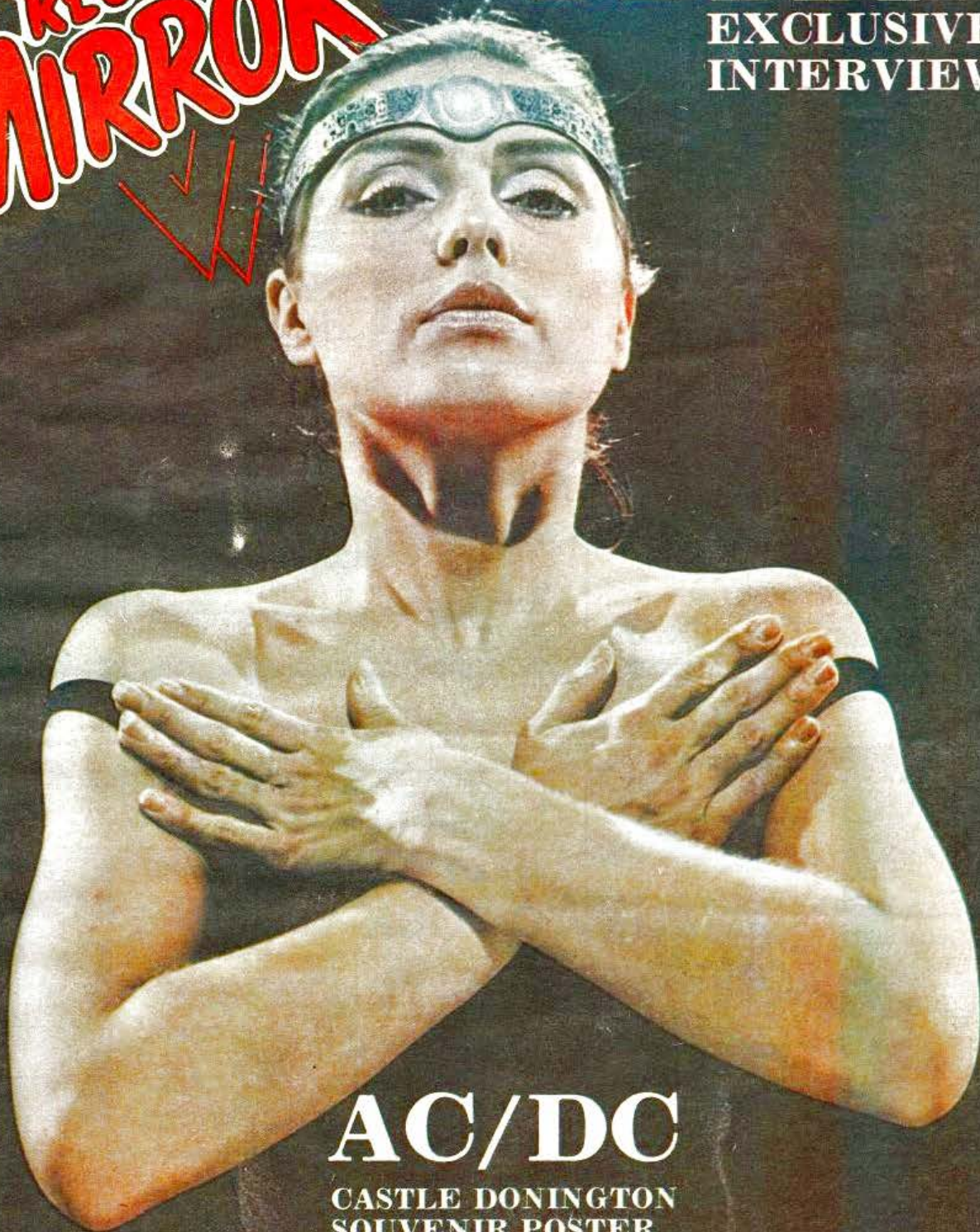


SOFT CELL • TEARDROPS

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DEBBIE
EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW



AC/DC

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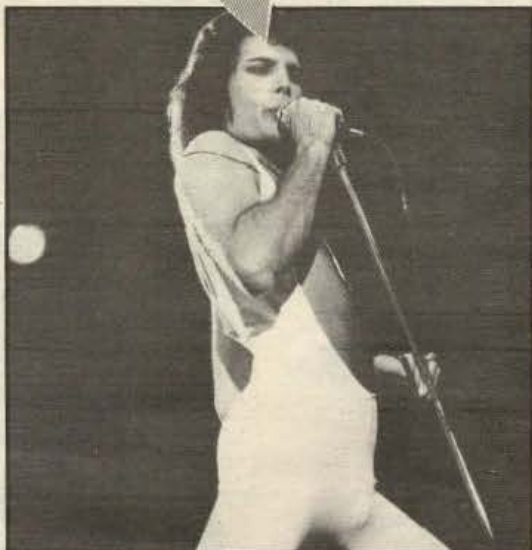
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QUEEN greatest package?

Orchestral Manoeuvres new single release

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES are back again with a new single released on August 21.

Entitled 'Souvenir', the number is the first of new recordings made in the group's own Liverpool Studio The Gramophone Suite.

The B side features two tracks, a re-recorded version of 'Motion And Heart', which is sub-titled 'Amazon Version', and a new song 'Sacred Heart'.

And an album currently being recorded at the Manor Studios is due to be released in October, when the group also take on a tour.

Man stabbed at Venue

A MAN was stabbed and seriously injured outside London's Venue theatre in Victoria last Friday following a concert by legendary American star Gary US Bonds.

Kesito Poponne, 41, has been charged with unlawfully wounding John McGuire, 25, in Victoria Street about 1am. The victim is still detained in Westminster Hospital with a 10 inch gash to his chest.

It is believed that a Venue security guard saw the attack by the taxi driver who left the scene immediately. The cab firm were called and the driver ordered for another job and when he returned the police were waiting.

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Futurama 3 keeps growing

THE CURE, Bow Wow Wow, Gang Of Four and Bauhaus headline this year's Futurama at the Stafford Bingley Hall.

And Futurama '3' will be even bigger than last year — when the festival featured Echo And The Bunnymen, Siouxsie and the Banshees, U2, Soft Cell and Classix Nouveaux.

The two-day event kicks off on Saturday September 5 at 1 pm and runs through to two in the morning.

Headlining are Gang Of Four and Bauhaus along with The Human Condition (featuring Jah Wobble), The Passions, Theatre Of Hate, King Pleasure, Havana Let's Go, The Sound, The Higgins, Fall, 23 Skidoo, The Lines, Everest, The Hard Way, Revonnah And The Magnetics, Flock Of Seagulls, Crown Of Thorns, Sisters Of Mercy, Ponderosa Gleeboys, Another Colour.

Special guests for the first day will be Richard Strange along with poet Martin Besserman.

Sunday sees The Cure at the top of the bill, along with Bow Wow Wow, Doll By Doll, Modern Eon, Eyeless in Giza, The Diagram Brothers, Blue Orchids, UK Decay, OK Jive, Positive Noise, Ludus, Section 25, Godot, B Movie, The Tea Set, Martian Landscape, Fatal Charm, Vena Calva and Cry.

There will also be a marquee outside the venue for other small bands to play as an alternative to the main attractions. And during the evening fans will be able to camp in the grounds free of charge, or sleep in the tent.

Tickets are £6 a day or £10 for the weekend. Postal Orders made payable to John Keenan should be sent with SAE's to John Keenan, PO Box HHS, Leeds 8, LS8 1AN.

● The first of four films of last year's Futurama is to be screened on BBC 2 in the first half of October.

SIMPLE MINDS TO TOUR

TOP SCOTTISH band Simple Minds — already in the charts with their 'Love Song' single — are to take on a short tour next month.

The band are currently rehearsing for the tour, which will feature a new stage show.

It kicks off at Nottingham Rock City on September 17. Then: Glasgow Apollo 19, Manchester Apollo 20, Newcastle City Hall 21, Liverpool Royal Court 22, Birmingham Odeon 24 and London Hammersmith Odeon 25.

And the group also play a special one-off gig at the Edinburgh

MONSTER QUEEN PACKAGE

EXCLUSIVE

GREATEST HITS ALBUM FOR OCTOBER

QUEEN ARE swinging back into action this autumn with a greatest hits album, video and book . . . and they are currently recording a completely new album to be released next year.

Simply entitled 'Queen's Greatest Hits' it includes 17 singles from the monster group.

The book charts the band's career right from the very beginning to their current superstar status. Simply called 'Queen's Greatest Pics' it charts their rise to stardom — mainly in pictures but also includes stories from journalists including Radio One's Paul Gambaccini.

And a video called 'Queen's Greatest Film' will also be released at the same time — mid-October — which comprises all the groups top promotional films shown with the singles.

It will include the sensational 'Bohemian Rhapsody' which helped boost their career after it was shown on Top Of The Pops. But fans will have to shell out £34.50 to be able to watch the group in their own homes.

The full track listing for the album runs with: 'Bohemian Rhapsody', 'Another One Bites The Dust', 'Killer Queen', 'Fat Bottomed Girls', 'Bicycle Race', 'You're My Best Friend', 'Don't Stop Me Now' and 'Save Me' on side one and 'Crazy Little Thing Called Love', 'Somebody To Love', 'Now I'm Here', 'Good Old-Fashioned Lover Boy', 'Play The Game', 'Flash', 'Seven Seas Of Rhye', 'We Will Rock You' and 'We Are The Champions' on side two.

But it won't stop there. The band have been working on their new album in Munich ready for release early in the new year.

They have just gone into their own studios in Montreux and it is hoped that they will have finished work on the album by the end of 1980.

The only thing missing is live dates. But the group — who haven't played live here for months — could well be thinking of giving bands a chance to see their sensational live show soon.



JIM KERR tour minded

Leppard single out

HEAVY METAL youngsters Def Leppard have a new single out this week . . . their first for over a year.

Entitled 'Let It Go', the single will also include a free Def Leppard Patch. And the band will take on a tour here in the late Autumn when they have completed American dates.

The single is taken from the band's recently-released 'High 'n' Dry' album, although the B side 'Switch 625' is previously unreleased.

Hyping returns

CHART HYPING — where ticks are put against sales in chart return shops for records that aren't actually sold — has reared its head again.

The giant RCA Records has paid £5,000 costs to the music industry association The British Phonographic Industry after they discovered a sales rep was "attempting to influence sales entries" in the chart diary of a shop.

The rep, Toni Vasilis, had been offering the shop free albums and singles in return for false entries in the diary.

And she had also put false entries into the diary itself.

But the store — un-named because of its co-operation — was not included in the chart returns that go to make up the official BMRB chart which is used by Top Of The Pops.

It follows a massive scandal last year, when it was discovered that groups such as the Pretenders were helped up the charts by false entries.

The BPI reacted by bringing in a 'Code Of Conduct' to stop the practices which was thought to have been successful up to now. But it is claimed by both parties that this is an isolated case.

BLONDIE GREATEST HITS

EXCLUSIVE

BLONDIE ARE also set to have a 'greatest hits' album released this autumn.

The group — who have tried to resist a best of album coming out — have finally relented, and tracks to be included are now being finalised.

No title or release date has been announced, but it should include such hits as 'Heart Of Glass', 'Rapture', 'Sunday Girl', 'Denis' and possibly the vintage 'Rip Her To Shreds'.

Debbie Harry could also be appearing in front of British audiences this year if she follows Chic stars Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards invitation to join them as a special guest on their forthcoming tour.

The tour is scheduled to take place this winter, and Nile Rodgers told Record Mirror that she might do a few surprise appearances.

Blondie should also be back with a new album in the future.



HUGH CORNWALL: books seizure mystery

STRANGLERS SET TO TOUR AND RECORD

THE STRANGLERS are back in action! The band have finally fixed dates for a tour in November... and an album and single will also be out this Autumn.

Currently locked in the Manor Studios recording the new album, it deals with love — and looks to be typically controversial.

Entitled 'La Folle' — the French for madness — tracks that look confirmed to be included are 'How To Find True Love And Happiness In The Present Day', 'La Folle' and 'You Hold The Key To My Heart'.

The whole album deals with the Stranglers' "rather perverse" attitude to love, which is a kind of madness in their eyes, said a source close to the group.

A provisional release date has been set for mid-October, but it might not hit the streets until November 4.

The tour kicks off at Norwich University Of East Anglia on November 14. They go on to play: Birmingham Odeon 15, Cardiff Sophia Gardens 16, London Hammersmith Odeon 17, Southampton Gaumont 19, Nottingham Rock City 24, Edinburgh Playhouse 22, Glasgow Apollo 23, Newcastle City Hall 24, Manchester 25, and Liverpool Royal Court 26.

There is also a possibility of the band playing two dates in Belfast and Dublin, but these are not confirmed.

Tickets for the tour are priced at £3 and £3.50, except the Hammersmith gig where they are all £3.75.

Hugh Cornwall is also at the centre of controversy again, with the seizure of a number of books from Virgin Records, including his own 'Inside Information'.

It recounts his experiences inside prison following a drugs charge. But it is still available from other places, including the Stranglers Information Service, and it is unclear whether any action will be taken.

Contents



SO WHAT is Debbie Harry *really* like? Wonder no more, for we've got an exclusive three-page interview with the lady of the moment starting on page 4. SUNIE talks to the queen of 'Koo Koo' about stupidity, love, religion and ... turn the page and start reading!

PLUS!

SOFT CELL have set out to become the new kings (and queens) of cabaret, and with 'Tainted Love' they've succeeded almost before they've started. SIMON TEBBUTT checks their credentials on page 14.

PLUS!

THE RECORD MIRROR guide to the festival of the year! Everything you need to survive the big day out at CASTLE DONINGTON, and a full colour souvenir poster of AC/DC!

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POLICE ALBUM

The long-awaited album by peroxide popsters The Police has finally been titled.

Called 'Ghost In The Machine', it will contain 11 tracks — and it is believed that 'Demolition Man', the Sting penned song that appeared on Grace Jones' 'Nightclubbing' LP, is among the selection.

The album has been produced by The Police and Hugh Padgham in George Martin's fashionable Montserrat studios, and in Montreal.



THE TEARDROP EXPLODES PASSIONATE FRIEND

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DEBBIE & CHRIS

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW



Religion, riots and 'Rapture'. Hair dye, huskiness and Horlicks. Pop, punk and perfect togetherness. And you want more? Debbie, the world's ultimate pop person, and Chris, Debbie's ultimate mate, let SUNIE into the secrets of romance and super stardom . . . and the true story of Blondie's future.

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DEBBIE & CHRIS

'I nearly had my chest ripped off once. Twice, actually. Imagine losing a tit to a total stranger. Just awful!'

(DEBBIE HARRY)



WHAT'S she like? The final proof, if any were needed, that Debbie Harry is a grade one pop star is that even the most hard-bitten of my acquaintances tend to ask that sort of question about her. This is what sorts out the

stars from the mere celebrities, you see: no-one asks what Steve Strange or Richard Jobson or Hazel O'Connor is really like, because what they're like is spelt out quite plainly in their words and deeds for whoever's interested. But a real star, a Jagger or a Bowie or a Debbie Harry, must not be so easily read; must retain a little mystery.

Mind you, she's had plenty to hide behind. That image! So strong a hold had it gained upon the imagination of press and public that when Debbie Harry changed her hair colour, it made headlines on both sides of the Atlantic. Can you imagine anyone else, barring members of the royal family, causing that kind of a stir by changing the colour of their hair?

The de-blondeing of Deborah Harry coincided, of course, with the release of 'Koo Koo', her first solo LP. She's in town to promote it, looking relaxed and extremely healthy — and yes, she still looks fabulous, even without the peroxidised tresses. Partner Chris Stein is looking equally relaxed and good-humoured, albeit somewhat less smartly turned-out, as we settle down for a chat over club sandwiches and soup ("I won't slurp too loud while the tape recorder's on, Sunie, I promise").

Here we go, then. What would you have most liked to see 'Koo Koo' do: be well-received critically, sell millions . . . or is your personal satisfaction with it the most important thing?

"All of the above!"

"Do you really care if it's a critical success or not?" prods Chris.

"Well, I guess not. Critical success doesn't mean that much to me any more. After a while I just gave up reading all the reviews. Good criticism is really valuable, but . . ."

"We're constantly reviewed," declares Chris, "on the basis of some weird conception of what we are as people, rather than the work."

But then I suppose that's inevitable, when you have such a strong image. People react to it; that's what it's for.

"But my image over here was created a lot by the press," asserts Debbie, with stunning naivety. The press may have happily flogged the Blondie image for all it was worth, but the creation of it may be more realistically credited to the ceaseless efforts of an untiring publicist and the machinery of a large record company. Back to Chris, whose attitude towards the British music press might, with little fear of overstatement, be described as paranoid.

"My image as money-grubbing comes from a vague anti-Semitism, you know. There was that piece about me rubbing Debbie down with dollar bills; it reminds me of some of the ugly poster images of pre-war Germany. We're often subjected to comments like 'You guys are only in it for the bread' which is an insult, not just to us but to the people who like us and buy our records."

"I'm not stupid. I'm not really smart, but I'm smart enough to have done what I've done, and if I were just in it for the money, I could have taken this whole thing a lot further." This from Debbie. "I mean, Blondie I could have developed into a television show or something! Where do these people come off, pointing their fingers when they hustle their butts to make a dollar?"

Whew! Point taken. How pleased was Debbie with 'Koo Koo', the result of an untried musical pairing between herself and Chris and Chic's Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards?

"Very satisfied. Well, we didn't have time to develop all the things we worked on, and I think there's a future for us working together. We had talked to them about music without ever playing together; we knew them socially, but we had never done anything together until the first day in the studio."

"Those guys have never done other people's material before, and never taken direction," Chris points out. "I'd make up bass lines and give them to Bernard and stuff — it was something new for all of us."

What's your favourite song on the LP?

"Oh, I like the whole first side," he replies. "The whole side's really strong, dance-wise, I think."

"I never have a favourite," says Debbie. "In fact, for the last two or maybe three albums, I've liked all the music that's been on them."

Don't you have a fave Blondie song, then? Chris opts for 'Rapture', and Debbie concurs.

"Yeah, 'Rapture'. But with Blondie songs, with performing them a lot, each night a different one would come out better and I'd have a different feeling toward it. One of Jimmy's songs I really like is 'No Imagination' . . . that, and 'Rapture'."

To go back to the other half of the 'Koo Koo' team for a mo, it's rumoured that Debbie will guest on Chic's UK dates later this year. True?

"Well, they are going to be over here in December. It would be great, but all we've said is 'it would be nice if' and people have built it up, as they always do."

A fine example of this "building up" is Chris and Debbie's supposed backing for Senator Edward Kennedy's campaign for the Democrat presidential nomination. This was looked upon somewhat askance by certain areas of the press over here.

"I went to one party," sighs Debbie. Chris, however, took a keener interest, and says he would support Kennedy again.

"I think he's been the victim of tremendous character assassination by the American press. That's one thing I can identify with," he adds wryly. They both agree, however, that they'd steer clear of playing benefit concerts or anything of that sort.

The eventual winner of the nomination and, of course, loser of the presidency, was Jimmy Carter, the man whose links with the Allman Brothers' label, Capricorn Records, was said to have been behind the grounding of the fledgling new wave in the USA.

"Oh, those stories," chuckles Chris. "I think Frapp started most of 'em. I thought that Reagan would be more sympathetic to the arts, seeing that he started out feeding monkeys in movies, but at this point it certainly doesn't seem that way; he's making a lot of cuts, and the arts will be the first to go."

Hmm, sounds like a familiar story. Mind you, whatever moves there may have been to block the new wave in America, it didn't stop Blondie from doing very nicely. It's hard not to talk about Blondie in the past tense now, and although another group LP with Mike Chapman producing is on the cards, the days of Blondie as a regular touring group are clearly over. They're all busy; Clem and Nigel were over here recently with singer Michael des Barres, while keyboard player Jimmy Destri is making a solo LP. Frank 'The Freak' Infante has disappeared, maybe to Hawaii or maybe not, and half-joking plans are being laid on how to track him down if he doesn't surface in time for the LP.

What was the most fun you had with Blondie?
"Oh, the last tour over here, the whole Blondie mania thing," they both agree. "The gigs at Deeside" where a standing audience of 6,000 at each of two shows sang along with every song, sat on each other's shoulders and generally acted like the supporters of the winning team at a cup final) — they were fantastic. And the in-store appearance on an earlier visit, where they expected maybe a few hundred people and two thousand people showed up at Kensington High Street; they had to block off the road and everything. Fantastic."

The whole story is shortly to be told in the group's own book, an official document of their career up to date, which is nearing completion. They tell me about it, laughing over the tale of Lester Bangs, famous US rock writer and author of an earlier Blondie book, who came over to their place and argued strenuously with Debbie that he knew for a fact that she had not thought up the group's name. The lady in question has now despatched her soup (slurping very little) and is drinking Ovaltine, a treat not to be found in New York. Another favourite is Horlicks ("Old ladies drink it, right? I'm an old lady"), so if you're wondering what to send her for Christmas...

A fondness for chocolate digestives apart, Debbie is leading a very healthy life these days. She doesn't booze much anyway, and even the most socially acceptable of drugs is not on her menu. It shows; her eyes sparkle and she's in good spirits, even gleefully daring, later that day, to venture down to the Venue to see James Chance. This may come as some surprise to those who saw a tensed-up and apparently wired Debbie being interviewed on TV recently.

"Oh, but you don't know what was going on that day, what they did to me! It was while we were making videos for 'Backfired' and 'Now I Know You Know' with Giger" (H. R. Giger, the Swiss artist who designed the stunning 'Koo Koo' sleeve) — he works with four full-time assistants. There was his manager, his manager's wife, Robin Denslow of the BBC comes in with a TV crew of five, plus there's a lady from Newsweek, plus Alan Edwards (publicist) plus Chris Poole (of Chrysalis) — and Giger's house is about the size of this hotel room. We were shooting the BBC thing while we were shooting the video — it was madness! I was totally keyed up."

"I like chaos," murmurs Chris, "being a Capricorn all."

"I'm very sensitive to all that; that's why I'm good in front of a band," says Debbie. "I really reflect all the insanity, really out — open — it all comes right through me, whoom."

An inevitable question: what prompted the dumping of the blonde look?

"I dumped the blonde because... I dunno, I just had to do something different. That's all. I got tired of it; I'd had blonde hair from — what — '73, all the way up to 1980. That's a long time to keep bleaching your hair one colour. And how can you stay one way for such a long time? It got so that people were telling me what I should look like. Gimme a break! I wanna become like the chameleon, you know, in 'Chrome'. I wanna do it all, I don't want to do one thing." She grins broadly. "Power!"

I wonder what Debbie's own image of herself has been, throughout the period when the world drooled over its image of her.

"I don't really think about it that much. I try to just do it day by day... When I'm working, I guess it's just an automatic thing; I try to look my best and feel my best, like anyone when they go to work. I never actually picture myself."

Chris declares that one of the nice things about having hit records is that he can dress as sloppily as he pleases; meanwhile, Debbie has been pondering the question. Her eventual reply amuses her mate.

"I guess the only thing I really relate to is my hair. Isn't that odd?"

"The only thing you can relate to is your hair?"

"Yes, I'm a hair fetishist."

"What about the shoes?"

"Shoes and hair. I don't think about my face that much."

A remarkable statement, and one made (lest you doubt it) with total candour, and not a glimmer of false modesty.

The good-humoured badinage is fairly typical, too; Mr Stein and Ms Harry share an unusually successful alliance, given that not only are they subject to the usual showbiz pressures, but that they also work together and are, one supposes, seldom out of each other's sight for long.

"Eight years," reflects Chris. "Well, a lot of people break up because they have separate interests, or because they're in competition; I think both of us doing the same thing makes it really easy. I would recommend husband and wife teams to go into the same things."

"It's never been a situation, thank God, like people like to make out, with Chris as some sort of Svengali, who created me, led me around, hypnotised me and so forth..."

"That's just sexist shit; that's people not wanting to admit that a woman can be powerful without a man telling her what to do. We've always shared things equally, complemented each other, when it comes to making decisions and so on."

Sounds agreeable. Here's another one for you, Debbie: can you imagine ever giving up, or wanting to give up. — Being Debbie? Retiring into obscurity?

"I'm a performer; basically, that's what it comes down to. I might not be a pop star any more, that's a possibility; one cannot be a pop star for the whole of one's life. I mean, old pop stars aren't too good to look at. For actors, it's different. Perhaps I'll be lucky again and move into acting, which is what I'd like to do. Not to give up music altogether, but to explore a part of me that isn't being used now. The discipline in acting is so different; you have to have total, focal point concentration, whereas in music... you still need a lot of concentration, but it's not so — so small, you know what I mean?"

Do you want to do stage acting?

"Sure; I want to do everything. I'm really an adventurous sort, I must say. I never thought I was, but

'I believe that exercises of the mind, devotion and ritual, are very important. They make you better and they make you stronger. They've always been associated with a belief in a Higher Form, but I think we are it. The important part of religion is that the ritual and mind-training actually make you feel better.' (DEBBIE HARRY)

looking back, I've tried to cram everything I could into my life, and it seems to have done me good, so I'm going to carry on doing it. Is there a challenge that frightens me? No. I feel really fit to tackle anything right now; better than I've felt for a long long time, perhaps in my whole life. The only thing that scares me these days is flying so much: the odds, you know."

A question I'd looked forward to asking, apropos of nothing but because I was simply curious to know, was whether either of them had ever "got religion" — they both lived through the swinging sixties and the craze for things spiritual and pseudo-spiritual; indeed, Chris escaped the draft as a cuckoo case after a particularly bad time with LSD.

"We have our personal religion," says Chris slowly, "and I feel very strongly about it, but I certainly don't subscribe to any sort of organised religion. They're just money-making organisations for the most part; but I do believe very heavily in the spiritual side of life. It's something that you can't really go into in depth in the press because you just get labelled as a kook or a nut or a bullshit artist or something."

"I believe that exercises of the mind, devotion and ritual, are very important. They make you better and they make you stronger, make you feel better inside," breaks in Debbie. "They've always been associated with belief in a Higher Form, but I think that we are it; the important part of religion is that the ritual, and mind-training of a devout nature, make you feel better."

From here we fall to talking about mass gatherings, with Chris recalling the huge meets of the sixties and all of us discussing the recent riots in Britain.

"It's been my ambition for quite a while now," announces Debbie, "to do something similar to what Robert Fripp did in the States, but even more basic: to get a station wagon or a flat truck, with a big battery and a tape recorder and a loudspeaker and just stand on the back of a truck and do my thing in a parking lot; not announce it or anything, just pull in and do it. People would flip out, you know; kids would really dig that."

"We were sleeping one day in our little apartment," recalls Chris, "when all of a sudden, this — god — I thought it was the end — these huge, awesome waves of rock 'n' roll came out of nowhere, really loud — much louder than someone with their stereo turned up. It was the Yippies; they had a flatbed truck and they had this sort of Clash imitation band playing. It was 11 on a Sunday morning; the streets were deserted and they had about 300 people following the truck, and they were just driving down the street playing this furiously loud punk rock — it was sooo great!"

"I heard an interesting story the other night," Debbie relates, "about someone who was at the riots in Brixton. He said, 'Oh yeah, it was great — after we heaved a whole bunch of bricks at the police they did this charge and they sounded like Zulus! So after they stopped charging we threw things again, 'cos we wanted to hear them make the noise.' And we were thinking, well if all these kids want to do something together like that, they could pull something off that's really cool, and would give them a much better press. It could be something positive in a weird way, like the Angels in New York" (the Guardian Angels are a group of working class youths who have donned uniforms and taken to patrolling the city's notorious underground system in order to make it safe again for the public) — they really beat the system, and they got a lot of public support. They took their turf, and that's what those kids are trying to do, but they're doing it backwards; they're doing it wrong. Violence just begets more repression."

And you may say to yourself — well, how did I get here? Beats me, bud — just a minute ago we were talking about Debbie singing off the back of a flatbed truck. Which reminds me; how come the Harry voice sounds different with virtually every new LP? There's a gorgeous throatiness on the first album, for instance, that you won't find on the others.

"It definitely has improved a lot since the first album; but producers make a lot of difference, more than I ever used to realise. The huskiness? I honestly don't know, except that I was giggling a lot at that time, and the equipment — it was like screaming through a radio, so my voice could have been really stretched out when we made that record. The best way to sing, technically, is not to sing at all before you go in to record; your throat should be smooth and relaxed. But Ellie Greenwich swears that she sounds best when she's got a cold — everybody's different."

Our rapping time is rapidly running out; the all-important schedule dictates that Chris and Debbie must be off to Capital Radio soon to record an interview. Chris wants to buy a sweatshirt from the foyer ("Great esoteric value — no-one in New York knows what Capital Radio is") and acquire some Royal Wedding stickers to take back for friends.

What about Blondie, then? Is the next album actually planned, as in booked up?

"Within nine months," states Chris flatly.

"I don't feel under pressure to do it," declares Debs. "I think it's much better to do something that's good and right and that everybody wants to do than to do it because the record company thinks it's time. I will definitely not do that; you can quote me. And I would love it if you did; I'd like to get back to the feel of the first LP; to get a little ragged, a little rugged with Blondie."

It's definitely on, then, say the pair, though Chris ruefully admits that when Chrysalis put out a Greatest Hits collection, which they probably will later this year, the "Blondie to split" stories will doubtless start flying all over again.

A final question, then, rendered all the more appropriate by the fact that our interviewees have beaten the air strike by flying home to the big apple on Concorde, which for some reason is unaffected by it all. You both seem to be very down to earth people, not too hung up on the old Rock lifestyle. Does your awareness of "not living in the real-world" increase or subside as you grow more successful?

"We've made a conscious effort not to fall into the whole sitting-in-the-back-of-a-limousine trap, and it's a shame that we always get portrayed as that, limousine-crazy or whatever," says Chris, whose usual mode of transport is a small Honda car driven by Debbie. "Debbie gets called out for having a bodyguard, but it really is necessary, at least over here. If she walks into a roomful of people, chances are she'll be grabbed."

"Yeah, I nearly had my chest ripped off once," madam declares with a naughty grin. "Twice, actually. Imagine losing a tit to a total stranger. Just awful!"

"People do have a weird idea of how we live, you know," she confides in a more serious tone. "The Star in America ran a story on how our rider (the list of requirements for food in the dressing room and so forth) consisted of things like caviare, spray Evian water, roast duck, champagne — anything they could think of. We were on a macrobiotic diet at the time, and eating just brown rice, sardines and onions religiously every day."

Could anyone in your position, then, with a bit of common sense on their side, keep their feet on the ground?

"Depends on who their managers are, how they handle themselves, how smart they are, how old they are. I think the Beatles and the Stones and all those people got it all very young and were kind of spoilt," says Chris. "We came to it much later, and it means something different to us. It freaks me out a little going out and trying to spend a lot of money."

The last word goes to Debbie:

"We learned to live pretty well on no money; we figured out how to be happy. For two people to get together and to have a good relationship when there's no money is very difficult, because money ruins more marriages and relationships than anything else. Then after going through all the bad times and still being together, being happy, coming through it and being successful was — well, you couldn't ask for anything more. It's like a dream come true."

ONE LINERS...

By Suzi Rockchick
(God, another in joke)

HO HUM: not the most thrilling of weeks, this.

Virgin held their annual thrash at the Manor Studios, but the prohibitive entrance fee of £5 (which went to Multiple Sclerosis Research) was too much for all the trendy young popsters and the turn-out consisted largely of dreary Biz types; Heaven 17 tore their clothes off and went for a dip in the pool, Hugh Cornwell and Pete Shelley lurched about affably and the *Orchestral Manoeuvres* boys got absolutely blind on the free plonk — little else to report except that *Aswad* hammered our lads at footer and that *Mike Oldfield* did not provide the cabaret... come on and jump to the Beat! if you want to head for Moseley's Imperial cinema on Aug 25 or (wait for it) The Dixieland Showbar, Colwyn Bay, on the 26 — the boys are doing some 'impromptu' gigs... boring *Bill Wyman* bumped into ace snapper *David Bailey* on the way back from the south of Frog the other day; "see you've got a bodyguard" remarked Dave, forcing the pansionable Stone to admit that his burly travelling companion was in fact his 19-year-old son... might as well get these old codgers out of the way in one go: ex-Genesis head *Steve Hackett* got married on Friday to girlfriend Kim — Kim is a keen *Pigbag* fan, and a member of the *Dead Kennedys* Fan Club, so perhaps we'll see a change in musical style from 'Steve'... a filthy rumour about this office has it that one of *Duran* 'nancy boys' not us! *Duran* has a daddy on the EMI board; needless to say, I don't believe it for a moment (tee hee)... poor old soul rebels the *Runners* not only relegated to second billing at their Nottingham gig with the *Teardrop Explodes*, but found that their name in lights



THIS WEEK'S competition starts here, kids: *Buster Bloodvessel* is (a) practising a new dance-step, (b) indulging his secret shoe fetish, or (c) bugging about with a n Australian friend...

mind you — the things that go on at his Windsor mansion would've made Oscar Wilde blush... whispers of a UK tour in October for *Grace Jones* have reached my shell-like orifices (ears, you dirty-minded bleeders) but no confirmation as yet... couldn't help but notice the superb aplomb with which *Soft Cell's* Marc handled his TOTP debut last week while the more practiced *Simon Le Bon* made an utter twit of himself... don't be surprised if



"ERE ROG, you any good at changing fuses?" Lights out time for *Ranking Roger* and *Dishy Dave*, the *Archibald* and *Crooks* of pop.

Richard Jobson emerges as one of the stars of the next *Derek Jarman* flick, y'all... *Hot Gossip* about to release their first LP: the world holds its breath, huh?... *Blondie's* keyboard person and occasional *Bowie* sideman *Jimmy Destri* is making a solo LP, which reveals the vocal sides of the boy's talents for de foist time... right, that's enough; your gossip columnist is heading for Yorkshire for a short vacation, stopping only at various hamlets and farms en route to enquire about the whereabouts of *Chris 'Pissbag' Westwood*, the ex-FM scribe believed to be living hermit-like in a cave somewhere o'er the Dales...

outside the theatre had them tagged as *Dezy's* *Midnight Runners*. *David Bowie* seen at the Embassy Club, lugging morosely in an old faded beard and new shaggy jeans (er...) or at least that's what *Orange Juice* tells me... expect them to sign to a major label very soon, since they say they'd rather subsidise a new *Rolls* for some MD than fund any more *Rough Trade* hippie waxings... spare a thought, young lovers, for *Simple Minds* singer *James Kerr*, whose lady

Chantal is leading him a merry dance, the hussy... Proud To Be Stout figurehead *Buster Bloodvessel* wants to cover his bedroom walls with disposable lighters (healthier than *Osmonds* posters, I suppose) and would appreciate your empires: Send 'em c/o Magnet Records, 22 York St, London W1... *UB40's* old label, *Graduate*, got in a sweat last week when *Dudley* council ordered them to remove their fly posters for new signings the *Chets* (stuck all over the town) within three hours on

pain of being sued; they put out a message over the local radio that anyone who tore down a poster and handed it in to a local record store would receive a free single, and 75 punters with nothing better to do (well, it was in *Dudley*) obliged... *Elton John* highly excited at receiving a letter from *Lady Diana Spencer* (as was telling him how fab he was at *Randy Andy's* 21st birthday party; it was doubtless rather a staid affair compared with *El's* own weekend houseparties,



PRESLEY: it was OK by him

PRESLEY FAMILY ACCUSES PARKER

KING ROCKER *Elvis Presley* could have been denied millions of dollars he was entitled to, according to a report filed in his home state Tennessee last week.

And it is the guardian of his 12-year-old daughter *Lisa Marie* who has filed the report with the state's County Probate Court.

The accusations slam *Presley's* controversial manager — commonly known as *Colonel Parker* — and his record company *RCA*. *Colonel Parker* could also be the reason that *Presley* never left the USA the report reveals. At the centre of the charges is a sale of the royalty rights to *Presley's* entire catalogue in 1973 for a mere five million dollars. Under the agreement it was to be split evenly between *Elvis* and his manager.

But with the star in the 50 per cent tax bracket it meant that he made only \$1.25 million at "the height of his career". And he gave up all future royalties from his past hits.

"In 1973 *Elvis* was only 37 years old and it was illogical for him to consider selling an almost certain lifetime annuity from his catalogue of over 700 chart songs," says the report. "On the other hand, the buy out from *Colonel Parker's* point of view was much more appealing. "He was 63 years old, overweight and recovering from a heart attack. The guaranteed payments to *Colonel Parker* provided a great deal of income to a man entering the twilight of his life.

Both *Parker* and *RCA* are accused of "collusion, conspiracy, fraud, misrepresentation, bad faith and over-reaching" in their dealings with *Elvis*. *Attorney Blanchard Tual* recommended to the court that the "co-executors" of *Lisa's* trust and *Presley's* estate file a suit to void *Parker's* contracts, to cease

paying any commission to the manager and to file a complaint against *RCA*.

Presley signed a deal with the company in 1973 for a new seven-year contract in which he was obliged to pay the label with two albums and four singles a year.

And the report says that groups like the *Rolling Stones* and *Elton John* were making deals for double the royalties he was getting.

The American royalty was 10 cents per single and 50 cents per album and 10 cents per album outside the States. And his management commission of 50 per cent was considered double the normal maximum.

Colonel Parker still remains an enigma. According to *Tual* it has never been known whether the Dutch-born manager was ever naturalised as an American citizen.

It is for this reason that *Presley* never left the US as *Colonel Parker* — given name *Andreas Cornelius van Kullijk* — could not leave with him, according to the attorney.

Now the court has to decide whether there is a case to be brought.

RCA denies any wrong — doing on its part: "There is no basis for any accusations against this company in relation to its dealings with *Elvis*, or his estate, or *Colonel Parker*," says a statement.

Parker is believed to live in seclusion in *Palm Springs, California*.

MEMBERS OF *Presley's* fan club organised a sit-in outside *RCA's* offices in *London* last week to protest against "lack of new *Presley* product" (tough one, that).

They were to hold a proper demonstration, but were thwarted by the new anti-riot laws. So the coachload of fans had to walk up in pairs and merely sit outside the building.

CASINO CLOSES

THE DANCING is to stop at Britain's most famous disco — *Wigan Casino*.

The club attracts thousands of fans from all over Britain each week to its legendary all-night "Northern Soul" sessions. Has been regularly featured on TV and has entered the pop charts with releases on its own record label, *Casino Classics*.

But after eight years the party is over — the club is to close. Fifteen hundred enthusiasts were told at last Friday's all-nighter by DJ *Russ Winstanley*: "The club is closing down due to us not being able to negotiate a long enough lease and the effects of the recession."

A final bumper all-night spectacular will be held on Saturday September 19, with tickets available now at £5 each.

Ironically, news of the closure comes as *Soft Cell's* version of one of the Casino's most popular dances — *Gloria Jones' 'Tainted Love'* is riding high in the charts. The original by *Gloria Jones* on *Inferno Records* is being rush-released this week.

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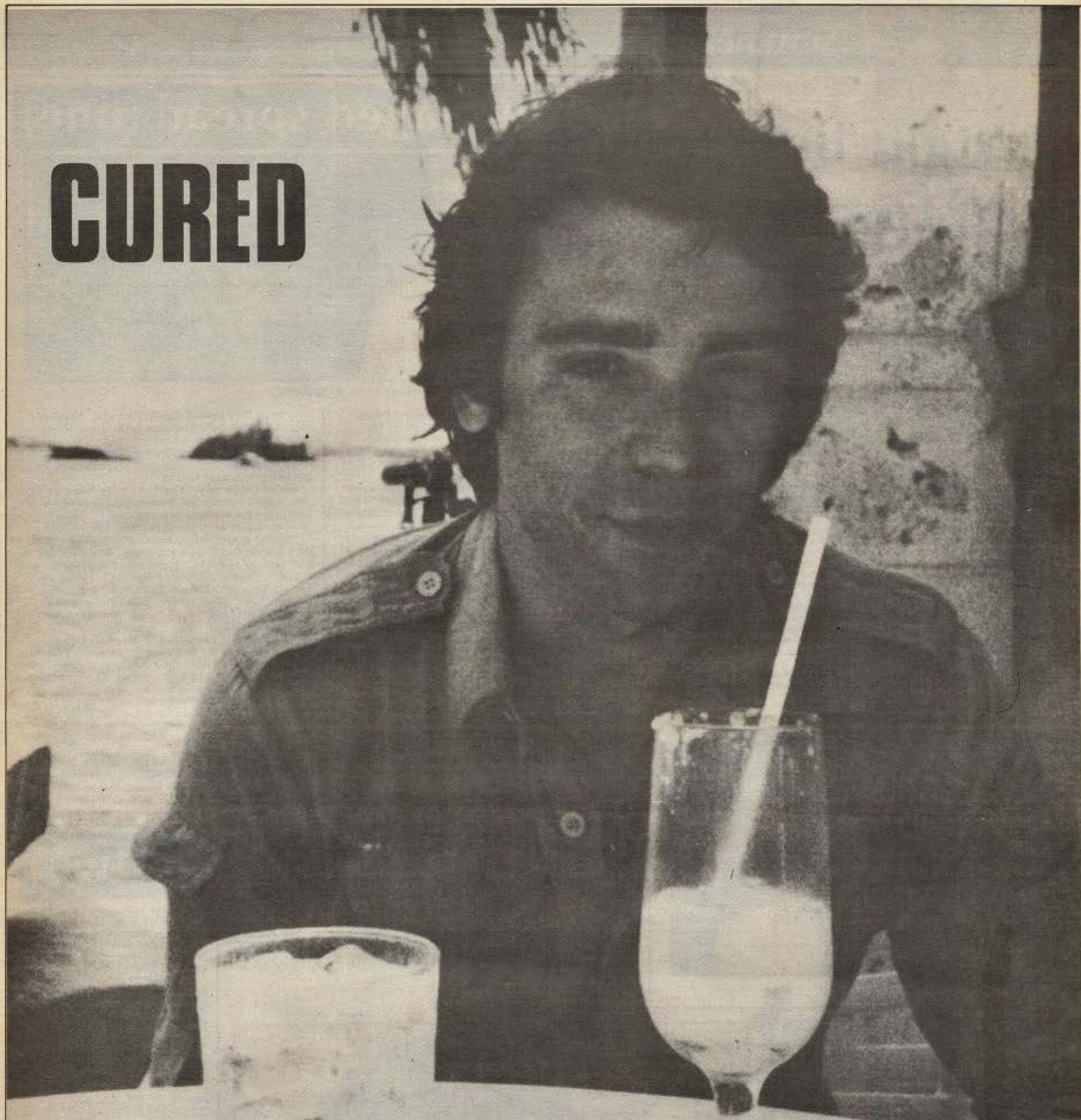
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NEW ALBUM OUT NOW

CHARISMA RECORDS & TAPES



A right bunch of Lemons

WHAT'S going on here then? Zoot suits the colour of canaries? Flat-tops smooth enough to play billiards on? A figure-hugging little number in black sequins? Is this really what the Young Romantics will be wearing come the Autumn, or is it somebody's idea of a joke? In actual fact, it's fingerpopping time and these are the Lemons. Left to right that's Paul Hookham (drums), Dave Quinn (sax), Paz Parris (piano), Ian Roberts (guitar), Darryl Hunt (bass) and of course the delectable Tammi Jacobs (voice and guitar) who may just be familiar to you through her promising career as ITV drama's token walk-on punkette.

For the last year London has giggled and groaned over the Lemons' misfit mixture of doowop and jazz, music hall and ska, Hollywood filmscores and West End showtunes. The sound of the Lemons is the sound of Doris Day shooting it out with Madness in the orchestra pit of a pierend Summer Show and now you can thrill to it too, as the Lemons release their first single through Brad Special's own Race Records label.

'My Favourite Band' was penned by Exeter-born and Art School educated Ian Roberts and like the rest of his songs, cameos and vignettes with titles like 'English Summer', 'Doctors And Nurses' and 'Boy Mad Girl', it takes a perceptive but sympathetic swipe at those little things that brighten up the dull daily routine.

Offering charm rather than charisma, Ian and Tammi certainly don't share the cynicism of the seen-it-all, sniffed-it-all, posed-through-it-all modern set. Which is probably why the Lemons' ramshackle enthusiasm goes frequently unappreciated.

"We got slagged by the NME because we all decided to wear grass skirts one night," remembers Ian. "All we were doing was having a bit of fun, but it seems like you can't even do that these days without somebody thinking you're making a serious statement."

And yet, beneath the boisterous entertainment which is a Lemons show there is a seriousness that doesn't sour. Ian's provincial, slice-of-life lyrics ripple like the repartee in the Rover's Return while, artistically speaking, his tunes have a tenacity reminiscent of great showmen like Lionel Bart. And as a band the Lemons have stoically refused to be sidetracked by the pressures of the music business. Often infuriating, they remain a law unto themselves.

"I think we really confused the record companies we spoke to before Race. They said they couldn't see how to sell us. All our strengths they saw as weaknesses: Tammi's voice, the suits, the fact that our songs aren't rock songs. Some said they couldn't see any direction. But everything we do sounds like the Lemons to us!" CHAS DE WHALLEY



The Lemons: Doris Day shoots it out with Madness.

Middle-aged spread (one)



Gary "US" Bonds. "No" to the Beatles as backing band.

BEFORE you ask Gary US Bonds about having The Beatles as his backing band on his last English tour, and how Brocoo Springsteen resuscitated his career there's one question that's got to be answered. How did Jacksonville born Gary Anderson get his 'US Bonds' monicker?

It seems that in an effort to increase the chances of Gary's first single 'New Orleans' way back in 1961, his record company sent promo copies bearing the patriotic inscription 'Buy US Bonds', somehow the Legend single label went out with the legend Gary US Bonds and since the record went to the number six slot in America and hit the Top 20 over here he stuck with it for better or for worse.

Gary, who had been brought up in the naval town of Norfolk, Virginia, left the streetcorners to tour America with the likes of The Drifters, The Coasters, The Platters, The Shirelles, Del Shannon and Roy Orbison.

But his third single, 'Quarter To Three', the one that has given him legendary status among American rockers, is the one he didn't want released.

"It sounded inferior . . . I actually cried and begged and pleaded that they wouldn't release that thing. I hated it," he says.

It was Bonds' biggest single and it led to a string of hits in the early 'sixties including 'School Is Out', 'Dear Lady Twist', 'Seven Day Weekend' and 'Twist Twist Senora', before he got swamped in the British invasion spearheaded by The Beatles. It was ironic as Bonds recalls.

"Just two and a half years before they made it

over here, they backed Roy Orbison and me up on a tour of Europe. Pete Best was in the group then and John Lennon gave me a tape they had made, asking if I could get any interest from an American label. It wasn't that good. We threw it away. Thank God they got better . . . a lot better!"

The hits dried up until four years ago when Gary played Jersey and Bruce Springsteen went up on stage with his boyhood hero and blasted out a rocking version of 'Quarter To Three'.

"He was great. I would have used him in my band. He's a great musician, a great singer and he's very energetic. We kept in touch and he contacted me in between a mammoth tour of America to record an EP with his sidekick Miami Steve Van Zandt." The EP turned into an LP called 'Dedication' and gave Gary US Bonds his first hit for nearly 17 years with 'This Little Girl'.

The album was completed, using the famed E Street Band, and his own band in under three weeks with Miami Steve taking the majority of the production credits and Bruce getting a co-production credit on three songs he wrote.

Now Bonds has found himself, at the age of 42, with a brand new following and popularity. He says: "I'm working about the same as I ever did but you notice that I'm more popular. Luckily I still have the same amount of fun."

What do you consider to be the highlight of your career so far? "It's all a highlight. I've never wanted to do anything else. This is it!" he beams. MIKE GARDNER.

Middle-aged spread (two)

MIDDLE-AGED he may be but there's not an ounce of spread on 45-year-old Bill Wyman. Like his weight watching Glimmer Twin colleagues, Le Rock Star is well-calorie conscious. Lunch today consists of poached eggs and spa water.

offers considerably, ordering a bottle of Chablis from the starched white wine waiter at his exclusive Mayfair hotel. This unassuming and least controversial of Rolling Stones is in London taking care of solo business.

By the time the new Stones album reaches the racks he'll have four

records in circulation — each on a different label. Not bad for a geezer some regard as an indolent tax exile. Bill may live in an idyllic South of France mountain village but idleness appears quite alien to his nature.

"I've always liked studios and I've got an eight-track in the house there. When not writing or experimenting with effects I'm involved with various aspects of local life. Like right now I'm doing the photographs for a book by Marc Chagall who lives close by."

How does the venerable old painter take to the company of a Rolling Stone?

"Oh, he's a lovely guy. When he objects to the length of my hair I remind him it was us that started it all!"

Indeed, why it only seems like yesterday that my mother took one look at him in particular and decided he ought to be locked up. For some time Bill was notorious for having the shaggiest barnet, hence contributing to the band's image as well as sound. But in direct contrast he's still excluded from the Stones' song-writing process. How come?

"Well," he explains dryly yet diplomatically, "I guess when you only release an album every 18 months and there are already two other people writing the songs, I don't suppose there's much call for more stuff."

Following the 'Start Me Up '45 the next batch of "stuff" will be in the shops at the end of the month but Bill doesn't rate the band's chances of touring Britain this year too highly.

"We usually play every three years. I'm sorry we missed '79 but '82 looks promising," he smiles, not wishing to pre-empt any formal announcement from the official decision-makers in the Stones camp. MIKE NICHOLLS

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Bill Wyman: no indolent tax exile.

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PSYCHEDELIC BACKLASH

Already, so soon! A trend dies on its feet before it's even had time to catch on.

Middle-age spread (three)



Aneka: tall and versatile.

S COTTISH NAME, English accent and Japanese image. Classically trained soprano, traditional Gaelic folk singer and a whistlestop tour up the charts — with a pop song. A husband and two sons watching her perform her first ever release on Top Of The Pops.

Curious contradictions or a diversifier extraordinaire? The latter I'd say and though scarcely concealed, Aneka, aka Mrs Mary Sandeman, is inclined to agree: "I like to be thought of as versatile," she begins with chronic understatement, "I've been having singing lessons since the age of 10 and at 19 won the Gold Medal Premier Award at the Scottish National Mod."

One assumes the latter is a fairly prestigious bash and Aneka has no qualms about admitting this was as far back as 1966. So much more polite than having to ask a lady her age but what about the record 'Japanese Boy'? Not to mention her Japanese pseudonym/persona to go with it. What's all that about?

"Well let's face it — it was quite an obvious gimmick to go with the song and my Jekyll and Hyde situation is a lot of fun. Particularly trying to get into a kimono when you're six feet tall!"

Tall, mature and versatile, Mrs Sandeman also reckons she has complete control over Aneka's bid for stardom. "I've every right to," she declares, "I mean it's always been my ambition to have a No. 1 hit single."

Yes, well haven't we all, dear, but it's an ambition this housewife looks well on the way to achieving. The day 'Japanese Boy' nipped a slant-eyed 40 places up the charts, it shifted another 50,000 units, as they say. Her record company are understandably chuffed and want her to record another.

"But that's not to say it will be more of the same. I'm not intending to set a trend for lots of Japanese records!" she concludes with fine Sino-Anglo-Scots humour. **MIKE NICHOLLS**

MY BIG cousin was a flower child and I idolised her with a violent frustration that I was only nine years old; I was born too late to wear lime green tights and dangly earrings and orange paisley shirts with huge billowing sleeves and swirling patterns. I was too young to run away to London to return with outrageous feather boas and wide brimmed floppy hats in colours so vibrant that they almost shone in the dark.

I remember perching on the edge of the settee watching the six o'clock news, which every night featured a girl who dared to wear her mini - skirt nine inches above her knee and my mother tutting in amazement. I remember watching Jimmy Savile on Top Of The Pops with Samantha putting the records on the turntable and Donovan or the Byrds miming to them.

Or the Rolling Stones on 'Ready Steady Go', with Brian Jones seated on an Indian living carpet with his sitar. All these things I remember and now they don't mean a thing. What's more they shouldn't; the past is dead and gone and apart from indulging in a little nostalgia it should remain that way.

This is why I find the latest new fad — the psychedelic revival — disturbing and sicko. 15 years on I'm witnessing an action replay of love, peace and purple hearts. I can read huge splashes on double page spreads in the hippest of music papers and listen to the oldest sounds in the hot new clubs and watch people only six years younger than me too young to remember the real thing, lapping it up like puppies. They are being sold down the river on a banana boat by racketeers eager to con money out of them before this new five minute fever fizzles out and the next revival is re-born.

If Einstein's theory of relativity holds, the next revival to swamp down on us and take us by storm will be punk! followed by new romanticism! with a dash of mod! and Tamla! Does this mean that in my short life I've witnessed all the new music I'll ever hear? Am I doomed to listen to revivals for the rest of my years?

It makes me sick.

Last night I went to a club called the Clinic which is also called Gossips and best known for being called Billy's which is where all this new romantic nonsense was born. Inside the strong smell of patchouli and joss sticks wafted mysteriously though the atmosphere and a lanky DJ called the Doctor rapped Rosko - style and played raves from the grave, while kids in peaked caps peeped out from below and waved

their paisley patterned little arms as they tried to dance in best far out form until the act appeared.

It made me sick.

It was like stepping into a scene from 'Blow Up'; like emerging from Doctor Who's Tardis, like being in a time warp. Warped it was, almost like coming home to find strange people living in your house, the sense of familiarity but of disorientation.

Hot psychedelic party poopers Mood Six (formerly the VIPs, ha ha!) bounded on stage looking like they'd visited the time warp too, the singer's hair back - combed from the crown in true Steve Marriott style, dressed with Madame Tussaud accuracy. They played a mixture of their own dire material and of cover versions, some not even vaguely connected with psychedelia. Since when was

'Venus' by Shocking Blue part of that movement?

And people too young to remember the real thing lapped it up like puppies. Too lazy to dream up something new and invigorating, the powers - that - think - they - be, filch from the past and make such a big noise about it that everyone takes notice, and because a few clothes shops (or should I say boutiques?) spring up at the same time (all carefully calculated, dears) it must be real!

You were fooled by mod. You were conned by new romantics. You have to suffer diabolical re-hashes in the name of disco mixes now. Stop supporting uncreative crazes and fight for something new.

Peace and love, man? It should be buried with your Afghan. **DANIELA SOAVE**



Jimi Hendrix: an original flower child.



The Fanzine cover.

LED ZEPPELIN FANZINE GETS NEW LEASE OF LIFE

I NFORMATION-starved Led Zeppelinites will be pleased to know that 'Tight But Loose', the leading Zeppelin fanzine, is carrying on.

Editor Dave Lewis has just brought out issue number six and he plans to document the future careers of Page, Jones and Plant, as well as carrying retrospectives about their glorious past.

Included in the current issue is a detailed look at the Zeppelin film 'The Song Remains The Same', Plant's part time band the Honeydrippers and a sensitive

appraisal of Bonham's career. The mag is also crammed full of pictures and features a small ads column and information page near the back.

It's available priced £1.10 (including post and packing) from Dave at 52 Dents Road, Bedford, or from a variety of London shops including Dark They Were in St Anne's Court, the Vintage Magazine Centre in Brewer Street and the Virgin Megastore in Oxford Street. It's pricey and highly recommended.

ROBIN SMITH

LAST WEEK Siouxsie and the Banshees discussed how they sought to reach a trance state in their music and then convey that state to their audience.

And we saw how Siouxsie - as star and image - is always in danger of being turned into a fetish by her fans and into a commodity by the business in which she works.

Fans create stars and stars create fans.

"Idols are the works of man's own hands - they are things and man bows down and worships things, worships that which he has created himself. In doing so, he transforms himself into a thing." (Erich Fromm).

'Juju' is a celebration, but it is also a warning.

Siouxsie explains the old show: "On the 'Join Hands' tour we had stained glass windows and black drapes. It was like taking your own miniature church with you. And that's carried on. We take our own set and show into a theatre and make it our own."

Steve continues: "The idea we had for taking the stainless windows with us was almost like our little joke that those people have come to worship us."

Now hold on. Isn't this a bit total? Siouxsie and the Banshees play fearful devotional music and compose their show and suck you in. Who's controlling who here? And who's the fetish? And is there room to breathe?

I plead occasional claustrophobia in the world of the Banshees, its colours so black, its dance so unrelenting, so constantly, droningly black.

"We have got a very definite style and that's something we're criticised for but it's not something we conjure up, it's what comes out. The whole base of rock and roll is people with very definite styles, people who manufacture those styles into myths, hideous people like Bruce Springsteen."

Ah yes, the million dollar question. Don't the Banshees manufacture a myth, from the perfect lighting to Siouxsie's staring face, to the rushing black tones of McGeoch's choppy guitar? A total complete, made-up world, perhaps even a fetish?

"No," says Steve. "Maybe," says Siouxsie.

"We want to put on a show and we do but we don't want to be manufactured," says Budgie.

But Siouxsie explains: "You see we're not really conscious in that way onstage. The consciousness is of what you can do when you're not playing, things like the lights, but the gig itself isn't choreographed, it's real, live."

"Some people think it's hammed up, that 'Juju' is an exploitation of magic, of ideas that are used to impress, to sound impressive, heavy massan. We knew people would react to the album by saying: 'Boogie, boogie, it's the boogie man.'" Siouxsie puts on her most sarcastic voice.

Steve explains: "We tried to play the artwork down, not to be crass and obvious. We tried to play down the black magic side of things and make it as relevant to what we are

actually saying as possible. I can just visualise how Toyah or Jimmy Pursey would have done it.

"We avoided all the sword and sorcery stuff, the Roger Dean side of it."

THEY succeeded. 'Juju' is a dark world, a complete atmosphere and the whole record works as a style, a form of hypnosis. And as an examination of control, of the power of performance when the band transfixed the audience and themselves and works a dance-dark magic. A magic in which the audience becomes the band's puppet and sometimes the band belongs to the audience, becomes their puppet. A great metaphor for the band's hypnosis.

And for the more sinister side of things when the mixture overbalances and instead of devotion and religious union, the entertained turn the entertainer into a puppet on a string, spellbound.

"When you think your toys have gone berserk it's an illusion you cannot shirk you hear laughter cracking through the walls it sends you spinning you have no choice." (from 'Spellbound').

Siouxsie and the Banshees explore this dark world with a devotion and relentlessness that makes some find them narrow, claustrophobic, one-sided. But the truth is that this is their commitment and the source of their dark strength.

Steve explains the commitment: "I'm always intrigued by those things that you really have to delve into... if you got totally into black

magic or something you'd have to become a totally different person; you couldn't live the same way.

"You'd just have to cut yourself off and maybe it's because you have to have such commitment that people consider you evil."

"I'm interested in discovering whether those things actually are evil or whether it's the fact that you have to isolate yourself from society and the normal way of doing things that people consider it evil."

And get punished as being evil for their difference, for the depth of their commitment? Who are more committed to their way of seeing than rock musicians living out a style of life that seems like magic, like freedom to those trapped in the everyday of the nine-to-five or the dole?

Siouxsie follows up what Steve has already said: "It's like going back to the Dark Ages; witches were the ones that kept themselves to themselves apart, nothing to do with anything, being a bit eccentric. It's just their character wasn't as blind and open as everyone else's and so they were branded as something unsavoury and punished for it."

"And people are punished now for being different - but in subtler ways."

There's two kinds of difference and both are sinister. The first is when you lose touch with the world, lose the devotion and become separate, outside the music.

Steve explains his song 'Halloween' on 'Juju': "My source for that is something that happened to me when I was very young, understanding reality for the first time, if that doesn't sound too... (pause) I suddenly realised when I was about six that I was a separate person. Suddenly I knew I was around instead of just being a part of things. And once that happens you realise that you've lost something like an innocence."

The other kind of difference is the difference of trying to be yourself

and being stopped. Siouxsie has always tried and always felt resisted, and she fights back:

"Society tries to make people live out a clichéd existence, to conform. If you've got a Holpoint washing machine then you're alright because you're like the others."

"People are pressured to live out lives of conformity and I want to live my life differently and to have the freedom to be able to do it in front of others without being stopped."

Siouxsie has always fought for control, to speak it and live it as she sees it. Take it back to when she was growing up at home: "A lot of children do hate their parents and that relationship is a very powerful influence. I used to really hate my mother, both my parents, sometimes I used to really despise them. Sometimes I used to want to kill them or kill myself just to teach them a lesson. Now I've done a complete turnaround since I've left home. Now I don't see my parents so much and we get on very well."

"I remember admitting this to a few girls at school and they thought I was a monster or something but I always felt they were holding out in not admitting to having that feeling."

"When you're an adolescent you always think what a misfit you are and you try to stifle those kind of things. I always found it very hard to stifle myself. I'd blurt them out and people would think I was weird."

WE discuss Phil Oakey and his changes of costume, going the whole hog and dressing as Brian Eno and, later, Lou Reed, and later still (now) as himself. We all admire his commitment, as Steve says, he admires those who take a total change. "It was really different before because you knew if you did it, you were completely on your own whereas these girls who come to see Siouxsie, they know there'll be at least twenty others like them there."

And Siouxsie leans forward, the Juju priestess who made her followers "so... unaware" and delivers her creed: "I think what's vital is people with character. There's something about certain people, it's just in their character, they have something that's theirs."

"Maybe it's something to do with their humour, but they have something that's theirs, even when they're trying to find themselves, they're trying to find themselves rather than just being a bit lazy and just getting lost."

And there you have it. It's four o'clock in the morning and the three of us decide it's time to go off and sleep. Siouxsie and the Banshees are a big band now, surrounded by lights and equipment and a host of fans. As far as they're concerned their show and their way of acting is the way they need to act.

"I don't think you can do something and try and cater for other people's tastes, you just have to do what you want."

No, they're not breaking up but this is their last major British tour in this style for the near future. "We want to stay in control, we've held onto it this far and we want to continue to do so. People always think there's some huge story in it when you make an announcement like that."

"But this show is a precedent and we're very proud of it. We just don't want to repeat ourselves."

So there'll be a new single, an EP made by Siouxsie on voice and Budgie on drums and the tour will continue round much of the world. Meanwhile, listen to 'Juju.' The record transfixed, enchants, hypnotises, scares. Leaves you spellbound.

And it's also the best examination of what happens when that magic goes wrong, turns black out on the sinister night shift and the performer / magician becomes a doll in the grasp of her fans.

Or the fans become dolls in her grasp.

It's the sinister side of entertainment when people become fetishised and lose their humanity. 'Juju' is a record of the alienation that's always present in the relationship between star and fans.

I remember Siouxsie after an autograph session, looking so worried at the fans dressed like her, as if she'd been cloned...

"Then the victim stared up looked strangely at the screen as if her pain was our fault but that's entertainment what we crave for inside." (from 'Monitor')

It's a devil's bargain, brothers and sisters, careful how you crave.

THE MAGIC OF TRANCE

The fetish speaks — part two. MARK COOPER searches for (and finds) the alienation and commitment of Siouxsie and the Banshees.

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in which cabaret funsters

SOFT CELL join the swelling

ranks. SIMON TEBBUTT

is camp follower.

MORE camp than a day at Butlins. More mascara than the make up counter at Boots. More clichés than a... Sun feature?

OK, I got the message, but it's hard not to slip into caricature when you're dealing with the small but perfectly formed Marc Almond, singer with Leeds based duo Soft Cell. He's a likeable cross between the uppity kid next door who does all the party tricks and an excited Mrs Slocombe all asides and little confidences.

Truth is, he's a tousle-haired bag of nerves and gets over it with a mixture of exhibitionism and 90 miles an hour gabbling. He giggles. He stutters. He waves his arms around or fiddles with his standard issue pop star shades.

And, just like the shows, he makes interviews fun. You press a button to start the rapid machine gun fire and off you go on a verbal assault course.

Now you might be mistaken for thinking that his keyboard playing partner, David Ball, is the strong silent type. It's just that the poor lad can't get a word in edgeways. He isn't the only one. David is the gentle giant to Marc's jittery speed freak sparrow and when he does pipe up it's generally to agree with his mate who then chips in and carries on the tale.

So picture this. A back room at Phonogram's offices and I'm piggy in the middle. It starts off as a sober three way conference, slowly becomes a very uneven tennis match and ends up a manic squash game with Marc firmly in the batting position (mixed sporting metaphors, I know, but you get the general idea). Now I'll try and explain a few things as we go along but I didn't interfere much at the time so I don't see why I should now.

What strikes me about Soft Cell is their complete lack of pretensions, both in everyday life and in their music. Witness the current single, 'Tainted Love'. It's called minimalist, which roughly means that it ain't stuffed with a lot of daff fancy bits. They're not afraid of looking like loonies (wait for the truth about Marc and the famed nude cat food amearing session), making mistakes or joining in with the laughter, even if it is aimed at them.

You could call them flippant, but what it boils down to is that they don't play at antiseptic icebergs like some cool 'futurists' and they ain't pompous 'rockists' either. It's fun to them. It's entertainment. You know you're meant to enjoy it. Anyway we kick off (another sporting metaphor) with the so called anti 'pomp and circumstance' stance and, remember, Marc raps about 20 times faster than you're reading, or three million times faster than I'm typing.

"Yes, well we're very against the, um, sort of... rock syndrome."

"... rock syndrome," comes in David simultaneously, "basically we don't like that kind of idea where we're superstars and the audience are just a load of rabble. We're people and they're people and..."

"We're entertaining," Marc elaborates, "and they're giving their time and money and I really don't like to go and see a band separated 10 feet up on a stage, with a barrier of bouncers and security men and a bank of amplifiers and like a glass wall in front of them and a sort of over the top lighting and everything which is a total separation. I know it's escapism, but ours is a different sort of escapism. Our sort of escapism is where the audience come and be really sort of involved, where we're standing on almost the same level. It's like disco where people are dancing together and it's exciting and it's creating atmosphere and sweat and people are having a good time. It's a different kind of escapism, you know people can stare at you and look you in the eyes and laugh when you make a mistake and smile and just enjoy themselves."

So it's the participation. I offer quickly, while the lead pauses for breath.

"Yeah, it's the participation," he agrees before I've even finished.

ALL very noble, I'm sure you'll agree. But it's been said before and it's an unfortunate fact of life that the bigger you get, the more isolated you become. And original impulses wither in a vacuum. So with a single in the charts and the national media sniffing round like a pack of ravenous hyenas, what



chance is there of Soft Cell sticking to their principles?

"Well, people say that if you get more successful you have to play bigger venues," Marc darts in, cutting David in mid flow, "but we really like the idea of keeping to small clubs and discos and places that are not necessarily set up for live bands and play there for two or three nights and get back to the residency idea. So everyone can be there in a really nice atmosphere and be really involved and they can see you clearly and hear and enjoy themselves."

I've got enough for a good length novel here but we'll skip a few thousand pages and get down to some good giggling. By now Marc's building up steam and waving his arms around like a windmill after a good curry (or should that read "in a hurricane") and Phonogram's lovely Mariella brings us all a cup of cheer and David spots fatboy DJ and mentor Steve at another window and gives him a friendly victory salute and we're all getting on fine and having a jolly good time thank you very much. The conversation is ripping along at a fairly brisk pace, all about rough edges and breaking barriers when there's a characteristic gush of laughter from Marc, imagine a vacuum cleaner having an orgasm, and you'll be there.

"Mind you we haven't done a gig since Top Of The Pops," snorts David. "I wish I knew what it was going to be like."

"Hurrumph, hurrumph, hurrumph," (that's the laugh), "I think it'd be even more chaotic," says Marc. "I think you're really got to attempt to break down these things and say 'look, so what'. If you were to come along to Top Of The Pops and see us in person then you wouldn't think it was us at all."

WERE beginning to sound like a couple of housewives at the supermarket, so, for something better to say, I ask what happens.

"Well, the sets always look lovely on telly," coos Marc while his alter ego makes approving noises in the background, "but it's all like it's just been hammered together that morning and it's quite funny. We just had a couple of rehearsals and then just did it. They work out the camera positions from the rehearsals and you have the audience there and they say 'here is Soft Cell' and you're aware of all the cameras around you and you just do it."

Mind you, the boys are no strangers to the visual medium and in the early days - a couple of years ago when they were developing from their Northern

JOHN FOXX

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◀ **SOFT CELL:** Cat food gave them their first big break

soul roots - incorporated films and slides into their act. But they jacked it in because it distracted the audience.

"Well, people tend to gawp anyway," explains Marc in that lonely limp voice, "and people would stand and gawp even more when there were films and things. We still use them occasionally but we've toned down a lot on that in an attempt at more direct communication."

Part of this attempt now involves a move toward more traditional elements of entertainment, like cabaret, and away from the electro pop of the current scene. And this, they reckon, is where Soft Cell stand out from the rest of the crowd.

"Obviously electronic music has had its influences on us, but it's not the main thing," says Marc. "There's cabaret music and soul music and we like music that's live and gritty and slightly messy. Like those old Northern soul records, they were a complete mess, they were out of key and they were really raw. It's the working man's club idea. It should be like theatre. The song can always be presented in the studio in the slick way, in the perfect way, but the live thing should be different. I mean we use a lot of backing tapes which have got the beat and are a strong anchor to hold it together, with Dave adding extra texture over the top with keyboards, electronic percussion and me doing the singing line and most of the backing vocals. It's like controlled chaos really."

Of course, in pre Cell days Marc worked around Leeds as a "performance artiste" and picking up the tricks of the trade he applies today. And after the famous cat food incident it's hardly surprising he no longer feels any embarrassment on stage.

"Ooooh, noooo, not the cat food," Marc wails at the thought of recounting the tale again. "It's been completely misquoted. It was a couple of years ago, we did some bizarre things sometimes. When I was performing solo, very tacky cabaret performances with films and slides and dialogue and all sorts of bits and pieces. That's when we started working together, Dave started putting backing tracks to my performances. This was one night at Reading. It was a particularly turgid event, all candlelit tables and the audience all sitting there being terrible arty and being really meaningful, and we were into utter trash at that time. So we did this song called 'The Pussy Cat Song,' about a cat who got locked in the house

and ate its mistress." (All present dissolve into giggles at this point.) "It was utter tack. I thought let's do this 'cause it'll really get them going. We were totally led up by this time and I got this tin of cat food and, I thought I can't do this thing, I can't do it it's really disgusting, I thought... (this is where you imagine Mrs Slocombe), I can do it (giggle giggle). And the audience were sitting there with their mouths open gawping and saying 'Well yes, but is this art?' And so the climax was where I stood on the stage and completely pulled everything off that I had, and smeared it all over myself. It was disgusting but it caused... quite a considerable reaction."

Everyone's pretty helpless now so I chuck in a serious question about sexual undertones in Soft Cell's act.

"A lot of our songs are to do with sex," offers Dave. "We're not into bums and titties," Marc qualifies, "but we're not clean living boys (giggle, snigger), we're not like that. It's a bit dirty, it's a bit dirty. People like it, I think it's... healthy."

"One of the gigs we did," says David, "I think it was at Kirk Levington, Marc was swaying around and singing and there were these two girls and one of them was rubbing herself against the speakers in time with the music and she was just gazing at him."

"I don't know why," giggles Marc, and I'm not sure if it's modesty or he's trying to tell me something.

Anyway enough of the past and things of a sexual nature. It's time to say goodnight so I wheel out the old predictable, "what about the future boys?" Mark comes to my rescue.

"Well, there's the inevitable LP I suppose. We really need to get over the numbers we've been doing in the live set. We're not exactly too sure what's happening at the moment. We're going to work on some new ideas for the live show that'll come together in the Autumn. It'll be more review, the working man's club thing. We've got a couple of gyrators, backing singers (snigger) called Vicious Pink Phenomena. They're a couple of gorgeous sort of girls (sort of girls?) and they're both really fun. Dave's been doing a single with them which should be out soon. And I've done a solo single too. It's just that we're both never content with just sitting around doing nothing or waiting to do the next Soft Cell single. So we go in to the studio and say 'well here's a song I've got and really like' and so we do it."

"It's nice, it keeps things fresh," says David.

"Yeah, it keeps things fresh," agrees Marc.

"Yeah, fresh." I think as I switch off the tape recorder.



MOCK TURTLE

a la Julian

BOUNCING BABIES? SWINGING SIXTIES!

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES: 'Passionate Friend' (Mercury). Guess what? Julian's taken time off from being Scott Walker, in order to become, for three and a half glorious minutes... The Turtles! The brass boys are kept in the background this time, while the Other Teardrops maintain a regular, choppy beat and the limelight is hogged unmercifully by the golden tonsils of You Know Who. The Turtley bits are glorious, and of course maddeningly catchy, and there's a wonderful cheeky nod towards 'As Tears Go By' near the end. My passionate friend thinks rather highly of this record, and so do I. A number one.

BRANDON'S FIDDLING

THEATRE OF HATE: 'Nero' (Burning Rome 12in). An awesome racket indeed, all thud and blunder (of course) violin, plus the extraordinary singing of Mr Kirk Brandon, whose muzzin voice makes Kevin Rowland sound *impassive*. A disco bass pops up here and there, too; in short, it's a raucous mishmash in which it's easy to lose interest when Brandon's not singing. When he is, however, the whole thing becomes hideously compulsive. I wouldn't want to wake up to it, but I have to admit I've played it quite a lot.

PRACTICAL ELECTRONICS

GARY NUMAN: 'She's Got Claws' (Beggars Banquet). And after the retirement... old Kohl eyes is back. A dreary affair, this, plodding slowly along and not helped a great deal by that ludicrous, unvarying whinge of a voice. Can't imagine who he might be singing about, although Daily Star readers may have a better idea than most.

OMD: 'Souvenir' (Dindisc). Pleasant slowie sung by Paul Humphreys or a speeded-up Andy McCluskey or... someone else entirely. Very reminiscent of French movie music; you know the stuff, rain against windowpane, wistful blonde, empty beach, crowded railway platform, etc, etc. Conjures up those sort of images very nicely, but it's not a mini-classic like 'Messages' or 'Enola'.

HEAVEN 17: 'Play To Win' (Virgin 12in). Forsaking the groove thing for a disco beat, the BEF turn out a hoarse rap, superbly produced and everything, but... something's missing. That extra magic, that made their first 45 the one that everyone (except those dozy DJs)



JULIAN COPE: turning turtle?

loved, is absent. A real shame, because all the ingredients are there and it should be great; still, it's an improvement on its predecessor, the unexciting 'I'm Your Money'. They owe us a classic next time.

THOMAS LEER: '4 Movements' (Cherry Red 12in). Mr Leer is by way of being a pioneer of the home electronics school of DIY pop-making, which makes his a precursor if not a forefather of today's futurist dingbats. On this four-track EP he performs likeable variations on the electro theme; 'Letter From America' swings along nicely and is my fave, but it's all highly acceptable stuff. Nice background music, your mum would probably call it, and I for one wouldn't argue with her.

JOHN FOX: 'Europe After The Rain' (Metal Beat). Like the Orchs, Fox has ditched out-and-out blippery bilpiness for a romantic mood. He carries it off less successfully than the northern duo, however; his monotonous voice is well-suited to such robotic drills as 'Underpass', but isn't sufficiently expressive to make a go of this pretentiously-titled opus. *Après toi le deluge*, eh John?

BACK TO THE HUMANOIDS

IMAGINATION: 'In And Out Of Love' (Pye 12in). More gorgeous, sleeky soul from the Christmas tree decorations who brought you the ridiculously seductive 'Body Talk'.



This is more of the same, really, but it's lovely for all that. The singers are breathy, the pacing sloooow, the piano and vibes lavishly applied. Goodness, if my hands weren't already full, I'd go out and find someone to seduce to this record.

ERIC RANDOM: 'Dow Chemical Company' (New Hormones). This came out weeks ago, but the man at New Hormones sent me *such* a nice letter, explaining that as well as making foreign records without middles, Eric makes English ones with middles, d'you see, so why not review this one as well? British is best and all that... It's a 'sound montage', as the accompanying press release explains, and (hurling aside my prejudices about that sort of thing) it's rather good. It's very rhythmic, a bit dubby, and has a lost girl wandering in and out of it. You won't hum it over breakfast, but do hear it.

IAN HUNTER: 'Lisa Likes Rock 'n' Roll' (Chrysalis). Messy attempt at a poppy Buddy Holly pastiche. Like I said last week, these old rockers don't know how to pop; their attempts always sound embarrassingly heavy-handed, and the ex-Mott singer, now well into the Phyllolean age bracket, is no exception. Or, to paraphrase Stevenson: *The Hunter is over the hill*.

JOE JACKSON'S JUMPIN' JIVE: 'Jack You're Dead' (A&M). Smashing song, faithfully rendered, but I can't take the sudden new credibility of old sourface seriously. If this sort of thing's your cuppa, then you might as well listen to the originals rather than a modern-day copy, however well crafted. It's hilarious to see the fad-happy press fall at the feet of the previously despised Jackson, but I don't suppose it will go on for long. When they start sniping again, one supposes he'll revive the Charleston or something.

ALTERED IMAGES: 'Happy Birthday' (Epic 12in). This is labelled 'dance mix' — I take that to mean that it's a longer version than the original, with the drums turned up. It certainly doesn't mean that you can dance to this lumpy, bumpy effort with its googoo icky-thweet vocals; not unless you've a club foot, that is.

POLECATS: 'Marie Celeste' (Mercury 12in). A better attempt than they've managed before, but they still don't rival those Yankee felines for dash. 'MC' is one of four tracks on this EP, which also includes a ritual murder of T Rex's 'Jeepster'. Clearly, nothing is sacred; I can take it when some berk in a 25-year-old jacket carves up 'Green Door', but when they start on my teenage memories...

SYLVESTER: 'Give It Up (Don't Make Me Wait)' (Fantasy). Sultry disco item, a sort of 'Je T'aime' with added bpm. No song in evidence, though (in fact, it's rather like a long intro) so I can't see Sylvester getting back into the regular charts with this. A pity; I'd love to see him on TOTP.

THE BEACH BOYS: 'Beach Boys Medley' (Capitol). An unpleasant one, this; I can see why they've done it, and naturally those magical voices show Adrian Whatsiface up for the whiney, wimpy faker he is, but whoever cobbled 'Beach Boys Medley' together did a pretty slapdash job. The handclaps drop in and out of the proceedings as if they're embarrassed to be there, as well they might be, and the whole thing has as much swing as a sack of potatoes.

HAVANA LET'S GO: 'Torpedoes' (Polydor). The song that the highly-touted Havana have chosen for their first release is the most unbelievably derivative thing I've ever heard; there's a bit of 'Frosty The Snowman' in there, and a bit of 'Rock And Roll Music', and goodness knows what else beside.



REVIEWED
BY SUNIE

It sounds pretty amateurish, too, with nary a sign of the supposed tropical flavour exuded by these people. Likely to cause very few ripples, then sink without trace.

ROLLING STONES: 'Start Me Up' (Rolling Stones). Piffling geriatric 'Brown Sugar' retreat, with the usual tired Richards riffing and inherent bully-boy sexism — the latter apparent even from the first glance at the repulsive sleeve. Jagger seems quite an amiable bloke in a rather enviable situation; he's got his money, his film career, his divorce, his cricket and his girlfriend, so what on earth is it that drives him to play out this redundant charade? I know, it's only rock 'n' roll...

CHARLIE DORE: 'Listen' (Chrysalis). Charlie appears to be another time-locked seventies-style girl singer, all long hair, sub-Joni voice and coy sexiness, but one presumes that Judie 'Tombstone Dentures' Tzuke has that market just about sewn up. Go back to C&W, Charles; it sounds a lot less dated than this MOR tripe.

GO-GOS: 'Our Lips Are Sealed' (IRS). The Go-Gos are an All Girl American New Wave Group, and that is precisely what they sound like. Let's face it, the so-called new wave, as surfed by our colonial cousins, has not produced a worthwhile group since its very beginnings and the Talking Heads / Television / Blondie / Ramones crop. The Go-Gos do nothing to break the pattern; they make well-produced, NW ordinaire rockpop that's as American as mom's blueberry pie, but neither as sharp nor as tasty.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY: 'Release The Bats' (4AD). This is what comes of shipping a lot of convicts to a far-off island and allowing them to interbreed for a couple of hundred years, you know; you end up with a lot of crazed weirdos with filthy accents queuing up to hop on the first Laker flight back to Blighty to avenge their ancestors. The Birthday Party are clearly in favour of going straight for the jugular: 'Bite! Bite!' screams a suitably deranged-sounding singer, over a hideous, contorted chaos of a backdrop. Love it.

DRINKING ELECTRICITY: 'Subliminal' (Survival). Refugees from Pop:Aural, Drinking Electricity boast a great name but a less than individual sound; home-made electronic records peaked with OMD's 'Electricity', and that was a long time ago. This is inoffensive, which when you think about it, is worse than saying it's atrocious (which it isn't). But there it is.

BLACK UHURU: 'Sponji Reggae' (Island 12in). Disco mix of last month's single release, and ideal summer listening. Close your eyes, turn up the Walkman, let your mind become one huge and glorious blank... The very repetitiveness of the song and its numbskull lyrics are enough to lull you into a languorous stupor; you scarcely even need to light that reeler...



JAMES CHANCE AND THE CONTORTIONS: 'Live In New York' (Roi import cassette).

By Jim Reid

FOR SOME months now the words to drop have been FUNK and JAZZ, the attitude to adopt: COOL. Yet for all the flurry of activity in London, little has emerged to threaten the nightclub/dance-music hegemony of New York City.

And so naturally, let's listen to James Chance. Chance, the rogue inhabitant of Manhattan nightlife; the man with no record contract but plenty of music, the composer of sweet soul and the player of wild sax.

'Live In New York', takes you to the very heart of James Chance; shows his music to be sublime and at times absurd: quite simply, it's compelling.

Constantly shifting the personnel of his band, so as to avoid staleness and promote creativity; this recording sees Chance working with probably his best outfit. The playing throughout is superb.

The backing tracks are a dense mix-match of instrumental virtuosity; subtle musicianship that doesn't say, "Hey look at me," but jogs the tunes this way and that; dislocating, dancemaking.

This is the soundtrack for Chance and his sax; at times his playing seems out of control, it shrieks out for discipline; yet those notes are maintained, slipping up and sliding down to provide a smoothness amongst the madness.

Chance sings, the white soul man, intense, sweaty and a little hammy. James is literate, he plays with words, he plies the ironic, he snarls the sardonic; he writes the hard boiled witty lyric, for big cities and ugly times.

Just listen to it. 'King Heroin', featuring the most sublime playing from Chance and the sweetest, almost trance-like backing; the touch is perfect, and when bass and guitars so light and deft combine with Chance ranting and sour: the result is exquisite.

... Or 'Money To Burn'; held so bass-light and intact while the guitars just float and Chance and his sax shoot all over the place.

The driven and better-than-Brown version of 'I Got You; I Feel Good' and the scatterbrained, cocktail-shaker, party-maker, unique arrangement of 'That Old Black Magic'.

Play this tape and be entranced by those light jazzy guitars; held hostage by that bass and drum; shook up by that Chance alto sax, amused by those Chance lyrics. +++ + + + +

DAVID JOHANSEN: 'Here Comes The Night' (Blue Sky 84504).

By Mark Cooper

ONCE DAVID was a New York Doll, big and brash and leering, maybe even dangerous. Now he is a solo career, begun with some distinction in the shape of a song called 'Frenchette' and deteriorating towards this. Here comes the night indeed.

Traces of the old Johansen charm endure, glimpses of that old wide-boy grin surface on titles like 'Bohemian Love Pad' but, basically, the boys' been sold. Representative of all that was loudest and trashiest about New York rock, David's tried to grow up and just grown old. And sadder still, all in the name of what American record companies like CBS delight in calling New Wave.

Johansen wrote these songs in the company of one Blondie Chaplin whose hardcore thrash and love of cliché almost conquers David's charm and love of Foundations' style party rock.

Tongue in cheek Johansen might be, but he's sold his soul to formula rock and he does it rock and he doesn't shock. By the time songs like 'Party Tonight' roll around on the second side, all trace of inspiration has long since vanished.

You can't help loving David's character and delivery but his output is no longer believable. There's nothing sadder than watching a cult grabbing for airplay. They're not worth it David, rock out or get out. +



BOB DYLAN: days of bed - sit protest are gone forever — time someone told him.

Dylan: dead dodo

BOB DYLAN: 'Shot Of Love' (CBS 85178)

By Daniela Soave

TIME WAS when Robert Zimmerman deserved to be called great. Time was when his songs were masterful, moving and true. His words hit home, his melodies either stirred you with fire or washed over you like a cool balm.

Not now, not now. Bob Dylan, like the majority of my first set of idols is a worn out man, wailing and bleating on an album he should never have made, singing songs which, although they can't be called abominations, certainly aren't worthy of his name.

If I had been given this album six years ago I'd have been moved to tears. I'd have been sitting in my flat with my bottle of wine and my joints on a fair summer's afternoon with Bob Dylan blasting over the speakers, mellow and content. Well, as Mr Dylan once put it so

succinctly, the times they are a changing. Sadly, the trouble with 'Shot Of Love' is that most of the nine songs Dylan has designed to grace us with are rehashes of earlier glories. They plod along and get absolutely nowhere, and few fail to move you the way that, say, every song on 'Desire' or 'Blood On The Tracks' would.

Three songs worthy of mention, three songs which almost make me take back every bad word I've said are 'Lenny Bruce', 'In The Summertime' and 'Every Grain Of Sand'. But even they sound a little too reminiscent of 'Desire' to redeem 'Shot Of Love'.

All you Dylan worshippers who would give 'Shot Of Love' an academic and meaningful review praising his glories until the end of the earth, think about this — you are doing this because you remember what this man once was and the heights he could once scale. You forgive the six mediocre compositions because of the three shining ones.

To me that's no credential at all. +++

WIMP ROCK ROUND-UP

DESMOND DEKKER: 'Compass Points' (Stiff SEEZ 36).

By Simon Hills

WHAT THE hell Robert Palmer is doing behind the production desk with this album is really a mystery, but still not as questionable as his playing bass.

Recorded in Nassau's Compass Point Studios, the album is tame and limp, with Palmer's bass workman-like and clumsy. It all adds up for a nice holiday for a few musicians and that wonderful atmosphere no doubt shines through on the album ... an atmosphere of complacency and comfort.

Desmond Dekker, though, is still a great singer with his power of delivery still as strong as those classic singles 'It Mek' and 'Israelites'.

Why the powers that be should choose to Anglicise the sound and aim it at a mainstream audience is as strange as choosing the often brilliant Robert Palmer to wield the bass guitar. The veteran reggae singer still could have much to offer as numbers like the single 'Hurts So Bad' show.

And his 'Cindy' is another fine reggae romp, but again marred by the obvious bass playing and some heavy-handed guitar work. What should and could be a superb album is a waste. Let's hope he chooses some more spirited musicians to deliver his material next time round. ++

BUCKS FIZZ: 'Bucks Fizz' (RCA RCALP 5050)

By Daniela Soave

YOU EITHER like them or you don't. You either think they're going to take over where Abba leaves off or you hope they'll take off and leave.

For me, I'm of the latter sentiment. I think Bucks Fizz are a bunch of gutless wonders who perhaps can sing in tune but certainly don't know the meaning of singing with emotion.

So this, their debut LP, is a big production job with slick session musicians, 10 ready-made songs for them to warble, and yet the whole shebang still can't spark Bucks Fizz into action. I thought they were going to get somewhere with the disco-ish 'Shine On', the penultimate track, but they could only keep up the emotion for the first few lines.

Don't think I dislike Bucks Fizz because they're blatantly middle of the road or because they don't write their own material. Sheena Easton falls into both categories too and yet she is infinitely more palatable. Bucks Fizz could be good too, if only they learned to FEEL their songs.

The trouble with Bucks Fizz is it always gets up my nose. +++

BERNIE MARSDEN: 'Look At Me Now' (Parlophone PLS 7217).

By Robin Smith

ROCK'S ANSWER to Eddie Large strikes again. His first solo effort must have done so well that Parlophone put up the ackers for another one and 'Look At Me Now' was recorded at lightning speed during a brief lull in Whitesnake's activities.

This is another album featuring the Marsden Mafia with Cozy Powell, Jon Lord and a few other good old boys sharing the limelight, but I'd say it has more sense of purpose than his debut and outside of Whitesnake, Marsden shows he's not short of ideas.

The title track is worth many plays alone for its superior guitar work and pleading vocals — and 'So Far Away' is a track that Uncle Bob Seger would be pleased to call his own. Guitars bobbing and weaving over an insistent rhythm with even some rolling keyboards in there somewhere.

All in all, this is a fine little package which can only increase the respect for one of music's nice guys. +++

THE BROTHERS JOHNSON: 'Winners' (A&M AMLK 63724)

By Paul Sexton

ONE THING we don't need, for starters, is bumptious, swaggering titles like 'Winners'. Let's leave aside the narcissism and move onto the real deal, which is the content of the Johnson Brothers' follow-up to last year's 'Light Up The Night' success. The word is that if you liked that — and most Johnson fans seemed to — you won't mind this at all. Now we're coming to the "but!"

The single 'The Real Thing' sounds like 'Stomp' without the stomping; it's slick enough but ultimately a bit soulless and there's no real hook either. Like much of the album it's got the Quincy touch too, but here's the rub: Mr Jones ain't actually on it, the Brothers produced it themselves. The QJ razzamatazz has too often sounded a little too brassy and "un-new" to me and the same's true of good deal of 'Winners'. They know they're winners so much of it is a repeat trick from last year.

Then again, every track's got something good going for it, most notably the rock-piano boogie style of 'Hot Mama', the gentle, Toto-inspired — and — written 'In The Way' and — the pick of the pack — an Anne Herring song (really) called 'Daydreamer Dream' with all sorts of excellent vocal intricacies from Valerie Johnson.

It works because it's not what you expect; what you do expect these days is functional, "satisfactory" soul from George and Louis, and there's certainly plenty of that here to sell records; but I think back to 'Get The Funk Out Ma Face' and 'Strawberry Letter 23' and wonder why they don't really bare their souls anymore. +++ + 1/2

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X: 'Wild Gift' (Slash SR 107) By Mark Cooper

I'VE BEEN slow with this one and it's been out a while but novelty ain't everything and what's a month in the life of a record made to last? Nothing is what, nothing except the first flash you get when a band's promise is backed up all the way on record. This is a "wild gift" indeed and don't let any of those who hate all things American tell you different.

X come from the Los Angeles underground without a trace of Black Flag, Circle Jerk nihilism. They're critics' favourites in America — which means very little as critics don't buy records and don't seem to make many other people buy them either. X are half tradition — Billy Zoom's inventive, rockabilly — rooted guitar, John Doe's and Exene's harmonising that's frequently a deadringer for Grace Slick and Kantner in their Airplane heyday — and half — original, the finest flower of the LA punk culture.

If punk is a tired world and word and Los Angeles another name for self-indulgence in your book, listen again. Somebody had to feel the beast twitching under the glossy freeway surface, like Raymond Chandler. X put their finger on sordid LA while creating a new romantic myth, a myth of themselves, a romanticism of honesty right in line with GP at his best.

X are world-weary without being tired, theatrical without being Tom Waits, unique and not a cliché. 'Wild Gift' rocks throughout while being a real love story. I've given it the once over more than twice and I know it's going to last. Now you've been warned, get used to it. + + + + +

CHARLIE CLEANS UP

CHARLIE DORE: 'Listen' (Chrysalis CHR 1325)
By Robin Smith

IT MUST be something to do with the weather, but I like this. The sun keeps blazing down and then a heady little cocktail comes along in the shape of Ms Dore. Since Judie Tzuke can't decide which direction to take next and Sheena Easton has disappeared until October, this just might be the chance for Charlie to start cleaning up. God knows she deserves it, after we printed some vulgar pictures of her knickerless at the Venue and strip king Paul Raymond tried to get her to pose naked for one of his soft porn mags.

There's nothing exactly demanding on this album, no social commentaries about the big bad world. No, it's just that Ms Dore has the kind of voice that sinks into the delicious nerve endings at the back of my neck.

The album has plenty of singles potential, especially on the title track, although I wish they'd just eased off a bit on the multi-tracked chorus. But for pure sophistication you should listen to 'You Should Hear' which has an absolute killer of a chorus. The album's other strongest track is 'Falling', where the lyrics have a particularly intoxicating flavour. The ideal LP for what's left of the summer. + + + + +



Charlie Dore reads her review over your shoulder

GASKIN: 'End Of The World' (Rondelet About 4) By Robin Smith

DON'T WORRY, I've never heard of them either — after this it wouldn't worry me if I never heard of them again. Gaskin are one of those third rate HM bands who should have been signed by a major record

company trying to cash in on the fake boom a year ago. Instead they wound up on small time Rondelet who have put this epic into a gatefold sleeve that just might fool you into thinking you were buying something dynamic by a leading American outfit.

Gaskin have merely chewed up dozens of other influences and unpleasantly spat them out. "You build me up then you knock me down, I may be funny but I'm not your clown," runs one of the better tracks. "I'm No Fool". Nuff said? +

with a handful of notes from his guitar?

The fire has gone out of Frank's belly and judging by the dismal reports of his recent appearance at Port Vale there's no getting it back. Frank's not reaching for the stars any more, but falling flat on his face. +

LITTLE FEAT: 'Hoy-Hoy!' (Warners K66100) By Mark Cooper

WHAT'S all this then? A jovial title for a sad affair is what. Little Feat's central inspiration began to dry up just about the time they began to break through into the American charts. Time loves a hero they used to say but in Lowell George's case, a hero put on weight while his band crumbled without his driving inspiration. Sadly the crumbs were lapped up where cakes had been spurned.

George died over a year ago and spelled the end of Little Feat, feats had failed them a year or two before. On 'Hoy-Hoy!', the rest of the band come to bury George and to praise him — they are more successful with the first objective.

These are basically inferior versions of Feat 'classics', a few "gems" from the vaults, a new song by Bill Payne and one by Paul Barrere, Linda Ronstadt singing 'All That You Dream' at the George Memorial gig at the LA Forum. It's that kind of album, lovingly researched, beautifully put together.

Well — intended enough I'm sure but Feat at their best weren't classics but the real McCoy, skinning it back, hot and sweaty, backbeat country with a boogie beat and as American as Disney and on acid. This record is for those who believe in loyalty, who want shrines. For those who want the real treatment, check out 'Dixie Chicken' and forget the legend of the living and the dead. If you do, the Feats won't fail you, promise. + +

RIOT: 'Fire Down Below' (Elektra K52315) By Robin Smith

THIS album makes Gaskin sound like Led Zeppelin.

JOHN MILES: 'Miles High' (EMI EMC3374) By Simon Tebbutt

IT'S THE big bland sound of the eighties. Actually it's more seventies Hall and Oates disco rock turned into a white funk, but that doesn't make such a good first line.

OK, so this album doesn't actually rival Valium for powers of dynamism (think about it) but it doesn't have you reaching for your bag of superlatives either. The songs are catchy, familiar sounding with all the right hooks, cleverly constructed and beautifully produced. So what.

Solid but light, this is an album for motorway grooving. Switch it on and take it away. + +

FRANK MARINO: 'The Power of Rock And Roll' (CBS 84969) By Robin Smith

I NEVER know if Ted Nugent is trying to out Marino Frank Marino or whether Marino is trying to out Ted Nugent. With every passing year, both seem intent on pushing the bland button in a little further.

This album is laughable, it really is. There's hardly a drop of real conviction in it and it seems to have been spurned by contractual obligations. What happened to the man who could move mountains

Meaty Beaty Bouncy

GO-GO's: 'Beauty And The Beat' (A&M SP 70021). By Simon Tebbutt

RUSH AND GUSH, vigor and verve. Yes, the Go-Go's are the all girl five piece cruising the California shore and blasting the Fleetwood-jiving laidback deadbeats. OK, so it ain't got harangue harmony hooks of the Ronettes or the Crystals but it's vivacious and vital and, what's more, it's fun.

This is pleasepoons rock that chops along on a percussive patter and some racy, pacy vocals to leave you in a "digging it" situation. It's the singing, sometimes husky and sometime whimsical, that grabs you first but before long you're grooving to the skin strating beat.

So next time you're having a party, or you've got a barn you want storming, shove this on the old turntable and watch all the drunks (Sid and Doris Shearlaw) fall over trying to dance. + + +

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THIS WEEK, Help! presents your Castle Donington Survival Kit. It's got everything you need to know for your day out at this year's biggest and best rock festival — plus the low-down on all the bands. If nothing else, it'll give you something extra to read as you queue for the hamburger stand or the toilet!

PART ONE THE GIG

HOW TO GET TO DONINGTON

BY CAR the sight is easily accessible from the M1. Turn off at Exit 24 from whatever direction you're coming from and follow the signposts. The festival gates open at 10.30 am with the first band on at 1 pm. Organisers say that parking facilities will be plentiful.

BY TRAIN, the nearest stations to Donington are Derby and Nottingham and a shuttle bus will be running from both stations to the festival site at regular intervals. For details of train times home phone Derby station on 0332 32051 or Nottingham Station on 0602 46151. British Rail say that they'll be running late night trains after the festival.

There are also coaches running to and from the festival site from most major towns and you should call your local travel agent or coach station for details now as demand has already been heavy.

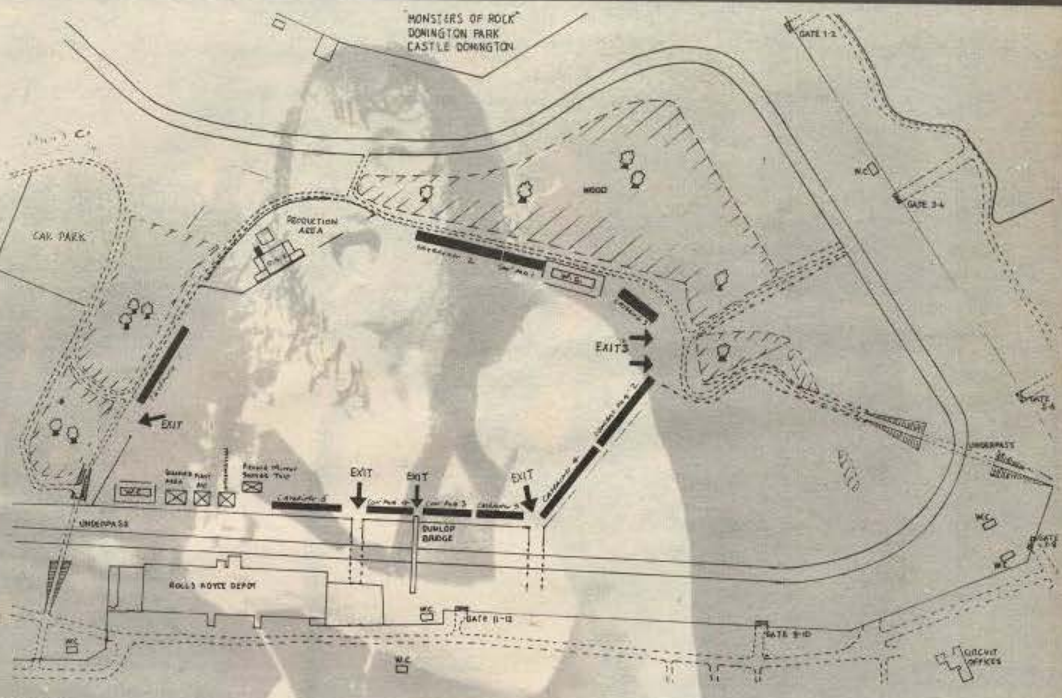
Both British Rail and National Travel will also have a special information tent set up at Donington on the day to give you free advice about travel.

The local Police have also arranged for dropping off points which will be clearly signposted where festival goers can be dropped off and picked up again when the show finishes at around 10.30 pm.

Should you happen to be particularly wealthy, you could always fly to the festival! The East Midlands airport is situated only three miles from the festival site, although you'll have to get a taxi or walk from there.

GETTING IN

Tickets will be available priced £10 on the gate and there will be plenty for everybody — so don't worry if you didn't order them by mail when they were first advertised. Tickets are also still available from a number of local record shops, so check them out first.



SOUVENIRS

You are strongly advised not to buy souvenirs from dubious looking gentlemen outside the festival site. No merchandising on the roads or car parks has the official approval of the festival organisers and it can be assumed to be generally tatty - shrinking T-shirts and scarves that fall apart. Plenty of good T-shirts, scarves, posters etc, will be on sale in the festival grounds and it could be that they'll be cheaper than those offered by the pirate merchandisers outside.

FOOD

If your girlfriend, wife or mum refuses to make you a packed lunch, don't

worry, there will be plenty of food at stands on the site. Apart from the usual hamburger and chicken and chips stands for more exotic tastes, there will be a Chinese food stall and an African food stall.

THINGS NOT TO DO AT THE FESTIVAL

You will not be allowed to take photographs, and anyway, snapping away at the stage with your Instamatic usually means that you won't get a very good picture. No tape recorders will be allowed into the festival so amateur bootleggers should stay away.

DRINK

There will be no alcoholic beverages available at the site, and nobody carrying bottles will be allowed into the arena. Soft drinks will be available at all catering points.

FESTIVAL COMFORT

The festival organisers say that they've laid on plenty of toilets, and what's more they've also purchased 3,000 toilet rolls for the event! There are four pay phones on the site and a Red Cross Tent and a St John Ambulance Brigade tent.

FESTIVAL RUNNING ORDER

The festival blasts off with More at

around 1 pm, followed by Blackfoot, Slade, Blue Oyster Cult, Whitesnake and AC/DC who will finish up at around 10.30 pm. The organisers also say that they are preparing one or two surprises throughout the day but these are being kept top secret until they happen.

RECORD MIRROR/SOUNDS MARQUEE

The Record Mirror/Sounds tent will be situated between the first aid tent and the No 6 Catering site. Make sure you pay it a visit, buy a copy of the paper (if you haven't got one already) and collect your very own free badge! If you get there early,

PART TWO THE BANDS

AC/DC



AROUND THIS time last year, everyone was just about ready to write AC/DC off. Who could possibly step into the training shoes tragically vacated by Bon Scott after a night of drinking? Then along came jovial Brian Johnson — recommended by a fan of the band as the man who could carry the flag. Up until fronting AC/DC, Brian had been languishing with Geordie, a band who had some hits in the early seventies before being destined to plod the cabaret circuit. Johnson proved it with the 'Back in Black' album where he showed that he could match Scott's vocal prowess while maintaining a distinctive style all his own. The band are currently working on a new album which hopefully will be released in the Autumn and next year just might see a fuller tour from them. Meanwhile the special AC/DC bell will be making a long awaited re-appearance at this year's Donington.

WHITESNAKE



ROCK 'N' ROLL hopeful David Coverdale started his apprenticeship with Deep Purple, after Gillan left the line up and he sent some demo tapes to the band. But his dreams turned sour after he became disillusioned with Purple and Ritchie Blackmore, with whom he's had a long standing animosity. In 1978, with his two solo albums 'David Coverdale' and 'Northwinds' behind him, Coverdale recruited Whitesnake, boasting the excellent talents of Mick Moody, Bernie Marsden and Jon Lord later to be joined by Ian Paice. October 1978 saw their debut album 'Trouble' and a tour which firmly established them in HM's top echelons. A year later they released their second album 'Lovehunter'. Their appearance at Donington sees the sun going down on their most successful year to date and it's one in the eye for some critics who said they'd never make it.

BOC



EVEN GROSSER than Black Sabbath on a good night, Blue Oyster Cult formed under the name of Soft White Underbelly around 1970. Like Alice Cooper they last became masters of spooky on stage theatrics and at one time it was said they had more laser beams than Led Zep, working with an optical expert to perfect them. Nowadays they prefer having big monsters on stage.

SLADE



ADDED AT the last moment to the Reading Festival bill last year Slade stole the show — settling the crowd alight on a particularly miserable afternoon. Originally the leading teeny bop group of the early seventies, Slade made the unfortunate mistake of spending too much time trying to break America at the cost of nearly losing their reputation over here. But when you least expect it Slade will always bounce back. The live show with its re-working of old stomping standards has to be seen to be believed. Formed in 1968 by Noddy Holder who met up with Jimmy Lea, Don Powell, and Dave Hill, Slade were originally a skinhead group but decided to change their image when young girls started screaming at them.

BLACKFOOT

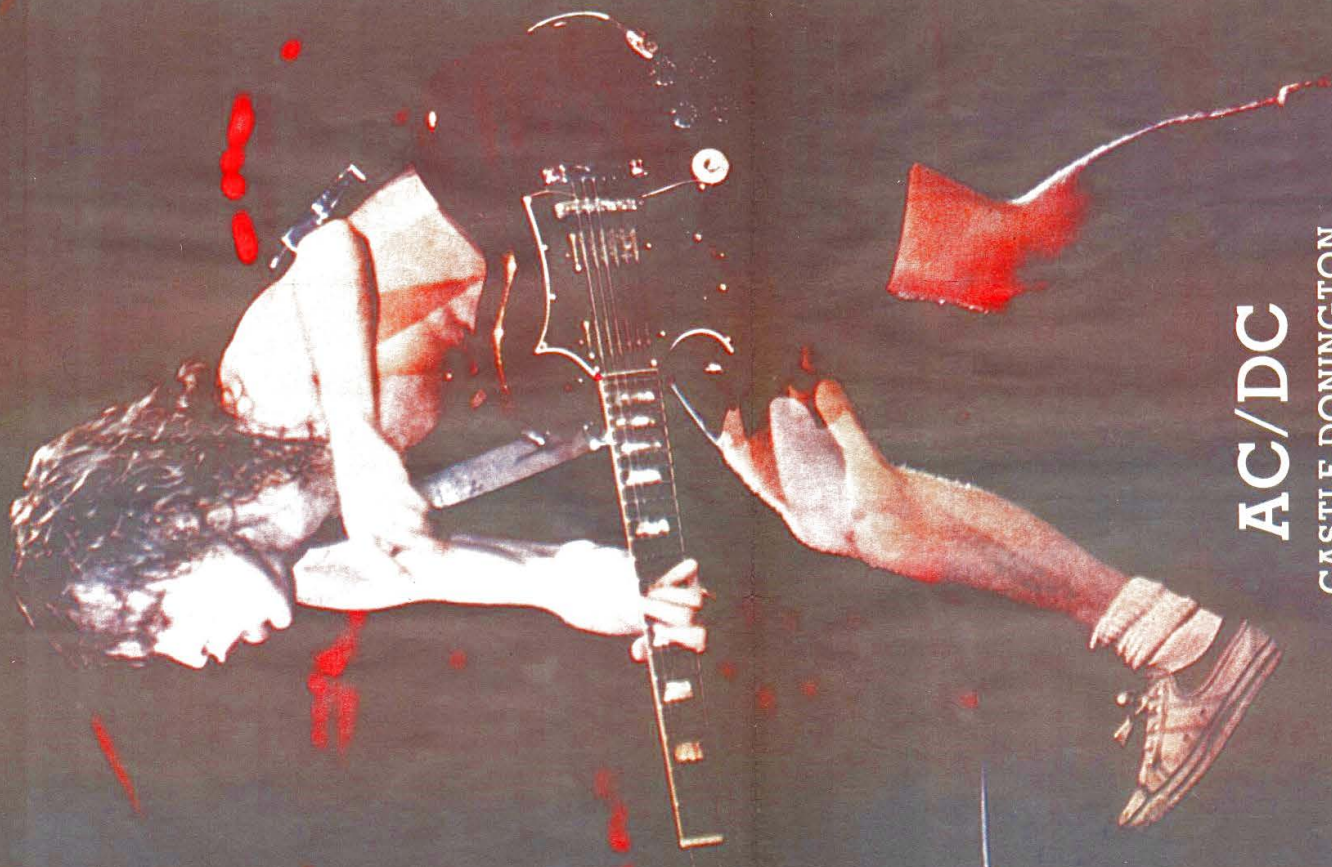


THE LAST of the Southern good time boogie bands, Blackfoot were formed by Ricky Medlocke who started playing a banjo given to him by his grandfather when he was just three years old. In his teens Medlocke could be found hanging around Comic Book Club in Jacksonville and the members of Lynyrd Skynyrd became his friends and mentors. At that time Medlocke was playing in a band called Fresh Garbage, later renamed Blackfoot. After an inauspicious debut with a couple of weak albums the band really hit the nail on the head with 'Strikes'. Their British cult following can only now blossom into something bigger and they're definitely worth seeing.

MORE



More began in 1978 when lead guitarist Kenny Cox answered a music press ad placed by a three piece blues band. Since those days More has progressed into what they call an 'atomic rock' style. "We're striving for a musical cross between the power of old wave heavy metal and the energy of new wave heavy metal," says Kenny, and the band say their influences range from AC/DC to Black Sabbath. Their debut album 'Warhead' was produced by Blackfoot producer Al Nali.



AC/DC

CASTLE DONINGTON
AUGUST 22, 1981



A LIFE IN THE DAY OF Bucks Fizz



BUCKS FIZZ were recruited last year to become Britain's entrants for the Eurovision Song Contest in 1981. The group, made up of Bobby Gee (26), Jay Aston (21), Cheryl Baker (26) and Michael Nolan (26) won the contest in Dublin in April with 'Making Your Mind Up'. Their unexpected success has led to a solid diet of work — both singing and dancing — for over eight hours a day, but they all live separately in various parts of London and the Home Counties.

66 GETTING UP is one of the things we least like just now, because it only seems like five minutes since our heads hit the pillow, anyway. Bobby and Jay live in Surrey which means they have to rise earlier than Mike and Cheryl who live in London, but on average we're up — if not quite ready to face the world — by eight o'clock.

Jay never fails to amaze us... by the time we meet up at rehearsals she's either had a cycle or a jog — or if she's been particularly energetic, a swim. Since the rest of us hardly ever have enough time even to organise breakfast, it's hard to imagine where she fits it in. Cheryl's the worst offender for being late, something always holds her up.

We meet up in the centre of London at the Prince of Wales

Theatre which is where we rehearse. It's good because if we have to do anything else during the day, it doesn't take us long to get there. It would be stupid to rehearse in some out of the way theatre because although we try to rehearse every day, something always crops up, so we want to keep travelling time to a minimum.

Ideally, we like to spend as much time as possible working on our vocals, we rehearse from 11am through to 5.30 in the afternoon. We have a vocal arranger who works on our harmonies and we learn our different parts before working on them together.

If we're lucky, we're allowed half an hour off for lunch. Because we work near Leicester Square, the only things around us are pizza parlours, hamburger joints and sandwich shops, so we end up eating junk food. Jay's the only health conscious one amongst us but even she ends up digging into our plates. Even if we wanted to, there's nowhere healthy around to have a grease-free low carbohydrate lunch. Anyway, because we work so hard it doesn't seem to affect our weight.

We always have to break to do something else at some time. For instance, yesterday we did an

interview for Australian television. The interview only took about an hour. We still like doing interviews, although it's boring when you always get asked the same questions. It's always where did you meet, how long have you been together, what did you do before kind of thing. We could answer them in our sleep.

Foreign interviews are funnier, though. We don't know if because they are conversing in what is to them a foreign language has anything to do with it, but they are much more direct and don't worry about being polite. We get asked things like why do you dye your hair and which member of the group is sleeping with whom? It's quite funny really.

Anyway, we had to work extra hard to make up for the time we lost doing the interview. Today's been even worse in terms of losing time, though. We're doing a promotional trip around the country at the moment signing records and photographs, and today we were at Harrod's record department. We had to be there for a couple of hours, parked over in a corner. It wasn't one chaotic rush; people tended to arrive in small crowds and then there would be a lull. It was funny though, people would file past us most sedately, as if we were lying in state or something!

The worst thing when you've only got a short amount of time left is you want to skip off home and forget about things. It would be fatal if you did though, we force ourselves to go back and once we're back in the swing of things it isn't half as bad at all.

We knock off the vocal practice around 5.30, 6.00 o'clock, and have a short break. It's not the end of the day for us by far! Next comes our dance routine rehearsals, and we work on them for a solid three hours.

We don't stick to the same choreographer. We use a few, and that way we get a lot of variety and fresh ideas in our show. Just now we're working with Chrissie Wickham who used to be in Hot Gossip and Brian Rogers. Even though we've been learning a song all day, there's no way we can sing at the same time as learning a new dance routine. You forget words, and if you've just learnt a new harmony there's no way all four of you can sing in tune while you're concentrating on something else at the point. Once you've learnt both parts and you feel confident about them, it slips into your sub-conscious and you can do them off pat.

It can get nerve wracking occasionally, singing and dancing. If we haven't had as long as we need to get a song and dance off pat in the way we've described, there's nothing more frightening than having to perform it on television! We're just waiting to put a foot wrong, and sometimes we have a

quick peek out the corner of our eye to see what the others are doing! It's not quite as bad that, but we can notice if we haven't got it completely perfect, even if others can't. You won't be able to tell by our dancing, but if you look at our faces you can really see us concentrating.

Dance practice over, we head for home. We're too tired to do anything else. One of the frustrating things is you never have time to buy food for the fridge or get to the bank, so there's nothing to eat when you get home. Apart from Cheryl, we don't really feel like doing anything apart from sleeping.

You really lose contact with all your friends, you know. They think it's because you've gone up in the world and you don't want to have anything to do with them, but it's not true at all. By the time we get home we're exhausted and don't feel like socialising. People say it doesn't take much to pick up a phone but it does, when your brain's fuddled with fatigue. And it's not just one phone call you'd have to make, it would be lots. A lot of people don't like being phoned up after 11 o'clock in the evening either, they say to you why couldn't you ring at a more reasonable hour?

Bobby and Jay live in Esher, so it takes them longer to get home. Bobby's just bought a semi detached house, while Jay lives with her parents. Her parents are in showbusiness too, and are often away on tour, so she goes home to an empty house too. Bobby lives down the road from Cheryl in Bethnal Green, so they only take about half the time to get home. Cheryl stays up long after the rest of us have gone to bed, which is why she's always late in the morning. She washes her hair, fiddles up and does some washing, and then her boyfriend comes over till about 1.30am.

There's not enough hours in the day for us. Not enough time to socialise, not enough time to do mundane things like keeping your house tidy or getting your clothes washed, not enough time to even shop for new clothes, which is important for us, after all.

We're going to Norway next week which means we've got to get some new clothes. The most we can set aside for shopping is an hour — can you imagine that, the four of us frantically trying to find something to wear? Bobby's a good shopper, doesn't dawdle at all. In fact we all have to make our minds up quickly nowadays! Usually we end up going on stage looking like a rainbow.

We're trying to overcome that problem by getting our stage costumes designed now. The girls have got a lot of ideas of what they want, and have given a few sketches to a costume designer yesterday. When the girls were discussing clothes with the designer, 3000 photos arrived for us to sign. We usually have to sign large quantities of them each day. People say to us why don't you just photocopy one set of signatures but it wouldn't be the same for the fans, would it? We've got our own club now, care of Gay Purl, Number One Nursery Close, Swanley, Kent, and hundreds of letters arrive every day. We try to read all of them when we can, and because we don't have time to answer letters, we like to send them photos or something instead, to show we do take an interest.

Sundays are our day of rest, sheer bliss. Mike lies in bed and watches telly all day then goes out in the evening to see friends. Cheryl goes over to her boyfriend's house. Bobby works on his new house — he used to be a plumber by trade and he's doing it all himself. Jay, as usual is the most energetic. Last week for instance she went over to her brother's house, then with a group of friends went up to Norwich and took a boat out on the Norfolk Broads. After that they drove to Great Yarmouth and went to the fun fair, before returning to her brother's house for a bit.

Actually, Bobby was fairly energetic too. He has a few walls to knock down, a tree to fell, plumbing... he's always wandering around in the rubble! He says physical work is a way to relax.

It's true, really. As long as you don't have to concentrate you're OK. We're more mentally tired than physically tired, but as long as the day is broken up and is interesting, the hard work doesn't seem to matter.

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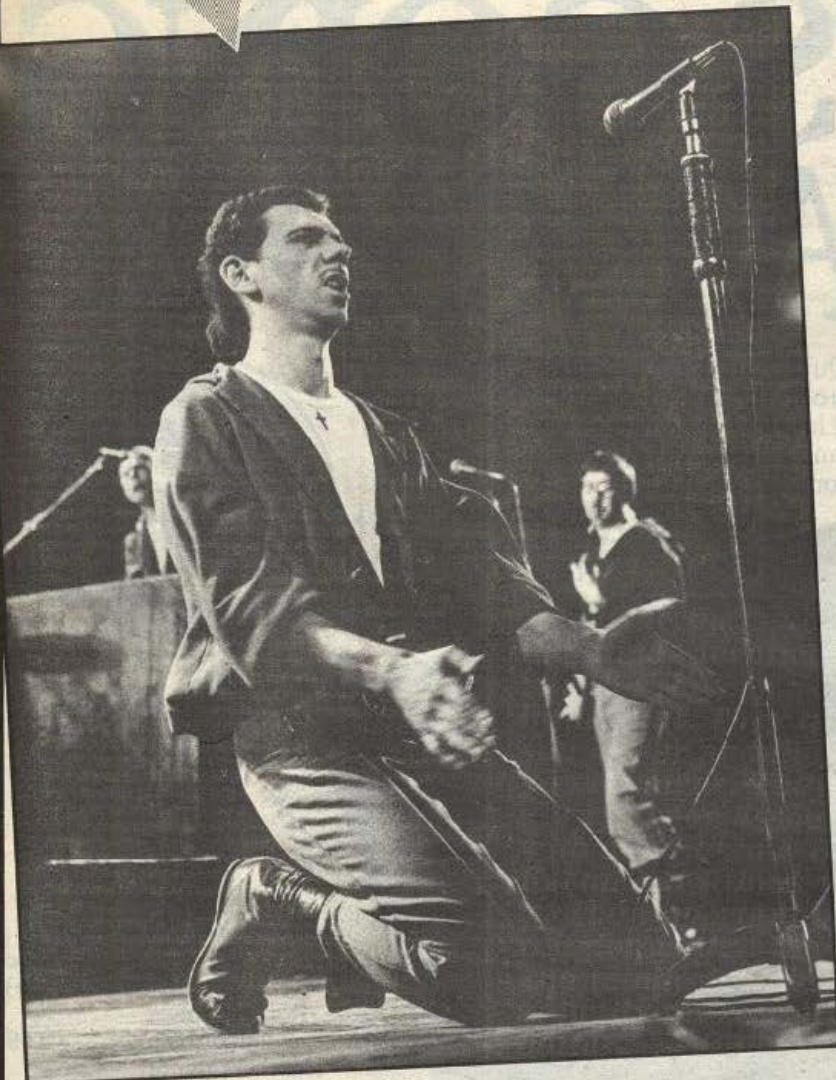
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for the Special Touch



"I say a little prayer for you!"

DEXY'S, 'DROPS DISAPPOINTMENT

**DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS/THE
TEARDROP EXPLODES**
Theatre Royal, Nottingham
By Mike Gardner

TAKE TWO of the hottest bands around, place them before TV cameras for an Independent Television series due on the screen next year, douse them in burning white arc lamps, put them in a theatre that is beautiful but dead, filled with an audience that has all the life of a three day old can of Coke, and you have the recipe for disappointment.

DEXY'S were performing their 'Projected Passion Revue', a show that merged comedy, dance and DEXY'S themselves. The comedy, by Outer Limits person Peter Richardson, was feeble in the extreme but thankfully he kept it short before introducing dance troupe Torque.

Torque are yet another from the Hot Gossip school of mutant discoloration that pout and pose to little effect without the visual dexterity of a vision mixer.

The young soul rebels came on and blasted their opening instrumental into a vast empty chasm where something approaching atmosphere should have been. Rock's Oliver Cromwell Kevin Rowland led his regimented troops through their paces. They responded with determined grimaces, soulful stares, blowing cheeks and purposeful attack.

You can't doubt their intentions as Rowland as he sings "Give me a record that's pure and true! Not those guitars they're so noisy and crude / The sound that convinces . . ." But the seriousness

and reverence with which he holds his twin truths of passion and purity of spirit makes for a dangerous knife edge. It's a balancing act that has the Midnight Runners sticking their pony tailed heads on the chopping block as they reach out for the impossible and produce some moments that had the audience laughing as Rowland tried to hold dramatic moments in a vacuum.

But they should be lauded for attempting the unreachable. And while their puritan lifestyle of training, purity and passion can be shot down in flames by cynics they proved that in the fleeting moments when the circumstances aligned, like on 'Plan B', 'Burn It Down' and new tracks 'Until I Believe In My Soul' and 'Let's Make This Precious', they can blow us all away.

Teardrop came on to the reverential squeals from the highly female audience. Julian Cope wandered the lonely as a cloud, the true new romantic, the face of 1981. His brand of psychedelia has nothing to do with empty fashion but everything to do with sound.

The band played the majority of the set from their recent nationwide tour but somehow the magic wasn't of a sufficient quantity to make a significant impression on the lethargic inherent in the auditorium. Oldies like the brilliant 'Poppies In The Field', 'When I Dream' and 'Reward' managed to stand up well as did newies like the sixties bubblegum of 'Passionate Friend', the new single, 'The Great Dominions' and the sad 'Sutrocat'.

Neither performance inspired or moved the audience but if this is as far as these two talented outfits can take it then the rest of the bands on the TV schedule are in for a very hard time.

SQUEEZE
Theatre Royal, Nottingham
By Tony Riley

SQUEEZE ARE unusual. They're a pop group to aim for both the head and the feet, scoring bullseyes all round. They give the lie to the idea that pop has to be crass and mindless in order to succeed. In short; Squeeze refresh.

Kicking off with 'Another Nail In My Heart', Squeeze spent the next hour running through an intelligent mix of greatest hits (so far) and more accessible album tracks. A winning combination, it's unlikely that anybody went home without a smile on their face. After all who could argue with a show that blended older songs like 'Cool For Cats' and 'Take Me I'm Yours' with more recent offerings from 'East Side Story' like 'Mumbo Jumbo' and 'Someone Else's Heart'.

The crowd was a varied mixture though tending towards the young married types, due to the £4 and £5 ticket prices no doubt, and they reacted in a predictably wild manner. They needed little prompting to dance and stayed on, their feet from the second number onwards.

Though they faced a somewhat uncritical reception from the crowd it's fair to say that the Theatre Royal is not conducive to good acoustics. To be blunt the sound was often fairly ragged. What's more, the theatre's olde worlde charm (?) means it's not the ideal place to hold a pop concert. I kept expecting Leonard Sachs to jump up and bang a gong or something.

However, Squeeze worked hard to overcome such problems. Glenn Tillbrook and Chris Difford make a great front line to the band, alternating vocals and sharing harmonies throughout, while clearly having the time of their lives. What's more the others hardly melt into the background. Bassist John Bentley leaps around a lot and new boy Paul Carrack comfortably draws the attention with his majestic keyboards playing. He even takes over the spotlight to send lead on 'Tempted', a single which the Great British Public has all too prematurely shown the door.

It should be emphasised that the show was being filmed for future television screening, but as a pop concert it worked anyway. Definitely one for the video recorder.

THE BLUE CATS
Hope and Anchor, London
By Chas de Whalley

DO ALL rockabilly bands sound the same as each other? And could the same be said about all rockabilly songs too? Diehard fans will disagree, of course. But the fact remains that, once past the initial surging excitement brought on by that crashing backbeat and those frenzied, chicken-picking guitars, your average rockabilly band has to be mighty quick on their feet to keep fedum at bay.

If, like the Blue Cats, they are cursed with a PA sound that smother's everything in a thick blanket of booming echo, then the odds are they're on a short hiding to nowhere.

They did manage to force a draw, however, and for that they must thank string bassman Mitch Caws. His fingering was neat and crisp while his sharp, clicking tone cut through the wallowing Blue Cats sound like a knife through butter and really held the band together. Not that rhythm and lead guitarists Clint Bradley and Carlo Edwards didn't try their best too as the Blue Cats ably covered a number of seminal rockabilly styles, mixing their own material like the tongue-in-cheek 'Love Me' with more familiar oldies lifted from the recordings of Gene Vincent, Johnny Burnette and Elvis Presley.

Had the sound been a little clearer then this burly bunch of young Londoners would probably have picked up the prize as the most authentic of the current crop of cats. But I dunno though, with my overpowering obsession with vocalist Mick Leach the rest went almost unnoticed.

I must however confess that I enjoyed the gig. Obviously they're nothing special but sometimes, amongst all the masses of bland nobodies it's lovely to find someone

you can really slag off. Awful bands are so much more fun. Thanks Mick, you made my day.

TORA-TORA
Florde Grene, Leeds
By Lesley Stones

I REMEMBER when Sundays at the Florde were special; name bands at reasonable prices. Now we get nondescript outfits like Tora - Tora. Who? They're a Mancunian band who've recently undergone extensive line-up changes, including the addition of a singer with Rob Halford style dress and vocal intonations. A bad move, guys. This singer can sustain a scream but has zilch else to recommend him. It's truly an awful voice, no adverbs could describe its roughness.

The rest are passable, though not up to the standards we old timers used to know. But it's hard to concentrate on the rest of a band when there's someone up there you hate. The lyrics were made to suffer, most coming out as one long word of 96 syllables, punctuated by the occasional recognisable word or groan. I don't know, maybe it's these strange Northern accents.

Bassist Nigel Blyth created some potentially pleasant keyboard harmonies, sadly drowned out by poor mixing. I wondered why guitarists Fele and Paul never got any chances to show off their virtuosity, after all, it's the done thing in heavy metal isn't it?

THE ROLLERS
Peppermint Lounge, New York
By Ronnie Gurr

DOWN but decidedly not out, the former Bay Citizens return to the clubs.

After two years of various litigation and spells in South African jails one can almost feel the physical and mental joy that a simple thing like appearing onstage instills. A capacity crowd of New York's finest great former legends with a fair degree of the post-hysteria that led to pop nobility. The sheer positive energy and audience feedback perhaps lead one into thinking that the Roller return will be an easy road travelled. It won't.

This time around there is no pre-pogo bouncing, no flapping tartan pants nor scarves and no Richard Nixon fixed smiles. Instead there's a mature industrious pop machine struggling to be recognised as more than mere posters on walls. As the band point out their new album 'Ricochet' marks a first in terms of freedom of self-expression. As such the live performances of new songs like 'No Doubt About It', 'This Is Your Life' and 'Doors, Bars And Metal' are peppered with sprightly zest yet would benefit from being a mile tighter.

Play they can, and well. The new album's title track is propelled along on complex alternating jazz beats and is indicative of the band's desire to 'test themselves. This leads us nicely into the criticisms...

The set could do with being trimmed. The placing of the two instrumentals 'The Jig' and 'Ricochet' is wrong and detracts from a great build and climax. Lyrically they must try harder.

However, an entertaining and interesting little exorcism that both band and crowd seemed to revel in. The Rollers are back playing the clubs and casting their fate to the wind. You'd do well to do likewise with your prejudices.

ALBANIA
Greyhound, London
By Simon Hills

OH DEAR a group with no hook — they're certainly not a new romantic or disco act, there isn't a hint of rock 'n' roll or any other style that's knocking around.

Lead singer, K-Y McKay has lots of cool and panache, a fine delivery, but not quite the power to carry the vocals the full way — as does, say, Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler. So as he delivers complicated lyrics in numbers like 'Kaytie King' you end up wanting him to belt the song out, rather than simply leaning back on his style of delivery.

Albania could do it, along with a lot of others, but it's hard to put that much faith in the group unless they can make their music more concise.

TOP OF THE POPS

GARY US BONDS
The Venue, London
By Mike Nicholls

BETTER LATE than never and his first gig over here for years will be etched on the mind of Gary US Bonds forever. Barely a cult figure a couple of months ago, acclaim from the highest quarters ensured a house packed to the rafters.

That it also happened to be the steamiest night of the year only added to the occasion. Whoever would have imagined the soulless Venue could assume the atmosphere of a New Orleans Mardi Gras?

The old soulful brother could hardly believe it himself though it was no less than deserved. With a voice like buttered toast he delivered some of the finest vocals I've ever heard, every song oozing emotion yet avoiding the hackneyed melodrama of many singers of his ilk.

A shortish, stocky figure, his stature increased with each magnetic gesture. These were deployed sparingly and to as full effect as the pacing of the set. Upbeat numbers like 'Jolie Blon' paved the way for the slower stuff and it's difficult to recall a show with such a profusion of ballads that's maintained so energetic a momentum.

At times he resorted to cabaret-style spiel when explaining the songs but for the most part he concentrated on their interpretation. 'Too Good For Each Other', 'You Love' and Dylan's 'From A Buick Six' dovetailed into one another with bluesy abandon but proved to be mere foothills rising to one of the peaks of the year. 'Daddy's Come Home' was an absolute gem, every note washed down with about a gallon of sweat.

As with all the material he was given sterling support from his sidemen, saxophonist Joey Stann in particular pushing Gary's voice to increasingly dizzy heights. The ascent remained throughout 'The Pretender', The Beatles' 'It's Only Love' and 'This Little Girl', the latter accompanied by a gracious "Thank you, Bruce!"

Apparently the latter referred to a certain Mr Springsteen who acknowledged Bonds' early R&B supremacy by writing and producing some of his recent album.

The climb concluded with the legendary 'Quarter To Three' plus a rock 'n' roll medley which made one matter perfectly clear — however essential an investment to the music scene youthful vitality may be, some US Bonds won't let you down either. Daddy came home for something of a megagig. What more could you ask?

JAMES CHANCE AND THE CONTORTIONS/THE HIGSONS
The Venue, London
By Mike Gardner

YOU CAN only fool most of the people most of the time but the day of judgement had to come when all the hip young gunslingers of the music press got found out for talking through their anal passages and this was it.

The great white wonders from Norwich, The Higsons, have been labelled under the much maligned and abused tag of funk. But in reality the band seem to have created a musical hybrid that has stepped on every bandwagon of the last four years and missed each target by a distance comparable to the Atlantic Ocean.

The resulting mish mash was guaranteed to bore. As for their aspirations of funkmasters... let's just say that they sound as though they'd never heard a black record in

their lives judging by their grasp of the mechanics of dynamics, warmth and feel. They sounded as though they positively hated the music.

James Chance / White / Sigmund or whatever he calls himself these days went one better by not only destroying the music but insulting an audience who had come to be seen grooving to whatever the glossy hiphop 'music' rags had told them to lemmingly worship.

He came on nearly two hours late. He was seen throughout teaching stand - in sidemen Keith Levine of PIL and Toby Anderson of Funkapolitan, on guitar and keyboards respectively, the licks. He walked off after three numbers that were as funky as rubbing haemorrhoids with the back end of a pineapple.

I joined the heavy stream of people heading for the door. Either it was two fingers to those who had championed the cause or it was gross incompetence, either way the material presented could only have been produced by an overdose of Ex-Lax.

CHINESE TAKE 'EM AWAY

HUANG CHUNG / EVEREST THE HARD WAY
The Venue, London
By Mike Nicholls

DAVID BOWIE'S got a lot to answer for. Not necessarily for inspiring groups to give themselves increasingly ludicrous names but for re-introducing to rock the fashionably heavy drum sound.

I guess 77's 'Low' was responsible for getting every young band (and Adam) to turn up de riddum and now it comes in all shapes and forms. Everest The Hard Way transmuted it into Bunynemesque doom-laden drone. Uninteresting, mock-serious and po-faced they have no right to sing a song called 'I'm Not Beaten Yet'.

Huang Chung's vocalist / guitarist Jack Hues still ridiculously resembles Sting but is sensibly playing down the old ankle jive. Up to a few months ago they played an alarming amalgam of styles, virtually changing their musical image from gig to gig. Since signing to Arista for an unseemly sum of money they retain only one noticeable trademark — an inability to write songs.

Their stage entrance is impressive enough — gongs, lights, thunderflashes and suchlike — but the crash and bluster is balanced by precious little substance. In this respect they're not unlike Wah! except without Wylie's inexhaustible charisma.

Hog Robinson on sax tries to make up for it with some Davey Payne poses but there's not much to keep attention other than the infernal dirge they create. At times this bleeds with old hat jerky dissonance or takes on a washed out dislocated funk direction.

Crass if competent, unoriginal and unsure, Huang Chung have got quite an identity crisis on their hands, not to mention armour with more chinks than a Chinese take-away.



GARY US BONDS with wet look forehead

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| SMOKEY ROBINSON & THE MIRACLES - THE TEARS OF A CLOWN | STMS 5010 |
| SMOKEY ROBINSON - SMOKEY | STMS 5011 |
| GROVER WASHINGTON JR. - MISTER MAGIC | STMS 5027 |
| FEELS SO GOOD | STMS 5028 |
| A SECRET PLACE | STMS 5029 |
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MIOCENE EPOCH
Holy City Zoo, Birmingham
By Kevin Wilson

ROY ASHMORE and Nick Nibb are Miocene Epoch. Tonight is their debut gig.

The attendant multitude the neo-hippy glitteral as leaves become the principal ornaments to attire assorted togas and smocks. Miocene Epoch are the first generation of post poseurs. The duo's synths are decorated in floral finery, a statue of Venus de Milo watches in the background, the happy dancers fawn about, the stage resembles a sauna bath.

Musically, Miocene Epoch land somewhere between an electronic Durutti Column and a totally pastoral Oldfield as they weave simplistic tonal patterns around a rhythm base. It was music to relax to, to sway to, to close your eyes and dream of England's green and pleasant land to. It was Pan or Rama music at once mystical and charming, at another stabbing and insistent.

The main problem seemed to be one of misplacement. A band such as this should not be playing to a dancefloor as they were tonight, it was no wonder that many were wafled into the balmy early morning air a mite prematurely. The set was pure instrumental synth music; the only concession to the norm being a brief flirtation with cymbals on a rather evocative trip into the oceans of the mind. I enjoyed my scantily-dressed excursion into the gardens of earthly delights and somehow, somewhere I'm quite sure that once they have added the promised films, videos and special effects then you too will want to escape into the botanically contrived world that is Miocene Epoch.



Cyril Smith watch out

GENOCIDE

THE PEOPLE
Hope and Anchor, London
By Jim Reid

In a scene ever transient, two years pass as if a decade, and last week's heroes, become tomorrow's has-beens.

The Two-Tone phenomenon may have been brushed aside by more decorative young men and women; but quality always persists. The Specials pertinent as ever, release Ghost Town, THE tale of Britain 1981; the Beat continue to be both righteous and joyous, whilst Madness spice their sublime chart-pop with cocky wide-boy London humour.

Others fall by the wayside.

Charley Anderson and Desmond Brown, drawing on their past association with the Selector, have put the People in business. Unfortunately they are guilty of their former groups worst excesses: trite and self-righteous politicking; without the compensation of the bouncy and bright dance / pop, that was the Selector's forte.

Lacking inspiration, they plough through a set that is a rather sad concoction of leaden drumming and predictable guitar soloing: a music without the uplift of ska or the depth and shudder of reggae.

Visually unexciting; theirs is a labour, not of love; but of technique and sweat; the end product being competent but passionless and containing none of the spark, that distinguishes say, The Specials or The Beat.

The lyrics were a predictable round of social observation, political platitudes. Pop has a habit of devaluing words; turning the heartfelt, the meant and the meaningful, into a succession of hollow cliches. The People sing of 'Street Wars' and 'Oppression', but with neither explanation or exposition. Like so many who wish to deal with important issues, they merely catalogue a list of complaints, it's a whine rather than a solution; hopelessness rather than hope.

The audience left happy enough with their Friday night, but really what they'd seen was the fag-end of the most forceful music and message since punk.

It was sad.

REMIPEDS
Dingwalls, London
By Simon Hills

WITH A roaring throaty R&B voice hammering home a mean riff, few of the punters could have known exactly what the score was going to be for the rest of the evening.

Remipeds play to a true club-style tradition, working the audience all the time, and running through any style of music that takes their fancy. Strictly tongue-in-cheek, the band bounced through covers of Glen Miller's 'In The Mood' and the 'Hawaii Five-O' theme tune - to the delight of the crowd.

At the same time, the Remipeds were quite happy running through their own reggae / salsa ramblings, sprinkled with added stupidity. The two-man horn section strolled round the dancing audience, stopped off for a chat and a drink now and again, or even played a cursory note. And the rough-voiced cockney singer (complete with tattoos and crew cut) even had the audience down on its knees for a hilarious spiritual spoof.

But this will obviously keep them in the clubs. Getting the Hammersmith Odeon to do that would be virtually impossible.

And the group couldn't resist overstepping the mark at times, even dragging out numbers to their very limit, taking the edge off a lot of the numbers.

At the moment the gigs are strictly for fun (and why not?) but the band will have to choose a direction to go further... whatever it is will prove interesting.

therefore their music offers everything to everyone. Linder was born singing and has more imagination than Depeche Mode could ever hope for. Still, Depeche Mode get the Jackie spread. No justice!

SLOW TWITCH FIBRES
Moles Club, Bath
By Fred Williams

REMEMBER Stackridge? Pity. Ex-Stack Andy Davis, for one, would prefer them for gotten; he's recently surfaced as the driving force behind Slow Twitch Fibres, and a band less like the Stacks would be hard to find.

They're a delightfully different outfit, and fashionably so: the material is trend-blend of salsa and reggae, soul and funk, unspoiled by an overdone beat or a dizzying pace of it swings, sinuous and sensual, towards unexpected conclusions.

Unexpected also, is the line-up: extras include double bass, synth, and percussion, giving a wealth of potential that's properly, for once, exploited; and there's the third surprise, the arrangements. The rhythm-riff is never allowed to stray far, it's under tight control and yet it seems to have a life of its own; flitting from man to man in an apparently random manner, so the listener is never sure what the next note will be, or where it's coming from.

The description might sound confusing, but the music certainly isn't; their attention to detail and precise co-ordination pay off, and the effect is both danceable and charming.

DEPECHE MODE / LUDUS
Raffers, Manchester
By Steven Morrissey

DEPECHE MODE may not be the most remarkably boring group ever to walk the face of the earth, but they're certainly in the running. Their sophisticated nonsense succeeds only in emphasizing just how hilariously unimaginative they really are.

At once we recognise four coiffured Barry White's (a nauseating version); 'can't git enough of your lerve' they profess - too dull to be even boring. They reassure every murderously monotonous cliché known to modern man, and 'New Life' looms as nothing more than a bland jelly-baby. Still, the man from 'Jackie' was impressed, knowing that, at least, these boys have nice hair... and the conveyor belt moves along.

Ludus, plainly wishing they were elsewhere, hammered out a passionate set to an audience possibly hand-picked for their tone-deafness. But Ludus like to wallow in other people's depravities, and

21 GUNS
Hope and Anchor, London
By Chas de Whalley

NOT A bad militant - styled name, 21 Guns. And not a bad militant reggae band went with it. Not a roots reggae band, mind you. Hailing from the West-Midlands this five piece, multi-racial outfit tempered their skanking rhythms with more than a taste of punk and garage band rock.

The mood was defined by guitarist Stuart Maclean and organist Trevor Evans: the one with his sometimes cack-handed but always correct chording and the other with some softly insidious figures that crept slowly up to take the brain firmly in their grip. 21 Guns itself, the band's debut single for 2 Tone spinoff Shack Records was given pride of place in the set by Gus Chambers' menacingly echoed vocals.

But it was run a close second by the altogether more sophisticated 'Tomorrow's Calling' which settled into the kind of groove that could happily last for hours on end. Which 21 Guns themselves almost did, grabbing two well-deserved encores and nearly qualifying themselves for a third too.

THIS IS SUMMER FUN!!

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK
Feathers Disco, Barry Island

By Gary Hurr

SUMMER FUN!! The great unveiling. A big surprise. This year's best kept secret (other than that dress). Call it what you will. In real terms it's Blue Rondo A La Turk's third ever show.

And what a show! A strictly word-of-mouth affair in a strictly out of this world place. Blue Rondo certainly chose the right venue for their summer party. Feathers Disco - 364 nights a year - touristville. Tonight, the Beat Route comes to Barry Island. And how!

Setting the scene is Beat DJ Steve Lewis with his unmarket funky soundtrack - which leaves 'romantics' confused - what no "rock" music tonight?

I take up my position in front of the makeshift "stage" as three Rondos hit the percussive chain (of events). Already things are moving fast. B.R.A.L.T. are funky, salsa, Latin, everything!!! But this is no time for analysis. Just move, move, move! Sweat pours from the cosmopolitan seven - they WORK.

The percussion is best, with a bona fide Brazilian drummer who looks like a university lecturer, but much cooler. It's getting hotter and there's only one way to go - Blue (for you) Rondo sing 'Time in Time to Chris's manic Latin shuffle across the boards. Judging by the happy faces around, everyone's having a good time. But as the motto goes, all good things must end. Shame.

Blue Rondo finish, but we want more. A full five minutes cheering fails to bring them back - the icing on the cake doesn't materialise.

What more can I say? Blue Rondo are the most exotic, sensual and exciting dance team for years! Is that enough? See them and swoon. Hear them and hit the heights. Grab that Latin groove!

You won't be disappointed.

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Turn On

YOUR GUIDE TO WHAT'S ON FOR GIGS, RECORDS, TV, RADIO, FILMS

The information here is correct at the time of going to press but may be subject to change. Please check with the venue concerned.

THURS
20

BIGGESTER, King's Head, Allen
BISHOPS STORTFORD, Railway Hotel (54010), Les Barker
BLACKBURN, Bay Horse New Inns, Rishton (0424), Evil Vice
BOLTON, Gable, Bradshawgate, Warrior
BORDON, Robin Hood, Standford, Daddy Yum Yum
BOURNEMOUTH, Jokers Club (2644), Surfing Dave
BRADFORD, Tiffany's, Slouze and The Ban-shoes
BRIDGEWATER, Arts Centre (2700), Stiff Bennett
CAMBRIDGE, Sound Cellar (0223 69933), Fish Turned Human/Rappers
CARDIFF, Grass Roots (31700), Shattered Dolls
CHADWELL HEATH, Greyhound (01 599 1533), Long Tall Shorty
CHESTER, Northgate Arena (312021), Joe Jackson's Jumble
CHORLEY, Joiners Arms (70611), Madame
DONCASTER, Halfway Hotel, Goldthorpe, Toy Dolls
EDINBURGH, Nite Club (031 665 2064), Any Trouble
ERITH, 2001 Club, Pagan Altar
GLOSSOP, Surrey Arms, Thirteenth Candle
HAYLE, Penmare Hotel, The Artista
HULL, Oriental, Whammer Jammer
IPSWICH, Rose and Crown, Whimpy Coppin
LEEDS, Bar Celona, Cruisers
LIVERPOOL, Masonic, Body
LIVERPOOL, Whistlers (01 708 4258), Walter Mitty's Little White Lies
LONDON, Barons Court, West Kensington, Chicane
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01 476 7893), Sunlighter
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01 267 4967), The Inmates
LONDON, Green Man, Stratford (01 534 1637), E.A.L.
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road (01 385 2526), Siam/Tranzlates
LONDON, Hogs Grunt, Cricklewood Lane (01 450 8965), Heart Patrol
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01 359 4510), Shake-Shake
LONDON, Horseshoe, Tottenham Court Road, 24 Hours
LONDON, King's Head, Fulham High Street
LONDON, Marquee (01 437 6603), John Cooper Clarke's Summer Bop
LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, Hampstead (01 824 7611), Bumble And The Bees
LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01 385 2542), Park Avenue
LONDON, 102 Club, Oxford Street (01 636 0933), Black Roots
LONDON, 101 Club, Clapham (01 223 8309), Buxhill
LONDON, Pegasus, Green Lanes (01 226 5930), Hank Wangford
LONDON, Pits, Green Man, Euston Road (01 889 9610), The Gas
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01 240 2951), The Melodians
LONDON, Royalty, Southgate (01 886 4132), Rockabilly Rebels
LONDON, Ruskin Arms, East Ham, Shadr
LONDON, Starlight, Railway Hotel, Hampstead (01 824 7611), Rempeda
LONDON, Swan, Fulham Broadway, Strange Arrangement
LONDON, Two Brewers, Clapham (01 522 3621), Spitz Brook
LONDON, Venue, Victoria (01 828 9441), Girls At Our Best/Margo Random
LONDON, White Swan, Greenwich, English Rogues
LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road (01 286 803), Dave Ellis Band
MANCHESTER, Henry's Bar, Fireclown
MARGATE, Sances Birmingham, Brooklands, Ghost
NEWCASTLE, Spectro Arts Centre, Red Performance/Dicks
NORWICH, Flitton Rooms, Red Star
OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, Westgate Shopping Centre (08007), Bellini
PETERLEE, Norseman's Club, Spider
READING, Target Club (585 887), Arnie/Xena Zero
SOMERSET, Bridgewater Arts Centre, Memeo
SOUTHAMPTON, Club Manhattan, St Mary's, The Press
WESTON, Cottage Club, Mature Young Adults

FRI
21

ABERDEEN, Bobbin Mill (924 43064), Chaters
ASHTON UNDER LYNE, Spread Eagle (091-330 5732), Spider
BEDFORD, Horse And Groom (01059), Marillion
CAMBRIDGE, Sound Cellar (0223 69933), Any Trouble / Singles
CHADWELL HEATH, Greyhound (01 599 1533), Jackie Lynton's Hazy
CHESTERFIELD, Brimington Tavern (31649), Fallen Angel
CHIDDINGLEY, Six Belts (Chalvington 227), Traffic
CHORLEY, Joiners Arms (70611), Madame
CLEETHORPES, Pier Hotel, Allen
COALVILLE, Hugglescote Working Men's Club
COVENTRY, General Wolfe (82402), Neil Martin Band
DERBY, Assembly Rooms (31111), Slouze and The Ban-shoes
EDINBURGH, Nite Club, Altered Images
EXETER, Tiffany's (03678), Talliesman
FARNINGHAM, Pied Bull, Les Barker
GRAVESEND, Red Lion (86127), Shadr
HALLSHAM, Crosses Hotel, Slave Boyce Band / Larry Miller Band
HAYWARDS HEATH, Favermers, Rempeda
INSTON, Lobster Pot, Memeo
LANCENSTON, White Horse Inn, Newport Square (0854), Matrix
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01 476 7893), Gerry McAvoy Jam
LONDON, Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith (01 748 1454), The Mota
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01 267 4967), Hank Wangford / Whizz Kids

THANK HEAVENS for Bromley girls! If it wasn't for the continuation of SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHIES monster tour, which reaches London Hammersmith Odeon for two nights on August 24 (Monday) and August 25, this could well qualify for the leanest week of the year. Earlier in the week you can catch Siouxsie at Bradford Tiffans (August 20) and Derby Assembly Rooms (August 21), and after London at Birmingham Odeon (August 26).

But she is not lost. What could be the rock event of the year, at Castle Donington, takes off on Saturday (August 22) at 10pm. AC/DC top the bill. WHITESNAKE, BLUE OYSTER CULT, SLADE, BLACKFOOT and MORE also appearing. For a full RECORD MIRROR guide to the festival see page 19.

Elsewhere you can take your pick of JOHN COOPER CLARKE'S 'Summer Bop' at the London Marquee (Thursday August 20 and Friday, August 21), elderly hopefuls ANY TROUBLE at Cambridge Sound Cellar (Friday, August 21), young hopefuls ALTERED IMAGES at Manchester Ratters (Saturday, August 22), the 'Tiswas' FOUR BUCKETEERS making a rare appearance at Southport Theatre (Sunday, August 23) or even good old STEVE HACKETT still rocking away at Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (Saturday, August 22).

LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road (01-385 2526), Laverne Brown
LONDON, Half Moon, Herne Hill (01-737 4580), Woltons
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Little Rascals
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 8603), John Cooper Clarke's Summer Bop
LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, Hampstead (01-824 7611), Modern English / Parting Shot
LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01-385 2542), Lee Fardon
LONDON, New Marlins Cave, Margery Street (01-537 2097), JJ And The Flyers
LONDON, 101 Club, Clapham (01-223 8309), The Papers / Suttel Approach
LONDON, Pegasus, Green Lanes (01-226 5930), The Chicks
LONDON, Pits, Green Man, Euston (01-387 8877), Red Beans And Rice
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 2951), Flying Padovani's / The Buzz
LONDON, Ruskin Arms, East Ham, T.34
LONDON, Ship, Plumstead Common, Still Life
LONDON, Star And Garter, Putney Pier (01-738 0345), The Feelers
LONDON, Starlight Rooms, Railway Hotel, Hampstead (01-824 7611), Dolly Mixture / AK Band
LONDON, Three Rabbits, Romford Road, Manor Park, Rednite
LONDON, Venue, Victoria (01-828 9441), Level 42
MANCHESTER, Friday's, Pallatine Road, Syndicate
NEW BRISTON, The Express, Fireclown
NOTTINGHAM, Hucknall Miners Welfare Club, Stango Days
OLDHAM, Lancashire Vault, Thirteenth Candle
OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, Westgate Shopping Centre (08007), Metro Gilder
ST ALBANS, Horn Of Plenty (26630), LA Hooker
SALISBURY, The Grange, The Press
SHIFNALL, Star (Telford 451517), Frenzic Evidence
SOUTHAMPTON, British Transport Club, Rockabilly Rebs
SOUTHAMPTON, Sands Hotel, Back Door Man
STRATFORD, Green Dragon (0894), Aesband
WHITWORTH, Rawstons Arms, Body
WOKING, The Cricketers (01408), The Vampires
WORCESTER, Waterside Club, Medusa

SAT
22

BISHOPS STORTFORD, Railway Hotel (54010), Blackpool, JR's, Spider
BOLLINGTON, Masonic Arms, Thirteenth Candle
BRATTON, Pavilion Theatre, The Passage / TV Screen
BRIGHTON, Richmond Hotel (503974), Flying Saucers
BRISTOL, Enterprise, Bedminster, Defector
BRISTOL, Trinity Centre (88472), Shades
BUXTON, Working Men's Club, Strange Days
CAMBRIDGE, Sound Cellar (0223 69933), Vampires
CASTLE DONINGTON, Festival, AC/DC / Blue Oyster Cult / Blackfoot / Whitesnake / Slade / More
CHADWELL HEATH, Greyhound (01 599 1523), Pars Avenue
CHESTERFIELD, Manhattan Club, Mature Young Adults
COVENTRY, General Wolfe (82402), Delta 5

CONTINUED OVER PAGE

NEWS IN BRIEF

NEWS EXTRA

NEW HEAVY metal band Saxon bring out their fourth album in mid September — before they take on their autumn tour. Entitled 'Denim And Leather', the LP was recorded in Geneva. The group have also added four dates to their tour at: Brighton Centre, October 7, Manchester Apollo, 13, Sheffield City Hall, 15 and Bridlington Spa pavilion, 23. Tickets are priced between £3 and £4.

VETERAN ROCKERS Nazareth are back on the circuit with a tour and live double album. Entitled 'Snaz — Nazareth Live', the LP contains well-known tracks such as 'Razzmatazz' and 'Love Hurts'. A single also comes out this week from the album entitled 'Morning Dew'. The tour, the first for two years, takes in: Hull City Hall, September 17, Newcastle City Hall, 18, Edinburgh Odeon, 19, Glasgow Apollo, 20, Bradford St George's Hall, 22, Birmingham Odeon, 23, Poole Arts Centre, 24, Nottingham Rock City, 25, Liverpool Royal Court, 26, Cardiff Sophia Gardens, 28, Sheffield City Hall, 29 and London Hammersmith Odeon, October 2. The album is released on September 7, while a live video goes on sale in October.



Nazareth

THE CLASH and Debbie Harry both have videos released this week. Debbie Harry's film 'Union City' which features the star as a forties housewife, comes out this week and is also available for rental. The Clash's acclaimed 'Rude Boy' was filmed between 1976 and 1979, the movie features 27 Clash songs including 'London's Burning', 'I'm So Bored With The USA' and 'Stay Free', it tells the story of roadie Ray Grange. The price is £29.95.

NEW CLUBS are springing up in three parts of London this week. In North London's Finsbury Park comes a venture called the Nativity Club. Open from 10pm till four in the morning, it is geared to "out and out dance music". Bands scheduled for its Saturday night spots include Shake / Shake on August 29 and Come Dancing on September 4. Admission is £2. Brighton hosts a disco for 14 to 18 year olds every Wednesday, starting on September 2, at Lambeth Town Hall. The organisers are also hoping to open similar venues in other parts of London. Japanese music will be featured by ex-London Great Wall Club entrepreneur at the London Embassy club on Wednesday September 2.

FUNKAPOLITAN, RIDING high on the new funk boom take on a small tour this month. The band play: Manchester Tiffany's August 25, Edinburgh Nite Club 26, Leeds Warehouse 27, Cardiff Nero's 28, and Birmingham Rum Runner September 1.

TOURS

- FOREIGNER HAVE been forced to cancel their date at Edinburgh Playhouse on August 31 owing to European television commitments. The group will now be playing just two UK concerts at Birmingham Odeon August 25 and London, Hammersmith Odeon 26.
- SHEENA EASTON has added three more dates to her nationwide tour and these are: Coventry New Theatre October 19, Southport Theatre 20, Eastbourne Congress Hall 22.
- BERLIN BLONDES, who have just released their new single 'Marseille', begin a major tour this month. The schedule runs: Doncaster Hawthorne Club August 26, Wales Colwyn Bay Pier 27, Leeds Compton Arms 29, Glasgow Maestros 30, Aberdeen Vahallas September 2, Dudley JB's 5, Liverpool Warehouse 6, Leeds Cinderellas 8, London Rock Garden 10.
- HEAVY METAL band Spider have added some more dates to their current tour to promote their single 'All The Time', which is nestling on the outer fringes of the charts. The new dates are: Birkenhead Sir James Club August 18, Sheffield Polytechnic 18, Bannockburn Tam Dhu Atom Club 21, Greenock Victoria Carriage 22, Folkestone Springfield Hall October 1.



Steve Hackett

- WHITE REGGAE band The Papers play two London gigs this month at the 101 Club August 21, Old Queen's Head 28.
- FORMER GENESIS guitarist Steve Hackett has added two dates to his forthcoming tour at Portsmouth Guild Hall September 29, Bristol Colston Hall 30.
- MOTOR BOYS Motor who recently supported on Joe Jackson's tour play the following London dates in their own right: Old Queen's Head August 18, Rock Garden 19, Chadwell Heath Electric Stadium 25.

RELEASES

- JAPAN'S 'QUIET Life' is re-released on August 21. The single will be available in both 7" and 12" versions and both will contain the bonus track 'A Foreign Place' which has never been released before. Hansa will also be bringing out a compilation album by the band 'Assemblage' on September 11.
- HEAVEN 17 unleash their latest dance delight next week when they bring out a new single 'Play To Win'. It's the follow up to 'Facist Groove Thang'.
- THE COMSAT Angels release the follow up album to 'Waiting For A Miracle' when they bring out their second album 'Sleep No More', at the end of this month. For mysterious reasons best known to themselves, the band say that they won't be releasing a single from the album.
- JAPANESE BAND Logic System who release their debut album 'Logic' on August 24. The band are currently touring their native land and should be arranging dates over here shortly.
- THE PASSIONS — who were in the charts with 'German Film Star' — release a new single 'The Swimmer' on August 28. The single is taken from their forthcoming album and the band are currently finalising the details of a major British tour.

Gig guide compiled by JANICE ISSITT;
Movies: JO DIETRICH;

News Extra. Tours and Releases: SIMON HILLS; TV and Radio: MIKE GARDNER



FORMER HEAVYWEIGHT keyboards wizard RICK WAKEMAN makes a one-off live appearance at the London Hammersmith Odeon on Monday, August 24. The event will be specially filmed for TV.

Turn On

FROM PAGE 27

WALLASEY, The Dale (051-839 9647), Walter Mitty's Little White Lies
WELLINGBOROUGH, Hags Head, Asaband
WEST MALLING, Leybourne Castle, Charity Gig (Day time), Chevrons
WINDSOR, Jeffries, The Kicks
WISHAW, Heathery Bar (71726), Possessor
WOKING, Cricketers, The Mode



BLACKBURN, Bay Horse New Inns (48443), Streetlighter
BOLTON, Swan Hotel (27021), Fleeceon
CHADWELL HEATH, Greyhound (01-599 1533), Chemical Alice

CHEADLE, Heath Club, Permanent Wave / Helen Watson
DVENTRY, Dun Cow, Dave Paskett
DUMFRIES, Ball Castle Hotel (Lochmaben 230), H2O
EDINBURGH, Hal Club, Playhouse Theatre (06252964), Errol Dunkley
GLASGOW, Tiffany's (532 0982), Joe Jackson's Jumpsie Live
ILKESTONE, White Lion, Spider
LONDON, Africa Centre, King Street, Birthday Party / The Orange Cardigan / Dance Chapter
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-478 2889), Park Avenue
LONDON, Embassy Club, New Bond Street (01-499 5574), Polo Club
LONDON, Greyhound, Nigel Mazzym Jones
LONDON, Half Moon, Herve Hill (01-737 4590), Chicane
LONDON, Hogs Grunt, Cricklewood Lane, (01-450 8969), Bernie Tyrol Salisbury Stompers
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington, (01-359 4510), Jane Ains And The Belvedere
LONDON, Horseshoe, Tottenham Court Road, Chinatown
LONDON, Kings Head, Fulham High Street, Wax Effigy / Sound Gallery
LONDON, Lyceum, Strand (636 3715), Exploited / Vice Squad / Anti Pask / Zouza
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Budgie

LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, Hampstead (01-824 7811), Rhythm Method / Soul Variants
LONDON, New Merlin's Cave, Margery Street (01-837 2007), Brian Knight Band
LONDON, 101 Club, Clapham (01-223 8300), Roy Sandilands / Dirty Strangers
LONDON, Parliament Hill Fields Adventure Playground, Festival, Murphy Federation / 8121
LONDON, Pegasus, Green Lanes (01-226 9620), Soul Band
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 5901), Le Male / Mad Shadow
LONDON, Ruskin Arms, East Ham, Deep Machine
LONDON, Portman, Inter Continental, Non Russell Band (Brunch)
LONDON, Starlight, Railway Hotel, Hampstead, (01 824 7811), Shaka Shaka
LONDON, Venue, Victoria (01-828 8441), Deep Aids / Andy Adams Future
MAIDSTONE, Medway, Shadr
MANCHESTER, Friday's, Palatine Road, 5818
NOTTINGHAM, Theatre Royal, Souzale And The Banishes, (Filming for TV)
REDHILL, Lakera Hotel (61043), English Rogues
SHEFFIELD, Limit Club (73940), Tesse / Vendino Post
SLOUGH, Alexandra's Chippenham, (Burnham 86977), Shakey Vics
SOUTHAMPTON, Park Hotel, Shirley, The Press
SOUTHPORT, Theatre (0704), 40484, The Bookkeepers And Friends From Times
WOKING, Cricketers (01429), Basic Essentials



ANGELWITCH keep the Heavy Metal flag flying with an Edinburgh Rock Festival gig at Edinburgh Nite Club on Monday, August 24.

LONDON, Hog's Grunt, Cricklewood Lane, (01 450 3698), New Suzuki Band
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01 359 4510), The Higsons
LONDON, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01 603 3245), Room For Humans
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01 437 6603), Budgie
LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, Hampstead, (01 824 7811), Everest The Hard Way
LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road, (01 385 3842), The Stag / Chicane
LONDON, 101 Club, Clapham (01 223 8309), The Kids / Charts
LONDON, Pegasus, Green Lanes, Black Market
LONDON, Pits, Green Man, Euston, (01 387 9977), 1936 / Whizz Kids
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01 240 3901), GB Rockers / Praxie / Future Daze
LONDON, Starlight, Railway Hotel, Hampstead, (01 824 7811), Jump Squads
LONDON, Venue, Victoria, (01 828 8441), Clint Eastwood / General Saint
ROCHDALE, Wheatthel, A Formal Sign
LONDON, Windsor Castle, Harrow Road, (01 286 8403), Stress
SHIFFALL, Star, (Telford 451517), Degoties / I Want
SOUTHALL, Darryl Haydens Mod Club, The Glens
SOUTHEND, Zero 6, Aviation Way, (845344), Tich Turner's Educator
STOKE ON TRENT, Vine Inn, Hanley, Amazing Green Paradox

CHADWELL HEATH, Greyhound (01-599 1533), Motor Evox Motor
COLWYNBAY, Daisland Show Bar (294), 726
EDINBURGH, Playhouse (558 6282), The Birthday Party
HOLMFIFTH, Rising Sun, Generator
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-478 2889), La Post
LONDON, Dingwells, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), The Higsons
LONDON, Dolphin, Fife Road, Kingston, Heavy Rock Sounds
LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01-385 3942), Mark Ryder
LONDON, Green Man, Stratford (01-534 1637), Toe Reg
LONDON, Hammermith Odeon (01-748 4081), Slousta And The Banishes
LONDON, Hogs Grunt, Cricklewood Lane (01-450 8969), Free Hand
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), Rhythm Method
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), The End
LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, Hampstead (01-824 7811), Drowning Craze
LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01-385 3942), Mark Ryder And The Heroes
LONDON, 100 Club, 100 Oxford Street (01-636 3633), Marisan Dance
LONDON, 101 Club, Clapham (01-223 8309), Bruised Lips / Standing On Edge
LONDON, Pegasus, Green Lanes (01-226 9620), Idlers / Chop Shop Bar Show
LONDON, Pits, Green Man, Euston (01-387 9977), Phillip Jap / Thane
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3901), Kids Next Door / Modern Life
LONDON, Shakespeare, Westbourne Grove (01-225 2232), Harfoot Brothers
LONDON, Star And Garter, Putney Pier (01-788 0345), The Chicane
LONDON, Starlight, Hampstead (01-824 7811), Lucky Saddles / Close Lips
LONDON, Two Brewers, Clapham (01-622 3621), English Rogues
LONDON, Venue, Victoria (01-828 8441), Any Trouble / Bumble And The Beez
ST ALBANS, City Hall, (84511), Diamond Head
SWINDON, Brunel Rooms (31364), Altered Images



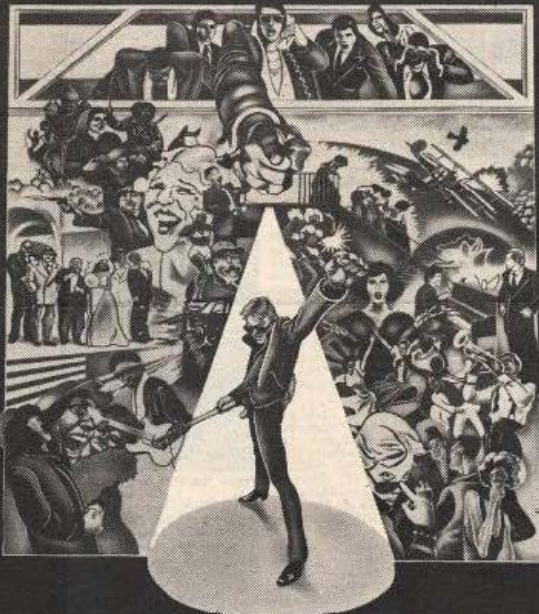
BIRMINGHAM, Blue Strawberry Club, The Blisley Kings Heath, Dealers
BIRMINGHAM, Romeo And Juliet, (021 843 6998), Bardona
CHADWELL HEATH, Greyhound, (01 599 1533), Belgravia / Mercenaries
EDINBURGH, Coasters, Joe Jackson's Jumpin Jive
EDINBURGH, Nite Club, Angelwitch
HUDDESFIELD, Filk, Rock Stars
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town, (01 478 2889), Psychedelic Night
LONDON, Dingwells, Camden Lock, (01 267 4967), Fay Ray / Mosco Philarmox
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, Hammermith, (01 385 0526), Uncool Dance Band
LONDON, Half Moon, Putney, (01 788 2367), Arizona Smoke Revue
LONDON, Hammermith Odeon, (01 748 4081), Rick Wakeman, Filming for TV
LONDON, Harmermith Palais, Slouxaie And The Banishes



ABERGAVENNY, Gibbs Club, Arizona Smoke Revue
BLACKBURN, Bay Horse New Inns (48443), Chevy

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MOVIES



The tart and the trappist

THE ONLY film opening this week is an offering so dire that I am almost tempted to dismiss it with a curt "Avoid!", but my sense of fair play prevails to the extent of revealing at least some of its content. Forewarned is forewarned.
IN GOD WE TRUST stars Marty Feldman (who also wrote and directed it), Wilfred Hyde-White, Peter Boyle and Richard Pryor in the tale of Brother Ambrose of the silent Trappist Order of Saint Ambrose the Unlikely who is unleashed on the loudly unsuspecting world to raise money for the monastery's mortgage. Collecting the money from charitable holy (con-) men, Armageddon 1. Thunderbird only to be robbed by travelling evangelist Ur Sebastian Melmouth, the innocent Brother Ambrose is befriended by Mary, a tart with a heart of gold and later gets to meet G.O.D. himself, a computer siding the political machinations of Thunderbird until he appears as a human being at Ambrose's request.

Puff Bang! G.O.D. turns out to be a bearded nigma (Richard Pryor) who helps the benign monk overcome the baddies, returns the money for the mortgage and leaves Ambrose happily esconced in his new life in the outside world with Mary.
 Sounds funny on paper doesn't it? The problem is that the style is such a pot - a concoction of slapstick satire and des which are quintessentially American in their nature that you spend most of your time thinking 'That's funny' when you should be laughing. It's not simply that Britain doesn't suffer (thank God), from commercial religious mania to the same extent as America, which takes the sting out of the comedy for British audiences but, more worryingly, it seems that Marty Feldman has absolutely no control over his own material. The last time he really made me laugh was in Mel Brooks' YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN and that was a long time ago...

He lived his life like his love songs

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... Following in the wake of THE BLUES BAND film mentioned last week comes the new Echo And The Bunnymen short, SHINE SO HARD. Before you check the local press for details, however, I regret to inform you that it isn't going to appear at the Odeon down your way unless some enterprising distributor picks it up. At the moment it means a trip to the ICA in London if you want to see this rather good little film. Included on the bill are some hilarious psychedelic shorts made in the sixties and Derek Jarman's haunting vision of Marianne Faithful, BROKEN ENGLISH, so you may find it worth the train fare.
 ... Cartoon time is with us again, what with the reissue of Disney's SLEEPING BEAUTY this week, the opening of AMERICAN POP next week and another Disney in the can, THE FOX AND THE HOUND. But by far the most interesting prospects are an animated version of the science fiction fantasy magazine, HEAVY METAL (the US cousin of original French publication, Metal Hurlant), and a new full-length cartoon called DRATS, which features the voices of Debbie Harry, Lou Reed and Iggy Pop. Drats are half-dog, half-rat creatures (it says 'ere) so the results should be a bit like watching a visual recreation of Diamond Dogs. It's enough to make Walt Disney turn in his freezer.
 ... The present may be a bit dull but the future looks bright. John Carpenter is to remake Howard Hawks' classic SF thriller, THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD (which had James 'Gunsmoke' Arness in the title role; just thought you'd like to know that). The rumour that Norelle Gordon is up for the role in Carpenter's remake remains, sadly, unconfirmed. Cult horror maestro George Romero is currently at work filming several short stories by mega-selling horror writer Stephen King, the title of which eludes me at the moment... and John Armedy Tole's brilliant comic novel, A Confederacy Of Dunces, is due to go into production next year. Details of director and stars have not yet been revealed. Please God, don't let it be Marty Feldman...

RADIO/TV

MIDDLE AGED Mancunian bore Dave Lee Travis exudes his brand of bonhomie on THURSDAY'S edition of the evergreen 'Top Of The Pops'. Those who don't wish to see the self-styled hairy monster can tune into Radio One for Paul Gambaccini's useful series of rock profiles, this week on the hairless monster Isaac Hayes. Gambo will chart 'old chrome dome's' beginnings writing for the likes of Stax faves Sam and Dave, Otis Redding and Carla Thomas onto his super-scho loverman image that produced the theme to 'Shaft' and some very lengthy missives on romance. On the 'cultural side' of BBC 2 they have the tie dye whimsy of John Sebastian, whose Woodstock appearance is still leading in the worst speech of all time stakes ("Far Out, Far In, Far Up, Far Down, Maaann!!!"), who does a turn on a new series called 'Folk' which settles its attention on this year's Cambridge Folk Festival. **HEY, HEY IT'S FRIDAY** and the wonderful BBC have resuscitated 'The Monkees' at around five. So let's all follow the thrills and spills of those four wacky, kooky but lovable cuties from TV land. Seriously, this is still one of the most entertaining of the attempts to mix music and TV and though it's stuck in its era it still retains a freshness that should surprise. Those on hold can get out of bad for the early morning edition of Tyne Tees networked pop magazine 'Razzamatazz' which has the delightful Kate Bush telling us how 'Amaazing' it is to do a video, Hot Gossip showing us how to train to do those infamous 'naughty bits' and heavy metal futurists (Oh, no, not that joke again? — Ed) Bucks Fizz. Radio One's line-up for the day has incognito as special guests on Peter Powell's 'Summer Groove' with Froggy adding his able assistance. 'Roundtable' has the pleasant Simon Bates and the affable David Coverdale who'll be rocking the Donington area the next day. The Friday Rockshow has 'Mr TV on Radio' Tommy Vance introducing a live tape of new American Heavy Metal hopes 38 Special and a repeat of the modestly titled Handsome Beasts session. Trent's 'Castle Rock' is going to be on the Castle Donington site where all the bands, except bill toppers AC/DC, will be soundchecking and hope to grab each act including Whitesnake, Blue Oyster Cult and solid stompers Slade. **SATURDAY AND** let's get priorities right! Radio Two has commentary of the Charity Shield game between Aston Villa and chart topping Tottenham Hotspur. If you listen carefully you will probably hear my raucous bellow. But back at the music Radio One's 'In Concert' has a repeat of last year's Madness Christmas Show from London's Hammersmith Odeon. On the box 'Pop Quiz' lines up Pink Floyd's fretboard technician, David Gilmour, paddy ex-Deep Purple squalor Ian Gillan and the suave good looks of Ultravox's Midge Ure against the experience of Genesis' Phil Collins, Barry Mason, who wrote all those goodies for Engelbert and Tom Jones, and Elkie Brooks. Both sides will view films on the Yardbirds, Yes, Earth, Wind And Fire, Thunderclap Newman and, flavour of the month, The Walker Brothers under the authority of host Mike Reid. Later on, 'Summertime Special' has Crossroads' star and cousin to Paul McCartney, Kate Robbins, sharing the limelight with ancient Brit-rocker Joe Brown with his Bruvvers. **THE SUMMER** doldrums hit **SUNDAY** with a vengeance with only London Weekend's 'Twentieth Century Box' singing a tabelecloth around its cockney neck and looking at Futurism, catching testimony and music from Depeche Mode and Naked Lunch. While Capital Radio's useful 'Sound Of The City' series looks at the folk boom and gets Donovan,



Hey, hey, we're back on Friday

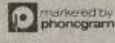
Bert Jansch and Al Stewart to tell us like it was. Trent continue their weekend look at Castle Donington on their 'Music Review' programme. **MONDAY HAS** the flame haired siren Toyah 'In Concert' on BBC 1 from a recent Rainbow show which certainly perks up a day which has the appearance of Showaddywaddy on 'Marti Caine' as its only other TV highlight. The always on the case Trent have a Siouxsie and the Banshees interview on their 'Castle Rock' show. Belfast's Downtown Radio have a preview of the Reading Festival, a Stiff Little Fingers interview and hopefully Ian Gillan on their 'Soupdcheck' show. **TUESDAY'S 'Razzmatazz'** on the ITV network will be the last of this repeated series and has Bad Manners incredible bulk Buster Bloodvessel, Chas and Dave, Elton John, percussionist Ray Cooper and Adam Ant. But that's the lot on a day when the only other interesting thing is Radio Two's 'Jim Reeves Story' at 10.00 pm with Charlie Pride. **WEDNESDAY IS** another dead loss with only Radio Trent's 'Castle Rock' getting Canadian songwriter and singer Phil Rambow into the studio. And that rounds the week off with a wimper.

- WED 26**
- BIRMINGHAM, Odeon (043 6101), Siouxsie And The Banshees
 - BOURNEMOUTH, Gadgers Bar (121-29), Surtin Dave
 - BURY, Rebecca Disco, The Elements
 - CARLISLE, Micka Place Spider
 - CARSHALTON, St Helier Arms, Ray Campi / Rockabilly Rebels
 - CHADWELL, HEATH, Greyhound (01-599 1533), Neal Kay's Heavy Metal Soundhouse
 - DONCASTER, Hawthorne Club, Rok Stars
 - DURRINGTON, The Plough, The Britz
 - EDINBURGH, Nite Club, Funkapollies
 - EDINBURGH, Playhouse (031-665 2064), Whitesnake
 - HARROW, Middlesex And Heris Country Club (01-954 2617), Remipeds
 - LIVERPOOL, Star And Garter, Madame
 - LIVERPOOL, Wilsons Pub, City Centre, Original Sin
 - LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town (01-476 2535), The Pige / Saxmaniacs
 - LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), OK Jive / Dance Music
 - LONDON, Gossops, Dean Street, The High Tide
 - LONDON, Green Man, Old Kent Road, Chicane
 - LONDON, Green Man, Stratford (01-534 1637), The Fealers
 - LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, Hammersmith (01-380 0262), The Onlookers
 - LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081), Foreigner / 38 Special
 - LONDON, Hops Grant, Cricklewood Lane (01-450 8999), City Genis
 - LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Islington (01-359 4510), The Electric Guitars
 - LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), The End
 - LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, Hampstead (01-624 7611), Kevin Coyne / 5 or 6 / Ben Watt
 - LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01-365 3947), The Exciters
 - LONDON, 101 Club, Clapham (01-223 8309), Killer Waves / Real Imitations
 - LONDON, Pogues, Green Lanes (01-226 9530), Mr JJ
 - LONDON, Pils, Euston (01-589 9610), Lucky Saddles / Asiantie And The Men From Uncle
 - LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 2951), Tons Tons M'Ecoute
 - LONDON, Ship, Plumstead Common, The Blackout
 - LONDON, Stapleton Hall Tavern, Crouch End, English Rogues
 - LONDON, Starlight, Railway Hotel, Hampstead (01-524 7611), Ray Shell / Street Angels
 - LONDON, Venue, Victoria (01-828 9441), The Mottet
 - MILTON KEYNES, White Hart, Marillon
 - NEWBURY, Arts Workshop, Northcroft Lane, West Deal
 - SHEFFIELD, Top Rank, Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive

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 · REMIX ·



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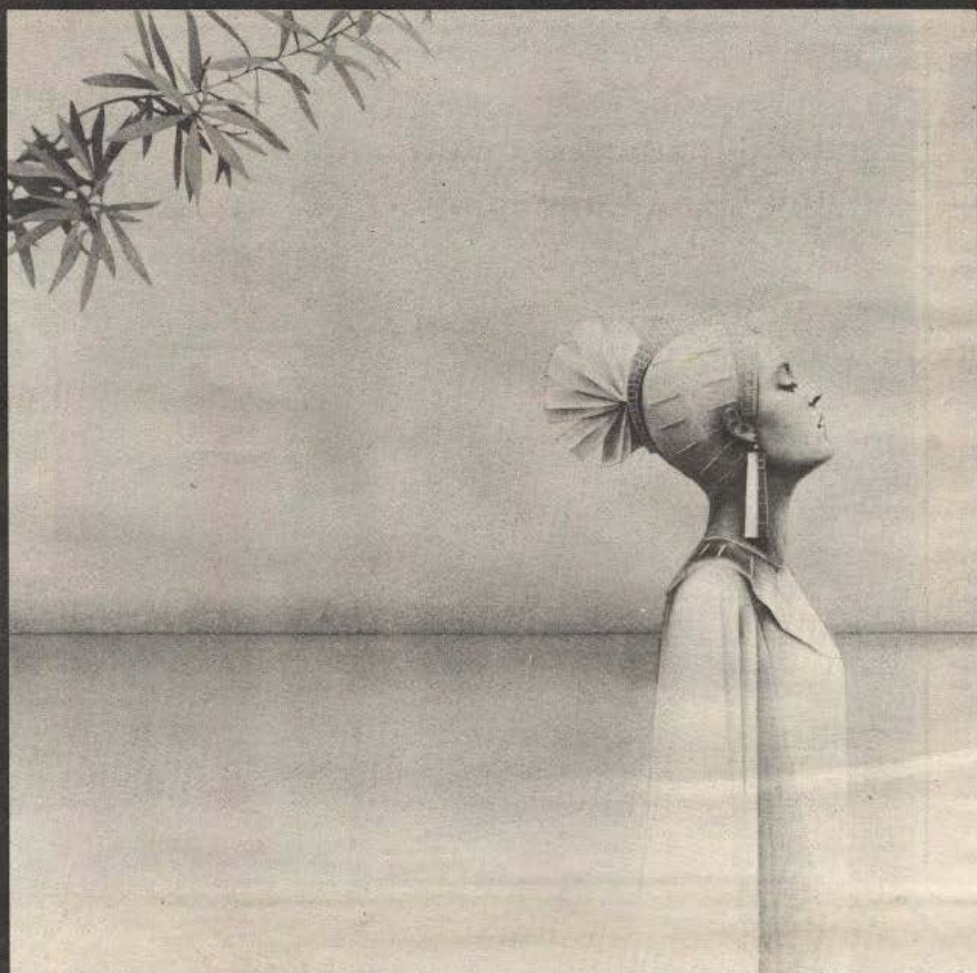


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TOUR DATES

August 21 LONDON The Venue
August 22 ST. ALBANS Civic Hall
August 27 NORWICH Penny's
August 29 BRAINTREE The Barn
August 31 PRESTON Clouds
September 5 NEATH Talk of The Abbey
September 7 SCUNTHORPE Tiffanys
September 8 SCARBOROUGH Tiffanys
September 9 BURNLEY Tiffanys
September 11 HAYWARDS HEATH The Taverners



Discos

By JAMES HAMILTON

IMPORTS

KENI BURKE: 'You're The Best' (US RCA PD-12282). Slightly strange rhythmically like his recent hit, this dramatic bass synth rumbled sprightly 123-122bpm smacking skipper has had a dynamite 12in remix making it even more powerful, while the jiggly tripping 123bpm chix-sung 'Night Riders' flip has been toughened up too, losing its sound effects intro in the process.

ARETHA FRANKLIN: 'Hold On I'm Comin'' (LP 'Love All The Hurt Away' US Arista AL 9552). The High Priestess returns with a set that's really worthy of her, and as before the major dance track is a soul classic revived, a dramatically introed romping and stomping, roaring and soaring zest-filled 121bpm up-date of Sam & Dave's stormer. Other cuts may surface (for subsequent review when I've more time), the title track being a dreamy dead slow 31-32½bpm duet with George Benson, due here next week on 12in.

HERBIE HANCOCK: 'Magic Number' (US Columbia 44-02461). Reviewed last week off promo-only 12in with the same song both sides, Herbie's heavy funk 'Everybody Broke' is now on commercial 12in and — but of course! — it's the B-side that's already actually hotter here. Another heavy funk bumper but sparser and faster at a steady ponderous 107bpm, this switches into some terrific Latin piano and a percussion section which should appease the jazz folks.

JUSTO ALMARIO: 'Sho' You Right' (LP 'Interlude' US Uno Melodic UM-0003). Roy Ayers - prod / penned strong soprano sax squealed rambling long 122-124-125bpm jazz-funk instrumental with burbling squiddy bass, steady clapping beat, tenor sax taking over after a while, and the occasional vocal stab, excellent of its type and although originally only on limited import now about in wider circulation. Other tracks are straight jazz.

THE JONESES: 'Summer Groove' (US Good 77733). Cheerful jiggly 125-128-127-128bpm 12in clopper with bursts of soul vocal group harmony, slick strings and brass over the insistent rhythm (littered with Wish) plus the intro sound effects of kids playing in the streets, a stereo elevated railway and some surf halfway, the longer 'Moving - On' flip being slightly slower at 124 - 126 - 127 - 126 - 127 bpm.



JOE COCKER: Sheffield's own, poses with Joe Sample, Wilton Felder and Stix Hooper of the Crusaders, for it is indeed he who sings on the jazz group's latest 12in slowie, 'I'm Standing Here Today'. The Crusaders appear along with BB King and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at London's Royal Festival for five nights early next month. With friends like these, who needs a little help?

THE GENIES: 'Twistin' Pneumonia' (US O Records Q2002). A real out of left field oddball but my own favourite record of the year so far, this unbelievably is a superb genuine 1960s rhythm & blues doo-wop vocal group swinger with a modern 127bpm beat added on 12in to make a steady smack that occasionally continues as short rhythm breaks. Listen to the terrific truly soulful voices and bluesy guitar to understand why I sometimes can't get as excited about most of today's noises — mind you, you've got to be getting on a bit to have acquired a taste for this sort of sound! Veteran soul fans mustn't miss it.

THE BOBBETTES — 1981: 'Love Rhythm' (US QIT BC652). Synth wheezed clipety clapping 109bpm 12in swayer with a beely brass break and instrumental flip, souled presumably by one of the original '50s girlie group members now with younger support chix, while many of the production credits seem to hark back to the past too (is that Donald Heigh hand the mix?).

ERIC MERCURY: 'Gimme A Call Sometime' LP (US Capitol ST-12166). Smoothly thudding classy 115-116bpm subtly purposeful title track bumper hoarsely souled between long stretches of understated basic beat, played by several jazzy names, the 124bpm 'You Feel Like Mine' being another Change 'Searching' clone and 36bpm 'It's Just Like Love', a nice smoocher.

FUNKADELIC: 'Electro - Cuties' (LP 'The Electric Spanking Of War Babies' US Warner Bros BSK 3482). Somewhat disappointing P funk jumble (though no more so than usual, really), only this rolling hi-hat driven 113bpm ticker having any bite, with 'sockit to me' chanting and acid guitar.

RITA LEE & ROBERTO: 'Lanca Perfume' (US Pavilion 429 02453). Portuguese sung pleasant doted Sergio Mendes-like lushly Latin 127-129-130bpm 12in clopper with a steady swing and infuriatingly familiar lilt.

ICE CREAM GODS: 'Mambo Life' (US Zoz Z02-01). Kid Creole - inspired ponderous 103bpm 12in slinker owes nothing to real mambo rhythm, but has Spanish chattering chix in a sound effects enhanced central section and probably will appeal to posers.

LOU CHRISTIE: 'Guardian Angel' (US Plateau STM 101). Subway sound effects introed, plodding 110bpm 12in rapper with chanting chix about an avenging vigilante figure stalking the city streets.

JIMMY ROSS: 'First True Love Affair' (Canadian Quality / RFC QRFC 902). Originally on Spice 7 from Belgium but now remixed by Larry Levan, this synth boomed plodding 'Good Times' — like 118bpm 12in jolter will soon be out here in yet another mix.

OTHER IMPORT releases include sets from Tavares, Spyro Gyra, Woods Empire, SOS Band, Temptations, Rockie Robbins, Cousin Ice, Kinesis, Bobby Brand, Tommy Tate, Powder Blues, Sheree Brown, Inner Life, and — reviewed months ago — Ebonee Web.

UK NEWIES

RICHARD 'DIMPLES' FIELDS: 'I Like Your Loving' (Epic EPC A1554). Simply sensational smash — sound lazily jogging 100bpm swayer, sadly only on 7in (so far), sweetly scattered with an ultra-catchy 'oooh, shu du du bup ba ba' hookline that's been packing dancefloors for ages on import. If the summer weather holds there should now be no stopping it.

LINX: 'So This Is Romance' (Chrysalis CHS 12-2546). Now about on white label, this unhurriedly bounding gradually building jaunty 117bpm 12in looper has neat lyrics and nice noises, the latter being brought out more on the instrumental flip (subtitled 'The Rio Mix'), all of it with the now recognisable stamp of Linx's usual quality.

CHRIS RAINBOW: 'Body Music' (EMI 12EMI 5215). Forget that Chris has previously been associated with ultrabrite pure pop, this gorgeous lushly

atmospheric 103/51-0bpm 12in steazy slinker has superb muted trumpet and quietly doodling sax (surely digitally recorded to be so delicately clear?), varying like a dream out of 'Rise' before the ever so slightly Bee Gee-ish vocals begin (for which he can be forgiven). Hear it!

I was late again this week, so you can't have all the UK Newies until next week. Sorry.

BREAKERS

BUBBLING UNDER the UK Disco 90 (page 37) with increased support are Quincy Jones' Betcha Wouldn't Hurt Me' (A&M 12in), Herb Albert 'Magic Man' / 'Rise' (A&M 12in), Justo Almario 'Sho' You Right' (US Uno Melodic LP), Supremes 'Supremes Medley' (Motown 12in), Rahmlee 'Think' / 'Heartbreaker' (US Headfirst LP), Roberta Flack 'Qual E Mairindinho' (US MCA LP), Bobby King 'Having A Party' / 'A Fool And His Love' / 'Heart To Heart' / 'Fool For The Night' (US Warner Bros LP), The Time 'The Stick' / 'Get It Up' (US Warner Bros LP), Linx 'So This Is Romance' (Chrysalis 12in promo), Herbie Hancock 'Magic Numbers' / 'Everybody's Broke' (US Columbia 12in), Patti Austin 'Do You Love Me' (Qwest 12in), BB&Q Band 'Starlette' (US Capitol LP), Lamont Dozier 'Cool Me Out' (CBS), Nina Decosta 'Don't Want To Lose You' (Rokel 12in).

DORC (Dance Orientated Rock Chart): 1(1) Depeche Mode A/B, 2(1) Duran Duran, 3(2) Bad Manners, 4(6) Soft Cell, 5(3) Shakin' Stevens, 6(8) Gidea Park, 7(4) Specials, 8(11) Deft S, 9(16) Ultravox 'Thin Wall', 10(19) Debbie Harry, 11(5) Human League 'Crowd', 12(8) Visage, 13(13) Ultravox 'All Stood Still', 14(12) Kraftwerk B/A, 15(15) B-52's, 16(14) b-Movie, 17(21) Our Daughter's Wedding, 18(18) Kiki Dee A/B, 19(24) Eddie Maelow & Sunshine Patteson, 20(25) Icehouse, 21(17) Positive Noise A/B, 22(-) Siouxsie, 23(19) Passions, 24(-) Jah Wobble/Jaki Liebeck/Holger Czuyak 'How Much Are They' (Island 12in), 25(-) Sheena Easton, 26(-) Gary US Bonds 'Jole Blon', 27(20) Eno/Byrne, 28(-) Dexy's, 29(-) Grace Jones 'Liberango', 30(-) Aneka.

HIT NUMBERS: Beats Per Minute for last week's pop chart entries on 7in (endings denoted by f for fade, c for cold, r for resonant) are Nolans 124f, Stevie Nicks 54-108/54f, Simple Minds 123f, Dollar 60/120f, BowWowWow 132/264f, Modern Romance 124-123-124c, Central-Line 112f, Bucks Fizz 9-9-39/48f.

DISCOS CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

THE QUICK SHARKS ARE COOL. JETS ARE HOT.



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- 4 EVERYBODY SALSA-SALSA RAPPODY, Modern Romance, WEA 12in
- 5 GOING BACK TO MY ROOTS, Odyssey, RCA 12in
- 6 HAPPY BIRTHDAY, Stevie Wonder, Motown 12in
- 7 ON THE BEAT, BBAQ Band, Capitol 12in
- 8 BACK TO THE '80s, Tight Fit, Jive 12in
- 9 WALKING INTO SUNSHINE, Central Line, Mercury 12in
- 10 DANCING ON THE FLOOR, Third World, CBS 12in
- 11 WALK RIGHT NOW, Jacksons, Epic 12in
- 12 BODY TALK, Imagination, R&B 12in
- 13 RAZZAMATAZZ, Quincy Jones, A&M 12in
- 14 SHAKE IT UP TONIGHT, Cheryl Lynn, CBS 12in
- 15 STARS ON 45 VOLUME 2, Star Sound, CBS 12in
- 16 YOU'LL NEVER KNOW/I'M TOTALLY YOURS, Hi-Gloss, Epic 12in
- 17 LADY (YOU BRING ME UP), Commodores, Motown 12in
- 18 IF YOU FEEL IT, Thelma Houston, RCA 12in
- 19 GIVE IT TO ME BABY/GHETTO LIFE/SUPER FREAK, Rick James, Motown LP/12in
- 20 SQUARE BIZ/INSTRUMENTAL, Teena Marie, Motown 12in
- 21 TRY IT OUT, Gino Soccio, Atlantic 12in
- 22 WORDY RAPPINGHOOD, Tom Tom Club, Island 12in
- 23 TURN IT ON/BEEZER ONE, Level 42, Polydor 12in
- 24 LAY ALL YOUR LOVE ON ME, Abba, Epic 12in
- 25 LIVE A LIFE/REGGAE FEELING, Black Slate, Ensign 12in
- 26 DO LIKE YOU/BADNESS, Morrissey-Mullen, Beggars Banquet 12in
- 27 DANCIN' THE NIGHT AWAY, Yagoue, Mercury 12in
- 28 I LOVE YOU YES I LOVE YOU, Eddy Grant, Ensign 12in
- 29 41 FUNTOWN USA/ALL THAT'S GOOD TO ME, Ratsel Cameron, Salsoul 12in
- 30 I LIKE YOUR LOVIN'/SHE'S GOT PAPERS ON ME/LET THE LADY DANCE, Richard 'Dimples' Fields, US Boardwalk LP
- 31 44 THERE'S A MASTER PLAN/DESTINATION MOTHERLAND/THE RIVER NIGER/LAND OF FRUIT AND HONEY/AFRICA CENTER OF THE WORLD, Roy Ayers, Polydor LP
- 32 29 STILL IN THE GROOVE/A WOMAN NEEDS LOVE/GO INTO YOU, Raydio, Arista 12in
- 33 40 HOOKED ON CLASSICS, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, RCA 12in
- 34 31 ROBERTO WHO...?, Cayenne, Groove Production 12in
- 35 37 BRAZILIAN DAWN, Shakelata, Polydor 12in
- 36 24 INCH BY INCH/HOLD ONTO THE FEELING, Strikers, US Prelude LP
- 37 38 CLEAN SWEEP/SATURDAY NIGHT, Bobby Brown, US Arista GRP LP
- 38 27 QUE PASA — ME NO POP I, Coati Mundi, Ze 12in
- 39 25 PULL UP TO THE BUMPER, Grace Jones, Island 12in
- 40 80 REMEMBER ME — AIN'T NO MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH SUITE/CRUISIN' THE STREETS, Boys Town Gang, Moby Dick LP
- 41 35 WIKKA WRAP, Evasions, Groove Production 12in
- 42 45 THE CARIBBEAN DISCO SHOW, Lobo, Polydor 12in
- 43 56 PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIG BAG, Pig Bag, Y
- 44 41 IF YOU WANT MY LOVIN', Evelyn King, RCA LP
- 45 33 UPTOWN FESTIVAL/TAKE THAT TO THE BANK, Shalamar, RCA Golden Grooves 12in
- 46 61 LIFT YOUR VOICE AND SAY, Love Unlimited Orchestra, Unlimited Gold 12in
- 47 57 WALL TO WALL/I LOVE YOU MORE/WANNA BE CLOSE TO YOU, Rene & Angela, US Capitol LP
- 48 79 ROCK ME DOWN TO RIO/RIDING ON A FANTASY, Rah Band, DJM 12in
- 49 85 AS THE TIME GOES BY, Funkapolitan, London 12in
- 50 — EASY/WE'RE IN THIS LOVE TOGETHER/CLOSER TO YOUR LOVE/ROOF GARDEN/MY OLD FRIEND, Al Jarreau, Warner Bros LP
- 51 55 JIMCO, Candido, Excelsior 12in
- 52 58 HERE I AM, Dynasty, Solar 12in
- 53 85 I LOVE MUSIC, Enigma, Croole 12in
- 54 39 TAKE IT TO THE TOP/CELEBREMOS, Kool & The Gang, De-Lite 12in
- 55 60 SLIPSTREAM/STAY A WHILE, Morrissey-Mullen, Beggars Banquet LP
- 56 83 TONIGHT YOU AND ME/YOU SURE LOOK GOOD TO ME/DON'T TELL ME TELL HER, Phyllis Hyman, Arista 12in
- 57 45 HILLS OF KATMANDU/WISHBONE, Tahira, Automatic 12in
- 58 51 SWEAT (TIL YOU GET WET), Brick, US Bang 12in
- 59 52 CAR TUNE, Hi-Tek, Original 12in
- 60 82 THE REAL THING, Brothers Johnson, A&M 12in
- 61 76 HARD TIMES/LOVE ACTION, Human League, Virgin Red 12in
- 62 49 NO WOMAN NO CRY/JAMMING (LIVE), Bob Marley, Island 12in
- 63 64 TOP OF MY LIST, Stephanie Mills, 20th Century-Fox 12in
- 64 — FAN THE FIRE, Impressions, 20th Century-Fox 12in
- 65 86 SEARCHING TO FIND THE ONE, Unlimited Touch, Epic 12in
- 66 53 BUSTIN' OUT, Material, Ze 12in
- 67 50 NICE AND SOFT, Wish, US Perspective 12in
- 68 70 EVERYBODY GET DOWN, Avon, US RBL 12in
- 69 90 FREAKY DANCIN'/DON'T BE SO COOL/THE SOUND TABLE, Cameo, Casablanca 12in pack
- 70 85 DOUBLE DUTCH BUS/INSTRUMENTAL, Frankie Smith, WMD 12in
- 71 57 SITTIN' IN IT/THE HORNET/MATINEE IDOL, Yellowjackets, US Warner Bros LP
- 72 79 IN AND OUT OF LOVE, Imagination, R&B 12in white label
- 73 42 CAN YOU HANDLE IT (REMIX)/YOU GOT MY LOVE, Sharon Redd, US Prelude 12in
- 74 71 RAINY NIGHT IN GEORGIA, Randy Crawford, Warner Bros
- 75 69 SONG FOR JEREMY/TRY SOME OF THIS, Spexx, US Arista LP
- 76 54 FEEL MY LOVE TONIGHT/YOUNG GIRL/SCREAMIN' OFF THE TOP/SPOTLIGHT/BABY I LOVE YOU/LOVE ON A TWO WAY STREET, Stacy Lattisaw, Cotillion LP
- 77 82 SONG FOR MY SON, Lee Oskar, US Elektra LP
- 78 65 GIVE IT UP (DON'T MAKE ME WAIT)/HERE IS MY LOVE, Sylvester, Fantasy 12in
- 79 73 SWEET DELIGHT, Woods Empire, US Tabu 12in
- 80 72 GET ON DO IT AGAIN, Suzy Q, Canadian JC 12in
- 81 88 WE GOT SOME CATCHIN' UP TO DO/BET YOUR LUCKY STAR/SWEET AND WONDERFUL, Jean Carn, US TSOP LP
- 82 81 WELCOME ABOARD/NIGHT LIFE IN THE CITY, Love Unlimited Orchestra/Webster Lewis, US Unlimited Gold LP
- 83 87 OUT COME THE FREAKS, Was (Not Was), Ze 12in
- 84 89 JOY AND PAIN/CHANGING TIMES/FEEL THAT YOU'RE FEELIN'/RUNNING AWAY, Maze, Capitol LP
- 85 — STARTRAX CLUB DISCO, Startrax, Picky 12in
- 86 — LOVE HAS COME AROUND, Donald Byrd, Elektra 12in
- 87 — HOT SUMMER NIGHT/HOT VERSION, Vicki Sue Robinson, US Prelude 12in
- 88 — LOCO-MOTO, Inversions, Groove Production 12in
- 89 — SHAKE-N-SKATE, Dr York, Dutch Jungle Jam 12in
- 90 — THE DIP, Keith Diamond Band, US Millennium 12in

INDEPENDENT

- SINGLES
- 1 1 NEW LIFE, Depeche Mode, Mute
 - 2 6 HERO, Theatre Of Hate, Burning Rome
 - 3 4 ONE IN TEN, UB40, DEP International
 - 4 2 PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIG BAG, Pig Bag, Y
 - 5 5 (COVER PLUS) WE'RE ALL GROWN UP, Hazel O'Connor, Albion
 - 6 3 NEU SMELL (EP), Flux Of Pink Idians, Crass
 - 7 7 PUPPETS OF WAR, Chron Gen, Sargeyole/Fresh
 - 8 — MATRESS OF WIRE, Aztec Camera, Postcard
 - 9 9 MOTORHEAD, Hawkwind, Flicknife
 - 10 14 CEREMONY, New Order, Factory
 - 11 10 ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST, General Saint & Clint Eastwood, Greensleeves
 - 12 12 FOUR SORE POINTS (EP), Anti-Pasti, Rondelet
 - 13 11 DREAMING UP ME, Depeche Mode, Mute
 - 14 8 THE RESURRECTION (EP), Vice Squad, Riot City
 - 15 32 I DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITH MONKEYS, Hipsons, Romans In Britain
 - 16 16 NAGASAKI NIGHTMARE, Crass, Crass
 - 17 19 LET THEM FREE (EP), Anti-Pasti Rondelet
 - 18 13 ARMY LIFE, Exploited, Secret
 - 19 10 TOO F.U.E.D TO DRINK, Dead Kennedys, Cherry Red
 - 20 20 LOVE WILL TEAR US APART, Joy Division, Factory
 - 21 15 L'L RED RIDING HOOD, 999, Albion
 - 22 22 Q QUARTERS, Associates, Situation 2
 - 23 26 DDGS OF WAR, Exploited, Secret
 - 24 17 FREAKED, Charlie Harper, Rampup
 - 25 42 EXPLOITED BARMY ARMY, Exploited, Secret
 - 26 21 OUR SWIMMER, Wire, Rough Trade
 - 27 27 FORGET THE DOWN!, Wahl, Eternal
 - 28 24 WHITE MICE, Modettes, Human
 - 29 40 PEACE AND LOVE, Misty In Roots, People Unite
 - 30 46 WARDANCE/PSYCHE, Killing Joke, Malignous Damage
 - 31 44 REALITY ASYLUM, Crass, Crass
 - 32 25 LAST ROCKERS, Vice Squad, Riot City
 - 33 36 ATMOSPHERE, Joy Division, Factory
 - 34 35 CALIFORNIA USER ALLES, Dead Kennedys, Fast
 - 35 34 BELA LUGOSI'S DEAD, Bauhaus, Small Wonder
 - 36 31 BLOODY REVOLUTIONS/PERSONS UNKNOWN, Crass/Poison Girls, Crass
 - 37 28 TRANSMISSION, Joy Division, Factory
 - 38 — FREEMANS, Chelsea, Step Forward
 - 39 — 24 HOURS, Chets, Graduate
 - 40 45 KINGS CROSS, Charge, Test Pressing
 - 41 30 DECONTROL, Discharge, CI
 - 42 — FIGHT BACK, CI

- 43 37 ZEROX, Adam & The Ants, Do It
- 44 49 IT'S OBVIOUS, Au Pairs, Human
- 45 — ALL OUT ATTACK (EP), Blitz, No Future
- 46 — FEEDING OF THE 5,000 (SECOND SITTING), Crass, Crass
- 47 29 WHY (EP), Discharge, Clay
- 48 48 KILL THE POOR, Dead Kennedys, Cherry Red
- 49 — REALITIES OF WAR, Discharge, Clay
- 50 50 MY LOVE, New Age Steppers, Statik

ALBUMS

- 1 8 THE LAST CALL, Anti-Pasti, Rondelet
- 2 1 PRESENT ARMS, UB40, DEP International
- 3 2 PENIS ENVY, Crass, Crass
- 4 5 PLAYING WITH A DIFFERENT SEX, Au Pairs, Human
- 5 9 PUNKS NOT DEAD, Exploited, Secret
- 6 3 DOCUMENT AND EYEWITNESS, Wire, Rough Trade
- 7 4 THE ONLY FUN IN TOWN, Josef K, Postcard
- 8 12 STATIONS OF THE CRASS, Crass, Crass
- 9 7 BLACK SOUNDS OF FREEDOM, Black Uhuru, Greensleeves
- 10 11 SIGNING OFF, UB40, Graduate
- 11 9 ANTHEM, Toyah, Safari
- 12 17 IN THE FLAT FIELD, Bauhaus, A&D
- 13 10 CLOSER, Joy Division, Factory
- 14 20 ACTION BATTLEFIELD, New Age Steppers, Statik
- 15 14 TOYAH! TOYAH! TOYAH!, Toyah, Safari
- 16 18 FIRE HOUSE ROCK, Walling Souls, Greensleeves
- 17 28 LIVE AT THE COUNTER EUROVISION 79, Misty In Roots, People Unite
- 18 13 UNKNOWN PLEASURES, Joy Division, Factory
- 19 15 DIRK WEARS WHITE SOX, Adam & The Ants, Do It
- 20 27 DRAMA OF EXILE, Nice, Aurs
- 21 22 TO EACH... A Certain Ratio, Factory
- 22 18 FRESH FRUIT FOR ROTTING VEGETABLES, Dead Kennedys, Cherry Red
- 23 19 LIVE AT THE LYCEUM, Cabaret Voltaire, Rough Tapes
- 24 21 HEART OF DARKNESS, Positive Noise, Statik
- 25 25 LUBRICATE YOUR LIVING ROOM, Fire Engines, Accessory
- 26 — HOPELESSLY IN LOVE, Carroll Thompson, Carib Gems
- 27 23 ODYSHAPE, Raincoats, Rough Trade
- 28 24 IN THE KINGDOM OF DUB, Scientist, Kingdom
- 29 — LABOUR OF LOVE, Mass, A&D
- 30 26 PRAYERS OF FIRE, Birthday Party

BY ALAN JONES FOR RB RESEARCH FROM A NATIONWIDE

ADAM CLAYTON of U2

NAME: Adam Charles Clayton.
 DATE OF BIRTH: 13 March 1960.
 EDUCATED: Mount Temple Comprehensive and St Columba's College, Rathfriland (both in Dublin).
 FIRST LOVE: Sunie.
 FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT: Chris Westwood leaving Record Mirror.
 FIRST PERFORMANCE: As a snuggler in school play.
 MUSICAL INFLUENCES: Beatles, Simon and Garfunkel, Jean Jacques Burnel.
 HERO: Eric Morecambe.
 VICES: Going to bed early; liking America.
 HOBBIES: Reading; staying in bed.

Profile

MOST FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE: Encountering HUGE spider in studio yesterday.
 WORST EXPERIENCE: Me being locked out of our own gig in France.
 IDEAL HOLIDAY: Bahamas (Compass Point).
 IDEAL HOME: Malahide Castle.
 FAVE FOOD: Smoked Salmon, avocado pears.
 FAVE CLOTHES: Jeans and tee shirts.
 FAVE DRINK: White wine.
 MOST HATED CHORE: Any form of tidying up.
 AMBITION: To have a quiet life... one day.



ROCK 'N' ROLL

SINGLES

- 1 3 BIG TEN INCH, Wyonna Harris, King
- 2 4 WHEN WE GET MARRIED, Dream Lovers, Lost Nile
- 3 2 DOIN' THE BOOGIE, Ray Naele and the All Stars, Juke Boy
- 4 8 LET'S GO, Routers, Warner Bros
- 5 7 LIGHTS OUT, Jerry Byrnes, Specialty
- 6 9 GOD BLESS ROCK 'N' ROLL, Bill Haley, Sonet
- 7 — MANHATTEN MELODRAMA, Shakin' Stevens, Mint
- 8 — HALF WAY TO PARADISE, Billy Fury, Decca
- 9 — HARBOUR LIGHT, Elvis Presley, RCA
- 10 — HEART ATTACK, Dalters, Nervous

PICK TO CLICK: REET PETITE, Jackie Wilson, Brunswick

ALBUMS

- 1 2 MGM ROCKABILLY COLLECTION, — Vol 2, Various, MGM
- 2 — CHOO CHOO CH' BOOGIE, Louis Jordan, Phillips
- 3 3 TOMMY STEELE STATE SHOW, Decca
- 4 — TOMMY STEELE STORY, Decca
- 5 4 THE COLLECTORS HANK WILLIAMS — Vol 4, MGM
- 6 8 CLIFF SINGS, Cliff Richard, Columbia
- 7 1 THE SOUND OF FURY, Billy Fury, Decca
- 8 10 ROCKABILLY BOOGIE, Various, MCA
- 9 7 SONNY CURTIS STYLE, Sonny Curtis, Vixa
- 10 — ROCK 'N' ROLL ALL FLOURS, Freddie Bell & The Bell Boys, Wings

PICK TO CLICK: ROCKABILLY IN PARIS, Crazy Cavern & The Rhythm Rockers, Magnum Force

Compiled By: ROLLERCOASTER RECORDS, PO Box 18F, Chessington, Surrey

HEAVY METAL

- 1 ALL OF MY LOVE, Led Zeppelin, from 'In Through The Out Door' LP, Atlantic
- 2 REBECCA, The Byron Band, 45, Creole
- 3 ALL THE TIME, Spider, 45, City Records
- 4 BREAK IT UP, Foreigner, from 'Foreigner 4' LP, Atlantic
- 5 LIAR, Demon, from 'Night of the Demon' LP, Carere
- 6 HELLO I LOVE YOU, The Doors, from 'Greatest Hits', Warner Bros
- 7 TYGER BAY, The Tigers of Pan Tang, from 'Spellbound' LP, MCA
- 8 AIN'T GONNA CRY NO MORE, Whitesnake, from 'Ready 'n' Willing', UA
- 9 WAR PIGS, Black Sabbath, from 'Live At Last', LP, Nema
- 10 LA WOMAN, The Doors, from 'Greatest Hits', Warner Bros
- 11 HARD AS NAILS, Ted Nugent, from 'Wango Tango' LP, Epic
- 12 LIKE A NIGHTMARE, Motorhead, b-side, 45, Bronze
- 13 LET'S GO, Montrose, from 'Jump On It' LP, Warner Bros
- 14 TROUBLE BOYS, Thin Lizzy, 45, Vertigo
- 15 FEEL LIKE A MAN, Spider, 45, City Records
- 16 BLACK JACK, The Tigers of Pan Tang, from 'Spell Bound' LP, MCA
- 17 LITTLE BIT OF LOVE, Free, 45, Island
- 18 RED, Sammy Hagar, 45, Import, Capitol
- 19 THE HIGHWAY SONG, Blackfoot 12" - 45, Atoe
- 20 SMOKE ON THE WATER, Ian Gillan, 45, 'Live', Virgin

Compiled By: The Tynesider Rock Club, Saltwell Road, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear, Tel: 781198

CHART FILE

SOME 16 years after they first cracked the American charts, the **Moody Blues** are enjoying an unprecedented spell of success on the other side of the pond. Their 'Long Distance Voyager' LP recently topped all of the American Album charts — **Billboard**, **Cashbox**, **Record World**, **Radio & Records**, **Album Network** and **The Hard Report** — simultaneously, and sales of the album have surged ahead of their 10 previous charted albums; 'Days Of Future Passed' (No. 3, 1968), 'In Search Of The Lost Chord' (No. 25, 1968), 'On The Threshold Of A Dream' (No. 20, 1969), 'The Other Children's Children's Children' (No. 14, 1970), 'A Question Of Balance' (No. 3, 1970), 'Every Good Boy Deserves Favour' (No. 2, 1971), 'Seventh Sojourn' (No. 1, 1972), 'This Is The Moody Blues' (No. 11, 1974), 'Caught Live + 5' (No. 28, 1977) and 'Octave' (No. 13, 1978).

And the success of two singles from the 'Voyager' album; 'Gemini Dream', a recent No. 12 hit, and the recently released 'The Voice', brings to 15 the Midland band's haul of US hit singles, the other being 'Go Now' (No. 10, 1965), 'From The Bottom Of My Heart (I Love You)' (No. 83, 1965), 'Stop!' (No. 98, 1966), 'Tuesday Afternoon (Forever Afternoon)' (No. 24, 1968), 'Ride My See - Saw' (No. 61, 1968), 'Never Comes The Day' (No. 91, 1968), 'Question' (No. 21, 1970), 'The Story In Your Eyes' (No. 23, 1971), 'Life Strange' (No. 29, 1972), 'Nights In White Satin' (No. 2, 1972), 'I'm Just A Singer (In A Rock And Roll Band)' (No. 12, 1973), 'Steppin' In A Slide Zone' (No. 39, 1978) and 'Driftwood' (No. 59, 1978) ...



Lulu: first US hit with 'I Could Never Miss You'.

ANOTHER veteran British act enjoying renewed American popularity is Lulu. Her latest release, a twee ballad entitled 'I Could Never Miss You (More Than I Do)', is finding its way into American hearts and homes more easily than anything she's done for years. It's her first US hit of any kind for 11 years, and the eighth of her career. Though she also notched 14 British hits, only three of Lulu's chartmakers were common to Britain and America — 'Strout', 'Oh My, Oh My (I'm A Fool For You Baby)' and 'Me, The Peaceful Heart'. Her only American Number One, 'To Sir With Love' wasn't even an A-side here ...

Only eleven Number One singles so far in 1981, compared to 16 at the same stage last year. A total of 485 different records have now topped the chart since it began and the 500th should occur some time next spring ...

Despite Motown's belated 12 - incher, **Stevie Wonder** won't now make Number One with 'Happy Birthday' and thus retains his unenviable distinction of having notched most hits without nabbing a Number One. Stevie's been desperately unlucky reaching runners - up position on four occasions, 'Yester - Me Yester - You Yesterday' (1969), 'Sir Duke' (1977), 'Masterblaster (Jammin')' and 'Happy Birthday' were deprived of the throne by 'Sugar Sugar' (The Archies), 'Free' (Deniece Williams), 'Don't Stand So Close To Me' (The Police) and 'Green Door' (Shakin' Stevens) respectively. By way of compensation Stevie had had six American number ones — 'Sir Duke', 'Fingertips', 'You Haven't Done Nothin'', 'You Are The Sunshine Of My Life', 'I Wish' and 'Superstition' ...

Polydor this week unleash 'Eurovision Song Contest Winners 1956 - 1981', a really harrowing collection of songs which, as the title implies, won the Eurovision bore. The whole album is perfectly hideous and is just the sort of thing to bear in mind when buying Christmas presents for elderly maiden aunts. They're all here, including the four tunes which tied for first place in 1959. For sheer awfulness check out **Teddy Scholten's** 1959 entry 'Een Beetje' which, like most of the early winners failed to make any impact at all on the British chart. In fact only two of the first 11 winners of the contest gained even a toehold on the chart. This all came to an end in 1967 when **Sandie Shaw** won the contest for Britain with 'Puppet On A String'. Since then every 'winner has made the British chart, six of them reaching Number One ...

MARY Sandeman is a celebrated Scottish classical soprano, whose usual repertoire includes Scots and Gaelic airs and who regularly performs with the Scottish Radio Orchestra. Recently however, Mary decided she'd like to make a pop record. She confided in Neil Ross who runs a studio in Edinburgh and together they ploughed through a number of songs none of which seemed quite right. As an afterthought Neil showed Mary a quirky disco song which he was certain wouldn't appeal to her. She liked it, and recorded it at the studio the following afternoon, with Neil producing. A deal was concluded with Hansa Records for the release of the disc and after blank airplay the record, 'Japanese Boy', is shaping up to be a massive hit and Mary Sandeman is getting used to the name she's adopted for her pop recordings — **Aneka** ... **ALAN JONES**

FUTURIST/DANCE

- 1 EUROPE AFTER THE RAIN, John Fava, 12" Virgin
- 2 AS THE TIME GOES BY, Funkapell

READER'S CHART

WE ASKED for your chart suggestions and this week it's an off-the-wall selection of the world's most stereotyped disco titles!

Compiled By: ... (1978)

Compiled by: ...

YESTERYEAR

- ONE YEAR AGO (August 16, 1980)
- 1 WINNER TAKES IT ALL, Abba
 - 2 UPSIDE DOWN, Diana Ross
 - 3 I TO U, Sherron Easton
 - 4 ASHES TO ASHES, David Bowie
 - 5 OH YEAH, Rosy Music
 - 6 OPS UPSIDE YOUR HEAD, Gap Band
 - 7 GIVE ME THE NIGHT, George Benson
 - 8 MORE THAN I CAN SAY, Leo Sayer
 - 9 USE IT UP AND WEAR IT OUT, Odyssey
 - 10 FUNKIN' FOR JAMAICA, Tom Browne

- FIVE YEARS AGO (August 21, 1975)
- 1 DON'T GO BREAKING MY HEART, Elton John and Kiki Dee
 - 2 A LITTLE BIT MORE, Dr Hook
 - 3 JEANS ON, David Dundas
 - 4 IN ZAIRÉ, Johnny Wakelin
 - 5 LET 'EM IN, Wings
 - 6 HEAVEN MUST BE MISSING AN ANGEL, Tavaras
 - 7 NOW IS THE TIME, Jimmy James and The Vagabonds
 - 8 DR KISS KISS, 900 Volts
 - 9 YOU SHOULD BE DANCING, The Bee Gees
 - 10 HERE COMES THE SUN, Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel

- TEN YEARS AGO (August 21, 1971)
- 1 I'M STILL WAITING, Diana Ross
 - 2 NEVER ENDING SONG OF LOVE, The New Seekers
 - 3 GET IT ON, T. Rex
 - 4 DEVIL'S ANSWER, Atomic Rooster
 - 5 IN MY OWN TIME, Family
 - 6 WHAT ARE YOU DOING SUNDAY, Owen
 - 7 TOM TOM TURNAROUND, New World
 - 8 CHIRPY CHIRPY CHEEP CHEEP, Middle of the Road
 - 9 WON'T GET FOOLED AGAIN, The Who
 - 10 HEARTBREAK HOTEL, Elvis Presley

- FIFTEEN YEARS AGO (August 28, 1966)
- 1 YELLOW SUBMARINE, The Beatles
 - 2 WITH A GIRL LIKE YOU, The Troggs
 - 3 GOD ONLY KNOWS, The Beach Boys
 - 4 BLACK IS BLACK, Los Bravos
 - 5 MAMA, Dave Berry
 - 6 THE MORE I SEE YOU, Chris Montez
 - 7 VISIONS, Cliff Richard
 - 8 SUMMER IN THE CITY, The Lovin' Spoonful
 - 9 OUT OF TIME, Chris Farlowe
 - 10 THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE ME AWAY NA-HAAI, Napoleon XIV

- TWENTY YEARS AGO (August 12, 1961)
- 1 YOU DON'T KNOW, Helen Shapiro
 - 2 WELL I ASK YOU, Eden Kane
 - 3 JOHNNY REMEMBER ME, John Leyton
 - 4 HALFWAY TO PARADISE, Bill Fury
 - 5 TEMPTATION, The Everly Brothers
 - 6 ROMEO, Petula Clark
 - 7 RUNAWAY, Del Shannon
 - 8 HELLO MARY LOU / TRAVELLING MAN, Ricky Nelson
 - 9 TIME, Chalk Douglas
 - 10 A GIRL LIKE YOU, Cliff Richard

- TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO (August 18, 1956)
- 1 WHATEVER WILL BE WILL BE, Doris Day
 - 2 WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE, Frankie Lymon and The Teenagers
 - 3 A SWEET OLD FASHIONED MOUNTAIN GREENERY, Mel Torme
 - 4 WALK HAND IN HAND, Tony Martin
 - 5 I'LL BE HOME, Pat Boone
 - 7 ROCKY ROAD THROUGH THE RYE, Bill Haley
 - 8 WAYWARD WIND, Tex Ritter
 - 9 ALL STAR PARADE, Various Artists
 - 10 SAINTS ROCK AND ROLL, Bill Haley

MEDLEY MUDDLE

ONCE UPON A Time, I was a contented little soul wanting nothing more than my nine till five job, a game of pool and a pint at my local, enjoying life to the full.

But then it happened... creeping into the juke box with great cunning came a Beatles medley. I was too stunned with shock to witness the arrival of the Beach Boys, Abba, and Tight Fit. There was nothing I could do, they came and took me away in a bright yellow van with no windows, and left me in a luxurious floor to ceiling padded room, where I was warm and safe and away from any harm.

They said they were going to let me out as soon as the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra's medley was out of the charts, but I know they're only joking, only being nice to me so I'll just sit back and return to eating the remains of my RECORD MIRROR along with the reassuring thought that this plague will pass.

The semi-coma job, Cheshire.

MUDLEY MEDDLE

FOR A start, this Stars on 45 craze isn't a "phenomenon" at all, none of those medleys has reached No 1 yet, in the singles chart — Star Sound have had two No 2s. Everyone else does nowhere near as well when they copy Star Sounds methods.

Also, these one group medleys are only as popular as the artist/group being given the treatment — after the Abba one and Beatles one, there is simply no internationally popular act who Star Sound can hope that much success with — Blondie and Police have patchy worldwide popularity — 'Ant Music' is very patchy indeed — it just ain't caught on that much overseas.

You never once mentioned, one "little" thing in your 'For' article — originality. What does it matter if when you've heard a record once, the second time is nostalgia any how. What does that matter?

The fact is that Star Sound, Tight Fit etc, are musical parasites — having hits on the backs of other peoples works / productions / writings. If a guy made a "medley" of Shakespeare plays, it wouldn't make him a genius — Shakespeare is still the genius — the guy is just trying to gain fame by putting bits of Shakespeare's plays together.

I really can't see these "medleys" or whatever lasting at their present form for more than about 12 months because, once the big names have had their treatment what's going to be left?

You can't keep re-doing all the old disco classics unless you're as good as Star Sounds' 'Stars on 45' and from what I've heard not many are.

D Powell, Chelmsford, Essex.

MIDLEY MODDLE

SO FAR the only medley with any quality is the Supremes medley in which they also give you more than just 20 seconds on each song. It's a pity they can't make mixes legally with original songs.

Gary Hughes, Kingststanding, Birmingham.

MADLY MIDDLE

ALTHOUGH I'M not a great fan of any of the artists or songs so far reproduced (with the exception of Abba), I feel that any self-respecting Beatles or Beach Boys fan would instantly dismiss these "copies" for what they really are — frauds. My first reaction on hearing the Abba mix was if people have to resort to buying cheap sounding copies of

their favourite groups then what is the music scene coming to? There's nothing like the original, no matter how good a copy is, and I personally would rather hear one song than bits of several songs.

I've always felt that if people have to imitate other singers and groups to get their records into the charts, then they're obviously not talented enough to write and sing their own compositions.

Gwen Shott, Farncombe, Surrey.

MOODLY MIDDLE

STARS ON 45 etc gets right up my left nostril, it's the biggest load of garbage since King Kong whoopsied. You cannot get 10 minutes of music on a radio without some segued handclapping tripe.

The only part worth clapping is when the needle leaves the record (and who can blame it?) In a few years we will be privileged to have the best of Starsound by Enigma. I can't wait.

Paul A Hayden, Swindon, Wilts.

MODDLE MADDLE

AS YOU have offered the opportunity I thought I would have my say as to why I am strongly against the current trend which you called "mix or mess".

Firstly it is a fact that the pop music scene is always changing. Trends come and die out according to circumstances. There is always a craze of something or other waiting to flood the hit parade. Stars on 45 is a trend that has caught on and the sooner it dies out the better it will be as far as I am concerned.

Many of these pretty face DJs on the radio are liable to fall head over heels over this medley type of thing simply because it stinks of commercialisation. This in its turn makes the Top 40 in general into a further nauseating state than what it may otherwise be. The pop scene has always been based on artists doing their own thing making their own feelings show.

These medley things have practically nothing to say, whilst would-be stars are trying with the big time by putting their effort into what they are doing one or two DJs and producers are regurgitating the past and blocking out original genuinely composed songs. Yes, the pop scene is getting into a bad state if it is allowing itself to be dominated by sounds of its past. If this medley thing keeps on someone one day may find themselves confronted with a law suit.

Robin Edmunds, Witney, Oxon.

MADDLE MIDDLE

MY VIEWS on Stars On 45; I think it is the best sound that's come out on disc for years. The oldies always bring back sparkle to the charts and they're so amazingly like the original artists I'm sure the stars of 45 will be a smash every time. I look forward to Volume 3.

Phillip Westmorland, Bedfordshire.

MOODLE MIX

CARRY ON the good work Star Sound. Can't wait for your next one after Mark Cooper's comments in the RM, August 8. (the man's got no taste).

Reg Bean, Margate, Kent.

GRAPE WHINE

COME OFF it, Cooper! Record Mirror's very own sour grape decides to knock the latest craze, typical. Perhaps he was better off in



Illustration by Chris Priestley

Los Angeles (if he's the same Mark Cooper) after all music's so much more adventurous over there, isn't it?

Any record which sells enough to make the Top 30 (and every medley has so far) must be bringing pleasure to a great number of people. Who are you to deny them that pleasure Mr Cooper? The songs

may not be everybody's cup of tea but as long as they are SOMEBODY'S that's all that matters in these days of gloom and despondency. They also gave me an idea to while away many a rainy day, that is to make my own medleys (illegal as it may be) with groups like Japan, Spandau Ballet and Soft Cell. This way I can listen to several records on my cassette without

getting up to change them every five minutes.

Let people like Mark Cooper buy their Springsteen records, I won't criticise his choice, just as long as he doesn't criticise ours.

Paul Humphreys, Stoke on Trent.

CRYSTAL BALLS

SIMON TEBBUTT you are a gutless, giftless bastard. (Obviously you know him well) I'd like to give you a couple of stars and a kick in the crutch. Can't you let ELO branch out into a different set? Obviously not.

Can't ELO look at the future? Everybody says it's best to. (Who's been rubbing your crystal ball, dearie?) Why has everything got to be in the present to be acceptable to RECORD MIRROR?

Straight in at No 2 proves something to everyone except Tebbutt. I stopped buying my last music paper because of its snide comments and petty remarks about ELO. So lay off!

Iain Cardew, Maidstone, Kent. We're all queuing in our boots in case you never buy another music rag again. Or grace us with your charming style.

SENILE

WHAT A pillock. What a deaf, useless pratt (We're still on about Tebbutt, in case you hadn't guessed). The man / person / thing in question being Simon Tebbutt (Told you so) of course, for his review of ELO's new album 'Time'.

It's a fantastic album, as has been proved by it darting straight into the album charts at No 2 last week. This Tebbutt dollop should be filed away with the Royal Wedding photographs — not the 'orch'.

Carl Wellington, Shrewsbury. Thank you. And now these letters are being filed away as we close up shop for the day.

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 27th Oct. Manchester Free Trade Hall 061-834-0943
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 29th Oct. Sheffield City Hall 0742-735295
 30th Oct. Hanley Victoria Hall 0782-24641/610940
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