisces about the folk boom days of Greenwich Village, and a conversation in a luncheonette with the proprietor acting as the father figure to his disciple-like customers.

Dylan also uses straight-forward documentary techniques in the section on Hurricane Carter, juxtaposing a Carter press conference with illuminating street interviews while 'Hurricane' menaces on the soundtrack.

Throughout Dylan switches the roles of himself and his characters till fact, fantasy and pretension interchange and become an indigestible blur.

Dylan was right when he said that Westerners are spoiled because they expect art to be like wallpaper with no effort. Of the four people that I've talked to about the film, one said it summed up what he thought the whole sixties movement was all about, another said it was fascinating but he conceded that you have to know a lot about Dylan and his universe to get anywhere near appreciating it. Another left after two hours when she felt she had struggled and laboured enough through the sometimes turgid material and the other fell asleep after an hour.

Me? Well I haven't thought about a film so hard in years and I still get the nagging feeling that I should see it again. Which is as high a compliment as I've paid any film.

MIKE GARDNER

prides itself on "good music" and warmth.

When QSky gets to the top of the radio station audience ratings, the troubles start. The big wheels want to turn it into a slick, high powered station heavy on the advertising time.

"Enough", says Jeff striding into the sunset only to learn that his chums have barricaded themselves into the radio station until the advertising policy is dropped. With a tear in his eye and a song in his heart, Jeff returns to the station where he's hoisted aboard by his chums to lead the fight. Invading policemen are beaten off with water hoses and the public turn up to give overwhelming support. Drenched by such a devoted following, the big boss concedes to their demands and agrees to let Jeff and his pals run the station their way. The cunning bastard even stands with them waving to the crowds.

Had Enid Blyton lived in California, she might have turned out a screenplay something like this. It's extremely 'Famous Five' and God knows how many times the plot of little guys defeating the big boss has been used before. The injection of some 'MASH' type humour could have made up for the plot's deficiencies instead of limp humour like a DJ getting a blow job in the studio by groupie Dolores Deluce.

The FM soundtrack has sold zillions but in the film much of it is just used as background snippets apart from the theme and live appearances by Linda Ronstadt and Jimmy Buffet, whoever he is.

FMZZZZZZZZZ ROBIN SMITH



## A Tory story

FOLLOWING THE success of Rock Against Racism and the Anti-Nazi League in harnessing pop music to use for political ends, it was inevitable that the Right should attempt to follow suit. And on Sunday their answer to this unique brand of propaganda was unveiled.

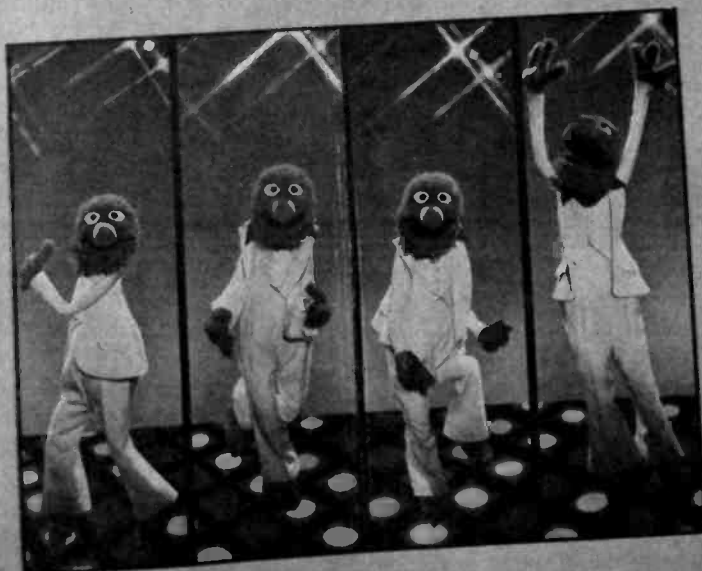
The National Young Conservatives have sponsored a concert at the Hammersmith Palais featuring Jonathan King and Lulu. A stall in the foyer will sell NYC merchandise — badges, stickers etc. — and John Biggs-Davison, the Tory spokesman on Northern Ireland will appear onstage between acts.

Going under the name of 'Freedom Festival '78', seats will cost £2 each. The Darts were approached to appear, but according to organiser Harvey Thomas, could not appear due to prior commitments.

So the NYC have ended up with minor league DJ, a middle aged cabaret artist and a walking gimmick.

"On I don't know I think Lulu has a very wide appeal," says Thomas.

Which just about sums up the Young Conservatives, living in the past.



## GREEN STREET

THOSE UBIQUITOUS little fuzzy wuzzles, The Muppets, already stars in their own right with two hit albums under their belt, have wasted no time in cashing in on the latest craze — Disco.

Already selling like plastic Kermits in the USA, 'Sesame Street Fever' is Jim Henson's answer to Travolta and Co.

And it isn't a completely counter-intuitive operation. Robin Gibb, not a Muppet, is casting the score. 'Saturday Night Fever' appears on the album singing on the title track — with The Count, Ernie and the Cookie Monster — and a number called 'Trash'.

The Count, incidentally, is the dude in the gull struttin' his stuff.

Other tracks on the album include 'Doin' The Pigeon' (Bert and the girls), 'Rubber Duckie' (Ernie and his rubber duckie), 'C Is For Cookie' (Cookie Monster and the girls) and 'Has Anybody Seen My Dog' (Murray and Grover).

According to the album cover, Robin Gibb appears courtesy of his children, Melissa and Spencer Gibb.

Cuts great. And so doable, too!







REZILLOS ATTACK

# SHORT SHIFT

## BEV BRIGGS joins the rush to meet the Rezillos

AND IN the darkness and the void (even in Nottingham) Rezillomania is creeping. Fay Fife addicts are rearing their ugly heads in all quarters, skirts are being guillotined to what? more than immoral lengths, and suddenly it is in vogue to squelch in the Scotland the Brave vernacular. (Billy Connolly come out of hiding — you're in fashion once again.)

Ahem, ahem, seems that we're in for a Flying Rezillo Attack.

Nottingham on a Friday is not too far removed from Whitley Bay sands on the first of February. At 6pm the streets are deserted. The provincial twilight curfew imposed. But there

are legs. Legs in white woolly tights. Legs showing off more than a decent pair of legs should reveal. These are not legs — these are a Rezillo. Or to be more specific — a Fay Fife, out on a jolly shopping jaunt (courtesy of expenses) with Eugene, fellow Rezillo extraordinaire and Simon Templar (the new boy and William Mysterious replacement).

Eyes turn whistles whistle and temperatures rise as the legs walk by. Disgusting. There's easily a... at least a hand's width between hem and knee (gasp!). My God! And to think that decent young people like you are actually paying money to see this female provocateur in action. Aaagh, voyeurism.

Y'see, as has been said many times before, by others more notable than I, it's very difficult to take the Rezillos seriously. Difficult? ... damn near impossible. But hang on a bit ... someone, somewhere

believes in them. Believes enough to send the long awaited 'Can't Stand The Rezillos' album flying up the charts. Believes enough to sell out most provincial gigs, and even London's Music Machine.

### Support

Even the 'big names' are being converted. On a past tour supporting The Ramones the reception to the Rezillos was phenomenal, so much so that The Ramones ceased billing them as 'Special Guests' and attempted to downstream them as 'support'. Tak, tak, sorry bolze, it didn't work. Even the honourable Ms Harry of Blonde withdrew her offer of allowing them to support her when it was discovered that they actually dared to have a .grr .grr .girl in the band.

It sure must be hard being a Rezillo ...

So what do you know about the Rezillos. That they're centred in Edinburgh? That there are five of them, that they're signed to Sire? Fay and Eugene are more obviously the most loquacious of the quintet, the Batman and Robin, Cat and Mouse, Laurel and Hardy ... the mechanism behind any interview, the cogs that keep the press going.

The Rezillos are bent on staying in Edinburgh, not merely in order to keep home comforts near at hand, but as a rebellion against the conglomeration of music industries and sub sis, which proliferate in and around the London area. Schemed as a de-centralisation process. The Scots Nats cry out for their own government and the Rezillos make a plea for autonomy (musically) in Scotland.

What else do you know? That Fay is a vegetarian of some three weeks

standing? How about Simon Templar's 6th carnivorous feeding habits of the last four years. Must be something to be gained from talking to the lesser known members of the band? ... Lemme see Fay and her paranoia about discussing her background resisting any attempts to build her up as 'working class kid makes good'

Time for the gig at the Sandpiper approaches, so The Rezillos and hangers-on make their way to the club. The way is barred by dissatisfied punters who didn't make it to the stage door in time. Funny how no-one recognises the Rezillos once removed from the familiarity of the Top Of The Pops setting.

'You'll not get in mate, it's full', repeated by every kid we meet on every street corner. Rezillos fans out in force, yet failing to recognise the band when they're face to face with it.

Even the heavies on the door refuse us admission ... the untold ironies of today were not so funny then though. Once inside clouds of sweat and bodies restrict any movement. A young skin near the door hassles Templar to try and get his friend inside. Hassles him some more, then abandons the idea as the Rezillos are hustled towards the dressing room. Dressing room? More like a pre-war oven.

### Pop music

The Sandpiper's 350 capacity has been ridiculed. Nottingham in its entirety wants to see The Rezillos, and it feels as though most of them made it. The Rezillos hit the stage towards midnight and perform exactly how you expect them to perform. Pop music in a class of its own. Tunes to make you happy / make you dance / make you gob on the guy next door if need be, and nothing more profound than that.

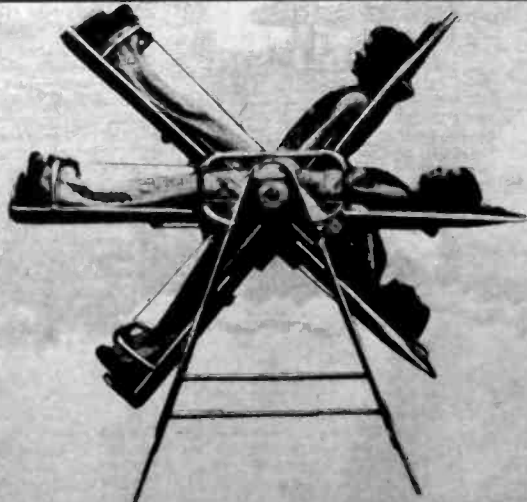
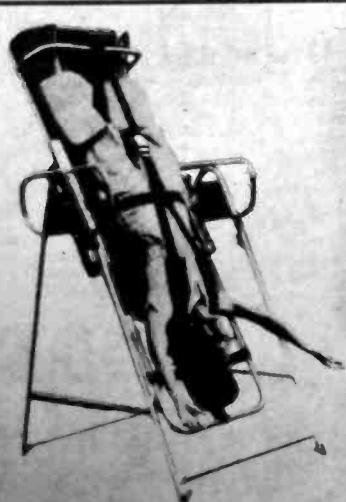
The kids loved it, Friday night out and it makes a change from serving behind a shop-counter level. No fault picking here though, because that's exactly what The Rezillos set out to do. Instant happiness from Scotland, brought to your doorstep at no extra charge (well, excepting the entrance fee and drinks money).

Brief recollections of a run-through most of the album and an encore featuring 'Ballroom Blitz', leave a general impression that the band have succeeded, and are indeed a 'pop band'. No other labels here.

Gig over, the dressing room is swarmed with kids looking for autographs and kids just wanting a closer look (I know, I used to do it too). Eugene looks positively radiant over the success of the gig, and the fans and non-fans buzz in.

The afterthought of the whole affair is left by Fay who wonders exactly how many kids go back to see them because they enjoyed the show, or they go backstage simply because the band are a little famous?

But more importantly, how long will it continue to worry her?



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Edited by SUSANNE GARRETT.  
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# HELP

PLEASE CAN you tell me how to change my name? Since my parents died, I have wanted to start a new life with a different name.  
Peter, Luton

## How can I change my name?

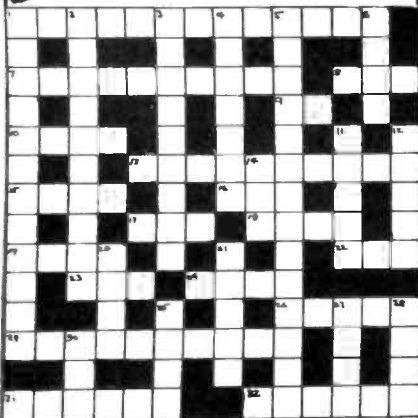
CONSIDER carefully your reasons for wanting to change your name before you take the first step - a new name won't erase the past or miraculously transform you into a new personality. Being as realistic as possible about your ambitions and what you want to do with your life could be the most constructive move you can make.

If you're determined, you can change your name at any time to anything you like, simply by calling yourself by your new name. There's nothing in law to stop you. But in our society, ruled by forms, certificates of identity and bureaucracy there are times when you might need documented proof of your new name, to show the Passport Office or your bank and so on.

All you need to do to get the relevant piece of paper is to swear a

statement before a Commissioner of Oaths, this is known as a statutory declaration. Your nearest Citizens' Advice Bureau can put you in touch with a solicitor who will prepare this declaration for you at a charge of between £5 and £10. Alternatively, look in the phone book and contact a solicitor direct. For more information, send for a handy booklet 'What's In A Name', price 35p including postage, available from National Council for Civil Liberties, 186, Kings Cross Road, London, WCl.

# XWORD



### ACROSS

- 1 Abba single from The Album (4,2,3,4)
- 7 Santana album (4,6)
- 8 Mike Nesmith Hit (3)
- 9 The Doors' woman (1,1)
- 10 He had a Shotgun Wedding (3,1)
- 13 Fragile Yes classic (10)
- 15 Lindsfarne composer (4)
- 16 They had a Race With The Devil (3)
- 17 Tree in Wishbone (3)
- 18 He was Sittin on the Dock of the Bay (4)
- 19 He's just had a Street Hassle (4)
- 22 Janis (. . .) Anderson
- 23 1977, Olivia Newton-John hit (3)
- 24 They had There fell in the Wishing Well (4)
- 25 Roadway in Wings (5)
- 29 They planned the Crime of the Century (10)
- 31 She had some 1 am phone calls (6)
- 32 The Dan that

brought us the glory of the Royal Scam (6)

### DOWN

- 1 Stranglers album (2,4,6)
- 2 They're Steppin' in a Slide Zone (5,5)
- 3 Frankie Millers' group (4,5)
- 4 Ace hit single (3,4)
- 5 Along with Daddy Cool it gave The Darts their debut hit single (4,4,4,2)
- 6 Carmen or Burdon (4)
- 11 Status Quo front-man (5)
- 12 He had a Live Libel in 1976 (5)
- 14 Darryl Hall and John Oates for example (3)
- 20 Edmunds or Clark (4)
- 21 One of the first British power trio's of the sixties (5)
- 25 Slades friend (4)
- 27 Jeff Lynne's former Race (4)
- 28 Simple Commodores' single (4)
- 30 Edible label (3)

### LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION

- ACROSS  
1 Blood on the Tracks 7 Obsessions 9 Banco 10 Spirit 11 Raw 12 Rab 14 Don 16 Kenny Jones 17 Eric 18 Doors 19 Year 20 Echoes 22 Yes 25 Go Buddy Go 28 Lake 29 Live and Dangerous  
DOWN  
1 Broken Down Angel 2 Oasis 3 Neil Innes 4 Hank 5 Ruby Winners 6 Shot By Both Sides 8 Stick to Me 12 Rose Royce 13 My Love 15 Noddy 21 May 23 Julie 24 Ring 28 Dan 27 God.

## More worry over organs

I'M 15 years old and when I was born had only one ball. I had an operation and now have two, but one is about twice as big as the other. As I masturbate regularly, I don't think I'll have any problems when I eventually have a sexual relationship, but I'm still worried. The foreskin on my penis comes back very easily too - is this normal?  
Michael, Birmingham

IT'S perfectly natural to have a loose-ish foreskin which can be drawn right back over the head of the penis. No problem. And most males of the species have one testicle which is larger than the other - the left one usually hangs a little lower than the right one.

It may be a relief to know that all sexually inexperienced people, of your age, and often much older have fears about their future sexual performance and imagine all manner of difficulties which don't exist outside their own heads. Don't worry. You have all the equipment you need, and once you find a girlfriend / partner who you really relate to on every level, you won't be afraid any longer.

DAVE of Leeds, John of Durham and Susie of Cannoek, please send your full addresses for personal replies.



# 'Waiting for Tonight'

## the first little monster from SNIPS

Released in a full colour bag, Pressed in green vinyl



# Singing dolphins

Continuing the second part of Greg Mitchell's Bee Gees interview as they leave New York and fly south to the Bee Gees tropical compound

AFTER A whirlwind day in the Big Apple, two-thirds of the Bee Gees are flying south on a commercial jet. Maurice and wife Yvonne sit silently in first class reading "Wizard of Id" and "The National Enquirer" (respectively). Barry and Lynda talk about their son Stephen, four, who is ill. Robin, whose wife Molly and two children have never been to Miami, has stayed behind to attend a party.

"Maurice has taken some painkillers," announces Dick Ashby, a rumped blond Englishman not much older than Barry. "He's having some back trouble." A couple of weeks earlier, Maurice had found out that he had only four vertebrae. "He's supposed to have five," Ashby comments. "Now we're going to find out if Robin's got six."

An associate of Stigwood for 12 years, Ashby recalls that his first impression of the Bee Gees was: "Blimey, they've got such big teeth!" When asked what everyone's doing for fun these wild and crazy days, Ashby answers, "That's one thing we don't seem to have too much of."

Maurice is still wearing his blue suit, but Barry has switched to jeans, French T-shirt and Sweland wraparound sweater for the flight. The platinum medallion around his neck, he says, was a gift from Stigwood. Much as his face is toughened by his beard, Barry's singing falsetto is anchored in conversation by a soft burr. Slumped against a cushion, he seems grateful for a moment aloft; any admirers aboard are, at least temporarily, strapped in their seats. Only 15 minutes earlier, a half dozen members of the ground crew had crowded around the gate to catch a glimpse of the Bee Gees.

Stewardesses seem eager to serve rock's newest sex symbol, but Barry politely requests tea with milk and sugar. Up close, despite the tan, his face displays more weariness than glamour, the lines around his eyes betraying sudden shifts from hot sun to the cool cave of a recording studio. "I think this sex symbol talk affects Robin and Maurice more than it does me," Barry declares. "They see that I get more attention and there's nothing they can do. They know it gives me more... opportunities." (The twins, Ashby says, are less jealous about Barry's prominence than they used to be, fame and money apparently soothing bruised egos.)

As if to demystify himself, Barry mentions that on the set of "Sgt. Pepper" "the Frampton people" told him he should make more movies "but I think they were buttering me up." He's a "behind-the-scenes nian," Barry says, with "no burning passion to be a heart-throb."

Barry Gibb may now be as wealthy and coveted, as Ryan O'Neal, but his lifestyle is considerably less public. Although the Gibbs have always been tightly knit, overwhelming attention has

encouraged them to draw their wagons into a circle. In England they lived in country houses near their family; in Miami they've gone even further: Maurice's in-laws actually live with him; six blocks away, Lynda's parents, late of Scotland, reside in an apartment attached to Barry's house. With Robin a frequent guest, Andy Gibb a short ride down the Bay, and Mom, Dad and sister Berry five minutes away, it's a tropical Kennedy compound.

While Barry contends that "If you were in our position you'd do exactly the same thing," it's hard to locate a similar celebrity encampment. Barry calls the arrangement "convenient." With the parents keeping house, wives can travel with the group, "so our marriages remain stable." (The Gibbs "have sown their wild oats," says Ashby. "Now they need their wives.") Since he hates being stared at, Barry finds that the only time he can relax is "when we're all together in a bunch."

Every afternoon around 1.00 pm his parents come over for "the daily rundown." Many years ago Barbara Gibb was a singer with Hugh's Band. "I guess we're an extension of father's frustration," Barry says. "He never quite made it, but now he can live it with us." When the boys go on tour, Hugh, who relinquished his managing responsibilities to Stigwood long ago, inherits the title "stage manager."

Other close friends and associates drop in; it frequently becomes chaotic — "as crazy inside the gates as outside," Barry reports, laughing easily. There's a constant turnover "but the same faces every day."

One can imagine a dockside meeting of the board, the executives in shorts and sandals: Robin describing the latest chart action, Barry reporting on progress in the studio, Maurice mocking both of them to disguise his distance. When he's absent, Andy Gibb, 20, receives a lot of attention. "With the sudden success he's had," Barry explains, lighting a cigarette, "his head has been turned around. We're concerned for the boy. There's a lot of heavy drugs around, a lot of shady characters, and he's not always within the realms of the family."

After lazy Saturdays, Barry spends his Sundays with Robin, writing lyrics "that come from nowhere." Although many critics find their lyrics pedestrian, Barry believes that there's something psychic about the way the Bee Gees write. Sometimes the three brothers will be humming the harmony to a new song and suddenly make up the same lyrics simultaneously.

Throughout their career the Bee Gees have been openly accused of lightheadedness. Robin Gibb bristles all the way to the bank, and it is the only subject that causes Barry to straighten up in his plane seat. While he admits that the brothers have written "banal sets of lyrics" in their time, he mentions several offsetting

examples (such as "How Deep Is Your Love"). "The world," he notes, "is not into message songs anymore. People are into romance, happy music."

In an admission that may startle longtime Bee Gees buffs, Barry says, "We sing now as if we mean what we're saying — I don't think we used to do that."

The Gibbs, he says, do not "write from the heart"; instead, they "assume roles." Commercial appeal is calculated; Barry tries to write music he loves. "But you've got to give the public a taste of something that gets them interested."

Sometimes, he concedes, "It's a commercial sellout." But critics, he complains, "make a war" out of these tactical manoeuvres. When one prominent reviewer recently "attempted to throw us away as a bunch of idiots," the brothers considered hiring a pie thrower. When their press agent advised against it, Barry pleaded: "Oh please, just one..." Despite their lofty and seemingly impregnable position, the Gibbs still, according to Dick Ashby, "get upset by articles I think are harmless."

"I don't want to be criticized forever," Barry declares. "We're just guys in a group who are doing a job. We work for the public. We've been up, and gone right down to the bottom, where the people who were hanging around when we were up took off. The people with us today stuck around, knowing there was more to us than everyone was giving us credit for. I think we've convinced a few who never thought we had it in us." The Bee Gees, he says, chuckling almost in astonishment, have recently discovered that "We'd never really made it before. If indeed this is 'the top,' then it is better than we thought. It's a lot of fun."

And what does he mean by "fun"? Barry scratches his beard for a moment, cat-like, and then remembers watching "faces beam in the studio" after a good take.

But despite such good cheer, Barry Gibb still walks a tight-rope between humility and insecurity. Any statement that could possibly be construed as braggadoocio, or even self-awareness, ends with "... in my opinion." Asked how he felt about Chevy Chase's comment (on last year's Paul Simon TV special) comparing the Bee Gees to singing dolphins, Barry uncharacteristically interrupts in mid-question: "It's great," he says. "Loved it. How wonderful that Chevy Chase should make up a joke about the Bee Gees. What an honour that Paul Simon should even mention our name in public. It was great. Dolphins as Bee Gees. It was great."

Pressure to deliver has increased in the wake of "SNF". The Bee Gees, Barry says, are "scared" of their new album, which will be released prior to the start of their tour in September. To meet the demand, the Gibbs worked "twice as hard and twice as

long" on "Spirits". The brothers are aware, Barry says, of "what success does to your writing. It's happened to us before. We have to still be able to assume the role of someone sad, something that has nothing to do with affluence." Despite their Miami insulation, they feel they can "talk about the tension in New York, where nobody is doing anything but stayin' alive."

Don't expect the Bee Gees to remain a "disco group." Barry hates the label. On "Spirits", he says, "We're trying just a little to avoid disco. We're keeping solid rhythms but we're not saying 'Hey, you have to dance to this song.' We have to convince everybody that we write all kinds of songs. Some call it selling out, but the most critical thing today is adaptability." It's a word he has used a dozen times. "If you're not, you go when the crowd changes its mind."

Those close to the group claim that the new material is even hotter than "SNF". "It's just a commercial," observes RSO's Al Coury, "but in another dimension." The Gibbs are determined not to be just "this year's group"; they remember that when the fresh appeal generated by his record-breaking live album faded, Peter Frampton's follow-up effort was a relative flop.

Reclining in his seat at 20,000 feet, Barry Gibb makes this clear. It is his only display of ego. Several times when explaining the Bee Gees' back-up role in "Sgt Pepper", he says, "Peter is the hot ticket, or was at the time." Frampton's manager, Dee Anthony, demanded, and received, from Stigwood the best Beatle songs, "and we weren't in the position then to argue."

The Bee Gees will no doubt pick the best songs for themselves if their own film (also called "Spirits") gets off the ground. In this movie, each of the Bee Gees will, according to Barry, "die in hysterical ways," ascend to heaven, and then be sent back to earth to fulfill their destinies. With "a million laughs to be had in such a situation," the brothers will search for someone like Woody Allen to write a "mature, New York" screenplay. They will also enlist "as many noted comedians as possible."

"We'll be actors, not just singers," Barry promises (they have no speaking parts in "Pepper"), "but we can't be the Marx Brothers." Yet it is easy to imagine Barry as Groucho, another older brother encumbered with ideas, responsibility and sex appeal; Robin as Chico, the eccentric entrepreneur, and Maurice as Harpo, the idle, lovable loon.

Extra-musical activity has signalled the beginning of the end for such groups as the Beatles, Rolling Stones and Who. While Barry claims that the brothers have an agreement that they will tackle only projects that "don't damage the Bee Gees," he admits that "each of us has to have his own little flight of freedom —

maybe three separate films." His greatest fear, he says, is "that we'll always be the Bee Gees — that we'll end up being an old group. You can't go on past 40. I don't want to end up in Vegas."

Pressure, he predicts, will be "unbearable" on their fall tour. Although a weakness for romance would seem to unite their audience, Barry is afraid the dance fanatics won't "be calm" during their love songs. Perhaps because of this, there is little emotion in his quiet voice as he announces that the group will make this year's tour their last — except for, maybe, a "farewell" fling four years down the road.

"We'll continue making records," he says, "but I don't think we should go onstage together as older men." (In four years Barry will be 35; his brothers, 32.) By the end of 1978 the transition from Bee Gees to what he terms "The Gibb Brothers" will be "in progress." Until this year, "We didn't have the power nor the finances to instigate such a thing." Now they're talking to Stigwood about getting their own record label and film company.

Ashby confirms that the brothers want to "retire at their peak." But he can see Barry "like Tom Dowd, going into the studio at age 50 and cutting records." In the past few months Barry has produced efforts by the Bee Gees, Andy Gibb and Samantha Sang, plus the title song for "Grease", writing hits for other people has "been good for my head." Gibb may agree with Ashby's self-assessment — "I get bored if I'm not working" — but unlike Ashby, who, fearful of conflicting duties, has avoided family life, Barry has a wife and two young children, and in many ways, the patriarch of the Gibb clan. It was exactly these responsibilities which made Barry push the new album and tour back two months.

"We asked them to give us a break," he explains, his voice dimming despite hot tea therapy. "The pressure is getting ridiculous. We need some time with our families. I see Lynda and the children about two hours a day. I think it's wrong. I'm always working; even when I'm home my mind is somewhere else. As far as she's concerned, it's no good. We don't get a chance to talk, to be husband and wife."

THE PLANE arrives in Miami well after midnight. A platoon of family and band members is on hand to greet the brothers Gibb. They wave and shout greetings from the end of an otherwise silent corridor. Someone releases a huge German shepherd, which rears up the cabin and leaps into Barry's arms. Barry acts like he's been away, not two days, but two months. He beams, takes off his sweater, clutches his wife, and salutes the welcoming committee, an insecure workaholic multi-millionaire happy to be home — and, already, back at the office.



READING '78  
FVI THE JAM  
SHAM 69  
SUN OTWAY

JAM: 5 GIGS  
£8.95

READING  
BLACK '78  
SCH-22

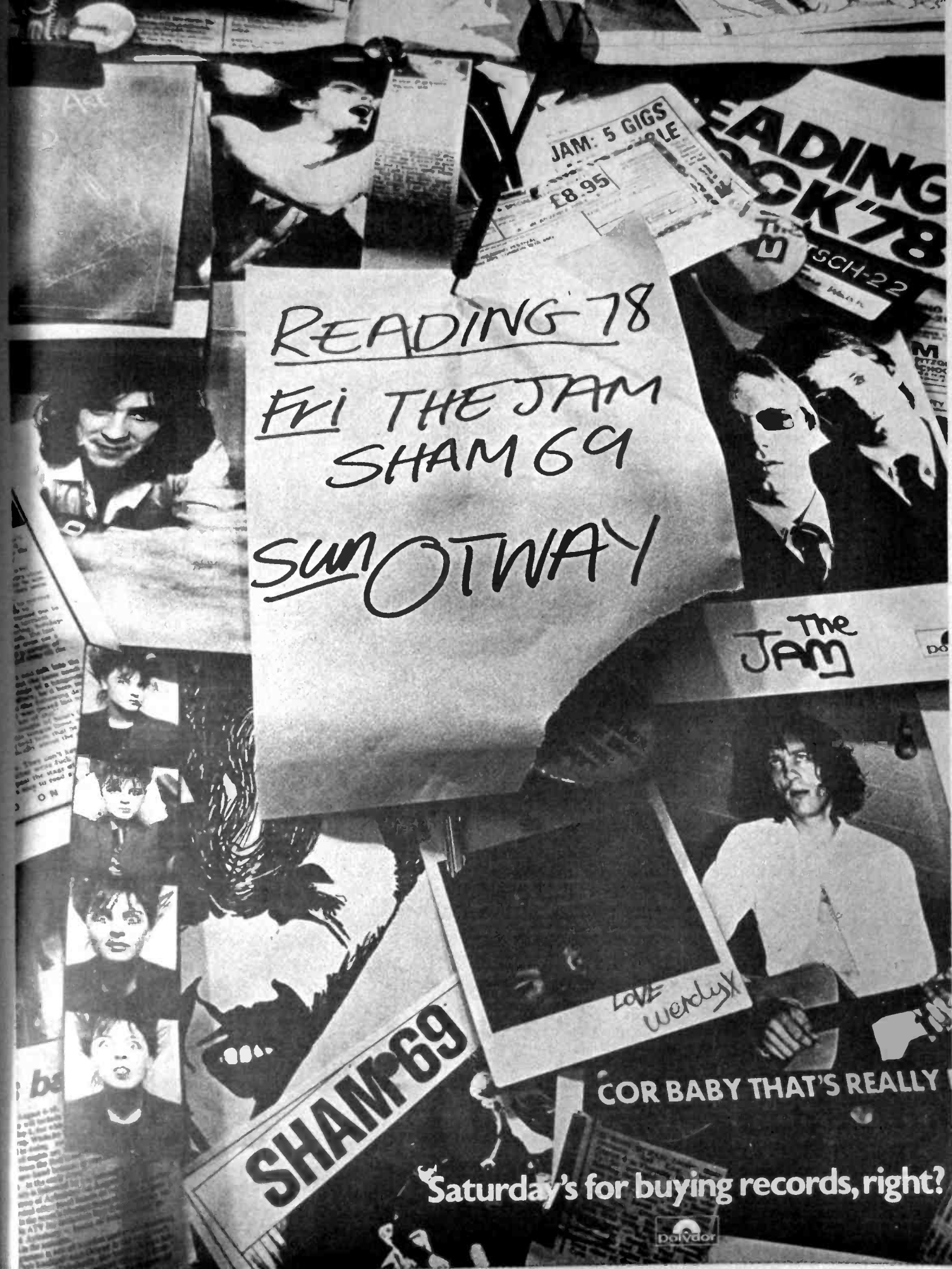
The  
JAM

SHAM 69

LOVE  
Werdlyx

COR BABY THAT'S REALLY

Saturday's for buying records, right?



# 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.

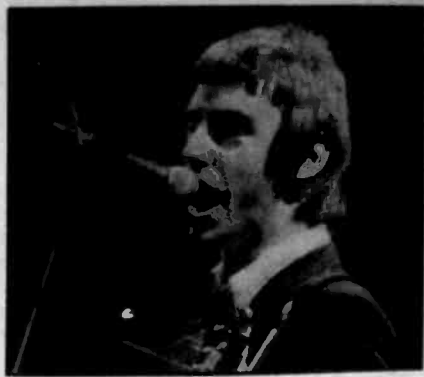
## THURSDAY

**AUGUST 24**  
**WELFAST**, The Pound (2990), The Larkers  
**BIRKENHEAD**, Rascals (051-647727), Spider  
**BRADFORD**, Pineville (7846), The Vye  
**BRIGHTON**, Hungry Years (2224), Laughing Gaws  
**BRISTOL**, Tiffanys (34067), Mac Cards / Matchbox  
**CANNOCK**, Dog Track, Brooklyn  
**COLCHESTER**, Woods Club, JALN Band  
**COVENTRY**, City Centre Club (51129), Co-Co  
**DARTMOUTH**, Camberland Tavern, Stax Marx  
**DERBY**, Assembly Rooms (3111), Peter Gabriel  
**DUNFERMLINE**, Glen Lounge, The Heroes  
**EDINBURGH**, Transport Hall (051-225 3941 ex 102), Bowles Brothers Band

**GLASGOW**, Amphora (041-332 2760), Underhand Jokers  
**GLASGOW**, Dial Inn (041-332 1842), Sneaky Pete  
**GRANGEMOUTH**, Town Hall, Reelios  
**GUILDFORD**, Junction (72422), Oris / The Duncams, The Vapours  
**LEEDS**, Fan Club (663252), Doll By Doll  
**LEEDS**, Forde Green (623470), Skrewdriver  
**LEEDS**, Vivas (48824), The 99 Band  
**LIVERPOOL**, Eric's (051-236 7851), Reggae Video / Marital Aids  
**LIVERPOOL**, Gullivers (051-207 0018), Dramatis Personae  
**LIVERPOOL**, Shippers, Juggernaut  
**LIVERPOOL**, Wokey Hollow (051-263 2766), Spooky  
**LONDON**, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2580), Zaine Griffin  
**LONDON**, Bull's Head, Barnet, Swin  
**LONDON**, City Arms, Angel

READING RIDER again on Bank Holiday weekend and this year's model looks better than ever. Specially imported for the occasion, which coincides with her current UK mini-tour, American Amazonian poetess PATTI SMITH pontificates as number one super - dupe headline act, supported on hopefully sunny Sunday by TOM ROBINSON BAND, JOHN OTWAY (minus Wild Wiry), IAN GILLAN, ALBION BAND, SQUEEZE, BETHNAL, PACIFIC ARDRUM, CHELSEA and more. THE JAM top the spread of talent (Friday), with SHAM 69, RADIO STARS, PENETRATION and other bands well worth a watch, and STATUS QUO are all set to get the assembled multitude rolling over (Saturday), plus THE MOTORS, GREG KOHN BAND, LINDISFARNE, GRUPPO SPORTIVO and friends. More rockpope from PATTI at Newcombe City Hall (Tuesday) and Edinburgh Odeon (Wednesday), supported by the up 'n coming POP GROUP, first heard by Ms Smith on ageing DJ JOHN PEEL'S radio show. Check out the listings for the best 'n the rest folks and don't forget to ring before you go.

(01-263 2369), Joker  
**LONDON**, Dingwells, Camden (01-267 4967), Merger  
**LONDON**, Duke of Lancaster, Barnet (01-499 0467), The Crooks  
**LONDON**, Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01-385 3942), Simon Townshend Band  
**LONDON**, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), The Records  
**LONDON**, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-636 0933), Tradition  
**LONDON**, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Bethnal  
**LONDON**, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Savatras / Pame  
**LONDON**, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Punishment Of Luxury  
**LONDON**, National Film Theatre (01-928 3232), It's Your Thing / Soul To Soul / Wattstax (films)  
**LONDON**, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5900), The Invaders  
**LONDON**, Red Cow, Hammeramith (01-748 5720), 90 Degrees Inclusive  
**LONDON**, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Michael Chapman / Dave Brooks  
**LONDON**, Royalty Southgate (01-886 4112), Freddie Fingers Lee / Gina And The Rockin' Revels  
**LONDON**, Saxon Tavern, Bellingham (01-696 3293), Jerry The Ferret  
**LONDON**, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-266 8403), The Idols  
**MANCHESTER**, Apollo (061-273 1112), Fillock  
**MANCHESTER**, Band On The Wall (061-832 6625), Jimmy Rogers  
**MANCHESTER**, Russell Club (061-226 6621), Special Objects  
**MELTON MOWBRAY**, Painted Lady (812121), Big John's Rock 'n' Roll Circus



THE JAM: Reading Festival, Friday

**PLYMOUTH**, Metro (51326), The Pirates  
**READING**, Target (585887), NW10  
**SHEFFIELD**, Limit Club (730940), Sore Throat  
**SUNDERLAND**, Old 29 (58625), Hitting Top  
**SWANSEA**, Circles, Agnes Swan  
**WANTAGE**, Swan (3700), The Accelerators  
**WITTERING**, RAF Base, The Dole

## FRIDAY

**AUGUST 25**  
**BEDFORD**, Community Centre, Oris / Back Cats / Tavistock  
**BOURNEMOUTH**, Town Hall (22066), Freshly Laid Band / China Doll / Nicki Ison  
**CAMBERLEY**, British Sugar Corporation, JALN Band  
**CAMBERLEY**, Ragamuffins (2 20), Bronx  
**CANTERBURY**, Country Club, Bramling House (Littlebourne 797), Labl Siffre  
**CRAWLEY**, White Night (Pound Hill 3197), Night-ride  
**DUBLIN**, Magonnies Club (77497), Jenny Darren  
**DUNDEE**, Marryat Hall, The Zones  
**EARINGTON**, Village Club, Hot Stuff  
**EDINBURGH**, Clouds (031-229 5353), The Reelios / The Mekons  
**EDINBURGH**, Transport Hall (051-225 3941 x 102), Bowles Brothers Band  
**GLASGOW**, Waverley Paddle Steamer, Underhand Jones  
**GUILDFORD**, Royal Hotel (75173), NW10  
**HORNCHURCH**, The Bull (4212), Jerry The Ferret  
**HUDDESFIELD**, Friendly & Trades Club, Northumberland Street, Danny Wild & The Wildcats  
**KIRKLEVINGTON**, Country Club (Eaglescliffe 780093), The Records  
**KNAPSALL**, Anchor (Brookwood 2677), Stax Marx  
**LANCASTER**, Town Hall (65272), Chms Street  
**LANCASTER**, University (65201), Peter Gabriel  
**LEEDS**, Vivas (456249), Black Cat Yard  
**LINCOLN**, AJ's (30874), Tiger Ashby  
**LIVERPOOL**, Eric's (051-236 7851), Doll By Doll / Manicured Noise  
**LIVERPOOL**, Wokey Hollow (051-263 2766), Spooky  
**LONDON**, Acklam Hall, Portobello Road (01-960 4590), Psalm / Fingerprints / Reality  
**LONDON**, Bridgehouse, Canning Town (01-676 2889), Warm Jels  
**LONDON**, Dingwells, Camden (01-267 4967), Boogaloo / Warren Harry  
**LONDON**, Global Village (01-839 3641), CGA85  
**LONDON**, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Soulard  
**LONDON**, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), The Motors  
**LONDON**, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428),

**Hamod / Hi-Fi**  
**LONDON**, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), The Invaders  
**LONDON**, National Film Theatre (01-928 3232), 'That'll Be The Day' / 'Radio Wonderful' (films)  
**LONDON**, Old Town Hall, Hampstead (02-278 6444), Landscape / Roger Rankin Spear  
**LONDON**, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5900), The Extras  
**LONDON**, Red Cow, Hammeramith, Leppo & The Jovies  
**LONDON**, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Ghrschool / The Invaders  
**LONDON**, Royalty, Southgate (01-886 4112), Muscle  
**LONDON**, Tidal Basin, Canning Town (01-476 7791), Dog Watch  
**LONDON**, Upstairs at Ronnie's, Frith Street (02-439 0747), Business  
**LONDON**, Windsor Castle (01-266 8403), Keith Pearson's Right Hand Band  
**MATLOCK**, Hursy Farm, Strange Days  
**MELTON MOWBRAY**, Painted Lady (812121), Big John's Rock 'n' Roll Circus  
**NOTTINGLEY**, Warbottle Hotel, The Vye  
**PERTH**, St Albans Hotel, The Heroes  
**PITLOCHRIE**, Pitlochrie Cinema, Ignata  
**PLYMOUTH**, Metro (51326), The Dole  
**READING**, Festival, The Jam / Pirates / Sham 69 / Penetration / Radio Stars / New Hearts / Automata / Losers / Ultravox  
**SCARBOROUGH**, Penthouse (63204), Michael Chapman  
**SOUTHEND**, Minerva, Mac Cards / Matchbox  
**STEVENAGE**, Swan (54721), Joker  
**TAMWORTH**, Austrey Working Men's Club, The Incredible Kidds Band  
**WOLVERHAMPTON**, Lafayette (2623), Sore Throat  
**YORK**, Winning Post (25228), Miami Dolphins

## SATURDAY

**AUGUST 26**  
**ACRINGTON**, Albion Hotel (34952), Oris  
**BARLTON**, Double Six (20140), CGA85  
**BATH**, Walcot Beano, Hedgemead Park Handstand, Sahaja (8 pm and 7.15 pm)  
**BOURNEMOUTH**, YMCA (5845), Stax Marx  
**BRIGHTON**, Stardust (3077), SeaByways  
**BRISTOL**, The Poonds (27949), The Accelerators  
**BRISTOL**, Royal Archer, Kingswood (674616), Samsy  
**BURTON**, Half Circle Ballroom, Ignata  
**BURTON-ON-TRENT**, Stephentown Labour Club, Incredible Kidds Band  
**BURY ST EDWARDS**, Corn Exchange (7957), JALN Band  
**CANTERBURY**, Country Club, Bramling House (Littlebourne 797), Labl Siffre  
**COBBY**, Nag's Head (53174), Paradise  
**DUNFERMLINE**, Asbern Spa Social Club (700449), Race Against Time  
**DUDLEY**, JB's (55857), Sore Throat  
**DUNSTABLE**, California (6204), Robadio  
**EDINBURGH**, Clouds (031-229 5353), Freshy  
**EDINBURGH**, Transport Hall (031-225 3941 x 102), Bowles Brothers Band  
**FOLKESTONE**, Lens Cliff Hall (53193), The Record Players  
**GLASGOW**, Doune Castle (041-649 2745), Nicky Tams (041-649 2745), Magpie, Sauchiehall Street (041-332 4374), Underhand Jones  
**GLASGOW**, Mars Bar (041-221 1616), The Shades  
**HULL**, City Hall (28123), Mac Cards / Matchbox  
**LEEDS**, Haddon Hall (715115), Hot Stuff  
**LEEDS**, Vivas (456249), Alwoodley Jets  
**LENHAM**, Working Men's Club, Keith Pearson's Right Hand Band  
**LICHFIELD**, Enots Club, Brownfield Park, The Cruisers  
**LINCOLN**, AJ's (30874), Skrewdriver  
**LIVERPOOL**, Eric's (051-236 7851), Big In Japan / Doruffi Column (two shows)  
**LIVERPOOL**, Wokey Hollow (051-263 2766), Spooky  
**LONDON**, Cliseold Park Concert, Stoke Newington, Original Ennaiside Steamers  
**LONDON**, Dingwells, Camden (01-267 4967), The Young Ones / Adids  
**LONDON**, Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet (01-499 0467), Joker

# ROCK RATTLE AND ROLL



## Nothing holds the road like T Ford and the Boneshakers

T Ford and the Boneshakers are no ordinary rock 'n' roll revival band. Their rock has 'real' written right the way through.

"I Go Ape" is their new single. It's just one of the devastating cuts on "Rock, Rattle and Roll", a fine album and a tribute to an age when cool was king, Chevies had 12" fins and happiness was coming Lindy-

Jane at the pyjama party. You can catch them 'live' on their 25 date national tour with the Daily Mirror Pop Club Road Show. Check the dates in your Mirror.

"Rock, Rattle and Roll" from T Ford and the Boneshakers. Rock 'n' roll is alive and well and about to kick you in the teeth.



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**LONDON**, John Bull, Chelsea (01-694 0023), *Doll My Doll*  
**LONDON**, Music Machine, Camden (01-367 0428), *Little Acre / John Adams Band*  
**LONDON**, Nashville, Kensington (01-403 8071), *The Edge*  
**LONDON**, Open Air Theatre, Victoria Park, *Sikki Waads / Bloodlo / Goodenuff / Cross Breed*  
**LONDON**, Pegasus, Stolt Newington (01-268 5957), *Resignator*  
**LONDON**, Red Cow, Hammersmith (01-748 5720), *Landscape*  
**LONDON**, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-249 0198), *The Invaders*  
**LONDON**, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), *Spiral*  
**LONDON**, The Stapleton, Crouch Hill (01-272 2108), *Warren Harry*  
**LONDON**, Swan, Hammersmith (01-748 1043), *Ex Directory*  
**LONDON**, Tidal Basin Tavern, Canning Town, Warren Harry  
**LONDON**, Upstairs at Ronnie's, Frith St (01-439 0747), *Business*  
**LONDON**, Wheatsheaf, Chelsea (01-335 8638), *Oversea*  
**LONDON**, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 8408), *After The Fire*  
**MALVERN**, Winter Gardens (2700), John Otway / **NW10**  
**MELTON MOWBRAY**, Painted Lady (R1212), *Big John's Rock 'n' Roll Circus*  
**MIDDLESMOUTH**, Rock Garden (241995), *The Records*  
**MILTON KEYNES**, Primrose Social Club, Left Hand Drive  
**NOTTINGHAM**, Boat Club (569022), *821fe*  
**NOTTINGHAM**, Sandpiper (54381), *Agnes Strange*  
**PORTSMOUTH**, John Peel Hotel, Gosport (Fareham 261993), *Double Exposure*  
**READING**, Festival, Status Quo, *The Motors / Lindafarne / The Pirates / Gruppo Sportivo / Greg Kiln Band / Nut / Next / Jenny Darren / The Business / Speedometers*

**Spirit**  
**ST AUUSTELL**, Cornish Riviera (2726), *Sassafras*  
**STRAFORD-ON-AVON**, *Green Dragon (8096), Special Utimate*  
**WEST KENYON**, Pavilion (203), *821fe*  
**AUGUST 27**  
**ACRINGTON**, Lakeland Leisure (58126), *Hot Stuff*  
**BATH**, Walcot, *Beafo, Hedgehead Band/Land, The Extra Hot Wango (Cutney Band (3 pm & 5.30) / Sahaja (4 pm) / Bah-Bowart (8.30)*  
**REDFORD**, Odell Castle, *Greenbell Festival, Jessy Dixon*  
**BIRKENHEAD**, Rascals (051-447 7277), *Spider*  
**BIRMINGHAM**, Barbarellas (021-443 8413), *Bandanna*  
**BISHOPS STORTFORD**, Triad (56385), *Rock Island Line / Crazy Cavan*  
**BOURNEMOUTH**, Village Bowl (26628), *Jain Band*  
**BRIGHTON**, Alhambra (27874), *Piranhas*  
**CHRETONCHURCH**, Jumpers Tavern, *Double Exposure*  
**DONCASTER**, Royal Standard, *C Gas 3*  
**DUMFRIES**, Stagecoach, *Merge*  
**EDINBURGH**, Transport Hall (031-225 3941 x102), *Bowler Brothers Band*  
**GLASGOW**, Burns Howff (041-532 1818), *Underhand Jones*  
**GREAT YARMOUTH**, Wellington Pier (2244), *Tribe*  
**GRINDLEFORD**, Ladywash Farm, *Healthlife / T. Ford and the Bone Shakers / Swining Blue Jeans / Edison Lighthouse / Freddie Fingers Lee / Love Affair / Screaming Lord Sutch / Rock Island Line (A Tribute to Elvis) (82461), Skrewdriver*  
**MIRKCALDY**, Station Hotel (623470), *Sore Throat*  
**LONDON**, Ace Cinema, *Brixton (01-274 4863), Jimmy Lindsay / Lambala / Misty / Exodus*  
**LONDON**, Brecknock, Cam-

**SUNDAY**

**den** (01-485 3073), *The Blades*  
**LONDON**, Bridgehouse, Canning Town (01-476 2686), *Mamas Down Boulevard*  
**LONDON**, City Arms, Angle (01-253 2399), *NW10*  
**LONDON**, Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet (01-449 0467), *Sucker*  
**LONDON**, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), *The Padras*  
**LONDON**, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-838 0933), *Jimmy Rogers*  
**LONDON**, John Bull, Chiswick (01-994 0062), *Some Orbits*  
**LONDON**, Lyceum, Strand (01-586 3718), *Country Joe McDonald / Meal Ticket*  
**LONDON**, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), *The Records / Dead Ringer*  
**LONDON**, Old Swan, Notting Hill (01-229 8421), *44 Spoon*  
**LONDON**, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), *Blazer Blazer*  
**LONDON**, Red Cow, Hammersmith (01-748 5720), *Warren Harry*  
**LONDON**, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-249 0198), *Doll By Doll*  
**LONDON**, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), *Fischer - Z / Fame Club*  
**LONDON**, Ruskin Arms, East Ham (01-472 0577), *Dog Watch*  
**LONDON**, Stapleton, Crouch End (01-272 2108), *Earthbound*  
**PORTSMOUTH**, Rotary Club, *Sasa Mare*  
**READING**, Festival, *Patti Smith / Tom Robinson / Ian Gillan / Albion Band / John Otway / Squeeze / Bethnal / Pacific Eardrum / Chelsea / After The Fire / Paul Inder*  
**STOKE ON TRENT**, Trentham Gardens (657341), *Alvin Stardust*

**MONDAY**

**AUGUST 28**  
**BASILDON**, Van Gogh (21894), *The Heat*  
**BATHGATE**, Dreadnought (630791), *Underhand Jones*

**BIRMINGHAM**, Digbeth Civic Hall (021-226 2092), *Tribe*  
**BIRMINGHAM**, Drakes Drum 1021-360 2244), *Paradox*  
**BLACKPOOL**, Jenkinson (29208), *Magie*  
**BLACKPOOL**, Mecca Ballroom (21872), *Eddie Kendrick*  
**OLIFTONVILLE**, Komparaso, *Keith Pearson's Right Hand Band*  
**DONCASTER**, Outlook (84434), *60 degrees inclusive*  
**DUBLIN**, Magonnigles (774897), *The Motors*  
**EDINBURGH**, Tiffany's, *Merge / The Monos*  
**EDINBURGH**, Transport Hall (031-225 3941 x102), *Bowler Brothers Band*  
**EPSOM**, Adriano (21826), *Ex Directory*  
**EXETER**, Routes (58816), *The Larkers*  
**GREAT YARMOUTH**, Tiffin (57016), *Judge Dread*  
**GUILDFORD**, Junction (72422), *The Records*  
**ILFRACOMBE**, Top of the Town (62123), *JALN Band*  
**LEEDS**, Royal Park (785078), *The Vye*  
**LEEDS**, Vivas (458249), *Kaffe Edge*  
**LIVERPOOL**, Sportsman (051-709 3757), *Dramatic Personae*  
**LONDON**, Bridgehouse, Canning Town (01-476 2689), *Shoeler*  
**LONDON**, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), *Juice On The Loose*  
**LONDON**, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), *Reggae Regular / Pressure Shocks / Brown Sugar / The Palms*  
**LONDON**, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), *Sore Throat / The Invaders*  
**LONDON**, Palladium (01-437 7373), *Gladys Knight & The Pips (2 shows)*  
**LONDON**, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), *Roger The Cat*  
**LONDON**, Rainbow, Finsbury Park (01-263 3145), *Keith Hudson / Malcolm / Errol Dunkley / Barry Ford*  
**LONDON**, Red Cow, Hammersmith (01-748 5720), *Warren Harry*  
**LONDON**, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), *The Realists*

**LONDON**, Royalty, Southgate (01-888 4112), *Mac Curtis / Crazy Cavan / Flying Saucers / Graham Pentons Matchbox Shades (12 noon - midnight)*  
**LONDON**, Thomas a Beckett, Old Kent Road (01-703 7294), *NW10*  
**LONDON**, Upstairs at Ronnie's, Frith Street (01-439 0747), *Left Hand Drive*  
**MANCHESTER**, Golden Garter (061-437 7614), *The Temptations*  
**NOTTINGHAM**, Sandpiper (54381), *C Gas 5*  
**ST ALBANS**, Horn of Plenty (36820), *Joker*  
**SWANSEA**, Circles, White Cabs  
**TONYPANDY**, Naval Club, *Scotty Hessler*  
**WARRINGTON**, Carlton, Edinger  
**WINDSOR**, Free Festival, Windsor Great Park (7), *Desperate Straits / VIP's / The X-Orgs*  
**WILMINGTON**, Swan Theatre (27322), *Land scape*

**TUESDAY**

**AUGUST 29**  
**BIRMINGHAM**, Railway Curzon Street, *Brooklyn*  
**BISHOPS STORTFORD**, Triad (56333), *Flying Mallet*  
**BRADFORD**, Thornton Labour Club (833278), *Handanna*  
**BRIGHTON**, Richmond (29234), *UK / XLS 8ubs*  
**DUBLIN**, Magonnigles (774897), *The Motors*  
**DURHAM**, Marquis of Granby (3608), *Boys Of The Lough*  
**EBBW VALE**, Scarretts Club, *Scallywags*  
**EDINBURGH**, Transport Hall (031-225 3941 x102), *Bowler Brothers Band*  
**LEICESTER**, T.U.I. Club, *Mac Curtis / Matchbox*  
**LONDON**, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), *Desperate Straits*  
**LONDON**, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2689), *Little Bo Bitch*  
**LONDON**, City Arms, Angle (01-253 2399), *Dog Watch*

**LONDON**, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-359 4967), *The Autographs*  
**LONDON**, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), *The Members*  
**LONDON**, Moonlight, West Hampstead (01-477 1473), *Tribe/Man / Herbman*  
**LONDON**, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), *White Cabs*  
**LONDON**, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), *Fischer - Z / The Innmates*  
**LONDON**, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), *Gladys Knight and the Pips / Eddie Kendrick (two shows)*  
**LONDON**, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), *Peake Orange*  
**LONDON**, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), *Trans Am*  
**LONDON**, Ronnie Scotts, Frith Street (01-439 0747), *Ex Directory*  
**LONDON**, Thomas a Beckett, Old Kent Road (01-703 7374), *Overseas*  
**LONDON**, T.P. Mash, Woolwich (01-855 3871), *Jerry The Ferret*  
**LONDON**, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road, *The Invaders*  
**MANCHESTER**, Golden Garter (061-437 7614), *The Temptations*  
**NEWCASTLE**, City Hall (20007), *Patti Smith / The Pop Group*  
**PENZANCE**, Winter Gardens (2475), *The Larkers*  
**SHEFFIELD**, Limit (730940), *Dead Fingers Talk / Spider*  
**STOUGHTON**, Teessider, *Nicky Beat and the Beatnicks*

**WEDNESDAY**

**AUGUST 30**  
**BELFAST**, Ulster Hall (21341), *The Motors*  
**BLACKPOOL**, Jenkinson (29203), *Magie*  
**BRIDLINGTON**, Harbour Inn, *Hot Stuff*  
**BRIGHTON**, Alhambra (27874), *The Heat*  
**CANTERBURY**, Millers, *Keith Pearson's Right Hand Band*  
**EDINBURGH**, Odeon (031-

467 5065), *Patti Smith / The Pop Group*  
**EDINBURGH**, Transport Hall (031-225 3941 x102), *Bowler Brothers Band*  
**GLASGOW**, Amphora (041-332 7260), *Neeromaneer*  
**LEEDS**, Vivas (458249), *City Limits*  
**LONDON**, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2689), *Angie Paladino*  
**LONDON**, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 6887), *The Tourists*  
**LONDON**, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), *TEC*  
**LONDON**, Kensington, *Russell Gardens (01-603 2465), Swift*  
**LONDON**, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), *Grand Hotel / Steve Boyce Band*  
**LONDON**, Nelsons Club, Wimbledon Football Club (01-846 6311), *The Innmates*  
**LONDON**, Palladium (01-437 7373), *Gladys Knight and the Pips / Eddie Kendrick (two shows)*  
**LONDON**, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), *The Monos*  
**LONDON**, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), *Cosmo Joe*  
**LONDON**, Swan, Hammersmith, *The Invaders*  
**LONDON**, Upstairs at Ronnie's, Frith Street (01-439 0747), *Duffie and the Tender Spots*  
**LONDON**, White Hart, Action, *Adam & The Ants / The Ruts / The Satellites*  
**LONDON**, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 8403), *Ex Directory*  
**MANCHESTER**, Golden Garter (061-437 7614), *The Temptations*  
**NEWCASTLE**, St Dominics Club (20260), *Boys Of The Lough*  
**NEWPORT**, Slowaway (50078), *Doll By Doll*  
**NOTTINGHAM**, Imperial Hotel (42884), *Some Chicken*  
**NOTTINGHAM**, Festival Theatre (56841), *Guys And Dolls*  
**PLYMOUTH**, Woods (64901), *Larkers*  
**PORTSMOUTH**, Milton Arms (25136), *Nightborder*  
**SHEFFIELD**, Limit (730940), *Pressure Shocks*  
**WORTHING**, Balmoral (86232), *Whirly Birds*

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# ROADSHOWS

## Sham in the sun



SHAM 69

SHAM 69  
Fornish Riviera, St Austell

I HAVEN'T had the buzz for a long time. You know the feeling. It's like a tense nervous shiver which surrounds you in moments of high, high excitement. I'm sure as Sham burst

into 'Don't Understand' the 1,200 strong audience, containing sunburnt tourists and enthusiastic locals, all of whom must have had the buzz they can't get many gigs down in Cornwall, which meant that everyone was determined to enjoy themselves. This was my first

experience of the Sham phenomenon and I was immediately converted.

Sham 69 are the ultimate punk band; a reviewer's nightmare, but a punter's delight. Who can analyse a band who create a solid wall of sound which is constantly broken by the most simple

of choruses. It's impossible and pointless to cite examples as every song is as powerful as the next. It leaves you in a permanent state of 'how can they follow that?', but they do.

They are playing aggressive, dynamic music which is not new.

What makes them so refreshing lies in the simple fact that they have on lead vocals Mister Jimmy Pursey. Jimmy isn't really a performer, but a totally committed bloke, who wants, above all, to see the kids enjoy themselves as themselves. His Dennis the Menace charisma, his chirpy but thoughtful song introductions and his shattering visual energy, make for a rare experience.

There was no violence, instead there was a hall full of handclapping, footstamping youngsters chanting a new anthem, 'If The Kids Are United'.

For me the evening's highlight was 'Sunday Morning Nightmare', where the Shamettes, that infamous skinhead choir joined the band on stage adding delicate backing vocals in their own inimitable style.

That summed up the evening, as Sham, can and still do, involve everybody in what they are presenting. PHILIP HALL



BILLY IDOL  
GENERATION X  
Astoria Ballroom, Edinburgh

SOME KID turned to me, said it's only life', runs one line in a new Generation X song, 'Paradise West' and just as life goes on, so do Generation X. They're back on the boards for a few low-key gigs prior to finishing a new single and album, so we're treated to some previously unheard material (like 'King Rocker', 'Love Like Fire', 'Plus Valley of the Dolls') as well as the trusted favourites.

The crush at the front horders on the dangerous, while in the oppressive heat stands the coolest man alive - peroxide hair, heavy shades, black shirt and waistcoat, red pants with studded belt - yes, it's (scream) Billy Idol, just about the perfect front-man pin-up, who seems in fine voice tonight.

This is especially shown on 'Kiss Me Deadly', with Derwood's best guitar break of the night, avoiding any dreaded HM excesses, while Billy gently croons Tony James' best-ever lyrics (loved the white winkle-pickers, Tone!) as the band slow down the set obviously having learnt the art of pacing, there's a

few other medium tempo songs also showcased.

The real stormers of the night, though, are obviously the vinyl classics that got everyone sweaty - the opening 'Ready, Steady, Go', 'Invisible Man', which had a superb middle section courtesy of the metronomic Mark Lafl and the heat-stricken Derwood through high-speed, high-energy versions of '100 Punks', 'Day by Day' and the climactic 'Your Generation'.

A year on, and that song is still an anthem - Christ, even I was singing and dancing, and that's not a pretty sight. The whole place was a palace of sweat, and it just seemed like the ideal end, but we still got a rousing, if shortened 'Youth, Youth, Youth', to close a dynamic, memorable gig - not without faults, for sure, but I didn't see anyone asking for their money back!

JOHNNY WALLER

### THE CARS Bottom Line, New York

THE CARS don't come from Detroit as one would imagine. The Cars are different. They come from Boston. They record for the laid back LA based Asylum label. When they recently played New York City it was obvious that The Cars are one of the best bands to come out of America in absolute ages.

Their debut album proved that, but onstage that fact is positively confirmed. They are a guitar band without the Robin Trower grimaces. They are a potential supergroup without Foreigner's credentials. And most importantly they write great songs.

This was obvious from the start of their set which opened with 'Let The Good Times Roll' which like most of the show comes from their album. The Cars are a five man band produced by Queen ace Roy Thomas Baker. On first listening the album seems good because of the man at the boards but it's really down to the boyz in the band.

And a strange lot they are too. Looking very weird onstage almost as if they don't belong together, the Cars visually form pieces of five separate jigsaw puzzles. First off you've got songwriter, rhythm guitarist, vocalist and Basone look-alike Ric Ocasek fronting the group. While Ocasek looks like a Sire Records punk, bassist Ben Orr who sings most of the tunes like a seasoned professional looks like an extra from a British pretty-boy heavy metal band.

If you're not confused yet there's lead guitarist Elliot Easton and Greg Hawks on keyboards who plays with taste that yes so desperately need. And there's drummer David Robinson who hits that backbeat that only Charlie Watts and Mick Fleetwood seem able to find.

The show was a real rave-up from the word go. 'Bye Bye Love' came out with big, fat chords like the Who used to throw away. 'My Best Friend's Girl' could be a hit single with its endearing subject matter and great guitar line. It beats both the Rubinoos and Tommy James and the Shondells at their own game. No mean feat.

'Just What I Needed' is undiluted rock 'n' roll with a dash of '78 reminiscent of the Talking Heads best. 'You're All I've Got Tonight'

covers another endearing topic. The tune was delivered with such precision that it hit target dead centre, igniting the sold out Bottom Line crowd who demanded an encore and got one.

If 1978 needed a guitar band, The Cars are it. And they sing real good too. BARBARA CHARONE

### 999, Nashville, London

999's first gig since their European haul with the Stranglers and they proved that they are no longer in punk's second division with a riveting performance.

What separates them from the multitude is their short, incisive style that sears where other get bogged down.

Nick Cash is one of the new wave's distinctive vocalists with that desperate gasping edge and his rhythm work allows guitarist Guy Davis to have his own epileptic fit, leaping and striking stances while providing those always imaginative flourishes.

They played a selection from their first album peppered with some newbies. 'Subyterfuge' and 'Soldier' (which sounds reminiscent of the Clash's 'Tommy Gun') showed that they are songwriters with plenty of fine ideas.

But still cream on the cake is the strident 'Emergency' which is easily one of the finest singles of the year.

The stage ended up as a mass throng of punters, roadies, bouncers, and somewhere underneath the band played on amid the chaos, a sign of the fanatical devotion that they clearly deserve.

MIKE GARDNER

### EMMYLOU HARRIS AND THE HOT BAND The Roxy

IT WAS hard to believe that Emmylou and her excellent six man band had been on tour all summer. For a solid energetic 90 minutes, she gave her best, singing in a voice that rivals 'Elite Hotel' of her exquisite performances with Gram Parsons. Suffice to say she was in excellent voice.

The band kicked off with the always welcome 'Amarillo'. From the start it was obvious that this change in personnel was the necessary catalyst to give Emmylou renewed energy and enthusiasm for the stage.

Veteran Hot Band members included drummer John Ware and pedal steel pro Hank DeVito sporting an Akron Ohio tee-shirt. Newcomers are fiddle player, singer, guitarist and mandolin man Ricky Scaggs; keyboard player Tony Brown who once tinkled ivories for Elvis; guitarist Frank Reikard and bassist Mike Bowden.

She treated the delighted audience to a moving rendition of 'Sweet Dreams', wooed them with the poignant 'San Antonio Rose' and 'Sin City'. On this occasion all the sentiments expounded in her voice were genuine.

On a more upbeat level she resurrected 'Tonight The Bottle Let Me Down', pulled 'Jambalaya' out of the closet and showed off true rock credibility on Chuck Berry's wonderful 'C'est La Vie'.

The audience screamed and hollered for more, receiving an encore of 'Luxury Liner' where she was joined by former band members Albert Lee and Rodney Crowell. Emmylou Harris re-deemed herself. BARBARA CHARONE

## Siouxsie and the Banshees



## Hong Kong Garden



# DISCO SCENE

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£10	New Comp 4 channel sequence unit	£56	
£1	New Citronic SSL 1001 w/seq controller	£35	
£3	New Opti Solar 750 projector fan cooled	£30	
£3	New Pulsar 500 projector inc motor plate + wheel	£33	
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# ROADSHOWS

## Vicious star



New, Vicious and Matlock

### THE VICIOUS WHITE KIDS The Electric Ballroom, London

A SCINTILLATING mixture of exotic spices or an unpleasant cough mixture? Certainly not the first and despite certain pre-conceived ideas not the second. How is this compound prepared? The ingredients: Sid Vicious continuing his newly found Sinatra inspired vocalist career, Glen Matlock and Steve New of the Rich Kids on bass and guitar respectively, Rai Scabies on drums courtesy of the White Cats and occasional vocals and screams from Nancy Spungen, no comparisons to Yoko Ono please. Add together, str. crush, add songs, present a venue and stand well back. The outcome of this concoction? One hell of a night. Sid hurts himself into every number.

Sinatra, left in the thrown off jacket as they hit the third number, 'No Lip', and nobody gives him any. The band play on, tight, hard and well, backing Sid and Sid backing them all the way in. No sweat technically but plenty physically. Nancy joins the stage for 'I Wanna Be Your Dog' which turns out to be the best song of the night and gets three airings with the frenzy rising to a crescendo by the third one.

Who was the chemist who concocted this volatile compound? Turning iron into gold. The musical alchemist's search, for one night at least, was over. **JON FREW**

### NO DICE Music Machine, London

HELP! SOMETHING'S gone wrong! The No Dice I knew were a skilful

imaginative rock band. The No Dice I saw were a wandering group of lost musicians. Their set was composed mainly of new numbers which meant that there was little familiarity. The loud murky sound never gave the audience a chance to appreciate the subtleties, which I know the band's songwriting contains. Only the slower 'O'Keep It To Myself' stood out, sounding like classic 'Night On The Town' material. 'Why Sugar' and 'You Can't Help Yourself' off their last excellent album, reminded me just how exciting No Dice can be.

In Peaches they have an incredibly cheeky personality who is also endowed with great rock 'n' roll vocal chords. The rest of the band contribute powerful rhythms which tended to lose their impact, as the songs often became over indulgent and excessive.

With a shorter, sharper set the quality of No Dice's talent would be far better shown. The band, faced with a dead audience, tried too hard to create an atmosphere.

Lead singer David Byrne is now overcoming some of the shyness he used to exhibit. And though his flashy guitar solo opening for 'Psycho Killer' was performed

with his back to the audience the first night, by the second night he was ready to flaunt it a little. Like Byrne, keyboardist and guitarist Jerry Harrison seemed to be enjoying increased freedom onstage as he launched vigorously into the dense, clever instrumental parts which, together with Byrne's eclectic guitar strum, provide the melodic base for the set.

### TALKING HEADS Entermedia Theatre, New York

I'VE read a bit about Talking Heads in London, and how some people thought their performance was too impersonal. Sure, that can happen with the Heads, who are nothing if not calculated and cool. But their New York shows were not like that.

In their adopted hometown, the group were relaxed and funky through the two long shows they performed for SRO crowds at the 1,200-seat theatre. With Eno at the board (for moral support only says drummer Chris Frantz), they stretched out to present many of the 22 songs from their two albums, plus 'Love Goes To Building On Fire' and a new song called 'Electricity'.

With both drummer Frantz and bassist Tina Weymouth in fine form, the group parlayed their slightly psychotic art-rock more powerfully than they do on their current album.

They made a few mistakes along the way but proved themselves to be an improving unit. Each time I've seen them some improvement has been noticeable.

Lead singer David Byrne is now overcoming some of the shyness he used to exhibit. And though his flashy guitar solo opening for 'Psycho Killer' was performed

swiftly departed to the communication breakdown. Radar Records must presumably be congratulated for the deadly inevitable signing (I'm sorry, I'm sorry) but the irony was that it was the Damned's Greatest Hits, culminating with 'New Rose' that were the only big pleasers.

Annette Peacock appears in public but rarely; the opening numbers of her set, including a throwaway of her novel 'Don't Be Cruel', were nervy and brittle. Thereafter, however, the lady and the band got into a momentum cycle that could have run all night. The advertised Mick Ronson was stranded translationally; but the guitar slots were taken by the equally-matched Brian Godding and Bernie Holland, with assorted other (famous names from the obscure - pianist Pete Lemer, saxophonist Dave Chambers etc - completing the band. A few rough edges, OK, but it was real music, all fire, fun and sway, none of yer three-card trick Showmanship. Annette herself, gauche and sinuous all at once upfront, slides from graily talkover to crushed-velvet croon to barking declamations to simply being a very fine singer. It was a pity that the mixing lost the detail of so many of her lyrics find them again on her album 'X-dreams'.

More satisfying, and gratifying, is the fact that Talking Heads seem to get better, more poised and more musical, with every set I see them do. **MARILYN LAVERY**

Since the tunes on the band's new album are not so distinctive as those on the first, it was not surprising that crowd pleasers of both evenings were older tunes - 'Pulled Up', 'Psycho Killer', and their standard Memphis tribute, Al Green's 'Take Me To The River'.

More satisfying, and gratifying, is the fact that Talking Heads seem to get better, more poised and more musical, with every set I see them do. **MARILYN LAVERY**

### ANNETTE PEACOCK/TANZ DER YOUTH Lyceum, London

DESPITE THE large number of poseurs (suggesting you may now buy jumpsuits covered in zips from British Home Stores) the Gothic industry of Tanz der Youth received little response. The band themselves

audience by now, late Sunday night, small in numbers, and some more than a little puzzled by the proximity/promiscuity of it all. But most seemed to enjoy it up to the hilt. Anyway, a gig like that's not one you'll easily forget. **SUSAN KLUTH**

Audience by now, late Sunday night, small in numbers, and some more than a little puzzled by the proximity/promiscuity of it all. But most seemed to enjoy it up to the hilt. Anyway, a gig like that's not one you'll easily forget. **SUSAN KLUTH**

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