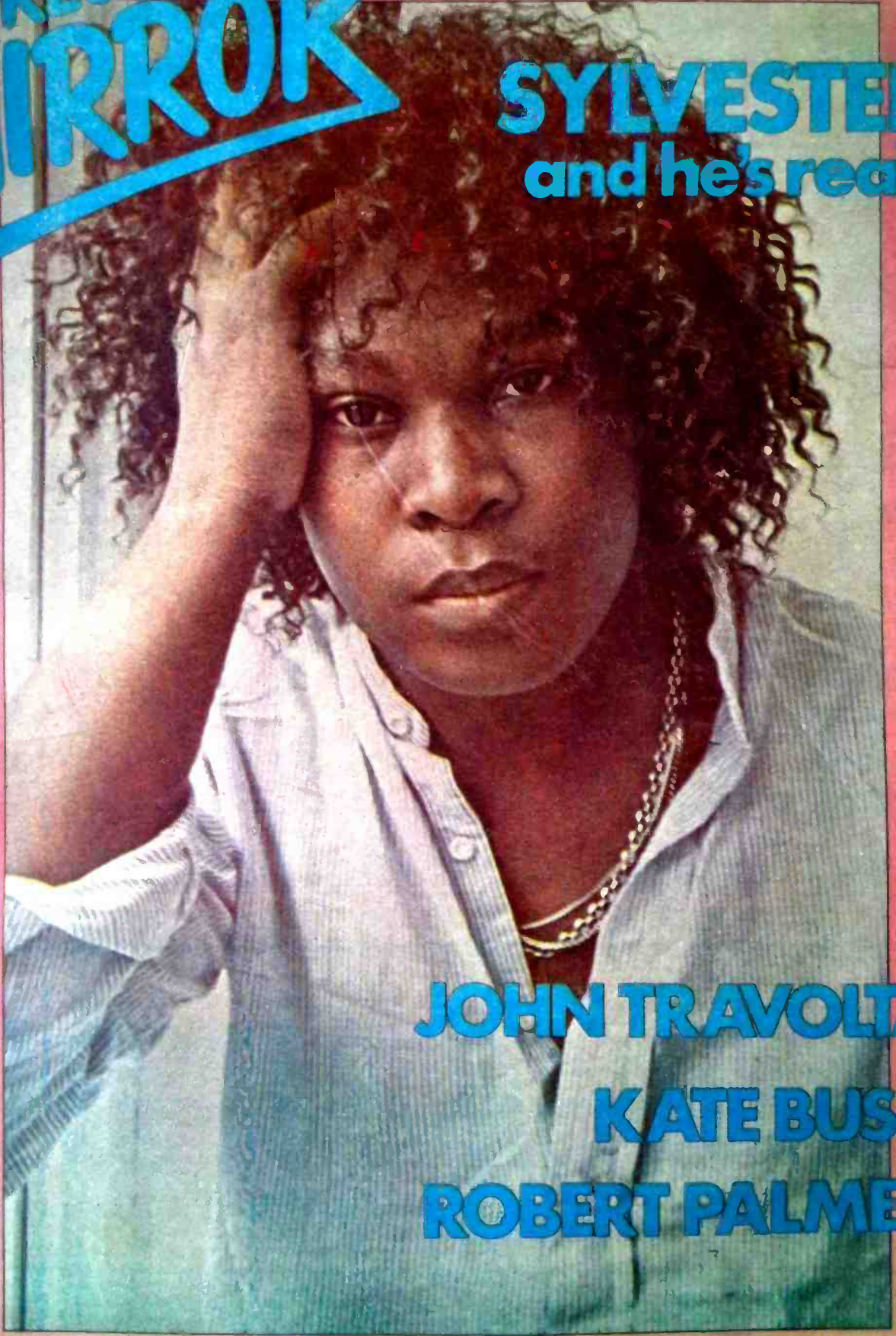


RECORD MIRROR

SYLVESTER and he's real



JOHN TRAVOLTA
KATE BUSH
ROBERT PALMER

Hillier

PHOTO DENNIS MORRIS

45

JUICY LUCY

Turning the screws

SUNDAY WOULDN'T be the same without the News of the Screws, but really, dears, do they have to stoop quite so low?

Well, I suppose they do. But to pick on the delightful Albertos, a group known for their savoury fare, their delicacy and their rapier wit

All of these attributes are present on their fine single 'Heads Down No Nonsense Mindless Boogie', but the Screws has chosen to listen instead to a free giveaway which comes with the single, a little titbit, the title of which is, shall we say, more basic, but not unknown to the general public.

The BBC, quite rightly, are basing their judgement on the single and not the gimmick, but the Screws sees things differently (don't they always?). And where DO they manage to find an outraged housewife to complain? Do they have a filing file of them, on call permanently to the paper?



ELO, ELO, ELO (pictured, if you will, Don Arden bending at the er, knees). For Jeff Lynne, Bev Bevan and Mr Arden (sir) are suing United Artists to the tune of 300 million dollars (and that's a tune sweet to my ears darlings). They allege that UA held back 580,000 copies of 'Out Of The Blue' when Jet Records switched distribution from UA to CBS. They also allege that UA improperly stored other copies of the albums and damaged them. According to Mr Arden (sir) that adds up to sabotage. And who am I to disagree with him?

PETE TOWNSHEND proves he has other strings to his guitar, perhaps to hedge against the day when the Who may never play again, he's opening his bookshop in downtown Richmond. It's to be called Magic Bus and will stock literature on music, Meher Baba,

mysticism, cooking and gardening. He states that it won't carry anything on Occultism, so if you're a witch, save yourself the journey. What we don't know, is whether the guitar wizard intends to stand behind the counter himself, popping your purchases in a bag, but I for one, intend to go along to find out.

THE BEATLES are gone but the malady lingers on: remember Allen Klein? The man the Beatles brought in to sort out their financial affairs? Well, he's got to go to court again, charged with failing to report an income of almost a quarter of a million dollars (and that's a lot of greenbacks honey), he allegedly made from the sale of promotional copies of the Fab Four's albums between 1970 and 1972.

THEY LOOK wild but they're 'armless really: China Street's keyboards man Chris Sugden has broken his arm on the eve of the band's tour with Steel Pulse. Seems young Sugden fell while indulging in the celebrations following their appearance at the Anti Nazi League Carnival. Poor thing, the weight of his pint must have pulled him over. Anyway, as he'll be out of action for a couple of months, the legendary Fred Reeds will take his place temporarily. The walking wounded this week also includes George Thorogood, who fell while playing baseball. As even he can't play guitar with his arm in a sling, all gigs have been cancelled for two months.

JOLLY TALES from my good friends, those ever-lively members of Swindon beat combo XTC, currently on tour in what used to be called the 'Emerald Isle'. Momentary qualms about appearing in Belfast were immediately banished by a friendly taxi driver, who, on pointing out the local landmarks (a series of horrifically razed buildings) confided to the group and their



WHO SAYS Black Sabbath aren't a bunch of fun loving intellectuals? I didn't. You can see for yourself what a jolly chap Ozzy Osborne is, how unaffected he is by fame and fortune and how he'll do anything for a laugh. I think this telling picture will put paid to all the unpleasantness that's been put about by these awful scandal mongers, don't you? Ozzy darling, you'll always have a place in my heart... but never in my bathroom.

open-minded PR Al Clark (30): "We have a saying here in Oireland - 'Friday night is geilignite'!" All are pleased to report that the gig - at the Pound in Belfast on a Friday night - went down a storm.

XTC, however, were less lucky in Dublin, spiritual home of poets, drinkers and artistic tax exiles. Here the response to their perky little set was again tremendous (of course) but sadly the group's retirement to the dressing room - a considerable distance from the stage - prevented their hearing loud and vociferous demands for an encore, which they didn't (in the end) provide. XTC, somewhat sensibly in my view, have now taken to hiding near the stage.



ROBERTSON

are supposed to do - formed a band! Of course I can't tell you the name yet, sweethearts, but I can reveal that he's currently

rehearsing alongside Jimmy Bain (of Rainbow fame), Dixie Lee (of Lone Star fame) and what he describes as "a young unknown vocalist." And that's as far as it goes.

THE HEARTBROKEN Jilted John may have started something when he laid bare his heart about life's cruel fate and his girlfriend's fickle fancy. US singer Burton Cymminges (such a hunk of man, dears, I assure you) has recorded a song called 'To Hell With May 15'. He tells me that was the date his ex-flancee married a lawyer. Tugs at the heartstrings, doesn't it?

NOW THAT that the football season is in full swing my dears (and handsome muscular young men in short trousers run out with amazing regularity) I'm glad to tell you that the normally whey-faced members of the music business are not ignoring the phenomenon entirely. Far from it. Indeed the very worthy GoalDiggers organisation (proprietor E John) are once again running their annual five-a-side football competition at Wembley this year on November 5 in association with the Sun newspaper.

The GoalDiggers, as you and I know, are a charity organisation much taken to providing football pitches for those not lucky enough

to have them. This year the holders, Elton John's All Stars (proprietor E John), will be beating off the challenges of teams provided by the Rubettes, the Stranglers, Led Zeppelin, Radio 1 and many, many more.

TALKING ABOUT clean underwear (which I often do) I hope Foreigner's Mick Jones takes my advice to heart. While he was idling around backstage, clad only in his undies after a gig in Michigan, the roadies packed away his satin stage pants and his street credibility denims, then drove off with the gear. Dressed only in his V fronts (very becoming I'm sure) he had to dash through a crowd of admiring fans to reach his limo. Said an ecstatic fan: "I'd sure like to see more of Mick." But I'm told others weren't so impressed.

SATURDAY'S 'Gala reopening' of the Apollo in Glasgow by the Stranglers turned out to be an all round disaster. For a start, the second on the bill, the Skids had to pull out because of injury, which left the other support group the Valves and the Cuban Heels, drafted in at short notice, squabbling over who should play first.

On top of that, it wasn't a gala night, because the gala props had got lost somewhere on the motorway between London and Glasgow, and it wasn't even the actual reopening, since Tom Robinson had played there the night before.

As we left, we found the man from Harvey Goldsmith's office anxiously trying to talk ladies passing the front door into earning themselves an extra few quid. You guessed it - the Stranglers' stripper hadn't turned up.

Now if they'd asked me, I might... Oh come on, you don't think I would, do you? Till next week. Bye.



PETE TOWNSHEND outside his new bookshop with his 'John Travolta In Six Easy Lessons' in his hand. The shop manager Pete Hogan is looking out for other customers.

THE MOODY BLUES NEW SINGLE IS **'DRIFTWOOD'**

A JUSTIN HAYWARD COMPOSITION TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM 'Octave' **DECCA**

Johnny Rotten's Christmas show gets go-ahead

THE GREATER London Council have raised no objections to a Christmas "show" at the Rainbow Theatre featuring ex-Sex Pistol Johnny Rotten's new band.

The controversial Rotten, who has formed a new group called Public Image Ltd, hopes to appear in two "family" concerts over the festive season. The bill is also likely to include singers, entertainers and comedians. One newspaper report last week linked Norman Wisdom's name with the concerts, but this was unable to be confirmed at press time.

For full details of Rotten's Christmas cracker, as well as news of further concerts by Public Image Ltd in the near future, see next week's Record Mirror.

Who chose unknown band for 'Quadrophenia'

A PREVIOUSLY unknown band called Cross Section are to appear in the Who's film based on 'Quadrophenia'.

They were among ten bands, chosen from the hundreds of tapes received, who were auditioned last week at London's Electric Ballroom - in front of Roger Daltrey and John Entwistle.

Said Daltrey: "We were looking for a band with that sixties look and feel about them. Cross Section was the one that came nearest."

But not quite near enough! Only yesterday the band were taken off to have their hair cut... and then they'll begin studio rehearsal with Roger Daltrey.

JUST RELEASED

REGGAE artist Peter Tosh (see feature page 22) releases his first single for Rolling Stones Records this week. Mick Jagger is featured on vocals on 'You Gotta Walk Don't Look Back', which is available in both 12" and 7" versions. B-side is 'Soon Come'. Tosh also releases a new album at the end of October entitled 'Bush Doctor' which will coincide with 10 British concert dates, full details to be announced shortly.

'SEPARATES' is the title of the second album from 999, produced by Martin Rushent and available this week. Simultaneously released will be a 12" single on the independent Labritain label and early purchasers of the album will be able to obtain the "bonus" single free.

BRITISH reggae artist Vivian Weathers is the latest signing to Virgin's Front Line label. His first album is 'Bad Weathers' released on October 20, with a single from it, 'Hip Hug', available now.

MATUMBI'S new single will be 'Empire Road', released on October 6 to coincide with the first transmission of the BBC TV series of the same name in mid-October. The first 10,000 copies will be pressed in green vinyl.

A SPECIAL three-track single from Robin Trower is released this week. Titles are 'It's For You' and 'My Love (Burning Love)' from the recently-released 'Caravan To Midnight' album, backed with 'In City Dreams'. All copies are in picture bags, with the first 15,000 only pressed in red vinyl.

LATEST releases from Radar include 'Hysterie Connective' by Metal Urbain (in conjunction with Rough Trade Records) and 'In The Colonies' from The Steroids.

THE second album from Cafe Jacques, 'Cafe Jacques International', is released on October 20. The LP includes their current single 'Boulevard Of Broken Dreams'. Cafe Jacques, now down to a studio nucleus of three, are augmenting their line-up and plan to tour from the end of October.

'UNIVERSE' is the new single from Magnum released this week. Taken from their chart album 'Kingdom Of Madness' it is available - somewhat unusually - in black vinyl in a white bag.

A NEW single from Slade is released on October 6. 'Rock'n'Roll Bolero' is a Noddy Holder composition and the first produced by the band. It's followed by an LP - 'Slade Alive Volume 2' on October 20.

FUNK outfit Heatwave, shortly to begin work on their third album, release a new single on October 20. 'Always And Forever', coupled with 'Ain't No Half Stoppin'', will be a 12" edition for the first 20,000 copies.

THE second album from Dean Friedman, currently in the singles charts with 'Lucky Stars', is released this week - entitled 'Well, Well Said The Rocking Chair'. There are plans for a UK tour in November although no details are yet available.

A NEW album from the Three Degrees is available this week. 'New Dimensions' has the bonus of being produced by Giorgio Moroder - of Donna Summer and Munich Machine fame.

FIRST release in the UK for American rock band Prism is the LP 'See Forever Eyes' on October 13.

LONDON band Warm Jets release their own four-track maxi-single 'Warm Jets Come Alive' on the independent Bridge House label (from the club of the same name) this week.



THE CLASH: venues to be confirmed

CLASH TOUR

THE CLASH are to play a full five-week British tour starting on November 9 - their longest ever tour. And a spokesman for their record company, CBS, said this week: "These dates have been arranged with the knowledge and consent of the Clash, and they will definitely be appearing at these venues."

Full details of the tour, for which venues are still being confirmed, will be announced shortly.

The news follows the rescheduling of the Clash's London concert at the Harlesden Roxy for October 14. This date, with all tickets previously purchased still valid, is already sold out. The band also play two other dates this month, at Belfast Ulster Hall on October 11 and Dublin Top Hat on October 12.

Meanwhile the long-awaited second Clash album is now expected to be released on November 10. The master tapes are being completed this week in New York.

Welcome back Ms County

WAYNE COUNTY is back on the touring circuit... as a she!

The singer and her band will be playing a series of club dates in October, starting with an appearance at the London Music Machine on October 5 - the same venue where Wayne (as a he) played his farewell gig in August.

The band promise "a lot of new material" and other dates are: Northampton Cricket Club, October 7, Nuneaton 77 Club, 10, York Pop Club, 11, Manchester Russell Club, 12, Liverpool Eric's, 13, Birmingham The Gig, 19, Blackpool Norbreck Castle, 21, Swansea Circles, 23, Newcastle University, 25, Leeds Brannigans, 26, Nottingham Sandpiper, 27, Plymouth Woods Centre, 30, Penzance The Garden, 31.



WAYNE COUNTY

Jam, Essex, Lindisfarne booked for festival week

THE SECOND Great British Music Festival, featuring the cream of British bands, will be held at the Wembley Arena from November 27 to December 2.

Acts so far confirmed for the event include The Jam, David Essex and Lindisfarne. The last festival, featuring Status Quo and Bad Company was held in December, 1976, at London Olympia.

"Our aim is to showcase the best of British talent," says promoter Mel Bush. "We're trying to run this as an annual event and expand possibilities for future years."

The Jam, Slade, Pirates, Generation X and other as yet unnamed bands will be appearing on November 29. The following day will see appearances by Lindisfarne, John Miles and Frankie Miller while David Essex and the Rich Kids are among those being lined up for the closing day. Details of who is appearing on the other days have still to be confirmed.

Doors will open at 4 pm every afternoon and the festival runs from 5 pm to 11 pm each day. Tickets priced 15, 24 and 35, are available from GBMF Box Office, Wembley Arena, Wembley, Middlesex. Applications (with a stamped addressed envelope) should state which day you want to go. PO's and cheques should be made out to Wembley Stadium Ltd.



SEXY dancing troupe Hot Gossip (above), who excited the attention of Mary Whitehouse after their appearances on 'The Kenny Everett Video Show' recently, are to release a single, 'Starship Trooper' is available this week... but we don't know yet if they're going to appear on 'Top Of The Pops'!

IN BRIEF

A MAJOR London date has now been announced for the conclusion of the autumn UK tour by Siouxsie and the Banshees.

The group play Hammersmith Odeon on November 8, supported by Nico and Spizz Oil. And their first album, 'The Scream', will now be released at the end of October.

DOLLY PARTON: as revealed in Record Mirror three weeks ago, is to tour Britain in November. As a prelude to the tour she releases a new single 'Baby I'm Burning This Week'. Dates: Brighton Conference Centre November 15, Ipswich Gaumont 16, Coventry Theatre 17, Oxford New Theatre 18, Liverpool Empire 19, London Hammersmith Odeon 20.

THE Strawbs have postponed their British tour until the New Year. The news follows the departure of lead guitarist Dave Lambert from the group. Lambert will be recording a solo album in Los Angeles, while the new Strawbs album, 'Heartbreak Hill', has also been postponed until next year.

POTTER'S Clay, the band formed by ex-Solihull Sender John Potter, appear at London Dingwalls on October 10.

DEMON PREACHER, the band who recorded 'Little Miss Perfect' about Joyce 'Sex In Chains Girl' MacKinney have split up. The band's leader, Minnee Cooper, has formed a new outfit to be known as Cold Turkey.

AFTER an attack in Bridlington Bill Simpson, the bass player of the Skids, has sustained a broken finger and will be out of action for three weeks. The band were supporting the Strangers for their UK tour and had appeared with them on Friday. Simpson and the band's manager were returning from the gig when the incident occurred.

THE Windsor Castle in London's Harrow Road is to reopen as a rock venue on October 14, after a full-scale conversion. First band will be Trans-am.

ROCK Against Racism in Manchester have opened a new rock venue - Kelley's - in the city centre. They'll be featuring rock and reggae every Thursday starting this week.

JAPAN'S second album, 'Obscure Alternatives', is available on October 25, with a single from it 'Sometimes I Feel So Low', released this week.

BRADFORD-BASED rock and reggae band Jab-Jab make their first London headlining appearance at the Music Machine on October 10.

THE POP Group, Nico, Linton Kwesi Johnson and Cabaret Voltaire will be appearing at the London Electric Ballroom on October 12 in a benefit for Amnesty International's 'Prisoners Of Conscience' week.

RECORD MIRROR

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Registered as a newspaper at the Post Office. Published by Spotlight Publications Ltd, 40 Long Acre, London, WC2E 9LJ, and printed by South Eastern Newspapers Ltd, 100 Broad Street, London, EC2M 1JG.



Sylvester the slinky cat

I THOUGHT I TAW A
PUDDYTAT
A creepin' up on me.
IDID! I TAW A PUDDYTAT
As plain as he can be.

I hummed that immortal
tune mechanically as I
dialed his number in San
Francisco. At last, my long
time ambition was about to
be realised... an interview
with Sylvester.

How many times have I gasped at
his heroic overtures! How many
times have I admired his spurious
groans, his devious plots, his
surreptitious methods to ex-
terminate that infuriating canary -
Tweety.

I wept. I can tell you, when his
efforts were thwarted at every turn.
Oh, how I wished I could be at his
side, vanquishing that disgusting
yellow squirt with the squawk im-
pediment. But alas, the par-
simonious little bastard always ends
up swinging, defiantly, in his perch
in that Fort Knox of a cage.

And the perpetual butter
wouldn't melt in his mouth
expression has haunted my craziest
nightmares.

Little do those morons, who actu-
ally BELIEVE the bird to be
bullied, realise that the fiend
murdered his mother to gain sole
possession of that cage. Sylvester
knew all along of course. But like the

honourable cat he was, he never let
on.

Now was my chance to ask him
about his frustrations, his suffering,
his interminable battles per-
sonifying the struggle between big
and small that the latter always win.

My heart raced as the ringing tone
burped out of the receiver.
"Hullo." Now, that's strange. The
voice distinctly effeminate. What,
could my hero be homosexual? A
bent cat? Doctored and nursed into a
life of galeaty?

Hullo... Sylvester?

"Yes."

Er... THE Sylvester?

"I guess."

How's Tweetyple? The question
didn't appear to go down too well.
And another thing. That famous
lingerie lisp had vanished.

Replaced, I might add, by
singularly black tones. Either my
cat had taken night school negro
lessons or my cat wasn't my cat at
all.

It didn't take long to discover the
mistake. It wasn't my cat. It was
none other than Sylvester, the
outsieple, sleekback, soprano
singer whose excellent 'You Make
Me Feel (Mighty Real)' has just
twinkled into the hot (?) twenty.
And he's not so plain.

Quick re-appraisal. This guy ain't
gonna know NOTHING about car-
toon canary carnage. Now, I seem to
remember him to be veritable

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



DAVID BOWIE: STAGE

THE LIVE DOUBLE ALBUM
OF THE 1978 TOUR.
PRODUCED BY BOWIE & VISCONTI.

'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE...
AND ONE MAN IN HIS TIME
PLAYS MANY PARTS'

NOW AVAILABLE.

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RCA

SYLVESTER

FROM PAGE 6

Vogue when it comes to dress sense. What you wearing?

"Well, I got khaki trousers, an Indian cotton shirt with a white silk shirt over that and a pair of plastic ooga (fisherman sandals)."

Tolj4 And what a hunky dory voice. So soft it spread straight from the fridge. As firm as a Playtex girdle. As clean and shiny as an Ajax'd floor. As deep as the ocean. As high as the stars (as boring as these damned descriptions? Ed).

"I'm standing in the hall. The sun's out."
His tone was oh - slightly pert with just a hint of tedium. Like he don't really want to talk but has been told to and is reacting with an almost schoolboy sulkiness. Lachrymose even.

So let's wander through Mr Sylvester's multi-mirrored life. But beware. Sometimes it's rather like walking on a mine field. As boring as flowers - desperately trying to avoid stepping and crushing.

He was born into a store rich LA family. "My dad was a cameraman, my mother did absolutely nothing." He had a heavy church background. "I wouldn't call it heavy" and became a wonderboy coy gospel singer touring round the South at the age of eight.

Poor little rich boy. God came a-calling, left his visiting card, but never obtained an interview. For young Sylvester started noticing he was little - uh - different from the other boys. In fact, it was his granmie who put him straight (unintentionable pun).

"She was a great blues singer in the thirties and met a lot of gay people," he recalled. "So she knew the signs. Knew what to look for you might say. But by then I had already made myself aware of who I was."

"She used to tell me things about it."

Imagine the scene. Him being bounced on granmie's knee and she relating the facts of life gaystyle. Sylvester stopped singing at this point. Was it because his new found cognizance took him by surprise and was maybe a bit shattering?

"No. Look, nobody can make you gay and that certainly wasn't the reason I gave up singing. I just wanted to do other things. Sexuality doesn't enter into it."

"When you grow up you have to leave home and do the things you have to. So I read books, I moved, I went shopping - everything everyone else does."

Ahem, everyone doesn't live as a woman for a couple of years on Sunset Strip as you did.

"I don't want to talk about that. Listen honey, I don't think about my sexuality. It's no big deal in my life. I very rarely write love songs. There are enough love songs in the world like there are enough children - we don't need anymore."
"And I don't listen to much, or think about it, when I'm making love."

"Okay, so I'm in love right now, but that's between me and him and I ain't gonna tell the whole world about it in a song. As long as he loves me and I love him that's all that matters."

"I'm naturally an unconventional person. I don't have to try."

Sylvester is living with John, a male model, and five Borzoi Wolfhounds. In his biography a Willie Sanchez, whom he credits on an album as his "spiritual advisor," is mentioned.

"That's a very old biography you got there. That spiritual advisor ain't with me anymore."

So, after this mysterious period on the Strip Sylvester lived in San Francisco where he found freedom, indifference and acceptance. He joined The Cockettes, the outrageous homosexual musical revue, in 1970 and became quickly the star.

And his roles gradually began to take over his life. He became Ruby Blue, a jazz / blues singer for "the mystery of it. The freedom of it. The glamour of it."

The hell of it.
"It was easy for me to admit I was gay and become such a character. If I was a construction worker, a doctor or a lawyer it would be difficult to say it."

"Ruby lived between 1920 and 1938. That's 19 years in the two years I played her. Then she went to Europe and is now living in Paris on the millions she made in the States. That's when I left her and became a rock 'n' roll singer."

It appears he was a fragile character at this time, incapable of surmounting problems that sprung

up like weeds in his flowerbed, he supported David Bowie in San Francisco but was dropped after two shows. "Because my act was better than his - that's what people told me anyway."

"I started to freak out. I wasn't prepared to be that kind of singer. I couldn't handle money, managers, record companies, money. I didn't like what I was doing. I had to escape. I always escape when I'm unhappy. I hate things that bother me."

He found solace in good ol' sacrosanct London. He did - nothing. He's proud of doing - nothing. In fact he'd rather do - nothing - than anything else in the world.

"I remained in London for several months until the money ran out. I got myself together" (yawn) "and by the time I returned home I was prepared for anything."

"I got a job singing. Then I became attracted to the disco scene because disco makes money and I wanna make enough money to retire at an early age."

How early? "Thirty five. "How old are you now? "Never mind dear." You hate singing that much? "No. I enjoy it immensely. I have a great time - but I don't want to do it all my life. Why should I work till I'm old? Who ordained that I should? I just want to get enough money together to live comfortably and do whatever I want."

"In five years time I want to be able to stop everything dear." Giveaway. That makes him around 30. Bitch bitch.

"I don't want much - just a fabulous time. Not that I don't have that already. I have quite normal feelings, but I like to take on a little bit more excitement than most. I am what I am, I do what I do, I know what I am, I live for what I feel."

"If I died tonight I would say I've had a great life. I'm easy to get along with. I'm a happy person. Happy with just living."

Okay, so it maybe pewkable prosaics the sylthlike Sylvester is pushing but he seems sincere - in an automaton way. The only times he said anything worthwhile was when I got him angry. Harping on the homo histrionics gets him angry. Like - do you think it's right a performer of the Tom Robinson ilk singing about being gay?

"I don't particularly care what the subject matter of other people's songs is. Look dear, being gay means absolutely nothing except to straight people."

Wire, I would point out, are not exactly forthcoming, are overgenerously condescending, and tend to blurt out thoughts in preference to detailed replies. Sounds confusing.

The dramatist personae are Newman (vocals), Lewis (bass), Gilbert (guitar) and Gotobed (drums), with Gilbert and Gotobed taking the

walk on - walk off roles and leaving the speaking parts to Lewis and Newman. Scene room, props - discarded guitar/drums etc. Audience of one.

So (cough, cough) how DID it all begin?
Lewis: "This October we'll have all been playing our individual instruments for two years. We started in October '76, and in February '77 the band as it is came together. We only played a dozen gigs before we recorded the first album. Our first incentive was to get a band together. We had ideas came after that. We learnt how to play from scratch and then started writing material. The criteria were a) that the material was there, b) that we had to be in tune and c) that we had to be in time."

You're all from 'art school' backgrounds?
Lewis: "Three of us are from art schools, our drummer Robert Gotobed was an actor in fringe theatre."

Why the move from art to music?
Newman: "Because they don't have rock and roll schools."

Lewis: "We didn't all attend the same colleges, we were all doing what we'd been trained to do, so the time came when it was a very easy decision to change but obviously our past influences are still there."

The first album ostensibly attacks the media (ie. 'Field Day For The Sundays').
Newman: "Something you feel strongly about, or just another song?"

I wanna be a field day for the Sundays so they can f++k up my life, embarrass my wife, and leave a bad taste, that striped toothpaste, can't remove on Monday mornings. I want to be a target for the dailies, so they can show pictures of

me, with a nude on page 3, so lacking in taste."
Lewis: "It was obviously a reaction to the times, as is anything circumstances and factors that you respond to."
Newman: "The media is a third person's perception."
Lewis: "Again, it's feelings and response. I've never seen a war but we've all seen photographs and reports, so we're getting the third person's perception of a war, hence Reuters."

Vice versa the media's reaction to you?
Newman: "We have managed to arouse interest."
Lewis: "But we haven't made The Sun pop page yet."
On the subject of fanzines?
Newman: "Fanzines make no pretence to anything. The contributors write subjectively, but they often follow the dictates of fashion."
Lewis: "The (fanzines versus 'official papers' is a swings and roundabouts thing. Fanzines don't have to respond to the whims of readers and bosses therefore they're in a position where they can run riot and do what they want, but they lose out because they don't have the readership."

The subjective reaction is the most honest reaction.
Newman: "No, most people don't respond at all, don't have 'reactions'."
Of course they do, they might not state an outward response but they feel something.
Newman: "I'm not just talking about a reaction to us, I mean a reaction to everything, most people don't respond no matter what the stimuli."
Lewis (brings us back to sanity): "The media isn't too relevant in our case anyway, we're better critics of ourselves

than anyone else could ever be."
Newman: "We're not doing it in order to have our history documented."
Lewis: "Everyone obviously likes their work to be appreciated - what we want is respect."
On what level?
Lewis: "A creative basis."
The songs on your first album are short.
Newman: "They aren't kept short, they just are short."
Lewis: "They just aren't long - what do you mean by 'long' anyway, how long is a piece of string?"
Newman: "Saying that the songs are short or that they're long just seems to stem from the attitude of conventional rock and roll."
Lewis: "It's nonsense really, like saying 'Go and get me three large potatoes, you tell me how big a large potato is and I'll get you them. It wasn't until people pointed it out that we noticed that they were short. Something like 'Field Day For The Sundays' which is 26 seconds long - yeah, we did think that was quite a bit shorter than the rest."
You like the idea of economical music then?
Newman: "We like the idea that music is not boring."
So you believe that because songs are short they're not boring?
Lewis: "No, by economical we mean that what is in there should be in there, and what isn't needed is left out."
Audience reaction?
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Influences?
Newman: "It's so pretentious talking about influences because a lot of bands just cite people that it's hip to cite - we are actually trying to do something that doesn't sound like anyone else."
Lewis: "It always seems to make people sound so dumb when they say 'Oh, I like listening to ++++ and ++++, because surely they do other things apart from listening to music? I suppose we feel that we've got something of ourselves to offer without having to emulate anyone else."
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Lewis: "Being 'different' always seems like a dirty word, everyone treats you with a wry smile and raises an eyebrow and says 'Get you dear' or something. My reaction to all those people who say 'yeah man, if it hadn't been for Chuck Berry I wouldn't have bought a guitar' I think f++k you, if that's the sum total of your experience in life."
Like I say, I find Wire more than a trifle fatiguing.

Why are Wire such a tough interview

asks a barbed BEV BRIGGS

OUR OWN correspondent is sorry to tell, of an uneasy time that all is not well". (Wire: Reuters: Pink Flag album).

Wire I find more than a trifle fatiguing. Pink Flag was an irritant, a thorn in the paw, a lot of pain, a mere shimmer of pleasure, but more than anything a curiosity as to why it was an irritant at the first place. Wire live at the Lyceum - oh, a long, long time ago - verges on the masochist sensory scale. Here enjoyment is eroded, pain usurps pleasure and the thorn is ground further and deeper into the flesh.

So their new album 'Chairs Missing' startles. Can be played on the Dansette without fraying too many more already fraying nerves. Stimulates curiosity and spikes some of the more pleasant of the positive senses into action, all in all is a damn good album (like I've told you once before) But - ah - Wire - the band?

You may have already gathered that in this murky world of ours, there are three types of bands (categories, categories, always down to categories). There are the bands that answer questions with answers, bands that answer questions with nothing, and bands that answer questions with questions. Wire suffer under the last category.

Wire, I would point out, are not exactly forthcoming, are overgenerously condescending, and tend to blurt out thoughts in preference to detailed replies. Sounds confusing.

The dramatist personae are Newman (vocals), Lewis (bass), Gilbert (guitar) and Gotobed (drums), with Gilbert and Gotobed taking the

walk on - walk off roles and leaving the speaking parts to Lewis and Newman. Scene room, props - discarded guitar/drums etc. Audience of one.

So (cough, cough) how DID it all begin?
Lewis: "This October we'll have all been playing our individual instruments for two years. We started in October '76, and in February '77 the band as it is came together. We only played a dozen gigs before we recorded the first album. Our first incentive was to get a band together. We had ideas came after that. We learnt how to play from scratch and then started writing material. The criteria were a) that the material was there, b) that we had to be in tune and c) that we had to be in time."

You're all from 'art school' backgrounds?
Lewis: "Three of us are from art schools, our drummer Robert Gotobed was an actor in fringe theatre."

Why the move from art to music?
Newman: "Because they don't have rock and roll schools."

Lewis: "We didn't all attend the same colleges, we were all doing what we'd been trained to do, so the time came when it was a very easy decision to change but obviously our past influences are still there."

The first album ostensibly attacks the media (ie. 'Field Day For The Sundays').
Newman: "Something you feel strongly about, or just another song?"

I wanna be a field day for the Sundays so they can f++k up my life, embarrass my wife, and leave a bad taste, that striped toothpaste, can't remove on Monday mornings. I want to be a target for the dailies, so they can show pictures of

me, with a nude on page 3, so lacking in taste."

Lewis: "It was obviously a reaction to the times, as is anything circumstances and factors that you respond to."

Newman: "The media is a third person's perception."

Lewis: "Again, it's feelings and response. I've never seen a war but we've all seen photographs and reports, so we're getting the third person's perception of a war, hence Reuters."

Vice versa the media's reaction to you?

Newman: "We have managed to arouse interest."

Lewis: "But we haven't made The Sun pop page yet."

On the subject of fanzines?

Newman: "Fanzines make no pretence to anything. The contributors write subjectively, but they often follow the dictates of fashion."

Lewis: "The (fanzines versus 'official papers' is a swings and roundabouts thing. Fanzines don't have to respond to the whims of readers and bosses therefore they're in a position where they can run riot and do what they want, but they lose out because they don't have the readership."

The subjective reaction is the most honest reaction.

Newman: "No, most people don't respond at all, don't have 'reactions'."

Of course they do, they might not state an outward response but they feel something.

Newman: "I'm not just talking about a reaction to us, I mean a reaction to everything, most people don't respond no matter what the stimuli."

Lewis (brings us back to sanity): "The media isn't too relevant in our case anyway, we're better critics of ourselves

than anyone else could ever be."

Newman: "We're not doing it in order to have our history documented."

Lewis: "Everyone obviously likes their work to be appreciated - what we want is respect."

On what level?

Lewis: "A creative basis."

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By BARRY CAIN

SINGLES

Post war pop poet boom boom

This week we unleash the burgeoning genius of JOHN COOPER CLARKE (big crasher, booze artist, fumer and poet) on a fresh heap of vinyl!

IAN MATTHEWS: 'Man In The Station' (Rockburgh ROCS206). Kind of folk/disco crossover... not familiar with this bloke — think he makes more albums than singles. Fimm. Oh, I don't passionately hate it, but I take it this fellow's already got fans and his career won't be affected one way or another by what I say. Nice choppy backing track.



13TH FLOOR ELEVATORS: 'You Really Got Me' (Austin RE1). Psychedelic garage band. You can't improve on 'You Really Got Me' — no-one could, 'cause Ray Davies is the definitive (Flip to B side — 'Roll Over Beethoven')... the singer sounds like he's under water and the group sound like they're three miles away. Great track.

CHOSEN FEW: 'Stand By Me' (Ariola Hansa AHA 526). Beautifully sung. If you have any passion within you you'll already know the song. Muhammed Ali also recorded this under the name of Cassius Clay — but this one is the greatest.

JOE THOMAS: 'Plato's Retreat' (TK 6049). Should sell a lot of menthol cigarettes. Great title. Plato's Retreat is a New York disco where anything goes!

TIM CURRY: 'I Will' (A&M AMS 7283). Sounds like he's trying to sound like Harry Belafonte. Rupy Edwards type melodian somewhere in the mix — no feelings.



JOE GREEN: 'When The Dance Is Through' (Mountain TOP42). Well I can't think of anything to say about that neatly strung together chain of platitudes. Proof positive that teenage love lasts more than two minutes. Written by Paul Da Vinci of Rubettes fame.

HARVEY MASON: 'Pick Up Your Bags' (Arista 208). Skip Scarborough wrote it... anyone who calls himself after a Yorkshire holiday resort must have a sense of fun.

SAMSON: 'Telephone' (Lightning GIL 547). They make a lot of noise for three people, very positive sounding record. English pop. Too much expertise for new wave — neatly executed.



COOPER CLARKE (note chic Mousketeers' hat) prepares to take one on the beak

THE GREAT CARUSO as he appeared at Covent Garden as Canio in Pagliacci: photo by courtesy of Mander and Mitchenson Collection Camera Press London

THE TURN: 'It's Alright' (City Nik 2). Like it — great stuff. Unforgettable riff, can't hear all the words — can't hear any of the words, but that's always a good sign.

FABULOUS POODLES: 'Minor Star' (Fye 7N46118). A closely observed characterisation. V. Good. B side is an orgy of cinematic nostalgia.



BRINSLEY SCHWARTZ: (What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace Love And Understanding' (UA UP36446). Nick Lowe circa '74. It's OK though he has since surpassed himself.

"LEGS" LARRY SMITH: 'Springtime For Hitler' (Arista 194). Ex Bonzo with a ha ha funny Mel Brooks tune from his hilarious 'The Producers' movie

DOMINO: 'Heaven Must Have Sent You' (EMI 2846) worra yer doin' after der record darlin'?

DAVID MORRIS: 'Wino' (Satri SAT 134). Winos don't buy records. Not my cup of meths.

PUSSYFOOT: 'A Night To Remember' (EMI 2825). Like the Titanic in the film of the same name, this will go down very well.

CHELSEA: 'Urban Kids' (Step Forward 8). A little number concerning reality... you remember reality — don't knock it.

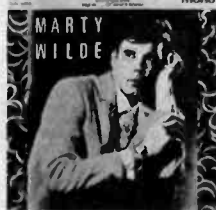
THE EDGE: 'Macho Man' (Albion ION 4). Hits you right in the bollocks — and bounces.



THE JAM: 'Down In The Tube Station At Midnight' (Polydor 2059 068). A fabulously terrifying account of ordinary, everyday violence. If Eisenstein made 45's they'd sound like this...

BOOMTOWN RATS: 'Rat Trap' (Ensign ENY 16). Unlike The Jam this is about violence between consenting parties, if that's your idea of a good time... but the Boomtown Rats have panache and we like that.

TALKING HEADS: 'Take Me To The River' (Sire SIR 4004). 'Psycho Killer' is the most accurate song of this decade. If I were cast away, alone, on a desert island I would have eight Talking Heads records, on book apart from the Bible and Shakespeare, and one luxury.



6553). Lennon/McCartney song. We salute their expertise, but it's not my cup of tea. OK for Beatles fans who don't like Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rousers.

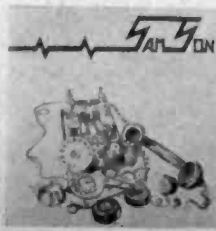
MARTY WILDE: 'Lonely Avenue/Brand New Love' (EMI 2854). Post war sexual angst delivered in short, sharp breaths. The rest is formula love trash delivered over an Edgar Lustgarten teen party backtrack.

XANADU: 'Let Me Be Your Sunshine' (MAM 179). The Spanish call it 'nada'.

SANDY McLELLAND AND THE BACKLINE: 'Like A Hurricane' (Mercury 6007 186). Doesn't rock any boats. California easy listening. I hate it.

MATIA BAZAR: 'Solo Tu' (EMI 2856). I get the feeling we shouldn't be eavesdropping on 'em, like a German bandstand practice — the words might be French but the band sound German. A must for all those who like to be confused.

EARTH, WIND AND FIRE: 'Got To Get You Into My Life' (CBS



Nine Nine Nine



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 copies only
 voucher for free
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 single



- SEPTEMBER**
- 26 NUNEATON, 77 Club
 - 29 LINCOLN, Technical College
 - 30 LIVERPOOL, Erics (2 Shows)
- OCTOBER**
- 1 DUMFRIES, Stagecoach
 - 3 SHEFFIELD, Limit
 - 4 HIGH WYCOMBE, Town hall

- 5 NOTTINGHAM, Sandpipet
- 6 MIDDLESBROUGH, Rock Garden
- 7 HUDDERSFIELD, Polytechnic
- 9 PLYMOUTH, Woods
- 10 PENZANCE, Garden
- 11 EXETER, Routes
- 12 BARNSTAPLE, Chequers
- 13 BATH, University
- 14 WEST RUNTON, The Pavilion
- 15 CHELMSFORD, Chancellor Hall

- 16 SWANSEA, Circles
- 17 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas
- 18 READING, Bones
- 20 GLASGOW, Queen Margaret Union
- 21 STIRLING, University
- 22 DUNDEE, Samantha
- 23 DONCASTER, Outlook
- 24 MANCHESTER, Polytechnic
- 25 NEWPORT, Stowaway
- 26 PORTSMOUTH, Polytechnic

- 27 LEICESTER, University
 - 28 LOUGHBOROUGH, University
 - 30 KENT, University
 - 31 LEEDS, Fan Club
- NOVEMBER**
- 1 YORK, Pop Club
 - 2 CARLISLE, Market Hall
 - 3 PRESTON, Polytechnic
 - 5 LONDON, Lyceum



OFF CENTRE

Edited by SHEILA PROPHET



This is serious

'The Sociology Of Rock' by Simon Frith (Constable) £7.50.

YOU'RE RIGHT. It is expensive! But as the title implies it's a serious study of what the author — a part time rock journalist and a full time lecturer in Sociology at Warwick University — describes as "the most pervasive form of popular culture" and "the most prosperous part of the entertainment industry."

The sort of book, in fact, that could become a text book if (as seems increasingly likely) "rock" becomes accepted as an A-level, or any level, academic subject in the near future.

In many ways also the book is a first and confident step because Frith attempts to bridge the gap between "aloof and disgusted" (his words) sociologists of popular art and mass culture and the dizzy (and often uncannily accurate) ramblings of the fan-as-ausic-journalist.

The former, he argues, are unaware of the "fun" element central to rock's importance, the latter, happily unaware of their insignificance inside the music business as a whole, are also taken to task for their channelling of the more revolutionary aspects of rock into acceptable, business-orientated paths; a conclusion that holds as true for "punk" as it did for "underground" music in the sixties.

He states: "rock" the most vital form of popular culture in the last 20 years has expressed so clearly the struggle involved; rock has been used simultaneously as a source of self-indulgence and individual escape, AND of solidarity and active dissatisfaction."

Despite this, argues Frith, rock is firmly in the hands of the entertainment industry. Rock is confined to entertainment, to strictly (business) controlled and well defined "genres" and non-revolutionary indulgent bohemian hedonism. The "star" is no longer a leader, more a controlled talent doing a special kind of job.

The record companies, radio stations, DJs and music papers all play their part in fostering an easier consumerism — and in doing so keep themselves costly in business.

With the detailed surveys of both ends of the market, Frith has instigated a very important debate, backed by a wealth of fascinating research.

Rock, he concludes, has unpredictable potential — either the "fun" element hitherto ignored in serious studies, or the radical element that threatens change. Both are effectively absorbed into the "music business" which FOLLOWS rather than instigates mass taste while remaining in control. At least for the moment. Without offering prediction Frith allows that rock will always hold the power to confound, disturb, relax and entertain.

For that alone the study is justified. 'The Sociology Of Rock' deserves to be read — despite the obviously academic approach — by anyone who has ever given a thought to the rock that they don't like, and why JOHN SHEARLAW.



ELVIS PRESLEY and Stevie Wonder are just two of the rock stars you'll find in the latest exhibition by John Oxtoby, who's fast becoming painter to the stars.

Paintings from Oxtoby's earlier exhibitions have already gone to such famous names as Elton John (who bought himself nine) and Roy Harper (who could only afford one, poor soul). This time round,



Could you afford six rockers?

he's found an equally affluent buyer in Robert Plant, who's just bought six paintings — no doubt one for each loo in his country mansion.

While an Oxtoby of your own is beyond the purses of most ordinary folk, you can still go along to the exhibition for nothing — it's running from now till October 17 at the Redfern Gallery, 20 Cork St, London W1.

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

THIS WEEK, a slightly off-beat selection of PEARLS from John Wingfield, of Norfolk Drive, 18 Leonard On Sea, and SWINE from Nick of Grey Stone Gardens, Morpeth in Northumberland, who says: "I've resisted the temptation to include the Brotherhood of Man in SWINE, because they've appeared so often already. Shouldn't they take notice of that and do something about it — like emigrate!" I'll second that one!

PEARLS
1 'Pretty Princess' — Loggins And Messina
MOR at its best, a beautiful song with a brilliant sax arrangement. Sounds better every time I hear it.

2 'Look Into The Future' — Journey
According to some reports this band don't deliver the goods onstage, but on record it's another matter. The guitar work on this track is brilliant — specially the last two minutes.

3 'Sulte Clouds, Rain' — David Gates
Outstanding song from a prolific songwriter with lovely piano work and arrangements.

4 'Thirteen' — Big Star (Who? — ED)
A haunting song with great lyrics off a very good album.

5 'Suburban Love' — Japan
An underrated band who cut a fine debut album. All the tracks are good, but I think this one is the best SWINE.

1 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale' — Munich Machine
The Procol Harum version is FINE, but where the hell is the soul and feeling in the Munich Machine version? A computer-produced dirge.

2 'You Make Me Feel' — Sylvester
Who buys stuff like this? No soul, no inspiration, NOTHING.

3 'Automatic Lover' — The Vibrators
Note — also count 'Judy Says', the follow up. I like some new wave stuff, but this uninspired repetitive boredom in record form. For mugs only.

4 'Yes Sir I Can Boogie' — Baccara
I've often thought RCA Records have only got one artist with any talent — Elvis Presley. And he's dead. So what's left? This duo, only prove my point.

5 'Satisfy My Soul' — Bob Marley and the Wailers
Awful. It repeats itself far too much. Proves what I suspected: Marley has gone soft. Retire Bob, and leave real reggae to artists like Steel Pulse.

Send your contributions to: Pearls Before Swine, c/o Tim Lott, Record Mirror, 40 Long Acre, London WC2E 9JT.

DAZED AND CONFUSED

OVER A week later confusion still surrounds events at what was billed as "Britain's first international reggae festival" at London's Alexandra Palace on September 23.

A flop, and a disappointment it certainly was, with only one of four advertised bands, Matumbi, appearing at 10.30 pm — some seven hours after the festival was to have started. And despite an estimated 1500 tickets sold many customers left early in the evening.

But why? With four of Britain's top reggae bands (Aswad, the Cimarrons, Matumbi and the All Stars) and two of the country's best sound systems due to appear it should have been a day to remember.

However it now appears that a full-scale argument (which may lead to legal action) between the promoter, Andy Lyons, and the manager of 15, 16, 17, Castro Brown of DEB Music, led to the virtual cancellation of the event in the early evening.

Both sides agree that the argument — about whether 15, 16, 17 could appear — led to the pulling out of two other bands and the sound systems. And a spokesman for DEB music also claimed that Matumbi would not have appeared either had they known what happened earlier in the evening.

But accounts of the incident from either side are irreconcilable. According to Lyons "problems with the PA" had led to a late start, and

group could not appear. He also claims that he was willing to pay the group regardless. "Then, after an argument, Castro Brown butted and kicked me", said Lyons. "After he was pulled out there was a fight between his supporters and my stewards and police were called. OUTSIDE the venue only to remove them."

Lyons then claims that all the other groups (except Matumbi, who had not arrived at the venue) "ganged up on him" and refused to appear.

Only in the last respect does this account tally with that given by DEB Music.

"The promoter (Lyons) only said 15, 16, 17 couldn't go on stage, and that was it," said DEB's spokesman. "He didn't

mention money and in fact said he was going to sue us.

"He then punched Castro Brown in front of plenty of witnesses. Several people held Castro back to prevent retaliation and we left shortly afterwards. All the other artists walked out in sympathy."

The only legal action is likely to be from Lyons, who is intending to sue

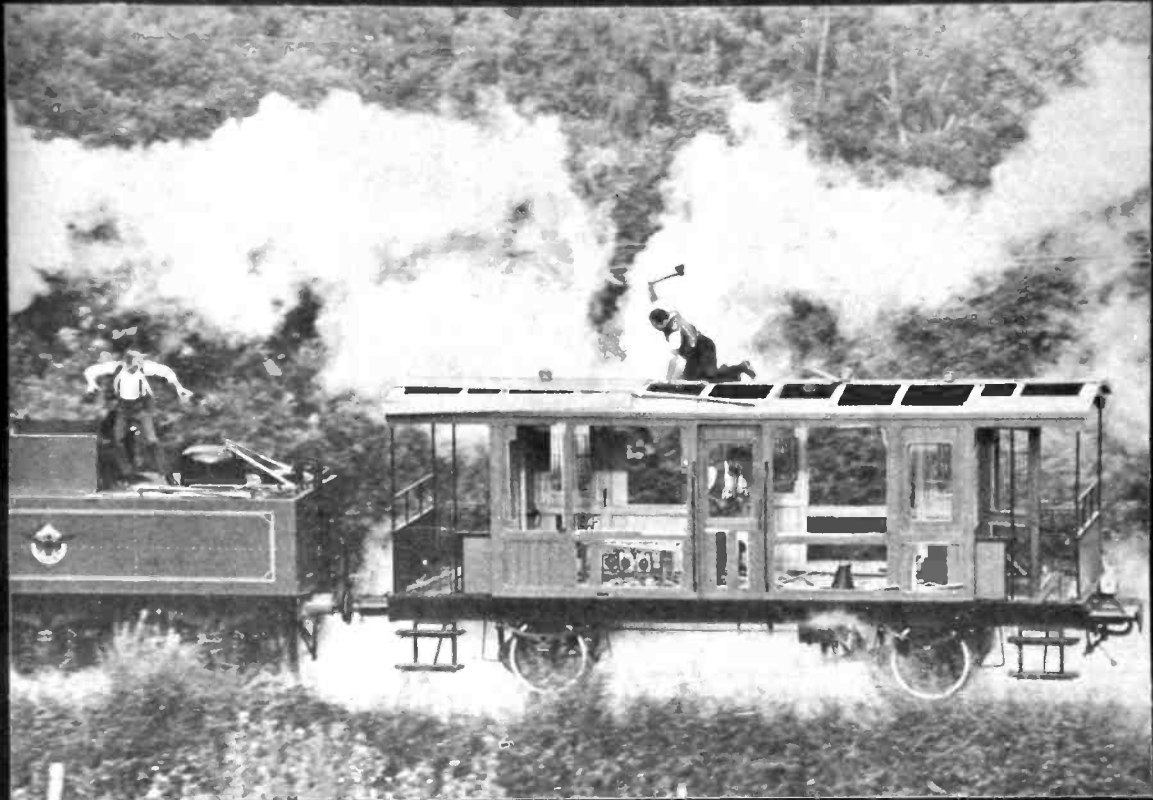
"several bands" for breach of contract. For his part he hopes to put on another reggae show "with a specially reduced price".

DEB Music meanwhile are offering the money immediate consolation of complete refunds to anybody who bought tickets from them.

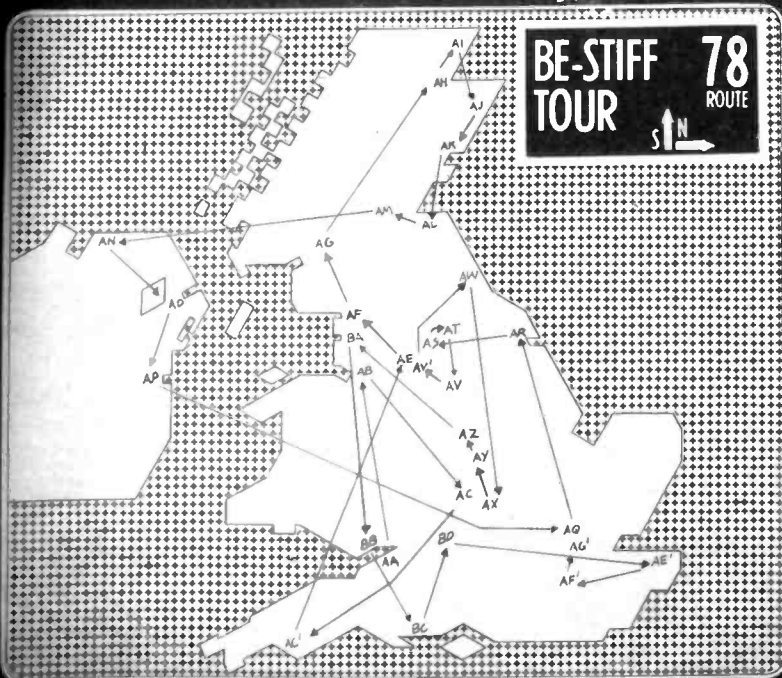
There, for the moment, the story rests... JOHN SHEARLAW



YOU'RE EITHER ON THE TRAIN, OR YOU'RE OFF THE TRAIN. THE BE·STIFF TOUR '78



Staff Roadies prepare an extension in the stage for Aberdeen...



BE-STIFF TOUR SCHEDULE		78 ROUTE
OCTOBER		
10	BRISTOL UNIVERSITY	AA
11	LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY	AB
13	BIRMINGHAM, ASTON UNIVERSITY	AC
14	PLYMOUTH POLYTECHNIC	AC'
16	MANCHESTER UMIST	AE
17	LANCASTER UNIVERSITY	AF
19	GLASGOW STRATHCLYDE UNIVERSITY	AG
20	DINGWALL STRATHPEFFER SPA PAVILION	AG'
21	WICK ASSEMBLY HALL	AI
23	ABERDEEN RUFFLES	AL
24	DUNDEE UNIVERSITY	AL'
25	EDINBURGH CLOUDS	AL
26	STIRLING UNIVERSITY	AL'
28	PORTRUSH, THE ARCADIA (CHESTER)	AP
29	BELFAST QUEENS UNIVERSITY	AP'
30	DUBLIN THE STANDUST	AP
NOVEMBER		
1	HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION	AQ
2	HULL UNIVERSITY	AR
3	LUDDERSFIELD POLYTECHNIC	AS
4	LEEDS UNIVERSITY	AT
5	SHEFFIELD TOP RANK SUITE	AT'
6	SALFORD UNIVERSITY	AV
7	NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY	AW
8	WARWICK UNIVERSITY	AX
10	LOUGHBOROUGH UNIVERSITY	AY
11	NOTTINGHAM UNIVERSITY	AZ
12	BLACKBURN KING GEORGE'S HALL	BA
13	CARDIFF SOPHIA GARDENS	BA'
15	BOURNEMOUTH VILLA GEORGE	BB
16	OXFORD POLYTECHNIC	BC
17	CANTERBURY ODEON	BD
18	GUILDFORD SURREY UNIVERSITY	BE
19	LONDON LYCEUM BALLROOM	BF

THE TOUR FEATURES WRECKLESS ERIC, MICKEY JUPP, JONA LEWIE, LENE LOVICH & RACHEL SWEET AND THEIR FIVE SIMULTANEOUSLY RELEASED ALBUMS.

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THE 1978-1979

ALBUMS

- ++++ Unstable
- +++ Buy it
- ++ Give it a spin
- + Give it a miss
- Unhearable

Call 999

(I'll need it after they read this)

999: 'Separates' (UA 30209)

250 WORD thesis on '999' — their new album — how it revolts me and why? Should be easy, how about stodgy, uninteresting, unenjoyable, unentertaining, leaden, stale, insipid, dreary, uninspired, wearisome, unvarying, monotonous, cloying, unvarying, irksome, SAME, SAME, SAME, and boring to boot? Hey ho.

Separates is wearing, very wearing, 999 at possibly their worst. 999 colouring in black and grey, ignoring the subtleties of pastel shades, murdering the canvas and crying out for a new easel. 'Separates' is repetitive and limited. Chained within the parrot-like ramblings and (gulp!) 'high energy' which was supposed to have been forgotten. Tarring themselves with an anachronistic brush, my God! they even release a track 'High Energy Flan' which condemns itself. No modulation, no difference, no interest.

Crash/Crash/Crash syncopation, the fix of an overkeen bassist and seemingly one-armed drummer, and the see-how-many-guitar-breaks-we-can-fit-into-this-school-of-thought. Emerging into the pogo-by-numbers class. Inevitably butch. Inevitably loud. Too much of too little, and boy!, does it show.

Best of the worst league features 'Wolf', begins like an Apache war song minus the ethnic and ethnic, with a simple lingering hook of 'Cry-y-y-y-Wolf woo-ah'. At least it appears slightly as opposed to brainwashing, but still nothing to write home to your local record retailer about.



He's not likely to go head over heels after reading Bev Briggs' review

SYLVESTER: 'Step II' (Fantasy FT349)

I'LL BET Sylvester loves being called outrageous, but that description fits his appearance far better than his music. Not that his album is unremarkable; it emphasises, for one thing, what an unusual voice he has and, something you may not have appreciated before, his considerable vocal range. For some time he's been a disco doyen, probably finding more acceptance of his records in gay clubs. But with 'You Make Me Feel (Mighty Real)' he's risen to a more general fame, riding on a catchy piece of rhythmic disco music with a rattling beat and some "synthetic" keyboard work.

The version included here is different: longer, of course, and unless I'm hearing things, it has a slightly richer sound, so perhaps it's a remix of the single. There's also a three-minute 'Epilogue' of the song, which is a relaxed, swaying, almost singalong version of the main chorus. The other killer disco cut is 'Dance (Disco Heat)' which, with 'You Make Me Feel', currently tops the US disco chart. It's a similarly percussive rover with, again, a catchy chorus. In a way it's a shame that both tracks are on the same single, because 'Dance' would have made an excellent follow-up. As it is, he'll be a bit stuck

because on what follows he runs out of steam, with fairly slow ballads apart from 'Grateful'; the best of 'em is the A Green-ish 'Was It Something That I Said'. Taken as a whole, though, the album is still a little above average in its field. +++ 1/2 PAUL SEXTON



CITY BOY: 'Book Early' (Vertigo 9102 028)

A LONG time ago I saw City Boy live. They were talented, inventive and highly unsuccessful. Now after the well deserved success of their hit single '5708', included here, perhaps they've finally hit the big time. But perhaps they've hit it too late. The talent is still there, but on the album it seems to have worn a bit thin.

All the tracks are commercially strong but they tend to be rather indistinguishable. After a while the screeching smart ass harmonies irritate. In fact the whole approach, production wise seems geared to the sterile American market, as some of the tracks verge on the bland dreaded easy listening, simply because of their over indulgent arrangements.

A few less frills would make the songs far more appealing. As it is,

'Cigarettes', 'Beth' and 'Dangerous Ground' are the standout tracks on an album which is good, but should have been so much better. +++ 1/2 PHILIP HALL

BRIAN ENO: 'Music For Films' (Polygram Super 2310 623)

BEFORE recording his forthcoming album, Brian Eno has chosen to release 'Music For Films', a collection of 19 short instrumental passages, suitable for use in the world of celluloid. Several have already appeared therein, and I'm sure that before long more of his work will accompany movies. There are three compositions from Derek Jarman's celebrated film 'Sebastiane', namely 'Inland Sea', 'Quartz' and 'Final Sunset', and 'Slow Water', with dreamy piano work and the sort of deathly hush present on the second side of Bowie's 'Heroes'. It is taken from 'Jubilee', another Jarman production.

The link between 'Low' and 'Heroes' is evident throughout, but the music here is unaffected by vocals. Some items are executed by Brian alone, others feature a variety of notable musicians including Phil Collins, John Cale, Robert Fripp and Paul Rudolph. The whole affair is stimulating, not forcing one to accept or reject any ideas. It's one of those albums best digested alone and with loved ones. I love loud, aggressive music, but the serene subtlety of Brian Eno's keyboard and synthesiser style, is differently rewarding. Listening with eyes closed it is therapeutic, but far from sleep inducing.

Fascinating are 'From The Same Hill', with beautiful acoustic guitar amid a mellotron, superbly arranged, and 'Sparrowfall'. The latter appeared in a Hampstead theatre production and three sections here are included, combining some melancholic piano with stronger instrumental passages. Believe me, in years to come Brian Eno will be acknowledged as one of the decade's greatest talents. +++ STEVE GETT

DONNA SUMMER: 'Live And More' (Casablanca CALD 5006)

FIRST THE hits, then the greatest hits. First the concept, then the concerts. Now, with status firmly transcended into American terms, the live albums.

All that you've been waiting for... and more. With such sure and successful hands as Giorgio Moroder and Pete Bellotte guiding Ms Summer's career how could it be anything less?

This is not to deny the delightful Donna anything. She's blossomed beautifully since the early days of delivering synthesised sex out of the Munich Musicland studio, the pounding breathiness that captured Europe's Top 10 at a stroke. She was a performer too, as even Britain had to admit when she hit us with top hat and tails only last year, and the myth created by the devastating producing and songwriting team of Moroder, Bellotte and Summer herself behind closed doors was amply borne out by the flesh.

In turn America too was conquered.

Here, then, is the result. Three sides from the Los Angeles Amphitheatre, and one side more — a 'MacArthur Park' suite moulded around Jimmy Webb's classic song. It's a spread that takes us from the big numbers ('I Remember Yesterday', 'Love To Love You Baby' and so on), through showbiz (a slightly bearable 'The Way We

Were' yet, but everyone does 'The Way We Were' on stage in America, so what the hell) to the more recent splendours of the 'Once Upon A Time...' collection.

By and large it's very good indeed. The audience doesn't intrude (much) and Ms Summer rarely gushes, rather surprises with her unique range of cracking, belt-long discosex combined with splendid soft sell. Master and mistress of her art.

The band's not bad either. But 'Live And More' is worth it for 'MacArthur Park Suite' alone. Here, in a direction that ought to point back to the British Top 10, two Moroder/Bellotte/Summer songs intertwine with the main theme, calculatedly insistent discobuzz with all the trademarks held tantalisingly in check. Donna intones and interprets and finally cuts free. Herself at last.

Whatever the producer/artist relation (and one suspects for all Moroder and Bellotte's "golden touch" that Ms Summer has plenty to do with her recording) it's a suite that bears a lot of surprises, has one eagerly listening again.

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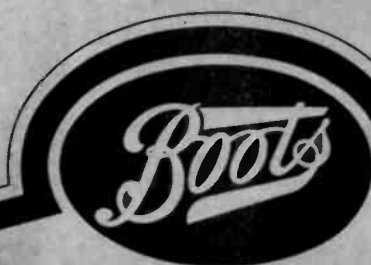
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ALBUMS

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WRECKLESS ERIC: 'The Wonderful World Of Wreckless Eric' (Stiff SEEZ 9)

ERR, SORRY, but this so called 'Wonderful World Of W E' is starting in only one respect — the total one dimensional aspect of the whole thing. This monogamous marriage between Wreckless and several assuredly 'noted' musicians is astonishingly dull and tiresome. A hotchpotch of yawns and snores, with little to determine the end of the big sleep.

Now don't get me wrong, I mean I respect Wreckless in some ways, his exquisite amateurism, youth club charm, enthusiastic lyrics, pleasurable platitudes, especially his 'Whole Wide World / Semaphore Signals' release, which was played to saturation point on a certain Hope And Anchor jukebox, but sadly this album seems to lack where his previous work excelled.

Ten tracks of which eight are original (?) Wreckless Eric creations. Wrapped in a generous shroud of irritating boyhood coyness, with save few redeeming features.

Silver linings appear on side one in the form of 'Veronica', a rather gauche trinkety number, the laments of a boy soldier going to war to fight for his true love, but nevertheless is catchy in the same vein as 'Whole Wide World'. Side two delivers 'The Final Taxi', an unyielding melody on the last cab to heaven, which focuses on Wreckless Eric's corruptions of pronunciation.

The rest? A drab mess. It's been a long time since we last heard from Eric, but judging from this effort, one can't help feeling that perhaps he has reappeared in the public eye too soon. God Save Stiff! + + BEV BRIGGS.



given to singing about anything as modern as a synthesiser, but the voice was just perfect.

After spending the weekend with the album, it's difficult to pick out any tracks as being best — I liked the whole production — and so my favourites keep changing. But that's the kind of album I like, and I haven't been so taken with an album for months. Buy it + + + + + ROSALIND RUSSELL.



LENE LOVICH: 'Stateless' (Stiff Records SEEZ 7)

BLEEP, bleep, bleep. Can I have your attention please! I have an interesting specimen here. Superficially attractive but deep down a talent of extraordinary value. Stiff are lucky, so are we. Miss Lovich will make money for them and trap us. She is all powerful, that is if you like good music. Comparisons are unnecessary but useful. Try Abba, Talking Heads, Devo, Vicky Leandros and Elvis Costello for starters.

Actions speak louder than words, so go into a record shop and listen to track one, side one, it's called 'Lucky Number' and it should leave you panting for more, I hope.

At times they verge on cabaret but Lena's voice saves them from ever sounding ordinary. Her foreign vocal chords add a charm to the eccentric rhythms which is hard to explain. It's like Akron meets the Eurovision Song Contest. Try this record, listen to 'Home', 'Writing on the wall' in fact just listen to the whole album. That's an order. + + + + + PHILIP HALL.



RACHEL SWEET: 'Fool Around' (Stiff Seez 12)

WHAT I can't understand is why Rachel Sweet is on the Stiff label. I mean, they're absolutely right to discover and release her music. But she doesn't seem to fit into their great pattern. She appears to have little in common with the rest of the Akron mob and even less with UK new wave. But I think she's brilliant I suppose that's the secret of the Stiff success — they're always unpredictable.

Rachel is a sweet 18 year old who sings with the maturity of a lady much older. But I won't draw boring comparisons between her and Helen Shapiro, because Rachel's voice is more flexible, has a much bigger range but manages to retain silver threads of a young girl. There's been no attempt to dress her up as anything other than she is — a nice kid.

But she astonished me with variation she introduced in her singing. One minute like Brenda Lee, slipping subtly into Stevie Nicks, then belting straight into Dolly Parton. In fact, she sounds more like Dolly, than Dolly does these days. There were two tracks especially which could be a dead ringer for the nasal Nashville Belle and these were the songs I think I liked best.

'Wildwood Saloon' and 'Girl With A Synthesiser'. Admittedly Dolly isn't

have an album which starts off as a novelty, but which worms its way into your life long before the novelty wears off.

And so another great music hall entertainer emerges from the Stiff empire — you see, Dinosaurs aren't extinct after all. + + + + SHEILA PROPHET



MICKY JUPP: 'Japanese' (Stiff Records SEEZ 10)

IN CASE you didn't realise, Micky Jupp is a legend. He is a forgotten figure in Britain's great r'n'b tradition. Stiff records now introduce a revitalised legend, rescued from obscurity and hopefully destined for the recognition he so obviously deserves.

Side one is produced by Nick Lowe with backing provided by Dave Edmunds Rockpile. Need I say more? This is authentic seventies rock and roll timeless music. Jupp's songs are handled with loving care and attention, giving them a quality which improves with every listen.

Side two is in many ways far more varied, opening with a strong Elton John-like ballad. This side is produced by Gary Brooker (Procol Harum) and the musicians include Chris Spedding. The rock and roll element is now far less prominent, making for a highly commercial sound.

Every track deserves a mention as they are all special. Highlights though are the free-like rocker 'SPY', the gentle 'Partir C'est Mourir un Peu' and the acoustic 'School' which with its wry lyrics show that Jupp really is an accomplished master of all trades. + + + + PHILIP HALL.



JONA LEWIE: 'On The Other Hand There's A Flat' (Stiff Seez 8)

JONA LEWIE's real name is apparently plain old John Lewis, though he was once known to the world at large as Terry Dactyl, of Terry Dactyl and the Dinosaurs, who had a hit with a maddeningly catchy single, 'Seaside Shuffle'.

In the intervening years John/Terry/Jona hasn't lost his knack of knocking out songs that stick — this album is chockful of them. Most have the same gently rolling rockabogie backing which made 'Shuffle' so attractive. Listen to the first track 'The Baby She's On The Street', the bluesy sounding, 'I'll Get By In Pittsburgh' or the totally infuriating 'Police Trap', which has such an obvious hook you wonder at his nerve — any of which could give Jona his entrance ticket to 'Top Of The Pops'.

Add a jolly hotch potch of keyboards (all supplied by Mr Lewie himself), kazoo, washboards and zob sticks (!) and you



VINCE CADILLAC: 'Modern Boy' (SATRL SATL 4010)

GOOD ALBUM cover, good name but the music, well it has its ups and downs, to put it kindly. The powerful guitar sound on the opening track, 'Loving You', made me hopeful. However out of the speakers screeched Cadillac's grating high pitched voice, after the initial shock it did contain a quaint charm. Confusion followed. 'Lily' was classy Euro pop. 'Hello' sounded like a cheap E.L.O. while 'Voodoo Woman' was an embarrassing Bee Gees rip-off.

Only on the straight rock numbers did Cadillac ever appear convincing. 'She's A Model' with its obligatory new wave influences was the highlight of a totally mixed up album, but then Cadillac is an Italian who lives in Belgium, no wonder he appears so lost. + + PHILIP HALL.

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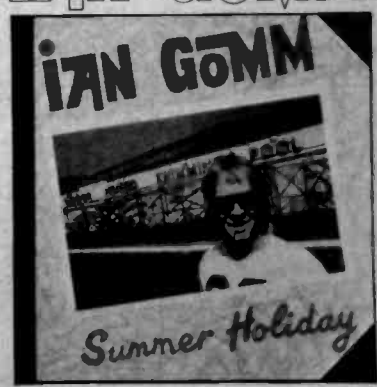
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RORY GALLAGHER: 'Photo-Finish' (Chrysalis CHR 1170)

TWO YEARS must have seemed like eternity to Rory Gallagher devotees, waiting for the release of 'Photo-Finish'. At the outset, recording took place in California but due to Rory's dissatisfaction and his eventual decision to split the current band, there were subsequent setbacks.

The platter, which was ultimately cut in Cologne, West Germany, is no more than average and makes me wonder if it was worth waiting for. That doesn't mean I don't like it, merely disappointed in a guitarist who has become progressively better over the past decade, but fails to go one step further this time around.

There are some fine numbers, especially 'Shadow Play' which kicks off the second side. Here is Rory, delivering some exceptional soloing, though sadly not matched elsewhere on the album. A fairly raw, live sound has been attained, seen on tracks like 'Shin Kickers' and 'Brute Force And Ignorance', and there are Johnny Winter traces present. Apart from 'Shadow Play' and possibly 'Fuel To The Fire', the last song, there aren't really any Gallagher classics.

Perhaps a live album, with cuts culled from the past three studio efforts, should be contemplated + + + STEVE GETT



RORY GALLAGHER: no classics

Alan Fitzgerald and Denny Carmassi, with guitarist Gary Phil, are all led by commander S. Hagar on vocals and guitar.

The initial misfires come in the form of 'Red' and 'Rock and Roll Weekend', both from his second album. Then comes 'Make It Last', which owners of that first Montrose LP will instantly recognise. This breaks into 'Reckless', with lethal guitar and riffing in the style of Zepp's 'Communication Breakdown'. I'm sure there aren't many headbangers without an imaginary axe in their hands, at this stage of the process at least. The aforementioned lyrical message of 'Turn Up The Music', comes alive, leaving the listener endeavouring in vain to discover from a side of sheer metallic madness.

Flip the disc over and the excitement continues with another rocker 'I've Done Everything For You', the latest single. 'Young Girl' Blues is slower paced, including a fine solo and also superb vocals from Hagar. But it's 'Bad Motor Scooter' (also unleashed on the Montrose platter) which delivers the fatal blow.

'All Night Long' is an album to be purchased without delay - definitely the best US live heavy rock package of '78 so far + + + + + STEVE GETT

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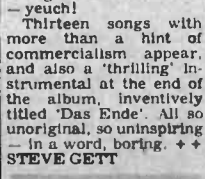
THE DODGERS: 'Love On The Rebound' (Polydor Super 2383 513)

STUNNING and shocking is how the record company describes this album, which is in fact about as stunning as a day at Bognor, and equally shocking.

From their name, one might assume The Dodgers to be the latest power-pop outfit, but they're actually very middle-of-the-road, practically Radio Two standard.

Although 'Love On The Rebound', a crass title for a start, is well produced the material is completely limp, with excess vocal harmonies and dreadful lyrics: "Doesn't matter if the sun don't shine, you know I'll see you through, Doesn't matter if it's rain or fine, loving's all I want to do" - yeuch!

Thirteen songs with more than a hint of commercialism appear, and also a 'thrilling' instrumental at the end of the album, inventively titled 'Das Ende'. All so unoriginal, so uninspiring - in a word, boring. + + STEVE GETT



SAMMY HAGAR: 'All Night Long' (Capitol EST 11812)

"TURN UP the music, we wanna rock tonight. We play heavy metal music, that makes me feel alright," - me too! When I mentioned Sammy Hagar in the recent A-Z of heavy metal, I conjectured that his next attack might be World War Three, and I wasn't far wrong.

The explosive, cataclysmic effect of 'All Night Long' is created by machine gun riffing, dynamic soloing and a voice with the force of a Sherman tank. Sammy promised way back, on the debut Montrose classic, to have "Good rockin' tonight" and that's something he maintains in this, his so-called live cut.

Three ex-Montrose members, Bill Church,

sure, if respected, European bands, cut his own album 'Guitars' two years ago, and worked more than once before with Coryell. Together they opened the show for was over last year. That gig I remember as being rather a lot of earnest, vivid Django Reinhardt things.

'Splendid' uses far more textures, including Philip's slow-dazzle fretless electric guitar over Larry's precise and delicate acoustic patterns on 'Snowshadows'. As well as the technically intricate and aesthetically daunting there's a good strong sense of dynamics which often seems to get lost on these two-guitar deals - try out 'Transvested Express' for size - and another very rare quality is the head-pinning memorability of songs like Larry Coryell's 'No More Booze' Superlative one. this. + + + + + SUSAN KLUTH



PRINCE MOHAMMED: 'People Are You Ready' (Ballistic UAS3192)

PRINCE MOHAMMED, an impressive name for a somewhat ordinary talent. His album is reggae in the fearless kind it contains all the expected characteristics, but no original spark to make it stand out from the crowd. The backing throughout is so bare and basic, that after a while its simplicity becomes predictably monotonous.

At times the Prince's voice was vaguely reminiscent of Althia and Donna's hiccupy style. However it gradually became uncomfortably bland, as the Prince droned on incoherently throwing in the usual Jamaican clichés ('Natty Going Back To Africa', 'Go Up Town', etc. etc. With 'Are You Ready' you expect some kind of emotional inspiration. What you get is an album of repetitious rumbles. + + PHILIP HALL



TOBY BEAU: 'Toby Beau' (RCA PL12711)

IT WAS hardly surprising to find that Toby Beau have had a Top 20 hit in America with the overly commercial 'My Angel Baby'. In many ways Toby Beau could be the proverbial computer choice for a successful US band. They are five young, sickly-looking Texans, who sing lightweight but professional country rockers. I must admit to 'quite' liking the more uptempo numbers, such as 'Moonshine' and 'Westbound Train', which do contain a bland charm. This is certainly an accomplished album full of dangerously pleasant tunes. However to listen to it, is totally soul destroying, simply because it has no soul. + + PHILIP HALL

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CORYELL CATHERINE: 'Splendid' (Elektra K32068)

LARRY CORYELL was, of course, the boss man round at the Eleventh House. Philip Catherine won't be so well-known - he's a Belgian who's worked in various ob-



ELTON JOHN: 'London And New York' (Pickwick SHM 966)

LONDON AND New York was originally released several years ago, under the title of 'Here And There' and still remains one of my favourite Elton John albums. One side was recorded at the Royal Festival Hall, in May 1974, and the other at Madison Square Garden, New York. The atmosphere on both sides of the Atlantic is totally different, with the very restrained British audience contrasted by its ecstatic and extrovert American counterpart, the latter encouraging a far greater live feel.

EJ plays court jester in the presence of HRH Princess Margaret, as he introduces numbers like 'Skyline Pigeon' and 'Border Song' 'Honky Cat' follows, with the ludicrous duck calls from percussionist Ray Cooper - hardly essential on vinyl, especially with only two sides available.

Highlight of the UK offerings is 'Love Song', from 'Tumbleweed Connection'. It's a beautiful ballad, enriched by the vocals of Lesley Duncan, who co-wrote the tune.

The tracks from the US gigs are a grade higher, commencing with the melancholy yet majestic 'Funeral For A Friend', which leads into 'Love Lies Bleeding', displaying guitarist Davey Johnstone in fine form. This is the music of Elton John at its best.

After 'Rocket Man' comes 'Benny And The Jets', always a Stateside favourite, and finally 'Take Me To The Pilot' rounds off affairs.

'London And New York' is an excellent compilation of Elton's material between 1970-74, capturing some of that on-stage excitement, he is capable of creating. And with a retail price of under £1.50, it's a bargain ++++ **STEVE GETT**

BLUE OYSTER CULT: 'Some Enchanted Evening' (CBS 86074)

I THINK it was about 30 seconds into the first

track of this live album that I began to think that maybe, just maybe, the Sizzlers have a point. Apologies for dragging the Sewer Rats into this, but it was those gents who ventured that our colonial cousins were of a lower cerebral capacity.

The theory would seem plausible to even the staunchest Yankophile after an earful of 'Some Enchanted Evening'. Recorded in Atlanta, I presume this is a seven-track live experience, which comes free with every laser you buy. Only a jape kids.

The thing that ate Atlanta opens with 'RU Ready 2 Rock' is standard mid-American stop-start Heavy Metal which slows down, speeds up, slows down, has a guitar break, speeds up into a heads down no nonsense boogie, has a cretinous audience chat - up, takes another lengthy geezer workout then ends with a clinched blues exit. Ultimately it goes nowhere and if it wasn't so dreadful it would be downright offensive. 'ETI (Extra Terrestrial Intelligence)' is actually quite good. The same slow crunching thrash as the version on 'Agents Of Fortune' with an augmented (that means over the top) guitar break and ending. The final track on side one is 'Astronomy' an eight-minute plod which in the slower cymbal-laden passages is reminiscent of Uriah Heep or any of Deep Purple's moody pieces. Yes, it's that bad!

Side two is as near to good BOC as one will ever be. Besides containing the only original of real worth, the magnificent 'Don't Fear The Reaper', it also contains two covers, a perfunctory 'Kick Out The Jams' and Mann and Weil's 'We Gotta Get Out Of This Place'. The MC 5 song is performed with sufficient clout which ain't difficult if you have three excessive guitarists. 'We Gotta Get Out Of This Place' is, with the exception of 'The Reaper' the only song here that is delivered with any true rock feeling, and they do a great version of a great song. Elsewhere there pervades an atmosphere of American kitsch and overblown pomposity. Two failings which are shown to the full on 'Godzilla'.

To sum up let me just say that I'm sure you'll love 'Some Enchanted Evening' and it'll grace your turntables for many a long day. ++ **RONNIE GURR**



SALSOUL: 'Saturday Night Disco Party' (Salsoul SSSL 4001)

I WAS late for the plane and the sweat on my forehead got thicker as the time scurried past. At the airport I swung in at the terminal gate, abandoned my car to the grey uniformed attendant and hurried up to the stairs to the entrance. An hour later and I was in the air. I looked around me and saw that like me all the passengers were young and most were nervously shifting their feet in anticipation. The flashing light announcing our flight had read, 'Saturday Night Special'.

As soon as we were steady at 60,000 feet we were asked to leave our seats. As we did so, they folded themselves back against the wall in a noiseless automatic movement. The flight took on its true dimension as the lights dimmed and the shape of the dance floor became apparent. 'Welcome to the sound of Salsoul and the fever of Saturday Night is yours to enjoy,' the captain's voice came over the intercom. As his voice faded the speaker cabinets, hidden in the body of the airplane began to pound out the perfectly produced rhythms of the Salsoul Orchestra. Non-stop party music that slid around the body, like falling through an air current in your dreams.

Three songs from the pen of Maurice, Robin and Barry Gibb stay in my memory, my favourite from 'Ripple' and two huge hits from Loleatta Holloway and Double Exposure kept me in a state of relaxed tension for the whole of the flight.

GEOFF TRAVIS

WEREWOLVES: 'Werewolves' (RCA PL 12746)

SOMETIMES I wonder where all these bands come from. This platter is one of those annoying 'Let's build a hit album' cases, this example, it seems, being custom-made for the American middle-of-the-FM road. It gracefully manages to slide to the bottom of the barrel of

every style they try to incorporate - from country, to rock, to wimpid, sickly pop which they rely upon to bring a commercial aspect to this otherwise drab, rambling album. The songs with the country influences are the worst, particularly 'Never Been To Hades', but 'Holly Wood Millionaire' comes pretty close. You can la-la along to the chorus (as they unfortunately do) or even join in the lyrics, which seem to be made up almost exclusively of the line 'I wanna cry but I don't wanna drip on myself'. Stimulating, eh kiddies?

If you want an album by a bunch of pretty (yes they've got the looks too) boys, which will make your toes curl (with embarrassment) at its pseudo-rock intentions, then get 'Werewolves', 'cos believe me, nobody else in their right minds will. + 1/2 **KELLY PIKE**

LOVE COMMITTEE:



LOVE COMMITTEE: 'Law And Order' (Gold Mind GA 9500)

A MONTH or two back I heard the title track of this album as a short and fairly listenable, uptempo soul single. Alas it introduces this album as an extravagant eight-and-a-half minute track, which is about three times too long. It carries a rather facile message: 'We gotta have law and order in this land if we're ever gonna reach the promised land' and goes on in this vein, attempting the profundity of other soul 'message' songs like those the Temptations were putting out at the start of the decade. Lyrically it never achieves half the value of, say, 'Ball Of Confusion' and musically it's just another disco song. But it's by far the best track on this thoroughly mediocre album. It's followed by a collection of tedious and unoriginal ballads and second-rate dance tunes. The Love Committee seems basically to be a four-man vocal group; only one of them, Ron Tyson, has any songwriting credits on the album but in any case the word 'credit' is hardly appropriate. + 1/4 **PAUL SEXTON**

LINDA RONSTADT: 'Living In The USA' (Asylum K53085)

LINDA Ronstadt has, in the past, made some great cover versions of other people's songs. I've been a long time fan of hers, especially of her country orientated songs.

This time, as far as I'm concerned, she's fallen flat on her lovely face. Her music has grown as complacent as her double chin and her Valerie Singleton perm.

In one mighty bound, she's become Miss Easy Listening America. She's taken Elvis Costello's 'Alison' and glossed it over with a smug patina of California dreamin'. Not only that, but she's sandwiched it between a ghastly version of the Hollies' old hit 'Just One Look' and a laid back (man) copy of JD Souther's 'White Rhythm & Blues' (and I didn't think anyone could get more laid back than HIM). I nearly burned holes in the ironing listening to this.

Where she touches rock and roll, as on Chuck Berry's 'Back In The USA', she doesn't sound convincing. There was hardly a song on the album I liked: the only compliment I can hand out is to 'When I Grow Too Old To Dream', but one cut from a whole album isn't good enough. There was no spark of 'Silver Threads And Golden Needles', no originality of arrangement like 'Tumbling Dice' and none of the pathos of 'Desperado'. As the Queen of the cover versions, she's failed dismally this time. To cap it all, she finished with a dreadful copy of 'Love Me Tender'. What a disappointment. + **ROSALIND RUSSELL**



LINDA RONSTADT easy listening

the SMIRKS

"Always had that je ne sais quoi"

THE TOUR

- Friday 6th October **PLYMOUTH** Polytechnic
- Saturday 7th October **READING** University
- Wednesday 11th October **LONDON** Marquee
- Thursday 12th October **LEEDS** Polytechnic
- Friday 13th October **NEWCASTLE** University
- Saturday 14th October **MANCHESTER** University
- Sunday 15th October **BRADFORD** Royal Standard Hotel
- Monday 16th October **WARRINGTON** Carlton Club
- Wednesday 18th October **LONDON** Marquee
- Thursday 19th October **NOTTINGHAM** Sandpiper Club
- Saturday 21st October **PORTSMOUTH** Polytechnic
- Thursday 26th October **NORWICH** Boogie Place
- Friday 27th October **BRISTOL** University
- Saturday 28th October **LONDON** School of Economics
- Monday 30th October **LONDON** Marquee
- Tuesday 31st October **BIRMINGHAM** Aston University
- Wednesday 1st November **HUDDERSFIELD** Polytechnic
- Thursday 2nd November **MANCHESTER** Russell Club
- (2 shows - 6 pm & 7 pm under 18's only 50p)
- Friday 3rd November **SHEFFIELD** Limit Club
- Saturday 4th November **HALIFAX** Good Mood Club

THE RECORD Rosemary

BZZ 23

... OUT REAL SOON

the SMIRKS



Beverly
Home of love which

IN PART One of this exclusive in-depth interview, JOHN TRAVOLTA talked about his past life, from a happy childhood in Englewood, New Jersey to his early showbiz career, his parts as Vinnie Barbarino in the American TV show 'Welcome Back Kotter', Tony Manero in 'Saturday Night Fever' and Danny Zuko in 'Grease', the private plane he loves to fly, and the great tragedy in his life — the death of Diana Hyland, the actress he loved.

This week, he goes on to discuss his interest in Scientology, his involvement in the disco lifestyle of 'Saturday Night Fever,' and the films he's planning to make in the future.

THE MORNING is inexplicably cold, the LA sun metallic. It is the sort of southern California day that broods cloudlessly, and if you lie by a swimming pool, or anywhere on cement, you can feel one of the 543-yearly movements of the San Andreas Fault.

These are always more distinctly felt in depleted North Hollywood, where the American Broadcasting facilities are surrounded by prison-mesh fencing, for the same reason that John Travolta lives in a high-security building. At ABC, he is imprisoned by his contract: this he refuses to discuss, but everyone knows he'd now like to leave 'Welcome Back Kotter', his TV show which he appears in every week.

Besides 'Moment By Moment' the picture he's making with Lily Tomlin, he's set to do 'American Gigolo' for Paramount ('It's about a guy who is obsessed with giving sexual pleasure to women: he doesn't understand the concept of receiving the pleasure himself at all'). Paramount also has plans to star him in another 'Godfather' continuation (he'd play the son of Michael Corleone, the role played by Al Pacino). And he's just signed his own production company for a two picture deal — at a million a movie!

He hardly needs ABC any more, but they need him, and they're not about to let him out of his 'Kotter' contract, which could explain his sober restlessness, here on the 'Kotter' lot, his ceaseless pacing of his dressing room, which is sparsely furnished and temporal — a space he could vacate rapidly, without looking back.

Actually, John didn't much want to talk again today: he guards his press encounters closely, and one must battle and bargain for every minute spent with him. Two of the three reasons for this he'll admit and discuss: first, he works nonstop hasn't much time, values his leisure time highly, and reserves weekends for flying and tending his airplanes. Clearly, he's thought out what he's going to say publicly long before one confronts him, and when he's done, he's done. No hanging out, philosophizing and smoking funny things. (He does not smoke cigarettes, or drink, and asserts he never smokes anything funny, anyway.)

And what about the reporters who've turned up so far? "They've been all right," John offers uneasily, "except they seem to sit there staring, waiting for me to say something like, 'Far-r-r-out,' or 'Geez,' as though that's all I could say. They haven't been very interested in... the real me, you know? They actually expected me

'Hey mom, look at me now'



to be, in person, these guys I have acted. I just couldn't believe that — that they knew so little about acting."

Finally, there is this possibility: that although he is anything but dumb, he genuinely fears being thought so. Like a lot of high school dropouts, he's reached the age at which he's apprehensive about his lack of book learning. Even certain TV and movie people have read Chaucer and Baudelaire, and in Hollywood, if they haven't, they drop the names anyway.

John's been heavily exposed to this, of course, and sometimes, when you query him intricately, his eyes seem to glaze, as though he fears the question contains a trick. I do not ask him about this last, however: in a way, I've begun to guard him from his own vulnerability. Partly, this is again his presence, which calls up something parental. Partly, it's because he is, quite simply, an earnest young man who does try.

You sense, by now, that he is not so much callow as uninformed; that Diana Hyland's death jarred him profoundly and began the shaping of his character; that, given time, he'll touch depths within himself that will dazzle movie cameras, provided he goes on finding directors and cinematographers as respectful, and loving, as 'Saturday Night Fever's'.

Oddly, it's the mention of Hyland's name that restores his good mood now. "I got the 'Fever' script, I read it that night, frowning all through it. I wondered if I could give it enough dimension. Diana look it into the other room, and in about an hour she burst back in. 'Baby,' she shouted, 'you are going to be great in this! This Tony, he's got all the colours! First, he's angry about something; he hates the trap that Brooklyn and his dumb job are! There's a whole glamorous world out there waiting which he feels only when he dances. And he grows, he gets out of Brooklyn!'

"She went on like that a long time. He's miles from what you've played, and what isn't in the script, you're going to put there!" I said, "He's also king of the disco. I'm not that good a dancer," Diana said, "Baby, you're going to learn!"

John started dance practice the next day with a member of the Dancing Machine, a top disco group, and he began physical workouts with the trainer Sylvester Stallone used for 'Rocky'. "I ran miles and miles, dropped 20 pounds, got a whole new body out of it."

Still, he was dubious. In New York, he began his sorties to the 2001 Odyssey disco in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, with 'Fever's' scenarist Norman Wexler, to observe the tribal rites. "The first time, I tried disguises, you know? A hat, dark glasses." This seems to

embarrass him. "Well, it didn't work, and it's not the right way for me, anyway. I had to do my observing as myself, see how they'd react to me." The Odyssey's manager would admit him through a side door, he'd sit in the back, in the shadows. "It would be an hour before anyone saw me, and during that time I concentrated on every detail of their behaviour I could. Their whole way of dancing, moving, conversing, relating to their girls, was ritualistic. It had its set rules."

When filming in the Odyssey began, director John Badham decided to use some of the Brooklyn kids as extras; several asked Travolta home for dinner to meet their families, "and a lotta the stuff in the scenes at home, at the dinner table, and the ones with my brother in the picture, who's leaving the priesthood — I got the feel of those moments from those Brooklyn dinners. Yeah, I was raised Catholic, but it never had the huge importance in our house that it has in those Italian families in Bay Ridge."

When he talks of the Bay Ridge boys, he unconsciously begins imitating them, or rather, them imitating him imitating them, as he did performing Tony Manero. Here you recall what happened in "Saturday Night Fever": obviously director Badham, shooting more or less in sequence, rehearsed extensively but did few retakes of scenes, allowing John to grow in his performance as the story progressed, and the character of Tony Manero to grow with him.

Right, that did happen. I never really find a lot of things about a character when I'm reading a script, and that was doubly true with Tony. Even after Diana talked to me, I still saw the negatives in him; he read flat to me, and not sympathetic, the way he treats women, and so on. I had to find his vulnerability, so you cared about him, so that I cared about him. No, he did not ask for script changes. "I felt it was up to me, to incorporate in him some line of integrity: his caring about the girl's dream to get to Manhattan, even though she's bitchy to him."

So rehearsals were vital, not just dance rehearsals, to allow John Badham to accomplish his very long, unbroken takes of the disco dances. "I can't create a lot until I'm actually rehearsing with the actors I'm going to be working with — I don't know what they're going to do in a scene, or what I'll get from them to react to. My response to what another actor gives me may be a million times better than before we start working together."

And though his character's pretty much set, before shooting starts, "I like to leave at least half of my creating until the camera's rolling. That way, the work doesn't have a set, 'acted' look, it's spontaneous, it flows. In 'Fever', I'd suddenly add things during takes, then ask John Badham if he liked that, and especially Norman Wexler, because he wrote it. I mean, to me, the writer of a script is source

It's a word Scientologists use a lot, and disciples will drop it into a conversation in order to proselytize. Not Travolta. He has to be asked about it. "Yeah, I discovered Scientology a few years ago. I'd get very depressed, for no reason. Psychoanalysis wasn't for me, but Scientology made sense to me right away, because it seemed like a means of self-help. A meter shows you when you're responding to a bad experience in your past, you find the source of pain, acknowledge it, deal with it. That seemed to me very logical, and I was right. I get answers, that way. Okay?"

Definitely okay: more than enough said. He's restless now, because he's talked a lot again, or maybe because, in a minute he'll have to go back to the 'Kotter' set and be Vinnie Barbarino again.

I finally bring up a subject I'd been meaning to ask John for two days: his reaction to the Bay Ridge disco kids' apparent preferences for oral sex. John

Err! What have you got on your lips?

doesn't blush, but he doesn't grin either.

"Oh yeah. That. Well, I mean, it was in the script. The guys having the girls... blow them, instead of the usual. No, I didn't, um, research that. You think I should have? Maybe that's a lack in me."

"Also, it could be simple birth control, very important. Remember, the girl who wants to make out with Tony. She says, 'I don't have any protection'. Tony says something like, 'Forget it, I'm not gonna have you get me to get you pregnant, you're not going to stick me with that problem'. See what I'm saying? Tony's only intention in that scene was... to get his rocks off."

John is not trying to be funny; he doesn't smile. Clearly he wishes he hadn't said it. "I remember one thing about those kids more than anything. The guys who'd gather around me — I don't know how many of them said to me, very respectfully, 'Wow, man, I wish I was you'. I've thought a lot about that."

"I mean I'm a hero to them, which is weird to me. Maybe a whole generation is materialistic, and not much else. They were so awed by fame. Money. They thought it was the best possible world, to be in my position. That seems sad to me, you know? I'm not saying to you, it isn't good, that I don't enjoy it or appreciate it. I'm glad every day for it. That Oscar nomination, I was high on that for weeks, the recognition of work that it is — just the nomination."

"But when you start thinking this is all there is, then you're just swallowed up in a lot of bad values. Star time, you know? It's why I've got to get away weekends, get into the sky alone. Those Brooklyn kids, they were so excited by their idea of being me. I didn't want to lay the reality on them. That it is very hard work, very uncertain, to get big in this business very quickly. Why spoil it for them, talking about the choices you've got to make — that they are very tough, and if you make the wrong ones, you blow it all, and you've got to make them by yourself. You got to think 'work all the time'."

When he walks away, to work, he's hunched again; from the rear, he appears slightly weary and unwilling. Why do I regret seeing him go? He's been informative, but not enthralling; pleasant, but hardly intimate. There's been no suggestion that we're going to be friends, yet that's what I wanted. Which is, again, what stars do; if only you knew him. His charisma is, finally, like a good movie. You don't want it to end.

**Interview by
TOM BURKE**



Interview Reprinted with kind permission of 'Rolling Stone' magazine

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO BE A WOMAN?



WAYNE COUNTY IS.

The proof is a track on the Electric Chairs new album
STORM THE GATES OF HEAVEN
"Just listen to it, it's fun, it's angry, it's committed,
it's witty, it's tacky, it's awful and finally, somehow, it's brilliant"... NME

See them live... hear the album... understand

- Oct 5th
- Oct 7th
- Oct 10th
- Oct 11th
- Oct 12th
- Oct 13th
- Oct 16th
- Oct 19th
- Oct 21st

- LONDON: Music Machine
- NORTHAMPTON: Cricket Club
- NUNEATON: 77 Club
- YORK: Pop Club
- MANCHESTER: Russell Club
- LIVERPOOL: Eric's
- DONCASTER
- BIRMINGHAM: The Gig
- BLACKPOOL: Norbreck Hotel

- Oct 23rd
- Oct 24th
- Oct 25th
- Oct 26th
- Oct 27th
- Oct 30th
- Oct 31st
- Nov 1st
- Nov 2nd

- SWANSEA: Circles
- NEWPORT
- NEWCASTLE: University
- LEEDS: Brannigans
- NOTTINGHAM: Sandpiper
- PLYMOUTH: Woods
- PENZANCE: The Garden
- EXETER: Roots
- SHEFFIELD



Reggae star Peter Tosh sustained a fractured arm and severe head injuries resulting in over 20 stitches in the wound last Tuesday following an incident in Kingston, Jamaica when he was arrested for allegedly smoking a marijuana cigarette and resisting arrest.

Tosh was reported to have stepped outside a rehearsal studio while working with his band, when he was accosted by the police officer who eventually drew a gun on the singer.

A struggle ensued during which the gun was knocked to the ground and more police arrived and took Tosh into custody. It is believed that Tosh's injuries occurred later that night while 'Helping police with their enquiries' and despite an impassioned plea by Bob Marley at the prison he was detained in a cell overnight.

The following morning Tosh was taken under heavy guard, still handcuffed, to the prison hospital where it was ascertained that he had a broken arm and stitches were inserted in the head wound and his arm set. Tosh was later released on bail while awaiting trial and has placed his own defence in the hands of an eminent Jamaican counsel who has made several counter-charges on Tosh's behalf.

Despite the seriousness of his injuries Tosh's manager was adamant that Tosh was even more determined to play his concerts in Britain in November.

Before this incident Tosh spoke to FRED RATH in America about the law and smoking herb and how it was created for the use of man.

AT NIGHT the sign flickers "TROPICANA O EL". In daylight it's easy to pass by the Tropicana Hotel, near Sunset Strip, without getting any idea that it may house one or two music stars, or anyone more engaging than a third rate pimp with second rate ideas. Well

Such is the nature of this game that the Hotel Tropicana has a reputation stretching back a few years as the hang out for many visiting troubadours - not the Mick Jagers or David Bowles of this world, but certainly a sprinkling of would be, might be and possibly-in-the-near-future stars have been known to pass through its crumbling portals.

This is almost Tom Waits territory, except all the street life that hustles in and out of the steamy cafe at the front is too busy noticing itself to be that down to earth. Another Almost-madeitville.

Unperturbed

Backstage in the hotel, Peter Tosh holds court with a succession of American journalists trying to find another ambassador for reggae apart from Bob Marley. Some of them don't even know what reggae is, such is the lack of exposure it gets here. Strangely, both Tosh and Marley are in town, but Marley is staying in more salubrious quarters. Tosh, who was working on the Rolling Stones tour, has no heralded announcement of his presence and on clustering fans at the door. He is unperturbed.

The aroma of rasta cooking and herbs is unchallenged by the air conditioning unit in his room, which has been turned off. There is so much activity in there we go out and sit at a table by the pool to talk about his daunting task in America. Marley might have broken down the gates of Babylon, but there's an awful lot of resistance left inside.

"Serious thing Serious thing it is man," grins Tosh, strumming his acoustic guitar idly. Pausing for reflection he continues "when a contractor builds a house, he makes sure that the buyer gets at least a 40 year guarantee. When a singer designs music, you're supposed to get at least the same guarantee."

Obviously this is going to be a-er-philosophical kind of chat. Tosh smiles mystically and asks for a light.

Struggle

"The problem here is the media that controls the radio stations and all the publicity stuff that makes the music more acceptable to the people."

"Reggae has always had to struggle for acceptance, we've gone through years of that and it has not stopped reggae from getting better and for more people to appreciate it."

The warm, smoggy breeze falls to disperse the aura of wisdom and herbs that envelops our table. Tosh plucks out a few lines of a Spanish style melody, takes another draw, and reflects on the merits of

Tosh and the mission



itself. "Those things were prophesied a long time ago to be fulfilled in a certain time, and when the time has fully come, then the prophesy will be fulfilled. No-one can push that time along, it has been ordained by The Creator. I only come to warn those who do not believe, and if they do not then they will suffer the consequences - which is destruction. But what can I do about those that won't listen?"

Then what are you doing here? "I am here for positive reasons, the careless ones are here from a negative reason. I am not trying to do something about it, it is the will of the Most High that gives me health, strength, wisdom, knowledge and understanding and spiritual protection to go out and do his work. To teach and awake the slumberin' mentality of the people."

Tosh looks for another light, regarding me askance as a hapless mortal to whom a state of Being has but small significance. I decide on a caucasian question, just to lighten things up. Just how universal can the message of Jah Rastafari ever be for anyone other than someone of African origin?

Laughter

"How Universal?"" Tosh wrinkles his eyebrow, preparing his backhand. "Rastafari is EVER Universal. Want to know the symbols of Rastafari? Every stoplight symbolises Rastafari, that's how International Rastafari is, but those who see through physical things don't see through those lines."

Fifteen love. The ball rolls to the fence behind me, and we both fall about with laughter. Tosh recovers with an afterthought on the lack of any substantial Black American following for reggae.

"The media controls everything. Economical pressure, too. Not sometimes - every time. England's a different place. In England there are more pure Black people which is why I have to go there. Mind you, the greatest improvement in the last 10 years is Black people's morale. My mission is to re-awaken what has already been said. The time has come when it must be repeated. Unless the world came here to die and be destroyed, but I personally know that is not so. I know that man came here to live. It is Man who created the trees, Man who made the birds, Man who made the breeze, and Man who made the seas, so how must Man make those things die?"

The things that spring to mind are that Man created East and West Germany, D.D.T., and the Neutron Bomb, none of which have anything to do with life - but then I am not a Believer. A sympathiser yes, but not a Believer.

The interview freezes at deuce. Playing safe, I enquire about the names of the band who had not been introduced by Tosh the night before.

"That's a scientific question," Tosh grins warily.

Just the names will do. "It is a scientific way of doing things. Anciently everyone has been doing that, introducing the band. If someone comes and doesn't introduce the band and the music is appreciated, it doesn't make a difference."

being with Rolling Stones Records and the potential for high level promotion.

"Lot a blessings man, uncountable blessings," he ruminates from an inward draw of the atmosphere. He seems to disregard the fact that he drew an ultra-full house on each night at the Starwood on the strength of a possible Stones sit-in.

"Even though they come to see somebody else, they accepted the music, so everything was positive when they left. It's like who they came there to see, they did see that person. That's the power of the music. All those people who came to see the Rolling Stones didn't go away dissatisfied. I am always aware of any situation that I come on, and I am always ready for adjustment. That's a part of psychology."

"Mind you, Rastafari in America ain't easy. You

get negative reactions, all kinds, every day. Even in interviews, because not everyone wants to write something nice, they only come to see what I have to say."

Eloquence

If reggae in America today is spelt Bob Marley, then Peter Tosh is an obvious choice to consolidate the position of reggae as a genre. He has a valuable 'in' to the rock media with Rolling Stones Records. His new single 'You Gotta Walk Don't Look Back', has Mick Jagger on back-up vocals and a tour of Britain is planned for November, he is one of the original Wallers, and even if his music is not as commercially "cleaned up" as Marley's, his songs are at least equal in political eloquence and relevance. 'Legalise It' and 'Equal Rights' need

no particular ethnic genius to recognise their universal significance, but the world remains oblivious to the Rastafarian message.

"Well, 'Equal Rights' has soul. Most people are not professional in their marketing of reggae music. Jah took away the blessing from Island Records and gave it to someone else because they didn't recognise the blessing that they got."

One area reggae and Rastafari could expect to have a strong foothold is in the black ghettos of the major US cities, but even here there is only small interest. Clapham probably has more reggae fans than the whole of Los Angeles disregarding the rock star status of Bob Marley. Following 'Roots', the strong identification with Africa held by the Rastafari would seem to touch some common ground, as would reggae

MMM

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SMOKIE

OCTOBER

6	BURNMOUTH	Wintar Gardens
7	EASTBOURNE	Congress Theatre
8	CROYDON	Fairfield Halls
9	WOLVERHAMPTON	Civic Hall
12	BIRMINGHAM	Odeon
13	COVENTRY	Theatre
14	LIVERPOOL	Empire
15	MANCHESTER	Apollo
16	NEWCASTLE	City Hall
17	GLASGOW	Apollo
20	PETERBOROUGH	ABC
21	LONDON	Rainbow Theatre
22	OXFORD	New Theatre
23	PRESTON	Guidhall
24	BRADFORD	Alhambra Theatre
25	BRADFORD	Alhambra Theatre

Evenings 7.30pm except London at 8.00pm

The Saints

new album
SHSP4094



What's Jagger doing in this feature? Well, Tosh is signed to Rolling Stones Records and he sings on Tosh's new single.

I was interested though.

Well, Robbie Shakespeare on bass," Tosh relents. "Sly Dunbar on drums, Don Altkens on first lead guitar and Touter on electric Rhodes."

There were others, but no matter. Taking the advantage, I comment that the best received number was 'Legalise It' not least of all because he ritualistically lit up a joint on stage and passed it out into the audience, a nice bit of artist/audience identification.

Tosh comes to life again from behind a cloud of smoke.

"It's only to show the lawmakers that smoking herb doesn't do anything. It doesn't make Man insane or mad, because after I smoke the herb I finish playing the music and everyone enjoy themselves. So why make laws to prove to me that I am crazy? That is total madness and physical aggression. Trying to make me a criminal when I am not. The President's son smokes herb, the Prime Minister's son smokes herb, so what's it all about?"

"Those who say don't smoke herb sell it and make millions of dollars every day. Why banana not illegal? Herb was created for the use of Man, so who gave anyone authority to pick out one specific herb to say this one is dangerous?"

"The people who make the laws that make herb illegal shall no more live on the earth. They despise the naturalness of the earth so they shall now live under the earth and feed the herb and make it grow."

That's a lot of fertilizer. Tosh falls back in his chair, chuckling at the thought.

"That's all they're suitable for, you see," he continues with obvious relish. "The bloodclaat man, herb was created for medicinal, scientific and spiritual purposes, so no man is coming to tell me that I must not smoke herb. I must smoke cigarettes and then write on every pack 'Warning the Surgeon General has determined that Cigarette Smoking is



Dangerous to Your Health' — WHAT THE BOMBACLAAT THAT MEAN? And how many people I hear their lungs get damaged by herb?"

"I don't want to include myself in this world of destruction by smoking a pack of cigarettes and destroy half my lungs. I want to sing. I go to the doctors to buy a new set of lungs? No force or power can force me not to smoke herb. If you're going to hang man for smoking it, hang me 'cos I'm not going to stop!"

Does Tosh ever fear his safety in certain parts of America? Especially in the deep South, where even the rock audiences sometimes have the worst redneck inclinations. So what's the motivation? Can it be to wrest some of that ill-gotten lucre from the very heart of Babylon?"

"Man, there are people who never hear reggae yet. People will stone you off the stage if you don't play something they can accept, so you better have that one thing to play at that time, or get ready to put up your shield! I once played to 100,000 and at least 90,000 would've stone me, but when I put on the musical power of hypnosis and I knew everyone was hypnotised, I left them there for hours wondering. They are still talking about it."

"That wasn't 100 per cent of my performing capabilities — not even 50 per cent — because first, no soundcheck, second no

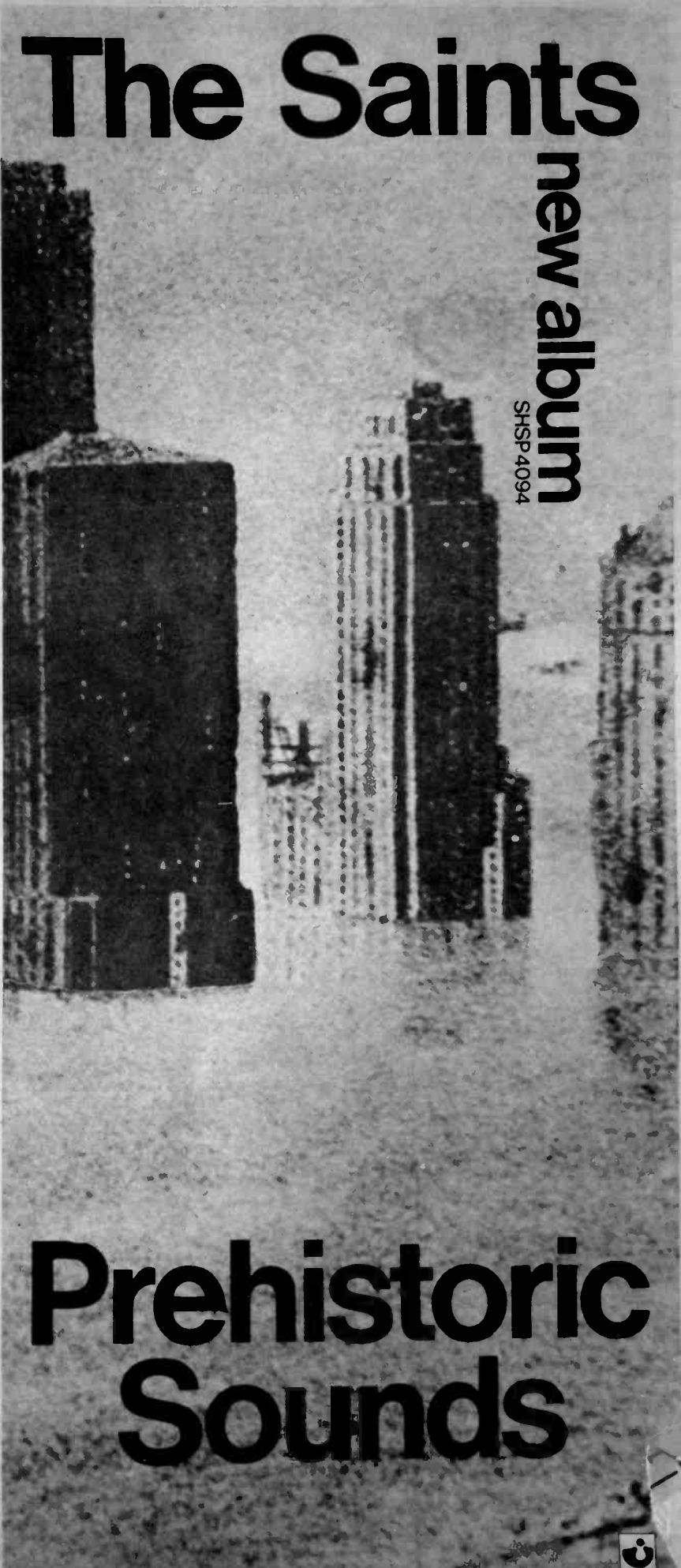
engineer, and that was a professional stage show in Philadelphia. The engineer was only professional in rock and roll music and knew nothing about reggae."

"There's nothing merry in America, everyone is sad but seems to be laughing. Money is not my aim and aspiration, money is not my heart's determination. When money comes it does not stay, money is just another piece of paper that fades away. Gold and diamond is my earth's resources."

"I am an African living in Jamaica, and I see Jamaica through spiritual eyes. When I look at a cup I don't just see the cup. I see the positive side to the cup and the destructive side. In America luck won't get you through, you got to get Blessing from the Almighty. Many people get luck, but you get two kinds of luck — good and bad luck."

The wind blows up and the smell of cooking invades the conversation. The interview comes to an end with wishes for good luck. Over his shoulder Tosh offers a parting philosophy.

"Careful? I am ever careful. I don't protect myself — it is Jah who protects I Rastafari, he is my protector. He say that the Sun shall not smite I by day, nor the moon by night. Nor the pestilence nor destruction that wasteth the whole day I am secure, yeah man."



Prehistoric Sounds





Tete a Kate

The rock and roll business usually brings up its fair share of prima donnas, ready to grab what they can and cast off their friends and roots. The hit singles and fame happened very quickly for KATE BUSH but she still remains a human being.

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Her abnormality has never been more apparent than in this setting: a £100 a night, two floor leather-and-flowers suite at the Montcalm Hotel, Marble Arch. She has just been interviewed by 'Ritz' and 'Vogue'. Attended by two press officers, she is, despite her protestations, a star, a true star, by virtue of her immense success, her pink skin and her Page 3 curves.

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"I'm not really aware of being subjected to any starmaking machine." She taps her fingers on the chrome and glass table in the only nervous gesture she possesses. "I know that might sound odd, but I've really no idea about it. The record company thought this hotel would be practical. I thought it would be nice. It's quite a trip for me to be here."

"I didn't walk in here and say 'where are the flowers? Where is my champagne?' 'I hope I haven't become a prima donna yet. I really mean that. I really, really resent that a lot.' 'It's nice if you're on the road that you should have somewhere nice to sleep. But I'm not into the 'Oh Dahling!' bit, and everybody having a Rolls Royce.'"

It sounds almost defensive, but one subject that Bush is totally convincing about is how critical she considers her grasp on her own situation. She has reached a point already of being such a valuable property to EMI Records that she is at the point of being able to control her immediate destiny.

The interviews she does are her own choice — "I want to get into as many areas as I can. So I did the fashion magazines and 'Vegetarian' and 'The Sun'. I'm testing the water." She says that she is, of course, reciprocal, and therein lies the danger. A surfeit of attention killed Janis Joplin and, more

lately, put Poly Styrene into a mental home. "I have some personal principles I stick by, though they are pretty free. They don't just apply to the press. They are my way of living."

"I have tried to avoid an 'image' if you have an image you intend to maintain, it's going to be very difficult, because you're going to get holes in your image. I may be that animal 'Kate Bush' a bit when I'm offstage, but mostly, I am me."

Kate spends most of her time with a smile on her face and eyes that look straight at you, but she looks away and almost shudders for a moment.

"The things I don't like doing is going to these sort of parties that you hear about. I don't go to parties. I find that sort of thing very unhealthy. In fact I find them disgusting."

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"It's not me. I'm basically a quiet person. When I get the time, I like to go home. I clean up the flat — which is a mess, because I'm never there. And I get some friends around that maybe I haven't seen for a long time."

"It's not a question of insulating myself. This is something that is extremely important to me — I am very much a human being, and I don't want to lose that."

"You don't have to believe all the sycophants. I am aware that in my position I am both vulnerable and very powerful. People are always trying to grab a piece of your pie. But it can only be down to you to get yourself out of a vulnerable situation."

This tiny vision is both unusual and predictable: the first because she is so damn scientific, the second because she is so blatantly optimistic.

She takes a relentlessly practical approach to her career — "I have to look at it in a realistic way — and admits that she trusts no-one at all. On the other hand, she believes like many before her, that she can have her cake and eat it, that she can be a star

and not a star, that she can somehow escape the pre-requisite of her job — to give, and give, and still give, at the expense of, at the very least, a part of her personality.

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Except that she'll be a failed star. Kate has yet to reach the point of acceptance that things will never be the same. Her family, her friends will inevitably take second place and some will disappear. The blue-print is there, and inescapable. Or maybe I'm wrong, and Kate has more strength of mind than I dare hope.

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With her peace and love philosophies, her conservation ideals, her Gurdjieff sat'n' n' tat post-sixties glamour, and her vegetarian obsession, it's not surprising that she has been mistaken several times for that anachronistic chestnut, the 'hippy'.

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"I was never particularly into drugs. I don't even get into alcohol very much. Just nicotine really. I smoked my first cigarette at the age of 9."

She has experimented with drugs, though — marijuana and something she never managed to identify.

"I've never taken acid. I don't think I'm into things like that. I've seen a lot of people screwed up through it. The idea of it is really fascinating, though — to be able to see the room breathe, and stuff like that."

"There must be a way for you to do it without drugs." Kate, nevertheless, has her trite addictions. Innocent though they are, she is, for instance, hooked on chocolate, which she says she has a physical craving for. Food is drug enough.

How long that situation holds remains to be seen. Kate is about to experience pressures she can only guess at, by embarking on a major tour, reaching Britain in February.

This, she is told, is not a necessity. The albums would still sell without it. "But I feel it's a really important thing for an artist to do. It's the only chance people who really



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The playboy who'd sooner be a priest

MIKE GARDNER talks to
ROBERT PALMER

FOUR O'CLOCK at the Kensington Hilton. Three manicured slivers of sandwich. Two for tea. One warm butter oozing scone with a liberal application of jam being gently nibbled by Robert Palmer.

It's been four years since he left Vinegar Joe and started his rapid climb to solo success in America. Now, four albums later, the Batley boy has returned to a rapturous welcome from fans and critics alike, everyone just glad that he's finally made it home.

Since Vinegar Joe, the spawning ground of both his and Elkie Brooks' career, was the end of his relationship with Britain. Its lack of success seemed to be a good point to start catching up on the rise of Robert Palmer.

"The band was hot live. It really went the right way about doing everything. But it was a 'B'-movie, you know, like the management hassling me for £20. They kept pushing us onto the road and into a rut. There was no time to organise the records, so it was a batch of new tunes that hadn't been worked out live and then 'bonk' onto record and then you'd learn them and work them into the set.

"There was all these fiction trips going down, like stardom and other stupid things. It seemed like there was no focus to it.

"I don't think groups are a happening thing. I think they are an anachronism. Once people in a band are over 23 or 24 they don't need that camaraderie of holding together in a unit in order to face things. There are so many opportunities for musicians in studios now. If somebody is together they won't commit themselves to any one thing."

But the roots of Robert's solo career started with an intangible offer from the entrepreneurial mentor of Island records, Chris Blackwell.

"I had just joined the Alan Bown Set at the age of 19, replacing Jess Roden, and Chris bought the band and said that whenever I wanted to do a solo thing he'd like to be involved. I thought he was nuts as I'd just come down from Yorkshire and it was my first professional job. I didn't know what he was talking about. But later I approached him and said here are the songs, I want to do it in a certain studio, with these players. He called me the next day and said go ahead."

The frustrations of Vinegar Joe's static progression, the growing backlog of self-penned material that wasn't suited to the raunch of the band, the nagging feeling that he'd served his apprenticeship, inevitably led to his leaving



which in turn precipitated the break up of the band. Three weeks later he was in the rarified atmosphere of New York with legendary sessionmen like Cornell Dupree and Bernard Purdie, and New Orleans with the Meters.

"I'd been singing since I was 16 in groups and it occurred to me that I could be drifting around forever wondering what on earth I was doing. I heard this record in my head and I knew the players I wanted on it. I knew that if I took my songs to that environment and stood in front of those guys and sang and it sounded right, then I'd know I was a singer. I had to make it right. I couldn't just edge up to it. Sure, I was nervous but we played the first four bars of 'How Much Fun' and that was it."

The first album, 'Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley', started a close relationship with Little Feat that was strong enough for them to ask him to join the band.

"I went on the road with them for a while but there was nothing definite. I fell into a great relationship with them that I didn't want to jeopardise by being involved with their politics. When we got together I didn't make any outside demands on them at all and they're used to making a song for a purpose or being bossed around by a producer or Lowell (George). They all enjoyed the twist I brought to the way I heard them and vice versa.

"At the time it looked like a tangle of ambitions and it was exactly that. I can't imagine them playing a song like 'You Overwhelm Me' and I can't imagine me playing one of those jams that they do."

Little Feat, Bernard Purdie and current band members Pierre Brock (bass) and Steve Robbins (keyboards) are the few players who have managed to conquer Robert's aversion to using session musicians on live

appearances.

"As a rule established studio musicians are too locked into a certain frame of mind. I prefer to work with people that are younger and have got the technique but aren't studio orientated. I've had people come straight from a studio environment and lose their minds on the road.

"A lot of them play everything strong and clean when they start but when they face an audience they feel they've got to exhibit their techniques all the time and you end up with a jazz band after three weeks.

"Pierre and I work good together because I write everything on the bassline and he turns that into a bass player's part. I can drum and sing at the same time and that's a solid foundation to start from.

"On my first album I was after one particular thing, which was to work in circumstances that I'd always

wanted to work in. When that worked I wanted to do more and that meant working with Gene Page and the Tamla people. I hope it keeps going on because eventually I can tailor each song till the difference between what I hear in my head and what's on vinyl are the same."

Has anything turned out like that?

"Yeah, 'Through It All There's You', on the first album. Even though it was only one chord, it was about a mood I didn't know how to describe. I made a cassette of the groove and played it to the team in New York for eight bars and said that it doesn't do much except groove along like that. They went 'Three, Four...' and just played it for 12 minutes and when we finished we just went 'Next'. There was no reason to touch it again, it was marvellous.

"All of my albums have been very precise. Each time I've been delighted with the end results. I've sat and listened to them for hours and hours and been so pleased that it's been that easy to do. I've been very lucky."

But the luck seems to be wavering ever so slightly because despite only being interested in being involved in films from a producer's seat, he accepted a small part in 'Sgt Pepper' with the Bee Gees and Peter Frampton, despite turning down many other offers to appear on screen.

"This is going to sound terrible. I'd been on the road and I hadn't done any Christmas shopping and you can't get much in Nassau (his home). I got this invite to fly out to Hollywood, all expenses paid, to stand with 2 or 300 of the celebrities and sing a song. It was a great opportunity to do my Christmas shopping. It was a great party. That's all I want to say about it.

"I think it's the worst film that's ever been made. I can't find any redeeming values in it."

But jetsetting to Hollywood parties and a home in the tropical splendour of the Bahamas seems to bolster the well-tailored playboy ladykiller image that the album sleeves seem to portray.

"I've always dressed this way. When I was at school I really liked to get my uniform right, it was part of my nature and when I could afford to buy a nice suit it was great.

"It's something that's confused me when they say I've portrayed myself as a playboy. I look at the sleeves and think, well I suppose I have. If I'd have taken the choice I'd have preferred to look like a priest. A playboy is the last thing I'm into, I mean, it is so creepy."

The internationally acclaimed 'Year Of The Cat' was two years ago.

Quite a passage of time!

Al Stewart

Now he's back, with another beautiful collection of songs.

And a tour in December.

Until then, at least there's the album you've been waiting for.

TIME PASSAGES



Record: PL 25173.
Cassette: PK 25173.



Produced by Alan Parsons
for Kinetic Productions Ltd.

Al Stewart—UK tour dates

- December 7th Dome—Brighton
- 8th Hippodrome—Bristol
- 11th Apollo—Manchester
- 12th Odeon—Epsom
- 14th Odeon—Birmingham
- 15th Odeon—Hammersmith
- 16th Odeon—Hammersmith

No signs of any slackening

'Blame It On The Boogie' may not be the Jacksons' most exciting single, but it's doing the trick again,

PAUL SEXTON talks to Michael Jackson

GO ON. Blame it on the boogie that Jacksons are racing up the charts again. Since last year's number one 'Show You The Way To Go' it's become a fairly regular occurrence, just like the old Jackson Five days of the early seventies.

Even so, their new single is only their second chart entry of the year — 'Even Though You're Gone' was its predecessor. When I spoke to Michael on the phone from his home in Encino I asked him how the group came across the song.

"We heard 'Blame It On The Boogie' when we were listening to a series of tapes, and this song was six years old! We recorded it as soon as we heard it and put it out as a single."

I told Michael that their version was doing very nicely but that the other version, by Mick Jackson, was also going well. It seems there's some ill-feeling about this.

"I've heard the other version and it's okay, but it just hasn't got the groove like ours has. He only put out his version when he'd heard ours which wasn't a very nice thing to do because the record company had promised us that wouldn't

happen."

Mick Jackson wrote the song with yet another Jackson called Dave and another guy called Elmar Krohn. As I said when I reviewed his effort, it was good it didn't really stand a chance against its more illustrious rival. The record-buying public is proving me wrong again and creating an interesting battle.

Anyway the single, Michael tells me, is taken from a new LP.

"We have a new album called 'Destiny' coming out in November which we're really excited about because we wrote and produced it all ourselves and it's the first time we've done that. I wrote three of the songs with my brother Randy: 'All Night Dancin'', 'Shake Your Body Down To The Ground' which is really long, like eight minutes, and really in the groove" (Michael uses this expression rather a lot) "and 'That's What You Get'. And then there's the title track, 'Destiny'. The next single could be either 'The Things I Do' or 'That's What You Get'."

The album will be the first from the Jacksons since 'Goin' Places' was released a year ago.

"I'll be starting to record my own album in mid-November", says Michael. That'll be his first solo outing for quite a while.

As for the others: "We'll be doing a European tour beginning in January. It

hasn't been finalised yet so we don't know any dates but we'll be coming to England. That'll be the first time in two years."

The Jacksons played over here about 18 months ago and that itself was the first time for some five years. So by the time they arrive I guess it will be about two years since that visit.

I wondered how Michael regarded the old days now.

"Those were really happy days", he says. "I've got great memories of them."

I'm sure he's thinking of the years up to about 1974, after which the rift with Motown began to appear and Jermaine abandoned ship. The brothers' move to Epic, of course, necessitated the change of name.

How is Jermaine, incidentally?

"Oh, he's fine. He's managing a group called Switch at the moment."

Switch have an album out in the States just now and a track from it is currently on Jolly James' Disco Chart. It's called 'We Like To Party Come On'.

Unlike other groups, the Jacksons don't seem to have various members running around on various other individual projects; apart from Mike's new album, the only concern is that new group recording.

So nothing's really changed? It's still a family affair.

IN THE cosy and domestic setting of his Battersea home, Fergus, Matumbi's percussion man helped out by vocalist Bagga, expounds on the directions reggae is taking in this country. Our conversation touched upon another band not unfamiliar to those who follow the scene, a band who of late have also come in for much recognition.

"Steel Pulse, man? Sure we know those guys. It was Bagga here who picked them out first, y'know — in a talent show."

Matumbi have played an important role in bringing reggae music to a British audience. Perhaps they're all still too young to be described as fathers of British reggae, but after eight years of playing together — only the Cimarrons have been around longer — they have undoubtedly been at the heart of the reggae scene from the start.

It looks like the years of survival are now beginning to pay off though 'pay' isn't a word they stress. "It's the works that matter," they explain — 'works' being a word for them of broad significance.

On a purely material plane their recent work has included a tour with Ian Dury, recording for a BBC series, a new single, an album that is all set for release and an appearance on 'Revolver'. For them the right time is now.

The future looks good too, with their own headlining tour of the country coming up this month, to tie in with the release of the album and another single, to be entitled 'Bluebeard And Ska'. They split with Trojan records in May and signed a new deal with EMI.

Matumbi are a seven man band, who have been remarkably stable in their line up over the years. A stability arising from their close backgrounds. Dennis 'Blackbeard' Bovelle and Glen 'Bagga' Fagan were both at Spencer Park School in Battersea, and it was these two who formed the nucleus of the early set up, though the others were never far from hand. In those days they had a little band going called Stonehenge, doing the occasional assembly gig in the school hall.

On leaving Spencer Park the band split up and reformed as Matumbi — with Jah Blake on bass. Jah 'Bunny' Donaldson on drums and Webster 'Scratch' Johnson on keyboards. To Dennis' and Bagga's vocals were added the talents of Glalster Venn, with Euton 'Fergus' Jones playing congas and other percussion.

Bagga explained to me the origin of their name.

"We were reading this book at the time called Mr Johnson



MATUMBI: In at the start

MATUMBI: MASTERS OF REGGAE

ALEX SKORECKI meets the nucleus of one of Britain's first reggae bands

(a novel by Joyce Cary). Mr Johnson had a daughter called Matumbi, a name which means 'to be born again'. And that's what the band was — born again."

But in those early days reggae music was not so easy to come by. Their influences came from listening to 'sound systems', and visiting pubs that did regular reggae nights, like the Swan in Stockwell. Bagga can tell you of their search for the now familiar reggae rhythms.

"Maybe one night you got no party to go to, so you go out look for one. You walk down the street, you listen for where reggae music is coming from. Maybe from the next street, maybe from miles away. And while you walk the streets at night looking for a party, policeman come, and trouble begin. And all you want is to look for a party, man."

We reflected for a while on the law's bias against blacks and other minorities in Britain.

Matumbi rise above such oppression through their music. They were behind the Rock Against Racism movement from the start playing the first ever RAR benefit gig alongside Carol Grimes at Kensington Royal College of Art. That was two years ago. Dozens of gigs at clubs and halls up and down the country followed and, along with their proteges Steel Pulse, they have been at the core of the movement throughout.

However, their lyrics are more religious than political. Their faith encompasses Rastafarian and Christian ideals. They share a deep seated trust in God as a benevolent figure and a belief in the importance of being a 'dread'.

When I asked Fergus what message he wanted to put across he said just simply "Be a dread. Dread, dread, dreadful — is all man, y'know"

Meanwhile, the works go on. Having been voted almost best everything in the Black Echoes reggae poll earlier this year, they won another vote of confidence from the BBC, who picked them from a batch of possible to write the theme tune to the forthcoming TV series 'Empire Road', the story of a multi-racial community in the rooty Birmingham suburb of Handsworth. Bagga is full of enthusiasm for the programme.

"Yeah, Empire Road, it's a good place — my auntie lives on that road, y'know"

Fergus and Bagga have got a double reason for looking forward to its screening this autumn — they also play small parts in it themselves. Could turn into another 'Coronation Street'. Now that would be interesting.



JACKSONS: nothing's changed

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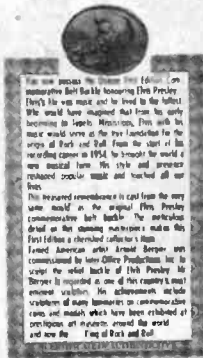
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MAILMAN

Write to Mailman, Record Mirror, 40 Long Acree, London, WC2E 9TL.

Oh, Motown... oh hell!

RECENTLY Ronnie Gurr said that the two albums by The Supremes and Thelma Houston and Jerry Butler represent the deterioration of Tamla Motown, which unfortunately I think is true. During the '60s and early '70s Motown stars had hit after hit, but in the late '70s Motown seems to have gone wrong somewhere despite The Commodores No. 1 record, because although Motown have retained their biggest stars, ie Diana Ross, Stevie Wonder and Marvin Gaye, they've lost most of their other big acts, ie The Four Tops, Martha Reeves, The Miracles, The Temptations, Gladys Knight and the Pips, Jackson Five and more recently, Junior Walker.

I think that what has gone wrong has been the departure from the real 'Detroit Sound of Tamla Motown' replaced by more general soul music. That doesn't mean to say that it should be stuck to rigidly. Some of Diana

Ross' recent disco records have been very good but some of the other recent numbers just don't do her credit simply because they are badly chosen songs for an artist of her talent and capabilities.

The only way to stop this deterioration is for Motown to get some decent songwriters and producers for their artists, so we can hear Diana Ross, Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye and other Tamla Motowners really at their best, and by giving us some REAL Tamla Motown, because that's what established Motown and produced many pop classics. So I hope someone from Motown will read this and think about it, because as Ronnie Gurr says, "Motown has one hell of a past to live up to."

David Martin, Leamington Spa
 ● And the intelligentia intelligentia remarks? MM

Low Prophet margins

I HAVE just read with utter amazement the so-called review of the latest Yes album (think he means you Sheila - MM).

Do you honestly call that journalism? I've seen better reviews in a high school mag. Ms Prophet goes on in great detail about pomposity, elaboration and pretention, not only about Yes, but the whole school of talented musicians trying to do something more exciting than a two-minute 12-bar thrash (that is what our reviewer presumably means by stripped to the basics).

OK, by all means Sheila Prophet might not like Yes, that's her loss, but at least let's have a modicum of constructive criticism for a change, not a pompous veiled list of clichés such

as 'Sunday supplement rock' etc.

I might add that at the age of 25 I've seen or heard nearly every band of note since 1969, and have a large and varied collection of albums ranging from The Strangers and The Pistols to Van Der Graaf Generator and Zappa. From all of these the ones I play the most are by 'Sunday supplement' bands like Yes, Genesis, Giant and Genesis where at least there is no small amount of variety and musical virtuosity.

I see the new Giant album hits the streets this month. Why not let Ms Prophet loose on them, probably the best band of musicians in the country. I don't honestly know why they bother with us, we don't deserve them.

Martin Atkins, Coventry
 ● Mein Gott, servility



JERRY BUTLER and THELMA HOUSTON

Decline & fall of Motown?



THE SUPREMES

personified! I'll bet you find it terribly safe and comforting existing in your hole in the ground. You say that you've seen or heard nearly every band of note, that's a good one. Was it comfortable watching these 'noteable' bands from your plush fiver-a-time seats. You don't mention who these bands of 'note' are... I don't suppose it was because you were too embarrassed to admit to not having seen any of the up- and -comings as opposed to the already-achieved? Try living as opposed to existing, you never know, you might even enjoy it - MM

Jilted jellyhead

Moron is a Gordon Jeremy, Luton
 ● Shouldn't that be Julie? - MM.

New wave pet hates

I WOULD be very grateful if you would print a centre page colour poster of each of the following dregs - Billy Fury, The Pirates, Jets, Matchbox, Flying Saucers, Teddy-birds (?), Dakotas, Johnny Cougar, Crystals, Sha Na Na, Shangrilas, Rubettes, Ronettes, Showaddywaddy, Whirlwind, Crazy Cavan, Boneshakers, Levi And The Rockats, Carl

Perkins, Gene Vincent, Charlie Feathers, Sonny Burgess, Buddy Holly, The Hollies, Johnny Burette, Gerry And The Pacemakers, The DC5, The Monkees, The Kinks, The Tremeloes so that I've got something to practice my darson.

Bill Haley must be your editor's best friend - your magazine is still 1950s and 1960s orientated. As far as us punks (and skins) are concerned, the only good papers are the fanzines. I've got so f+++++ disgusted with Travolta, ONJ and Grease that I publically burned a poster of Travolta in Woolworths, and destroyed my sister's Pacemakers, DC5 and Kinks posters.

Just wait until Grease comes to town. Wow! All those teds, beatniks and rockers are really gonna be in for some big surprise! A brilliant display was given last week when a group of about 30 skinheads and punks hammered a gang of teds and rockers. In a BHS store a stand displaying ankle socks was burnt out, a ted's barber shop was also ransacked recently showing once again that the '60s don't belong in Ireland (well, Dublin anyway), so before we wreck everything please give New Wave a breathing space.

Anonymous, Dublin
 ● Ahh, Such spirit! Such bravado. A true warrior

with so much conviction for what he believes in that he remains anonymous. Strange, I thought that narrow-minded, bigoted, diseased cretins like you were a dying breed. Seems I'm mistaken, well, well, so you and your charming mates think that fanzines are the only thing worth reading, that's good to hear. I can't say that we here at RM are exactly ecstatic in the knowledge that warped, pathetic morons like you are boosting our sales figures, so let's call it a day. Why don't you and your sweet accomplices learn a little something about lemmings... I'm sure the cliffs can't be TOO far away. Yours in disgust, - Mailman.

Quint-essential

FANCY wasting your centre pages on some crappy group called 'Quint' (or is it Squint?), when you could have put it to better use by printing a picture of the fabulous Buzzcocks.

Elaine, Dartford
 PS: Mark Manning rules OK and who are Quint anyway?

● The poster of Quint was a PAID FOR advertisement. Someone has to pay for Alf's operations. I don't know who the hell they are either. - MM.

Parson's green

DEAREST Mailman, Dave Parsons has a sore throat and he's all alone at home and if you print this letter he might cheer up. Lots of love Eileen.

PS: Dave, I didn't mean to sound bitchy on the phone you're still divine you sod! Get well soon.

● Try continuing your amour / amour and fantasies elsewhere child, what do you think this is - Forum? - MM.

Jim is not a moron!

WE ARE writing to complain about the cretinous Jim Farber who wrote the Black Sabbath review in RM issue 11th - 17th September, in which he implied that Ozzy Osborne is a moron! He isn't! Even Sounds' Pete

Silverton admitted that "he is undoubtedly one of the great front men of our time". Not content with insulting the band, he made the fans sound like morons. If every Black Sabbath fan is a moron there must be a new lot of morons about. (There are! - MM)

And finally, not just content with knocking Black Sabbath, he also chooses to knock Rushby calling them dumb.

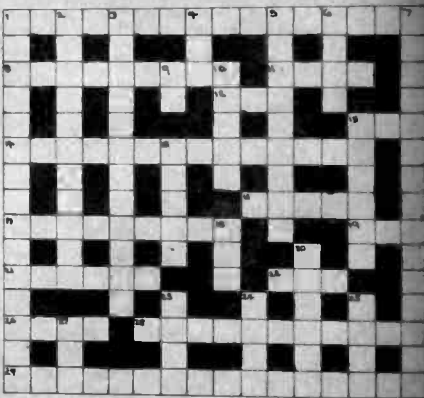
We'd like to see Farber write songs like '2112', 'Necromancer', etc.

Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow is also mentioned. Well don't mention Mr Farber, you managed to insult three excellent bands in one review, just shows what an ignorant little pillock you are.

A. Carswell & R. Cross Derbyshire

● Five out of 20, nice try, maybe next year you can attempt a CSE. Pete Simplebum??? Never heard of her. - MM

XWORD



ACROSS DOWN

- 1 A single for The Bloody Tourists. (9,7)
- 8 Crazy Horse leader. (4,5)
- 12 See 13 Down
- 13 Mike Nesmith hit. (5)
- 17 Walsh or Cocker. (3)
- 14 Former Zombie who had 1972 hit with Say You Don't Mind (5,9)
- 16 She has recently celebrated Easter. (5)
- 17 Jam debut. (2,3,4)
- 19 He's a Fool If He Thinks It's Over. (3)
- 21 He had a No 9 Dream. (6)
- 22 Paul's partner. (3)
- 26 They've got a Sum-merlight City. (4)
- 28 Bee Gees surviving Night Fever. (6,5)
- 29 1977 album from 13 Down. (5,4,3,4)
- 1 Had 1977 No 1 with Fred (7,8)
- 2 Derek and the Domino's leader. (4,7)
- 3 1973 Suzi Quatro hit. (7,5)
- 4 German group that want opening. (5)
- 5 The Rolling Stones not in rhythm. (3,2,4)
- 6 Jeff Lynne's race. (4)
- 7 1971 James Taylor hit. (5,3,2,6)
- 9 Group featuring Eddie Jobson and Bill Bruford. (1,1)
- 10 Heavyweight Led Zep manager. (3)
- 13 & 11 Across. They've got Heavy Horses. (8,4)
- 15 The Eagles wanted to Take it to the... (5)
- 18 Wondrous story teller. (3)
- 20 It's the word. (6)
- 23 Bowie's man. (4)
- 24 The Clash had a white one. (4)
- 25 Box Scaggs shuffle. (4)
- 27 1973 Michael Jackson hit. (3)

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION

- ACROSS
 1 Carol Bayer Sager. 8 Picture This. 9 AC. 20 G. 21 Scifres.
 12 Alex. 14 Kaya. 17 Du Doe Ron Ron. 19 (Pant) 20 B.S. O. 23 Rak. 24 Ugha Heep. 25 S O S. 28 Cal. 29 Mick. 30 Calvert. 32 I Can't Let Maggie Go.
- DOWN
 1 CsC Plane Four. 2 Rich-Kids. 3 Lou Reed. 4 Brew. 5 Exile. 6 A. 7 Rock A Doodle Do. 10 Clay. 13. con. 15 Bolog. Works. 16 Attack. 20 Ronald. 21 ChB. 22 Paul. 26 O.C. 27 Drug. 31 3/4.

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HELP

Edited by SUSANNE GARRETT
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Mirror, 40 Long Acre, London WC2E
9JT.

Unnatural sex and blackmail

THE OTHER week my parents went out to a party and my dad invited one of his workmates back to our house as he was so drunk. They said he could sleep in the spare bed which is in my bedroom. When I went to bed I felt my dad's friend getting inside with me. He asked me to be quiet and started kissing me and stroking my body. What could I do? I didn't want my parents to find me in this situation and I let him have sex with me so as not to cause trouble for everyone. I am certainly not gay, but now

whenever I'm alone, he's around the house all the time wanting to have sex again. He says that if I don't agree he'll tell my parents it was me who made advances toward him on the night he stayed. It's making me ill just thinking what my parents will say if they ever find out. What can I do? I'm 18.

Ray, Liverpool

● What has happened has happened, and you can't go back on that, but don't let this guy blackmail you because of it. Your father's workmate is trying to force you into

repeating an unwelcome experience by accusing you of seducing him. Do you really think he would? He has, after all, as much if not more to lose than you. Your dad could make things pretty unpleasant for him at work, after all. Are you convinced that your parents would believe him, rather than you?

As he doesn't seem to care which methods he stoops to by foisting his unwanted attentions on you don't be afraid to use the same tactics. You've called his bluff so far without repercussions. Let him call yours for a change. Make it quite clear that if his pestering continues, you'll have no hesitation in talking to your parents about him. You might also point out that he has committed a criminal offence by forcing another male, aged under 21, to engage in sexual relations with him. He's the one who made advances — not you.

If he refuses to take the hint, pluck up the courage to tell your parents that he is worrying you with his attentions and has been for some time. He'll see the light.

Heavy letter

AFTER GOING out with a girl I love very much for three glorious years, we have just broken up as the result of a very cruel joke I was with my mate in a night club in Sheffield, and he went to speak to a girl at the next table who lives in Manchester. Later he sent her a letter telling her I wanted to date her and go out with her. Realising something was happening I'd already sent her a line to say that I was too much in love with my girlfriend for this to happen, but my letter was delayed in the post. Meanwhile, she wrote back with her telephone number and everything on it, and my girlfriend somehow got hold of her letter.

She was obviously upset about the whole affair, and, try as I might, I couldn't convince her that there was nothing in it. She felt even worse because the people at work teased her about it. Then her mother told her to forget about me because it looked as if I had another girl.

Eventually, the girl in Manchester replied to my letter and I showed to my girlfriend I feel like a criminal and I don't know whether she still wants to go out with me or not. How can I get through to both her and her mother?

Andy, Chesterfield
● Have you even asked your girlfriend if she wants to go out with you again or not? Her trust in you has clearly suffered a resounding knock and she won't be the one to make the first move. If you want her back be determined about it and try again.

As your mate set-up the joke which turned sour in the first place, the least he can do is to help you sort out the resultant mess. Can't you press-gang him along to see her with you one evening or weekend to explain what's happened? You could always lose him mid-way through the patch-up proceedings. Or, why not take advantage of his occasional creative urges and twist his letter - writing arm. If he can compose one totally convincing letter to a virtual stranger, there's no reason why he can't also drop your girlfriend an apologetic line, explaining how the confusion started.

If he's unwilling to do anything for you, strike him off your list of buddies for good 'n all, and make a last-ditch effort at probing the icy wall of mother / daughter resistance on your own. Explain that your sense of humour wasn't exactly tickled either, and ask this girl for an honest answer.

You may have to accept that she just doesn't want to go out with you anymore. And if she refuses to believe a word you say, what's the point in continuing this relationship anyway?

FEEDBACK

Yen for Japanese imports

LAST month RM reviewed a Various Artists album called 'No Music, No Heroes, No Legends' (United Artists Japanese import GP577). I've tried a lot of record shops but can't get hold of it. Any ideas? So sez Rob of Gwynedd.

After several fruitless phone calls and enquiries (we work hard for you lot!) I eventually came across a record shop called 'Fly Over.' They specialize in Japanese imports and do have this record in stock.

Here's the bad news though. It'll cost you £8.50 plus 85p postage and packing, but if you're still interested write to The Manager, Fly Over Records, 25 Queen Caroline Street, Hammersmith, London W6, enclosing a postal order or cheque made out to the above, and they'll send it to you in due course.

Dolly-lou Parton delay

EMMYLOU Harris fan Carol Rawlings of Oakham would like to know when the album Emmylou made with Linda Ronstadt and Dolly Parton will be available, and does she have a fan club.

Can't be very helpful here I'm afraid. Firstly she has no fan club and secondly the album has been shelved for the time being as none of them were happy with the tapes. However the idea has not been scrapped altogether, and when they find more suitable and stronger material they'll start recording again and eventually there will be an Emmylou Harris, Linda Ronstadt and Dolly Parton album in the shops.

No go fan club for Quo

FOLLOWING the list of Fan Clubs printed a couple of weeks ago in Feedback, Mr T. Burne of Anglesea writes to complain of the lack of response to his letters from the address given as the Status Quo Fan Club at Quarry Productions.

Quarry would like it to be known that although they did have someone dealing with fan club mail, he has since left and no-one else has taken over the job. At the moment then the UK is Status Quo Fan Clubless, although it looks like there's a chance it will be started up again at a later date.

And from the fan club file

FAN CLUB letters keep pouring in (don't you know it's an outdated institution!) so here are some more to keep you happy, especially to the unnamed person who was outraged to see Frank Sinatra's Fan Club address and not Tom Robinson's. TRB's Fan Club address is P.O. Box TRB 4XT, London, 4 XT.

Liz, for info and pix of Jilted John write to Bernadette Kilmartin, EMI LRD Press Office, 9 Thayne Street, London W1.

For loving memories of Keith Moon and the Who write to 112 Wardour St, London W1.

Camel — c/o Gama Records 153 Percy Road, London W12.

John Miles — c/o Orange Music, 9 Mason Yard, Duke Street, London SW1.

The Late Show — c/o Decca, 18 Great Marlborough Street, London W1.

The Carpenters — P.O. Box 1-84, Downey, California, 90228, USA.

Peter Frampton — P.O. Box, 104, Cambridge.



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UPFRONT

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

THURSDAY

OCTOBER 5

- ABERDEEN, Capitol Theatre (23141), Dr Feelgood/The Blahop
- ASHTON UNDER LYME, Town Hall (01-530 8255), Barbara Dickson/The Blue Max
- ABERDEEN, Fusion Ballroom, The Yachts
- BATH, Pavilion (25428), Marshall Hall
- BELFAST, The Pound (29990), XTC
- BIRMINGHAM, Odeon (021-643 6101), Barclay James Harvest
- BIRMINGHAM, Railway (021-359 3481), Orphan
- BIRMINGHAM, The Gig (021-356 2774), The Doomed
- BIRMINGHAM, Two Gates, Quarts
- BOURNEMOUTH, Village Bowl (26636), Crawler
- BRADFORD, Princeville (78445), Zhai
- BRIGHTON, Richmond (29294), Nicky and the Dots
- BRIGHTON, Sherrys Club (21628), Rascal
- BRISTOL, Granary (28267), Cado Belle
- BRISTOL, Polytechnic, Bower Ashton (162178), Whirlwind
- BURNWOOD, Troubadour, Amazing Dark Horse
- CANTERBURY, Kent University (85224), Wire
- CLEETHORPES, Winter Gardens (62925), Ultravox
- COLCHESTER, Essex University (44144), Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders/Fischer-Z
- COVENTRY, Hand & Heart (24284), Mark Gaumont/The Voyeurs
- DERBY, Assembly Rooms (31311 ex 2255), Steel Pulse/China Street
- DONCASTER, Outlook (64454), Matumbi
- DUNDEE, University (23181), The Pirates
- DURHAM, University (64466), Climax Blues Band/Dave Lewis Band
- EDINBURGH, Astoria (001-661 1862), The Only Ones
- FROME, Merlin Theatre, Redbras
- HIGH WYCOMBE, Nags Head (21758), Autographs
- LEEDS, Polytechnic (41101), The Fabulous Poodles
- LEEDS, Vivas (456249), Black Dogs
- LEICESTER, Baileys (28462), Slade
- LEICESTER, Palais, The JALN Band
- LINCOLN, A.J.'s (30874), Alwoodley Jets
- LIVERPOOL, Moonstone (051-709 5856), The Eddy Lynx/Hwyway Star
- LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), Tennis Shoes
- LONDON, City Arms, Angel (01-253 2389), Benny and the Jets
- LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden (01-267 4067), Brian Tichakowski's Battleaxe
- LONDON, Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet (01-449 0467), The Crooks
- LONDON, Hope and Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Tonight (RAR)
- LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Supercharge/29th & Dearborn
- LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Wayne County and the Electric Chairs/Skunks
- LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Pressure Shocks
- LONDON, North East London, Polytechnic (01-607 2780), The Young Bucks
- LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5930), The Monos
- LONDON, Queen Mary College, (01-980 4811), Gruppo Sportivo / The Speedometers
- LONDON, Royal College of Art, Gulbenkian Hall (01-584 5020), Angeltax / Jab Jab / The Edge
- LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01-886 4121), Matchbox
- LONDON, Trafalgar, Shepherds Bush (01-749 5005), VIP's
- LONDON, White Lion, Putney Bridge (01-788 1540), The Crack
- MANCHESTER, Apollo (061-273 1121), Tom Robinson Band / Stuff Little Fingers
- MANCHESTER, Russell Club (061-226 8821), Jenny Darren
- MANCHESTER, University (061-236 9114), Richard Dignace
- MARGATE, Bowlers Arms (Thanet, 28633), Steve Boyce Band
- MELTON MOWBRAY, Painted Lady (812121), The Casuals
- MIDDLESBROUGH, Middles Muscles
- MIDDLETON, Civic Hall (061-843 2470), The Buzzcocks
- NEWCASTLE, The Canteen, Junco Partners / Sabre Jets / Forty Fives
- NEWCASTLE, Cooprage (28286), Spider
- NORMENTON, Woodhouse Hill Working Mens Club, Lanellet
- NORWICH, Cromwells (812909), Funky Team
- NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper (64381), 999
- NOTTINGHAM, Town Arms (55982), The Turbines
- NOTTINGHAM, University (55912), Camel / Michael Chapman
- OXFORD, Corn Dolly (44701), Samson
- PLYMOUTH, Metro (51326), Sore Throat
- READING, Bones, Double Exposure
- READING, Hexagon (56215), The Hawklords
- READING, Target (585887), NW10
- READING, University (680222), Apostrophe
- SOUTHAMPTON, Gaumont (22001), Jasper Carroll
- ST ANDREWS, University (48653), Radio Stars / Reaction
- UXBRIDGE, Printers Devil, The Injections
- WARWICK, University (Coventry 27406), The Ramones
- WATER ORTON, Blackthorn Club, Armpit Jug Band
- WATFORD, Baileys (39848), The Four Tops
- WELLS, GEOROUGH, British Rail Sports Club, The Cruisers / Mystery Train
- WEY MOUTH, Pavilion (3225), The Movies / Street Band
- EMPIRE (Sunday), Edingburgh Usher Hall (Monday), Newcastle City Hall (Tuesday) and Middlesbrough Town Hall (Wednesday)

LEO SAYER sets out on an extensive tour of Britain on Wednesday at Bournemouth Winter Gardens. He will also be starting in his own six week TV series on BBC 2 shortly.

SILOXISIE AND THE BANSHIES are about to begin their first major tour since signing to Polydor. Starting at Home, Hempstead Pavilion on Wednesday their special gig will be NICO.

Top US singer BARRY MANILOW makes his first appearance in Britain when he appears at the London Palladium for a week starting on Monday.

JOHN OTWAY starts his first major tour since his split with WILD WILLY BARRETT. He's called the tour 'Otway's In The Clubs' and opens at Cheltenham Town Hall (Friday) and Swindon Oasis (Saturday).

HAWKWARD are back with a new name 'HAWKLOKRS' and with a special stage set and six dancers in tow they kick off at Oxford New Theatre (Friday), Manchester Apollo (Saturday), Liverpool

EMPIRE (Sunday), Edingburgh Usher Hall (Monday), Newcastle City Hall (Tuesday) and Middlesbrough Town Hall (Wednesday)

WEATHER REPORT the US jazz rock band, coincide the start of their tour with the release of a new album 'Mr Gone'. Dates are: Newcastle City Hall (Friday), Manchester Apollo (Sunday) and London Hammersmith Odeon (Wednesday)

WISHBONE ASH release their new album 'No Smoke Without Fire' on Friday and start a tour on the same day at Ipswich Gaumont then on to Birmingham Odeon (Saturday), Lancaster University (Sunday), Glasgow Apollo (Monday), Edingburgh Odeon (Tuesday) and Newcastle City Hall (Wednesday).

The Be Stiff opens at Bristol University (Tuesday) followed by Liverpool University (Wednesday), featuring 'Stiffs' - MICKY JUPP, WRECKLESS ERIC, RACHEL SWEET, LENE LOVICH and JONA LEWIE.



LEO SAYER: Bournemouth Winter Gardens, Wednesday

WHALEY BRIDGE, Jodrell Arms Hotel, Vintage WORTHING, Balmoral (36232), Stan Marx

- EDINBURGH, Art College (031 229 9311), Sirocco
- EDINBURGH, Assembly Rooms, The Cimarrons
- EDINBURGH, University (081 667 1290), The Ramones
- EXETER, Routes (56615), Johnny and the Filppers
- EXETER, University (75023), Crawler / Vets Club (Bolton 20358), Cadillac
- FARNWORTH, Old Vets Club (Bolton 20358), Cadillac
- GLASGOW, Strathelyde (041 552 1270), The Yachts
- HALESOWEN, Heydon Hills T Ford and the Boneshakers
- IPSWICH, Gaumont (53841), Wishbone Ash
- LEEDS, Vivas (56249), The Limits
- LEICESTER, Baileys (28462), Slade
- LINCOLN, A.J.'s (30874), The Neon Hearts
- LIVERPOOL, Corkcree, Faron's Flamings / Carl Terry and the Cruisers
- LIVERPOOL, Empire (051 709 1553), Tom Robinson Band / Stuff Little Fingers
- LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3075), The Vipers
- LONDON, City of London (Polytechnic 01-247 1441), Wire
- LONDON, Dingwalls, City University (01-267 4399), Apostrophe
- LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden (01-267 4967), Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich / The Actors
- LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01 748 0081), Barclay James Harvest
- LONDON, Hope and Anchor, Islington (01 359 4510), The Boys
- LONDON, Kings College (01-636 5454), The Pleasers
- LONDON, Lark Hall, Clapham, The VIP's
- LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Sassafras
- LONDON, Middlesex Polytechnic, Hendon (01-262 225), The Movies / Cousin Joe
- LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0428), Reggae Regular / Fame
- LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Misty / Jab Jab
- LONDON, North London Polytechnic (01-607 2780), Whirlwind
- LONDON, Old Swan, Kingsington Church Street (01-229 8421), Rednits
- LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01 226 5930), The Young Bucks
- LONDON, Pyrmonts Park Inn, Edmonston, Southern Cross / Beano

FRIDAY

OCTOBER 6



The Illustrated History of Rock Music

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- MANCHESTER, Apollo (061-273 1121), Steel Pulse
- MANCHESTER, De La Salle Supercharge
- MANCHESTER, Factory Ultravox
- MANCHESTER, Polytechnic (061 273 1162), Matumbi
- MELTON MOWBRAY, Painted Lady (81221), The Casuals
- MIDDLESBROUGH, Middles Muscles
- MIDDLESBROUGH, Roof Garden (241996), 999
- MIDDLESBROUGH, Town Hall (245432), Barbara Dickson / The Climax Blues Band / Dave Lewis Band
- MIDDLEWICH, Alkali Club, Vintage
- NEWCASTLE, Bridge Road (27780), Glani Killer
- NEWCASTLE, Cannon, Punishment of Luxury (Weights / Nod)
- NEWCASTLE, City Hall (20007), Weather Report
- NEWCASTLE, Gulbenkian Studio, Forty Fives
- NEWCASTLE, Marryhill (21919), The Climax Blues Band / Dave Lewis Band
- NEWCASTLE, Polytechnic (28761), Warren Harry
- NORTHWICH, Horn Owl, Weaverham, Mainline Station
- NOTTINGHAM, University (55912), Stargazer
- OXFORD, Corn Dolly (44761), Spider
- OXFORD, New Theatre (44541), Hawklords
- OXFORD, Nowhere Club (Bicester 3644), Double Exposure
- PLYMOUTH, Polytechnic (23121), The Smirfs / Pacheco / The Ripper
- READING, Hexagon (56215), Marshall Hall
- RETFORD, Porterhouse (74981), The Doomed
- SALFORD, University (081 5811), Camel / Michael Chapman
- SALISBURY, Civic Hall (27678), Stony
- SALTBURN, Fellows Club / The JALN Band
- SCARBOROUGH, Penthouse (83204), The Only Ones
- SHEFFIELD, Limit (78401), The Lurkers
- SHEFFIELD, Polytechnic (73888), Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders/Fischer Z
- SOUTHALL, Hambro Tavern, The Injections
- STAFFORD, Polytechnic (59383), Bram Teshakowski's Battleaxe
- STOKE ON TRENT, Stafford Polytechnic (412416), Pressure Shocks
- SOUTHPORT, Civic Centre (3101), Band of Joy / Dead Ringer and the Clones
- STREET, Baths Hall, Scene Stealer
- THURNSCOPE, Thurnscope Hotel, Limeslight
- TRURO, King William IV, The Fall
- UXBRIDGE, University (893788), Cado Belle
- WARRINGTON, Padgate College, Jenny Darren
- WATFORD, Baileys (39848), The Four Tops
- WINCHESTER, Riverside Inn, Thieves Like Us
- YORK, Revolution (28224), Namesake

SATURDAY

OCTOBER 7

- ACCRINGTON, Albion Hotel (34621), Alwoodley Jets
- BATLEY, Crumpets, Whirlwind
- BELFAST, punk Workshop, The Nips
- BIRMINGHAM, Barbarulas (021-643 9413), Gruppo Sportivo / Speedometers
- BIRMINGHAM, Hopwood Caravan Club, Quarts
- BIRMINGHAM, Mercat Cross (021 622 3281), Orphan
- BIRMINGHAM, Odeon (021-643 6101), Wishbone Ash
- BIRMINGHAM, University, Edgbaston (021-472 1843), The Fabulous Poodles
- BLACKPOOL, Norbrek Night Spot (52344), Apostrophe
- BOGNOR, Sussex Hotel (5426), Nightstar
- BOSTON, Institute of Technology (29981), Motorhead / Lightning Raiders
- BRADFORD, University (01 35661), Camel / Michael Chapman
- BRIGHTON, Sherrys Club (21628), Rascal
- BRISTOL, Bear Hotel, The X-Yarts / Pyramania
- BRISTOL, Granary (28267), The Cruisers

Would you believe this girl has screamed for Jack The Ripper, dallied with Dali, been an oriental dancer and is about to become a sax symbol? And now she's a big Stiff



You don't believe us? SHEILA PROPHET'S not sure either

A QUICK interview with Lene Lovich after work. That was the idea. The usual sort of first meeting — a few ice-breaking pleasantries, a round of drinks to oil the vocal chords, a brief re-run of the artist's past, some comments on the new album / single / stage show, a second round of drinks, the artist's plans for the future, and then home in time for 'Coronation Street'.

Well, as I say, that was the idea. I arrived knowing nothing about Lene except that I liked her single 'I Think We're Alone Now' (a version that beat even the Rubinoos'), that she was about to go on (off?) the rails with the Stiff tour, and that she was reputed to be Yugoslavian. Oh yes, and that she co-wrote the Cerrone hit, 'Supernature'.

So when Lene arrived, resplendent in a bright yellow dress, with black veil and matching gloves, that seemed a good point to kick things off. How did you get involved with Cerrone, Lene?

"I met him through friends in Paris, where I was working, adding the screams to French horror movies," she explained. "After that I went off to Finland with a travelling carnival, and Cerrone tried to track me down wherever I went. He finally traced me in a tiny place called Kokola, on the north coast, and sent me my plane ticket back to France."

The above statement inevitably leads the curious journalist to ask one of the two following questions. A) How did Lene come to be screaming in French horror movies? And B) What was Lene doing on a travelling carnival in Finland?

"It does sound a bit weird," she conceded, "but it was all quite natural, really."

And thereby, hangs a pigtail. Lene might be Slavic by birth, but she was actually brought up in the wilds of Detroit (which, I suppose, explains her American accent). She says her family were very, very poor, so poor that they weren't able to afford a proper education for her. So at 13, her father planned to send her to a boarding school — in Russia!

"I suppose he thought I'd get a better education there," she said. "Either that or he didn't like me!"

"At any rate, my mother came up with a better idea. She ran away from my father and took the kids, with her."

Over in England, where mother decided to run to, the escapee Lene ended up at art school, studying sculpture and drawing.

"I still do a lot of drawing. I work in figurative mental images, a lot of dream images."

"This interest apparently led to her meeting up with the famed surrealist artist Salvador Dali at his Spanish home. Lene hung around his private beach until Dali finally accepted her and allowed her into his house. "It's amazing," she said, "he has a smell for every room. They're all different — some are

good smells, some are bad smells.

"Dali seemed interested in my work. It's strange — on several occasions, I've created something, and someone else has pointed to it, and said that they've seen it somewhere before. It makes me feel people must have had very similar experiences in their previous lives."

Lene, you see, is a firm believer in reincarnation, but that, I'm afraid, is another story (we've only got one page to tell her story, and this is still only chapter one).

When she got back home again to London, Lene decided that "Art was not very immediate and less wanted something more immediate and less mentally disturbing. I was getting very emotionally involved, I think I was probably going a bit nuts. I was getting too much into my own mind, creating monsters."

So she became a dancer. (What else?) "I did all kinds of things. I was in a soul revue for a while. I was even an oriental dancer for a bit. That was funny, because when I went out to Rhodes to play with a trio...

Hang on, hang on, I'm getting a bit confused. We seem to have skipped a bit. Lene backtracked obligingly. "I met Bob Flag, who's a well know guy in fringe theatre circles, but probably not so much in the music business. He played sax, and he inspired me with his technique. When he played, he seemed to put all his experience into his playing. He taught me to play parrot in the fashion, and he gave me my first job in a show at the Roundhouse."

The aforementioned trio, it transpires, was an all girl group put together by an agent.

"He was a bit shifty," giggled Lene. "I didn't know about people like him then. Not that I'm much wiser now — I'd probably still trust him."

"Anyway this agent heard about my oriental dancing, and asked for a few pictures, which I innocently gave him. When we got to Rhodes, he discovered huge blow ups of me in my oriental gear outside the hotel where I was booked to play. He'd sold me to them as a dancer!"

"As it turned out, the trumpet player had lost her lip — if you don't play for a while the muscles in your lower lip go slack — and she could only play one and a half songs a night. So I agreed to fill in the time with my dancing till we got the act together."

Of course, the inevitable happened — Lene's dancing got more and more popular, until it was going down better than the music. That, and the discovery that the agent had been pocketing half the trio's fees prompted Lene to run away. To England Via Athens.

"Athens isn't a very safe place for a girl on her own," said Lene, "and the only place I could afford to go was the pictures. So I stayed in there for three weeks. I saw 'Jesus Christ Superstar' 12 times!"

Back to London again, safe and sound and no doubt humming tunes from 'Superstar' Lene got in touch with old friend Les Chappell who she'd known

since art school days, and they formed a band called the Diversions, who played a few gigs, built up a bit of a following, signed to Polydor and — died a death. Lene is bitter about the way they were treated. "We were very excited about it when we signed, but it turned out to be bad news. We recorded an album for them which they never released. You get very emotionally tied up in the hope of getting somewhere, and when I realised we weren't going to, I felt very bad."

So guess what? Lene ran away again. (This could get to be a habit). To Paris this time, and to the sort of arty, low-budget horror films that never get commercially released. And to her weirdest job yet. Screaming.

"It's very difficult to scream to order," explained Lene. "Not many people can do it. There are all sorts of different screams — long sustained screams for instance, are very shocking, but then you get short, very loud screams, and they're also shocking."

And this, if you recall is where we came in, give or take a carnival or two.

"I felt very bad about leaving the carnival," says Lene. "But it was too good a chance to be more involved in music. Although I love traditional entertainment, I also love to be involved in what's happening now."

And so, after the 'Supernature' project (which incidentally if you listen to the words, has a whole horror movie plot to itself) Lene came home once again, met up with Les, and started getting involved in what's happening now.

After roping in much-respected DJ and music man Charlie Gillett to manage her, Lene signed to Stiff Records, a situation she seems very happy with.

I mentioned Stiff's reputation for signing eccentrics, and she laughed. "I think they see potential where others don't see it. They stand back, take a fresh look and pick things out, and once they've picked them, they stick with it. Stiff is a really excellent, responsible label."

OK, free advert over. But I have to admit, the Stiff 78 tour does sound like fun, both for the audiences and the railroading bands.

And for Lene Lovich, it's another suitably bizarre addition to an already weird and wonderful life story.

Ever thought of writing your memoirs, Lene?

"I don't think anyone would believe them."

Come to think of it, I can't really blame them — some of Lene's adventures do sound a trifle far-fetched in retrospect.

Was it the truth? Who knows. All I know is whether Lene was, er, exaggerating or not, it all made highly entertaining listening. Well worth two hours of my time. Even — yes, even worth missing Coronation Street for.

Well, I mean, nothing like this ever happened to Ena Sharples.

ROADSHOWS

Lovely Lene

LENE LOVICH
Wimbledon,
Nelson's Club

GOLLY, YOU do see some strange people around these days. There I was sipping my lager and lime down the Nelsons when the muzak stopped and the fun started. As the colourful band bounced into their first number, the moustaches in the audience quivered with excitement. This was five times more stimulating than standing in the rain waiting to see 'Grease'.

I Think We're Alone Now (Pop Classic No 69) was the perfect beginning to a set full of power, wit, imagination and any other goodtime cliché you care to mention. The music was vintage Stiff. The vision was vintage weirdness.

On bass we had a black dude clad in pink, looking remarkably like the drummer from Showaddywaddy (poor lad, on guitar a bald egghead looking suitably demented, while on keyboards and drums, two genuinely normal human beings (you can't win 'em all!)).

Lene Lovich is the name of the star in orange pigtails and black kimono. Lene looked charismatically eye opening. By the way, she's got a great hiccuppy husky voice.

There's no room to mention song titles, and anyway I can't remember any. What I do vividly recall is the commercial energy of the songs. They are eccentric singalong melodies.

The evening was a success. Everyone enjoyed themselves, even if this was meant to be a disco. Thanks Lene Live Stiffs rule OK.

PHILIP HALL

MICKEY JUPP,
RACHEL SWEET
London, Nashville

NOT SO much a gig, more a warm up for the Be Stiff tour next month. And a chance to check out some of the talent that'll be riding that train around the country.

Rachel Sweet is that little 16 year old who caught the attention of many on the recent Akron compilation album with the song 'Truckstop Queen'. To tell the truth I arrived at the Nashville just in time to hear her doing her encore, for which I blame no one but my disorganised self. She was singing Elvis Costello's 'Alison' and it sounded, well, sweet. But I am reliably informed that she did a good version of Carla Thomas's 'B.A.B.Y.' and a song by her producer, Liam Sternberg, called 'Wildwood Saloon'. She was being backed by members of The Records. By way of complete

contrast, Mickey Jupp is one of yer actual veterans of rock'n'roll. He was one of the mainstays of Legend back in the '69/'71 era, whose albums are now collectors' items. Whatever the case, he's been keeping a low profile ever since then, resurfacing at this opportune moment when the rock and roll bandwagon seems to be lumbering along healthily again. For credentials I might mention that he's penned that little firecracker 'Down At The Doctor's' on the Feelgoods' new album. And his set was worthy evidence that there are plenty more where that came from.

The only trouble was, Mickey looked pretty wacked, and he made no attempt to conceal the fact. What's more, his band have been playing together for the whole of three days. Not that they were particularly un-together, in fact it gave a casual feel to their performance. But it's obviously been hard work. Wasted or otherwise they plugged their way through a short set of nine or 10 numbers. Mickey's rhythm guitar is nothing to write home about but he certainly gives a good lead to the boys behind him. The beefy keyboards man's got a style to match that contributes an authentic Little Richard sound. And praise should go to the drummer who worked hard to put in the bomp.

The smoothly rocking 'Nearly A Star' set things rolling. 'Short List' is a short one that could easily be a Feelgoods song, and a good one too.

In 'Brother Doctor, Sister Nurse' the strain was showing, with Mickey mopping his brow ardently. A couple of old C h u c k B e r r y rock'n'rollers had him stumbling for words at one point, and after doing 'So Long' he split, claiming to be 'f---ing knackered'. But the crowd weren't, and I'm sure they could have handled a lot more than the one song encore they squeezed out of him. Nothing very original, but a whole lotta fun, and I hope they get themselves sorted out sufficiently to do their talents justice on the tour. ALEX SKORECKI

RENAISSANCE
Fairfield Halls,
Croydon

THE AVERAGE pop/rock fan may not realise that Renaissance have been a working band for quite some years. It's a shame that it often takes a hit single to bring a hard-working album band into general view. But I suppose 'Northern Lights' has done Renaissance a favour because their current album is in the charts,

and people are generally noticing them. Rightly so, judging by this performance, whenever their brand of classical folk-rock threatens to become a little boring, you only have to take a good listen to the superb voice of crystal that Anne Haslam has, and bear in mind the faultless musicianship of all the group members, and the feeling of doubt somehow just goes away.

Their use of a variety of keyboards (John Tout) and drums and percussion (Terence Sullivan) is to their great credit and they gave an impressive lighting display on 'Midas Man' with yellow light reflecting from a revolving glass mirror ball and casting swirling white spots amongst the shade around the walls. Simple but effective.

They performed extensively but not excessively from that latest album, 'A Song For All Seasons', including the hit single and the new one, 'Back Home Once Again', but remembered their older material, with 'Can You Hear Me Call' from the 'Novella' album, and 'Carpet Of The Sun', which dates from 1972. Overall a classy performance and happily 1978 seems to mark the renaissance of Renaissance. PAUL SEXTON.

ONLY ONES
Harrow College of
Technology

HO HUM, the academic year is with us once again, and the social secs still slightly damp behind the ears are sizing up the stakes and gambling the ent's money on the first few weeks. Fighting against the odds of the Names and the Nameless. Not too many shirts will be lost though, seems that they've found the proverbial dead cert in The Only Ones. Sure-footed on the up escalator without yet reaching the complacency (or price) of the top acts.

The Harrow gig provided the typical college gymnasium, crunched bar, long rectangular hall, disco lights and first year dilettantes with arty hang-ups. John Cooper Clarke revels in his favourite sport of crashing other people's gigs. A brisk barrage of generous poetic licence, staccato over the murmurings of 'Who the hell is he?' - not so well-informed as they like to think, these arty types, and J.C. Clarke can bino in another 'Ten out of Ten' in his well-thumbed edition of 'How To Make Friends And Influence People'.

Witnessing the Only Ones at Harrow provides a completely new perspective on the band. A different context from the middle of the week too - distant - from - pay - day gig I saw at Barbarellas a few months ago where they succeeded in eliminating the vacuum between audience and band, probably more through a conscious non-professionalism than anything else. It paid off, and they triumphed.

Now the band is faced with the prospects of continual sell-outs, larger halls and packed audiences. Losing out on the aesthetics of the smaller gigs, these student places suffer from great expanses of nothingness from the heads of the punters to the surface of the ceiling so many feet above.

Now the touches of true professionalism are felt. The Only Ones played a

set comprising mainly new material (familiar only via Perrett's nasal intonations) and convinced the audience that they were (are) winners. How many other 'new' bands would dare to venture so much new material into their set in front of a fairly uncommitted audience? Risky, risky - Visually they remain much the same as they were, focal point on Perrett as little boy lost.

Sure they provided some recognisable anthems - 'Another Girl/Another Planet' which boasts so much confidence from CBS that it was released then re-released within six months of its original hearing, and of course 'The Beast' an insidious epic from the album 'More polished, more fluid, more rehearsed than ever before'.

An excellent gig - I remain as faithful to them as ever. And it seems like a lot of other converts are joining the flock.

BEV BRIGGS



RACHEL SWEET: I love for you to call me baby

CLIFF
RICHARD

GREEN
LIGHT

Cliff Richard
has been making hit
records for 20 years.
Green Light
is his newest and
finest album.

Produced by Bruce Welch

Also available on tape

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ROADSHOWS

UNLEASHED FROM BONDS OF FASHION



CHELSEA as we knew them. Gene October (centre) now leads a new line-up

CHELSEA — London, Music Machine

ONCE UPON a time there was a punk band called Chelsea. In their time they were very hip and full of credibility, until suddenly they split and singer Gene October was left with merely a name. He continued with a band which meant little to anybody, until they too died on him.

Now Chelsea exist in their third incarnation — and any similarities with the punk movement have faded upon the way — this band rely purely upon rock 'n' roll.

It seems that from these confused and rather suspicious beginnings a highly talented, yet extremely unfashionable band have emerged. Against the vivid well chosen pink and green backdrop Chelsea were perfectly at home on the larger stage. The current line-up look and move far better than their predecessors; guitarist James Stevenson unwinding like a clockwork Pinocchio to the right of the stage, while the other guitarist Dave Martin brings up the left flank, skipping across the stage as though limbering up for the big race.

October too is in better form — no longer are we subjected to mini-current affairs courses — the rap is severely confined to introductions and witty interjections. The change in them is unbelievable.

The material too is drastically improved. The only concessions they make to their (and I wince as I say it) 'roots' is in the obligatory performance of their singles, 'Right To Work' (by far the weakest number in the set) and 'High Rise Living', both of which are beginning to sound rather quaint. It's the new songs however which reveal their rising strength. Two numbers in particular bear bright hope for the future, 'I Wanna Be Your Toy' (possessor of one of the strongest hooks around, and 'Twelve Men', both October/Martin compositions. The band as a whole gave a riveting performance, exhibiting skill, flair and polish. Already they are, as they say, a force to be reckoned with, and with a few more numbers like the single 'Urban Kids', and the aforementioned gems — they could turn out to be one of Britain's foremost and exciting rock 'n' roll bands.

In their current form they deserve to, and must

be seen — don't let fashion rule your head or your heart. KELLY PIKE.

IAN GILLAN BAND Marquee

LAST FRIDAY marked the second appearance of the Ian Gillan Band at the Marquee in two days, and when I entered at nine o'clock, the 'house full' sign was already up. On such a night the Marquee is like a sauna and an almighty explosion (deliberate, I might add) didn't help — many were shaking their trousers to make sure everything was OK! Within seconds, smoke and football fan-like chants of "Gillan! Gillan!" has filled the place.

Suavely attired in a white, double-breasted jacket, the legendary Purple vocalist hit the stage with his four piece outfit, and launched into a fine set of hard rocking music. As well as recent material, they delivered those classics 'Child In Time' and 'Smoke On The Water'. Ian wasn't just playing safe by including them, because the current items went down well enough and are of a high quality — they merely added to the electric atmosphere of the gig. The bassist and drummer provided thundering rhythm, alongside a superb guitarist and the extensive talents of keyboard player Colin Towns.

Gillan's vocals were the anchor point of the group, but didn't overwhelm. Indeed the guitar solo on 'Child In Time' was absolutely incredible, and of equal aural delight to Blackmore's. The audience was clearly Purple based and there was a whole lotta freakin' going on. Such cries of "Gillan for Pope!" and "Sex and Drugs and Ian Gillan!" evoked much laughter and applause. Ian enjoyed the gig and

was singing as well as ever, screaming on every number, perhaps over-utilising his trump card. He must surely dread the day when he wakes up and can't let out one of those blood curdling screams — I know the fans do. After a swift rock and roll encore number, the show was over, and everyone left, sweaty but happy. It's good to see bands packing out the Marquee, and moreover those of Ian Gillan Band's calibre actually playing there. STEVE GETT

WIRE Newcastle University

LIGHT, DARK Shade, Noise, Silence, Wire. They take aim — shoot at the audience with rapid-fire quick-frozen-frames from a black and white story of life. Blue light — cold and stark, but with 'Lowdown' as second number (now less menacing, more sleazy) you don't get frightened or ill at ease. Impressed? I was, and the crowd loved it too.

Vocalist Colin Newman now plays much more guitar on stage than previously, but when he does discard it, he immediately becomes the focal point with his strange, quirky, jerky marionette movements. Standing slightly behind him guitarist B. C. Gilford hardly seems to be involved in a live gig at all, casual concentration with the end result of fleshing out the sound is his only aim. Entertainment as such simply does not enter into it.

Drummer Robert Gotobed plays exceedingly (and effectively) simple rhythms, with metronomic precision and a pleasing tendency to underplay his role rather than attempt to dominate with crashing drum rolls or

solos. Meanwhile, the only real semblance of rock 'n' roll flash — not to mention superb bass playing and excellent vocals at times — is provided stage left by Graham Lewis, whose movements coincide entirely with the music firing forth.

The set showcases the maturity and sophistication of the new album, with 'Practice Makes Perfect' standing out.

An ecstatic audience was treated to a white-hot climax, followed by an encore featuring golden oldies in 'Reuters' (still truly frightening) and the laconic '06 Beats That'. Despite continual requests, Wire didn't play '12XU' but only their harshest critic could have faulted them. If this is how good they are at the start of the tour. JOHNNY WALLER

THE KINKS London Hammersmith Odeon

I'VE HAD a fear of leaving concerts before the end, ever since Frank Zappa fell off the stage at the Rainbow and broke his leg. What if a drama happened after I'd departed? The Editor would murder me, that's what would happen. However, it would have taken more than a threat of murder to keep me at the Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday night.

I managed to sit through most of the Kinks' set (and that of the support band The Dodgers, who were quite good considering the gig was a big deal for them), but left before I either froze to death, or died of boredom. The blame can be laid at two doors: the first being the management who evidently think cold draughts are invigorating, and the second being the audience, who were too old to boogie, or too frozen to move.

To a lesser extent, the Kinks did not perform at their best. Ray Davies knocked himself out trying to get everything going, but the rest of the band must have been suffering from a low metabolism. As at the Roundhouse (which was an amazing gig) they opened with a few bars of 'You Really Got Me' before going into the first number proper, 'Sleepwalker'.

I know it'll take a while before the songs from the 'Misfits' album get really accepted, but at the moment, only 'Hayfever' and 'Permanent Waves' look like winners.

There were a couple of throwaway lines from Ray that cheered me up a bit: he said he was asked by a girl at the stage door if he'd been in the original Kinks line-up. Perhaps it's understandable — they've been going so long she must have wondered if anyone would have the stamina to carry on. And he got a laugh by asking if we wanted to hear 'David Watts'. Well, I laughed anyway.

As always, I enjoyed their medley of old hits, 'Death Of A Clown', 'Laziness On A Sunday Afternoon' and 'Waterloo Sunset', but even then it didn't look as if they were all one hundred per cent having a good time.

Really, I wished I hadn't gone — it would have been better to nurture memories of the Roundhouse gig and leave it at that. ROSALIND RUSSELL

SANDY AND THE BACKLINE London Music Machine

IF YOU'VE been reading our 'Private Pleasures' ad and thinking 'Sandy who? And the who?' then wonder no more, because Sandy McLellan is the latest Scottish soul singer to have made the great trek south to seek his fortune.

So far he's done a couple of solo club dates around London, as well as supporting Robert Palmer on his recent dates. It seems a good match — Sandy and the Backline are as funky as Palmer, but with the rough edges still attached. Very much attached. It's a big step from a Glasgow pub to the Hammersmith Odeon, and it occasionally shows through in Sandy's lack of stage presence, and in the quality of the material — always a problem with brand new bands. Too often, their songs stretch out into mediocrity, and your mind begins to wander — only your compulsively tapping toe still pays attention.

No doubt, though, practice will soon perfect those shortcomings. Sandy and the Backline are, I suppose, an acquired taste — but if this sort of smooth white soul is to your taste (as it is to mine) you'll find, in them, welcome new exponents of this established art. SHEILA PROPHEAT

ROSE ROYCE Birmingham Odeon

TWENTY MINUTES into their show last Friday night lead singer Gwyn

Dickey described Rose Royce as the "Mean mean music machine". This rather surprising statement was greeted with rapturous adulation by a delightfully happy and devoted audience, who, having gone expecting good funky disco music, were now experiencing the Rose Royce phenomenon in a truly remarkable way. Never before have I seen such an unwarranted and undeserved ovation.

Their music can best be described as about palatable as background sounds at an airport, or in the highly charged atmosphere of a successful disco, but in the relative luxury of a modern theatre they sound merely repetitive, dull and uninspired. Indeed, the word machine as uttered by Gwyn Dickey is entirely appropriate, as they churn out largely indiscernible numbers one after another, singing most of them out of tune to the accompaniment of a cacophony of sound.

In all other respects they are similar to a dozen other funk/soul/disco acts — they wear dazingly bright costumes, do their dance routines in perfect unison, and work unbelievably hard to persuade us that they are really having a great time. Nothing else they would rather be doing, I'm sure they say — well, that may be so, but I can think of at least one person who hopes he will never have to see them do it again. NIALL CLULLEY

MARSHALL HAIN Bailey, Crumpets

The opening night of Marshall Hain's first ever tour marked the most intriguing mis-match between band and venue imaginable.

The famous Bailey Variety Club was a 'Good Old Days' type ballroom, and had it not recently been transformed into a supposedly Studio 54-style cabaret club, it would have made an admirable aircraft hangar — all the more so considering its remote Wuthering Heights location.

I fancy that those who hadn't come either out of curiosity value, or taking advantage of the late bar licence, arrived expecting to see a disco show. After all, on the strength of 'Dancing In The City' who didn't think that Marshall Hain was the latest American soul hero?

As the better informed will have realised, the hit single represents only one facet of this London duo's

sound. For their tour Marshall Hain have enlisted the services of ex-Foster Brother Graham (guitar and keyboard), Gary Twigg (bass), Bob Jenkins (drums) and Martin Ditcham (percussion) — an eclectic bunch of musicians in keeping with the varied nature of the music.

Notwithstanding the audience disinterest, which was hardly alleviated by the knee-high positioning of the stage, they all acquitted themselves remarkably well.

After a shaky start, partly due to featuring slower numbers, Ms Hain soon gathered confidence as they drifted through most of the material on the 'Free Ride' album.

Like the album, the live sound felt similarly light and airy, despite the presence of a taller band which may have resulted in a more mainstream rock approach. In fact, the tasteful restraint employed by the whole outfit suggested that instrumentally, at least, they were not unlike a more muscular version of Fleetwood Mac, although without any of the cloying insipidness which infects that particular band.

Yet the abundance of styles which have clearly influenced Julian Marshall and Kit Hain takes their music well out of the realms of MOR and into a jazzier, funkier direction. At the same time, Kit's singer/writer adds another dimension to their musical prowess. Despite their apparent simplicity, both the lyrical wit of 'You Too' and the poignancy of 'Coming Home' are reminiscent of the likes of Joni Mitchell and Dory Previn.

The undercurrent of humour which permeates much of what the duo have done was also in evidence, with Kit's amusing mid number dashes across stage to swap microphones, keyboards and guitar providing light relief amidst the almost 100-ish professionalism.

All the band obviously enjoyed themselves, the more so as the set progressed. Predictably, 'Dancing In The City' was saved until the end, with Julian cannyly reproducing the same drum-synth effects as on the record.

By this time the audience were at last responding and the band returned to encore with some new songs. On the strength of this, and their performance generally, Marshall Hain are going to be around for some time. MIKE NICHOLLS



IAN GILLAN: electric atmosphere

ROADSHOWS

RAMONES / SNIPS
Hammersmith
Odeon, London

THE Pilgrim Fathers have returned. At last I have seen the light, but is it too late. The Ramones are the most amazing band in the world; the most boring band in the world and certainly the most simple band in the world. Three conclusions from an historic evening.

I had to see the Ramones live. They are one of the few bands you will remember to tell your kids you saw. After all, where would we be without them? They brought a new meaning to speed.

The American eagle was lowered. Out of its mouth was proclaimed the legend "Hey ho, let's go". And we did. "Rockaway Beach" opened the set with truly brain washing power. The white lights focused on four demented psychopaths Dee Dee, Johnny and new boy Mark, thud, strum and bash respectively. You can't help smiling at these clever characters who have become completely inseparable from the image they portray.

They try to look aggressive, certainly sound violent but eventually the music lets them down. There are highlights "Pinhead", "Surfin Bird", "Don't Come Close" and "Blitzkrieg Bop" won through on their superior melodies. With the three robots, the real songs and Joey, the formula is unbeatable.

Joey is the ultimate eretlin, the sort of guy who punches in the air and misses. He is the only new wave anti-hero simply because he is so naturally hopeless.

At their best the Ramones are unsurpassable. But by the end of the long set everything had faded into incoherence. In a club you feel part of their no holds barred energy, but at the Odeon I was only too briefly involved in the Ramones Experience.

Same new songs

Support band Snips deserve a mention for conquering the mighty stage. Snips is a loose limbed mime artiste backed by the powerful Video Kings. They play imaginative rock which doesn't deserve to be condensed into one paragraph. Believe me, they are enjoyable. Go and see for yourself.

PHILIP HALL

THE CRUSADERS
Hammersmith
Odeon

FORTUNATELY, MORE and more people are now becoming aware of the force of the Crusaders — not only as a band, but as solo musicians, as session players, as arrangers and producers in their own right. Fortunately, because they deserve it. The Crusaders' particular straddle of soul-funk into jazz and back not only predates most others, it stands unquenchable even now. Speaking personally, seeing your long-time heroes onstage for the first time inevitably carries some disappointments, but for the majority of Hammersmith punters well, there was no holding 'em.

The evening opened with a solo set from Joe Sample on acoustic piano, a difficult task at any

time and more so because he's a rather introspective player and far better in a band context. When the full outfit came back after the interval, it was a full hour before the real Crusaders' grit started to show with that inimitable snappy drumming from Stix Hooper the most vital factor of all.

The comment made to Fred Rath, our man in L.A. Other week, about keeping it flexible, was quite true, on the other hand Wilton Felder didn't lead his crew into anything too esoteric though I noticed their preference for 'Free As The Wind' and earlier stuff in preference to the current 'Images' album.

Beyond the too-obvious-to-mention musicianship, integration etc from the outfit as a whole, the great joy was their 'new' guitarist Billy Rogers who preferred some cracking, rocky lead phrases as well as tasteful rhythm work.

What can you say after a gig like that? Come back soon! SUSAN KLUTH

MOTORHEAD,
High Wycombe

FIGHTING MY way through the lengthy queues of Travolta Greasers outside the local cinema, I feared for



JOEY RAMONE: Now we wanna do sumptin' from the new album

Motorhead's chances of filling even High Wycombe's tiny Town Hall.

I'm afraid it was no contest. There was only a sparse denim trickle of fans passing through the doors of the building when I arrived. Inside, there was enough space to swing a dozen cats and still have room to spin.

But Lemmy and his lads are still the ultimate headbanger heroes — and they proved it once again with a gut churning display of heavy metal at its best.

The band, swathed in clouds of dry ice punctuated by machine gun strobe lights, belted it out, and the cheers grew louder every time Lemmy turned up the volume control on his bass amp.

Highlights of the evening were an ear-splitting rendition of the old Kinks' classic, 'Louie Louie' — the band's new single — and an aggressive version of a John Mayall blues.

This band may never have had their fair share of lucky breaks. But they pass one acid test — they can deliver the goods any night of the week.

When it comes to it, I can't help feeling that the flood of filmgoers pouring onto the streets when I came out of the gig were the losers. TERRY KERR

WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS,
Bath University

WILKO JOHNSON once played guitar in another band I guess I wouldn't be reviewing Solid Senders if he hadn't so I won't try and avoid mentioning them. This gig was a good opportunity to assess the impact of the split of the Brilleaux / Johnson partnership; as the doctors are making out pretty good, one wondered what Wilko had taken out of them, and what he would do in another setting. The answer? Much the same, and a good thing too. He's got three dedicated

rockaboogie roots men behind him who for most of the time manage to inject variety into a basic set of rhythm.

Rhythm is what Wilko is all about, not exactly a strummer (more a stroller), he picks out peaks of rhythms, and throws them offstage in tidy chopped sections; all this whilst raking the crowd with his guitar, charging sideways across stage like a spider in a hurry and apparently trying to wring its own neck — quite stimulating, and I imagine he's quite, er, stimulated too. He stops moving every now and then to sing and the stage seems bare without the motion, the lyrics incidental to the action.

There hasn't been a major advance in musical direction, but I don't think that's necessary in this case, the essence of Solid Senders being high tension, and, I have to say it, it was solid. FRED WILLIAMS

FABULOUS POODLES,
Bristol Poly

SELF proclaiming names are more often than not a career hindrance in that they set an immodestly high standard which the artist concerned must subsequently live up to, in order to justify his boast.

If you are claiming, however, to be a bunch of mythical, curly haired, pet dogs, then that takes some living down to, and live down to it the Poodles certainly did.

They were in fact, introduced by a short comic conjuring routine from Poodle poet and word writer extraordinaire John Parsons complete with full poodle head gear and dress suit.

The set proper commenced seriously enough with a number entitled 'Suicide Bridge' with only the group's zany stage presence hinting at the debacle that was to follow.

For, somehow the incongruity of having Clarke Gable look-alike Bobby Valentino (violin, mandolin and guitar) standing next to the day-

glo. Costelloesque Cockerel himself. Tony Demeur, made it totally impossible to take the whole thing seriously.

Indeed, as the set progressed through a variety of neat well worded tunes, such as, 'C'est La Vie', 'Chigaco Box Car Boston Back', 'Mugs Game', 'Toytown People' and 'Roll Your Own', the group's antics and comments made it apparent whilst they did have something to say, they were intent upon having a good time rather than being profound.

For instance, when Tony's guitar string broke through 'B Movies' he proceeded to mouth his solo to good effect. Also mousing to good effect was Bobby Valentino but this time it was proper voice tube violin during the new single 'Mirror Star'. It was, however, the amazing free-for-all finale that was the undisputed highlight of the evening. The fun started with supposedly unprompted suggestions from the audience which resulted in a ridiculous rendition of 'Puppy Love' and indeed after much lunacy from bassist Richie C. Robertson and drummer Brym B. Burrows, not to mention Tony Demeur, in an unaccompanied vocal rendition of 'We'll Meet Again'.

So whilst The Poodles may not be crossing any musical frontiers, yet themselves, they certainly are great entertainment and if they can capture what they portray live on record, then Poodlism could well be next month's thing. GARETH KERSHAW

STRANGWAYS
London, Rock Garden

WAKEFIELD? A pop band from Wakefield? 'Tis true, and what's more, although living in that far flung city leaves them a little out of touch with the crop of poppers which have sprung up in the capital, they manage to come out near top of the lot.

You see, the strength of Strangeways lies not so much in what they are at

the moment, but in the promise they hold. At present they can hold their own quite admirably amidst the competition, but they have the potential, in material more so than image, to rise well above the flocks of two-bit glitterboys currently so la mode.

Firstly intros Ringo Higginbottom is their enthusiastic drummer — Bob Marsden, the more mature man of the band at 19, on bass, Bas Smith on guitar and teen appeal, and vocalist / guitarist Ada Wilson.

Ada (surely he couldn't have been christened that way) is the chief writer of the band, although there are contributions from all quarters. Despite having seen a mere seventeen summers, he's already writing like a seasoned professional — coming up with instant numbers gifted with snappy chorus, wry lyrics and again, a whole lot of promise.

The presentation of the show did leave room for improvement. Although the band on the whole moved and looked pretty well, they seemed to be struck by an attack of nerves, which dominated the first half of the night (although admittedly the window ledge of a stage at the Rock Garden left scant room for self-expression) — but there was nothing amiss which a dose of confidence and experience couldn't cure.

Two songs, 'Don't Say It' and 'The City' stood out during the show — diverse, yet with a shared freshness and a definitely growing style. The single 'Show Her You Care' also worked well, making up for in excitement what intricacies it lost in live performance.

The sound however, was pretty dire for most of the set, again restricting the numbers and undermining the attack, but nevertheless, enough of Strangeways — their potential and their charisma — convinced me that with a little time and effort, Strangeways are going to be a band to make way for KELLY PIKE



THE CRUSADERS: nothing too esoteric but

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'YOU SEND ME'

DISCOS

By JAMES HAMILTON

RM referendum

ALL READERS are invited to send in their answer, either Yes or No, to the question: WOULD YOU BE PREPARED TO PAY £1.50 FOR A 12in IF IT WAS IN UNLIMITED EDITION? A huge demand has grown up for certain 12in titles purely because up until now the majority of UK companies have seen the limited edition 12in as a promotional tool with which to artificially boost a record into the Top 75. In many cases the buyers, and DJs especially, only want the 12in version as it contains a special mix or longer version, but are unable to buy it... and certainly don't buy the 7in version instead. Thus as a promotional tool the 12in has often misfired, being pressed up in too small a quantity to make any sense. However, RCA kept Evelyn 'Champagne' King's 'Shame' in 12in form for an unlimited run and, to date, have sold

something like 80,000 copies making a loss on every one sold! Pye are now pressing unlimited 12in runs for a £1.25 price which for them is evidently economical, although the viable price for a 12in is now reckoned by many to be £1.50. So, if it's the difference between being able to get a 12in or not, would YOU be willing to pay £1.50 for the certainty of buying the length and mix that you want? Record companies are beginning to see the light about the profitability of the 12in in its own right, so your response could be what tips the balance. ALL READERS, not just DJs, please send a simple 'Yes' or 'No' together with your name and address, on either a postcard or the sealed back of an envelope, to REFERENDUM, Record Mirror, 40 Long Acre, London WC2E 9JT, as soon as possible. Thank you!

STOP PRESS

GRAHAM THORNTON, Tea Council Young DJ winner, joins Manchester's Piccadilly Radio and starts broadcasting next week! The station had already auditioned him prior to his appearance at the London competition last week, and in fact it was sworn to secrecy by Graham as his audition result would not be known until two days after the

contest. Now he joins the Piccadilly team and kicks off doing the early hours show from 2 to 6am on Saturday, October 14th. The Leeds-based lad has plenty of hospital broadcasting experience, and in fact came third in last year's DJ 77 competition too, which must prove that talent really will out!



BIGGER SPLASH

GREGG LYNN, CBS Records' disco plugger, plans to make a big splash when launching his new CBS Disco Pool, as he calls the revised DJ mailing list... and to do it he has had a special promotional LP made that contains lots of hot current disco product all mixed together, for circulation only to jocks "in the Pool"!

To work out the US-style mixes, Greg and his co-ordinating companion Malcolm Eade got myself and Graham Canter of Gullivers fame into the studio last week (that's pictured above).

The material had already been chosen for us, leaving very little leeway, but the result - especially on the hot funk tracks - should blow a few minds! With expert tape editing by Simon Humphrey, we chop-segued all the links except the first, which mixes the outro and intro of the full 8:07 Dan Hartman

'Instant Replay' and Musique 'In The Bush' (NOTE: Dan Hartman will NOT be on 12in in the UK, so you must get an import 12in or be square!).

Side one then chops after 6:29 of Musique into 4:25 of Joe Thomas 'Plato's Retreat' (also not on UK 12in) and 7:42 of Teddy Pendergrass 'Only You'. Side two starts off rather pop and tricky to segue smoothly, but runs: Peter Brown 'You Should Do It' (2:33), Timmy Thomas 'Freak In Freak Out' (2:41), KC & The Sunshine Band 'Do You Feel Alright' (2:25), Gregg Diamond 'Starcrusin'' (5:44), Willbert Longmire 'Black Is The Colour' (7:58)... and the last mix, if I do say so myself, is a sizzler!

This promises to be the hottest black market item of the year, so if you're not in the CBS Disco Pool, bad luck!

DJ HOTLINE

BUBBLING UNDER the Top 90 are Supermax 'World Of Today' (Atlantic), Musique 'Summer Love' (CBS/12in), EWF 'Got To Get You Into My Life' (CBS), Three Degrees 'Giving Up Giving In' (Ariola/12in), Johnnie Taylor 'Hey Mr Melody Maker' (CBS), Marc Jordan 'Survivor' (Warner Bros), Eddie Horan 'Turn My World Back Around' / 'Can't Do Without You' (US HDM LP), Dean Friedman 'Lucky Stars' (LifeSong), The Brotherhood 'Soul Power' (US MCA LP), Gladys Knight 'It's A Better Than Good Time' (Bud-dah/12in), Luisa Fernandez 'Lay Love On You' (Warner Bros), Willie Hutch 'And All Hell Broke Loose' / 'All American Funkathon' / 'Easy Does It' / etc (US Whitfield LP), Jonathan King 'One For You One For Me' (GTO 12in), El Coco 'Dancing In Paradise' / 'Love In Your Life' (Pye/12in), Pr.me Time 'Good Times' / 'Soul Train' (US Motown 12in promo), Ronnie Jones 'Groovin' / 'Gimme Little Sign' / 'Me And Myself' (Lollipop LP), Metropolis 'New York Is My Kinda Town' (US Salsoul LP), Ray Barretto 'Can You Feel It' (US Atlantic LP), Robert Palmer 'Beat Of Both Worlds' (Island/12in), Luv You Madly Orchestra 'Rocket Rock' (US Salsoul 12in), Detroit Spinners 'If You Wanna Do A Dance' (Atlantic), Tony Orlando 'Don't Let Go' (Elektra/12in), Theima Houston 'Don't Pity Me' (Motown), Chaplin Band 'The Party Is Over' (RMI), Lord Kitchener 'Sugar Bum Bum' (Ice 12in). Continuing by geographical order, chart contributing DJs include Robin Quinn (Swingfield Soundhouse), John Delaney (Beshill Continental), Tony Allen (Polgate Windsor), John Lewis (Brighton), George Emerson (Brighton Metro), Johnny Diamond (Brighton William Tell), Trevor Gray (Brighton Top Rank), Phil Leppard (Brighton Jenkinsons), Chris Lynn (Lancing Place), Les Aaron (Bognor Regis), Pete Maxwell (Southsea Jo'Annas), Simon Rhodes (Isle of Wight Pontinas), Tony James Barry Zimmerman (Dorchester), Ian Temple (Plymouth Zippy Sheaf), Neville Rowe (Plymouth Boobs), John Betley (Plymouth Top Rank), Rob Grosse (Truro), Kevin Graves (Newquay), Doc Hayes (Taunton Camelot), Steve Boley (Weston Super Mare Blades), Mike Alford (Weston Sloopys), Martin Starr (Bristol), Mike Williams (Cheltenham Night Owl), Alan Hughes (Worcester Western Bar), Steve Addy (Newport Tiffanys), Chris Jones (Cathays), Tom Amigo (Burry), Steve Wiggins (Harry Rugby Club), Phil Black (Burry Politean), Roger Stanton (Burry Butlins), Lew Wells (Colchester Birchwood), Sam Harvey (Harwich Anchor), Graham Light (Lowestoft Cleopatras), Bob Cheek (Yarmouth Wheels), Paul Booker (Yarmouth Tiffanys), Jon Taylor (Norwich Cromwells), Jason West (Cambridge), Mick Ames (Bedford), Dave Peters, Steve 'CBE' Allen (Peterborough), Ashley Woods (Seaforth), Ian Freeman (Nottingham Palais), Liz Bailey (Leicester Society), Robert Young (Leicester Palais), Tom Clapton (Birstall), Tony Blewitt (Hickley Bubbles), Ric Simon (Tamworth), Dave Brennan (Burton Eves).

MORE DISCOS PAGE 43

THE FOUR TOPS LATEST SINGLE PUT IT ON THE NEWS

A LITTLE MORE GOOD NEWS FROM ANCHOR/ABC RECORDS ABC 4235 ALSO 12" LIMITED EDITION ABCT 4235



BRITISH TOUR OCTOBER 1st - NOVEMBER 3rd

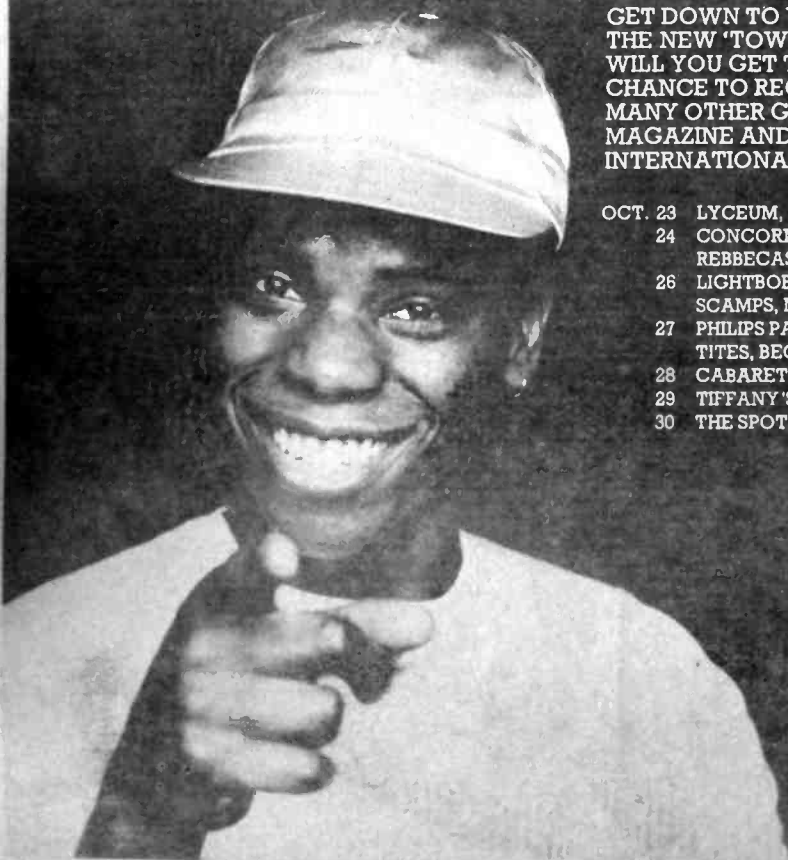
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27 PHILIPS PARK HALL, WHITEFIELD
TITES, BECKENHAM
28 CABARET CLUB, NEWQUAY
29 TIFFANY'S, PURLEY
30 THE SPOT, MAIDSTONE

NOV. 2 BOJANGLES, STEVENAGE
3 VILLAGE, BOURNEMOUTH
PALAIS, NOTTINGHAM
TIFFANY'S, ROCHDALE
4 TOP RANK, SOUTHAMPTON
CHEQUERS, ALTRINGHAM
6 SADIES, DERBY
8 CHESHIRE CAT, NANTWICH
9 FUSION, LEICESTER
10 PIPS, MANCHESTER
CROCS, RAYLEIGH
11 HADES, MARGATE
12 EXCELSIOR HOTEL, GLASGOW
13 TIFFANY'S, KINGS LYNN
14 ROOM AT THE TOP, ILFORD
16 CLOUDS, PRESTON
EVES, BURTON ON TRENT
17 ROTTERS, STOCKPORT
CARNABY'S, YEOVIL
19 TIFFANY'S, BLACKPOOL
20 KING OF CLUBS, WOKINGHAM
21 THE BRIDGE, CANTERBURY
22 TOP RANK, SWANSEA
SCAMPS, SUTTON
23 TOP RANK, CARDIFF



Series

Capitol

DISCOS

HOT VINYL

OTHER IMPORT breakers include Claudia Barry / Ronnie Jones 'I Takes Two' (Salsoul 12in), Jorge Santana 'Seychelles' / 'Love The Way' / 'Sandy' (Tomato LP), Cloud One 'Happy Music' (Queen Constance 12in), Chanson 'Don't Hold Back' (Ariola LP), Lemon 'Freak On' (Salsoul 12in), Al Green 'I Feel Good' (Hi 12in), Grover Washington 'Do Dat' / 'Reed Seed' / 'Steppin Thru' (Motown LP), Joe Farrell 'Another Star' / 'Night Dancing' / 'How Deep Is Your Love' / 'Katherine' (Warner Bros LP), Sonny Fortune 'Turning It Over' / 'This Side Of Infinity' (Atlantic LP), Quazar 'Funk N Roll' (Arista), Wright Bros Flying Machine 'Leatherman's Theme' (Casablanca LP), Moses Strivin For Tomorrow' / 'Love To Live' / 'Mexican Sunset' (Pure As Silk LP), Eddie Daniels 'Preparation F' (Marlin LP), Ritchie Family 'American Generation' (Marlin LP), Leon Haywood 'Party' (MCA), Steve Khan 'Some Down Time' (Tappan Zee LP), Glas Family 'Mr DJ You Know How To Make Me Dance' (JDC LP), Grey & Hanks 'You Fooled Me' (RCA 12in), Phyllcia Allen 'St Louis' / 'Broadway' / 'Star Of Paris' (Casablanca LP), Salsoul Strings 'How Deep Is Your Love' (Salsoul LP), Universal Robot Band 'Poolsaps On The Roof' (Red Greg LP), Boris Midney 'Beautiful Bend' (Marlin LP), Theo Vances 'Back To Music' (Prelude), Phyrework 'My Funk' / 'Put Your Hands Up' (Mercury LP), Ramsey Lewis 'All The Way' / 'Moogin On' / 'Don't Look Back' (CBS LP).

DISCO NEWS

CURTIS MAYFIELD 'No Goodbyes' will — amazingly — NOT be out here in any form, despite it being his best disco dancer since 1971's 'Move On Up', so you've gotta get it on import. Sweet Thunder's 12in remix will be issued here at last, but — wait for it — on unlimited 33 1/3-rpm 7in, as the 12in (ie LP) presses are all tied up with Xmas album product! Brothers Johnson 'Ride-O-Rocket' will be on Funk A&M/America soon, with 'Rocket' Countdown as bonus extra on the 12in version only — and Atlantic Starr 'Stand Up' will be in extended US remix form on Funk A&M/America too. Quint 9 to 5 is also on 12in (RCA PC 5114). Rus Phillips offers a half-price import LP to any DJ spending 125 at his disco department (open Friday evening, all day Saturday) at 'Ere For Music' in Manor Park, Broadway — he also needs Passport and Slave on 12in, so any swappers! Heatwave 'Always And Forever' / 'Ain't No Half Steppin' will be on 20,000 12in and Stanley Turrentine on 10,000 12in, both within a fortnight! London's LODJ Assn meets this Sunday (8) at 1pm in the Three Wheatsheaves, 52 Upper Street, Angel. East Anglia DJ Assn, with eighty members from Norfolk / Suffolk / Cambridge, plans to expand, so contact Chris Archer on Norwich 660244, if interested. In answer to persistent doubters, Mick Jackson wrote and originated 'Blame It On The Boogie', NOT the Jacksons. United Artists' new policy switch away from disco product means that Ian Levine stops his LA mailouts but is currently compiling a US-style segued LP that mixes imports and oлдies. 'Frenchie's' Palm Beach restaurant in Worcester Park turns up the funk-jazz volume control and has star PA's every Saturday from 11am until early next morning, making it what they call the only all-day in a restaurant! 'Frenchie's' beach party is again on Christmas Day at Camberley's Cambridge Hotel, and in fact all hotel accommodation has already been booked by funksters from Bournemouth and Tottenham. Dublin's Kay Le Spank club is in the process of moving premises.

CHARTS

ENQUIRIES STILL come in about chart forms from would-be contributors. We no longer use an official chart form, so if you are a working DJ who wants to contribute regularly to our Disco Top 90, all you have to do is list your current audience-response Top 20 on any piece of your own paper ... and send it every Monday to James Hamilton, Record Mirror, 40 Long Acre, London WC2E 9JT.

Remember though that the chart should only contain current releases (UK or import), and once a title has well and truly dropped out of our printed Top 90 you're merely wasting space by including it still. Also, jocks who only play the most obvious pop hits — or rock, punk, oлдies, etc — do not really help the chart much, but are very welcome to send in specialist DJ Top 10 lists for possible publication.

Please, always try to construct your charts according to dancer reaction, and not number of requests or your own personal taste!

TOUGH NEW deadlines (or actually the old ones kept to!) have not left me enough time to listen to any records for the last two weeks, for which many apologies.

Anyway, these are the most significant of the new disco releases: SYLVESTER 'Step II' LP (Fantasy FT 549) with full 6:39 'You Make Me Feel' and 5:54 'Dance (Disco Heat)'; JOE THOMAS 'Plato's Retreat' (TK THR 6049) on 4:46 7in only; TEDDY PENDERGRASS 'Only You' (Phil Int PIR 6713) on 7:58 remix 12in; OLYMPIC RUNNERS 'Get It While You Can' (Polydor RUN 012) on longer 12in; ROY AYERS 'Get On Up Get On Down' (Polydor AYERS 12) (finally out); ASHFORD & SIMPSON 'It Seems To Hang On' (Warner Bros K 17237) on 3:40 7in; GAP MANGIONE 'Time Of The Season' / 'Mellow Out' (Funk A&M/America AMSP 7377) on 12in but minus 'Sister Joe'; CAROL DOUGLAS 'Burnin'' (Midson BURN 12) on longer 12in; BONEY M 'Rasputin' (Atlantic K 11192) on 4:39 7in and 7:33 remix 12in; DONNA SUMMER 'MacArthur Park' (Casablanca CAN 131); SUPREMES 'Where Did Our Love Go' (Motown TMG 925); FOUR TOPS 'I Can't Help Myself' / 'It's The Same Old Song' (Motown TMG 1120); SWITCH 'Switch' LP (Motown STML 12096) with 'We Like To Party... Come On' and good slowies; AFRO-CUBAN BAND 'Rhythm Of Life' (Arista ARIST 214) on 3:24 7in; LAURIN RINDER & W MICHAEL LEWIS 'Envy (Animal Fire)' / 'Lust' (Pye 7NL 25779) on 12in at 9:51 and 7:09; JAIN BAND 'Universal Love' (Magnet MAG 131); MARSHA HUNT 'The Other Side Of Midnight' (Magnet 12MAG 130) on 4:00 7in or 4:47 12in; QUINCY JONES 'Love I Never Had It So Good' / 'I Heard That' / 'Body Heat' (Funk A&M/America AMSP 7385) on 7in and 12in with 3:20 or 5:14 A-side.

NEW SPINS



SYLVESTER: in step.

DISCO DATES

FRIDAY (8) Chris Hill funks Southgate Royalty, Chris Browne funks Elephant & Castle Charlie Chaplins, Steve Dee funks Prestwood Village Hall, Bob Jones funks Chelmsford Dee-Jays with dance contests, Mick Ames does Yeovil Carnaby's, Craig Dawson reggaes Napier College Freshers Ball with a Cammarons PA at Edinburgh Assembly Rooms, St Mary's old boys' Thank God It's Friday party funks Goffs Oak Village Hall in Hert, Caroline Roadshow rocks Woolwich Public Hall, SATURDAY (7) Crown Heights Affair dazie Dunstable California, Greg Edwards & Froggy funk Southgate Royalty, Ashley Woods funks Sleaford Quarrington Hall, Pete Tong funks Gravesend Nelson, Mick Ames does Bridgewater Carnaby's, SUNDAY (8) Crown Heights Affair blast Blackpool Tiffany's, Greg Davies does Royston Bill, Caroline Roadshow rocks Chelmsford City Football Club, MONDAY (9) Crown Heights Affair bump Birmingham Top Rank, Bob Jones & Paul Grate funk Hford Lacy Lady, Sean French funks West Kingsdown Kings Lodge with Froggy & Pete Tong, TUESDAY (10) Bob Jones & Paul Grate funk Homechurch Kingswood Club, WEDNESDAY (11) Kerry Juby eats rice pudding at Southgate Royalty.

UK DISCO TOP 90

- 21 16 STUFF LIKE THAT Quincy Jones A&M 12in/LP
- 22 23 BLACK IS THE COLOUR, Wilbert Longmire US Tappan Zee LP
- 23 31 GIVING IT BACK, Phil Hurtt US Fantasy 12in
- 24 29 NO GOODBYES, Curtis Mayfield US Cutrom LP
- 25 25 HOW DO YOU DO/DANCE GET DOWN, Al Hudson ABC/12in
- 26 26 BETTER THINGS TO COME, Nigel Martinez State/12in
- 27 21 EVERYBODY S SINGIN' LOVE SONGS, Sweet Thunder US Fantasy WMOT 12in
- 28 18 BROWN GIRL IN THE RING, Boney M US Fantasy 12in
- 29 24 GOT A FEELING, Patrick Juvet Casablanca/12in
- 30 41 BAMA BOOGIE WOOGIE, Cleveland Eaton Gullit/12in

- 31 72 DANCE (DISCO HEAT) Sylvester Fantasy LP/US 12in
- 32 34 HOLDING ON/BACK IN LOVE AGAIN, L.T.D. Funk A&M/America/12in
- 33 53 BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE, Mick Jackson Arista
- 34 33 YOU GOT ME RUNNING, Lenny Williams ABC/12in LP
- 35 48 PLATO'S RETREAT, Joe Thomas TK/US 12in
- 36 43 IT SEEMS TO HANG ON/GET UP AND DO SOMETHING, Ashford and Simpson Warner Bros/US LP/12in promo
- 37 42 DISCO DANCING, Stanley Turrentine US Fantasy LP/12in promo
- 38 86 SUMMER NIGHTS, Travolta Newton-John ASCA
- 39 35 HONEY (MIRCH), Raydio Arista
- 40 44 YOU Samuel Jonathan Johnson US Columbia 12in remix
- 41 30 STAND UP, Atlantic Starr A&M LP US 12in remix
- 42 36 GIMME YOUR LOVIN', Atlantic Starr Funk A&M/America/12in
- 43 32 MONTEGO BAY, Sugar Cane Ariola/Hansa/12in
- 44 55 ONLY YOU, Teddy Pendergrass US Phil Int 12in remix
- 45 40 RASPUTIN, Boney M Atlantic/LP 12in remix
- 46 71 SAVE SOME FOR THE CHILDREN, Rowald Kenney US Warner Bros LP
- 47 28 THINK IT OVER, Cissy Houston Private Stock 12in
- 48 38 SHAME, Evelyn 'Champagne' King, RCA 12in
- 49 27 YOU AND I, Rick James Motown/12in LP
- 50 20 BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE, Jacksons Epic/12in
- 51 85 ONE FOR YOU ONE FOR ME, Le Brandon Mercury 12in
- 52 21 SAY A PRAYER FOR TWO I LOVE YOU/DREAM WORLD, Crown Heights Affair Mercury LP
- 53 11 RIDE-O-ROCKET/STREETWAVE MISTA COOL, Brothers Johnson A&M LP
- 54 11 MIND BLOWING DECISIONS, Heatwave US Epic 12in remix
- 55 47 NIGHT LIFE, Blair US Soler Sound LP
- 56 67 OUTSIDE LOOKING IN/PLAYLAND/MIDNIGHT BOOGIE, TAIPOCA, Jimmy McGriff US LRC LP
- 57 52 DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME, Bobby Caldwell US Clouds LP
- 58 51 TAKE IT ON UP, Pockets US Columbia LP 12in promo/remix
- 59 66 STARCROUSIN' FANCY DANCER, Groth Dismond's Star Crusin' US Market LP
- 60 59 BOOGIE FUND, Solar Flare R&B 12in
- 61 37 AN EVERLASTING LOVE, Andy Gibb RSO
- 62 65 DO OR DIE, Grace Jones Island 12in
- 63 46 GET OFF, Fovv TK/US 12in remix
- 64 88 I LOVE THE NIGHT/LIFF (DISCO ROUND) Africa/Briggs Polydor US 12in
- 65 11 DEE JAY SUPERJOCK, Goody Goody US Atlantic 12in LP
- 66 2 TAKE THAT TO THE BANK, Shalamar US Solar LP
- 67 57 FROM EAST TO WEST POINT ZERO/SCOTS MACHIN', Vovapp GTO LP
- 68 74 SUMMER NIGHT CITY, Abba Epic
- 69 61 AIN'T NOTHING GONNA KEEP ME FROM YOU, The O'Jays Casablanca
- 70 80 NEED TO KNOW YOU BETTER/NEW FRONTIERS, Flashed Touch US Motown LP
- 71 11 SUN EXPLOSION, Manu Dibango French Fiesta LP
- 72 60 BRANDY, O'Jays Phil Int
- 73 64 BALTIMORE, Nina Simone CTI
- 74 56 STANDING ON THE VERGE, Platinum Hook Motown/12in
- 75 70 DON T WANNA SAY GOODNIGHT, Kandida's Rak/12in
- 76 11 VICTIM, Candi Staton/Warner Bros LP/US 12in promo/remix
- 77 63 TIME OF THE SEASON/MELLOW CUT, Gap Mangione Funk A&M/America 12in/A&M LP
- 78 81 SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH/CHASING THAT FACE, LOVE'S SO RIGHT/TURN LOVE WHEEL FIND A WAY, Jimmy Ponder US LRC LP
- 79 11 LOVE WON'T BE DENIED, Lon Boone, Chrystal 12in
- 80 45 WHISTLE BUMP, Eumir Deodato US Warner Bros 12in promo/remix
- 81 78 MIND BLOWING DECISIONS, Tyrone David O'Ray/12in
- 82 2 SWEET MUSIC MAN, Millie Jackson Spring
- 83 90 LOVE WON T LET ME WAIT, Major Harris Atlantic
- 84 82 DISCO INFERNO, Trainmpps Atlantic/12in LP
- 85 87 WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO, Manhattan Transfer Atlantic
- 86 68 KISS YOU ALL OVER, Exile Rak
- 87 75 JASS AY LAY-DEE SHOOT YER SHOT/FUNK O-NOTS, Ohio Players US Mercury LP
- 88 11 I LOVE AMERICA, Patrick Juvet Casablanca LP/US 12in promo
- 89 2 SANDSTORM, La Bionda US Polydor LP
- 90 89 YOU DO IT GOOD/EROTIC SOUL, Larry Page Oak Rampage/12in

HOT AND TASTY

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He has just scored his first ever hit single after producing and arranging dozens for other major artists over the past two decades. That is only one of his achievements as **SUSAN KLUTH** discovered when she met

Quincy Jones: Hitmaker

MEETING him for the first time is — odd as it may seem — not an overawing experience. There's none of the blag and the brashness and the smarter-than-thou that we poor presspersons tend to get first time round from rising stars. Because Quincy Jones is a grand old master of the business . . . and stuff like that!

You hear the name, you know it, and then you can't really remember what he's done. Working with a girl called Lesley ('It's My Party') Gore who had ten chart smashes in a row in the sixties. Keeping 130 million Americans at bay in one night with the musical contributions to the TV run 'Roots'. Springing on an unsuspecting world with the Brothers Johnson — hang on, now this can't be the same guy?

But it is. No wonder no-one can really remember what he's done. The list is phenomenal. Trumpet player, piano man, songwriter, arranger, producer, masterminder. Quincy Jones has been in the biz for 30 years (longer than I've been in this world and probably you as well!) and there ain't no signs of stopping.

"Oh, my yardstick has been my relationship with girl singers over the years," says Quincy simply. "At 14 I was playing with Billie Holiday. And then I've written for Dinah and Sarah and Ella and Aretha and Roberta and Chaka. It's just like an evolution. The best way I can remember what I was doing at a certain time is by saying, what girl singer was I working with?" (Washington, Vaughn, Fitzgerald, Franklin, Flack and Kahn if you were worrying). "And they all have each others' crazy ways."

Despite the prominence in the singles charts of 'Stuff Like That', Quincy wasn't in town for anything so businesslike as a promo visit, but merely to have a holiday. His wife Peggy was with him at their hotel (frantically Olde English she variety, embossed leather on the walls of the Otis lifts, etc), but the kids had been judiciously abandoned back in California. Luxuriating for 12 days in the old UK, the day before we met, he and Mrs Jones had been down to see the stone circle at Avebury, later in the week they were penning a few days in Scotland. Meanwhile it was London up to the hilt, fish and chips and quite morbid curiosity about pogoing. Justification: "I lived in Paris for five years and didn't once get near the Eiffel tower."

Meself, I get a bit guilty about heavying in on someone who's very explicitly on holiday to get away from it all, even if he's unwise enough to tell his record company of his whereabouts. As it happened, we ended up talking about the business in all its glory. Like, of course, 'Stuff Like That'. Considering the number of people Quincy's launched into the galaxy of stars, and the consistently successful albums in his own name, here's one surprise:

"It's the first big chart single for me. I had a small hit a few years ago with a thing called 'Killer Joe', which was just taken off the 'Walking In Space' album, the first I made for A&M. But 'Stuff' was the first song I've ever cut with a single specifically in mind. I get put down sometimes," Quincy went on obliquely, "for not staying in a certain bag musically, but y'know I just can't do it."

To which end, 'Sounds' — the album, carries among others a blow-up of a veteran Herbie Hancock theme, a complete recasting of 'Supercwoman' and a tight and shiny gospel thing titled 'Taking It To The Streets'.

"Yeah, that's the greatest challenge ever," reckoned Quincy, "covering someone else's song, especially when it's someone like Stevie Wonder who does his own virtually definitive version. But once in a while I hear a certain song and I'm getting goose bumps (sic) and my hair's rising up and . . . I gotta move."

"Like 'Takin' It To The Streets'. I liked



THE MAN HIMSELF

the tune. I liked what it says too. And it's funny because in your own soul, as an arranger, you immediately respond to the things you don't like in the song — the singer, the rhythm, whatever — and identify the things you do like. And then you just translate it. You can hear the things the way you'd do it . . . if anybody asked you!

"And that's the beautiful thing about music, we all have different visions." Until recently, Quincy has been nursing one of the biggest visions the world will ever know, and that was the scoring for 'The Wiz'. About which need we say more, 'cept it's nothing to do with Billy Whiz out of a certain comic. Here he had the opportunity with working with a 70-strong group of singers, a 44-man string section and everything else to match, things which would make any arranger go wild, not least if he's a sucker for the vast and perfect.

Quincy Jones is no musical meglomaniac, however. Being a musician himself he has an unmitigated understanding of the musicians he works with. At least, Quincy's sessions are allegedly the only ones to which Chaka Khan turns up on time!

"I know that a lot of musicians in groups have a king look-down-in-their-noses attitude towards studio musicians," he added. "Which is a fallacy because, for one thing, a studio musician is usually far more capable of fulfilling obligations."

"In 'The Wiz' we've got everything

from classical music, symphony orchestra almost, to laid-in-the-alley, funk, Dixieland, everything — And those guys on the sessions — Steve Gadd, Richard Tee, Ralph MacDonald — they can do everything. You can hear them on Billy Joel's 'Just The Way You Are', with Paul Simon, with Stuff, all different bags."

As we won't see the film in this country until the end of the year, maybe the masterminder could oblige with a preview?

"I like it very much, but I've promised not to go on raving about it now. It took a lot of patience and discipline to carry on working at one thing for 15 months — I've had wives that didn't last that long!"

So 'The Wiz' goes whiz. But what goes 'Blam'? Riddle: why won't they get George and Louis Johnson into Kennedy Airport?

"I'm ecstatic about the way they've gone," stated Quincy. "It reminds me of Concorde, though I dunno whether they can get across the Atlantic in three hours yet. But it was just three-and-a-half years ago, I was playing in Japan and George and Louis were part of my rhythm section. The acceleration since then has been amazing."

These days it's a rather ambiguous, middle line between being a Big Brother and a plain ole father figure. Same detached, urban Mr Jones wisely has his finger on the pulse as much as on the trigger.

"It's like living your life twice," reckoned Quincy. "I first met Louis when he was 19, and at 19 I thought I knew just everything. Then you have to go through step by step, get your butt burned, and you don't mess with that fire any more. You've learned something good out of it. You grow a bit. I'm glad they came over here last year. We fought hard for it and they loved it."

"The Brothers are frustrated at times because they just want to jump straight into everything saying, let's hit it! and here's this old dude here who's messed around for 30 years. He knows that they have to go through a lot of experience to become total musicians — but he's still got a little patience as they have."

"But they're very level headed, not crazy or unrealistic people who front out or throw TV sets through windows. They're beautiful cats."

So with the Brothers, and Chaka, Kahn, and Ashford and Simpson keeping the faith, who can we expect to see next? Well, predictably she's next in line of those lady singers, Patti Austin's in fact for some time been one of Quincy's faultless table of back-up singers, she's also his god-daughter. He would carry her off, aged three, to recording dates and she'd sing back the trumpet solos note-for-note.

"Sounds uncanny, but it's true. She had the promise then that she's showing now. And to me she's gonna be, well, the kind of figure son that Ella and Sarah were to their generation."

So expect a Patti Austin album and more some way ahead. What of the future generally?

"I don't honestly know," said Quincy, which is fair comment when you're in a neo-Robert Adam hotel suite pining with Queen Anne repro sofas. "It's at a point now where you've got to be careful, because in a sense whatever you wanna do, you can do."

"Well, I'm interested in doing some musical screenplays, that's what I really love. I'll definitely be producing Michael Jackson and probably Diana Ross. I guess I'll just kinda go back to the stomach and see what feels right."

"Oh, I tell you what I'd really love and that's some salmon, Scotch smoked salmon. Will we get it in Scotland or shall we go to Harrods?"



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