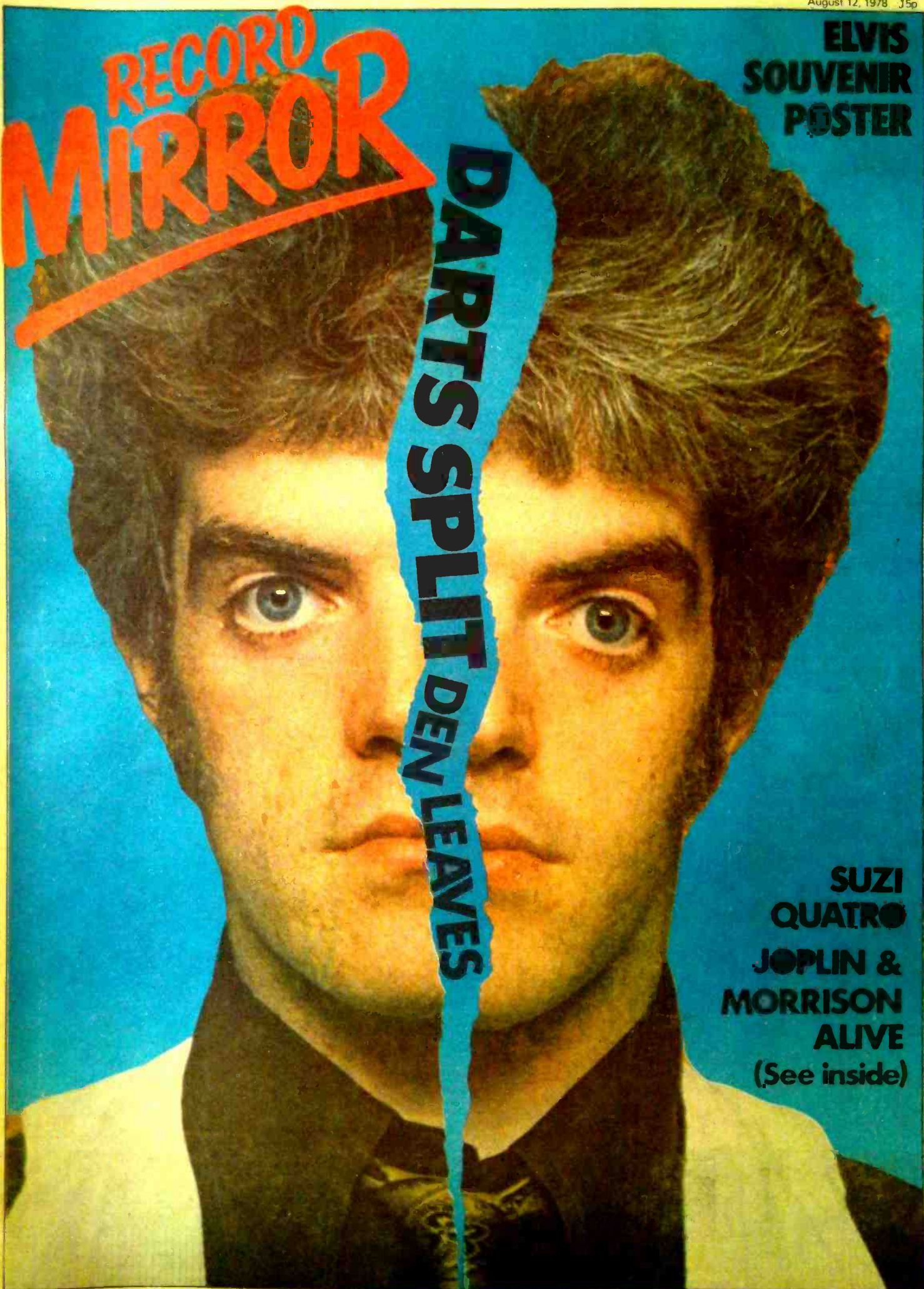


**RECORD
MIRROR**

**ELVIS
SOUVENIR
POSTER**

DARTS SPLIT DEN LEAVES

**SUZI
QUATRO
JOPLIN &
MORRISON
ALIVE
(See inside)**



UK SINGLES

1	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT, Travolta/Newton John	RSD
2	SUBSTITUTE, Clout	Carrere
3	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE, A Taste Of Honey	Capitol
4	SMURF SONG, Father Abraham	Decca
5	THREE TIMES A LADY, Commodores	Motown
6	BROWN GIRL IN THE RING, Boney M	Atlantic
7	FOREVER AUTUMN, Justin Hayward	CBS
8	DANCING IN THE CITY, Marshall Main	Harvest
9	IF THE KIDS ARE UNITED, Sham 69	Polydor
10	WILD WEST HERO, Electric Light Orchestra	Jet
11	NORTHERN LIGHTS, Renaissance	Warner Bros
12	5-7-5, City Boy	Vertigo
13	STAY, Jackson Browne	Asylum
14	A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP, Showaddywaddy	Arista
15	LIKE CLOCKWORK, Boomtown Rats	Ensign
16	SCOTS MACHINE, Voyage	GTO
17	RUN FOR HOME, Lindisfarne	Mercury
18	IT'S RAINING, Darts	Magnet
19	FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED, Gladys Knight & The Pips	Buddah
20	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD, Joe Walsh	Asylum
21	BABY STOP CRYING, Bob Dylan	CBS
22	HOW CAN THIS BE LOVE, Andrew Gold	Asylum
23	SUPERNATURE, Cerrone	Atlantic
24	IDENTITY, X-Ray Spex	EMI
25	USE TA BE MY GIRL, O'Jays	Phil Int
26	WHO ARE YOU, The Who	Polydor
27	IS THIS A LOVE THING, Raydio	Arista
28	IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE, Child	AMA
29	AIRPORT, Motors	Virgin
30	COLD AS ICE, Foreigner	Atlantic
31	DON'T BE CRUEL, Elvis Presley	RCA
32	ANTHEM, New Seekers	CBS
33	NO ONE IS INNOCENT / MY WAY, Sex Pistols	Virgin
34	STUFF LIKE THAT, Quincy Jones	AGM
35	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES, Kate Bush	EMI
36	WALK ON BY, Strangers	United Artists
37	JILTED JOHN, Jilted John	EMI
38	COME ON DANCE DANCE, Saturday Night Band	CBS
39	SHA LA LA LEE, Plastic Bertrand	Vertigo
40	ANNIE'S SONG, James Gayaway	Red Seal
41	BRITISH HUSTLE, Hi Tension	Island
42	SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT, Barry Manilow	Arista
43	THE RACE IS ON, Suzi Quatro	RAK
44	SHAME, Evelyn 'Champagne' King	RCA
45	YOU'RE ALL I NEED TO GET BY, Mathis/Williams	CBS
46	MISS YOU / FAR AWAY EYES, Rolling Stones	EMI
47	AN EVERLASTING LOVE, Andy Gibb	RSD
48	SIGN OF THE TIMES, Bryan Ferry	Polydor
49	FM, Steely Dan	MCA
50	YOU LIGHT MY FIRE, Sheila B. Devotion	EMI
51	DISCO INFERNO, Trammps	Atlantic
52	NIGHT FEVER, Bee Gees	RSD
53	ONLY YOU CAN ROCK ME, UFO	Chrysalis
54	OR ADOCK HOLIDAY, 10CC	Mercury
55	I DON'T NEED TO TELL HER, Lurkers	Beggars Banquet
56	(DON'T FEAR) THE REAPER, Blue Oyster Cult	CBS
57	LAST DANCE, Donna Summer	Casablanca
58	MAGIC MIND, Earth, Wind & Fire	CBS
59	YOU AND I, Rick James	Motown
60	LOVE YOU MORE, Buzzcocks	United Artists
61	LOVIN' LIVIN' GVIN', Diana Ross	TMG
62	IT'S THE SAME OLD SONG, K.C. & The Sunshine Band	TK
63	WAIT UNTIL MIDNIGHT, Yellow Dog	Virgin
64	TOP OF THE POPS, Rezillos	Sire
65	PRODIGAL SON, Steel Pulse	Island
66	SATISFY MY SOUL, Bob Marley & The Wailers	Island
67	MIND BLOWING DECISIONS, Heatwave	GTO
68	I'VE HAD ENOUGH, Wings	Parlophone
69	CARRY ON WAYWARD SON, Kansas	Kirshner
70	NIGHT FEVER, Carol Douglas	Gull
71	BE STIFF, Devo	Sire
72	RAINBOW THROUGH MY SUNSHINE, Real Thing	Pye
73	SLOW TRAIN TO PARADISE, Tavares	Capitol
74	BEAUTIFUL LOVER, Brotherhood Of Man	Pye
75	OH CAROL, Smoke	RAK

UK ALBUMS

1	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, Various	RSD
2	20 GOLDEN GREATS, The Hollies	EMI
3	20 GIANT HITS, Nolan Sisters	Target
4	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS, Boney M	Atlantic
5	STREET LEGAL, Bob Dylan	CBS
6	LIVE AND DANGEROUS, Thin Lizzy	Vertigo
7	THE KICK INSIDE, Kate Bush	EMI
8	GREASE, Original Soundtrack	RSD
9	HANDSWORTH REVOLUTION, Steel Pulse	Island
10	WAR OF THE WORLDS, Jeff Wayne's Musical Version	CBS
11	OUT OF THE BLUE, Electric Light Orchestra	EMI
12	SOME GIRLS, Rolling Stones	EMI
13	OCTAVE, Moody Blues	Decca
14	AND THEN THEN WERE THREE, Genesis	Charisma
15	THE ALBUM, Abba	Epic
16	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS, Boomtown Rats	Ensign
17	BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS, Joe Walsh	Asylum
18	NATURAL HIGH, Commodores	Motown
19	RUMOURS, Fleetwood Mac	Warner Brothers
20	SHOOTING STAR, Elkie Brooks	AGM
21	BAT OUT OF HELL, Meat Loaf	Epic/Cleveland Int
22	IMAGES, Don Williams	K-Tel
23	NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES, Ian Dury	Stiff
24	CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS, The Rezillos	Sire
25	CLASSIC ROCK, London Symphony Orchestra	K-Tel
26	A NEW WORLD RECORD, Electric Light Orchestra	Jet
27	KAYA, Bob Marley & The Wailers	Island
28	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE, Johnny Mathis	CBS
29	MORE SONGS ABOUT FOOD AND BUILDINGS, Talking Heads	Sire
30	BLACK AND WHITE, Strangers	United Artists
31	LONDON TOWN, Wings	Parlophone
32	DARK SIDE OF THE MOON, Pink Floyd	Harvest
33	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN, Bruce Springsteen	CBS
34	20 GOLDEN GREATS, Beach Boys	Capitol
35	LENA MARTELL COLLECTION, Lena Martell	Ronco
36	PASTICHE, Manhattan Transfer	Atlantic
37	OBSESSIONS, UFO	Chrysalis
38	I KNOW COS I WAS THERE, Max Boyce	EMI
39	SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND, Various	AGM
40	POWER IN THE DARKNESS, Tom Robinson Band	EMI
41	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY, Various	Casablanca
42	FM, Original Soundtrack	MCA
43	BACK AND FOURTH, Lindisfarne	Mercury
44	ROCK RULES, Various	K-Tel
45	TWO DAYS AWAY, Elkie Brooks	AGM
46	THE SOUND OF BREAD, Bread	Elektra
47	THE STRANGER, Billy Joel	CBS
48	GOODBYE GIRL, David Gates	Elektra
49	B FOR BROTHERHOOD, Brotherhood Of Man	Pye
50	GREATEST HITS, Abba	Epic

UK SOUL

1	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE, Taste Of Honey	Capitol
2	USE TA BE MY GIRL, O'Jays	Phil Int
3	YOU AND I, Rick James	Motown
4	STUFF LIKE THAT, Quincy Jones	AGM
5	COME ON DANCE DANCE, Saturday Night Band	CBS
6	IS THIS A LOVE THING, Raydio	Arista
7	SHAME, Evelyn 'Champagne' King	RCA
8	FROM EAST TO WEST, Voyage	GTO
9	NIGHT FEVER, Carol Douglas	Gull
10	FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED, Gladys Knight	Buddah
11	MIND BLOWING DECISIONS, Heatwave	GTO
12	FLYING HIGH, Commodores	Motown
13	DISCO INFERNO, Trammps	Atlantic
14	JUST LET ME DO MY THING, Sine	CBS
15	SAY YOU LOVE ME, Norman Connors	Buddah
16	MAGIC MIND, Earth, Wind and Fire	CBS
17	IT'S THE SAME OLD SONG, K.C. and The Sunshine Band	TK
18	THREE TIMES A LADY, Commodores	Tania
19	LOVIN' LIVIN' GVIN', Diana Ross	Motown
20	WHISTLE BUMP, Eumir Deodato	Warner Bros

RECORD MIRROR

UK DISCO

1	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE, A Taste Of Honey	Capitol/12in LP
2	YOU AND I, Rick James	Motown/12in LP
3	COME ON DANCE DANCE, Saturday Night Band	CBS/12in LP
4	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT, Travolta/Newton John	RSD
5	STUFF LIKE THAT, Quincy Jones	AGM/12in LP
6	GALAXY OF LOVE, Crown Heights Affair/De-Lite	LP/Mercury 12in
7	HOT SHOT, Karen Young	Atlantic/12in US West End 12in
8	IS THIS A LOVE THING, Raydio	Arista/12in promo
9	USE TA BE MY GIRL, O'Jays	Phil Int
10	I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU, Herbie Hancock	CBS/12in LP
11	FROM EAST TO WEST/POINT ZERO/SCOTS MACHINE/LADY AMERICA, Voyage	GTO/12in LP
12	YOU MAKE ME FEEL	Sylvester/Fantasy/US 12in
13	LET'S START THE DANCE, Hamilton Bohannon	Mercury 12in US LP
14	SHAME, Evelyn 'Champagne' King	RCA/12in
15	NIGHT FEVER, Carol Douglas	Gull/12in
16	THREE TIMES A LADY, Commodores	Motown/12in
17	HI-TENSION, Hi-Tension	Island/12in
18	LET THE MUSIC PLAY, Charles Earland	Mercury 12in US LP
19	EVERYBODY'S SINGIN' LOVE SONGS, Sweet Thunder	US Fantasy WMOT 12in
20	ONE NIGHT AFFAIR, Samora Cook	Mercury/US 12in promo

(Continued on page 25)

STAR CHOICE



Pat Collier - The Boyfriends

1	GET IT ON	Frank Zappa
2	SEE EMILY PLAY	Frank Zappa
3	CAPTAIN OF YOUR SHIP	Reparate And The Dancers
4	ROCK AND ROLL LOVELETTER	Bay City Rollers
5	UP AROUND THE BEND	Credence Clearwater Revue
6	SPIRAL SCRATCH	Lowin' Sounds
7	DARLING BE HOME SOON	Lowin' Sounds
8	WATERLOO	Lowin' Sounds
9	THE MARTIAN HOP	Lowin' Sounds
10	WHITE LIGHT / WHITE HEAT	Lowin' Sounds

OTHER CHART

1	TOP OF THE POPS, Rezillos	Sire
2	THE KIDS ARE UNITED, Sham 69	Polydor
3	JILTED JOHN, Jilted John	Rabid
4	EVE OF DESTRUCTION, The Dickies	AGM
5	ASK THE ANGELS, Patti Smith	Arista
6	BE STIFF, Devo	Sire
7	I DON'T NEED TO TELL HER, Lurkers	Beggars Banquet
8	WALK ON BY / TANK, Strangers	United Artists
9	DON'T CARE, Kiki Kent	AGM
10	STREET HASSLE, Lou Reed	Anata
11	SIGN OF THE TIMES, Zones	Anata
12	THE WINKERS SONG (MISPRINT) Ivor Bigun	Beggars Banquet
13	IDENTITY, X Ray Spex	EMI
14	LOVE YOU MORE, Buzzcocks	United Artists
15	MY WAY, Sex Pistols	Virgin
16	THE BABY, SHE'S ON THE STREET, Jona Lewie	Stiff
17	BEEP BEEP LOVE, Gruppo Sportivo	CBS
18	FUCK OFF, Electric Chairs	Safari
19	FEVER, Little Nell	AGM
20	JUSTIFIABLE MOCIOE, Oave Goodman and Friends	The Label

Supplied by: BRUCE'S, 79, Rose Street, Edinburgh

YESTERYEAR

5 Years Ago (11th August 1973)	
1 I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG (I AM)	Gary Glitter
2 WELCOME HOME	Peters and Lee
3 ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT	Mungo Jerry
4 CRASH	Suzi Quatro
5 YESTERDAY ONCE MORE	The Carpenters
6 GOING HOME	The Osmonds
7 LIFE ON MARS	David Bowie
8 SPANISH EYES	Al Martino
9 YING TONG SONG	The Goons
10 BAD BOY	Nazareth
10 Years Ago (10th August 1968)	
1 MONEY MONY	James and The Shondells
2 FIRE	The Crazy World of Arthur Brown
3 I PRETEND	Des O'Connor
4 MRS ROBINSON	Simon and Garfunkel
5 THIS GUY'S IN LOVE	Herb Alpert
6 I CLOSE MY EYES AND COUNT TO TEN	Dusty Springfield
7 HELP YOURSELF	Tom Jones
8 MACARTHUR PARK	Richard Harris
9 LAST NIGHT IN SOHO	Dave Dee
10 SUNSHINE GIRL	Herman's Hermits
15 Years Ago (10th August 1963)	
1 SWEETS FOR MY SWEET	The Searchers
2 CONFESSIN'	Frank Ifield
3 DEVIL IN DISGUISE	Elvis Presley
4 TWIST AND SHOUT	Brian Poole and The Tremeloes
5 DA DOO RON RON	The Crystals
6 SUKI YAKI	Kyu Sakamoto
7 ATLANTIS	The Shadows
8 IN SUMMER	Billy Fury
9 I LIKE IT	Gerry and The Pacemakers
10 YOU CAN NEVER STOP ME LOVING YOU	Kenny Lynch

US SINGLES

1	2	THREE TIMES A LADY, Commodores	Motown
2	3	GREASE, Various Artists	RSD
3	4	LAST DANCE, Donna Summer	Casablanca
4	1	MISS YOU, Rolling Stones	Rolling Stones
5	8	HOT BLOODED, Foreigner	Atlantic
6	17	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE, Taste Of Honey	Capitol
7	9	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY, Pablo Cruise	AGM
8	12	COPACABANA, Barry Manilow	Arista
9	11	MAGNET AND STEEL, Walter Egan	Columbia
10	16	AN EVERLASTING LOVE, Andy Gibb	RSD
11	18	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU, Olivia Newton-John	RSD
12	13	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD, Joe Walsh	Asylum
13	14	MY ANGEL BABY, Tobby Beau	RCA
14	15	I'M NOT GONNA LET IT, Atlanta Rhythm Section	Polydor
15	5	SHADOW DANCING, Andy Gibb	RSD
16	6	BAKER STREET, Gerry Rafferty	United Artists
17	19	KING TUT, Steve Marlin	Warner Bros
18	27	KISS YOU ALL OVER, Exile	Warner/Curb
19	23	SHAME, Evelyn 'Champagne' King	RCA
20	21	STAY A LADY OUT, Jackson Browne	Asylum
21	26	FOOL IF YOU THINK IT'S OVER, Chris Rea	Magnet
22	7	USE TA BE MY GIRL, O'Jays	Philadelphia International
23	10	STILL THE SAME, Bob Seger	Capitol
24	34	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY, Nick Gilder	Chrysalis
25	25	I'VE HAD ENOUGH, Wings	Capitol
26	28	STUFF LIKE THAT, Quincy Jones	AGM
27	30	YOU, Rita Coolidge	AGM
28	33	YOU AND I, Rick James	Gordy
29	39	GOT TO GET YOU, Earth, Wind and Fire	Columbia
30	32	TWO TICKETS TO PARADISE, Eddie Money	Columbia
31	37	MACHO MAN, Village People	Casablanca
32	40	LOVE IS IN THE AIR, John Paul Young	Scotti Brothers
33	35	RIVERS OF BABYLON, Boney M	Sire/Hansa
34	—	REMINISCING, Little River Band	Harvest
35	36	MR BLUE SKY, Electric Light Orchestra	Jet
36	38	YOU'RE A PART OF ME, Jom Connors	Arista
37	20	THE GROOVE LINE, Heatwave	Epic
38	22	RUNAWAY, Jefferson Starship	Gruny
39	43	JUST WHAT I NEEDED, Cars	Elektra
40	45	CLOSE THE DOOR, Teddy Pendergrass	Philadelphia Int
41	24	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME, Abba	Atlantic
42	42	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT, Travolta/Newton-John	RSD
43	—	YOU NEEDED ME, Anne Murray	Capitol
44	44	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD, Meat Loaf	Cleveland
45	—	ROCK AND ROLL FANTASY, Kinks	Arista
46	—	SUMMER NIGHTS, Travolta/Newton-John	RSD
47	29	CAN WE STILL BE FRIENDS, Todd Rundgren	Bearsdale
48	—	THINK IT OVER, Cheryl Ladd	Capitol
49	—	GET OFF, Foxy	Dash
50	—	AIN'T NOHIN' GONNA KEEP ME, Teri De Sario	Casablanca

US DISCO

1	1	HOT SHOT, Karen Young	West End
2	4	YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY REAL), Sylvester	Fantasy
3	3	OO OR DIE / PRIDE / FAME, Grace Jones	Island
4	2	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE, Taste Of Honey	Capitol
5	5	LAST DANCE / AFTER DARK, Various Artists	Casablanca
6	6	MISS YOU, Rolling Stones	Atlantic
7	7	YOU AND I, Rick James	Motown
8	8	I LOVE AMERICA, Patrick Juvet	Casablanca
9	9	WAR DANCE / MIRAGE, Kebeklek tria	Salsoul
10	12	I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO, Sweet Cream	Shadysbrook
11	10	SATURDAY, Norma Jean	Bearsdale
12	13	DANCING IN PARADISE, El Coco	AVI
13	17	THINK IT OVER, Clasy Houston	Private Stock
14	18	LET'S START THE DANCE, Bohannon	Mercury
15	—	KEEP ON JUMPIN', Musiq	Prelude
16	11	PERFECT LOVE AFFAIR, Constellation Orchestra	Prelude
17	19	LET THEM DANCE, D. C. LaRue	Casablanca
18	—	GET ON UP (GET ON DOWN), Roundtree	Omni
19	—	AMERICAN GENERATION, Ritchie Family	Marlin
20	16	MELLOW LOVIN', Judy Cheeks	Salsoul

US ALBUMS

1	1	GREASE, Soundtrack	RSD
2	2	SOME GIRLS, Rolling Stones	Rolling Stones
3	3	NATURAL HIGH, Commodores	Motown
4	4	DOUBLE VISION, Foreigner	Arista
5	5	DARKNESS AT THE EDGE, Bruce Springsteen	Columbia
6	6	STRANGER IN TOWN, Herb Seger	Capitol
7	8	CITY TO CITY, Gerry Rafferty	United Artists
8	17	THE STRANGER, Billy Joel	Columbia
9	9	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, Soundtrack	RSD
10	21	BAT OUT OF HELL, Meat Loaf	Epic
11	10	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY, Soundtrack	Casablanca
12	11	BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS, Joe Walsh	Asylum
13	12	STREET LEGAL, Bob Dylan	CBS
14	13	LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING, Tefdy Pendergrass	Pi
15	14	WORLDS AWAY, Pablo Cruise	AGM
16	15	OCTAVE, Moody Blues	London
17	16	SOUNDS AND STUFF LIKE THAT, Quincy Jones	AGM
18	29	PYRAMID, Alan Parsons' Project	Arista
19	22	EVEN NOW, Barry Manilow	Arista
20	18	SONGBIRD, Barbra Streisand	Columbia
21	19	FEELS SO GOOD, Chuck Mangione	AGM
22	20	A TASTE OF HONEY	Capitol
23	31	WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR, Mathis & Williams	Columbia
24	23	THE ALBUM, Abba	Atlantic
25	32	LOVE ME AGAIN, Rita Gopldige	AGM
26	33	COME GET IT, Rick James	Gordy
27	35	FANTASY LOVE AFFAIR, Peter Brown	Dave
28	26	JEFFERSON STARSHIP EARTH, Jefferson Starship	Gruny
29	27	AJA, Steely Dan	ARC
30	28	TOGETHERNESS, Ltd	AGM
31	25	BOYS IN THE TREES, Carly Simon	Elektra
32	40	NATALIE LIVE, Natalie Cole	Capitol
33	24	YOU'RE GONNA GET IT, Tom Petty	Shelter/ABC
34	30	SMOOTH TALK, Evelyn 'Champagne' King	RCA

JUICY LUICY

Don't accept second best

WELL MY DARLINGS, here I am. I'm back! I'm brighter than ever! In fact I never even went away!! Don't some people think they're important, my dears? Stick to Juicy Luicy... you know she makes sense!

Now I've got that off my chest I feel a lot better sweethearts. And take it from me that takes a lot of doing. As the summer monsoons set in I sometimes wish I was sunning myself in Rio with the famous Ronnie Biggs breaking the bank at Montreux with the delightful Queen or even watching our healthy athletes clearing up in Canada with the real 'Her Majesty'!

For the moment, my dears, it's not to be. For us it's the lively little-tattle of the grey metropolis. Again, my dears, my secrets from the inside. And I know you'll read on

● Darlings, won't it be exciting if ELVIS COSTELLO really does play at the rumoured Anti-Nazi League concert in London's Brockwell Park in September? According to the trendy Socialist Worker the bespectacled one will be appearing in the Brixton park on September 24. We'll be there even if we have to walk the whole way!

Whatever the outcome of "mad" Dennis Hegarty's split with Darts may be I can't resist telling you about what people will no doubt refer to as their "farewell" gig together a few weeks ago at Mallory Park. Here Den (as his friends call him) competed valiantly with the sound of noisy racing cars, enabling the gathered millions to hear only 30 seconds per minute of actual music. Something of an innocuous bow-out for this wonderful fellow, bejorrah!, yet I'm assured that this isn't really the end.

Swinging from the chandelier, hair ablaze, a bottle of Guinness tucked into his loincloth, Den The Loony will be back! If nothing else he'll need to simply shed a few excess stone gathered during a gastronomic holiday in France. Here, like the appalling Greek Demis Roussos, our Den seemed overly prone to ordering the entire menu!



YOU'RE my hundredth today! Willow Kate Bush, 20, pictured above, adds the "century" signature to Radio Hallam DJ Mike Rouse's suit in London last week. Now the much - autographed garment - to which 50 famous signatures are still to be added - is to be auctioned for charity. For Kate, naturally enough, it was the write thing to do!

Hols for the rest of Darts went far less smoothly I hear. Handsome, young Bob Fish, 28, had the considerable misfortune to spend many hours adrift at sea off the hostile coast of North Wales when his motorboat broke down - only to be rescued at dawn by the hardy fishermen of that parish. Bob, never a sailor, spent most of the vigil leaning over the side. And despite his open mouth, singing was the last thing on his mind!

● Where did they get those aging musicians who vainly attempted to entertain Luicy and her friends at a party thrown for Georgie folkies Lindisfarne last week? Sadly they seemed almost as out of place as the northern lads did themselves - I can't help feeling that a student bar would have been a more acceptable venue.

I'm indebted to a "reader" for this beautiful tale about the day her heart nearly stopped! "I was waiting in the departure lounge of Heathrow Airport during the delays of last week," writes Maira Bellas (28) of Hounslow, "when I caught a glimpse of beefy John Travolta rushing into the Concorde terminal. I tried to scream, but no sound came out! Was it really him?" Yes Maira, dear, it was but to quote John himself: "All I saw of London was 5,000 passengers and a cup of coffee." Maybe you were one of the 5,000? Never mind though, John will be back for the premiere of 'Grease' (along with the 'lovely' Livvy) in September. And just between us girls... I can't wait.

Now for our side of things, sweethearts. It gladdens me I can assure you, to hear that Blonde On Blonde have not deserted us for the land of Nippon money. Indeed the two leggy models who make up this "popular" singing duo have decided to turn their back on Japan - a country where they have found considerable success - and concentrate their efforts back in the land of their birth. Happily, though they will be appearing rather than singing, and no doubt will thus contribute greatly to the export drive. How sensible of them to recognise their real talent!

Meanwhile over in the glamorous world of TV things seem to be going from bad to dreadful! Sadly your faithful correspondent is unable to share my companions' rampant enthusiasm for the "boyish" Miekie Most's new pop show 'Revolver'. As I watch each episode on Sunday afternoons - like most of you, I'm sure, I'd never dream of giving up my Saturday evening for the "goggle box"! - I'm appalled by the noisy face it presents of the youth of today... sorry... that's not what I meant to say! What I really mean is - come on, Peter Cook, stop acting like a stuffed parrot! You're boring and we're bored!! Surely even an overweight former satirist can come up with funnier lines than that! Give the lad a bit more time, Mr Most, that's all we ask!

And while we're about it... give Kenny Everett a lot less. Until then even the dreariest of show business parties will seem like fun. I'll deal with the BBC stuffed shirts in the very near future, don't you worry, Sir Hugh Whateveryournameis!

On then, without my customary ado, to those very parties I've mentioned before - and very exhausting they are too. Through no fault of my own I was only able to send a telegram to Queen's Roger Taylor, celebrating his birthday in Montreux last week. Like most



THE LOVELIEST guitar players are always in Record Mirror! Throw back your shoulders, finger your fretboard... and you too could be "big in Japan". Pert, attractive Trisha de la Cruz shows that she's no stranger to a G-string in this page 3 special!

"fashion-conscious" young things the pretty Roger wouldn't reveal his age, but he couldn't resist telling me about Freddie Mercury swinging from the chandelier and jumping from the balcony in a manner befitting thirties' movie stars. The popular group, I understand will shortly be recording an album entitled 'Jazz' to help pay for the damage. Poor dears!

● Now here is some terribly exciting news my dears! Those lovely cuddly BEE GEES (over 30) have already decided what their next album and film is going to be! In 'Spirits', I'm assured, "they're all going to die... in a hysterical way." Does ROBERT STIGWOOD know about this, I wonder? Watch this space.

Slightly nearer to my home, however, was a most excellent bash held to celebrate the signing of tiny Zoom Records to some multinational conglomerate or other. You can always tell, my dears, where there's money - and here was no exception. Hidden away in the dark corners of the famous Dingwalls dance hall were the stars of yesterday and today. Public figures like Eric Idle (a loathsome former Rutle), David Byron (a former pirate DJ) and Al Clark (a former 'Crossroads' extra) and many of the exciting young combos you hear so much about. A most splendid affair my dears, and an entirely suitable warm-up for the real fun that awaits us in the months before Christmas.

Yet, as many of you swelter in the sunshine, or shiver in the cold, life does indeed go on. For Valentino, a hopeful new combo who dress for the most part in dinner jackets, this was all too evident as they struggled towards Dingwalls for their debut gig last week. Braving fire, floods, broken radiators (whatever they may be!) and snapped braces it was nothing short of a miracle that brought the group together on stage in time - soggy, dirty and chastened, they nevertheless made sure the show went on. A lesson to us all my darlings.

Nearly as surely troubled were the "pride of Swindon" whilst recording in London last week. And of course I mean XTC! In the process of "laying

for second best I'll smack your wrist! Now you know. For the next week, I feel our thoughts must respectfully turn to Elvis Presley... a year on, we're told, the King lives! And who am I to disagree? His death was a blow to us all. With that sobering thought I'll leave you until next week.

Same time, same place. Byecccc.

By popular demand... It's 'Pit Your Wits Time'

THIS week, my dears, it's your chance to win a fabulous Commodores' T-shirt in a special Juicy Luicy competition. And, as if that's not enough, each of my lucky winners will also receive a copy of the group's fabulous new album 'Natural High'!

That can't be bad! All you have to do is to write to me (on a postcard please) and tell me the answers to the following two questions:-

1. Which film on current release features the Commodores as the special star guests at a disco dancing competition?

2. What red-hot song do they sing in the film?

Believe me, darlings, it's as easy as finishing work! I'm not going to give you any clues (aren't I naughty?) - and the first 25 correct answers received get the goodies. As they say in the business - 'Thank God it's... Juicy Luicy! Get trotting, soul fans!

Postcards to: JUICY LUICY, Commodores Competition, Record Mirror, 40 Long Acre, London, WC2.

AND as for my blonde bombshell last week, well! Those hands were a giveaway that's for sure. Poor Debbie Harry would be most upset if she found out you thought she looked even a tiny bit like that - but your secrets are safe with me.

No, pert, attractive - and definitely male - David Sylvain of Japan it was, as plenty of you were quick to point out. Luicy's special winner, a gentleman known as Zero the Hero of Oldham, Lancs gets the prize - a Japan album, an oh-so-naughty Japan T-shirt AND a badge. Well done, Zero!

But there were so many entries that your darling correspondent has also decided to award a runner-up prize. So Karen Coupe of Liverpool, You're famous! You get a pair of tickets for the real Blondie show in Manchester on September 14 - so see if you can spot the difference then!



Who said I looked like a Commodore?

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NEWS

News Editor JOHN SHEARLAW

Two more for Blondie

TWO DATES have now been added to Blondie's September UK tour, details of which were announced last week.

The group play Portsmouth Guildhall on September 10, while the unconfirmed Scottish venue for September 13 is now definitely Edinburgh Odeon.

Until then fans will be able to see Blondie — in pictures — after they personally open their photographic exhibition at the London Miranda Gallery on August 14. The show runs for two weeks.

The group's new single, appropriately entitled 'Picture This', is released on August 18.

Royce ride in

TOP AMERICAN soul outfit Rose Royce are to return to Britain in September — a year after their debut appearance here.

The group, who under the direction of Norman Whitfield have had a consistent run of chart success, will be headlining at "five or six major venues" in September and October.

Full details of the tour will be announced shortly.

Camel LP/tour

A NEW look Camel have completed their latest album and begin an extensive two-month British tour in September.

With the album, 'Breathless', in the can, it was announced last week that Peter Bardens has left the group due to "musical differences". Now the three-piece Camel — formed six years ago — will tour with three extra musicians, including sax player Mel Collins.

Bardens meanwhile has already recorded an album with Van Morrison, and hopes to tour with him later in the year.

Camel play the following dates in September: Croydon Fairfield Halls 10, Brighton Dome 11, Portsmouth Guildhall 12, Birmingham Odeon 14, Leicester de Montfort Hall 15, Manchester Free Trade Hall 16, Glasgow Odeon 17, Edinburgh Odeon 18, Newcastle City Hall 19, Sheffield City Hall 20, Ipswich Gaumont 22, Southampton Guildhall 23, Guildford Civic Hall 24, Bristol Colston Hall 25, Liverpool Empire 26, Hammersmith Odeon 29 and 30.

October dates will be announced shortly.

Beatles double

TWO NEW Beatles double album compilations are being lined-up for autumn release by EMI Records in Britain.

'The Beatles 1962-67' (pressed in red vinyl) and 'The Beatles 1967-70' (pressed in blue vinyl) are currently being prepared along similar lines to the American releases of the same title.



DEN HEGARTY: "Ssssh, it's a secret"

DARTS SPLIT

NEWS EXCLUSIVE

LEAD SINGER Dennis Hegarty is to leave the Darts at the height of their success, it was revealed last week.

Dublin-born Hegarty, who formed the Darts after his previous group Rocky Sharpe and the Razors split up in 1976, is understood to have "personal reasons" for leaving the group. And a spokesman for Darts emphasised: "There is no heaviness involved in the decision."

When approached by Record Mirror on why he had left Hegarty said: "Ssssh! That's supposed to be a secret."

But he added: "I know it sounds silly but I can't tour abroad at the moment so I can't work with the band. I haven't done anything wrong that I can only say that I have to stay in this country at the moment, to look after my parents. It's personal."

Darts, who have already notched up two hit albums and four hit singles, are one of the most popular new groups around. They recently completed a sell-out tour of Britain, and only last week the group, and Hegarty, appeared on 'Top Of The Pops' and recorded a session for Radio One's 'In Concert' series.

Their last public appearance was at Mallory Park in Leicester on July 30. There are no plans as yet for further British concerts before Christmas.

Record Mirror understands that the departure of Hegarty is unlikely to affect the group, and he may continue to record with Darts. But whether Hegarty's bizarre stage presence — he often climbs around the auditorium and "terrorises" the audience during performances — will be missed remains to be seen.

A full statement from Darts about "future developments" is expected next week.

Country queens to tour

COUNTRY MUSIC fans are to get a special bonus this autumn with tours by both of Nashville's "leading ladies" — Tammy Wynette and Dolly Parton.

Wynette is the first to arrive, with a 12-date tour following the release of her new album 'Womanhood' on September 1. Starting at Southampton Gaumont on September 6 she then plays: London Hammersmith Odeon 7, Coventry Theatre 8, Ipswich Gaumont 9, Norwich Theatre Royal 10, Peterborough ABC 11, Liverpool Empire 13, Middlesbrough Town Hall 14, Glasgow Odeon 15, Aberdeen Capitol 16, Oxford New Theatre 18, Stoke-on-Trent Jollees.

A new single from Tammy, also entitled 'Womanhood', is released on September 1.

Dolly Parton will be visiting Britain in November for a full series of concert dates, which should be confirmed shortly. She too has a new album out soon; 'Heartbreaker' on the RCA label is released on August 18.

Orbison off

SIXTIES CHART star Roy Orbison will not be visiting Britain later this month.

The 42-year-old singer last week cancelled his tour — which would have included a week at the London Palladium from August 21 and an outdoor concert at Aintree race course on August 28. A statement issued by his management claimed: "Roy Orbison has no alternative... due to breach of contract by the presenting management."

10cc ALBUM

10cc CREME and Kevin Godley release their second album since leaving 10cc on August 18.

'L', with all tracks written by Godley and Creme, is the follow-up to the widely promoted triple album set 'Consequences' — released last autumn. Hailed as a breakthrough, 'Consequences' introduced an instrument known as the Gizmo; the development of which was the reason for Creme and Godley leaving 10cc.

The Gizmo — a "box" attachment to a guitar can recreate sounds from any instrument up to a full orchestra — may shortly go into commercial production and is also used on 'L'.

'Consequences', meanwhile, whose sales in relation to advertising at the time were only "moderate" has continued to "sell steadily" and only last week was awarded a silver disc.

Bette's debut

THE LADY once described as the "most phenomenal entertainer of our time" is to make her debut British appearance in September.

'The Divine Miss M' — better known as American singer and comedian Bette Middler — begins a world tour with three concerts at the London Palladium on September 21, 22 and 23. Middler, along with a backing band and her three-girl vocal group the Harlettes, will play a two-hour show each night.

As a preview to Ms Middler's highly individual live shows London Weekend are screening a TV special of one of her performances on September 3, at 10.45 pm. 'Ol' Red Hair Is Back' features Dustin Hoffman as special guest, and has been nominated for an Emmy Award.

Tickets for the Palladium shows go on sale this week, priced from £6.50 to £25.50.

Beach Boys LP

THE BEACH BOYS' last album under their contract with WEA, entitled 'MIU', is to be released on October 6.

The 12-track album of new material features eight songs written or co-written by Brian Wilson, who is also credited as executive producer. The next Beach Boys album will then be released by CBS — who actually "signed" the group nearly a year ago.

Full track listing for 'MIU' reads: 'She's Got Rhythm', 'Come Go With Me', 'Hey Little Tom Boy', 'Kona Coast', 'Peggy Sue', 'Wontcha Come Out Tonight', 'Sweet Sunday Kinda Love', 'Bells Of Faith', 'Pitter Patter', 'Diane', 'Matchpoint Of Our Love' and 'Winds Of Change'.

Renaissance dates

FOLK ROCKERS Renaissance are set to play a five-date series of concerts next month.

The mini-tour follows their chart success with 'Northern Lights', and ends with an appearance at London Hammersmith Odeon on September 10. Other dates are: Portsmouth Guildhall September 4, Bristol Colston Hall 5, Birmingham Odeon 7, Manchester Apollo.

Support for the tour will be Ian Matthews.

Who man/Mr Publicity die

THE MAN who discovered the Who, Pete Meaden, died at his home last week.

Meaden, 35, found the Who when they were playing at the High Numbers and wrote some of their earliest songs, including 'Zoot Suit'. At the time of his death he was co-manager of the Steve Gibbons Band.

LESLIE PERRIN, often known to his clients as 'Mr Publicity', died yesterday at his Surrey home. He was 57. Perrin was for many years the publicist for the Rolling Stones, Frank Sinatra and Lola. He also, at one time or another, was "official spokesman" for three of the Beatles, Tom Jones, Nat King Cole, Judy Garland, and many others.

A much-respected figure in the music business, his death has saddened journalists and stars alike. Scottish singer Lulu, who visited Perrin in hospital recently, said: "He was one of the finest men I have ever met in show business."

Taste Of Honey single

A TASTE OF Honey release their new single 'This Love Of Ours' on August 25. The single has been taken from their album 'Boogie Oogie Oogie' and there are plans to bring the band over for a British tour at the end of the year.

New Wings track

WINGS WHO recently added two new members (see story page 12) release a new single this week. It's the title track from their multi-million selling album 'London Town'.

Donny to be a dad

TEENY BOP idol Donny Osmond is to become a father in March.

Twenty-year-old Donny, who married his childhood sweetheart Debbie only two months ago, had hoped to keep the news a secret. But he was nevertheless "thrilled" when approached at the Osmond family studios last week, where he is working on the 'Donny And Mark' TV show.

Siouxsie goes for Hong Kong

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES release their debut single 'Hong Kong Garden' on August 18. The B side is 'Voices'.

Robin Trower's 'Midnight'

ROBIN TROWER releases his new album 'Caravan To Midnight' this week. It features nine Trower/Dover tracks recorded in Los Angeles and produced by Don Davis. Trower is considering a British tour, but nothing has been finalised yet.

REVIEWS GALORE

6 NEW TURNTABLES
6 HEADPHONES 4 RECEIVERS
21 REEL-TO-REEL TAPES
PLUS

A close look at the complexities of outside broadcasting.
A review on one of the new rack hi-fi systems.

This and lots more about all types of hi-fi equipment, including the latest buyer's guide list to a vast range of equipment prices is in the August issue of...



IN BRIEF

BOTH Generation X and Sham 69 have denied any involvement with the Southampton Anti-Nazi League Carnival — due to take place on August 12 — contrary to reports in the music press.

SCOTTISH singing star Lena Martell plays a week at the London Palladium commencing on September 25.

THE new single from the Cimarons, 'Mother Earth' / 'National Bread', will be issued this month, in green vinyl, in a red bag and with a red, green and gold label. It's taken from their album 'Maka', due out in September.

STEELEVE SPAN appear in a BBC Wales documentary 'Twrddish' on August 14 at 7 pm. They will be performing a selection of their best known numbers.

THE SUTHERLAND Brothers — now down to two — release a new single 'Somebody's Fool' this week. They're currently recording a new album in Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR Records, a new Birmingham-based label specialising in rockabilly material release their first single this week. It's 'Falling For You', by Johnny Key and the Kool Cats.

FLINTLOCK, whose 'Fanfare' TV series has just finished, play the Manchester Apollo on August 24. Their new album 'Stand Alone' will be out in September.

'SKELLERN' is the title of Peter Skellern's new album, released this week. Backing was provided by the Grims-thorpe Colliery Band.

A FAN Club for Scottish rock group Nazareth has been set up, c/o Ann Riley, at 49 Mount Street, London, W1Y 5RE. The membership fee will be £1.

CHARLEY'S Angel Cheryl Ladd releases her debut single 'Think It Over' on August 18.

MINK DE VILLE'S new single 'Soul Twist', taken from their 'Return To Magenta' album, is released on August 25, pressed in magenta coloured vinyl!

EDDIE CALVERT, the man with the 'golden trumpet' who shot into the charts with 'O Mein Papa' in 1953, died in South Africa this week. The Lancashire-born trumpeter, who at one time insured his lips for £10,000, was 56.

TUBES ADDED TO KNEBWORTH

Plus Boomtown Rats, Wilko and Rockpile

THE KNEBWORTH FESTIVAL is back! And the follow-up to the rock concert which attracted over 100,000 fans to the grounds of the Hertfordshire stately home in June, features one of the strongest bills presented in Britain this year.

Knebworth 2 will take place on Saturday, September 9, headlined by Frank Zappa and Peter Gabriel, with American shock rockers the Tubes closing the show.

Other artists so far confirmed are the Boomtown Rats, Rockpile (featuring Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe) and Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders.

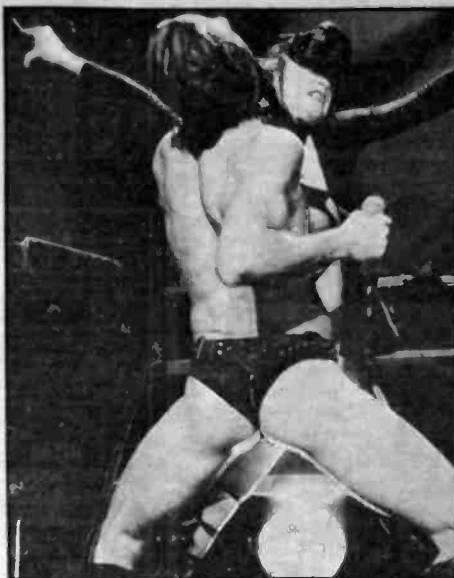
The Festival will run from 11 am until 10.30 pm. Tickets are available now, priced at £5.50 (including VAT) from all regular agencies, all branches of Virgin Records, and all branches of Harlequin Records.

As usual details of car parking and other special transport arrangements will be announced nearer the time.

● **KNEBWORTH 2** marks Peter Gabriel's first appearance in Britain for over a year. He'll be presenting a completely new show with a band that includes Jerry Marotta (drums), Tony Levin (bass), Sid McGinnis (guitar) and Larry Fast (synthesiser). Another keyboard player has still to be headed.

For the Tubes it will be their first British appearance since lead singer Fee Waybill broke his ankle in Leicester on May 9 — forcing the cancellation of their tour. They are closing the show to allow their special staging to "reap the benefits of the darkness", according to a spokesman, who also indicated that Waybill was still suffering from a slight limp.

Finally the full line-up of Rockpile will be Nick Lowe, Dave Edmunds, Billy Bremner and Terry Williams.



TUBES: last on the bill

PATTI DATES

FOLLOWING A headlining appearance at the Reading Festival on August 27 the Patti Smith will be undertaking a short British tour. And the schedules will also include several "unannounced" poetry readings by Patti Smith.

The group play: Newcastle City Hall August 29, Edinburgh Odeon 30, Manchester Apollo 31, Cardiff Top Rank September 1, Birmingham Odeon 2, Dublin Project Arts Centre 3.

Venues and times for the poetry readings — in Edinburgh (as part of the Edinburgh Festival) and Dublin — are being kept secret until nearer the time. No London dates are planned for the tour.

Meanwhile the release date of 'Babel' — a book of Patti Smith's poetry and drawings published by the Virago Press — has been brought forward to September 28. The book will sell for £2.95.

Ash to tour

WISHBONE ASH are set to do an extensive British tour in the Autumn.

Sources close to the band say that the band will be touring Britain in October kicking off an extensive worldwide trek including America and Japan.

The band are currently recording a new album produced by Deryk Lawrence who produced the classic Ash album 'Argus'. Both the album and a new single should be released to coincide with the British tour.

Free LP from Wilko

THE DEBUT album from Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders is to contain an extra free live album... for the first 15,000 copies only! The recently completed 'Solid Senders' LP will be released on September 8.

And as exclusively reported in Record Mirror last week the band are currently without a keyboard player, following the departure of John Potter from the line-up.

Gigs are currently going ahead with Southender John Denton standing in on keyboards, but the Solid Senders hope to have a full-time replacement before they play at Knebworth Festival on September 9 (see full Knebworth lead story).

GOLD TOUR

ANDREW GOLD is coming over for his first British headlining tour in September. Gold's only previous appearances here were in 1976, when he was a special guest on the Linda Ronstadt tour.

A new single 'Thank You For Being A Friend' will be released to coincide with the tour. Dates are: Newcastle City Hall September 23, Liverpool Empire 24, Manchester Apollo 26, Birmingham Odeon 27, Oxford New Theatre 28, Bristol Colston Hall 29, Hammersmith Odeon October 1.

Tickets will go on sale within three weeks. At the Hammersmith Odeon they're £3.50, £2.50 and £2. Tickets for Newcastle, Manchester, Birmingham and Bristol are £3.50, £2.50, and £1.50. Tickets for Oxford and Liverpool are £3, £2.50, £2, and £1.50.

Bram's Axe is all 'Smiles'

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY of the Motors has finished recording a three-track single with his offshoot band Battle Axe. The single, entitled 'Sarah Smiles' will be released shortly on Criminal Records.

Battle Axe play the following dates in August before Bram "rejoins" the Motors for their appearance at Reading Festival: Dumfries Stage Coach Hotel 13, Edinburgh Tiffanys 14, Nottingham Sandpiper 15, Newport Stowaway 16, London Dingwalls 17, Burton-on-Trent 76 Club 18, Bristol Granary 19.

Ramones here next month

AMERICAN PUNK rockers the Ramones have virtually decided on their replacement for departed drummer Tommy Ramone — and they'll definitely be touring Britain next month.

The new Ramone's identity is being kept secret until the full tour schedule is confirmed. But Record Mirror understands that the New York new Wavers will be playing 12 dates in Britain in September — including an appearance at the London Rainbow.

A new album and single are expected to coincide with the tour.

Vibrators come back

THE VIBRATORS are back in action! Founder members Knox and Jon Edwards have been joined by Greg Van Cook on lead guitar and Ben Brierley bass. They replace Dave Birch and Gary Ellis who left with keyboards player Don Snow in July to pursue solo projects.

Greg Van Cook is an established figure on the New York club circuit and for the past four years he's been playing in Wayne County's band. Ben Brierley has been in several British bands including the Ivy League.

The Vibrators play the Marquee on August 13 and 14.

Advertising's new one

ADVERTISING release their new single 'Ich Liebe Dich' (I Love You) on September 5.

It's taken from the band's debut album 'Advertising Jingles'. Meanwhile Advertising will be appearing at the London Music Machine on August 16.

Label news — Zoom join

EDINBURGH-BASED independent label Zoom are to have all their future product marketed by Arista Records, it was announced this week.

Zoom, launched only a year ago, scored rapidly with the Valves (whose 'For Adol's Only' single sold over 15,000 copies), the Zones and PVC2. Other artists now include Mike Heron, Nightshift and The Questions, and singles from all of them will be released shortly.

OLDIES' label Charly have now added to their extensive back catalogue with the acquisition of the famous King R&B label.

Under the deal they now have access to 70,000 master tapes from the forties and fifties, including "legendary" material from the likes of Hank Ballard, Johnny 'Guitar' Watson, Otis Redding and the Platters.

Chart bound — Get the 12" version NOW!

JIMMY JAMES

AND THE VAGABONDS

12 version 7NL 46109

Produced by Biddu

I can't stop my feet from dancing

7" version 7NL 46109



YOU CAN FOOL . . .

ON BEHALF of all the 12-year-old Puerto Rican children (lots of them) who scraped together 25 dollars each to attend the New York gala screening of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band", I would like to thank Peter Frampton, the Bee Gees and Robert Stigwood for a truly instructive evening.

Contrary to what you may have heard — that this 'unique contemporary fantasy' (as the press releases term it) is insipid, boring and tasteless — I would like to argue that this film is one of the classic characterisations of the late '70's era. It is the quintessential statement of the cynicism and vacuousness of the corporate entertainment biz.

Working from the proven commercial precept that a sucker is born every minute, those responsible for both the film and the album soundtrack can flaunt the success of their theory. After all, the two-record soundtrack, which is one of the most expensive pop sets ever in the US, had an astounding initial shipment of 3.5 million copies.

Rockstars

There are a lot of chumps out there who are buying it, plopping down 15.98 dollars retail cost for the privilege of hearing the Bee Gees prove THEY AREN'T nearly as interesting as the Beatles. What they want for their money are rockstars — count 'em, lots of stars — and that's what they get. And that's why hordes of grimy little children gave up their milk and candy money to see the premiere at stately 6,200-seat Radio City Music Hall. For the same basic reason (the thrill of hobnobbing with celebs) many more successful patrons paid 100 dollars each to partake in the entire evening's festivities, which included a sit-down dinner at the campy Roseland Dance Hall and a 1 am admission to the most frivolous watering spot in Manhattan, exalted Studio 54.

For weeks, the radio had blared announcements of the upcoming gala, with the promise that hefty donations to the Police Athletic League (which is in fact a league for children and not for police at all) would be met with the opportunity to "meet the stars" when they appeared onstage in the opening ceremonies for "Sgt. Pepper's" at Radio City, a 45-year-old Art Deco palace which is most regularly used for matinee showings of "The Magic Of Lassie" and chiffon-clad chorus girl revues.

In truth, there was not much opportunity to meet the stars of "Sgt. Pepper's", who were kept

There were a lot of people who paid a lot of money to go to the premiere and party of the new Sgt. Pepper's film. Marilyn Laverty's view of them is hardly complimentary. She of course was only there to do her job.

closely guarded through much of the night. Neither was there much chance of meeting assorted and miscellaneous other stars, since many of them had gone down to the Bottom Line to see ex-New York Doll David Johansen in a triumphant return.

But there was plenty of opportunity to meet up with a great quantity (if not quality) of people. Frenzied over the promised appearance of much of the cast of "Sgt. Pepper's" caused the midtown Manhattan site of Radio City to be jammed with cars, cabs, cops and limos as several thousand capitalists, fans and music industry luminaries gathered for the opening of the multi-million dollar Universal / MCA feature which Paramount will be bringing to the UK later this year. By 7.30 pm of July 20, ticket-holders for the gala were being forced to enter the theatre through side doors to avoid the crush of autograph hounds staked out front.

Shortly after 8.00, there began a series of short oily speeches by a policeman named Morgenthal, the governor of New York State, and finally Stigwood himself. Everyone involved with this 'charity' event is so, so happy that the Bee Gees (never mind those who have paid their 25 dollars and 100 dollars entrance fees!) are putting some of their hard-earned money back into the city in which "Saturday Night Fever" alone sold over a million copies. Stigwood is so, so happy that his 'unique contemporary fantasy' has finally reached the people, and in thick, rich tones he commends Peter Frampton on a stunning "day-boo" (debut). After girl-group Stargard, then Billy Preston, Alice Cooper, and Earth, Wind and Fire are introduced onstage, ancient comic George Burns makes his entrance to thunderous applause. I can't hear if he wisecracks when he nears the mike, for Johnny and Edgar Winter have sat down next to me and begin to chatter, which they continue to do almost non-stop through the movie. It seems they aren't interested in anything other than the final scene of the film, a half-million dollar singalong in which they are featured.

Finally, the three Gibb brothers waltz across the Radio City stage, embracing the impertuous Stigwood and setting off an ecstatic ovation from the floor. The little Puerto Rican children can hardly contain their excitement. Then the film begins.

Following an overture theme that's painfully heavy on glockenspiel, George Burns (as Mr. Kite) narrates the tale of the original Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, who are said to have kept the citizens of Heartland, US, dancing through the Roaring Twenties to World War II. As a part of his will, Sgt. Pepper requests that his nephew Billy Shears (Peter Frampton) form a new Lonely Hearts Club Band with his three best friends, the Henderson brothers (played by the Bee Gees).

Predictably enough (like much of the so-called "plot" of the film), the band is phenomenally successful in their hometown. The whole populace shows up for their Beatles-soundalike MOR crap. Unlike true rockstars, who are usually out of synch with everyone except groupsies and fans, the new Sgt. Pepper's band is loved by everyone. A lovely town lass named Strawberry Fields (actress Sandy Farina) latches onto boyfriend Billy, and locks into a grin which lasts through most of the film.

The plot continues to unfold, so to speak: this task is difficult since there is no dialogue in the film, and little narration — the story is told through a network of 30 revamped Beatles songs, including Billy Preston doing 'Get Back' and Earth, Wind and Fire with a mellow 'Got To Get You Into My Life'. Aerosmith steal the show with a menacing version of 'Come Together' while posing as the Future Villain Band; alias, FVB, the forces which come to make Heartland run amok.

Good

The basic premise of the film, which is based on a story line concocted by screenwriter Henry Edwards and not on any tale the Beatles ever wove, revolves around the supposed warring forces of good (Billy Shears and his ever-smiling band) and evil (represented by a meanie manager named B. D. Brockhurst, whose Big Deal Records company in some ways resembles Stigwood's RSO).

Simplistic and sappy, it resembles a 3-D cartoon tale, as various bad guys made transparent attempts at conquering the innocent, virtuous band. Donald Pleasence's portrait of B. D. Brockhurst is a caricature of every slimy villain you ever saw on film, though since he appears quite successful in bringing the band fame and fortune, we're never quite

sure why we should hate him. Is it Brockhurst's fault that the naive, glibly Heartland band fall in love with sex 'n' drugs 'n' rock 'n' roll, and are quickly led to ruin?

In scenes straight out of a McDonald's hamburger commercial, comically dressed Mr. Mustard (Frankie Howerd), Dr. Maxwell Edison (Steve Martin) and Father Sun (Alice Cooper) compete in a plot to keep Heartland's favourite sons from retrieving some stolen antique instruments which are alleged to have the power of making dreams come true. Meanies wheeze about in a yellow meanie vat that belches mean yellow exhaust. Everyone overacts and overreacts, apparently in an attempt to prove conclusively that they are not serious about their appearance in a film in which none of the heralded debuting rockstars has any speaking lines.

Since the soundtrack of the film is rather tedious, it became a pleasure to hear the disruptive jabbering of Johnny and Edgar next to me. A greater inconvenience was the number of rude theatre-goers who left in large groups as the movie still rolled on. When the film was over, following a lavish chorus singing of the Sgt. Pepper's theme by the likes of Carol Channing, Wolfman Jack, and Wilson Pickett, it was greeted with only polite applause.

On to Roseland Dance Hall! There we were confronted by another mob scene, as autograph seekers lunged past police in expectation of arriving celebrities, most of whom had already reached Roseland before the crowds arrived. Alice Cooper breezed in and George Burns breezed out of the heart-decorated Roseland portals, which feature a window display of shoes owned by favourite old-time dancers. Only the dashing Verline White of Earth, Wind and Fire stops to greet the fans.

Inside, enormous chocolate-coated strawberries are served to the well-dressed citizens who can pay 100 dollars for a Thursday night on the town (there were reportedly no exceptions to the prohibitive admission price). They disco amidst hearts, flowers and a decorated grandstand resembling a set from the film. The Bee Gees are virtually hidden from public view, Frampton is absent (and reportedly thankful to be) due to a recent accident, and 'Strawberry' Sandy Farina seems

shocked when approached in our attempt to "meet the stars" as promised. She admits that shooting out of sequence left her with little understanding of the film concept, then adds with some enthusiasm that she thinks the songs are just great (!), though she can't or won't pick one she likes best.

But the capper of the evening, of course, was the 1 am party at famed Studio 54. Imagine our surprise when we discovered a crowd of several hundred 100 dollar ticket-holders outside the club when we arrived. They were furious at the announcement that the place was already filled and that they would have to wait to get in. Indignation heated several hundred feet of pavement behind the burly policeman who protected Studio owner Steve Rubell from would-be patrons. Rubell periodically allowed small groups of non-ticketed friends admission to his club. Meanwhile, anxious partners began to plead and beg to get in: "Steve! Steve! You remember me, I was with Diana last Tuesday night. Please let me in", etc., etc.

Studio 54

Once inside, we were treated to wall-to-wall people and informed that even though we had paid 100 dollars, we would still have to pay for our drinks — if we chose to huff and puff through mounds of sweating flesh in order to get to the bar.

We wandered out, wondering why the phrase "disco sucks" kept coming to mind. Then we spotted Gary Busey, the actor who is making such a splash as star of the Buddy Holly movie. Busey, a native Southerner who still hangs out with the same corny-looking people he knew before he became a star, looked absolutely appalled at the whole scene. Perhaps it was fright, too, that flashed across his face before he made a speedy escape.

If it was, perhaps I can guess why he felt it. It's because Studio 54, much like 'Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' itself, represents some awful aspects of modern entertainment.

The whole evening was marvelously instructive because it proved conclusively that people will not only put up with, but will pay enormous amounts of money for, ill-conceived and ill-executed garbage.

Far from advising you to steer clear of 'Sgt. Pepper's', I wholeheartedly appeal to you to see the film and to listen to its soundtrack. You might not be able to believe your eyes and ears — it's hard to imagine that such an undeserving art project could get the funding and promotion that this one has.



The Bee Gees, George Burns and Peter Frampton



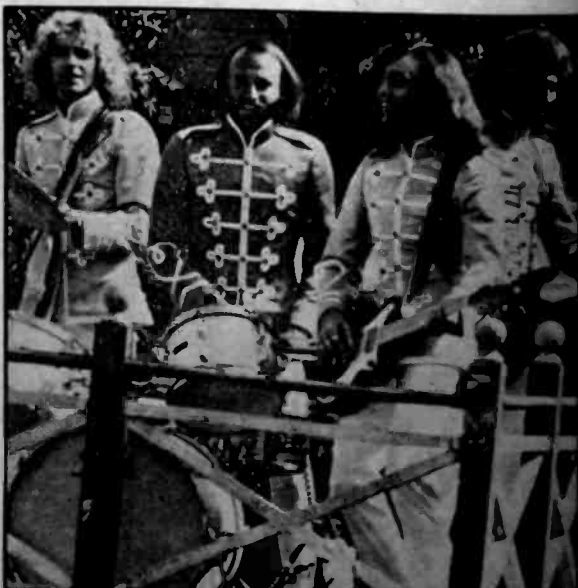
Frankie Howerd



Steve Tyler and Sandy Farina



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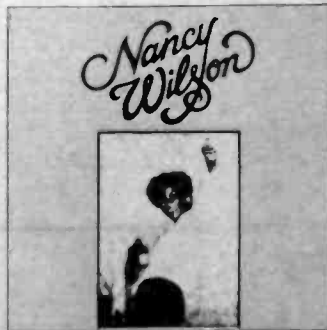


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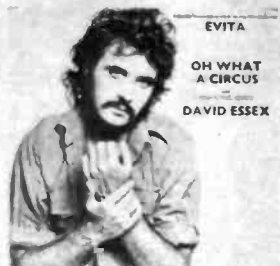
Reviewed by JOHN WISHART

EVITA! Arn'tcha just sick of it? Well you might be, but I'm not. It's not last year's thing yet. If you'd just waded through 50-odd singles only to find that the disco offerings were among the best (I kid you not) then maybe you would also choose as single of the week a double A-sided stroke of brilliance like:



GRACE JONES:
she can sell an
eskimo snow
without missing
a beat

A little bit of Essex gets you through the night



EVITA
OH WHAT
A CIRCUS
DAVID ESSEX

DAVID ESSEX: 'Oh What A Circus' / 'High Flying Adored' (Mercury). OK, so I'm biased 'cos 'High Flying' is my favourite tune from 'Elaine', but the impressive thing is the way Essex puts the no-bullshit lyrics across. It's no exaggeration to say I thought Essex was trapped in the teeny market until 'Evita'. If he doesn't get into the top ten with this one, I'll be amazed. The new arrangements by Mike Batt make both numbers easy listening compared to the C. T. Wilkinson recordings, and the Spanish chorus in 'Circus' could even become a disco smash... which leads me to:



SYLVESTER: no drag

BEST BOOGIES OF THE WEEK (AND ONE SUPERB SLOWIE)

SYLVESTER: 'You Make Me Feel (Mighty Real)' (Fantasy). Former drag queen and gay revue star Sylvester has turned out the hottest "gotta dance" number since Quincy Jones' 'Stuff Like That'. The breathless panic stations rhythm blisters way below the ecstatic strains of Sylvester's high pitched tenor / falsetto. Unless you were born to boogie, however, it will probably make you throw up.

GRACE JONES: 'Do Or Die' (Island). Prejudice again. I've already boogied to this one at the wildest disco in town (no prizes for guessing which one) and as much as I find La Jones' pose too ridiculous for words, this tune is revoltingly catchy. As silly as a nursery rhyme sung by Ethel Merman (sic). Its effect on the dance floor has to be seen to be believed. Popper on and see for yourself.

DAVID BYRON: 'African Breeze' (Arista). The grabbing thing about this one is the 'Zulu' goes - disco sensation when the "African" tribal chorus comes bellowing in on the oddest disco chorus I've ever heard. The rest is all a bit Munich machine, but that never got in the way of a good song. Like this one. Former Uriah Heep man Byron must know how to boogie.

COMMODORES: 'Three Times A Lady' (Motown). Simpler, slower and more romantic than you ever dreamed the Commodores could be, with all the professional touches in the right places. Proof positive that funksters can turn out a pure pop ballad better than the full-time pro balladeers (Thinks: Where have that breed been hiding themselves for the past few years, except Las Vegas of course?). Take a bow Lionel Richie. Top five for sure.

SOCIAL COMMENT... BUT CAN YOU DANCE TO IT?

DAVE GOODMAN AND FRIENDS: 'Justifiable Homicide' (The Label). Former Pistols producer wrote this accusing little epic about the death of boxing trainer Liddle Towers with assistance from chaps called Hayles, Woodcock, Jones and Cook. Bears all the trademarks of a Pistol single. Fine witty lyrics, brilliant rhymes, superb orchestrations over gentle swaying rhythms. You know the kind of stuff. Almost dated enough for the mums and dads to start getting into it at their blue films evenings.



DAVID BYRON: yes bwana, he can boogie

YOU CAN DANCE TO THESE BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GET TIGHT FIRST

TOKYO: 'The Best Part Of Breaking Up' (Sonet). Vastly inferior re-hash on the Cymbals / Ronettes versions in the sixties. Gone is the Phil Spector sound, replaced by a keen amateur's spurge. Just the thing for the Friday night bash in Bradford.

THE MOTORS: 'Forget About You' (Virgin). We will, dear Motors, if you turn out rehashed White Plains stuff like this. The sound that today's nuds might conceivably go for. Not a patch on 'Airport'.



JUDY CHEEKS: 'Mellow Lovin' (Ariola). Daughter of a Florida preacher man, Ms Cheeks has a big voice and a pretty face. Pity the song's so weak. Producer Tony Monn (of Amanda Lear fame) has pulled out all the stops to make it as palatable as possible, but the song dies on its feet about half way through. Loved the castanettes.

HERBIE HANCOCK: 'I Thought It Was You' (CBS). Those vocoder vocals take a bit of getting used to but after a couple of plays it's as natural as listening to Radio Clone all day. Easy listening for hip cybernetics engineers into sci-fi and "adult music". The middle section of this edited version (there is a 12-inch 8.54 min. version around too) sounds like a vocalised coffee percolator having a go at singing scat. Mocha rocker.

SMOKEY ROBINSON: 'Daylight And Darkness' (Motown). Ultra-smooth, beautifully sung. Everything an SR fan could wish for, except something striking or original in the lyrics. But that's most unlikely to stop massive airplay.

REAL THING: 'Raining Through My Sunshine' (Pye). Not as exciting as some of their earlier stuff, but could take off just the same. There's something terribly feeble about "raining through my sunshine" for a hook line that makes me wince.

BAD TASTE OR GOOD FUN DEPENDING ON YOUR MOOD

BULLETS: 'Girl On Page 3' (Big Bear). Part of me likes this media brainwash effect, it feeds private fantasies of power, but really this single does not go far enough. It's really not very offensive (except for the bit about the lump of batter between her legs... mmmmm). Quite feeble compared to Wayne County, for instance.

SPECIAL CLINIC: 'When The Going Gets Rough' (Penicillin Sounds Pox 1). Diagnosis: Birmingham strain of rock blues. Symptoms: Weak vocals won't hold water... or anything stronger. Cure: Keep off turntables and put band out for several years hard gigging.

DEMON PREACHER: 'Little Miss Perfect' (Small Wonder Records). If you missed the Daily Mirror's field day on Joyce McKinney this is the disc for you. All the main headlines are written into the lyrics and a suitably lewd tone prevails throughout. Not very rocky or raunchy though. Come to that, neither was Little Miss Perfect. Bring up or feel up at your leisure.

STEVE TREATMENT: 'Taste Your Own Medicine' (& four other tracks) (Rafter Records). Bloody awful noise. The kind young glue sniffers love. Ultra heavy dub over yelling and dada electric. Go piss on a live electric fence Steve, then you can scream till the cows come home.

BILLY HAMON: 'Butch Things' (Bronze). The first serious attempt at Bryan Ferry cloning comes off as a huge cop out. Could have been a huge send up of butch pooves but Hamon mimes his words and ends up with a girl whose hair flows from Bethnal Green to Leicester Square. Andy Mackay produced. Who are they trying to kid?

COLEEN: 'Andy' (Target). What horrors. Little girls all over the world are getting the hots for Prince Andrew (and some old girls too), but this piece of flawless kitsch will please no-one. He he. "I wouldn't swap my Jubilee poster for all the David Souls in the world" and "Andy, you are my super prince, etc., etc.", are slices of the gooey stuff this pap is made from. All right, I almost love it, it's so bad. Go geddit kids!

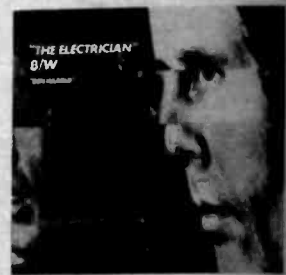


STEELEYE SPAN: 'Rag Doll' (Chrysalis). This must be a bad joke. Fab Four Seasons biggie sounds utterly wretched in the hands of Span. Totally worthless effort. I'll be ill for weeks if it ever charts. What possesses Chrysalis to release things like this?

THE REST ARE A MIXED LOT WITH A FEW STINKERS LURKING ABOUT

THE WALKER BROTHERS: 'The Electrician' (GTO). First minute is really something else (as the Walkers used to say way back when), but the eerie atmosphere gets flushed down the bog as the old Walker drone clone syndrome vocals take over at snail's pace. It's a bit much to ask you to buy it for the first minute only. So fergeddit, OK.

THE CARVELLS: 'Skateboard Riders' (Rocket). No fun at all. Fergeddit too, kids. It's got no wheels.



AMII STEWART: 'You Really Touched My Heart' (Atlantic). I like her razor edged whines but there are way too many of them in this well produced butt shaker. To be fair, it's so clear and rhythmically powerful it should be a dance floor smash. Even so, it's a bit of a pain. Like the spelling of Amii.

DAVID DUNDAS: 'When I Saw You Today' (A&R). Apart from a nice sax break this doesn't have much to say. It's pleasant MOR with catchy falsetto thingles thrown in to wake you up. Should have stayed with Guy The Gorilla, Dave. He's more your type.

PLATINUM HOOK: 'Standing On The Verge' (Motown). Munchkin gofunkadelic. The machine finish of Platinum Hook's harmony vocals is dazzling, as is the big brassy sound behind it. I should like it, but something less frantic from the pen of George Clinton would do them more justice.

SUGAR CANE: 'Montego Bay' (Ariola Hanan). This is such a good song it should withstand almost any treatment... even this one. In some ways it's an improvement on Bobby Bloom's original 1970 smash. Nice to hear men and women sharing the vocals equally for a change. Perhaps that's what gives it that rather chummy singalong appeal.



RUSH HOUR: 'Dedication' (Anchor). Naïf idea about radio dedications gets soggy fast. Flip side reveals that they're quite a good showband (probably), 'cos they do Dusty's old 'Stay Awhile', quite passably.

TONY MORGAN: 'Black Skin Blue Eyed Boys' (ICE). Opens with a recording of a shoot-out then babbles on about 'ain't gonna fighting more' with some nice screams between verses. I think I know what they're on about but the message is NOT clear.

THE JAM DOUBLE FEATURE



OFF CENTRE

Edited by TIM LOTT

All in a day's work

'A & R' - A play by Pete Atkin. Produced by Walter Donohue. RSC Warehouse, Earlham Street, Covent Garden, London WC2.

'A & R' tries to probe beneath the tinsel and phoney bonhomie of the pop world by conveying the slowness, frustrations and boredom of a recording session. A group of session men, fronted by one-hit wonder Barry (David Shaw-Parker) are using up studio time booked by a band called Blueprint. The group don't show - they're splitting up - but vocalist Amy (Anne Rafter), a caricature gutsy Joplin type, does. They're joined by Jake (David Threlfall), a disillusioned, cynical songwriter who, it transpires, is really, uh, deep and sensitive.

What follows is a realistic account of a commonplace situation: loser musicians, well past the stage of deluding themselves about 'making it big' swap reminiscences about 'the road', about being ripped off by 'the business', and produce uninspired music.

The punters' restlessness highlighted 'A & R's' weakness. They're asked to be voyeurs, to intrude on the 'real life' of rock musicians, but frankly neither their personal traumas nor the actors' performances are riveting enough to carry it off.

The dialogue is agonisingly slow: a sigh of relief sweeps the theatre whenever the band strikes up. Realism clearly isn't enough.

Only once, when ultra-pretentious rock scribe Robertson (Nick le Prevost) arrives to interview a defiant Amy - a dig at the 'ya build 'em up, then ya knock 'em down' syndrome prevalent in some quarters of the pop press - does the play come briefly to life.

But in the end, I felt so worn out by this low-key production that the vital questions such as 'Will Amy quit the business?' 'Can Barry prove that his solitary hit was no fluke?' or 'Will Jake write meaningfully again?' were forgotten in the frantic rush to a noisy pub.

'A & R' is far worthier of support than any of the fifth-rate disco flicks or rock 'n' roll nostalgia orgies doing the rounds. But I can't help feeling that Pete Atkin, who's proved himself an imaginative and witty songwriter in his collaborations with Clive James, can and will produce more enduring drama than this. **PHIL SHAW**



Listen man...



...won't tell me...



...is this Janis Joplin or is this Janis Joplin?

DO YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO DIE?

This man might be able to help you

GOOD NEWS. Elvis Presley really is dead. More good news. Jim Morrison and Janis Joplin aren't.

Physically, of course, Jim and Janis are in an even more advanced state of putrefaction than the former rock 'n' roll monarch. But spiritually, they're alive and kicking, according to Frankie Albano, singer, former film star and self-styled 'punk prophet'.

Frankie, who has spent several years in Hollywood as a professional psychic - he has read for Mae West and Nancy Sinatra - believes that

Hugh Cornwell of The Stranglers has been possessed by Morrison's spirit.

And he believes that he himself may be spiritually inspired by Joplin's soul.

Frankie hastens to explain that he isn't some old cosmic hippie.

"I hate all that shit. These spoon benders, these old hippies, they offend me," he says. "But the fact is, I have this gift and there's nothing I can do about it."

Whatever Frankie's paranormal gifts are, at least one record company isn't too convinced by his artistic talents. Several months of working with Phonogram and 10 cc's Kevin Godley have left him without a record

company. He is appalled at the way Godley and Phonogram's A&R department have treated him and he predicts misfortune for them.

"Psychically speaking," he says, "I know the A&R guy is going to be sacked over the next few months. Also, Godley and Creme's next album will be a huge flop."

Albano, who is the sort of American capable of talking for hours without taking a breath, only pauses from soliloquising to sing along with an old Janis Joplin record. The similarity is astonishing.

He knew Joplin before her death and claims that he read the Tarot cards for her.

"Death came up five times," he says. "This did not bode well for her." Frankie has a flair for understatement.

If Albano's powers as a psychic are genuine - he is one of the highest paid clairvoyants in the world - then one or two people in the music business are in for a hard time.

The singing spiritualist claims that he has given readings for Linda Lewis and predicted her suicide attempts.

"Things, I'm afraid, are going to get worse for her," he adds, darkly.

Kate Bush is also in for a less than jolly time.

"I'm very worried about her, in the same way I was worried about Janis Joplin before she died. She's in for a big emotional downfall over the next three months."

"I'd like to read for her. She has a very interesting spirit."

Albano is no talisman-waving mystic. He practises psychometry, which involves his receiving "vibrations" from some object possessed by his subject.

His connections with the music business are considerable. Frankie had several hit singles in America in the sixties. He appeared in the film *California Dreamin'* in 1972 with Nancy Sinatra. And he came to England originally to do a "concept album" about Tarot cards with Justin Hayward.

"But I don't want anything to do with all that shit anymore," he says. "All that's passed. All I want to do now is make music."

Frankie, despite his

hankering to get away from the mystic image, calls himself a new wave prophet. And he doesn't confine himself to good news - "When someone's going to die I tell them they're going to die. He himself is convinced that he will die within the next five years."

The musical figure that fascinates him most is "the lady with the braces on her teeth," Poly Styrene.

"I feel very weird about her," he says. "She has a pure and beautiful spirit. But she is feeling a bit insecure about things at the moment. I would like to read for her and straighten her out. There would be no charge. I just feel I'd like to help her."

Albano is not completely a prophet of doom. He predicts that Ben E. King's 'I Just Can't Leave Your Love Alone' will be a monster hit.

He is a convincing character. But one enigma remains. If Phonogram were going to spend eight months just to decide to drop Frankie, why did he get involved with them in the first place?

Psychic heal thyself, eh?

This week, those cute little Punters

go to Belfast, use in front of a barbed wire fence and down a rate where the punk - flicks come from, take it away

Mick Jones with the black & white unite. Punk chloride no 14

Rough, Yknow it's like black kids, Roight, Roightas and white kids, FRANKS ROIGHT. So they've got some in common Roight... On yeah, I can't never lived under the 16th floor

I didn't even know who the bleedin' pry Minister woz till last week

Standard Punk chloride no 14 demonstrated by Ricky Heddon

Joe Strummer with some sound advice on changing Society for the better and pulling the UK back on its feet

Yknow, like I think people should stop knocking each other and should go down to the house of Commons and knock the people down there

Paul Simon repeating what the rest have said and getting it all wrong

ermuduh Yknow I think that er Yknow like black kids on Naitus. Should knock the president Yknow and erm... I only read the Sun

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THAT GLORIOUS champion of truth and liberty, The Sun newspaper, is no doubt a passionate believer in the freedom of the press. A shame then, that these liberal sympathies don't extend to other areas of industry via a win the music biz.

Jim Simpson, owner of Big Bear Records in Birmingham approached the Sun about the possibility of a co-promotion for a single he was bringing out called 'Girl On Page Three' by local group Bullets.

Jim didn't quite get the response he hoped for. Instead of the Sun agreeing to a co-promotion, they immediately attempted to forestall the release of the record because they claimed, the words 'Page Three' were the property of the newspaper.

Quite why the Sun should take such a sensitive attitude is a mystery; the record is mildly amusing but completely inoffensive. Besides which, if the Sun really did have a patent on the words 'Page Three', every publication in Britain would run into problems once they'd printed past the first two pages.

Still, Jim decided not to take any chances and rather ingeniously changed the record's title from 'Page Three' to 'Page 3', thus avoiding any breach of copyright.

For pic. of Bullets and nubile mascot see page 28.

Say cheese

"I CAN see it, I can see the word," breathes the man from Smile, in what appears to be almost religious ecstasy. "SMILEMANIA"

Smilemania, for those of you who have not been converted to this bizarre and frightening phenomena that is sweeping the country, is a fanatical obsession with maintaining a hyena-like grin at all times. The organisation behind this madness is the sinister National Smile Campaign, founded by the 'Paddington Postman' Tony Rogers.

And now the campaign has introduced a disturbing new method of brainwashing the public into a gaggle of grinning monkeys: pop music.

The National Smile Campaign first came to prominence with the widely-reported 'Smile Week' launched in April. Now, with an influx of 16,000 from Superfly Productions Group — who are not entirely unconnected with Tony Rogers — the NSC are diversifying into the world of entertainment.

They have found themselves a National Smile Band, a group of five teenagers from Bristol who formerly performed under the collective name of 'Jack'.

"We looked for two months for the right band until we came across Jack," says campaign worker Barry Sullivan. "They are not technically



The National Smile Band.

brilliant. But they are young — all around 18 — and good looking."

The Smile Band, who dress up in red white and blue and smile for painfully long periods, started a national tour last week.

One thing that might wipe the smirks off their faces — the band haven't yet found a record company prepared to release their single 'Rock 'n' Roll Queen'. Barry describes it as "beautiful" and "super".

Unphased by this apparent drawback, NSC are holding a poetry competition, the winner of which will have their poem put to music and performed by the NSB. The music, if negotiations are successful, will be written by a "very famous songwriter."

Meanwhile, the foundations of Smilemania are being laid up and down the country with a series of TV and radio appearances.

Personally, I find all this jollity repugnant. In order to redress the balance, I have instituted a National Frown Campaign.

The National Frown Band will go on the road later this year and will feature Elvis Costello on lead vocals, Hugh Cornwall on guitar, Malcolm Muggeridge on drums and Mary Whitehouse on maracas.

The tour will take in funeral parlours all over the country and there will be a special suicide spot featuring one person from each area killing themselves, live — or rather, dead — onstage at every gig.



Tony BLACKburn

TONY BLACKBURN strictly roots? You better believe it, bredda.

Those of you who take an interest in such things may remember that cuddly Tone used to make records as well as play them. Usually they flopped.

One of these smash misses was a number called 'I'll Do Anything' released several years ago and undistinguished by Blackburn's crooning vocals.

Now the record has been resurrected — only this

time marketed as a soul record on the Casino Classics label, by a mythical black singer Lenny Gamble. It's a double A side backed by The Flirtations 'Little Darling'. And what's more it's bubbling under the charts.

Whether Blackburn intends to invest in some bootpolish and promote the record was uncertain as we went to press.

Herbie Hancock thought it was you -and you know it's a knockout



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HERBIE HANCOCK
'I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU'
b/w 'No Means Yes'

LIMITED EDITION
12" SINGLE
(8 mins. 54 secs.)

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STEVE HOLLY



LAURENCE JUBER

UNCLE PAUL, Auntie Linda and Denny, proudly announce two new additions to the Wings family.

Welcome Laurence Juber replacing Jimmy McCulloch on guitar and Steve Holly slipping into the shadow of Joe English on drums. You probably haven't heard much of them before, but away in the background they've been gaining a wealth of experience as session men. Laurence has been popping up in various music shows and he was lead guitarist on the soundtrack of the Bond film 'The Spy Who Loved Me'. Steve used to play the odd gig with G. T. Moore and the Reggae Guitars before going into session work.

Denny Laine spotted both Laurence and Steve. Laurence was in the back-up band on the David Essex show when he met Denny. Steve has been friends with Denny for years and they live in the same village.

"We feel tremendously satisfied at being invited to join Wings," says

Steve. "But we're not approaching it from a 'look at us we're stars at last' point of view. We both want to be recognised as accomplished musicians. Wings isn't the type of band for big star scenes anyway."

Steve and Laurence are both reticent about how much McCartney is paying them. But they discount a story in one evening newspaper that it's only something like £50 a week.

"That just isn't true," says Laurence. "Put it this way, we're being paid enough to be in a situation where we can concentrate on the music and not have to worry about finances. I just want to be comfortably off and play my guitars."

Already Steve and Laurence have been recording in the family barn in

Scotland. It's often used as a temporary home for fodder.

"Recording venues do give atmosphere to a record," continues Laurence. "I like recording there because the atmosphere is so relaxing and I hope that feeling of warmth comes through on the records. There's none of that plastic feeling that you might get from some of the other clinically clean studios. You can take breaks by strolling across a field."

So both Laurence and Steve are extremely happy. Settling down comfortably into the McCartney bosom.

"The Paul McCartney and Linda you see on television or in the papers is how they really are," says Laurence. "The closeness of his

family ties has meant that he can survive anything people hurl against him and come up smiling. I don't see how anybody can call him complacent though, the man is a genius. There's that indefinable quality in his songs which makes each one a masterpiece. It's difficult to describe it any other way. Every album has been a landmark. Sometimes he can amaze you with his ideas."

So it's love. Let Steve hand out further compliments.

"I've gone into the studio and seen Paul's whole body moving with the music. He seems to be completely caught up in it. The way he moves in the studio is exactly the way he does in front of thousands of people."

Steve and Laurence don't seem

worried about appearing in front of oceans of people. Especially Laurence who once appeared in front of 20 million people all at the same time.

"I was lead guitarist for the band in the Song For Europe thing from the Royal Albert Hall," he says. "If you made a mistake then all those television viewers would have known about it. Playing live on stage gives you more flow than doing session work. In session work you have to remember when to come in and make changes. On stage it just seems to blend in spontaneously."

The new Wings album is being recorded and maybe they'll be doing a tour in the autumn. Laurence reckons that his classical training may also help in doing some future arrangements. He studied music at Goldsmith's College in London.

"Many of the classical composers of yesterday were the pop musicians of their day," he says. "Music is part of a continuing process and I don't like it when it's put into boxes."

ROBIN SMITH

LIVIN' AND LOVIN' AS LEATHER

IT ALL started with the tentative handshake. So I jumped in with both feet talking about the music press.

"You know, I was on Radio Four this morning with Ed Stewart and a kid phoned in and asked why music journalists are so vicious. I mean it had even reached him."

"A certain journalist spent the whole of my Music Machine gig pissing in the bar beside the stage. He phoned up my publicist the next day for the running order of numbers because he hadn't listened and gave me a bad review."

"It's fine once they meet me and chat, but it's the ones who have already written the story before they meet me that I'm wary of."

Let's talk about 'Happy Days' and Leather Tusadero.

"Leather's a lot of me obviously. The tough girl is part of my character. Even though I wasn't in Reform School I left school when I was very young and if I hadn't been brought up properly I would have been in because I was terrible. So I can identify with that part of it."

"I was er difficult. I was intelligent but I didn't feel popular. I didn't feel pretty. I didn't feel anything. So I tried very hard to feel popular, to feel cute and to feel witty."

"I'd try to develop my personality so I could get the kind of attention that I needed so badly. All my other friends got it easily, they were pretty with the skinny figures and I was the chunky teenager. So I developed a very winning personality."

"When I started music seriously at 14 and formed my first band everything fell into place, my wit, my singing ability or whatever. It just went boom" — this is where it's going to cultivate itself.

"Leather is a fighter. They have



SUZI QUATRO: Heavy, deep songs

her set up in that bathroom scene when she doesn't want to go on stage and then Henry (Winkler — 'Fonzle') comes in and says you gotta go on. It's Leather's decision, she says 'Yes I gotta go on. I'm going out there and get jeered by everyone. I can do it! Same as me. I was able to put a lot of my own feelings from when I was a kid."

"I auditioned for the part and a half hour later they called up and said that I got the part but only if I do seven more shows. Five minutes after that Elvis Presley died. So I was screaming and running around excited about getting the part then the announcement came over. It's funny but I had spent ten minutes at the audition talking about him — what a waste. I cried. he was

my hero. the greatest.

"On my first appearance I came out a page ahead because I was talking to Henry. I went out there and took 10 minutes to get to the table because I was really acting, being Miss Tough with the hands in the pockets. When I finally got to the table to say my first line the director says — in front of about 500 people — "Excuse me Miss Quatro, what are you doing out here? You're a whole page ahead." I felt like a jerk and everybody cracked up. After that I was home free, because nothing could have gone worse than that."

She's right. She's now committed to another 10 episodes of 'Happy Days' and a pilot show of a solo series with the Leather character set in the sixties. Both her and her

husband Len are going to write the songs if the show is accepted. So I asked what she thought of her own compositions.

"I don't write commercial singles. Len's always telling me that I write heavy, deep songs that will probably miss the average person's mind. On my new album 'If You Knew Suzi' (due in October) there's a song called 'Suicide' I was reading the newspaper about John Lennon living on 72nd Street. He's given up his English way of life for the promise of a better one. I used it in the general sense. He just triggered me off thinking about how people live on 72nd street committing suicide for the American Dream that they never get."

Even Suzi, for all her success,

hasn't realised her own dreams; because as a "creative person" — her words, not mine — by the time one dream comes true, she's already talked herself into a new dream. It's a sort of cultural version of the ever-receding horizon.

"I haven't reached my goals, not yet. I've had hits, I've had gold and platinum records and sell-out tours, but that was my dream of a long time ago."

Suzi's talents — or at least, her aspirations — are as diverse as they are ambitious.

"I'd love to write a novel. I'd love to take my character and put it into situations that I never had the nerve to be put into — in other words prostitution, dope and all the weird things of life."

In fact she has written a book which is called 'Confessions Of A Survivor' about her life up to the age of 27 (she's now 28). But why a book?

"People kept asking me questions."

She gets a lot of letters from girls asking her for advice. So how does she feel about the responsibility of being trusted to direct somebodies' life.

"It's nice to think that you've opened up doors for other people that were previously closed. I mean poor Janis Joplin had to take heroin to prove she was one of the guys and that's sad."

"All I had to do was swear a bit and I did that anyway (and I've still got the red marks across my face from my Dad to prove it)."

You can't help but be impressed with this 31 inch bundle of confidence. When we parted the handshake was firmer and warmer.

"You know, I don't think you've written the story beforehand."

Oh yeh, I forgot to mention. She's also pretty naive. MIKE GARDNER

ALBUMS

SNF

Is this what they meant?



THEY START out as clean living boys, buddies of the Bee Gees...

DEAD BOYS: 'We Have Come For Your Children' (Sire SRK 8054)

PNEUMATIC POETRY from the necropolis.

Overtly plagiaristic naturally, but then what sychopantic Stateside punk ain't these days? Bands of this ilk are merely playacting and it depends entirely whether you like your meat red rare or concentration camp burnt.

Me? I like to feel a little blood caressing my gums when I eat.

The Dead Boys are aptly named. The day their music died was when they found themselves supporting The Damned at CBGB's over a year ago. After watching that vampirical combo screwup, throwup, ballsup, and generally make assholes of themselves (with one gig exception) the Dead Boys were impressed.

They decided to approach things in a more cautious way... by craving to be the most outlandish band this side of the New Seekers.

Fake blow jobs, fake phlegm, fake aggression, fake faces, fake balls. Always a great standby, fakeness. Especially when there ain't a lot of ideas on the musical front.

Now, ignoring all this I won't knock them as individuals (even though singer Stiv Bators does remind me of a wonky eyed school slob of mine whose pupils used to cross, nay merge, when he took his bins off. I hated his guts) cos they obviously enjoy themselves.

But don't expect your product to be treated seriously boys. It's strictly for the nuds. +

BARRY CAIN
JIMI HENDRIX: 'The Essential Jimi Hendrix' (Polydor 2612 034 Double Album)

SOMETHING of a mis-



...and end up as Dead Boys. With habits like these, what else?

nomer, I would've thought, since this affair is no way essential. Sure, all tracks are tried, tested etc, but the whole selection still seems so unimaginative... so obvious. Yeah, I know this is aimed at the uninitiated, the potential Hendrixian, but how come no 'Red House', 'Star Spangled Banner' or 'I Don't Live Today' (and I realise that no one compilation will satisfy everyone)?

As a supposedly sympathetic retrospective, the packaging and presentation is more than passable, but where it spells r-i-p-o-f-f is in the inclusion of the previously-unreleased 'Gloria' as a freebie seven inch, for which the hard core collector (who owns most of these trax anyway) has to blow the full seven quid for the album.

Of course, many of the man's major facets are captured on these four sides: Hendrix the pioneer, blazing through 'Voodoo Chile (Slight Return)', 'Third Stone

From The Sun' and 'House Burning Down'; Hendrix the songwriter, captured at his best on 'Little Wing' and 'Castles Made Of Sand'.

I never saw Hendrix on stage (too young, don'tcha know) and I didn't even get to buy the man's records until after his death, but even so, I can still appreciate what genius he must've been. Those early albums, 'Are You Experienced', 'Axis' and 'Electric Ladyland' were complete, quintessential entities, possessing the kind of coherence and totality this album fails to retrieve. As such, anyone with the remotest interest in the man and his work is referred to the Polydor/Track originals. For collectors (and oil sheiks) only. I'm afraid.

+ + ½

CHRIS WESTWOOD:

KEVIN LAMB: 'Sailing Down The Years' (Arista SPART 1026)

WOULD IT be too concise simply to say that this is one extremely boring album (and judging by the lyrical content) by one extremely boring person. It would? I see, well suffer the consequences of disagreeing with me.

Emerging a trifle wet from the singer/songwriter genre we discover Kevin Lamb. Perhaps a trifle wet was being a little too modest. The term, more appropriately, is sodden.

Reeking of one too many unsuccessful affairs d'amour, or the fantasy thereof, a background of pastel pink wallpaper with a sprinkling of aspiring-to-be-butcher motifs. A proven emetic. Hey ho.

Rings a bell as a cheap dispatching of the thought and movement behind Elton John's 'Yellow Brick Road' album, only it has arrived a couple of years out of time, and a million miles off course.

Some of us it seems are destined to be nobodies forever. Kevin Lamb — join the club! +

BEV BRIGGS

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ALBUMS

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Sayer little prayer for me

LEO SAYER: 'Leo Sayer' (Chrysalis CDL 1198)

SOMEWHERE down the Yellow Brick Road, Sayer has been hitting the potheoles. His last single bombed and while he probably retains a considerable following, he's lost the old impact.

He's dispensed with the Saturday night in Hollywood atmosphere of 'Thunder In My Heart' on this album and gone for after the party relaxation. But the contrast doesn't altogether work. Sayer has made the ultimate sacrifice and joined the tribe of relaxed Californians. Wondernash music, fluffy and light.

His voice has been reduced to a shadow and the backing sways too lazily. 'Stormy Weather' has a dignified canter like an experienced race horse who's getting old and been put out to grass at last. 'Dancing The Night Away' is at least a reflection of the glorious past, a dewey-eyed but fast ballad.

'I Can't Stop Loving You (Though I Try)' suffers from a frigid mix with Sayer sounding as if he's leaning against a lamppost walling into the night. A background guitar tries to inject some spirit but it's too late.

He plummets again with 'Raining In My Heart' the ultimate in tacky cabaret songs. Despite the cheapo Simon and Garfunkel intro I enjoyed 'Something Fine', acoustic playing from Fleetwood Mac's Lindsey Buckingham. There's plenty of emotional lift in Sayer's voice here and to me it would seem to be the choice for the next single.

'Running To My Freedom' is hillbilly gospel, done many times before and now sounding very turgid. 'Frankie Lee' is more along the style of the last album. It strides out well initially but lacks a musical kick in the backside later.

'Don't Look Away' lacks credibility even down to the honky tonk piano. 'No Looking Back' closes the album, a reflective song that's almost another 'Just A Boy', and a highlight in the gloom.

Please retrench a bit Mr Sayer and re-think before it's too late. ++ ROBIN SMITH



LEO SAYER: fluffy and light

This album is like a pebble on a beach, with no distinguishing features to make it stand out from its neighbours. It's not bad. It's not good. It's ordinary. Mellow soul fans will love it. Why there's some deep bassy ballads, a couple of funky husters and plenty of orchestral gloss. The sharp horn section add the bite to a lame duck of an album. The Temptations may be legends, but they are no longer a soul band. They are obviously quite happy recording 'nice' albums in Hollywood and playing plush clubs. This album will satisfy the pin striped disco goers, who really don't seem to know any better. ++ PHILIP HALL



QUINCY JONES: 'Sounds ... And Stuff Like That' (A&M LH 6485)

HANDS UP all of you who thought Quincy Jones was (a) a black soul singer (b) an upmarket restaur-

rant (c) a Welsh jam? Through a forest of raised arms I can just perceive a few well informed faces stricken with shock at the appalling ignorance surrounding them.

So, for all you beginners I refer to the glowing sleeve notes written by Quincy's old pal Alex 'Roots' Haley. 'The wellspring of music which has poured forth from Quincy Jones has seen him as either arranger, composer, conductor, producer, or touring co-performer, or some combination of all those with virtually a roll call among the greatest popular music performers of our time.'

That impressive list includes: Ray Charles, Billy Eckstine, Sammy Davis, Johnny Mathis, Tony Bennett, B.B. King, Frank Sinatra, Roberta Flack, Aretha Franklin, Paul Simon, Marvin Gaye and Nat King Cole.

And if there isn't one name in that list to thrill you I can't imagine what you've been listening to all these years. So it goes without saying that one thing you can be sure of with any Quincy Jones product is quality, musicianship and great vocals. The title track, 'Stuff Like That' is the most musically sophisticated disco cut I've ever heard and gives Chaka Kahn the chance to

display the exciting parts of her register in 6:15 minutes of wildly danceable boogie nonsense.

Not that I can see too many people shuffling about to the torchy 'Love Me By Name', a superb cut with spine-tingling vocals by Patti Austin floating over Herbie Hancock's ethereal keyboard arrangement.

But just as a brand new Rola Royce may have a flaw so has this album. Jones' re-working of Stevie Wonder's 'Superwoman' is simply over-produced. The sound is a bit too multilayered for my taste even on the last track 'Tak'n' It To The Streets', a hot gospel-style raver. But the fine musical taste still pleases the palate. It's as potent as absinth made with real wormwood instead of the usual disco/funk woodworm. Then again it's mezzal with just the faintest suggestion of mescaline for those tired feet and deadened nerve ends.

Hi-fi buffs may care to note that the album was recorded using the Acousonic Recording Process, a new system too complicated to go into detail about here. The effect, however, is to enable Jones to lay down his many complicated ideas on the initial multi-track recording while allowing more leeway to catch true stereophonic information. ++++ JOHN WISHART



SLAVE: The Concept (Atlantic K50512)

SLAVE are a ten piece funk outfit who nail a riff down, tickle it and then content themselves watching it squirm a little. They've immersed themselves in the quasi spiritual mysticism schtick of Earth, Wind and Fire but have replaced the silky smoothness with physical muscle.

According to the treatise on the sleeve the first track 'Stellar Funk' is 'truth, knowledge, star related ventures. All knowledge known by the universe'. Well if you put it that way... The track itself is funk minimalism at best. The bass is meshed into the thunderous percussion and synthesiser noises, coming up for air only occasionally. The horns blow like a Cecil B. De Mille Roman fanfare and the guitar slices the whole battering ram with its clean cut edge.

The affair is infectious on the body but insubstantial on the ear. The catchy 'The Way You Love Is Heaven' is an obvious single with its reference points to Bootsy's Rubber Band like the small dabs of string synthesiser, imposing bass and the high pitched chorus.

They even copy Bootsy's talking funk rap on 'Drac Is Back' and then repeat the track on the second side under the title of 'We've Got Your Party'. But I suppose they're running a bit thin on ideas, this being their second album in less than six months.

The rest is fairly disposable but the good stuff smoulders and you

get the feeling that a little more push and dexterity would explode them sky high. +++ MIKE GARDNER



CHARLES JACKSON: 'Passionate Breezes' (Capitol SW-11775)

THIS IS the solo debut for Mr Jackson — looks like he's cooking up with 'Ooh Child' — but you're likely to know the name from his days with the Independents and his co-writing with Marvin Yancy for artists like Natalie Cole. 'Passionate Breezes' covers a host of directions from the team, a few ideas from co-producer Gene Barge and a very

fine, low-dung version of Rod Stewart's 'Tonight's The Night'.

Charles Jackson is a singer who puts onto everything he does the easy stamp of his personality: visibly graceful, a touch of Sam Cooke. Backings are well-mixed in a discreet kind of way, including the mark of Wah Wah Watson (a hunky, sanctified 'On Down') and the keyboard/synth combination of Marvin Yancy and Terry Fryer, with backing vocals frequently used for sheer tasty crispness.

For some reason, for me, he draws a blank as to the opening tracks on both sides: a splendid Maria Muldaur-ish title song that downgrades with a talkover and straying strings, and 'The Train' which simply feels rather hidebound. 'Passionate Breezes' is one of those projects that takes a certain time to grow, but once you're there, it's an album for all reasons. +++ SUSAN KLUTH

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IAN MATTHEWS: 'Stealin Home' (Rockburgh ROC1096)

'WOODSTOCK' spoilt it all really. Ian Matthews (ne MacDonald) having opened up shop with an English surfing Band 2) called Pyramid, joined an early version of Fairport Convention. Then, in the great Fairport tradition, he went on to the famous Southern Comfort, the less famous Plain song, and an assortment of non-successful solo projects.

It would have been nice if the teaming up with quotable Indel Rockburgh could produce some good results. There's certainly variety: multi-tracked acappella 'Carefully Taught'; slow folk-rockster 'King Of The Night'; faster - soft-rocker 'Gimme An Inch Girl'; a title track so sublime you'd hardly notice it. Ian Matthews' singing is light, pleasant, bleached; Bryn Haworth plays guitars; Pete Wingfield, Rick Kemp and Mel Collins also lighten up the credits; arrangements are harmonious, efficient, untaxed and untaxing. 'Stealin Home' has its moments as an after-hours platter, but in broad daylight it really could have used a lot more guts and spirit. ++ + SUSAN KLUTH

THE TEMPTATIONS: 'Bare Back' (Atlantic Records K50504)

ALBUM reviewing is meant to consist of totally unbiased reception of the product on show. Therefore I should erase from my mind the fact that The Temptations are supposedly a legendary soul band.

SCORPIONS: 'Lonesome Crow' (Brain Import)

A BLAST from the past: history (almost) in the making. Scorpions make HM worthwhile, so neglect the smart-ass put-downs and follow me... 'Lonesome Crow' is a most important artifact, wherein seeds are sewn for greater (more contemporary) moments of glory/triumph; a formative, experimental platter, varied, yet solidly founded throughout.

A distinct jazz/blues mix is pronounced, which surfaces on the additive 'Action' and the album's undoubted zenith, the title cut. Spot also Cream/Sabbath/Zep characteristics successfully fused with the avant-garde experimentalism of late

60's Germany.

Recorded in '71 with Michael (brother of the famous Rudolf) Schenker dishing out the power chords; Klaus Meine's calejalepsy - inducing screams take root on 'In Search Of The Peace Of Mind', and the band mate classy melodies with brain-destructive incendiary - device rock for the first time. It works - I LIKE IT.

Heed this: the recent thumbs down for the 'Taken By Force' album was the purest example of mass dirge - brain naivety in years. People ain't used to depth and melody from so-called heavy rock bands: they're too shell-shocked to acknowledge the real McCoy when they see or hear it.

OK, so HM has become

too predictable, cliched and out'n'out C-R-A-S-S for its own good, in fact most of it is 100 proof dreck. BUT: Ignore Scorpions or 'Lonesome Crow' 'cos they are 'uncool' and you're a bigger nurd than someone who watched and enjoyed the Euro-song contest.

Seven years old and not a cobweb in sight; only Rudolf (guitar) Schenker and Klaus (vocals) Meine have survived to the streamlined 1978 model. The rock like crazy attitude which dominates now is more than apparent on 'Lonesome Crow', the shape of things to come. It satisfies as a historical model or in its own right. Whip out yer greasy wallets and purchase... NOW. ++ + CHRIS WEST-WOOD

Whip out yer wallets

Reggae for beginners

'FRONT LINE II' (Virgin Front Line FLR 5001)

WITH THE growing awareness of the importance of reggae music, it has become easy to appreciate these ethnic sounds, but hard to know where to start appreciating them. U Brown, I Roy, Jah Lloyd; confusing names, which up to now meant little to me.

Thank you Virgin! Front Line II answered my prayers. It contains a variety of equally enjoyable tracks which have at last helped to clarify

my knowledge of this addictive body music. This is an excellent album for people, like me, who can get an idea of who are the most appealing reggae artists. My favourite tracks here are the ones by The Gladiators, The Twinkle Brothers and Tapper Zukie. They are all tempters, wetting the lips and leaving me with a quenching thirst for more, much more, of the same. At £1.99, this album is a must for open-minded rock fans who want to broaden their taste for reggae, beyond the somewhat superficial rhythms of Bob Marley. ++++ PHILIP HALL.



JOHNNY MATHIS AND DENIECE WILLIAMS: 'That's What Friends Are For' (CBS 86088)

IT WASN'T a dumb idea by any means to bring these two together: the pairing has yielded a massive hit, both here and over the water, and while the follow-up is alling somewhat, their coupling is quite satisfactory from an artistic point of view.

You may not like what they do or what they stand for, but it's hard to deny that both Mathis and Niecy have very strong and distinctive voices. It was no gamble to release this album — although it doesn't include "Too Much Too Little Too Late" — and they don't take many chances in their choice of material.

Titles like "Touching Me With Love" and "Me For You, You For Me" abound, but the best selections are the Stevie Wonder co-written "Until You Come Back To Me (That's What I'm Gonna Do)", remember Aretha Franklin? and "Heaven Must Have Sent You", a very different version from the one I remember by the Elgins.

They do "Just The Way You Are" adding nothing, and even substituting the sax with a harmonica, not a wise move even though it's played by Stevie.

The title track is faster, and thus worse, than Niecy's solo reading of it. But if there was a standard MoR chart this would be top of it for weeks. +++ PAUL SEXTON



PHIL HURTT: 'Giving It Back' (Fantasy FT 540)

IT'S AN impressive pedigree. Songwriter for the Spinners and the O'Jays, producer for The Village People and the Ritchie Family, Billboard

award winner.

But magic touches for his clients don't make the man 10 feet tall as soon as he walks out on his own. Come off it, anyway, the Ritchie Family are profoundly dull. Light, poppy songs on the old love - peace - harmony lines, sung in a light, poppy, plastic voice that makes a half - good Johnny Mathis on the slithering "Heaven". "Teach Them Well" admittedly makes a quite spirited approach (complete with kiddies' voices on the reprise), but the final, lengthy track "Please Don't Come Home" is one of those broken - hearts - on - the - phone jobs that would make a favourite contender for Billboard's Great Black Bitch of 78 award — if such existed.

OK, OK, the romance of it all, the perfect album for after - hours (ie too drunk / too horny to notice). Just too many old tricks, though and (for an heir apparent of disco) not a single muscle even twitching. ++ SUSAN KLUTH



AMERICAN RAM JAM: Portrait of The Artist As A Young Ram (Epic EPC 82428)

THE title of this album would give the impression that Ram Jam are a fairly witty little band, and the cover would suggest that they have a taste for the unusual, or at least the absurd.

Unfortunately, Ram Jam appear to have exhausted their creativity upon the cover alone, for the contents of the album are as excitingly original as a Crossroads repeat.

They plod through a selection of drab chunga-chunga heavy metal which can only be termed, though mercifully I might add, totally forgettable.

The rhythm section do at least appear to be working hard within their scope — but it is the guitarists who seem to take delight in laying waste to any semblance of melody present upon the tracks. Vying with one another they pump out powerchords as if it were going out of fashion (although indeed it did several years ago) and

with blatant disregard for those damn nuisances — songs.

There is little, if any, redemption to be found. The title and the cover are amusing; as for the content of the music itself, that is little more than a joke. ++ KELLY PIKE



VARIOUS ARTISTS: 'Charly's Angels' (Charly CR 30143)

IT'S GIRLS a-go-go in your happening Red Bird souzaway compilation album! It's fun! It's value for money! It's the spirit of the sixties!

A useful and timely release and re-package from the tireless re-issuers and re-packagers at Charly Records. "Angels" is a 16-track collection of "girl group" hits of the early sixties, featuring the Shangri La's, the Dixie Cups and the Ad Libs — all from the Red Bird label founded by Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller.

Thrill once again to the early works of Phil Spector, George "Shadow" Morton and the Jeff Barry and Ellie Greenwich team! Not only do you get the umpteenth re-issue of "Leader Of The Pack", but gems like New York City's, the Dixie Cups' immortal "Iko Iko" and the Jelly Beans' "I Wanna Love Him So Bad". And much, much more!

It's an hour of original, non-stop and totally endearing "manufactured" pop — most of which twiddled its way into the charts at the time — and very enjoyable nostalgia for all that. "Angels" is as acceptable to the collector as it is to a newcomer reared on the Shangri La's alone — as well as being considerably cheaper than the full three volumes of Red Bird material originally put out by Charly.

And with sixties revivals now as acceptable as those of the fifties (weren't they always? — Ed.) this is a handy collection to have. Did you know, for instance, that the Butterflies contained only one person (Ellie Greenwich)? History was never easier. +++ JOHN SHEAR. LAW



VARIOUS ARTISTS: Oh Boy! (EMI NUTM 13)

YET another compilation from the bygone days of the rock 'n' roll fifties rears its head — this time in the form of the soundtrack to ABC's predecessor to Top Of The Pops, Oh Boy.

Recorded in one session in October 58, it does (according to those who heard it and are old enough to remember what the show was about) capture the atmosphere and enthusiasm of the session. It merrily skips from one track straight into the next with only the occasional brief pause for announcements and for an extra helping of the screams, which liberally grace the LP.

The most copious aural hysteria comes during the frequent appearances of Cliff Richard who bops his way through seven of the 24 tracks, including "King Creole" and "Rockin' Robin", in the manner he began his career, rather than his current, more sanitised state.

The Vernon Girls and The Dallas Boys also feature strongly, whilst the rest of the listing is made up of lesser known acts whose material has survived, although the artists' memory is faint. (Note Vince Eager's "Buzz, Buzz, Buzz", which reached notoriety after Jonathan Richman's endearingly juvenile interpretation).

As a memento to those who can remember the show's heyday, the album is an essential piece of memorabilia. To those who aren't it's well worth a listen — if only to highlight how little rock has advanced on TV over 20 years. ++++ KELLY PIKE



BETTY WRIGHT: Betty Wright Live (TK TKR 82541)

TOP quality epees by solo female soul artists are hard to find. Live albums of similarly high class are as much of an elusive luxury. When these two rarities are combined in just one precious album, the result is pure dynamite.

The extremely youthful looking Betty Wright who graces this album has, one of the most powerful, bitter-sweet sets of vocal chords around at this point in time. The driving force evident in her throughout this album pours from the speakers at every note; and she carries the whole record with a conviction which would put 99 per cent of so-called 'high energy' bands to shame.

The bulk of side two is taken up with an 11½-minute version of her biggest hit, the "Clean-Up Woman", which many would doubtless regard, with its ingenious ad-

libs, as the highlight of the epee.

However it is the sensual "You Can't See For Lookin'" that follows it which to me is the light of the album. A slow romantic song, it builds to a climax without the aid of gushing strings and tear (or laughter) inducing lyrics, and epitomises the very core of soul music.

It would be easy to rave incessantly over each track — although the one drawback of the album is the over-generous use of applause both between and during songs — but that is unnecessary.

Suffice to say that it is an essential inclusion in any collection — and that Ms. Wright has proved herself to be the stuff from which legends are made. ++++ KELLY PIKE

'BABY GRAND' (Arista Spart 1060)

YAWN. YAWN, yet another all American dream. — sorry — dross — floundering its way through a veritable sea of imported soundalikes. Y'know what I mean, the American rock with the candy - peel edges. The honeyed stomach-ache stuff for general family consumption, heralding a seemingly unending list of adjectives, tedious in their varying degrees of 'niceness'.

So here we have "Baby Grand" — another cliché from another country — why import them when we have so many of our own? General purpose music inspiring no great thought, provoking no insight. Blind on its naive quality of harmony, vocals, melodies.

Nothing unique in this Nothing worth setting pen to paper. Eight little ditties with musical accompaniment thrown together, and hey boys, were famous now! Specifically — focus on "Lady Of My Dreams" soporific Caucasian reggae beat about some lady of ill repute with as much meat as a vegetarian main course

No doubt it conveys the tastes of the acned American populace but at least, thank God, it won't blemish our musical horizons for much longer. Antiseptic be praised! ++ BEV BRIGGS

John Prine's ripe orange

JOHN PRINE: 'Bruised Orange' (Asylum Records K53044)

Campfire cowboy music hits the seventies. As Prine strums his acoustic guitar and sings in a deep Yankee accent, visions of classical TV America are conjured up. An atmosphere of lazy rough 'n' ready hobos is created by this album of simple, ethnic American folk music.

Such luminaries as Jackson Browne and Steve Goodman help Prine sing his touchingly sincere songs. Only on one track is the production anything more than sparse, and that is on the powerful "If You Don't Want My Love", which Prine wrote with Phil Spector.

It's this sort of album which helps to confirm my faith in America's musical heritage. I suppose Prine could be compared vocally and as a songwriter, to Dylan.

However Prine seems to be much more heavily influenced by the folk music of the Depression. His songs are varied and never too sentimental, but are full of bitter energy. I suppose its just as well that Prine is not rich and famous, if he was he'd lose much of his struggling charm.

All in all this is a fine traditional album, whose sentiments are summed up in the last track, "The Hobo Song" where Prine is joined on the chorus by 30 hobo backing vocalists. Memories are made of this. ++++ PHILIP HALL.

HIGH ENERGY: 'Steppin' out' (Motown STML 12090)

NO. NOT Energy. Inergy. Don't ask me why. Anyhow, these young things had a smasher-roomie in the States at Christmas with (deep breath) "You Can't Turn Me Off (In The Middle Of Turning Me On)" and the

album whence it came, "Turnin' On" went gold. Their newie probably won't even go brass in this country and I can't get rapturous about it myself, although it does show the considerable vocal tenacity of the four girls.

My favourite piece is "Didn't Wanna Tell You", a lightweight ballad with some good strings and piano, and they've got a racer in "Everytime I See You Go Wild". "Fly Little Blackbird" is quite enjoyable despite its somewhat porous sentiment (still, the Beatles used the theme on White Album, so why shouldn't they?) "We Are The Future" is from the film "Almost Summer" as well as the album of that name by Mike Love's chap's, Celebration. It's subject, in their favour, they do everything with some polish so I'm restraining criticism. A mixture of good and mediocre. +++ PAUL SEXTON

VARIOUS ARTISTS: 'The Barrier' (Selecta Eurodisk WH1001/2)

IT'S AN 'Evita' with wellies. There are even plans to make a musical out of "The Barrier" a tender tale of strife and love in war-torn Belfast, centred around Mike (a Catholic) and Mary (a Protestant) who is played by Elaine Paige. They meet when Mike is hurling abuse at her father, but end up falling in love. They have a bit of nooky in a boarding house which is the cue for the song "I'm Glad You're A Protestant Girl. They're Usually On The Pill".

No, I'm kidding — but with the utter tastelessness of this album it's the kind of song you'd expect. It's all so typically Radio Two that any impact in the lyrics is lost and drowned out with pretty pretty instrumentation. Take "I'm Glad I'm An Atheist" which is sung with whole conviction.

You get an uncomfortable feeling listening to this album, because it's trying to make entertainment out of immediate and horrifying events. The album will probably rely heavily on Elaine Paige's name, but it's one she'd probably rather forget about. It's an insult to anybody working for peace in Northern Ireland. + ROBIN SMITH

Schoolboy grubbies passing for tuffies

TUFF DARTS (Sire SRK 6048)

SOMETIMES you come across an album that stops you dead in your tracks, that you can't take off the turntable, that begins to mean so much to you, that it eats its way into your life.

This isn't one of those albums. But its clichéd earthiness and pernicious qualities are somehow perversely attractive to the naked ear. Tuff Darts are a dirty little band. It's a schoolboy grubbiest, the kind that manifests itself in toilet graffiti and condom giggles in the playground.

Like: "I buy all my magazines on 42nd Street / And lick the staples till my tongue begins to bleed / It just takes a flash to make my day complete / I love the smell of a hot sweaty bicycle seat." Te hee hee. Or: "I'd rather stick my tongue into a fan, drink Ex-Lax all day long / Have to chew on razor blades or give head to King Kong". Guffaw.

Tuff Darts are yet another in the

long line of New York CBGB creepies that roam around the timelock tunnel of love. Their quaquey quiff frontman Robert Gordon has been replaced by the awfully named Tommy Frenzy with the fancy hyper West Coast voice. He even gets to sound like Fee Waybill, sometimes.

Jeff Salen is a curly kinda guitarist that tends to steal the glow on most tracks. In fact, with the use of the odd sax and the varied guitar work of Bobby Butani Tuff Darts come on pretty musical, if you know what I mean.

Like a sixties band that have had a few hits and are now handling more than the rudiments. The TD's owe more than just a fey allegiance to that decade.

The lyrics are abysmal on occasions — predictable and plutonium top heavy. My frustration grew at their inability to explore fully some of the chosen subjects — 'pervert on 'Phone Booth Man' and psycho on 'She's Dead'.

Still ++ ++ ++ aln't bad — considering. BARRY CAIN

ELVIS PRESLEY

8.1.35-16.8.77



RECORD
MIRROR

Edited by SUSANNE GARRETT.
Send your problems to Help, Record
Mirror, 40 Long Acre, London WC2E
9JT.

HELP

SHOW OFF

ABOUT 2½ months ago, I went to a party at my mate's house and there were quite a few people there, all my age, half of them boys and half girls. I had a bit too much to drink, and, for a laugh, accepted a dare to strip off in front of everyone. Then I let one of the girls play with me while everyone else looked on.

Now everyone is teasing me about that party and it's making me feel very depressed. I've got to the stage where I daren't go out of the house.

Gary, Sheffield

● Sure you're not just a victim of wish-fulfilment type fantasising? If you're not, better believe that cowardice and the inability to face - up to humorous criticism will get you nowhere. You can't hide indoors forever

because of one drunken, but relatively harmless incident at a party, and you know it.

Naturally, you now regret getting so drunk and throwing all your inhibitions to the wind.

One thing you've learnt though, from your ordeal of the past few weeks is that your tolerance of alcohol isn't quite as high as you thought it was before. Take your embarrassing (?) experience as a blessing in disguise, to be noted down for future use.

In other words, if you have to drink socially, try to cut it down to well within your own limit.

If your mates are really getting you down, fight back on the same witty (?) level. Ask them why they were so reluctant to show everyone just what they've got. You'll live.

Boyfriend won't go further

MOST GIRLS have to fight their boys off. I wish I had the same problem. While my fiancé and I indulge in heavy petting, which is very enjoyable, he won't go any further. The first few weeks we went out together there was no stopping him, but I didn't want sex.

Now I have him and want him completely he won't sleep with me. When we are petting he always manages an erection but when I lie next to him he manages incredible self control. He says he won't sleep with me because he's afraid of the physical side and what will happen to us emotionally (we're both virgins). He says he respects me too much - and if we go so far now, what will he do after we're married?

I don't think I'm so undesirable and sometimes he says "let's sleep together". Then thinks of nothing but problems. As our parents aren't always in, we do have the opportunity for undisturbed sex, so it isn't that holding him back. He'll spend hours in the bedroom with me petting, and while I'm sure both sets of parents suspect we do make love, he seems to think that because we aren't it isn't abusing their hospitality.

When we first had oral sex, he thought it was great. Now every time I

try he says it hurts. I don't want to hurt him. What can I do?
Jackie, Scotland.

● What's the problem? Your boyfriend is being very sensible. He enjoys petting but he isn't ready for a total sexual / emotional involvement with you because he cares enough to worry about possible future consequences.

It's not that you're undesirable. If he didn't find you very attractive he wouldn't spend so much time with you, or even go out with you at all. He's not deliberately slighing you because he doesn't want to go all the way, he respects you, as you found out when he didn't force himself on you in your first few weeks of dating.

Take a leaf out of his book and start thinking about the consequences of your actions before you lease him to such a pitch of passion that he does something which you could both regret. You could wind - up with an unwanted pregnancy.

What's the hurry? There's no rush, after all. People who love each other deeply are capable of having a good relationship and good fun for many months / years without going all the way sexually.

Be patient, and responsible, with each other. Any relationship between two people requires a lot of giving, on both sides.

Should I enter?

THERE IS a girl who works in a shop in town who I would really like to go out with and I think she

likes me too, but I don't have much chance to do anything about it. It's only a small shop and there are always one or two adults working with her - presumably her parents. She only works there on Saturdays as she's probably still at school, and it's not exactly easy to chat a girl up with her parents listening to every word you say!

I know her name and where she lives, but despite making a diversion in order to go past her house each day, I've yet to see her outside of the shop and I'm getting desperate.

Would it be wise to write her a letter explaining the way I feel and suggesting a place where we could meet if she's interested?
Martin, Lincs

● An excellent idea. You've hit upon the answer to your present plight and if you're determined to take some positive action, you must do it. Continue to dither around and you could lose the opportunity as someone else may well take the initiative first.

Don't make your missive of love too intense though, you might frighten her off. Why not suggest meeting to see a film, a gig, for an evening of disco dancing, something you think she'd like to do too. If she's worth knowing and she isn't totally stunned or put - off by your letter, she'll write back anyway. And if you get no response first time around, you could even steel yourself and try talking to her in the shop. The worst that can happen is a dented ego.

FEEDBACK

FEEDBACK answers your questions. Send your letters to: Record Mirror, 40 Long Acre, London WC2E 9JT. Please don't send a stamped addressed envelope as we can't answer your letters individually.

Horror scopes

WOT FAMOUS starz of stage, screen, television and autobahn share my birth-date asks escaped egomaniac Pete Maple of Oxford, born some 17 years ago on up'n coming August 19, 1961, this side of the Universe.

OK - other Leonine leaders, the ones who stunned the world of poprock (rockpop?) with their feline finesse are ace drummer Ginger Baker who emerged into the light of day at Lewisham in London, 1939. Canning planetary constellations later led him to forsake the delights of South London and join a number of Soapahgroups - Blues Incorporated, 1962, The Graham Bond Trio later the Graham Bond Organisation, 1963 (Graham Bond later ended it all by walking under a train!), Superduper group Cream, (1966), Blind Faith, 1968, and former Ginger Baker's Airforce, 1970.

Beat-boomer Billy J. Kramer (alias plain ol' Bill Ashton), now declared bankrupt, took his first breath in Liverpool, 1943. Superkleen Americano soul throb Johnny 'I Can See Clearly Now' Nash got it on in Houston, Texas, 1943. Queen bass guitarist John Richard Deacon (who'd voluntarily choose a name like that?) first had tale rubbed on his bum, Leicester, 1951.

Philosophers, politicians, statesmen aside, date about it, apart from potential media person Jason Starkey (born Jason Starkey), a son, to loving mum 'n dad Maureen 'n Ringo (nee Argonaut) in London, 1961. Happy birthday to you too!

Rock festers

MORE ROCKFEST controversy from Tommy Ball, Dartmouth, currently talking a load of you know what when he sez that Woodstock Festival, USA, 1969, which gained a fleeting moment of fame in last week's column (August 6, 1978), had a far bigger attendance than the all-time record breaker at Watkins Glen (New Yawk 'Summer Jam' bash), 1973, capacity 600,000. The salubriously titled Woodstock Music and Art Fair, featuring the late-great Jimi Hendrix and many more, recorded for posterity on many an album, rock movie and illicit (aaaaargh!) bootleg clutched only 450,000 to its bozoom(s). Yah booh sucks schmuck.

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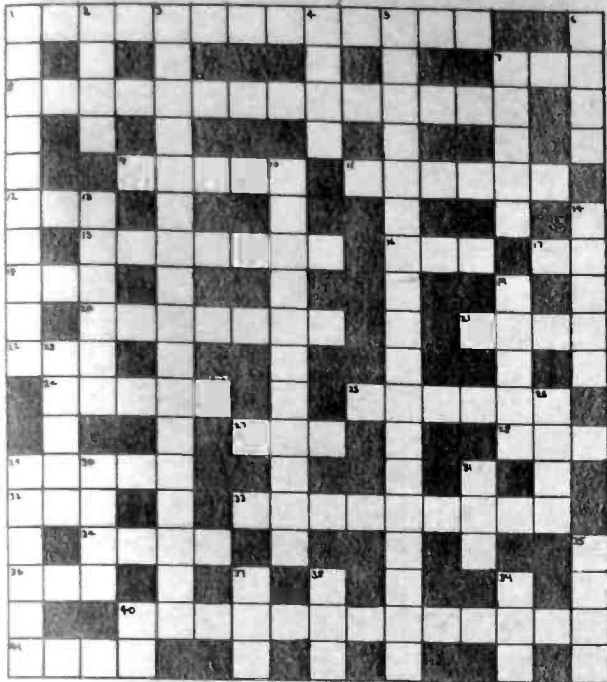


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cool
selection
for a hot
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XWORD



ACROSS

- 1 He came alive in 1976 (5,8)
- 7 T. R. B. label (1,1,1)
- 8 Recent Smokie hit (7,3,4)
- 9 Now deceased Deep Purple guitarist (5)
- 11 and 37 Down Back Street Lovers (6,3)
- 12 Tree in Jim Dandy's group (3)
- 15 The White band (7)
- 16 B. Bumble's rocker (3)
- 17 See 34 Across
- 18 Mr Boothe who told us about every thing he owned (3)
- 20 See 19 Down
- 21 & 4 Down They had a Melting pot in 1969 (4,4)
- 22 Bowie label (1,1,1)
- 24 Jeno or Peter (5)
- 25 Queen had a Sheer Heart (6)
- 27 Italian rockers (1,1,1)
- 28 & 29 Down Had hit with 'It Takes Two', along with Marvin Gaye (3,6)
- 29 A Shadow (5)
- 32 Wild West Heroes (1,1,1)
- 33 Had 1964 and 1972 hit with 'My Guy' (4,5)
- 34 & 17 Across 1977 Yvonne Elliman hit (4,2)
- 36 What Cat Stevens gave the Tillerian (3)
- 40 Don McLean classic (3,1,4,3,2)
- 41 Young or Diamond (4)

ACROSS

- 1 Up Top Ranking. 7 Andrew Gold. 9 Clash. 11 Uriah Heep. 14 Alan. 15 Noel Edmunds. 17 Lee. 18 Troy. 20 My Generation. 22 Hat. 24 United. 25 Wood. 28 Gaye. 30 Egan. 32 Labelle. 33 Grand Funk.

The answers to the clues for the Xword that appeared in the July 29 issue were wrongly printed in the August 5 issue. We print them here for you to check.

ACROSS

- 1 Tonic For The Troops. 8 Elliman. 9 Neil. 10 Slim. 11 Nelson. 12 Octave. 14 Cher. 15 Tavaras. 17 Bolan. 18 Arrival. 19 Low. 21 Isn't Life Strange. 24 Luc. 25 Alessi. 27 Pat. 28 Roxy. 29 Take Me Girl I'm Ready.

DOWN

- 1 What The Ramones told us Sheena was (4,6)
- 2 They sang about the Coming of the night (4)
- 3 Chuck berry classic (4,4,9)
- 4 See 21 Across
- 5 1971 hit for C. C. S. (3,5,2,3,5)
- 6 Gladys Knight's back-up group (4)
- 7 He was gonna make you a star (5)
- 10 The Move's first hit single (5,2,4)
- 13 They have just had minor hit with 'Carry On Wayward Son' (6)
- 14 Ms Reddy (5)
- 19 & 20 Across Paranoid Heavy Metalist's (5,7)
- 23 They told us about the Snow Goose (5)
- 26 They have just gone Double Platinum (4)
- 29 See 28 Across
- 30 Kinks hit (4)
- 31 Eddie's partner (3)
- 35 Mr Russell (4)
- 37 See 11 Across
- 38 All they had was a single bed (3)
- 39 Dirty pop group (3)
- 40 Stewart or Green (2)

DOWN

- 1 Up Against The Wall. 2 Ted Nugent. 3 When I Need You. 4 P. A. L. 5 Nico. 6 I Was Only Joking. 8 Dee. 10 Hotlegs. 12 Humble Pie. 13 Past. 16 Nico. 19 Rutles. 21 Reddy. 23 Grin. 26 Deep. 27 Flo. 29 Air. 31 Ann.

DOWN

- 1 The One That I Want. 2 Nils Lofgren. 3 Come On. 4 Tina Charles. 5 Evita. 6 Only The Lonely. 7 Summer In The City. 13 Jali. 16 Evil. 17 Burn. 20 Warm. 22 Taste. 23 ELP. 26 Ike. 28 Ram.

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MAILMAN

Write to Mailman, Record Mirror,
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A WARM WELCOME TO THE USA

WHY HAS there always got to be somewhere new in music? One minute plane-loads of fat ageing journalists are getting off in Akron (wherever that is), then it's Manchester, or Munich or some other place we've never heard of. Come on you Idiots you know it's all a cheap rip-off con trick! The only place there's ever been any action is California. Yours in sunshine, Brad and Brionnie, Oldham, Lancs.

● Here's a sample of a good old Akron welcome — Ohio State tourist board.

More mouthy Yanks

WE WRITE with reference to your paper Record Mirror. (Quick, it's the lawyers again! — Mailman) By the way your writers talk it sounds as if they think they are God's gift to the world. They think they are perfect and have no flaws. They're therefore

quick to cut down everyone else — If somebody doesn't meet up to their standards they are no good, especially American stars. (You're so right! You're so sensible! — Mailman). After reading the rubbish you call reviews, all about the new wave craze you idolise, I can only say don't come to America. You might not find a warm welcome. M and J from the USA.



LOOK LADS! There's another fat old journalist hiding behind the truck!

● This American aggression is so cute, don't you think? Speak to me like that again punk and I'll bust your lip. Same goes for that tame gorilla you hang around with. Get the picture yet, OK? Now back off! We'll have some sensible English criticism next...

Brass tacks

WHY IS it that the best form of popular music is so consistently ignored by your tacky little rag? I know you think I'm going

to mention the Smurfs (Please do — The collected staff) but I'm NOT! Of course I mean military band music, the real stirring stuff that gets feet tapping and bearskins bopping every time it's played. Forget the feeble brass of the Brighthouse and Rastrick Band, just rock an ear to albums like 'The Band Of The Royal Life Guards Play Abba', 'The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards Play Kenneth MacKellar' or 'The Royal Marines

Swing The Pops'. Now you're talking. This is the sort of music that should be in the charts. How about it RM? Linda Cooper, Luss, Scotland.

● Didn't military bands go out with the Ark (Royal). Sorry.

Bash the Beeb

WHAT THE hell was it all about: 'The Songwriters — Lennon and McCartney'? A tribute? Some bloody tribute. Are the BBC really that short of cash? How could they put on a show like this about the most influential and popular songwriting team of all time? (And I thought that was the Smurfs — Sympathetic Mailman).

If anyone who's never heard the Beatles watched the programme they must have a pitiless opinion of their music. OK, so the singers got the notes right and the lyrics right, but why did they sound like music teachers?

Where was the feeling? Where was the emotion? Where was the band? They even dug up Paul Jones, complete with flared nostrils! All Baba, Great Barr, Birmingham.

● In common with many great thinkers of our time you ask more questions than you answer. Mr. Baba, consider the great Beatles debate open (sesame — Classical Mailman). You already have a supporter.

Repeat already?

WHAT HAVE the BBC got against the Beatles? Are they trying to get one up on the Rutles? 'The Songwriters' was an insult, not only to the group but to two of the best composers ever! A disgraced Beatles fan, Kilmarnock.

Chart mad

WOULD IT be possible for you to print the Top Ten singles in places such as Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, Sweden, Denmark and Holland?

Yours faithfully, Jim Bardsley, Guildford, Surrey.

● No, I've told you before. Pack it in and stop pestering me.

STOP PRESS: Blonde On Blonde re-enter Japanese charts at No. 32. Smurfs go tin in Tasmania.

Heavy advance orders for old UFO single in Stockholm. See what I mean? — World-weary Mailman.

A birthday (ay) in the bush

NOBODY told me it was Kate Bush's birthday. I would have sent her some new bras.

David Morant, Southampton.

● You've got it all wrong. Miss Bush needs a clip round the ear — not round the back.

'Ello, ELO

I AM a very good fan of ELO and wish that you would print more news and pictures of them. I've just read Record Mirror and the only thing about them you've printed is the address of their fan club.

Andrew Padley, Work-sop, Notts.

● And the only thing about them this week is your letter.

Smurf Suicide

WHY DO Idiots like the Smurfs reach the top spots in our charts? Their crap bores me still. If this is what I've got to listen to I think I'll kill myself.

The Abominable Scot, no address given.

● What and risk the tender strains of the 'Smurf March' playing as your remains are scattered across the still waters of the Clyde? Pull yourself together man — recognise the Smurfs for what they are!

Humbug!

I DON'T believe it! The 'King of the Nosebleeds' an Everton fan!! Why on earth didn't he mention that before? See you up the Park End next season!

Goober the Ghost Chaser, address withheld.

● How did this one slip in here? — Mailman.

The John that you want

I THINK (Not another 'I think' letter — Mailman) that it's about time my idol Olivia Newton-John was given a bit more credit. (Terms can be arranged — Your friendly carling bank manager). After all she sings most of 'You're The One That I Want', John 'Revoluting' is a lousy singer and he's never even had a small

hit. I've been a devoted fan of the lovely Livvy since 1972 and you will get sharp letters of complaint if you make any nasty remarks about her. Olivia RULES! John Travolta SMELLS. Andrew Ornston (An'ON-Filte-ing fan), Stockton-on-Tees, Cleveland.

● Same to you twice over. Feet off ground. Electro, etcetera.

'Legs' Livvy

OLIVIA Newton-John is a great dancer. Anyone who calls her 'wooden' needs their head examined. She beats John Travolta any day — he needed lessons and he's still only half as good as the lovely Livvy. Bill Martin (A 'Grease' fan), Hackney, London.

● And I'm Officer Burdett. you can call me

Brigitte.

Forces' favourite

THIS IS a sensible letter from a sensible person. I am chairman of the 'Shella Prophet Appreciation Society' which at present has a membership of over 17 million. (Really? — Intensely interested marketing executive). We meet every Thursday, Friday and Saturday in a derelict house in Bradford to gaze at the pictures of Shella (swoon!) that you have included in Record Mirror over the last few years. Without being disrespectful of her immense beauty we would like more — namely a full — colour poster of Shella wearing stockings and black leather boots and

(censored) I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Major D. S. Rutherford, decorations D. S. Rutherford.

PS: How about an inflatable — (even more heavily censored).

● Dammit sir I think you've grabbed hold of the wrong end of the tack.

If you get my beam! I can't help thinking that Jill Marlene would be more up your street.

what? — Upper Crust Mailman.

I'd prefer a nautical naut myself — Shella Prophet (for it is she).

Gamble and huff?

I AM a normal punk loving female who is sick and tired of Tony Blackburn (Don't you mean Lenny Gamble? — Mailman). I was busy tidying my drawers when I heard Jimmy Pursey singing on the radio the other day. But what do I hear but that idiot Blackburn making noises on top of the record. He's paid to play records not insult them, surely? Tony Blackburn is a creep!

(And I thought he was Lenny Gamble — Mailman). More punk in Record Mirror! More nude males in Record Mirror! Tim Lott is a cracker!

VI Brator Duracell, no fixed address.

● Just remember not to buy a record called 'I'll Do Anything' by Lenny Gamble... it's really Tony Blackburn.

An egghead writes

AS I'M unfortunately addicted to Record Mirror could you please make your crossword much harder? I mean, I can't possibly take them back to university in Oxford with me can I?

Kindest regards, Chris McMillan, Bradford.

● Look here big head, try this for size: I Acrobat ill dry sun (Anag-jib, jib). Ask the prof to help you if you're stuck.

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ROADSHOWS

PETER TOSH, BOB MARLEY, ROLLING STONES
Los Angeles

EVERY SUMMER has one weekend that climaxes the year's musical excitement, and last weekend was it for Los Angeles, with Marley doing a one-off show (his first here for three years), The Rolling Stones playing the giant Anaheim Stadium and the possibility that they might sit in on Peter Tosh's show at the Starwood Club — one of the best leaked secrets of the century.

Tosh had two nights at the Starwood, and nobody knew what night the Stones might appear. That was the most important factor — not Tosh's act — and what a scam it all was! The cops were everywhere and the club hired more security guards than they normally get paying customers.

It's a pity all this excitement didn't centre round Tosh, but nearly everyone had come for the Stones and cared little for reggae.

Tosh came on with some of the best musicians Jamaica has to offer, including Sly Dunbar on drums, Robbie Shakespeare on bass and Touter on keyboards, to entertain an audience more intent on watching the door to the dressing room than the stage. He began his mission of conversion in what appeared to be a slightly euphoric diffidence. But Tosh and his band never really got off the ground. The music was good — as you would expect from such seasoned musicians — but it was rather loosely co-ordinated, with long solos and canyon-like spaces of 'rydm' jamming resulting in very unstructured music. Tosh sang all his best known songs such as 'Equal Rights', 'Legalise It' and 'Get Up Stand Up' which he co-wrote with Marley, but it was not a night for politics.

The nearest he got on that front was a huge cheer when he lit up a spliff during 'Legalise It' and then passed it out into the audience, and at the end of his set he got a warm response from the crowd, more out of sympathy than understanding. And the Stones never made it. So much for rumours.

MARLEY'S concert had sold out within two hours of going on sale, and that's at ten dollars a throw, which shows the strength of Marley's position as reggae's Main Man in America — if not the Only Man, and all kinds of stars like Raquel Welch, Warren Beatty and Jagger himself turned out to see if he could repeat the triumph of his last appearance here three years ago, a performance that is still talked about.

After an adequate warm up set from the Imperials (formerly Little Anthony and the Imperials) Bob, The Wailers, and the I Threes took the stage to a standing ovation, opening straight up with 'Positive Vibration'.

Like Dylan, Marley is presenting a warmer, more accessible stage personality these days, and at first it didn't work to his advantage.

'Them Bellyfull' and 'Rebel Music' didn't seem to have the total commitment they had a few years ago.

'Crisis' from the latest album lead into 'War', where Marley discarded his guitar to cavort some more, but it was still slow paced and a little mechanical — for Marley, anyway. Only after 'No More Trouble' and 'Running Away' did some of that Marley Magic start to happen.

Following a lively 'Crazy Baldheads' came the intro to 'I Shot The Sheriff' and the California crowd, stood and cheered. With perfect calculation Marley followed through with a gently compassionate 'No Woman, No Cry', the best version I have ever heard him do of this song. Half way through he left it to the band to work it out while he wandered around as if in a trance, going across the back of the amps crouched with his head down, beating a stick with his hands.

'Jah Rastafari!!!' yelled Marley and exited stage left, leaving the arena in a near state of riot. Three or four minutes of thunderous chair bashing brought him back for 'Easy Skanking' and 'Get Up Stand Up'.

Peter Tosh joined him in the community singing stakes and 'Exodus'. The applause continued for 10 minutes and only after an announcement that Marley could sing no more because his voice was fading did anyone start leaving.

THE ROLLING STONES were due in at the giant Anaheim Stadium the next day. After a 30-mile drive down from LA I find that 60,000 rock fans have filled the stadium to capacity, rows and rows of kebab-like pieces of flesh in a giant infra red grill, and over a thousand guests, press, and business persons seek refuge in the backstage marquee.



Bob Marley: Presenting a warmer, more accessible stage personality

Unlaid back times in old LA

Half an hour after some parachutists had displayed their talents and the couple of high-wire artists had ridden motorbikes up a wire stretched from the stage to the highest point at the edge of the stands the atmosphere was well charged, but another hour of waiting and baking in the intense heat began to melt the enthusiasm a bit.

At long last the Big Red Mouth opens up, and the Big White Mouth struts out in his yellow jacket, red plastic pants and matching cap yelling the Chuck Berry classic, 'Johnny B. Goode'. He's all over the stage, appealing and menacing, as the Stones lay down a heavy backbeat that rolls round the stadium.

Keith Richards stalks around the

stage darkly, while Ron Wood beautifully counterpoints Jagger's phrasing and plays a great slide guitar solo. There's a long intro to 'Honky Tonk Women', taken at a slow pace and it's a long way from being the rabble rousing number it could be.

Everything seems a bit leaden, and the sound quality doesn't help either.

'Star Star' is done rather as a matter of course rather than out of inspiration, and while the band makes all the right noises there are no real fireworks happening yet.

Jagger is up there, flailing around, cajoling, posing and taunting the crowd, but it's like rock and roll by semaphore.

Then comes the new material, and

for the first time it sounds like they're putting something into what they're playing. 'When The Whip Comes Down' sounds more insistent, with Mick using a guitar more as a prop than for any musical purpose.

'Beast Of Burden' features some great interplay between Wood and Richards; in fact Wood now fits in more than musically with the boys. It's Wood who backs Mick up with the theatricals at the front of the stage, and his years with the Faces — and specially Rod Stewart — have left their mark.

On 'Lies' they are joined up front by Richards and both he and Woods put in good solos. 'Miss You' is greeted with a massive cheer and is a winner — its long loping shuffle pounding out in true Stones style. 'Just My Imagination' is another song in the classic Stones mould, its heavy chords a perfect backdrop to Jagger's vocal and body gyrations.

Mick isn't dancing like he used to. Instead he runs around, jumps in the air and even crawls around, mopping the stage with his T-shirt.

Two more new songs 'Shattered' and 'Respectable' keep up the momentum that was missing earlier before Mick goes over to the piano for the country song 'Far Away Eyes' which seems to take out all the steam from the show.

From here onwards it was back to the old material. 'Sweet Little Sixteen' is followed by 'Brown Sugar'.

Jagger is working hard, jumping on top of lorries by the side of the stage and climbing the gantry up the side of the PA. He has slowly stripped throughout the show, and is down to his plastic pants for the final number 'Jumping Jack Flash', played long and hard.

Halfway through Mick brings out a hose and showers the first 15 rows, holding the nozzle between his legs much to the delight of all the bare breasted chicks at the front.

And that was it. No encore or anything else. Just a barrage of fireworks and firecrackers from backstage that must have woken up the whole of Anaheim.

The applause was considerable but not deafening, and didn't last long enough to convince the Stones to come back for more. **FRED THATCHER**



The great white mouth

REAL THING

WITH A NEW SENSATIONAL SINGLE

'RAININ' THROUGH MY SUNSHINE'

7N46113

"The sunshine sound that will reign supreme this summer."

Anne Nightingale



RECORDS

ROADSHOWS

Feeding the starved

LINDISFARNE Hammersmith Odeon

THE LINDISFARNE Chronicles Chapter Two: An endearing story of five friends meeting up again to play their kind of music. A college tour has gone well but could they handle a gig at the prestigious Hammersmith Odeon?

Yes, Lindisfarne pulled 'em in. But there were first night nerves and a lousy sound. They were so anxious to please that they virtually ran all the way through 'No Time To Lose'. Alan Hull looking like a guitar hero caricature with his guitar hanging down to his waist.

Lindisfarne came wrapped in a selection of coloured lights and a huge banner at the back that glowed in the dark. But the old pub image was still there despite the spit and polish of the new album. 'Jukebox Glipsey' featured a gipsy raising her skirt and flashing a G string. It would have been nice had she not looked like somebody's grandmother.

Enough of this sexism and on to 'Make We Wanna Stay' a north-east equivalent of an Elton John song. You could sense the anticipation in the air for the old stuff, the audience were Lindisfarne starved and hungry. There was a well timed blow right between the eyes with 'Lady Eleanor'. Again it was played just a little too fast but still retained its wistful opening.

Their first hit 'Meet Me On The Corner' was neatly run back to back with 'Run For Home'. Nostalgia really broke out of its cage with 'We Can Swing Together' as the misty eyed crowd jerked up and down. Quite a neat. **ROBIN SMITH**

RACING CARS Marquee, London

STOXSIE AND THE Banishes paid to our own Bev Bragg a week (it didn't matter due to space) that they would play the Marquee. Their loss, their gain.

They were just the drinkers who went there. So what? Every night of the week a head for that black, white, smelly, sweaty, and they're either too old, drinkers, hippies, punks, or lovers of music.

What was it they sometimes played, indifferent and music.

Sometimes too quiet, sometimes too loud. Some nights it can be the worst place in the world; sometimes it's the best. You can get trussed on, spat at, beer spilt over you or nice young girls pressing against you so hard, you think they're trying to get in your trousers.

All I know is that 90 per cent of the bands in this country would give their right arms to play there. And, perhaps, 90 per cent of the kids that like music who haven't been there would do the same.

If it's to go and see a band like Racing Cars, all the better. You don't have to talk about the numbers they played, or how good they were (and they were), you just have to be at their dark, dingy sauna to witness a packed audience enjoying themselves. That's what music is all about. You can keep most of your bands that try to hit the mind, it's the ones that hit your spine and legs that count.

Racing Cars do that, and they didn't even play 'They Shoot Horses'.

Need I say more? The Marquee can do without Stoxxsie and the Banishes, but can they do without it? **ALF MARTIN**

RICH KIDS Music Machine

I'VE GOT a strong suspicion that I'm not the only one surprised by the shoehorned turnout at Camden's sweaty armpit last Friday and I couldn't have been alone expecting them to steamroller me into synchopantic submission.

Their first hit 'Meet Me On The Corner' was neatly run back to back with 'Run For Home'. Nostalgia really broke out of its cage with 'We Can Swing Together' as the misty eyed crowd jerked up and down. Quite a neat. **ROBIN SMITH**

The sound was a murky mess with the speakers crackling under the stress of the decibels. Steve New's amplification problems meant he could never slot himself in comfortably and the desperation soon spread until one horrid moment when they seemed to be playing completely different tunes.

The crowd just stood back bemused and seemed more interested in fighting amongst themselves than watching the band.

The Kids merely confirmed my first impression of them. There's still too much fluffy material hiding the guts. The punters seemed to agree, only coming alive for the theme tune 'Rich Kids' and their magnificent single 'Ghosts Of Princes In Towers' which is as safe a bet for a hit as the Rolling Stones selling out the Marquee.

Sure it was an off night and some streamlining is

called for but their undoubted talent still leaves me optimistic that their album, due in early October, will cause more than a ripple. **MIKE GARDNER**

ANTI NAZI LEAGUE CARNIVAL Edinburgh

OK, so The Clash didn't make it, but the sun shone all day which somehow seemed to soften the blow. Those of us on the march from the city centre — cleverly routed away from major roads and shopping centres so that its impact was certainly lessened — arrived only to find the soundcheck still in progress.

There was a distinct lack of carnival atmosphere and promised stalls and sideshows were a definite disappointment.

The organisers sensed the crowd's restlessness and tried to speed up events, but throughout the day there were large gaps between bands, filled by guest political speakers, a mime artist, but usually just records, interspersed by various announcements.

The Deleted eventually took the stage and livened up the proceedings somewhat. So early in their career and the Buzzcocks influence is too strong, even the guitar solos are Shelleyesque. A group with potential and 'Television Heroes', with good keyboard work, augurs well for future development.

The Freeze disappointed again — they've never hidden their love for Hawkwind and now it's increasingly apparent in the music, and they must be worried that Eno's 'Baby's On Fire' still gets them their best response.

A shortened set by Scars (the plugs were pulled by an irate sound engineer) was remarkable both for their excellent, highly individual music, purely lost in the poor mix, and for the highhearted manner in which they dealt with the abuse and cans hurled at them. 'Obsessions' and a unique version of 'Psychomodo' were best, with the androgynous Rab flailing about as he sang, while guitarist Paul looked every inch a star.

Aswad proved to be the high spot of the afternoon, with their excellent rhythms and relaxing melodies. One of their songs echoed the intended message in 'It's Not Our Wish That We Should Fight', but ironically

some crowd trouble broke out during their superb set. Come again soon please.

The Monos are a punchy, rhythmic funk band who failed to impress me or the unsympathetic crowd, although they have built up a local following recently, but only the crisp opening 'One Way Love' stood out here.

Billtoppers The Valves, were forced to finish at 7.30 pm by police regulations but still squeezed in two encores. Slightly sloppin' in a Faces sort of way, they make up for it with ribald humour in their catchy lyrics. More than just a fun band, they imbued the event with much needed warmth and excitement via 'Robot Love' and 'Tarzan Of The King's Road', while the extended 'Subway Train Incident' hints at future progressions. Try to catch them in London next month — a good night guaranteed for all. **JOHNNY WALLER**

THE END Marquee

A MAELSTROM Musical extravaganza, magnificent and mesmerising (it took me ages thinking up that line). The End are a delicious shambles of a band.

I remember them rousing an audience to fever pitch at Reading Festival and even the sun flickered through in tribute. The End have a dedicated clique, but more widespread recognition can't be far away if

PUNK IN LONDON ICA Cinema, London

A GIRL in safety pins carefully spray paints 'Punk In London' upon a handy wall; in the background 'Anarchy In The UK' is playing — the audience breaks into song. This film, in London for a specialised audience, is like watching home movies.

Shot in London in the autumn of '77, this German made low-budget film, despite its faults, a more accurate summary of the London punk scene than any of the so far televised efforts, through a study of not only bands and their fans, but also the people 'behind the scenes' who actually control much of what goes down.

The big drawback of the film was the soundtrack.

they keep on pumping away at the singles charts.

The End owe a lot to Robert Godfrey who looks like the guy who used to teach English at school. The only one you liked because he called you by your first name and tried to put enthusiasm into the lessons. Godfrey is a balding eccentric with a musical voice and the Marquee were like kids at a Punch and Judy show. Inevitably the place was packed and it was a sweat bath, like waking up with a dose of malaria or getting trapped in a sauna.

But Gad sir, the End are British. Godfrey remained cool in his white shirt opening out his arms like a prophet. But behind the witty comments and rolling eyes lies a strong musical background. It thunders and roars before sinking into eccentricity, like two old dames on piano playing the long lost songs of their youth.

The End are unique. I can't think of many other bands who would have enough power to drag me down to the Marquee. **ROBIN SMITH**

STEVE HILLAGE / THE ONLY ONES Ashton Court Free Festival, Bristol

BY WAY of compensation for a has been summer, Bristol had two days of what used to be called peace and love man.

It always rains at festivals and Saturday started with a lot of it.

Still, the atmosphere wasn't dampened and as there was a total of 38 acts on three stages, the place resembled a refugee transit camp as fans tried to see it all at once.

Of the support bands, Interview gave a consistently tight fine set and Keith Christmas unveiled his first rock band, which despite sounding under rehearsed could develop into an outfit worth watching. So The Only Ones weren't the only ones there a good thing too, their set wasn't the climax it could have been. Although the numbers were done with mastery inter action of bass and lead guitars and dotted with sparkling instrumental pieces, the effect was dulled by Peter Perrett's dead pan off key vocals clashing with the backing and rarely matching its intensity.

Sunday was space rock day — after some delay Steve Hillage appeared wearing a flashy orange boiler suit and kicked off with a number from 'Green'. He's come a long way from the Gong days and he's put a lot of beef into his set. The rhythm section was chunky and funky, overlaid with ultra clean keyboards, a hint of Kraut rock here and there and some tasty plucking on acoustic guitar.

The numbers tend to meander sometimes and though not exactly riveting, it's nice to get stoned to. After about two hours he got to 'It's All Too Much' at which point, tired still and very cold, it was all too much for me. I left and for all I know he's still there. Next year I'll take an electric blanket. **FRED WILLIAMS**

AC/DC: Starwood, Los Angeles

IF AC / DC played the Starwood for a week I could probably give up smoking. After all, it's very hard to smoke when you've got your fingers in your ears, which was necessary for most of their set.

You know a band is playing loud when your trousers start flapping at the knees — if you are going to such sartorial length at an AC/DC gig, you're in for it.

The loudness of rock music can be inversely proportionate to content quality, and this particular evening was more a simulation of the inside of a gas turbine; consequently it was impossible to determine whether AC/DC's music was

good or bad — or even if it was music at all. Angus Young, who's schoolboy attire tends to annoy after the initial humour of the joke wears off, as usual ran around in rabid apoplexy (which in turn detracted from the inventiveness of his guitar playing), and Bon Scott, whose rather thin and nasal vocals don't match up to his carefully mannered posing, couldn't be heard at all, and he was screaming.

Still, let's not talk about music, this is 'Putting on a show'. As such it is too one-paced, with one number leading indistinguishably into the next.

'Rock And Roll Damnation' was identified from their new album, and I am sure there were others which got lost just below the threshold of pain.

AC/DC are specialists in high energy showmanship, but every little else about them causes much excitement.

Needless to say, they went down a bundle. **FRED RATH**

BOYFRIENDS / BACKBEATS Nashville, London

SURPRISE, surprise. If you didn't know the Boyfriends you might have been fooled.

Black shirts, black trousers, the real POP image. Gary Glitter's 'Leader Of The Gang', the G. Band's 'Angel Face', Pink Floyd's 'Arnold Layne' and 'See Emily Play', Lovin' Spoonful 'Summer In The City', they were all there.

They go out as the Backbeats but it's really the Boyfriends just enjoying themselves. A novel idea. Maybe the owner of the Nashville got a good deal, two for the price of one. You could forget about the bum notes, it was the songs that mattered.

The Boyfriends are not far removed from this pop era. Pat Collier must have fond memories of this period, he writes those kind of songs. Even the floral shirt he wears goes with those times.

I don't know what they're bringing out as their next single, but it ought to be the very catchy 'Pony Tail'. It's an ace. There are others too, 'Memory' and 'Romance'. It's pop, pure and simple.

I'm not sure what set I enjoyed the most, but all I know is, enjoy it I did. **ALF MARTIN**

See it as it was



was the absence of the three most influential punk bands. The Sex Pistols only had two numbers used as background music. The Clash were passed by (although it seems that 8 minutes of film about them was vetoed) and The Damned never got a mention either.

The Adverts, X-Ray Spex, Jam, Subway Sect, Killjoys and Chelsea (with Gene October's performance easily qualifying him for an Oscar) were all featured at length playing two of three songs with a brief interview. The Boomtown Rats, Jolt, Lurkers and Electric Chairs got shorter shrift and The Stranglers were represented by a few cutting remarks a degrading clip of JJ Burnel refusing to speak to Germans.

Unintentional humour was also rife. Arturo

Bassick's walk from home was given German documentation, with subtitles offering the heart-rending statement: 'It is a terrible condemnation for an Englishman to live in a block of flats'. Also, contrary to first impressions, Sounds is not based in Covent Garden Tubest Station. (Neither is Record Mirror, Ed.)

Band interviews gave the ideas, but it was the people behind them who provided the meat of the documentation. Notable contributions from Andy Cezowski, ex-manager of the Roxy and Various bands, Alan Edwards, a well-known new wave publicist, and Ulli, German manager of the Marquee, being particularly informative.

A definite recommendation for punks, and a fair view of new wave for those without a clue. **KELLY PINK**

FROM PAGE 23

LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0426), The Tourists, Lee Pardon's Legionnaires.
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6077), Reggae Ruffians / Spisnoff.
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5830), 'Lee Koonin'.
LONDON, Red Cow, Hamersmith (01-748 5720), Advertising.
LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington (01-349 0167, 0168), Dead Fingers Talk.
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3861), Gonzales.
LONDON, St Matthews, Crypt, Frixion, The Crack, London, Three Rabbits, Manor Park, Jerry The Ferret.
LONDON, Upstairs at Ronnie's, Frith Street (01-439 0747), Pleasure Zone.
LONDON, Wheatsheaf, Kings Road, Overseas.
MIDDLESBROUGH, Rock Garden (241985), Bram Tchakovsky's Battleground.
MILTON, Cumbria Club, The Crusaders.
Newcastle, The Bridge (27780), Marshall Hall Experience / Hot Snax.
NEWCASTLE, Cooperage (28288), Gonta.
NOTTINGHAM, Boat Club (689072), Champion.
NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper (54381), Tony McPhoe's Terraplane.
PENRITH, County Club, National Smile Band.
PORTRICAWL, Manor Suite, Co-Co.
PORTSLADE, Town Hall, Matchbox.
RICHMOND, CB Hotel, Straw Dogs.
SOUTHAMPTON, Hogland Park, Merger / Chelsea / Raw / Here & Now (RAR).
SHEFFIELD, Limit Club, Generation X.
ST ALBANS, City Hall (64511), Nuts / Toad The West Sprocket.
WEST RUNTON, Pavilion (203), Dory Beaky Mick & Tich.
WENFORD, Labour Club, Salford Jets.

SUNDAY

AUGUST 13

BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 5413), Band of Joy.
BRIGHTON, Alhambra (27874), The Piranhas.
CHESTER, Valentinos, The Accelerators.
CROOK, Paton Beehive, Hot Stuff.
DUMFRIES, Stage Coach Hotel, Bram Tchakovsky's Battleground.
EDINBURGH, Sauchiehall Club, The Crusaders.

GLASGOW, Doune Castle (041-649 2745), Underhand Jones.
HINCKLEY, Working Men's Club, Incredible Kidda Band.
LEEDS, Forde Grene Hobl (423470), The Movies.
LEEDS, Gaiety Bar (824902), Matchbox.
LEEDS, Vivas Wine Bar (458249), Juggernaut.
LEICESTER, Haymarket Theatre (52521), Lahl Miffre.
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-478 2880), Remus Down Boulevard.
LONDON, City Arms, Islington (01-253 2389), The Heroes.
LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4810), Gentry.
LONDON, ICA Cinema, The Mall (01-680 5383), Punk in London (film).
LONDON, John Bull, Chiswick (01-994 0062), Overseas.
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), The Vibrators.
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), The Bishop & Sons.
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington, The Autographs.
LONDON, Red Cow, Hamersmith (01-748 5720), White Cat.
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3861), Cyanide.
LIVERPOOL, Sportsman (7093757), 26th & Dearborn.
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5830), The Autographs.
LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 8403), Playster.
MIDDLESBROUGH, Loftus Club, Jenny Darren.
OLDHAM, Boundary Inn (6203441), Koonin / Salem.
PORTRICAWL, Stoneleigh Club, Gonzales.
PORT TALBOT, Sandman Club, Co-Co.
REDCAR, Coatham Bowl (3236), National Smile Band.
REDHILL, Lakers Hotel, The Vapours.

MONDAY

AUGUST 14

BATLEY, Carlinglow WMC, Strange Days.
BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 5413), Life.
BLACKBURN, King George's Hall (58424), Resillos / Gang of Four.
BRISTOL, Crookers, Point Blank.
CASTLEFIELD, Roundhill Working Men's Club, Linnlight.
CHADWELL HEATH, Greyhound, Zaine Griffin.
CHESTERFIELD, Adam & Eve (78854), The Accelerators.

DARLINGTON, Speedwell (8426), Disguise.
DONCASTER, Outlook (64434), The Movies.
EDINBURGH, Tiffany's (031-558 6269), Bram Tchakovsky's Battleground.
EXETER, Roules, Okehampton (58018), Doctors of Madness.
FIFE, Crosshill Club, The Crusaders.
GLASGOW, Amphora (041 332 2760), The Bears.
GLASGOW, Burns Howff (041 332 1813), Chou Pahrot.
GLASGOW, Doune Castle (041 649 2745), P F Release.
GUILDFORD, The Junction, Whirlwind.
HORNCURCH, Queen's Theatre, (48333), Squeak (rock musical).
LEEDS, Brannigans (451240), Juggernaut.
LEEDS, Vivas Wine Bar (458249), Acrobats Of Desire.
LINCOLN, Theatre Royal (27949), Co-Co.
LIVERPOOL, Sportsman (7093757), Dramatis Personae.
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-478 2880), Parties.
LONDON, Dingwells, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Pleasure Zone / Ex-Directory / Jessi Russell.
LONDON, Half Moon, Putney, Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators.
LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4810), Patrick Fitzgerald.
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), The Vibrators.
LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, West Hampstead (01-877 1472), Jab Jab.
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0426), Japan.
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Sore Throat / The Paranoids.
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5830), Souder.
LONDON, Red Cow, Hamersmith (01-748 5720), The Records.
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3861), Hollywood Killers.
LONDON, Stapleton, Crouch Hill (01-272 2108), 64 Spoons.
LONDON, Upstairs at Ronnie's, Frith Street, Raj.
LONDON, Western Counties, Paddington (01-723 0685), Berlin.
NEWCASTLE, Cooperage (28286), Deep Freeze.
NEWCASTLE, La Dolce Vita (26793), Matchbox.
PORT TALBOT, Troubadour, Champion.
PRESTON, Moonraker, Buffalo.
SALFORD, Duke of Wellington, Salford Jets.
THORNFLEY, Thornley Club, Hot Stuff.

WOLVERHAMPTON, Queens Hotel (22839), Atlas.

TUESDAY

AUGUST 15

ANGLESEY, Plas Coch, Hot Water.
BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 5413), Resillos / Gang of Four.
BIRMINGHAM, Mercat Cross, Paradox.
BOLTON, Tongueward Labour Club, Salford Jets.
BOURNEMOUTH, Village Bowl (26636), JALN Band.
BRISTOL, Crookers, Point Blank.
DEWSBURY, Turks Head (Pontefract T2064), Juggernaut.
GLASGOW, Amphora (041 332 2760), Chou.
GLASGOW, Burns Howff (041 332 1813), Chou Pahrot.
GLASGOW, Doune Castle (041 649 2745), Underhand Jones.
GRANTEMOUTH, Leu Park Hotel, The Crusaders.
HORNCURCH, Queen's Theatre (48333), Squeak (rock musical).
KIDDERMINSTER, Stone Manor (4526), Incredible Kidda Band.
LEEDS, Vivas Wine Bar (458249), Rudy & The Zips.
LONDON, Brecknock, Camden (01-485 3073), Teresa D'Abreu Band.
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-478 2880), Young Bucks.
LONDON, Dingwells, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), The Edge.
LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4810), Hank Wangford.
LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-636 0933), Tribesman.
LONDON, ICA Cinema, The Mall (01-680 5383), Punk in London (film).
LONDON, Kensington, Russell Gardens (01-603 3245), Jerry The Ferret.
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), The Movies.
LONDON, Moonlight, Railway, West Hampstead (01-877 1472), China Street.
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0426), The Movies.
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Starjets / Fletcher-Z.
LONDON, Riverside Studios (01-748 3324), Surrounding Silence / Keith Tippett.
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3861), The Suckers.
LONDON, Stapleton Hall Tavern, Hornsey, Sore Throat.
LONDON, Tramshed, Woolwich (01-855 3371), Unofudox.

LONDON, Upstairs at Ronnie's, Frith Street (01-439 0747), Cold Steel Curse.
LONDON, Western Counties, Paddington (01-723 0685), Overseas.
NEWCASTLE, Cooperage (28286), Farnus Five.
NEWCASTLE, Gosforth Hotel (86617), Third Edition.
NEWCASTLE, La Dolce Vita (26793), Matchbox.
NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper (54381), Bram Tchakovsky's Battleground.
NOTTINGHAM, Town Arms, The Turbines.
PENZANCE, Garden Ball-room (2476), NW10.
SWINDON, Brunel Rooms (31354), The Doggers.
YORK, Munster Bar, The Stralts.

WEDNESDAY

AUGUST 16

ANTRIM, Steeple Inn, Jenny Durran.
BATHGATE, Green Tree, Underhand Jones.
BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 5413), Bullitt.
BRISTOL, Crookers, Point Blank.
EXETER, Routes, Okehampton Street (88015), Breaker.
GLASGOW, Amphora, Overhead Calm.
HEREFORD, Rollers Club, Shyluck.
GLASGOW, Doune Castle (041 649 2745), Highway.
HORNCURCH, Queen's Theatre (48333), Squeak.
LIVERPOOL, Havanna Club, Spider.
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-478 2880), Angelo.
LONDON, Dingwells, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Racing Cars.
LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham (01-885 3942), Speed-Webers.
LONDON, Hope & Anchor, Islington (01-359 4810), Stagecoach.
LONDON, ICA Cinema, The Mall (01-680 5383), Punk in London (film).
LONDON, Kensington, Russell Gardens (01-603 3245), China Street.
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Pacific Eardrum.
LONDON, Music Machine, Camden (01-387 0426), Advertising / Vapoo.
LONDON, Nashville, Kensington (01-603 6071), Hank Wangford Band.
LONDON, Nelsons Club, Wimbledon Football Club, Jab Jab.
LONDON, Pegasus, Stoke Newington (01-226 5830), The Monos / The Crooks.
LONDON, Red Cow, Hamersmith (01-748 5720), Autographs.
LONDON, Riverside Studios (01-748 3354), Dick Morrissey / Jim Mullin Band.
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3861), O Gas 5.
LONDON, St Heller Arms, Flying Saucers.
LONDON, Upstairs at Ronnie's, Frith Street (01-439 0747), Magnets.
LONDON, White Hart, Acton (01-450 3448), Ester / UK Subs.
LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01-286 8403), Ex-Directory.
MANSFIELD, Great Northern Hotel, Shirebrook, Linnlight.
NEWCASTLE, La Dolce Vita (26793), Matchbox.
NEWPORT, (Gwent), Stow-away Club, Bram Tchakovsky's Battleground.
NOTTINGHAM, Imperial Hotel (42884), Some Chicken.
POOLE, Chequers Inn, Fringe Benefit.
PORTSMOUTH, Mercury Club, JALN Band.
PLYMOUTH, Woods (268118), NW10.
READING, Bones Club, The Resillos / Gang of Four.
WEST MANTON, Pavilion (203), Ravin Rupert.
WHITLEY BAY, Jonah's, Steve Brown Band.
WOLVERHAMPTON, Lafayette Club (24286), Hot Stuff.
YORK, Revolution Club, The Accelerators.

TV

THURSDAY

BBC 1 - Top of the Pops (7.25 - 8.00): Hot poop on what's going up and what's coming down. Peter Powell and the British record - buying public defy the laws of gravity.
BBC 1 - The Sunrivers (8.35 - 10.30): Frodis of contemporary rockaboo. Superclone Tim Rice / Andrew Webber, set-up for life with two productions, 'Jesus Christ Superstar' and 'requiem to Che's pal Eva Peron, Frida', running concurrently in London's West End.
FRIDAY
BBC 1 - The Camonds (8.30 - 1.20): Much less mind stretching stuff from Mormon muppets Donny and Maria, with special guests Tom Jones' nose operation and Lorretta Swill, (who else?).
BBC 2 - Jazz from Montreaux (9.00 - 8.25): Classic session for jazz buffs / serious music freaks only with the legendary Ella Fitzgerald.
LWT - The Monkees (10.15 - 10.45): Singing, dancing, breathing, boring, put together band Davy, Mike, Micky and Peter gets saddle sore in Texas.
ATV - Revolver (11.45 - 12.20): Old lags bash with Ronald Biggs and the Sex Pistols. The Jam, Broomdown Rats, Dire Straits, Fabulous Poodles, Heatwave and Jab-Jab.
SUNDAY
LWT - Happy Days (5.50 - 6.00): Clean - dreams / teen scenes / dimes / good - times. Another deeply - moving celluloid cartoon with Fonzarelli.
MONDAY
The Kenny Everett Video Show (6.45 - 7.30): Escaped loon sabotages peak - viewing slot.
Granada - A Little Night Music (12.15 - 12.55): American pie before bedtime with Don McLean.
TUESDAY
BBC 2 - Larry Griblin Sings Country (9.00 - 9.25): Maudlin tales of divorce, destruction, dawn from the man who once wrote material for Kris Kristofferson.
BBC 1 - Elvis On Tour (8.40 - 8.10): Pastiche of Pelvis concert from the early 70s in tribute to the boy from Tupelo Mississippi who made it good.
BBC 2 - Rhythmn On Two (7.40 - 8.10): Singer / songwriter cum brass band fan Peter Skellern explores the questionable territory of 'representative' modern rhythms.

RADIO

MONDAY TO FRIDAY

Radio One - John Peel (10.00 - 12.00): The Squire of Peel Acres emerges from the dusty archives of Auntie Beeb's broadcasting emporium with your nightly shot of esoterica.
THURSDAY
Radio Forth - Spinback (7.00 - 9.00): Nostalgia ride thru' the chart beginnings of a new decade. The sounds that made the grade in 1970.
FRIDAY
BRMB - Erskine T (8.00 - 11.00): American / Jamaican / UK / record - breakin', if it's black, it's here.
SATURDAY
Radio One - In Concert (8.30 - 7.30): Let your tranny throbs to the primal sound of Steve Gibbons Band.
Radio Clyde - Hear Me Talkin' (10.00 - 11.00): Marathon rap session with that grand old man of British jazz, Chris 'Blow-Dry' Barber.
Radio Luxembourg - Album of the Week (10.00 - 11.00): Seven stars from Big L for 'Night Flight To Venus' from Soney M.
SUNDAY
Radio London - Honky Tonk (12.00 midday - 1.30): Let the roast beef 'n two veg hang loose - here's Charlie Gillett.
Radio One - Bee Gee Story (5.00 - 6.00): Part 4: The Australian Cultural Attache Cracks Another Can. Noddy, Big Ears and Golly put their pennies in the post - office.
Radio City - American Top Ten (7.00 - 7.00): What's making good Stateside? New slant on current sounds.
MONDAY
Piccadilly Radio - Rokzac (8.00 - 11.00): Mancunian angle on what's best in album trax and assorted lax wax - plus guests.
WEDNESDAY
Radio Luxembourg - Tribute to Elvis (8.00 onwards): 'That's All Right Mama' / 'Mystery Train' / 'Don't Be Cruel' / 'His Latest Flame' / 'Jailhouse Rock' / 'In The Ghetto'. Self-explanatory all-nighter.

AJ's
HIGH STREET, LINCOLN

Thursday 10th August

THE NEXT BAND

Saturday 12th

THE DODGERS

PORTERHOUSE CLUB

20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS

FRI 11th GENERATION X

SAT 12th PONDERS END

VILLAGE BOURNEMOUTH

GLENFERN ROAD 0202 26636

Sunday Disco Club 7.30-12

Every Monday 8-1 Capital Radio DJ

KERRY JUBY

Tuesday 15th August

J.A.L.N. BAND

Thursday 17th August

KID JENSEN (DJ)

Every Friday and Saturday 8-1
 The South Coast Top Disco Party Night
 with ANDY ST. JOHN and TONY



Billy Idol of Generation X

DISCOS

By JAMES HAMILTON

NEW SPINS

DISCO NEWS

UK DISCO TOP 90

BANK HOLIDAY looms up yet again (Monday, August 28) and the usual round of all dayers gets kicked off a day earlier on the Sunday at Greenford's Chambers in the Railway Hotel, where the ball room and gardens (if fine) will funk to Graham Gold, Graham Center, Owen Washington and yours truly. Monday sees another Purley National Funk Party with Chris Hill, Robbie Vincent, Chris Brown, Sean French, Progy and more at Tiffnays in Brighton Road, while up in Liverpool's Fleet Street the Time Piece club holds its first first - ever all - dayer with Stuart Hamilton being joined by all the area's top jocks (in fact all jocks are invited as it's also a Liverpool DJ Assn meeting), plus live music, films and thousands of giveaways. The Royalty in North London's Southgate has a rockably all - dayer with Mac Curtis, Crazy Cavan, Flying Saucers, Vitechbos, Shades and more, while the Royalty are also promoting a Capital Radio Dis all - dayer at Edmondson's Picketts Lock Centre, with Dave Osh, Greg Edwards, Mike Allen and Adrian Love. Monday rounds out with an all - nighter at Camberley's Frenchies in the Cambridge Hotel, where Robin Nash, Marc Damon and Johnnie Walker start funding at 4pm with a "Toppers" theme that requires everyone to wear silly headgear. That's probably not all of them, so if you know of any other all - dayers happening that weekend, please contact me in a hurry so we can get the news out in time!

DJ HOTLINE

BUBBLING UNDER the Top 90 are David Williams 'Come On Down Boogie People' (US AYT 12in), California T Can 'Hear Music' (RSO), Grace Jones 'Do Or Die' (Island 12in), Darts 'It's Raining' (Magnet), Emotions 'Smile' (CBS), Kandidate 'Don't Wanna Say Goodnight' (Rak 12in), Atlantic Starr 'Stand Up / Give Me Your Love' (US A&M LP), Independent Movement 'Slippin Away' (US Polydor LP), Ohio Players 'Jazz-Ay-Lay-Dee' / 'Funk-O-Notes' (US Mercury LP), Maths / Williams 'You're All I Need' (CBS), Wayne Henderson 'Hot Stuff' (US Polydor LP), Curtis Mayfield 'No Goodbyes' / 'Do It All Night' / 'Party Party' (US Curtom LP), Phil Upchurch 'Strawberry Letter 23' (TK LP), Frankie Valli 'Grease' / 'Ernie Watts' 'Alone At A Drive-In Movie' (RSO LP), Gato Barbieri 'Poinciana' (A&M LP), Gene Farrow 'Don't Stop Now' (Magnet 12in), Smokey Robinson 'Daylight And Darkness' (Motown), Lee Ritenour 'Sugarloaf Express' (Elektra LP), Village People 'Just A Gigolo' (DJM), Robert Palmer 'Best Of Both Worlds' (Island), Platinum Hook 'Standing On The Verge' (Motown 12in), Gary Barz 'Shake Your Body' / 'Giant Steps' (Tower LP), Teri De Sario 'Ain't Nothing Gonna Keep Me From You' (Casablanca), Starting again by geographical order, chart contributing DJs include Graham Center (Mayfair Gullivers), Tony Barnfield (Mayfair Saddle Room), Tony Jenkins (Mayfair Playboy), Alex George (Soho Six By Six), Tricky Dicky (Soho Spats), Chris Browne (Elephant & Castle Charlie Chaplins), King Enri (Peckham Red Bull), Sterling Vann (Bethnal Green Herbie Stylus (Bromley By-Bow Duke of Wellington), Keith White (Bow Royal Cricketers), Phil Bishop (Golders Green Great Expectations), Roy Gould (Fulham), Graham Gold (Greenford Chambers), Tom Evans (Sunbury), Brian Anthony (Streatham), Marc Damon (Sutton Scamps), Nick Titchener (Wallington), Mike Lavelle (Sdeup Zoom Zoom), Terry Hooper / Larry Foster (Ilford Room At The Top), Russell Phillips (Seven Kings), Danny Heathmore (Newbury Park Oscars), Steve Day (Chingford), Steve Young (Edmondson St Johns Hall), Robbie Vincent (Southgate Royalty), Rob Harknett (Harlow Glibbey Vinters), Greg Davies (Watford New Penny), Robbie Stewart (Bletchley Peaches), Phil Cooper (Holmer Green), Vic James (High Wycombe Tuesdays), Andy Sherwill (Earley), Dave Rawlings (Basingstoke Maxwell's), Robin Nash (Camberley Frenchies), Johnnie Walker (Farnborough Gallaghers), Wes Pope (Farnborough), Peter Reilly (Ash), Dave Elise (Guildford Wooden Bridge), Dave Kennard (Crawley), Capuchino (Redhill Busbys), Colin Hudd (Gravesend Wings), Dave Potter (South Oxendon), Bob Jones (Chelmsford Dee Jays), Bob Harris / John Wounsome (Chelmsford), Michael Morgan (Chelmsford), Nikki Peck (Chatham Scamps).

CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR: 'Galaxy Of Love' (Mercury 8198832). Enormous (frighteningly freaky tempo - switching funky flier (inevitably sense), with superb brass, catchy chant and great air stewardess announcements, horribly edited for 3:26 7in (8188801) but in all its essential 5:48 glory on 12in.

HAMILTON BOHANNON: 'Let's Start The Dance' (Mercury 8198830). Incredibly exciting disco smash rhythm romper, finally out on weekly edited 3:25 7in (8187700) or full 5:30 12in.

MASS PRODUCTION: 'Just Wanna Make A Dream Come True' (LP 'Three Miles High' Cobbleton K 50610). Big on import for ages, the jittery fast 5:33 brassy burbler has a great powerful clapping counterpart rhythm, while other hoties are the Brass Construction - ish fast racing 'Watch Me Do It', spikily skittering fast 'Searly Love' and mid - tempo bumping 'Sky High'.

CHARLES EARLAND: 'Let The Music Play' (Mercury 8198831). Now slipping after being huge on import, the thudding fast funk - jazz skipper is on full 6:50 12in or edited 8:44 7in (8187703).

FRANKIE VALLI: 'Grease' (RSO 012). Barry Gibb - prod / penned Bee Gees - type mid - tempo jogger from the forthcoming film hit, with instrumental flip that's already bigger for some.

DEE D. JACKSON: 'Meteor Man' (Mercury 8007182). Fairly crass Europop pounder with sorta "stun gun" noises adding spurious excitement.

GRACE JONES: 'Do Or Die' (Island 12WIP 6450). Thudding fast gay hit expends energy without really going anywhere, on 8:16 12in initially before 3:19 7in issue.

NIKKI PECK jocks at Chatham's Scamps in the Pentagon Centre, where every Wednesday is an over-25s MoR night - except that between 1 and 2 am (when everyone's well sloshed) Nikki's joined by the neighbouring Van Damme Bar's Roger Yarwood for some "disco cabaret" silliness, to the likes of these.

- 1 CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO, Tuxedo Junction/US Butterfly/LP
- 2 LOVE TRAIN, O'Jays Phil Int 12in
- 3 THE LOCL-MOTION, Little Eva London
- 4 SCOTS MACHINE, Voyage GTO/LP
- 5 CAN-CAN, Stainless Steel EMILP
- 6 THE MACHINE, Meo RCA/LP
- 7 THE CLAPPING SONG, Shirley Ellis MCA 12in
- 8 STINGIN' IN THE RAIN, Sheila B Devotion Carrere LP
- 9 I CAN HEAR MUSIC, California US RSO 12in promo
- 10 BROWN GIRL IN THE RING, Boney M Atlantic

LOLEATA HOLLOWAY & HUNNY RICER: 'Only You' (Salsoul 8806 111). Super - sexy soul smoother (not the Platters song) with a toe - curling lovey - dovey intro! Ooh, I love it, I love it!

PLATINUM HOOK: 'Standing On The Verge' (Motown 18TMO 1115). Big on LP for months, the scot - sung staccato funky driver's now on full 5:55 12in or edited 3:37 7in.

SLAVE: 'Sellar Fung' (LP 'The Concept' Otilium K 50512). Gradually growing Brass Construction - ish 6:43 groove has lots a voice - box and other exciting effects spread through it, so immediate impact at the start is less than when the whole length is known.

WAYNE ST JOHN: 'Something's Up' (Sme STAT 83). Briefly big on import last winter, the quirky, wuika rhythm rattler is on 5:56 12in (with instrumental flip), of which just the vocal last part makes up the edited 3:30 7in.

THE MOTORS: 'Forget About You' (Virgin VS 222). Ridiculously catchy happy pop leaper, also on red vinyl 12in at £1.40 (VS 22212), could hit number one.

FLASH AND THE PAN: 'And The Land Played On' (Ensign ENY 16). Charging pop jumper, sounds like a hit alongside the Motors' newie.

SUGAR CANE: 'Montego Bay' (Ariola Hansa AHA 524). Must be where the Rivers of Babylon reach the sea! Perky pop on 12in too.

EMOTIONS: 'Smile' (CBS 6537). Frenetic fast squeaky stamper, lacking body beneath the surface excitement.

ALICIA BRIDGES: 'I Love The Nightlife' (Disco 'Round' (Polydor 2066 836). US hit creamy smooth tripping chugger with an AI Green type sound (by a lady!), dated but worth checking.

NEXT TUESDAY (15) Thames TV shows at 6 pm a half-hour documentary, 'Good Times', about a Saturday night in the life of Capital Radio's Greg Edwards and seven of his London fans - so get home early! Chris Hill returns to Canvey Island's Gold Mine every Saturday, starting on August 26th with a grand fancydress re-launching night (prizes for first 25 fancy-dressers through the door), and he also starts a Friday night residency at Southgate's Royalty on September 1st. Revolta - dancing Ian Moore's been to the movies again so that now his big night at Gravesend's Wings is Friday, when (thank god) the quirkier, wuika, wuika! rhythm rattler is on 5:56 12in (with instrumental flip), of which just the vocal last part makes up the edited 3:30 7in.

THE DJ Federation hold their annual general meeting at London's Ski Club at 10.30 am. The DJF (GB)'s Secretary is Chris Archer, 1 Low Jason Colagates, Drayton, Norwich NR8 8RR. A&M Records launch in a fortnight a new Funk America label series with 12in Bros Johnson, LTD and Atlantic Starr. Quincy Jones is now already on 12in, while next week Gap Mangione 'Time Of The Season' / 'Mellow Out' will be on 7in only. Gull Records finally issue Cleveland Eaton 'Bama Boogie Woogie' on September 1st, as a blue vinyl 12in! Creole Records invite DJs to apply for new milling list, so write to Creole's Disco Dept, 81-83 High Street, Harlesden, London NW10 - Rob Harknett (Harlow) follows up his recent MoR LP Top Ten with info that Northern Dance Services of 20 Commercial Street, Shipley, West Yorkshire, do a 25p (approx) catalogue listing most tunes available in ballroom tempo, and have a series of their own strict tempo EPs.

DISCO DATES

THURSDAY (10) Paul Burnett is Radio One DJ at Bournemouth Village, Mike Lavelle funks Cliftonville Hades weekly. **FRIDAY (11)** Rokoko funk Southgate Royalty. Chris Hill funks Ashford Kempton Manor on the A20, Bob Jones' fortnightly funky dance competition is at Chelmsford Dee Jays. John De Sario funks Oham's Orchard Spot near Maldstone, EMI LRD Disco Dance at Liverpool Romeo & Julietts and Sheffield, Oldham, Watford Baileys. **SATURDAY (12)** Stan Foster and Keith Seale are Luxembourg Celebrity DJs, Robbie Vincent and Chris Brown funk Bearsted Tudor House near Maldstone, Greg Edwards funks Southgate Royalty. **TUESDAY (15)** Pete Tong funks Croydon Dr Jim's. **WEDNESDAY (16)** Mike Allen is Capital DJ at Southgate Royalty.

- CONTINUING the positions from page two
- | | | | |
|----|----|---|------------------------|
| 21 | 32 | ONLY YOU/CLOSE THE DOOR, Teddy Pendergrass | Phil Int LP |
| 22 | 57 | AIN'T WE FUNKIN' NOW/MISTA COOL/RIDE-O-ROCKET/STREETWAVE, Brothers Johnson | A&M LP |
| 23 | 8 | NIGHT FEVER, Bee Gees | RSO A/P 12in promo |
| 24 | 10 | JUST LET ME DO MY THING, Sine | CBS A/2in LP |
| 25 | 44 | BRITISH HUSTLE, M-Tension | Island 12in |
| 26 | 27 | IT'S THE SAME OLD SONG, KC & The Sunshine Band | TK A/2in |
| 27 | 21 | WHISTLE BUMP, Eumir Deodato/Warner Bros | 2in promo |
| 28 | 30 | YOU GOT ME RUNNING/MIDNIGHT GIRL/STILL REACH OUT/CAUSE I LOVE YOU, Lenny Williams | ABC LP |
| 29 | 16 | DISCO INFERNO, Trampmps | Atlantic 12in RSO LP |
| 30 | 31 | LOVIN' LIVIN' AND GIVIN', Diana Ross | Motown/Casablanca LP |
| 31 | 26 | ME AND MYSELF, Ronnie Jones | Lollipop 12in promo |
| 32 | 23 | NOW/GYPSY LADY, Linda Clifford/Curtom | 12in US 12in LP |
| 33 | 20 | FLYING HIGH, Commodores | Motown 12in |
| 34 | 17 | BROWN GIRL IN THE RING/RIVERS OF BABYLON, Boney M | Atlantic LP |
| 35 | 46 | HOW DO YOU DO/SPREAD LOVE, Al Hudson | US ABC LP |
| 36 | 43 | THINK IT OVER, Claw Houston | Phil Int LP |
| 37 | 51 | MELLOW OUT/TIME OF THE SEASON/SISTER JU, Gap Mangione | US A&M LP |
| 38 | 71 | SATURDAY, Norma Jean | Bearsville US 12in |
| 39 | 47 | GOT TO HAVE LOVING, Don Rev | Polydor LP |
| 40 | 81 | YOUNGBLOOD, War | US A&M LP |
| 41 | 48 | MAGIC MIND, Earth Wind & Fire | CBS |
| 42 | 24 | DANCING IN THE CITY, Marshall Hall | Harvest |
| 43 | 45 | COSMIC REIGN/SNOWFLAKE/FAIRY TALES, Crusaders | ABC LP |
| 44 | 54 | HEADLIGHTS/ALL THE WAY, Whispers | RCA A/2in |
| 45 | 33 | MIND BLOWING DECISIONS, Heatwave | GTO |
| 46 | 34 | BOOGIE TO THE TOP, Idris Muhammad | Kudu A/P 12in promo |
| 47 | 37 | SUBSTITUTE, Clout | Carrere |
| 48 | 36 | CAPTAIN CONNORS/STELLA, Norman Connors | Buddah LP |
| 49 | 62 | BETTER THINGS TO COME, Nigel Martinez | State 12in promo |
| 50 | 39 | I'M FIRED UP, Fatback | Spring LP |
| 51 | 78 | HOLDING ON/JAMM/TIME TO BE REAL, L. T. D. | A&M LP |
| 52 | 72 | COPACABANA (AT THE COPA), Barry Manilow | Anista 12in promo |
| 53 | 66 | GET OFF, Foxy | TK |
| 54 | 73 | LAST DANCE, Donna Summer | Casablanca A/2in LP |
| 55 | 49 | CONQUER ALL, Kinnie Dell | Prana |
| 56 | 84 | RASPUTIN/NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS/PAINTER MAN, Boney M | Atlantic LP |
| 57 | - | BLACK IS THE COLOUR/LOVELY DAY, Wilton Longmire | US Tappan Zen LP |
| 58 | 41 | SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER (LP), Bee Gees/RJ | Geese/RCA LP |
| 59 | 64 | I LOVE AMERICA/GOT A FEELING, Patrick Vuse | Casablanca LP |
| 60 | 75 | COME BACK AND FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED, Gudy's Knight | Buddah |
| 61 | - | SUPERNATURE, Carone | Atlantic 12in LP |
| 62 | - | SLOW TRAIN TO PARADISE, Tavares | Cantal 12in |
| 63 | 83 | BEND ME SHAPE ME, Gila | Ariola Hansa A/2in |
| 64 | - | YOU LIGHT MY FIRE, Sheila B Devotion | Carrere |
| 65 | 40 | GET UP (IS LET YOURSELF GO), JALN Band | Magnet 12in |
| 66 | - | GET ON UP AND DO IT GET READY FOR THE FUTURE/HEY YOU, Winnie | US Roadshow-USA LP |
| 67 | 50 | BAMA BOOGIE WOOGIE, Cleveland Eaton | US Ovation 12in |
| 68 | 42 | THANK GOO IT'S FRIDAY, Love & Kisses | Casablanca 12in LP |
| 69 | - | DANCE ACROSS THE FLOOR, Jimmy Bo Horne | TK 12in |
| 70 | 55 | THE SPANK/EYESIGHT, James Brown | Polydor LP |
| 71 | 78 | DAYS OF PEARLY SPENCER, Trade Mark | RSO A/2in |
| 72 | - | MUSIC FEVER, Michael Zager | Private Stock A/2in |
| 73 | - | SAVE AND SPEND, Cheryl Barnes | RCA A/2in |
| 74 | - | GROOVE WITH ME, Ialey Brothers | Epic |
| 75 | - | JUST AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER, Pence US Warner | Bros LP |
| 76 | 59 | WARM RIDE, Rare Earth | Prodigy 12in promo |
| 77 | 53 | SUN IS HERE, Sun | Casino 12in |
| 78 | - | LITTLE DARLING, Flirtations | Casino Classics |
| 79 | - | DISCO INFERNO, Playars Association | Vanguard 12in |
| 80 | 70 | MY FAVOURITE FANTASY, Van McCoy | MCA 12in |
| 81 | 85 | TEN PER CENT, Double Exposure | US Salsoul 12in |
| 82 | - | CAN'T YOU SEE ME/GET ON UP GET ON DOWN/YOU SEND ME, Roy Ayers | US Polydor LP |
| 83 | 82 | USE TA BE MY GUY, MFSB | US Phil Int |
| 84 | 74 | LOVE WON'T BE DENIED/INSTRUMENTAL, Len Boone | Chrysalis 12in US 12in |
| 85 | 79 | YOU, Samuel Jonathan Johnson | US Columbia LP |
| 86 | - | PERFECT LOVE AFFAIR/FUNK ENCOUNTERS, Constellation Orchestra | US Prelude LP |
| 87 | 88 | MANHATTAN FEVER, Super | Power Exchange 12in |
| 88 | - | MIND BLOWING DECISIONS, Tyronne David | D-Roy A/2in |
| 89 | - | BALTIMORE, Nina Simone | CTI LP |
| 90 | - | JUST WANT TO MAKE A DREAM: COME TRUE/WATCH ME DO IT, Mass Production | Cotillion LP |

BIGGER
THAN
THE
TOWER

DON RAY

'Got To Have Loving'

plucked from the album 'Garden of Love'

A Cerronne Production

SOUL

Ayeres and graces?

ROY AYERES won't be no stranger — at least not to anyone who's been running into 'Running Away' and 'Freaky Deaky'.

Over the past few years vocalist, vibes player and producer Roy has dextrously taken the zip and flip of jazz and placed it smartly in the centre of the disco-soul field in a manner instantly recognisable as his own — much to the disgust of the right-wing jazz brigade, who hold up Roy's vivid and vivacious work as a prime example of late 20th century decadence.

(Old school tie get knotted).

The business can't make it without its backers though. The band behind the main man in this case, piling in with the mix of soft funk, hot latin and choppy vocals, were a bunch of guys and a gal called Ubiquity.

Whobiquity? To quote trumpeter John Mosely: "Ubiquity means being everywhere, and therefore we play jazz, funk, pop, disco, everything. To try and reach everybody."

Now, Roy has taken a small step backwards and Ubiquity have come a small (but significant) step forwards. The 'Starbooty' album has nibbled at the bottom of the soul charts; 'Midnight After Dark' has been chomping in the discos and if I had any say, 'If You Wanna See The Sunshine' would be wheeling as a 12-inch. Still a fairly Ayeres-ish

product, not that that's any bad thing (check out also 'Can You Be Yourself')... but some interesting sidelines coming out.

The band were eventually tracked down in Seattle, Washington, rehearsing in the ventrals of a club called The Trojan Horse. They seemed more than happy to down tools for a few minutes and the results of the stampede for the phone indicated that there's a lot lot more to the Starbooters than meets the ear.

Starting with grievous billy logic at the beginning, I enquired diligently 'bout how it all began. At least half of these jazz-funk outfits, the Blackbyrds for one (and latest darlings Auracle) seem to leap en bloc straight out of college.

"Oh no," said keyboard player Philip Woo almost before the suggestion had been made. "We all came from pretty varied backgrounds. In my case I never went to college, though some of the other guys did. I was working with local bands as soon as I left high school, though I'd never really been with any other recording bands, again unlike some of the others. Really it was a thing of chance, by chance that I met Roy, and by chance that we all came together."

"Where do we come from? All over the place, some of us from the West Coast, some from the East. Chano was from Puerto Rico originally, and Justo is from Columbia, South America."

"And it all reflects in our sound, the different characteristics of the regions we come from. In fact, on stage we have even more different things than you'll hear on the current album." (Much comfort may that be!)

OK, but what finally prompted Ubiquity to emerge under their own banner?

"Well," explained John, "It was time to start moving the music on in different directions. We'd previously established pretty much a Roy Ayers' Ubiquity sound. So here was the opportunity for us to branch out and utilise some of the musical

talents on tap within the band, to open ourselves up.

"And really" — he added in sweet solemn prediction — "the music we're playing now, in the 1970s, starting with jazz and taking on all kinds of other things, is to prepare the ear for the music to come in the 1980s."

"As far as performing goes," continued Chano, quickly taking over the phone, "we've been working of course as a back-up band for Roy, and now we're opening the shows for him."

"But to go out on our own, not yet. We haven't really had concentrated airplay of the 'Starbooty' album over here, though it's done fairly well as a first album. And economically it wouldn't pay. It'd mean those old funky bars, y'know, those small, small places, and we've already been through that."

Back to Philip: "Really, what we're trying to do is to establish more of a musical identity from the group standpoint. Roy is our producer, he has that creative control, but each person in the band has their own musical ideas and contributions and we expect that by the time the next album comes more of the band will shine."

"I've been doing quite a lot of writing and arranging recently — I contributed 'Simple And Sweet' to 'Starbooty'. But we're also getting into writing quite a lot of things together now."

According to the band's own testimony, they have a stage act to get the crowd jumping in a classic fashion (don't they all?), complete with eccentric / egocentric costumes.

But the one thing that you will see — right now and in defiance of 8 hours' time lag — is a very curious-looking instrument. One which has earned its owner a nickname quite dissociated from any legover prowess.

"It's an extended B flat trumpet," explained John 'Longhorn' Mosely of the heavy metal that always gets into the photos with himself. "You see, there's actually 4½ feet of tubing in any trumpet, but in this one the 4½ feet has been straightened out, like a herald trumpet. What it gives you is a better projection and it's somewhat audio-visual."



UBIQUITY

"I mean, it gives people the look, so it could also give them the listen."

"It was a conception of Roy's," John continued. "He had it made up specially in Chicago and subsequently presented it to me — a very beautiful gesture. I'll have been playing it for two years this October. But at present I'm the only one! The physical balance is difficult for any trumpeter who's not used to it; it tends to pull away from your mouth and weighs on your hands because of the length of the bell. I've now developed a new grip so it doesn't pull away from me."

"Freddie Hubbard's tried it out

and made a fair job of it. And Donald Byrd challenges me every time we meet, but he still can't get the balance right. Now he says he must get one of his own."

Be your own trendsetter? Music, claim Ubiquity, is a hobby that takes up 99 per cent of their lives. But what happens in that odd day off? Philip confessed to being a dauber of canvases (rel'd) who still likes to take in the odd art exhibition.

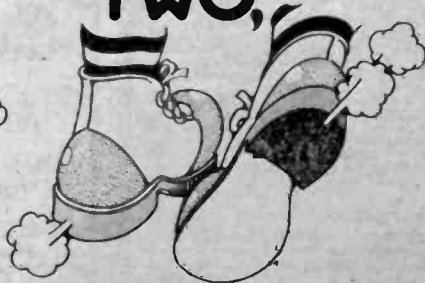
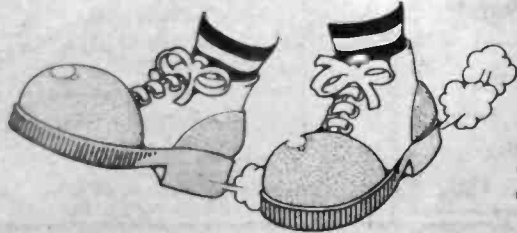
"And when I get back to New York," said Chano, "I've got a five-year-old daughter to take care of all my time." Aaahhh. SUSAN KLUTH

IF YOU WANNA DANCE, HERE WE GO WITH A—

ONE,

TWO,

THREE.



SLAVE
The Concept
Available on Atlantic Records
K50512



CJ & CO.
Deadeye Dick
Available on Atlantic Records
K50491



MASS PRODUCTION
Three Miles High
Available on Atlantic Records
K50510



Atlantic Records

DISCO SCENE

Roger Squire pulls a fast one on deejays!

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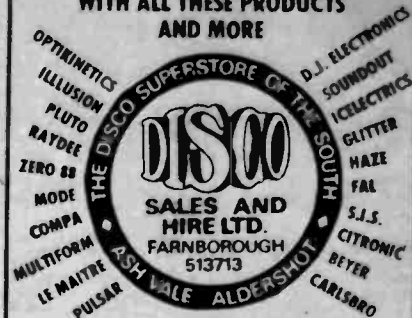
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TWICE A year it happens. Usually. Two events of dynamic inspiration out of the 365 day cycle powerful enough to re-enforce the black coffee and cornflakes conversation for at least a week afterwards. The aftermath of something / someone spectacular. This time, the aftermath of Gloria Mundi.

Gloria Mundi present as a united front a malignancy, a threat to all the other good, clean, honest bands around. A bunch of six loopy kids hooking on their rights to be different, a bizarre collection of aspiring dilettantes playing with theatrics and audiences. An infringement upon anyone's sanity. So here we are, all totally sane and congenial, sipping coffee and acting polite. Eddie Maelov, Sunshine, CC and me, discussing their album, their act, and the possibilities of an early Gloria Mundi grave. Now let's get this right ab initio (so to speak), Sunshine is the female element in the band, Eddie Maelov the lead vocalist and CC the sax player. A 50 per cent turn out can't be bad.

Gloria Mundi, whether consciously or otherwise, promote the 'thinking person's band' attachment, the latin phrase from which Gloria Mundi is derived (sic transit...) provides a gift to all learned ancient language scholars, and the stage-ward vivacity of the entire company smacks strongly of 'Look at me - I'm being different' which in itself accelerates the red corpuscles just that little bit faster.

Gloria Mundi, even at this still relatively early stage of their existence, face difficulties. Because of the inclusion of self-styled theatre on stage they run the risk basing their attack solely on dramatics, whereas the music and lyrics could perhaps provide the more stronger threat. Their outward appearance and behaviour (forgive me Sunshine et al) is a trifle... hmmm... uncompromising, and the idea of reaching the millions as a support act poses a formidable if not damn near impossible task.

So where do we go from here?

A sight for sore eyes

Eddie Maelov explains why they are hated by what he hopes is the minority. "People dislike us because we're daring to push ourselves further, perhaps pushing it that little bit too far and showing it over the top. So some of the kids yell 'Wankers, piss off' because we've defined it too highly for them and they can't comprehend us."

"I'm not into compromising for its own sake... It's too easy to lay back and sing some nice songs just to sell a few records. Most people find us intolerable in one way or another, but we still get the same kids coming to gig after gig so we must be saying something to those kids, so something we're doing is clicking."

Gloria Mundi was formed with the idea that it should be a 'total' band, ie not just limited to music, but incorporating stimuli for all of the senses. Whatever Gloria Mundi are, one thing they're not is a sham. Eddie again, "What we're trying to do is to take me and set me up in an odd situation like being on stage in front of hundreds of kids. The way I react comes from within - it's not an act or a play, everything comes straight from me. I liberate my own personality, think about communication. I'm happy with what I do but I've got to wonder whether others are getting off on it, otherwise I might just as well sing in my own living room."

"What we're doing is not artificial or plastic, a band can only do what it is, and you can't demand any more than that, honesty has an awful lot to do with it. I swallow criticism - If anyone sees what we do as pretence it's because we've defined it to highly for them to bear, I suppose I find it pretentious myself at times. Sometimes we go too far, sometimes we think we haven't gone far enough. For me it means being what I basically am, but exaggerating it!"

Up until the release of their new album 'I: Individual' a remarkable debut at that, Gloria Mundi have been somewhat shunned or

discarded by the press. "We found the press very scared of us - probably because they found us too difficult to classify, maybe because they haven't understood."

Throughout Maelov's protestations and explanations of what Gloria Mundi is about, Sunshine and CC remain fairly inconspicuous, allowing the star a full rein.

Sunshine provides a basic honesty with platitudes like "I try very hard just to be a musician" and her explanations for the band's existence. She hopes that they don't seem contrived because she feels (like Maelov) that they're only being honest in public. Standing on stage and in an abstract way shouting "hey, this is the real me - why don't you be the real you?" Mention the theatre and she turns cold.

"I don't like the theatre at all because I hate the idea of someone going on stage and pretending to be someone else. That way, by assuming a false identity, they cut themselves off from the audience. I like to see real people on stage relating to a real audience. We are very real. We climb on stage and set up a barrier between us and the audience, and then if all goes well, we crash through the barrier and relate."

Maelov uses Gloria Mundi "as an opportunity to be me. We use theatrics to colour the things they're listening about, so they can see it too. The definitive aspect of it is "think / react". It should hit here (eyes) and here (brain). I find that writing is therapeutic, it is an emotional cure because you write out any strong feelings inside."

On the subject of success Maelov admits that "It would certainly help my security a lot because then I'd start to believe that I actually was there," but there again success often limits change which "for its own sake is very valuable."

Gloria Mundi - liberators from Boredom, and sight worth seeing if you get the chance. BEV BRIGGS

Gloria Mundi will help your brain as well



Sunshine and Maelov trying to crash the barriers.

RADIO ONE

RADIO ONE FEATURED FORTY

A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP, Shaddowdwyddy
AN EVERLASTING LOVE, Andy Gibb
ANTHEM, New Seekers
BABY STOP CRYING, Bob Dylan
BEEP BEEP LOVE, Grupo Sportivo
BOOSIE OOCIE OOCIE, Taste Of Honey
COLD AS ICE, Foreigner
FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED, Gladys Knight & The Pips
DON'T WANNA SAY GOODNIGHT, Kandidate
DREADLOCK HOLIDAY, 10cc
5705, City Boy
FM (NO STATIC AT ALL), Steely Dan
FOREVER AUTUMN, Justin Hayward
GOT A FEELING, Patrick Juvet
IF THE KIDS ARE UNITED, Sham 66
IT'S RAINING, Darts
I WANNA BE YOUR BOYFRIEND, Rubinoos
LIFE'S BEEN GOOD, Joe Walsh
LOVE OR SOMETHING LIKE IT, Kenny Rogers
MAGIC MIND, Earth Wind & Fire
NORTHERN LIGHTS, Renaissance
OH WHAT A CIRCUS, David Essex
RAININ' THROUGH MY SUNSHINE, Real Thing
ROLL THE DICE, Steve Harley
RUN FOR HONOUR, Lindisfarne
SENORA, Mr. Big
SHA LA LA LA LEE, Plastic Bertrand
SIGN OF THE TIMES, Bryan Ferry
STUFF LIKE THAT, Quincy Jones
SUBSTITUTE, Clout
SUPERNATURAL, Cerrone
THE RACE IS ON, Sud Quatro
THREE TIMES A LADY, Commodores
TOOK THE LAST TRAIN, David Gates
TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD, Meat Loaf
WHO ARE YOU, The Who
YOU, Rita Coolidge
YOU LIGHT MY FIRE, Sheila B. Davidson
YOU'RE ALL I NEED TO GET BY, Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams
YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT, John Travolta & Olivia Newton John
RECORDS OF THE WEEK
Dave Lee Travis: I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU, Herbie Hancock
Simon Bates: SENORA, Mr. Big
Paul Burnett: STANDING ON THE VERGE, Platinum Hook
Tony Blackburn: YOU, Rita Coolidge
Paul Gambrelini: OH WHAT A CIRCUS, David Essex

Arista
RSO
CBS
CBS
Epic
Capitol
Atlantic
Buddah
RAK
Mercury
Vertigo
MCA
CBS
Casablanca
Polydor
Magnet
Beserkley
Avalium
United Artists
CBS
Warner Brothers
Mercury
Pye
EMI
Mercury
EMI
Vertigo
Polydor
A&M
EMI Carrere
Atlantic
RAK
Motown
Elektra
Epic
Polydor
A&M
EMI
CBS
CBS
EMI
Motown
A&M
Mercury

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

LUXEMBOURG BULLETS

SIGN OF THE TIMES, Bryan Ferry
SHE'S GONNA WIN, Bibo
YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY REAL), Sylvester
YOU REALLY TOUCHED MY HEART, Ami Stuart
AN EVERLASTING LOVE, Andy Gibb
DREADLOCK HOLIDAY, 10cc
COMING HOME, Ian Thomas
I AM A SCORPIO, Russ Ballard
HOTSHOT, Karen Young
DRIFTIN', Alessi Brothers
POWER PLAY
OH WHAT A CIRCUS, David Essex
TWIN SPIN
RAININ' THROUGH MY SUNSHINE, Real Thing

Polydor
Lightning
Fantasy
Atlantic
RSO
Mercury
Atlantic
Epic
Atlantic
A&M
Mercury
Pye

RADIO PLAYLISTS

RADIO FORTH

ADD ONS

YOU, Rita Coolidge
OH WHAT A CIRCUS, David Essex
TIME OF THE SEASON, Phoenix
SMILE, Emotions
THINK IT OVER, Cissy Houston
MIDNIGHT BLUE, Melissa Manchester
THE LOSER, Trickster
ONLY YOU, Boy Bastin
STEPPIN IN A SLIDE ZONE, The Moody Blues
MELLOW LOVIN', Judy Cheeks

STATION HIT

SHE'S GONNA WIN, Bibo

BRMB

ADD ONS

BROWN GIRL IN THE RING, Boney M
THREE TIMES A LADY, Commodores
SIGN OF THE TIMES, Bryan Ferry
RAININ' THROUGH MY SUNSHINE, Real Thing
OH WHAT A CIRCUS, David Essex
YOU, Andy Williams
LOVE OR SOMETHING LIKE IT, Kenny Rogers
MELLOW LOVIN', Judy Cheeks
SHE'S GONNA WIN, Bibo
BABY I NEED YOUR LOVIN', Eric Carmen
I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU, Herbie Hancock

A&M
Mercury
Rocket
CBS
Private Stock
Arista
J&J
D&J
Decca
Arista

Lightning

RADIO ORWELL

SEE THEM GLOW, Lake
I'M A SCORPIO, Russ Ballard
MANHATTAN, Robin Sarstedt
FEVER, Little Nell
SOMEBODY'S FOOL, Sutherland Brothers and Quiver
ONLY YOU CAN ROCK, UFO
OH WHAT A CIRCUS, David Essex
SLOW TRAIN TO PARADISE, Tavaris
JUST A GIGOLO, Village People
METEOR MAN, Dee D Jackson
BRITISH HUSTLE, H-Tension

CBS
Epic
Decca
A&M
CBS
Chrysalis
Phonogram
Capitol
D&J
Mercury
Island

RADIO CITY

Dave Lincoln: YOU, Rita Coolidge
Norman H. Thomas: SMILE, Emotions
Roger Blyth: WHEN I SAW YOU TODAY, David Dundas
Phil Easton: THE LOSER, Trickster

ADD ONS

EVERLASTING LOVE, Andy Gibb
IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE, Child
MIDNIGHT BLUE, Melissa Manchester
I JUST CAN'T LEAVE, B. B. King
DAYLIGHT KATY, Gordon Lightfoot
MY FAVOURITE FANTASY, Van McCoy
ROLL THE DICE, Steve Harley
BABY I NEED YOUR LOVIN', Eric Carmen

Arista
CBS
Air
J&J
RSO
Arista
Arista
ABC
Warner Brothers
MCA
EMI
Arista

PICCADILLY RADIO

ADD ONS

AFRICAN BREEZE, David Byron
THERE'S NO WAY OUT HERE, David Gilmour
OH WHAT A CIRCUS, David Essex
STANDING ON THE VERGE, Platinum Hook
RAININ' THROUGH MY SUNSHINE, Real Thing
MELLOW LOVIN', Judy Cheeks
LOVE OR SOMETHING LIKE IT, Kenny Rogers
DAYLIGHT KATY, Gordon Lightfoot
57 CHEVROLET, Billie Jo Spears
ASK THE ANGELS, Pat Smith Group

Arista
Arista
Harvest
Mercury
Motown
Pye
Arista
United Artists
Warner Brothers
United Artists
Arista

RADIO CLYDE

STATION PICK: YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY REAL), Sylvester
Dave Marshall: EVENSONG, Bryan and Michael
Steve Jones: RAININ' THROUGH MY SUNSHINE, Real Thing
Dougie Denzel: JILTED JOHN, Jilted John
Richard Park: ASK THE ANGELS, Pat Smith
B&B Smith: IF YOU WANNA DO A DANCE, Detroit Spinners
Tim Stevens: TONIGHT, Ringo Starr

Fantasy
Pye
Pye
EMI
Arista
Polydor

ADD ONS
LOVE OR SOMETHING LIKE IT, Kenny Rogers
SHE'S GONNA WIN, Bibo
DON'T STOP NOW, Gene Farrow
I JUST CAN'T LEAVE YOU LOVE ALONE, B. B. King
SAVANNAH, Yvonne Elliman
BE STIFF, Devo
IF THE KIDS ARE UNITED, Sham 66

United Artists
Lightning
Arista
ABC
RSO
SWF
Polydor

BEACON RADIO

ADD ONS

CHERRY UFO
THREE TIMES A LADY, Commodores
SENORA, Mr. Big
SHA LA LA LA LEE, Plastic Bertrand
DON'T STOP NOW, Gene Farrow
SIGN OF THE TIMES, Bryan Ferry
SUPERNATURAL, Cerrone
SINCE YOU WENT AWAY, Elkie Brooks
KISS YOU ALL OVER, Elio
AIN'T NOTHING GONNA KEEP ME FROM YOU, Teri de Sario
PLEASE REMEMBER ME, Cliff Richard

Chrysalis
Motown
EMI
Vertigo
Magnet
Polydor
Arista
A&M
EMI
Polydor

Steve Harley



The solo album

This space is normally reserved for record company superlatives.

We simply ask you to listen to the new Steve Harley album for yourself.

Steve Harley with his first solo album—'Hobo With A Grin'.



Hobo with a Grin