

'TOMMY' GOES TO COURT; WHO MANAGER SUES

new MUSICAL EXPRESS

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stand up,
c'mon join
the fight**

**BOB MARLEY AND
THE LOCKS OF DREAD**

PHOTO: DENNIS MORRIS

WRH

Thrills

GAZZA GUTS AGAIN THOUGH NOT QUITE BACK WITH THE BOYS

GARY GLITTER went to see the Glitter Band on tour recently. Sitting around in casual clothes he watched for a while, couldn't contain himself any longer and finally bounded on stage for a number. Yet something disturbed him, he didn't quite feel at ease, something was missing — the sequins of course!

"It seemed all wrong, I didn't feel glamorous" he remarked.

So just in case you were wondering if he is about to drop every inch of lurex, or each carefully sewn on sequin, the answer is a grand NO.

"The British," says Glitter "are so advanced, because we have this sense of occasion. We adore to dress up whether it's for Ascot or a wedding or to see a band. I'd never drop the Glitter clothes because although I wasn't the originator I did it better than most simply because I took it one stage further."

He more than anyone has always maintained a sense of occasion — to go hand in hand with the star image. No more are interviews conducted in a lowly publicity or record company office — instead the whole thing becomes a grandiose affair in a restaurant where the waiters are so discreet about Monsieur Glitter.

One has to smile at a guy who owned a Rolls Royce before he'd taken the trouble to learn how to drive and is always photographed sipping champagne rather than downing a pint of bitter.

With bands like the Rollers pretty much eating up what would seem to be the Glitter market it seems at first glance a stupid move for dear Gary to stay away from live gigs for so long. (He plans no live gigs till the end of the year). Yet by staying away he has avoided certain traps. Remember Slade gigging some months back and reports of not filling every venue? That would never happen to Glitter — well it hasn't yet.

"Everybody" (wide expanse of arms) "is on the road and I'd rather go out when there's less activity" he says succinctly.

But is he worried about the likes of the Bay



City Rollers?

He pauses, smiles then says "The Bay City Rollers sent me a Christmas card..."

"Whoever is the current craze, my records still sell in large amounts..."

No way will he be drawn into a slanging match.

Maybe he's remembering some words attributed to Marc Bolan circa '72 "I'll be around when Gary Glitter is dead and buried."

America is the big target for Glitter this year. If things go according to plan he'll be doing some gigs there in August "Provided everything is just right. I know I can't go straight in at all the big places. We'll be doing 2-3,000 seater venues topping. Filling places with people who really want to know about me."

America at least will be able to welcome a considerably slimmer personage than we are acquainted with. The smile is just as big, only the body is slighter.

Picking his way through a salad he remarks "I've lost three stone. My backside is like a pin cushion."

It transpires part of the slimming process involved injections in that famous backside which has the effect of draining excess fluid from the body.

Glitter reckons he is now "Fitter than ever, never felt better. I think the years between thirty and forty are the best years of a man's life" (his publicist informs he is 31). Fascinating.

"I feel secure now, there are so many things I want to do and I know I can do. There's the film challenge (he is very serious about acting at the present time) and the musical (upcoming).

"I want to act, not to pose around. But I suppose everyone sees me as someone who poses all the time. I think I'd like a kind of Tony Curtis part, tongue in cheek."

□ JULIE WEBB

AS YOU all probably know by now, David Bowie has started shooting his first-ever film, "The Man Who Fell To Earth" with director Nicholas Roeg, who also made "Performance" with Mick Jagger.

Bowie plays a fragile spaceman who leaves a dying planet to get help from Earth, lands in the United States and uses advanced technology to build a multi-million dollar corporation. The film traces how he is gradually seduced, corrupted and ultimately destroyed by the society he discovers.

The screenplay features clips from Bowie's "Space Oddity" and Elton John's "Rocket Man". Bowie will write the rest of the music, and just to make it a family affair, his wife Angie has been given a non-speaking role as the wife he leaves behind on his home planet.

Shooting began last month on location ar-

ound Albuquerque in New Mexico, and is expected to last about eleven weeks. The crew will then spend another two weeks at Shepperton Studios putting the final touches to the film.

Despite the present slump in the British film industry, the budget for the film is said to be around four million pounds, much of the money coming from America.

An explanation for this extravaganza could be the brilliant reputation of Nicholas Roeg, who many people consider to be Britain's foremost film director. Apart from "Performance", he made the widely acclaimed "Walkabout", and the highly successful "Don't Look Now", with Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie.

"The Man Who Fell To Earth" seems to be tailor-made for Bowie, who's required to look and act as though he's falling apart. And that's

precisely how Bowie does look at the moment. The crew have been in New Mexico for several weeks and the desert sunshine has given them the distinctive rose-pink glow which distinguishes sunbanned Englishmen throughout the world.

But for most of the time, Bowie and his private entourage have remained resolutely closeted in their suite at the Hilton Inn, making only very occasional trips to the bar. On the whole, Bowie sleeps during the day and gets up at night, so he remains ashen white save for the familiar shock of bright orange hair.

One of the crew described him as "frighteningly thin". She said he has "a chest measurement of about 34 inches, and a waist of about 27 — absolutely right for the part."

□ STEVE ROSE

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Has Ziggy Stardust
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The latest chapter in the
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First there is a Hatfield Then there is no Hatfield Then there is ...

SEVERAL SUNDAYS ago Hatfield And The North — a quartet of unusual talent who had just released their second album, "The Rotter's Club" — played a farewell-for-now concert at the Twickenham Winning Post.

Reportedly not the most amazing concert of their career, it was, in effect, a happy night on an unhappy occasion.

Unhappy because from that time on, the four gents who make up the Hatfields — Dave Stewart, Richard Sinclair, Pip Pyle and Phil Miller — suspended operations as a unit. For the time being. Or as the tall, lean, balding Sinclair puts it: "We haven't split up at all."

Pardon?
"We've just sort of parted company indefinitely. The shortest period will be for three months, but I reckon it will probably be longer. The first



Richard Sinclair: What we have here is an energy crisis.

gigs we'll do will be in France, which will bring in quite good money."

Money, or the lack of it, seems to be one of the fundamental reasons for the band laying off for this "indefinite period". Another is that they've drained their collective inspiration within the Hatfield context.

"The band hasn't made that much money," Richard said as he sunned himself on the NME's well-appointed and verdant roof garden, where the bougainvilleas bloom in seasonal splendour, "but it's played to a lot of people, and it's played a lot of music. So we want to earn some money now, if we go on the road again, because we've been struggling doing small clubs."

"We were having a good time," he affirms, "but we didn't earn enough money. There was always a struggle, and all the band wanted to do was think about the music."

"Also", he continues, talking quickly, "the situation is we've been working for two years and seeing each other every day. And you get fed up seeing the same person everyday, right? You lose something using each other's energies all the time. We just had to knock it on the head, because there was no energy left to use."

"So we split apart. But we kept it cool, because it seems everyone wants to keep Hatfield togeth-

er, but at the moment we want to do other things."

Richard describes the period they've now entered as "a time to regain our strength by going and playing with other people." His own plans are to form a band with his cousin Dave Sinclair, who's currently in the process of leaving Caravan, while still finding time to jam with other people.

The others are involved in their own individual projects. For instance Dave Stewart recently played with Gong, while Pip's doing booking with Keith Tippett and Phil's "relaxing".

Obviously the band's lack of commercial success has had some bearing on their decision to quit. For the time being. Yet Sinclair believes the band can return, come up with a strong album, and thus benefit from their lay-off.

Even at our meeting he felt his enthusiasm had

already been rekindled.

"I've got all the music sorted out. If we could only come together and have the time, and if everybody wanted to put in that amount of energy, we could almost do another Hatfield album next week. But at the moment there's too much going on."

"I imagine though we'll do the album in three months time. The next one has to be a really good one. The first two were okay, but we need to sell our music to a lot of people."

And in conclusion, he says. "But it was obvious we had to part because the vibrations weren't quite together, or whatever. Like if you're stuck with your wife 24 hours every day you've just got to go away and . . . whatever. Ha!"

"Know what I mean?"

□ TONY STEWART

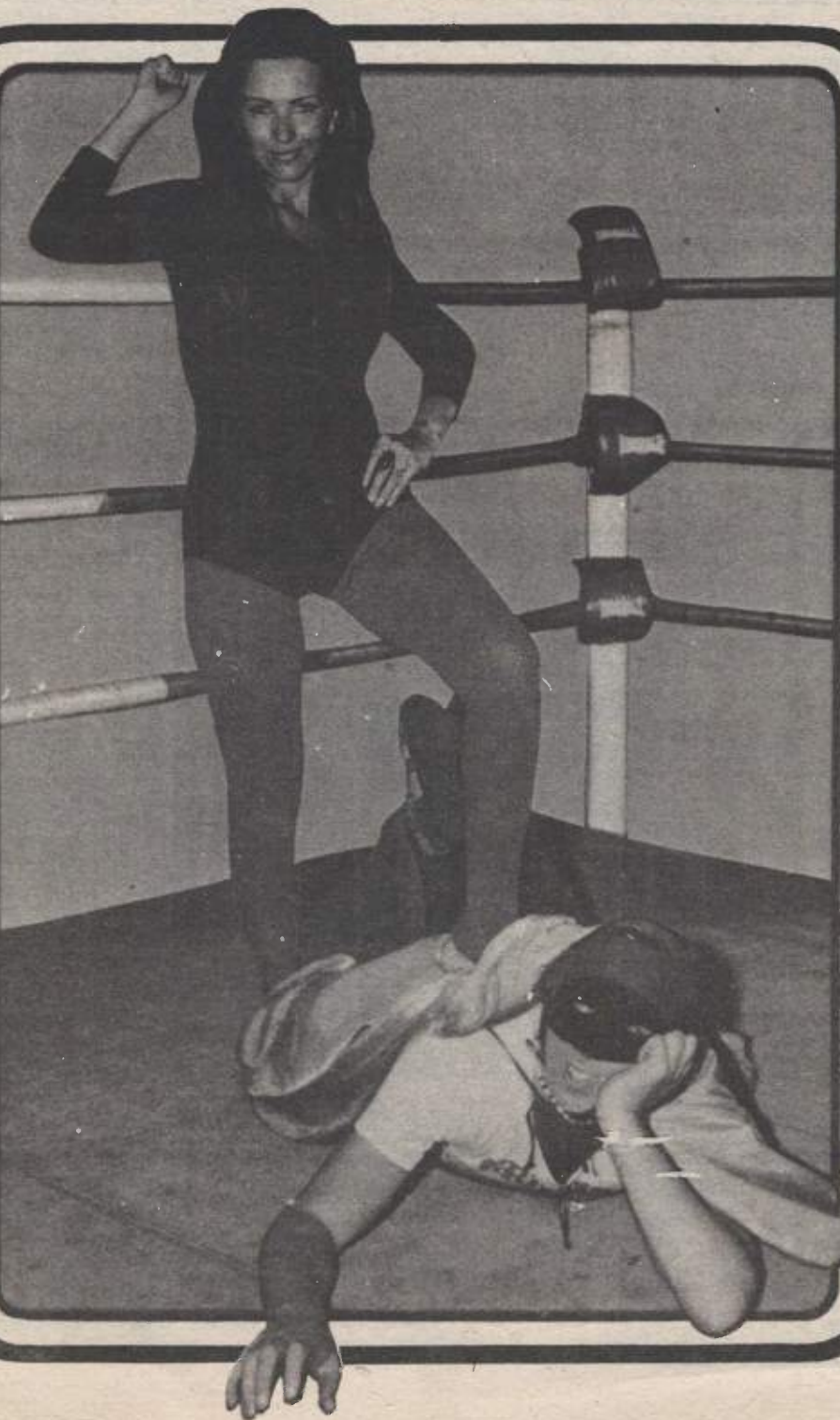
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ALL I WANT is a room in Bloomsbury. Just a room that would do for a stateless lady singer and child. Above a business called "Black Hell Enterprises".

"I'm looking for Dagmar" (Mrs. Moore?) "Oh, you're looking for Daggi?"

The rooms women retreat to. Up two flights of stairs, windows open to the sky, not the street. Stuffed toy panda in the corner, "Communism and Human Values" angled on the bookshelf.

On top of the large bed, a tiny figure in a blue boiler suit, uncomfortably sleeping. As if she had nothing else to do.

"DAGMAR WILL only talk to lady journalists," they said. "At least with gentlemen, she's reticent to the point of silence."

Sending in people with tape recorders. Sending them all the way to her room, to wake her from her private, ex-Hamburg, ex-Ireland, ex-Slapp Happy, ex-married woman's sleep.

Seventeen years old, a jazz-club singer in Germany. Or a girl who sang in German jazz-clubs. Traditional stuff. Traditional image: the Piaf of Hamburg.

Composing and performing, says the new group's official biography. How official it sounds. How firmly placed in the scheme of things.

At nineteen she began to write her own words. No more jazz. Now, experiments with a voice—voice-music, and singing over the sounds. Strange, irritating, dramatic. Unacceptable.

Germany required professionalism, and finished products. Categorized. Cerebral rock, or soul.

"I couldn't sing those ways. I had a nervous breakdown and couldn't sing for a year."

ENTER THE Englishman. "Anthony (Moore) was living in Germany because he was writing music for underground film-makers, and I had known the underground film-makers for a long time, so that's how we met. And through Anthony I met Peter (enormous madman Blegvad) and we became Slapp Happy."

A band of three (the lunatic, the lover and the poet?) wandering Europe in search of ideal surroundings. Moore and Blegvad had been schoolboys together, intellectual youths. In England, perhaps, wherever they went. Like Wordsworth and Coleridge, still locked in exclusive discussion.

"We lived in Tuscany for a while. And, before that, we stayed in a cottage four miles outside Sligo. The idea was that we should isolate ourselves to work. It was very heavy. I couldn't live in Ireland for long. I need contact with people."

Working two months in the year. Rehearsing the album, recording the album. Tuneful, constrained. Then waiting for the men to write the next few songs. "Anthony and Peter didn't want to do any concerts. They didn't want to go on the road. They just wanted to sit around and bounce ideas off one another."

Then England. And a baby. And Virgin Records. And meeting another group of Englishmen, Henry Cow, death to the individual. With quite a different effect.

"Within this group that we formed, no-one had to stick to one professional role, like 'singer' or 'guitarist'. It was a very humane way to work, and

"We must become aware of what is oppressing us."



Watching the trains go by

Plus balancing male-overpowered stitutions and taking our lives into our own hands: Three ways to keep smiling, by Henry Cow's DAGMAR

Assistance from KATE PHILLIPS (semantic assemblages) and PENNIE SMITH (snaps).

in this different social atmosphere, the emotions became much clearer in what I wanted to say.

"And suddenly, I could bring out new qualities in my voice. My range increased to double and lots of new colours came through... We have a strength coming amongst each other."

And so, return of the individual. Disappearance of Moore and Blegvad from the coalition. Dagmar, sitting alone in the room with a view, notebook open on the piano, again. Vocalist, composer, performer. Interviewee.



"I do not want to play a game."

"Yes, we have been interviewed, but it was Peter and Anthony who talked. That easily happens in a male-overpowered situation. At this moment, I just find it easier to talk to a woman, and also I find it important, too, that women should talk to one another."

Because women have been isolated from each other...

"Yes, I fell very much into the normal women's thing of getting married and ever since then it made me very uncomfortable in many ways that brought me down a lot. The role—being in the house and things—took over from my being human."

"It was like having a rubber stamp put on you."

You have to fit into a life instead of making it fit you.

"If we could take our lives in our own hands, not just women but men as well, then society really would look different from the way it looks now. Now it has nothing to do with people and their needs."

"It's all arranged for a certain elite we work for; and somehow, because we don't work for ourselves, we're conditioned by all these bourgeois rules. If we could take our lives in our own hands..."

So why join a band who prescribe death for the individual? Whose music surely can't express much of what's in your heart, since it's too enormously intricate and determinedly difficult to bring people closer together?

"Oh my God, what can I say to that. Except that that is what the music is meant to do."

"Listen, these things will always be on my mind when I make music. And I do not want to play a game. I want a very intense feeling, to make me bring out what is on my mind, and that will always be very much to do with real human needs. First we must become aware of what is oppressing us."

Henry Cow's music has always oppressed me. I never enjoyed it, and I've never known whether it was because their thinking was woolly or whether my own inadequacy was shutting me out.

"But this music is really simple to listen to. Maybe you ought to let go and just sit back and listen, and not try to work so hard, asking 'What is it? What is it?' Then you will hear and feel what Henry Cow is about."

"It's like... yesterday, my son lost his bottle and I was really wanting to find it because I was wanting to go out and someone was coming in to look after him, so I tried desperately to find his bottle all over the house, and because I was trying so hard I didn't see it."

"I had to go out in the end and buy one in the all-night chemist. And this morning there was the one I lost, sitting on the chair..."

TIME TO be mother again. Dagmar strides fiercely on thin black ankles through the streets of West Eleven to fetch her blond dab of a son from his bright, modern, progressive play group. "He has been good, Mrs. Moore", beam the bright young English mums who hand him over.

We say goodbye on the way back home, before we reach Black Hell. Dagmar and her child want to stop on the viaduct to watch the trains go by.

And then Arista, looking long at their new signing exclaimed one to another: 'My God, she's got a body.'

The greening of Linda Lewis

"IF YOU'RE A woman singer" says Linda Lewis, "you've got to be butch, sexy, or the girl next door—and I'm all of them really. But to project something you have to be one thing or another. And Arista (her new record company) want me to be sexy."

Have you noticed how they are changing Linda Lewis? For a start her new album is entitled "Not A Little Girl Anymore" and there's nice Linda, looking dead sexy, lying on some white/blue sheets, smoking what appears to be a cheroot, giving out a come hither look. Bet Warner Brothers (her old record company) were surprised.

"Everyone always used to say 'little Linda Lewis' or 'lovely little Linda' but we had that song (the album title track) and someone had the bright idea to change the image."

"I get nervous now if I do interviews. I think they'll be expecting me to have this huge cleavage and they'll be all disappointed when I get there."

Arista Records even went to the trouble to have a special set of sexy pictures shot of Linda.

"They took a whole bunch of pictures of me but when I looked at them they looked like something out of Cock Magazine or something like that. They were absolutely crude. I was in bed with sheets round me and this photographer guy said to me 'come on, project' and I'm puckering my lips. I saw the pictures and they looked like I was going 'come on darling'. They weren't sexy at all."

Linda is somewhat philosophical about the whole thing: "I suppose you have to go through all those kind of scenes to get really established. I'll have to get a husky voice and drink some whisky . . ."

If she goes on like that she'll be getting kinky letters . . .

"I know someone," she throws in, "who gets a dirty phone call every Wednesday. Just heavy breathing, that's about all. My auntie Eileen, she's a jazz singer . . ."

Everyone, even vaguely connected with the Lewis household, appears somehow or another involved in the music scene. Linda, herself, was singing "for money," as she puts it, from the age of three.

"I'd be on a coach and my mum would say 'give 'em a song' and I'd give 'em a song, so they'd give me two bob and say it was lovely."

She was also encouraged to do some film work.

"I wasn't really an actress or anything. I was sent to stage school when I was very young, about five or six. You see, when you were that young you got work. And at that time my family were poor enough that I had to have free dinners and Salvation Army toys for Christmas."

"So it was thought that I might as well utilise my talents. I'd do two weeks filming and get paid forty quid at the end of it which was quite a lot of money in those days. But I couldn't stand it in the end."

"By the time I was seven I was getting nervous about the whole thing. My first speaking part I remember was in "Secret Place" with David McCallum and Belinda Lee. I was posing then, really posing."

The main priority right now is the new single "It's In His Kiss" — a remake of the old Ramona King and Betty

Pic:

PENNIE SMITH

Everett records — is an unusual choice for a single but one which gives Ms Lewis a chance to exercise her elastic vocal chords to the hilt.

"I used to go around singing it in the bath and I never thought of doing it myself. I don't know why 'cause I always thought it was a classic. I suppose I would have picked something less known."

"But I went to the States and Tony Silvester, the man who picks the hits' said 'how about doing this? To me it sounds like I've known it for a long time and I thought everyone knew the song. But I've been told that the people who've bought the records, like the fourteen year olds weren't really around

we've got this thing about who is losing weight) and she said she could see it going in and out so apparently I do breathe properly."

"But technically I don't sing properly. 'Cause you're supposed to use all your resonators in your face, so that when it's really happening you can feel it — feel your face vibrating but with me that only happens by luck."

The album sleeve notes indicate that only certain tracks were cut in America, the rest in England. Why?

"Well, I did some things here in London with my old man Jim Cregan. We did the whole album and sent it to America and Clive Davis who is a really nice guy and really wants my record

write a commercial song.

"The only commercial song I've ever written deliberately was "Rock A Doodle Doo" and I sat down and said 'right, I'm gonna write a commercial song.' I really did it tongue in cheek and then it happened and I was really surprised but then I tried to do it again and took it more seriously."

"I just write things I feel are nice. If nobody likes them then I throw them out the window. I can't just rely on my confidence in them I have to have everyone saying 'that's great' otherwise I don't think much of them."

The new 'sexy' image may seem a laugh to Linda but she's quick enough to realise that a lot of her problems in the past were because she was a difficult person for a record company to "package".

"You see in America they didn't know what category to put me in. If you're black you're black, if you're white you're white. But I'm half and half. So this time it's in the R'n'B charts which means that black people are buying it and it is more of a black sound."

Linda has made three visits to America for live concerts — the last time as support on the Cat Stevens tour.

"Last year, that tour went all over the place and lasted five months. When I got back I was really exhausted. But me and Steve (Cat to you and I) are like old mates."

"First time I met him I was on a session when I was a session singer. He'd wanted to write me a song for a long time and then while we were on tour he wrote 'Schoolyard' but it was very difficult to do because he writes in a strange way, so it was very hard to put that song together."

The worst thing about being in the States on the Stevens tour according to Linda, was "Everybody wanted Cat Stevens and when I came on they started eating popcorn and saying 'gee when's Cat going to come on?'"

So how do you fight a situation like that?

"Shout, give it to 'em loud and quick. When you're up on stage it's like making love. Like when they come to see you, you start nice and slow then work to a climax. But that kind of thing with Cat Stevens was like a quick in and out job. Otherwise they wouldn't listen."

Meanwhile back on the subject of the amazing Lewis family. Mother, it appears, "still sings in pubs but she has to have a few first."

Then there's the auntie who has the dirty phone calls. "She lives next door to my mum. Her daughter and my sister, who are both 14, are called Domino. They write songs. The only one who isn't into singing in my family is my sister below me."

"She got married young but now she wants to be a bunny girl, she's got quite large tits, you know. So me and my auntie took her up the bunny club the other week and it turned out quite funny 'cause we went down the disco and there was Ringo and Bernie Taupin and auntie got off with Ringo. Actually I'm quite normal compared with the rest of my family."

In November Linda hopes to go once more to America. "At the moment I'm going along with what other people tell me because I've been doing what I wanted for a while and it hasn't had a lot of effect. Last year I would never have had anyone tell me how to sing."

"But I know that I've still got what I've got no matter what. It's still there."

Words:

JULIE WEBB



Ms. Linda . . . Through the stalks noisily.

before to hear the originals."

Silvester did the arrangement and then, says Linda, "I went in there and sang it. I sing it a key too high, I never sing it in that key on stage 'cause it's, like, really high."

"But he said 'sing it high because it makes everybody sit on the edge of their seats'. So I just did everything he told me because I was a bit awestruck about everything."

"Anyway I sang the song and he said 'you're singing it old fashioned'. I remember that. He also said 'stop phrasing it that way'. He told me how to phrase it 'cause I sing it a bit too jazzy, so I sang it exactly how he told me."

Are the spaghetti-like vocal chords natural, or has her voice been specially trained?

"Well I did have singing lessons. But only two. They cost too much money. They just teach you to breathe properly. You should breathe from your diaphragm but I always forget on stage."

"I think I do it though because a friend of mine said she was watching my belly (she was only watching it because

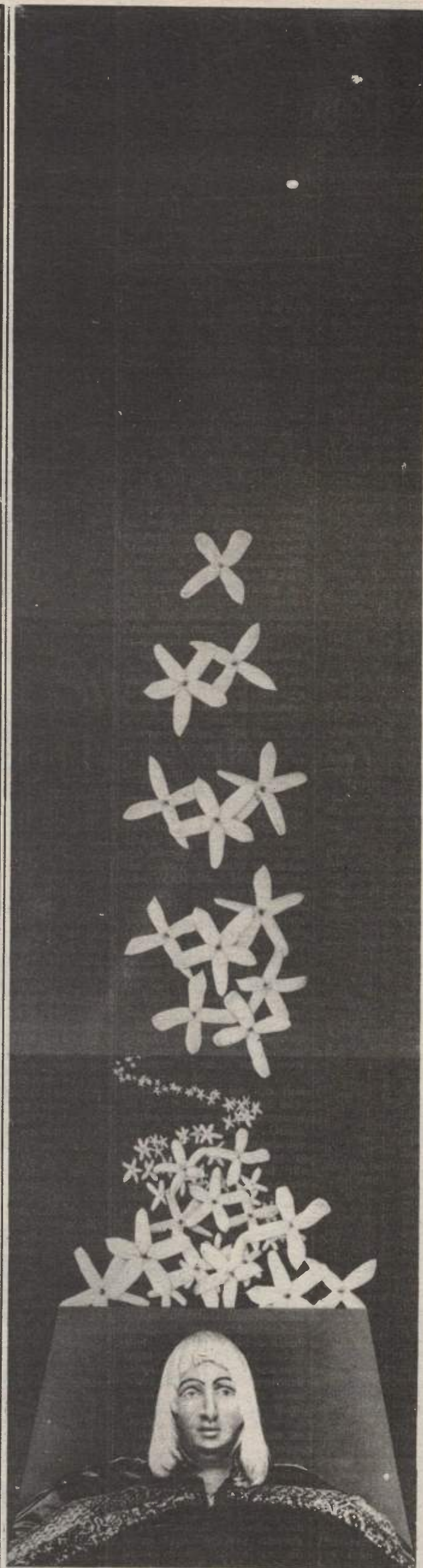
to happen said that a lot of the tracks weren't commercial and that we needed at least three singles on the album. So I went to America and did some there."

Doesn't Linda run into difficulties, having her 'old man' Mr. Cregan as producer? Arguments for instance?

"He makes me cry and everything. Tells me I'm singing out of tune. But I really like working with him because he's more attuned to what I want but what I want is not necessarily what everyone else wants."

Linda takes writer's credits for four of the album tracks, the most commercial of which is "Rock And Roller Coaster." Yet she claims it is very difficult for her to write songs these days.

"When I first started writing songs I wrote them over a period of a year and I had lots of time, no pressure. You see I never knew I was going to make an album. But I find the more the pressure is on me to write songs, the harder it is to write. And I don't really know how to



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'IT'S IN HIS KISS'

UNQUESTIONABLY THE WORST RECORD OF ALL TIME AND THEREFORE AN EASY CONTENDER FOR NME SINGLE OF THE WEEK DEPT

EARL WRIGHT & HIS ORCHESTRA: "Like A Rolling Stone" (Capitol). Honey, you can find the most unbelievably divine little gems on B-sides these days. Like this one, frinstance, which is the -eh- sit-upon of a nondescript li'l goodie called "Thumb A Ride".

What it is is a Music While You Gluur-r-r-r-p instrumental version of Basement Bobby's 1965 piece de resistance, with the lead taken by some gentleman whose probation officer obviously considered that playing alto saxophone would be good therapy. The collection of asthmatic wheezes he produces while stubbornly parping away on what is, after all, a startlingly small collection of notes, will astound and delight you. This record was originally made some ten years ago; why, no-one knows. It is a deep, dark secret. Nobody knows what nameless bozo at Capitol agre-

ed to let Earl Wright have studio time, which godforsaken clown allowed it to be released when the tapes could just as well have been used for confetti at someone's wedding, or which homicidal maniac directed that it should be re-issued. It isn't often that you get to hear a record as totally dismal as this one. Enough pressure on yer local disco and it could probably become a Northern Soul hit.

NEW FEELGOODS SINGLE, THEREFORE A SINGLE OF THE WEEK EVEN THOUGH IT ISN'T ACTUALLY THAT GOOD DEPT.

DR. FEELGOOD: "Back In The Night" (U.A.) Chug chug chug. Bwaaaaamm. Chug chug chug. "Back In The Night" seems quite a routine exercise in Basic Feelgoodery, apart from Lee Brilleaux' cut-throat slide guitar. One thing,

though: it conjures up the shade of Elmore James (and if you ain't hip to Elmore James Ah jez donno wheah y'bin) better than any of those earnestly gravel-throated pastiches that Jeremy Spencer used to churn out in the early days of Fleetwood Mac. Hey, you guys — this kinda stuff's okay for after hours, but next time how 'bout something you can listen to before the pubs shut. Y'know what I mean like?

ACE EXPLOITATION RECORD OF THE WEEK (CARL DOUGLAS/JOHN NY WAKELIN MEMORIAL PRIZE)

IDI AMIN (with the assistance of John Bird): "Amazin' Man" (Transatlantic) Yeah, well... it's sorta reggae and v. catchy, but lissen, Transatlantic this got put out before the unfortunate Mr. Hills got released, so it's just as well the Ugandan import



shops ain't up to much. And what about the 700 Brits still at the mercy of ol' football head? It's just as well that NME doesn't have a branch office in Uganda, 'cuz I can't really see Jim Callaghan flying over to bail out Pete Erskine. (Come to think of it, Pete's been on holiday rather a long time. Pete? Pete???) This could well be the first single to start a war, though if the import of the Bay City Rollers hasn't gotten Edinburgh bombed by the USAF I guess we're safe for the time being.

PLATTERS

SINGLES REVIEWED
THIS WEEK BY
CHARLES SHAAR
MURRAY



— has Paul McCartney suffered any serious head injuries lately?

LINDA LEWIS: "It's In His Kiss" (Arista). This wecord is so cutesy-wootsy it makes me want to frow up all over my Wupert Bear pinny. If Betty Evewett heard it she'd bweak down and cwy.



Cutesy L. Lewis

OOOH-WHEE, MAH MAH MAH, I'M GITIN' DOWN 'N BOOGYIN' TO TH' PARTY IN MAH SOUL, YASSUH DEPT

THE MOMENTS: "Dolly My Love" (All Platinum); **THE O'JAYS:** "Give The People What They Want" (Philadelphia International); **JACKIE WILSON:** "Whispers Gettin' Louder" (Brunswick); **CHUCK JACKSON:** "These Chains Of Love" (Pye Disco Demand); **VALENTINO:** "I Was Born This Way" (Gaiace); **TOM JONES:** "I Got Your Number" (Decca).

Dig it... dig it... right on... dig it. The Moments are not only the blandest thing on the otherwise extremely funky soul All Platinum label, but they're also the blandest thing in the entire soul music field. "Dolly My Love", therefore, is tailor-made for the kind of soul fan who thinks prawn cocktails are soul food.

The O'Jays, on the other hand, come across with a magnificently slippin' and slidin' piece of tangled-up funk with fingerlickin' bass and delicious vocal overlaps. This one will run and run.

The Jackie Wilson and Chuck Jackson singles would be less than remarkable if it were not for the fact that their respective B-sides are "Reet Petite" and "Anyday Now (My Wild Beautiful Bird)". For future reference, consult my forthcoming monograph "The Peculiar Phenomenon Of Heads Firmly Jammed Into Anal Cavities In The Modern A & R Department".

The Valentino effort is some kinda gay manifesto set to the limpest (no pun intended) gunk-soul back-up imaginable, and it doesn't even make it as a big bad bold "say it loud ah suck 'n ah'm proud" statement, while Tom Jones proves that he's several years too late for trying to get funky. If he hadn't gone Vegas and Batley's in the '60s he mighta made it on this level, but now? Fergit it.

MIKE MCGEAR: "Dance The Do" (Warner Brothers). Hey

SECOND BEST EXPLOITATION RECORD OF THE WEEK

THE BEST EVER AND MUHAMMAD ALI: "The People's Choice" (Polydor). Captain Beefheart once said that Muhammad Ali was his favourite percussionist, which was certainly one of the Captain's wittier observations, but he sho' don't play no percussion heah. Instead you get him introducing the record by sayin' that he's (and I quote) "a ba-a-a-a-a-d bruh-tha" before a girl vocal group do the float like a butterfly routine. Not for the squeamish.

BEST GROUP NAME OF THE WEEK

TEENAGE POLECATS: "My Baby's Gone" (UK). This record was not produced by Jonathan King.

RUBY AND THE ROMANTICS: "Our Day Will Come" (MCA). Neither was this, though I bet J.K. wishes it was. A truly innocent record, and a classic of our times.

CASABLANCA: "Do It Again" (Polydor). On second thoughts don't.

A new singles column, 'quick Before They Vanish, starts this week in NME and can be located on page 16; all you need to do is turn over...

A basic exercise in Feelgoodery

...but still lacking that vital injection of sheer elation one feels the Doctor could administer

HEAVY BUBBLEGUM DEPT

Z.Z. TOP: "Tush" (London); **THIN LIZZY:** "Rosalie" (Vertigo); **SWEET:** "Action" (RCA). For a start, "Tush" is a kind of retarded second cousin of the Man Band's superlative "Romain", except that Man had good lyrics, better playing, more interesting textures, less cowboy hats, more dirt-killing enzymes, added whitener, a lower calorie count and extra Vitamin C (remember the Vitamin C, Deke? Ah, memories). The less demanding variety of heavy metal baboon will, however, find this a mightily refreshing experience, as its massive success in the colonies has already demonstrated. T. Lizzy gain bonus points for (a) an excellent production — take a bow, Phil — and (b) for recording a Bob Seger song, but the final result is more filling than entertaining. Miss. I'm sorry. Ms.

As for the Sweet, they've taken whatever bits of Brian Wilson's (you know Brian) that were left behind by Roy Wood's "Oh What A Shame", thrown in a few tons of rampaging guitars and drums and swit-



Dr. Feelfairlyaverage

Oh Me, Oh My
(Dreams In My Arms)
His new hit single

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PLATTERS

QUICK

Before They Vanish

SINGLES OVERVIEW

THEORETICALLY, Johnny Nash will have two more hit records equally as massive as "Tears On My Pillow" and then pass into a period of obscurity.

He usually does things by threes. In 1968 he had three memorable off-the-wall hits, "You Got Soul," "Hold Me Tight" and Sam Cooke's "Cupid" before spending some ultimately frustrating years trying to win friends and influence people in the acting profession.

No dice, so he returned to the recording business with a CBS contract and a 1972 album "I Can See Clearly Now." Three hit singles were taken from it — "Stir It Up" (a song which first introduced the name of Bob Marley, who composed it, to a wide British public) and two of his own compositions, "There Are More Questions Than Answers" and the title track.

Though it escaped the notice of most commentators, this was a unique feat — no one album had previously provided three such successful singles.

Admittedly, one of the reasons was that the album itself never sold in large quantities, which was a pity since it also included "Guava Jelly" (which provided Nash with a fourth hit in America) and the ambitious and beautiful "The Fish And The Alley Of Destruction" — indeed it must rank as one of the finest achievements of the decade so far.

Nevertheless, things again became quiescent for Nash. Two albums were released, "Merry-Go-Round" and "Celebrate Life" though neither made much impact.

Whether "Tears On My Pillow" will therefore presage two further hits remains to be seen; what we can say at the moment is that Nash has one of the most distinctive and effortlessly stylish voices in rock music, and that he exercises a fierce self-discipline, always setting himself abnormally high standards — something which accounts for not only his sporadic output but also the experimental nature of much of his material.

That is what we'd have said about him in the "NME Book Of Rock," had we remembered to put him in . . .

I'm sure the irony of the fact that he's just gained his first British Number One ("I Can See Clearly Now" was an American No. 1, contributing to the theory that there's more justice over there) with what is palpably his weakest record will not have escaped him.

Ray Stevens, whatever else you may think about him, does have a remarkable facility for producing hit singles. His most recent, you may recall, was a barefaced piece of bandwagon-jumping called "The Streak" and his first way back in 1960 was, I think, "Ahab The Arab" — a song which in Britain both initiated and terminated the recording career of Jimmy Savile.

Stevens' records have normally been jokey one-offs — "Bridget The Midget," "Guitarzan," "The Streak," and they have been delivered erratically. His only formula has been to give each record a theme and a style independent of any of his others. One single, one idea. It's proved a successful policy.

With "Misty" he's taken the Johnny Mathis smooch standard and given it an irreverent countryfied production. It's the sort of thing Jonathan King might do in his more inspired moments (c.f. his versions of "Satisfaction" and "Sugar Sugar," each of which was treated in a manner antithetical to the original spirit of the song).

The thing that baffles us about "Misty" is that it was literally an overnight success. It hit our charts at No. 10 the week the review single arrived in the office. The Ray Stevens' appreciation society must really be on their toes . . .

As it happens, Stevens also joins the embarrassingly escalating list of those in the rock elite who've been omitted from the Book Of Rock. What can we say?

Pete Wingfield must have been equally surprised at his instant, dramatic success. "18 With A Bullet" was obviously a hit, but for a song by an unknown performer to reach No. 9 within three or four weeks of its release is a mite staggering.

It's very encouraging that someone who used to write for the much-lamented Cream and now contributes to Let It Rock can crack it so convincingly as a bona fide recording artist.

(Might help to allay the old argument that all rock critics are either frustrated or failed performers. It ain't true, people).

Since starting off at Sussex University with a blues band called Jellybread, who cut two albums for Blue Horizon, Wingfield's been an industrious and versatile session musician. He's been on the road with Colin Blunstone and Maggie Bell, and his recent recorded work ranges from Jimmy Witherspoon's "Love Is A Five-Letter Word" to "Tallahassie Lassie" on "Mud Rock II".

He's also playing keyboards on the next Van Morrison album. Gain ten credibility points.

These must be heady days for him; he's nicely placed in the British charts with a record that is surely destined to be even more successful in the States, and has his debut album, "Breakfast Special" released by Island on July 25th. If the music's as good as the title, Wingfield's laughing.

The record that stands at Number 6 in the NME chart is "Barbados" by Typically Tropical. Nobody at NME knows who the group are. Decca know, but they're not saying — not for another week, at least. I haven't heard the record yet, something of a handicap for an amateur audio sleuth, so I'm not really in a position to offer comment, but I hope it's Lord Rockingham's XI.

BOB WOFFINDEN

FRANK ZAPPA AND THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION: "One Size Fits All" (DiscReet)

THE FIRST word of this review is "deteriorate." It means to Lose Your Magic.

Deteriorate and come with me . . . it seems that Frank Zappa has consciously withdrawn something of himself from his music. Either that or there's less of him than there used to be, if you catch my meaning.

The modern-day Zappa has refused to die, but instead has contented himself with music that indicated that he's more into a philosophy of *cultiver son jardin* (and raise himself up a crop of *dennil floss*) than attempting to perform anal rape on the mind of Teenage America.

"One Size Fits All" is yet another demonstration of what Frank Zappa would do if we let him go home. He'd assemble himself a fairly zingy little combo experiment with funk riffs and h. metal textures and write whimsical little songs with little appreciable ideas content and a tetch of elementary word play, friends.

So, "One Size Fits All" is more or less in the same vein as all the rest of the phase of Zappa's work that commenced with "Overnite Sensation".

Ever take a minute just to show a real emotion underneath the dog continuity (on this album "conceptually reduced to the word art") and? . . . ahhhhh, skip it.

Basically, "One Size Fits All" features some fairly ballsy playing and consistently adequate Zappa guitar (best played Mothers album since "Just Another Band From L.A.") and two acceptable songs (which means that they're up to the standard of "Montana" from "Overnite Sensation").

These two are "Can't Afford No Shoes," which is about Thuh Current E-cuh-nomic Slump, and "San Ber'dino," which is about incarceration.

The latter opus features "flambe vocals" from Johnny Guitar Watson (nicel) and contributions from someone calling himself Bloodshot Rollin' Red, who plays harmonica almost exactly like our old pal Don Van Vliet.

They have Good Chunes, Nice Riffs and A Few Good Jokes, which means that they're about the best that we can expect from the New Model Accessible Zappa.

The thing is that these days Zappa has Commercial Potential. "Apostrophe" was a top ten album in the States, and all those early albums which us Zappa connoisseurs think are so great were commercial lead balloons by comparison, so who's the bozo?

Look at it this way. If you're into Zappa for the kind of material that he produced during the first and second phases the Mothers, there's nothing for you here.

If you like the recent stuff, then you'll *rilly get off* on this.

If you (a) have never liked anything Zappa has ever done or (b) like *everything* he's ever done, you won't find anything herein to make you change your mind.

"One Size Fits All," hey Frank? You don't happen to have anything in a 32 in. inside leg, do ya? After all . . . you promised you could fit me in a fifty dollar suit?

Trivia note 1: this is the first album since "200 Motels" to be credited to "Mothers Of Invention" instead of just plain "Mothers." The significance of this escapes me, but I'll report back to you as soon as I've worked it all out.

Trivia note 2: me and Kate

"Well, all I can say is that it sounded okay when I was mixing it . . ."

"...but Frank — you made the pants too long"

Phillips think the cover is funny, but I. Mac doesn't.

Trivia note 3: even Frank Zappa is wearing a uniform — and don't you ever forget it.

Charles Shaar Murray

ELVIN BISHOP: "Juke Joint Jump" (Capricorn)

ELVIN BISHOP'S place in the scheme of post-Beatles US Rock has been pretty much undervalued over the years.

This is probably owing to his uncanny ability (since leaving the Paul Butterfield/Mike Bloomfield axis) to turn out really slovenly albums.

Finally, some ten years after his Chicago days with The Butterfield Bluesband and five or more years since the CBS Elvin Bishop Group he's found his forte, down south on Capricorn.

"Juke Joint Jump" is far and away superior to last year's first effort for Capricorn, "Let It Flow", and is his finest musical achievement since the Butterfield "East-West" album.

"Juke Joint Jump" returns to a loose synthesis of Southern Blues and Redneck country-rock.

Apart from the isolated moments, perhaps understandable, when the whole ensemble sounds frightfully similar to The Allmans, this collection of musicians Bishop has gathered around him is the tightest honky bluesband since the first Taj Mahal line-up (that's the Jesse Ed Davis/Ry Cooder one).

"Juke Joint Jump" is an adrenalin racing epic brilliantly capturing, both lyrically and

musically, the excitement of a Southern drinking club. It takes its place alongside some of the classic blues like "Saturday-night Fish Fry", "Tin Pan Alley" and "Chicken Shack Boogie" in the realms of low-life songs.

The track also introduces Bishop as possibly the most entertaining slide guitarist available for your ears in 1975. He's not technically the best, but he really rocks it; enough to make you want to hand mime along with him.

There are a couple of other blues in Hooker's "Crawling King Snake"; as mean, moody and menacing, in its own way, as the original and a rollicking version of "Calling All Cows" an obscure, blues, originally recorded by The Blues Rockers in 1955.

The rest of the album falls more into the accepted Southern rock and roll tradition. Country influenced material like "Rolling Home" and "Arkansas Line" vie with more pop slanted songs like "Sure Feels Good".

At first I thought it a little too dated in approach to mean very much in 1975 but I have since discovered that it's resting very neatly just inside the American top 50 album charts. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I think that makes it his most successful album.

If you're a regular listener to either Alan Freeman or John Peel, you'll already have heard most of the cuts mentioned, as they've both given the album an inordinate amount of plays. Miss it as your peril.

Bob Fisher

JANIS IAN: "Between The Lines" (CBS)

EVEN IF you sliced open Janis Ian's head with a scalpel and examined the contents, you wouldn't learn anything more about her than you do from this album.

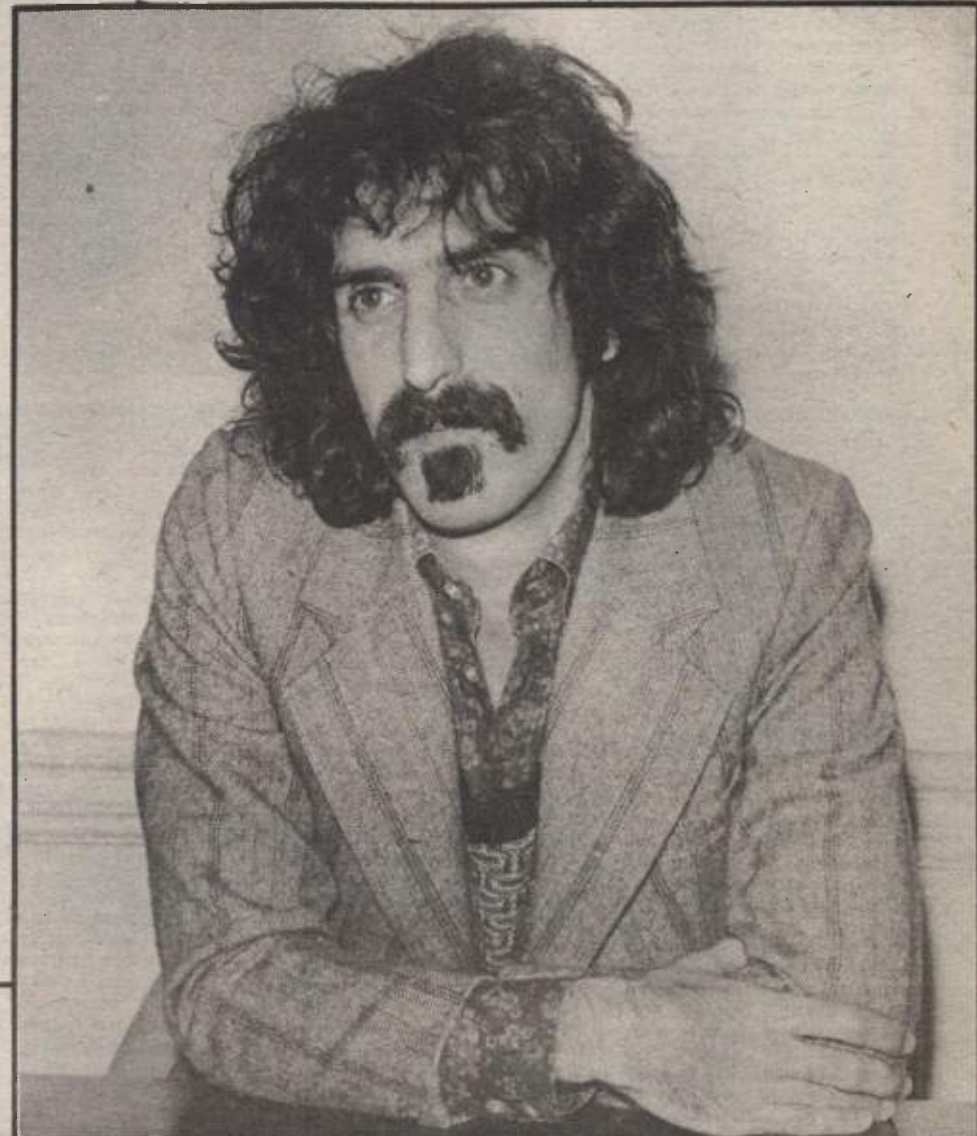
Although her previous album "Stars" said much about her attitudes, this is a more drastic revelation.

Admittedly Ms Ian has influences of Mitchell, St. Marie and Collins (and would you believe Neil Young?) but the predominant vocal style is her own. And it's one which is capable of expressing the great range of emotions her songs convey.

Considerable care though has also been put into the musical settings to make them complementary both to her own mood and her rather unique writing style. Which is something of an achievement as the numbers are constructed from distinct sections rather like placing building bricks on top of one another. "Lover's Lullabye" is a good example of this technique. But, although the songs retain momentum, they sometimes sacrifice internal fluidity.

Having established good melody lines and excellent instrumentation — varying from simple rhythm sections to full orchestration — Janis obviously wished to add another value, that of strong lyrical content.

And she has quite a marvelous way with words where she can express a point quite simply, while still retaining the



PLATTERS

lyrical colour of a poet. Particularly obvious examples are "Bright Lights And Promises" and "At Seventeen".

Though I'm reluctant to describe the set as a *concept* album there is a basic common denominator, lyrically.

Having introduced the listener to the proceedings with the figurative piece, "When The Party's Over", the rest of the set is concerned with her different views of one particular relationship. And several songs, notably "In The Winter" and "The Come-On" deal with being alone. Not loneliness, but the emptiness of a relationship gone stale.

The album, however, is not an unflawed masterpiece. Several of the songs just don't come off purely on a musical, rather than lyrical level.

"From Me To You", for example, doesn't work because of the pedestrian tempo and the harsh production quality. And "In The Winter" lacks melodic strength and suffers due to the heartless orchestral arrangement.

Out of eleven songs, though, two bad tracks isn't very much of a handicap.

Let it be said that artistically this is Janis Ian's strongest statement to date, and one which should not be ignored.

Tony Stewart

MICKEY NEWBURY: "Lovers" (Elektra)

DO PROFESSIONAL melancholics enjoy their work?

Mickey Newbury sings of passion turned to pathos; of spurned lovers turning to drink; of old flames flickering feebly; of the lost loves of lonely people.

He's morbid, mournful, mopey, miserable, and maudlin.

He must enjoy it, though, or he wouldn't keep it up.

Mickey's nurtured his neuroses since he was a lad. Waiting for the big moment when his anguish would be hailed as a work of genius.

According to his bio, he was impressively world-weary at a tender age. Things got so heavy, he took to his room for two years. After that, he was room-weary, too. There was nowhere left to go — but to the top.

His credentials as an anxiety-rock superstar were, thus, impeccable, and Elektra have high hopes of his "bittersweet songs".

When he wasn't grooming his gloom and fostering his fes-

RON WOOD: "Now Look" (Warner Brothers)

MY H.A.L. print-out on Ron Wood sez that his guitar-playing veers from the sublime to the ridiculous (i.e., his playing on Rod Stewart's solo albums and his inspired slide work at Clapton's Rainbow concert, as opposed to the kind of stumblum slovenliness he gets up to at Faces gigs), that he's one of the dullest lead singers ever to breathe garlic on to a microphone and that he's *such* a lovely human being.

Just check out the cover of this album, if you will. There he is, doing his best "What, me worry?" grin over his Stratocaster.

Whoever dubbed him "Honest Ron" sho' said a mouthful.

"Now Look" is a deal better than its predecessor "I've Got My Own Album To Do", which was well in the home-movie tradition which assumes that the Great British Public is interested enough in what superstars sound like when bombed out of their skulls in private studios to off-load some currency for the privilege of finding out.

As it 'appened, the GBP assumed different, and copies of the album are currently on view at better bargain racks everywhere.

The reason that "Now Look" is an improvement, however marginal, is mainly down to the presence of Bobby Womack, who looms around on gtr and bckn, vcls, moving right up front to sing lead on the album's only wholly successful track, the silkily elegant "If You Don't Want My Love", which could profitably be covered by any spade vocal group desirous of a hit.

Weeks and Newmark appear in their customary cameo roles as The Rhythm Section, Keith Richard lurches into earsight every so often (most spectacularly on "I Can't Stand The Rain", where he and Wood lay down the best guitar of the en-

"How about we overdub the blue into centre pocket?"



"Wot? Me worry?"

Ron's got his own basement tapes to make

tire album — rarely has such an excellent backing track been thrown away on such a characterless and lacklustre vocal), Mick Taylor gets the slide out on "It's Unholy", etcetera etcetera etcetera.

There's even a moment (on the fadeout of side 1 track 1, the title of which done slipt mah mind) where Honest Ron hits

an unbelievable number of bum notes.

Why it stayed in is a mystery, but the only three hypotheses are these: (a) Ron rilly got off on the spontaneity of it and decided to leave it in because it had nice vibes (b) he didn't think anyone would notice (c) he didn't notice.

Is there an engineer in the

house?

The main thing about Ron Wood as far as H.A.L. and I can see is that he's essentially a *collaborative* talent. As such, neither "Album" or "Look" are much more than mementos for the boys of what were probably wonderful days and nights laying down tracks (and I'm taking the fifth amendment) in the

studios.

"Now Look" may well benefit from the notoriety that Wood has achieved through his unique position as guitarist for both The Faces and The Stones. If not, watch for it in your local cut-out rack in about three months. On no account pay more than £1.50.

Charles Shaar Murray

tering, Newbury found time to write hits for Eddy Arnold, Andy Williams, Kenny Rogers and the First Edition, and Solomon Burke. In their cases, the songs were more sweet and sour than bittersweet.

Take it away, Mickey.

Kris Kristofferson says Mickey's lyrics often take you "past the edges of understanding." Johnny Cash says he's a

poet. Max Bygraves has dubbed him the new Keats.

Live, Newbury's charisma is said to be so great, he can perform with naught but a borrowed guitar and drive an audience past the edges of understanding.

Elektra say the tracks to hear are "Apples Dipped In Candy" and "Let Me Sleep." Well, they're heard, but barely de-

mand attention. He's so busy honing his hang-ups, he can't be fussed with writing memorable music.

The melodies are as fragile as his nerves, and if his words offer major insights into the human condition, his mawkish mumbling devalues them.

Newbury has a battered, leathery voice as worn as an old shoe, but then who hasn't these

days, ducky?

If you feel your own emotional problems are enough to be getting on with, then steer clear. For the psychophantic, only.

Bob Edmunds

MANDRILL: "Solid" (United Artists)

ON THE FACE of it Mandrill don't have much to offer.

Six numbers stretched with a maximum of tensility to just over thirty minutes — about six melodic ideas diffused throughout — and the whole thing started up with a lot of Latin percussion, happy nigger whoops and an incessant four-four beat. And that would seem to be that.

Well it very nearly is. Except that you can't forget that this naggingly insistent street rhythm provided a band called War with God knows how many gold and platinum albums and singles. It would seem that the ghetto has a golden heart and a platinum pulse.

War generated a number of competitors, rivals and plain emulators. I'm not quite sure high category Mandrill fall into.

Their music is typified by the introductory number "Yucca Jump". On this there is a well-scored bass section, a Santana-like profusion of minor percussive instruments and much chanting.

Mandrill don't have a vocal or melody line as such — their tunes resolve themselves into chants of mainly unintelligible syllables punctuated by trumpets, saxophones and trombones, and the track is thoroughly permeated with an engaging looseness that settle on a groove and stays there.

Every track is a reprise of this general plan and within their self-set limitations the music is proficient and smooth.

The production and mix are clear and clean, each of the dozen or more instrumental contributions can be heard with refreshing clarity.

"TeeVee" is a relentless funk excursion. Six or more voices weave in and out of a heavy guitar-dominated rhythm, alternately howling like jive der-vishes or pleading against brain-washing by the insidious T.V.

As body music it's great. As an enduring work of art, I'm not so sure.

Andrew Simmons

VARIOUS ARTISTS: "Genesis Vol. 3: Sweet Home Chicago" (Chess)

THIS FOUR-ALBUM collection is likely to be of interest to you if you're already some way into blues music — that is to say if you've already got the greatest hits and want more background.

Chicago — if you don't already know — is where the blues started getting heavy.

In the 1940s tens of thousands of blacks migrated there from Mississippi, Tennessee and Arkansas in search of work and when the country blues singers got there they found they had to play a lot louder simply in order to make themselves heard in the crowded and noisy juke-joints and speakeasys.

The rapid rise of the electric guitar and the amplified harmonica was as big a musical revolution in its time as the revolution that is taking place today with synthesizers and related electronic gadgetry. The means of reproduction change so the music changes, in that order.

In addition to this, Chicago, with all its blacks shut up tight together in overcrowded and squalid ghetto tenements, was arguably one of the first areas of the new Black Consciousness which, though it scarcely manifested itself politically at the time (this didn't really get under way till the Sixties), found expression in the medium

The birth of the blues

of the blues. Another first for Art.

This is not merely to say that it found expression in the explicit statements of blues lyrics, which it only occasionally did, but — far more important — that the new solidarity found expression in The Event of a blues meeting — "Those boys up there are our boys and they're playing our music!"

Cast your mind back to the early Sixties and you may dimly remember a similar social phenomenon centred around four young proles from Liverpool.

The parallel may be taken further. For the newly-urbanised blacks in Chicago, their migration meant fresh hope, money in the pocket, a casting-off of the old feudal ways of the South, a new self-assertiveness... Similarly for the youth of Britain in the early Sixties, The Beatles coincided with a New Era of You've-never-had-it-so-good, a phrase which, though actually coined by a Conservative Prime Minister, was widely felt to contain some truth. Back to Chicago and the

music...

If you think the story of the blues starts and ends with simple black country folk sitting around doing their musical thing and being invaded by white anthropologists with primitive recording equipment in the backs of trucks or, worse still, white musicbiz executives working for "Race Music" labels, forget it.

That was certainly the case with the older (and dying) breed of country blues singers but the new urban blacks were a lot more knowing than that.

The ones that made it to the top in this field — like Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf, Sonny Boy Williamson — usually knew they were on to a good thing and were concerned to give their public what it wanted.

In this sense they were consciously "commercial" — a word which has become more often than not a term of abuse since pop split into "underground" and "overground". If the public wanted "Hoochie Coochie Man" rather than "Lonesome

Delta Warthog Levee Traincrash Blues", then Muddy Waters was sure to let them have it.

The scene in Chicago was competitive to say the least. The rivalry between Muddy and Howling Wolf is now legendary. The controversies around who ripped what riff off whom still go on to this day, and there are some interesting examples of "borrowed" ideas in this particular collection.

Even the extent to which bluesmen adopted pseudonyms shows what importance they attached to "image"... The Blues became showbusiness very early on and if you think it's only recently become commercial (in the pejorative sense), it must be the public who are to blame at least as much as the blues artists themselves.

If I was trying to initiate someone into Chicago blues I'd play him/her the best and the best stuff has already been available in this country for at least the last decade — the already-mentioned Waters, Wolf, Williamson plus Little Walter, Otis Spann, Willie Dixon (writer and producer) and the younger generation like Buddy Guy and Junior Wells who are trying to keep it going and some others I must have forgotten.

But this collection has been put together by real addicts who are concerned, it seems, to do justice to a few of the hundreds of blues artists who never got big.

PLATTERS

After-hours glow of Minnie the soft-centre

MINNIE RIPERTON:
"Adventures In Paradise"
(Epic)

THIS IS such a calculated sexy record I felt like I ought to be listening to it in lush quarters with the shades drawn and writing this on a tiger-skin covered typewriter.

Of the many emergent American chanteuse-songwriters, the glowingly soignée Minnie Riperton stands out both for her incredible vocal range and her deft touch with an arrangement.

What she has to say in her songs is basically along the go with the flow love is all you need so take it when you can get it lines, and the languorously slippery overall sound would not be deemed inappropriate mood music in an American hotel's supper club or a jumbo jet in-flight tape programme.

It's nice and easy and mellow as a chocolate liqueur.

But what Miss Riperton leaves out in the way of drama, raunch or perceptive poetic expression is filled in by the all-embracing deliciousness of her voice and manner.

On low-keyed, wistful ballads like "Minnie's Lament" and "Alone in Brewster Bay" she oozes around the words and notes like warmed orange-blossom honey.

Minnie doesn't have the blues in her voice at all; there is a quality of sunny confidence about her delivery even in the sardonic songs which handicaps her in the evocative manipulation of mood stakes, but sure makes you feel pretty good all the same.

She sings "I'm not gonna sing the blues/cause I don't want to cry... Don't let anyone bring you down" and who's going to complain?

On an upbeat track like "Adventures in Paradise" she swings with enthusiasm and fantastic control, throwing out a few low, funky growls before taking off up into a phenomenally high register.

She hits ridiculous notes with accuracy where others would be reduced to sliding shrieks and plays around up there until your ears tingle.

People who think Diana Ross's singing is sophisticated and sexy will definitely flip for Minnie Riperton. Voyeurs will find this record invaluable ("You can come inside me/Do you wanna ride inside by love" being a recurrent theme).

And anyone tired of leather kittens and "liberated" shlock merchantesses who is looking for a lady singer with some heart and class in her voice should enjoy Minnie Riperton; such undemanding, pleasurable listening.

Angie Errigo

MOONRIDER (Anchor)

MENTION THE name Keith West to anyone and odds on they'll say "Teenage Opera"

and not much else.

For with that one swift blow West became as much a sixties figure cum artifact as Mary Quant or Italian shoes.

Well times change and Keith has got himself a little band along with John Weider, (who briefly played guitar with Family, The Animals and Steve Marriott's Moments), Chico Greenwood and ex-Quiver bassist Bruce Thomas.

Their debut album, and the very purpose of Moonrider, indicate the desire to be part of a prolonged venture rather than any of those previous efforts. They've concentrated on producing compact, easy listening songs, mostly quite pleasant and summery though too imitative for my taste.

The accent from the first track "Angel Of Mercy" is obvious. Lush, soupy melodies, transatlantic drawl plus matching harmonies strung over gentle country rock backing. England's answer to America, if you see what I mean.

Actually they're all from places like Bootle, Blackpool and Middlesbrough but you'd never guess, they could just as easily be Nashville session men or Californian breakfast commercial jingle writers.

Best track is the vaguely Dylan flavoured "Having Someone" where Weider slips in some Roger McGuinn picking over a bluegrass background, generally creating a nice drifting, complacent mood. It's fairly typical of a very singularly paced selection.

"Too Early In The Morning" breaks out of the format by chopping up a good, if clichéd, soul funk rhythm but the rest is average sunshine and beach stuff, definitely a drug on the market.

"Ridin' For A Fall" is symptomatic of their approach; muted National Steel sounding

"O.K. boys — keep your hands where I can see them".



all right at first but ultimately reminding one how much better American bands like The Burritos or Barefoot Jerry are at giving this barrel of all-bran some credence.

The only time they really fly off their laid back perch they commit a very nasty schmaltzy gaff called "As Long As It Takes" which as middle of the road, over arranged bunkum goes should get them a regular spot at the Batley Variety Club.

More feeling lads, more feeling. Max Bell

HOYT AXTON: "Southbound" (A&M).

ONWARD BUT not upward in the personal success stakes travels Hoyt Axton the Walt Whitman-esque troubadour eager to embrace wine, women and song and to celebrate the joys of livin'. His songs ("Joy To The World", "The Pusher", "No No Song") are continually covered with greater commercial success by other artists but he chooses to bask in reflected glory.

With "Southbound", his third A & M album, Hoyt's turned in another near perfect collection of songs. There's almost everything from the Mexican Mariachi soft shoe shuffle of the "No No Song" via the hauntingly sorrowful timbre of the folk-song "Blind Fiddler" to the stone country classic "Lion In The Winter", which features Hoyt and everybody's friend Linda Ronstadt in tasteful vocal duet.

For openers there is "I Love To Sing". This is one of those classic spiritual revivalist chants, like "Will The Circle Be Unbroken", that builds and builds.

Side Two is pretty much the same mixture: a comedy country piece about a corrupt speedcop in Smalltown USA, a chunk of reminiscences about hanging out with all them country rock stars in "Nashville".

This is an album which avoids heavy metal squealing and screaming and yet also manages to avoid the slickly sentimental singer-songwriter pose.

Hoyt Axton is an artist of taste, maturity and poise who brings the relaxed best out of his contributing friends like Linda Ronstadt Arlo Guthrie and Jeff "Skunk" Baxter — who plays some superb slide guitar.

Look out for the "Lion In Winter" single culled from the album, but better than that grab a copy of the album. It can make you laugh, sing and dance, or anything.

Andrew Simmons

Big Ike: aural sex without the intimacy



Shafting is dead—long live shafting

ISAAC HAYES:
"Chocolate Chip" (Hot Buttered Soul)

IF YOU'RE wondering what ole Ike's been at these last couple years, the answer is that he's been turning himself into a sex object. Or, more accurately, realising the obvious potential God blessed him with.

In sexist circles, of course, the vogue is for middle-aged fannies whose voices are basso, if not necessarily profundo. Baldness being an optional extra.

Isaac is clearly well-endowed in these respects, and you are invited to fantasise, in others, too.

So, as sex objects go, he's somewhat of an *objet trouve*, but none the worse for that. And these days, he's as much into shafting as Shafting. That's professionally, of course. His private life is now to do with us. Even if this album involves auctioning a portion of it off. His private life, that is.

But to business. Hayes' record company claims "we've heard nothing from the maestro for almost two years," but add "it has been worth the wait."

This is only partly true. It's only partly true that it's been worth the wait. It's also not at all true that we've heard nothing from him for two years; only some six months back Pye issued two Hayes' soundtrack albums simultaneously, "Tough Guys" and "Truck Turner" (both scores from movies starring Ike himself as a sort of funky Desperate Dan).

The snag is that shafting makes different musical demands to Shafting. They're for different consumers to use in different places and at different times.

Consider the song "Body Language" which adorns side one. A grunt and groan epic of no little distinction. "Hey sexy!" warbles Hayes (the exclamation mark is his) "My lovely lady/No one can make me feel as good as you do/Your action produces satisfaction."

And further: "When we're locked together by the chains of

desire/It's total communication/Nothing can put out the fire".

Now, the problem with this sort of thing is that it has to be heard to be understood. It's no good attempting to articulate lyrics of this ilk against wah-wah guitars, blaring horns, and a rhythm section comprising massed panel-beaters.

Not only that, but aural sex presumably has to suggest a degree of intimacy. And while two, or three, or even more, may be company, panel-beater-wah-wahers, and brass bands are definitely a crowd.

You would not normally play "Land Of 1,000 Dances" to invoke an atmosphere of seduction. Nor would the theme from "Truck Turner" or "The Tough Guys" be quite the thing, either.

As a result, Hayes finds his musical endeavours somewhat restricted by such considerations. He's forced to present his voice baldly, uncluttered by excess brass and wah-wah, on songs that move with the vigour of a flagging orgy.

The combination is not entirely pleasing, though some on the Elm Lodge housing estate may disagree.

But all is not lost. One cut here finds Hayes coming into his own, instead of other people's. Quite a feat in the circumstances.

The title track "Chocolate Chip" is straight off the old block, a Shaft re-bore, music for cop cars to take corners on two wheels to.

"Chip" appears in both instrumental and vocal form, taking up some 11 minutes in all. Its ingredients are familiar, not to say clichéd, enough. (Wah-wah, et al).

But the song careers along like James Brown on monkey glands. And the orchestration's ferocious enough to make "River Deep, Mountain High" seem like chamber music. Had this majestic opus been spread across the entire album, Hayes would surely have found his way from the wilderness.

As it is, his heavy-breathing bathos could send the Black Moses back to the bullrushes. Most of the cuts here are of the erratic erotic variety. If you want to swap your wife, you'd

be ill-advised to accept this album in exchange.

Bob Edmunds

THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS: "The Sons Of Mrs. Righteous" (Capitol)

IT REALLY does seem that the greater part of the Righteous Brothers was their uncle Phil Spector.

After the glorious slices of melodrama ("You've Lost That Loving Feeling" et al.) stopped coming they seemed to lose direction, wander in the distance, and then vanish from view.

I had long since assumed they'd sunk their money in a used car lot or a roadside Colonel Sanders franchise and settled down to a comfortable oblivion.

Not so, however. Here they are with a Brand New Album.

Unfortunately they are still pretty directionless. So much so, in fact, that they positively thrash around in the space between Vegas lounge, big sound country, and Begus lounge big sound funk that Billy Swan managed to spear so accurately with the pointed gall of "Don't Be Cruel".

Their compromise between Tony Joe White and Al Green is punched by the sepia cover photo of a black mammy looking proudly on while the brothers pose as Clyde Barrow style depression psychopath rednecks.

The cover also punches home what is abundantly clear when you listen to the album. The compromise is both uncomfortable and implausible.

From the first cut (The Coasters' "Young Blood") to the last (a chunky rocker called "Just Another Fool") they work as hard as they can, but consistently come up with nothing more than rhythmic muzak.

They just don't seem to have the flair and imagination to do more. Maybe that's where Uncle Phil came in.

The saddest thing is that now and then, just to upset you, there's a faint echo of the vocal sound they achieved with Spector. Albums, however, are not built out of faint echoes of previous glory.

Mick Farren

HAVE YOU GONE **FRANTIC** YET?

STEPHEN STILLS

Stills



THE NEW ALBUM ON CBS



On Records and Tapes

CBS69146

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson



Carla Bley slams Bruce

CARLA BLEY has hit back at an official statement issued on behalf of the Jack Bruce Band, saying that she left the outfit because she did not wish to tour. She says that touring was, in fact, a considerable pleasure for her—and one which she intends to pursue again "as soon as circumstances allow and appropriate musicians are found". Her own and Mick Taylor's reason for leaving the band is, she said, "incompatibility"—but neither she nor Taylor

would comment further.

Meanwhile, Carla will be working with Taylor on two new album projects. The first is a collection of songs by Michael Mantler (Carla's husband) and Edward Gorey which will feature—in addition to Bley and Taylor—Robert Wyatt, Jack de Johnette and Steve Swallow. The second album will be another set of new songs, including Bley-Taylor material already written for the Jack Bruce Band.

20 TOP ACTS FOR NEW TV SHOWCASE

PHIL EVERLY, Alvin Stardust, Gilbert O'Sullivan, the Drifters and Duane Eddy are among guests lined up by producer John Hamp for his new Granada-TV series "International Pop Prom" to be fully networked in the autumn. Other guests booked include Roy Orbison, Johnny Mathis, Georgie Fame & the Blue Flames, Tini Lopez, Carl Douglas, Vicky Leandros, Teresa Brewer, Brook Benton, Peter Sar-

stedt, Lyn Paul, Guy Mitchell, Demis Roussos, Swingle II, Brenda Arnau and the Chris Barber Band.

The series of six hour-long shows is being filmed in Manchester during the next few weeks, and is expected to be transmitted in October and November. Resident in all six editions are the 50-piece Les Reed Orchestra and the 13-piece Les Humphries Singers. Guest musical directors will include George Martin (conducting Beatles songs), Tony Hatch, Ron Goodwin, Andrew Lloyd-Webber (conducting "Jesus Christ Superstar"), Mike Leander and Elmer Bernstein.

LOCKLIN TO TOUR HERE

VETERAN American country singer Hank Locklin is to undertake a British concert tour in September. He appears at Birmingham Town Hall (5), Newcastle City Hall (6), Glasgow Apollo (7), Manchester Free Trade Hall (8), Sheffield City Hall (9), Ipswich Gaumont (10), Chatham Central Hall (11), Bristol Colston Hall (12), London Kilburn Gaumont State (13), Southampton Guildhall (14) and Dublin Stadium (15). He has recently signed with the MGM label, who will be issuing a new single and album to coincide with his visit.

New album, big tour

FARLOWE RETURNS

CHRIS FARLOWE IS poised for a major comeback on the music scene, after three years of virtual inactivity. He is at present cutting a new album at Ron Wood's home studio and, at the end of this month, he sets out on a British concert tour.

He has got together a backing band specially for these two projects comprising lead guitarist Albert Lee (who has been working with Joe Cocker for the past 18 months), drummer Gerry Conway, bassist Pat Donaldson and keyboards man Jean Roussel—plus two girl singers, Madeline Bell and her cousin Joanne Williams.

Billed as Farlowe & Friends, the band open at Hove Town Hall on July 27, and the following day they appear at London Marquee Club. A gig for July 29 has still to be confirmed, but the tour continues at Manchester Hardrock (30), Newcastle City Hall (31), Leicester De Montfort Hall (August 1), Liverpool Stadium (2), Hull New Theatre (3), Dunstable California (4) and London Strand Lyceum (6).

Back in 1966, Farlowe topped the NME singles charts with "Out Of Time". He subsequently worked with several bands, the most recent—on a regular basis—being Jon Hiseman's Colosseum. During the past few years, he has been concentrating on writing and on running his antique shop in Chelsea. Now he hopes to return to a musical career, although it is not yet known if his present backing band will remain with him permanently.

OX FUTURE UNCERTAIN

THE FUTURE of John Entwistle's Ox is understood to be in doubt, as the result of the heavy financial loss incurred by Entwistle during the band's recent North American tour. No official confirmation of a split could be obtained, although one Ox member insisted that the outfit has "disintegrated"—but he claimed that this was due mainly to Entwistle's involvement with the Who. Individual members of the Ox are at present undertaking their own solo projects, and Entwistle—who has been mixing tapes in the States—is about to rejoin the Who for renewed recording sessions.

Sailor in August

SAILOR are to headline a string of British dates during the latter part of August. Confirmed gigs are Exeter St. George's Hall (21), Cheltenham Pavilion (22), Bournemouth Village Bowl (23), Scarborough Penthouse (27), Cleevehorpes Winter Gardens (28), Cromer Links Pavilion (29) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (30).

Chi-Lites playing concerts, cabaret



THE CHI-LITES, currently riding high with their single "Have You Seen Her", will play four major concerts and five weeks in cabaret during their previously-reported British tour starting in early September. They are bringing their full band and touring revue with them, and they will also be appearing on radio and TV during their visit.

Promoted by Contempo International, the Chi-Lites open at Newcastle Odeon on September

2, followed by Southampton Gaumont (4), Ipswich Gaumont (5) and two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon (6). Their cabaret weeks are at Bailey's clubs in Stoke (from September 7), Leicester doubling Derby (from 14), Liverpool (from 22), Watford (from 28) and Birmingham (from October 5). To tie in with their visit, Brunswick release a new Chi-Lites album titled "Half A Love" on September 1. A new single will also be issued.

WINDSOR: FESTIVAL OR DAILY PICNIC?

DESPITE THE jailing of Windsor Festival organiser Bill Dwyer, on charges arising from violence at last year's event, hopes were high at press-time that another festival can be staged this year—on an alternative site, and with official approval. A spokesman told NME: "We understand that the Home Office do have a site for us, but we are still waiting to hear details. They seem to be leaving it until the last minute, but we don't know whether or not this is deliberate."

Meanwhile, if the alternative site fails to materialise, there will be no festival. But instead, plans have been laid for an alternative event to take place in Windsor Great Park. This would be the Windsor Free Feast, to run daily for nine days from August 23. This is in fact a picnic, with everyone attending contributing

and sharing food and drink, and it is being arranged because picnics are legal in the park.

Said the spokesman: "If the festival is aborted, no one need worry about breaking the law. There would be no overnight camping—the picnic would finish every evening and resume the following morning. We would also undertake the traditional pilgrimage to Virginia Water on Sunday, August 24—this again, from our reading of the by-laws, is completely legal." The site for the Free Feast would be on the other side of the road from the usual festival site, opposite the Cavalry Exercise Ground at the Queen Anne Gate. But it is stressed that this will only take place if the festival does not.



British gigs by Melanie

MELANIE is to play a string of selected British concerts during the first half of October. Venues so far confirmed are Cardiff Capitol Theatre (October 2), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (3), London Royal Albert Hall (6), Birmingham Odeon (8), Manchester Belle Vue (9), Southport New Theatre (10), Edinburgh Usher Hall (11) and Glasgow Apollo

Centre (12). She will also be guesting on various TV shows.

There is a likelihood of one or two more gigs being set for the intervening dates. New record product will be released through Melanie's own Neighborhood label to tie in with her British tour, after which she travels to Ireland for two concerts at Dublin Carlton Theatre (14 and 15).

P. FAIRIES RE-FORM (AGAIN!) FOR TOUR

PINK FAIRIES are to re-form for the third time this year, in order to undertake a British tour in the early autumn. This follows the success of their sell-out gig at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse last Sunday, when 600 people had to be turned away. Confirmed dates are Dagenham Roundhouse (September 27), Cambridge Corn Exchange (October 3), Derby Cleopatra's (16), Reading Town Hall (17) and Brighton College of Education (18). Agent Paul Fenn expects to

announce at least six more gigs.

For the tour the Fairies will comprise Larry Wallace (now with Lemmy's Motorhead), Paul Rudolph (now with Hawkwind), Sandy, Twink and Russell Hunter. It is stressed that the reunion is for the tour only, and is not intended to be permanent. A live album was recorded at the Roundhouse concert—including Lemmy and Hawkwind's Nik Turner jamming with the Fairies—and this will be released to coincide with their British dates.

DICK WHITTINGTON ROLE FOR GLITTER

GARY GLITTER's rock 'n' roll pantomime, to be staged in London's West End this Christmas, will be based upon the story of Dick Whittington—it was learned this week. And it will go under the title of "Dick Destiny And Black Cat Meet The Chrome Rainbow And The Razzle Dazzle Rats". As revealed by NME last month, the panto is a development of what was originally intended as a rock musical called "Razzle Dazzle". It is being written by Glitter, his manager Mike Leander and GTO productions chief Ron Inkpen, and it is officially described as a "multi-media spectacular rock pantomime".

NEWS ROUND-UP

● EDWIN STARR is coming in for a week of one-nighters starting August 19, promoted by Henry Sellers.

● PILOT are being lined up for an American tour in late summer, as the result of U.S. reaction to their single "Magic" and their LP "From The Album Of The Same Name".

● ELLA FITZGERALD and the Count Basie Orchestra appear at London Royal Festival Hall on October 3. "Jazz At The Philharmonic", with Dizzy Gillespie and Oscar Peterson, is at the London Palladium on October 5.

● THREE DEGREES return to Britain next March for an extensive cabaret and concert tour, which will last between ten and 12 weeks.

● FANTASTICS have returned to their original four-man line-up following a personnel upheaval, which leaves leader Don Haywood as the only original member.

● "OLD GREY WHISTLE TEST" completes its current run on Saturday, July 26. It returns in late September for a new series, which will be on a different day.

● LULU plays the title role in "Peter Pan" with Ron Moody as Captain Hook, which is this year's Christmas show at the London Palladium, opening December 17.

● SPLINTER, the band signed to George Harrison's Dark Horse label, will tour Britain in September to coincide with the release of their second album.

● ISAAC HAYES is expected in Britain in October to headline a number of selected concerts and a TV special.

● STYLISTICS have switched the venue of their August 3 gig, the final date of their British tour. They now play Nottingham Palais instead of Bristol Hippodrome.

● BAY CITY ROLLERS appear on U.S.-TV on September 20 by way of a live satellite relay from a British venue (possibly in Manchester).

● SPANGLES MULDOON this week began a three-month stint as summer relief disc-jockey for Radio Luxembourg. Next week 208 broadcasts specials featuring David Essex (9 p.m. Monday) and Ralph McTell (1.30 a.m. Tuesday night).

● KRIS KRISTOFFERSON has postponed his British tour—planned for September—until early 1976, due to filming commitments in the States.

● VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR'S comeback British concert, at London Victoria Palace on July 27, sold out at the end of last week. Bob Marley & The Wailers' four British gigs this weekend have also sold out.

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MAIL ORDER IS STILL

FRANTIC



Pic: DAVID MELHADO

I T MUST HAVE BEEN AROUND the twenty-fourth chorus of a seemingly endless "I Shot The Sheriff" that the audience finally cast aside whatever resistance they had left and abandoned themselves completely. Finding out that reggae is indeed another bag.

It's been an hour-and-a-half or more since The Wailers took the stage for the second show of the night and by now the occupants of the club are wringing sweat out of their jeans.

Onstage, Bob Marley seems oblivious to the people standing on the tables, the shouts, and the shady glances his two girl singers are exchanging. He's improvising whole new verses to the song, getting into his weird knees-up/shank-up routine. Locked inside his personal exorcism of emotion, gripped by Rasta spirits, lurching

round the stage, hair exploding out of that tauntly-featured head.

Behind him on the wall hangs a portrait of Haile Selassie, framed in the Rastafarian colours of red, orange and green, presiding over the proceedings.

"This is the Trenchtown experience," says compere and lightsman Neville at the start of the show, and it's no idle phrase: The Wailers are the sound of the Kingston ghetto. Bob Marley is its finest street-poet, and this is the most exciting gig I've seen in months.

AND THIS is also Boston, Massachusetts, US of A, a lengthy port-of-call in a six-week-long tour of the States that the amassed Marley and the Wailers a stack of rave reviews wherever they've played — and which is due to arrive in England this week for a disappointingly short set of dates prior to the band's return to Jamaica.

The band have visited the States before, record in the chart to keep their ear in — and though "The Harder They Come" was a huge cult thing (it's been playing Boston for three years continuously now), only Marley — and to a lesser extent Jimmy Cliff — have made any impact as individual artists.

In Boston The Wailers are playing a smallish club that turns out to be an old hootenanny haunt a dozen years on ("The green pastures of Harvard University") and which normally hosts its fair share of top-flight rock and soul acts but never gets packed like this.

The club's run by earnest bearded men who wear their hair in ponytails and spend most of the second show each night trying to keep people in their seats.

One turns angrily on a black couple dancing in the aisle and receives a torrid badmouthing in Jamaican patois for his troubles. He reels back confused. Something is happening here.

And it's been the same wherever Marley has played — a hidden underground of Jamaican immigrants has emerged from the ghettos (where they're normally invisible alongside the indigenous US blacks) and transformed the atmosphere of the gigs into something more like the Four Aces, Dalston than what you might expect in the likes of Cleveland and Detroit. In Chicago, for instance, a gang of JA rude boys refused to leave the club between shows, scaring the proprietor half out of his wits with What They Might Do Next.

Imagine what the gig in New York's central park must have been like, with a crowd of 15,000, a sizeable portion of them from a Jamaican population estimated "very unofficially" by the consulate to be around 250,000, but put nearer twice that figure by sources closer to the roots.



once for a short tour on their own, once playing back-up to Sly And The Family Stone, and each time received considerably more than a murmur of critical approval.

In fact, they already command a strong cult following among both black and white US audiences, a following that has widened with the release of the epochal "Natty Dread."

But it's Clapton's hit version of "I Shot The Sheriff" that has introduced Marley's name to most of the white kids who turn up to see the band. That and the buzz that has run along the hip grapevine; why, only two days previous to this gig, N.Y.'s prestigious *Village Voice* has given a back-page accolade to the band, headlining Marley as "The Mick Jagger of Reggae." A bit misleading that — irrelevant even — but still.

On the whole though, reggae is still an unknown quantity in the States. The only hit that could vaguely be called reggae is "Shenit" — they don't even get the odd Ken Boothe or John Holt

BOB MARLEY — the biggest Black Roots superstar of the Seventies. THE WAILERS — his band. NEIL SPENCER previews the reggae that rocked America and the ghetto message we in Britain are about to receive...

power and breathtaking tightness, loading every riff with poise and majesty. From the first casual clatter of Carlton Barrett's drums as they sync into "Trenchtown Rock," it's obvious that the aforementioned acclaim was no hollow praise.

Apart from the inclusion of Rita and Judy into the line-up, there's been the arrival of Al Anderson, a young American guitarist who plays an almost surreptitious lead, and the equally youthful Tyrone Downling, whose Hammond organ offers thoughtful shadings on "No Woman No Cry," and who otherwise sets his clavinet growling and murmuring in sympathy with the rest of the band.

The idea of a rhythm section is redundant here; everyone contributes to the sway.

Unobtrusive at the back of the stage is Seeko Patterson, a constant elder companion to Marley for years, his face lined and scarred with street experience, and now brought in on congas. Marley himself plays thoughtful rhythm guitar (like Lennon said "It's an important job... to make a band drive"), scrubbing chords out of his Gibson and subtly but surely directing the band's energy flow.

Behind him is Aston "Family Man" Barrett. Marley's first musical lieutenant on stage and record, underpinning the constant flux with bass figures that lope and stalk and aren't afraid to leave gaps. His nimble runs contrast with an almost studiously indolent stance; he hardly seems to move, peering under hooded lids from under his trademark woolly titer.

Carlton Barrett (Aston's brother) is almost equally inscrutable beneath the long shadow of his hunting cap. He provides an unflinching metric for the rest of the group, going round his tom-toms at most twenty times per night, paradiddles extra.

But it's Marley himself who holds the stage and on whom most eyes are content to rest; a slight wiry figure crowned with a gorgon's head of dreadlocks that bounce and flop and whirl around a face undergoing a continuous process of emotional contortion.

The voice — from the buoyant whoops of "Lively Up Yourself" to the heartfelt tenderness of "No Woman No Cry" (slowed down to half-pace and invested with spell-binding soul intensity) is truly remarkable.

Marley's reticent about the reasons for the split: "Mebbe they don't like tour too much," he says, "but they're still me brethren so

churn through an exuberant "Get Up Stand Up," the revamped "Trenchtown Rock" (which Marley later tells me will appear on his next album), a tremendous sweeping "Stir It Up" and an irresistible "Kinky Reggae," for me the surprise of the show. On record it always seemed a slight and strained joke — live, it's archetypal dance reggae.

Finally, there's a growling, almost sinister "I Rebel Music" which seems to go on forever.

But then it's all "Rebel Music" — songs smouldering with the anger and lackadaisical humour of the ghetto — laced with ganja, and shot through with the apocalyptic undertones of Rastafarian idealism. Music that stands up to anything that the Seventies (or, for that matter, the Sixties) have produced — and which has never lost touch with its roots.

BACKSTAGE between shows, Marley, obviously enjoying his star status, holds open court to a procession of well-wishers: loud American hippies who bring offerings of Columbian grass, young Jamaicans who've moved to the States to earn good money as welders and builders and who exchange furious rapid-fire raps in unintelligible patois.

Street brothers, groupies — all milling about in the sweet, heavy smoke of one tiny dressing room.

A young black with a cornrow hair-cut sticks his head through the door and yells "Positive vibrations!"

"Yeah mon, positive vibrations," replies Marley, grinning fit to crack his face.

ON THE wall of Marley's motel room there's a large hand-made poster for the Wailers' tour that has the same phrase scrawled across the bottom, big and fat: "POSITIVE VIBRATIONS".

It's a phrase that he's particularly fond of. More, it's a keystone in the man's approach to life — a strong straightforward approach that reflects both the man's personal character and his belief in the ideals of Rastafarianism.

You can't get far into roots reggae without confronting the stumbling block of Rastafarianism. Walk past any record store in areas like Stoke Newington or Brixton in London, Moss Side in Manchester, wherever, and you'll hear the likes of Big Youth or Johnny Clarke wailin' about 'moving outta Babylon', and about the youth who are 'dreadier than dread'. Or just check out "Natty Dread" itself, a brilliant call to cultural arms — ask Bob Marley about Rasta beliefs and you'll get lines from his songs quoted back at you.

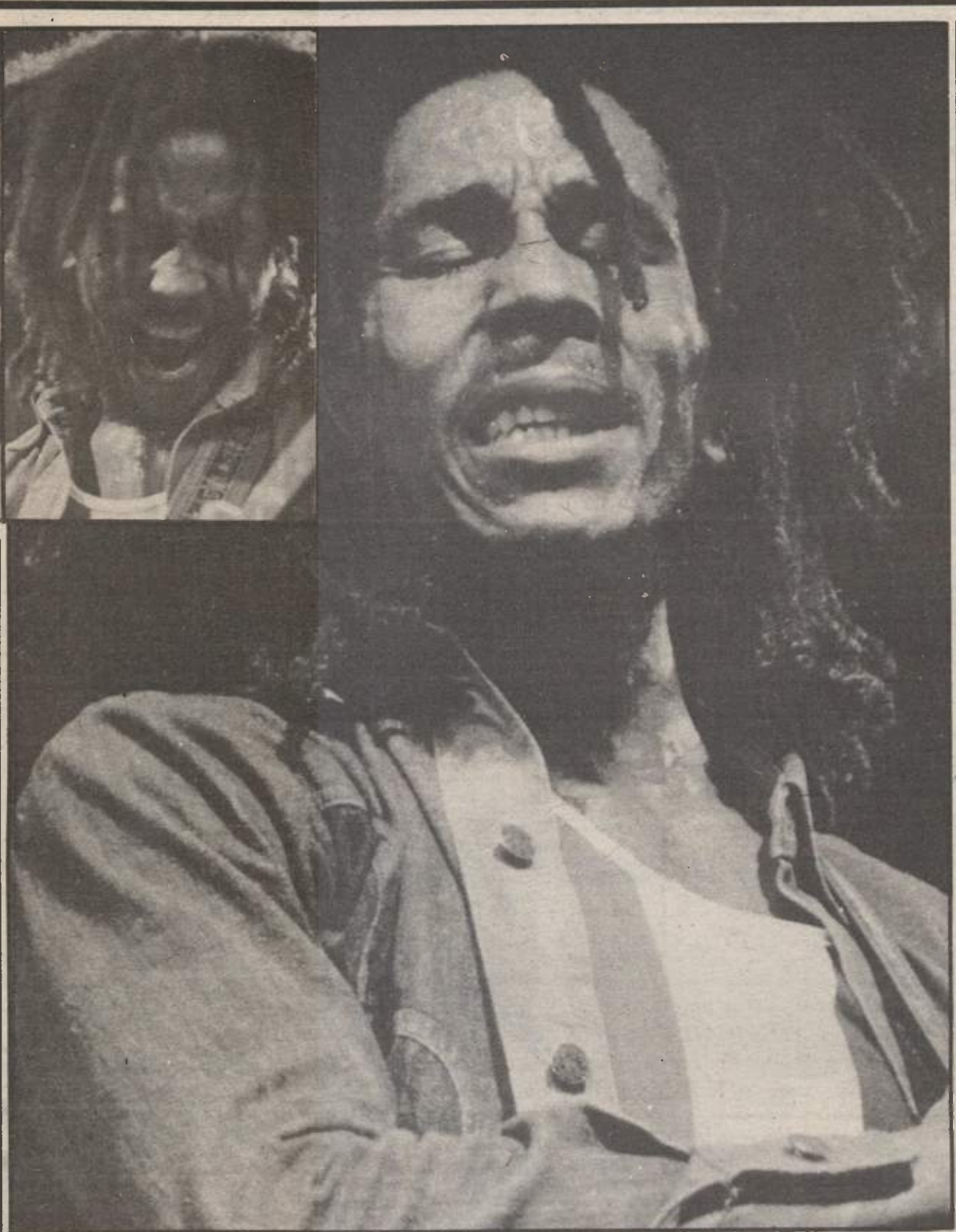
You can't paraphrase the Rasta doctrine into a few flippant paragraphs — it's religion, revolution, lifestyle, music, fashion even... a system of belief based on texts from the bible that likens the black man's estrangement from Africa, via slavery, to the tribes of Israel cast out their homeland into Babylon. And which takes Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia (now deposed as "Ras Tafari" — the Head Creator; "The Lion of Judah who shall break every chain", as the bible tells it).

Perhaps most of all Rasta is an inspiration for the downtrodden, an idea that cements the brethren (who call themselves 'I') together. You don't have to be a "Natty Dread" to be a Rasta, but the dreadlocks that Marley proudly sports — in truth they're reaching epic proportions — are part of the belief, an outward symbol of his faith.

"Plenty people have the wrong idea about this locks thing," he says, twirling a clutch of braids. "Like I read in a magazine: 'Marley came on stage with his waxed locks'. Now that is very much a lie, because I could never sit down and put wax on my 'air, my wool, to keep it together. It would be clammy and stink mon. Them blind mon! This come natural."

The term "Natty Dread" itself is a verbal osmosis from "knotty head", the kind of thing the shantytown kids might yell after a Rasta ragamuffin.

"Y'know, people used to call you 'Natty



ME JUST WANNA LIVE, Y'UNNERSTAN?

'ead' as an insult, but me use it as a crown, cos me t'ink positive mon. Me crown meself with it.

"Y'call me 'natty 'ead'... greeyat," he chuckles, "because who care what you think? Me no vex meself while you laugh. Laugh and make the world laugh mon, so me dig it, so me live."

"Y'see, me personally jus' wanna live, y'know wh'mean? That's all me wanna do t'ink positive about everyone and everything, pure and clean, and me can walk and do things freely."

There's passion in his voice and laughter in his speech. The talk about freedom is no empty mouthing; back home in JA, Marley lives the Rasta lifestyle; footloose, fancy free... and constantly and righteously ripped on the fierce Jamaican Ganja (grass) that the Rastas hold sacred.

Free too, because of the Rasta faith that all things that Jah (God) does are for the best. In this sense, the Rastas are passive, content to let the world rush about its mad business while they concentrate on matters of the spirit. "Love and peace" was a Rasta greeting before the hippies were thought of. It's a passive attitude that extends even to the recent deposition of Selassie by the Ethiopian military.

"What Jah do is well done mon — 'Im

to all these things for the benefit of we, for the benefit of the people of Ethiopia. It just a change, a cycle."

I mention that Selassie is now a very old man. Marley laughs in disbelief: "Im ever young, the youngest man on earth, 'Im control time."

Interestingly, Selassie himself has never acknowledged the divinity bestowed upon him by the Rastas — though equally he's never denied it either. In any case, his coronation in 1930 was taken as fulfilment of the fire-eating prophecies of Marcus Garvey in the '20's (the John the Baptist of the movement) that the black man in a west would not be free until a black king was crowned in Africa.

"People must have a leader. Them say the ants don't have no leader but they gather food and move together, but I don't think people can do that. You must 'ave a leader, and we choose a divine king instead of a politician."

"It's not just like one person, it's one way of thinking. Jah is your aim, one aim, which is life and love..."

Michael, a soft-spoken fellow, who is travelling companion and cook for the band (many Rastas don't eat meat or salt), nods affirmatively. He's been reading passages from his huge battered black

bible to me to back up what he and Bob have been telling me about the Rastas; Revelation 5 and 19 for example: "There shall be wars and rumours of wars... and Efraime shall not vex Judah."

"It's the last days without a doubt," he says quietly. "1975, it's the last quarter before the year 2,000, and righteousness — the positive way of thinking — must win, good over evil, we're confident of victory..."

Before the end of the century, see, comes the Apocalypse, the Second Coming, wherein the "West shall perish" and "Righteousness cover the earth", a message that's illustrated musically on tracks like "Revolution".

It's the sort of biblical interpretation that's caused deep enmity between the Rastas and the established Christian church, an enmity that crops up in Marley's "Talking Blues".

"Cos I feel like bombing a church Now I know the preacher is lying."

"Politics and church," opines Marley, "are the same thing. Them keep the people in ignorance, and Jah no goin' come and say 'I am God and you should praise me'."

"These guys who preach are false — y'don't 'ear the preacher say God will

return to the earth within 2000 years — how come you don't hear that in church if it's in the Bible?"

"The greatest thing them can say is about death — cos them say you die and go to 'eaven after all this sufferation. To go through all sufferation for that!" S like after me sick, me go to the doctor. No, the greatest thing is life, mon, life."

Michael quotes softly from Jeremiah 23: "Woe to the pastors who destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture, said the Lord."

"Politicians," continues Marley with a vengeance, "they are devils, devils who corrupt. They don't smoke 'erb (ganja) because when y'smoke y'think alike and them don't want that..."

Heavy stuff indeed, clearly not the sort of thing you kick around at an interview with most rock bands, especially not on tour in America. But with Marley it's an inescapable confrontation.

At one point during the proceedings, after Michael has murmured Psalm 57, Bob reclines and gazes meditatively upward.

"Y'know, Jah appear to me in a vision — and everytime he look just a bit older than me. 'Im don't look 90-year-old or anything — like if I'm 30 (which he is), then 'Im look about 35. Man, it's so sweet; it's me brother, me father, me mother, me creator, everything..."

It's an anecdote that might well lay behind a new song that Bob tells me he's written called "Natural Mystic"; "Many mon will 'ave to die, many mon will 'ave to cry," he quotes.

"It's like people ask you plenty questions but you can't answer all of them but you still try."

Hmmm. Very apt.

ONE WAY and another, it's easy to see how the Rastas have been wiggling out the British-orientated middle and upper classes of Jamaica. As an excellent article by Michael Thomas in *Rolling Stone* some two years back put it:

"The Rastas were making a bizarre public display of pissing on everything upward that the middle class believed in, rejecting their entire earthly existence wholesale... and they became for a time the scapegoats of a frightened society."

Since then the ruling elite and comfortable middle classes have realised that the Rastas are more interested in their own spirituality than overthrowing the government. "We don't consider the Rastas a problem any more," said Jamaican foreign minister Dudley Thompson recently, "only a phenomenon". After all, with an apocalypse on the way, you don't need to get involved with revolutionary politics.

"Me don't want fight no guy with no guns," confirms Marley. "Me mustn't fight for my right, my right must come to me. You stand up for your right, and don't give up the fight (a quote from "Get Up Stand Up"); but you don't fight for your right."

Still, phenomenon or problem, the Rastas are here to stay. "What was once Rasta culture is now Jamaican culture," said Perry Henzell, the white Jamaican who produced and directed "The Harder they Come". "There's no dividing the two."

Certainly throughout the history of Jamaican music, it's been the Rastas who have supplied the impetus for change, working against the orthodoxy of the hustlers and record company pirates that man the cut-throat JA music business, to evolve a new distinctive music. From the roots.

Marley will tell you how it was musicians like Roland Alphonso, Tommy McCook, Eric Ranglin and most of all Don Drummond — a brilliant Rasta trombonist who spent the last days of his life in a madhouse — who started the "Ska" movement back in the early sixties; a pool of musicians who often recorded under the collective name of The Skatalites. (Remember the crazy brass of "Guns Of Navarone"?)

The Skatalites played on some of the earliest Wailers' tracks, when the group were cutting hits for Clement Dodd first as a vocal quintet, then a vocal trio. Numbers like "Simmer Down" and "Put It On", and later still "Rude Boy", one of the first records to herald the metamorphosis of Ska into the more earthy and compelling "Rock Steady" rhythms of the middle sixties.

"Rude Boy" also started a craze for "Rudie" records, based on and appealing to the hard-living wild youth of the Kingston ghetto. The outlaw Rudie was also an identity that Bob, Bunny and Tosh themselves basked in. The success of their records inspired the band to split from Coxson and start their own label, Wailing Soul — named after the Wailers and a girlie outfit called the Soulettes, which was the basis for what are now the I Three.

The label folded. "I thought me no gonna work for no-one again, so we split from Coxson we form Wailin' Soul, but like, I don't know ow about the business and me get caught again," says Marley. "Bend Down Low" was number one in Jamaica at the time, but them press it and sell it — it was a black market type o' business."

There were also jail sentences on first

Bunny, and then Bob, on ganja raps — events which, in the context of the JA music biz, are open to Machiavellian interpretation, though later Marley glosses over the incident to me with a murmur about being held for a few hours for driving without a licence. It's typical of his enigmatic style.

No matter, the failure of Wailing Soul caused a temporary hiatus in the group's output. Marley left for the States, and later, after being signed by Johnny Nash and his manager, to Sweden for an abortive project on a film score. No doubt, it was a bitter time for him.

Whatever, the group's '69 comeback with crack producer Lee Perry ushered in a new period of creativity, with songs like "Duppy Conquer", "Soul Rebel", and "Small Axe", some of which have appeared in revamped form on the Island trilogy, and which scorched their way into the JA charts at the time.

Within a couple of years, the group were bigger than ever and had split from Perry and established their own Tuff Gong label, which still handles their material today, as well as that by the I Three and the solo output of Family Man, Bunny, and Tosh.

Marley is bitter in his condemnation of the music scene at home. He has a list of dues paid that are second to none — ripped off, exploited and conned.

"Them guys on the machine (the producers), all them wanna do is 'ustle quick — like you find a guy put out 200 songs a year with 60 different labels and 900 different singers (laughs). And like them guys don't play no music, them only have the equipment, and them try and make it so you don't get no money."

He recalls with glee how the artists themselves — and not the all-important production bosses — initiated the reggae rhythms of the late sixties to escape from the crippling monopoly of the trade:

"Them guys on the machine 'ave all the Rock Steady, so we come up with something new, we start to play reggae, and all the Rock Steady them 'ave them 'ave to park it 'cos reggae take over."

"But the type of people who flood the market — it's like yer getting drops of water instead of clean water, mon."

Ask Marley who he likes on the current Jamaican recording scene and he'll tell you: "Me love all the reggae artists, man, knowing that they don't understand the situation and that them can do better. Me love all of them, cos them 'ave the same feeling as me."

WITH HIS signing to Island in 1972 — and prior to that the establishment of a regular self-sufficient line-up that had imported the Barrett brothers' rhythm section from Lee Perry's studio band, the Upsetters, Marley's days of artistic frustration and coming to terms with reality are hopefully a thing of the past.

Certainly the extended studio time that the Island deal allowed him, together with decent production facilities, resulted with "Catch A Fire" in a profound departure from the primitive production standards that had been associated — sometimes unfairly — with reggae up to that time.

Unlike other reggae artists — Jimmy Cliff is the most outstanding example — who have lost both their musical roots and their roots appeal in an attempt to 'go commercial', the Wailers (or 'Bob Marley and the Wailers' as the title goes these days) still get number ones on the JA charts with disconcerting regularity. To the JA youth, Marley is still a 'soul rebel', an outlaw hero who stands alongside latter day Rasta idols like Augustus Pablo, I Roy, and U Roy and the whole gamut of dub and voice-over artists (and even producers like King Tubby and Perry) who, unlike Marley, don't get covered in the white rock press.

Not yet at least. They're simply too far out. Until white ears get accustomed to their bizarre production tricks and uncompromising rhythmic concentration.

Whether Marley can escape from being merely a white rock cult — albeit a headily fanatic one — and make the kind of breakthrough that would take him into the album charts remains to be seen. But as one commentator remarked last week, that isn't likely to happen until his music is given the radio airplay now afforded to both black funkadelics and white rock. A hit single might shake nations.

Though at the moment Marley says he's not really concentrating too much on his next album, he already has a few numbers written and ready. Apart from the aforementioned "Natural Mystic", there's a number called "Fire Ridin'" and another called "Turn Over" that Marley describes as "a song like 'Bend Down Low' — in that intricate love song type o' bag". There's also to be a restyled version of his first Tuff Gong smash, "Trench Town Rock", which already plays a prominent part in his stage act.

As I leave the interview, Marley's already juggling a football on his feet, itching for what is apparently a lengthy daily work-out (his physical condition is pretty impressive). Back home, he tells me, they have a Tuff Gong team that has Alan Cole as skipper — a Rasta who spent a time playing at top club level in Brazil.

A team fuelled on ganja could take over the world.



TOP: Rasta recreation. BOTTOM: new WAILERS (minus the I-THREE) — Mr. Carlton Barrett, Seeko Patterson, Family Man Barrett, Al Anderson, Tyrone Downling, Bob Marley. Pic: DAVID MELHADO



208 RADIO LUXEMBOURG SUMMER TOUR

Radio Luxembourg is invading Britain! The 208-RADIO LUXEMBOURG SUMMER TOUR is visiting 30 coastal resorts in the coming weeks with 208 DJ's and the pop band JIGSAW. The tour is sponsored by A&M RECORDS and LEVI'S JEANS.

The tour kicks off next week with appearances at SCARBOROUGH, GRIMSBY, SKEGNESS, GREAT YARMOUTH and CLACTON. Here are the details:

SCARBOROUGH, JULY 21

208 DJ BOB STEWART appears at DEAN'S record store in St. Thomas Street at MIDDAY. Then on to ANTHONY DONALD'S (LEVI'S STOCKISTS), also in Scarborough.

EVENING DISCO — BOB STEWART PLUS JIGSAW at the PENTHOUSE, ST. NICHOLAS STREET, SCARBOROUGH.

GRIMSBY, JULY 22

BOB STEWART at RAYNER'S record store in Freeman's Street, Grimsby at 1 p.m.

SKEGNESS, JULY 23

BOB STEWART PLUS JIGSAW at the **EVENING DISCO**, FESTIVAL HALL, PAVILION, SKEGNESS.

GREAT YARMOUTH, JULY 24

BOB STEWART at JARROLD & SON record store, King Street, Great Yarmouth, at 1 p.m.

EVENING DISCO—See Local Press for details.

CLACTON, JULY 25

BOB STEWART at COLNE CASSETTES store, Old Road, Clacton, at MIDDAY.

EVENING DISCO—BOB STEWART PLUS JIGSAW at the PRINCES THEATRE, CLACTON.

The 208-RADIO LUXEMBOURG SUMMER TOUR then goes on to visit SOUTHEND, HERNE BAY, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE and twenty other resorts. Full details in next week's NME and nightly on RADIO LUXEMBOURG . . .

BRITAIN'S ONE AND ONLY NATIONAL COMMERCIAL RADIO STATION

THE BIG FIGHT

Ole Swollen Fingers

THE CAPTAIN isn't looking well.

He reminds me of my Uncle Arthur, the way he sits there listening so half-intently to what you tell him, his swollen red fingers, old man's hands, fumbling among the mass of documentation in his lap. And returning, when you've finished, so inevitably to his own preoccupations.

"Nick Kent? I'd like to spank him. Last time he saw us, he wrote about my wife, that she made mousy comments. She had laryngitis. She couldn't even speak. Why would he do that?"

Jan, echoing, reinforcing, in monotonous California-girl assertiveness: "He ought to be in Hollywood as a gossip columnist. He said I was making mousy comments, when I couldn't even talk. He's a little twisted."

Beefheart, concluding (except that he replays the whole complaint twice during the next hour): "He must have sat on a sequin and it went to his head. You know . . . glitter consciousness."

Beefheart, over for Knebworth, also seems tired. And ready to rollerskate blandly, if that voice could ever be called bland, over difficult questions. Like how come he made it up with Zappa after five years name-calling?

"Oh. Frank and I, gosh. I've known Frank for years . . . yes, and for about five years I didn't speak to him. It was over business. But I decided that was silly. I decided I was a silly only child. So I called him up and told him, I'm going to go out of the music business. And he said, 'you are not, you're going on this tour with me'."

Beautifully simple, and in the nick of a not-too-wonderful time for the Captain's bankbalance (deserted as he was by his Magic Band). But not the story Frank himself tells:

"I told him the Mothers were holding auditions on Tuesday and Thursday, that he should come along. He flunked the first one . . ."

Zappa says you only made it on the second audition.

"Does he? Imagine him saying I failed the audition. I mean, imagine there being an audition for people who've known one another for that many years. If he did audition me, I didn't notice. Maybe he thought he did. I don't know. I can't imagine myself being auditioned."

How's that for a straight answer?

It takes the single million-dollar question to stir him out of the undergrowth, thus:

What's all this that Bill Harkleroad . . .

"That little squirt"

. . . has been saying about the way you treated the band?

(Harkleroad being Zoot Horn Rollo, now no more, his name reposing with the Captain in legal handcuffs. Harkleroad The Unadorned rehearses now with the rest of the mutinous Magic Band Number One, under the brand-name Mallard.)

"Mallard? Bunch of quacks."

Yes, OK, but this guy says . . .

"Listen, I got him out of the draft. And Rockette Morton as well. That was terrible, wasn't it." (becoming heavily sarcastic.)

"They didn't get the chance, because of me, to go over and shoot somebody and get off on all those . . . macho feelings American men have. So since I got him out of the draft, since I spend 400 dollars on him and the rest of that group . . ."

" . . . four hundred thousand"

corrects Jan.

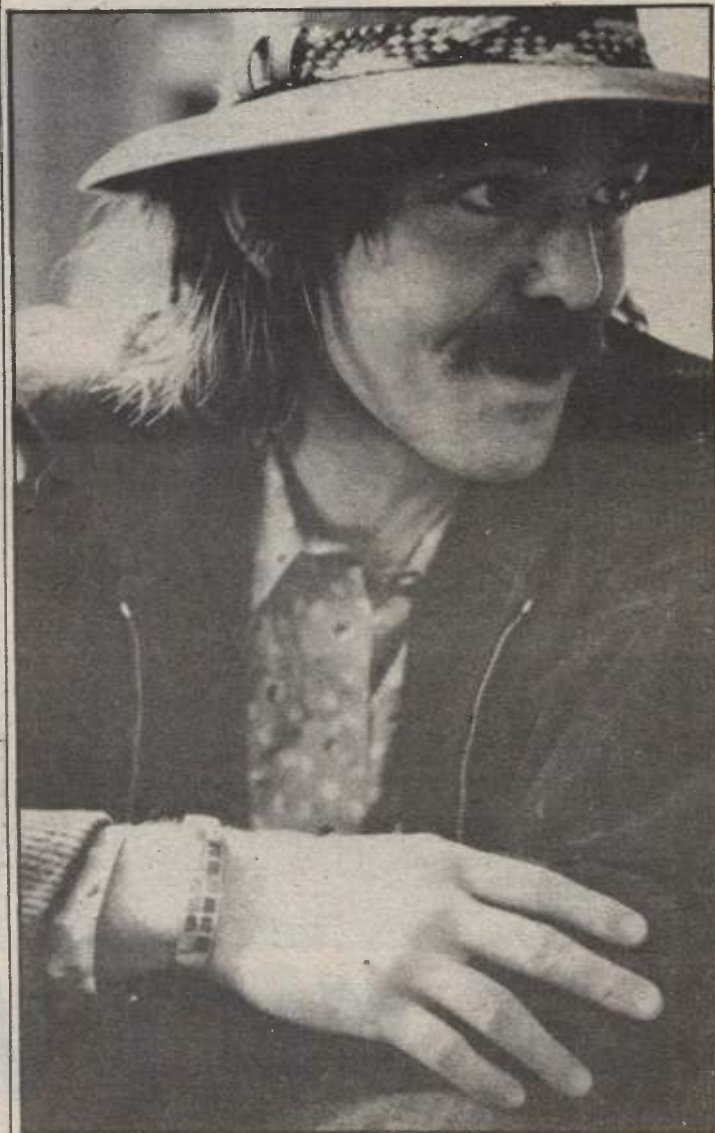
"What did I say?"

"Four hundred."

"I just missed it by a couple of 0's."

Mallard's a bunch of quacks, says The Captain.

I saved all dem boys from the Asian draft. (Tourniquet applied by KATE PHILLIPS)



Nick Kent? I'd like to spank him . . .

"So since I didn't get to do that. I mean, actually spend a million on them, they were upset with me, you know . . . because I was doing art and they —" he clicks fingers in theatrical disgust.

I tell him that Harkleroad has other criticisms. He claims that Beefheart, during the famous marathon spent at the piano composing "Trout Mask Replica" (and Beefheart says he'd never touched a piano before in his life) actually played chopsticks for eight and a half hours; and then the band spent nine months in the studios, mostly unattended by the Captain, laying down the tracks for the album.

Neither gestation theory sounds very likely to me. But the Captain, having heard ru-

mours of treachery and double-dealing whilst still in the States, has come prepared, as he says, to "defend his art"; and Jan, anticipating his line of attack, is already pulling a sheaf of well-worn cardboard folders from a canvas holdall.

These, she and Don explain in unsynchronised duet, are the original ms. of "Trout Mask" Written out by "Drumbo" John French during your actual eight hours.

"They made a big mistake, though," Beefheart mutters, thumbing unsteadily through the music. "I mean a big mistake. Because there aren't that many artists, and they aren't some of them. I'll tell you that."

And when the music was all written out, he says, he had to work like a dog to get the band to play it properly. Because they didn't know shit till he started to teach them.

(Call Exhibit B: interview with Harkleroad two years ago in which he confirms that very thing, saying, "I just about knew what an A chord looked like".)

"Juvenile delinquents," declares the captain, in apparent dismissal, and Jan, with the solemnity of an acolyte, selects the tape of a dreadful TV show made in Chicago to demonstrate The Captain Now. A dreadful cacophony fills the room. It is barely distinguishable as "Abba Zabba." I can't tell if it's any good, the recorder's too awful. But I did

The brittle yarn

of a group's

liquidation.

The split wasn't

amicable

v's Duck Harkleroad

wonder why they hadn't chosen something new to play me.

At one point, I asked Beefheart, if he had all his compositions played exactly as they were first composed. "They can't be changed," he replies. "They were all right the way they were written."

Before the tape ends, he's brooding again. "That's the appreciation I get, for spending 400,000 dollars..."

Why do you suppose they left, after six years?

"I suppose they thought their term in the army was over. They identified me with the army because I got them out of it. They hid under my umbrella. Now they're out, they're mallards — ducking around in England saying funny things about me..."

"They left, you know, five days before a tour of England and the States. Bunch of juvenile delinquents. That's pretty far-out. That, I would say, is eccentric. Only, in this case, I'd say it was degenerate."

There are times when Beefheart sounds disquietingly like some follower of George Wallace discussing the youngsters of today. And other times when he's simply — paranoid.

"Zoot Horn's put up such a thing against himself now that I guess he'll be forced to retire. He'll never have to work again. He's used me for an excuse to destroy himself."

"He died on my doorstep. That's probably what he wanted to do all along."

The Captain strays briefly over other topics. He discusses the possible (always possible, never actual) publication of "Old Fart at Play", and runs over the lineup of his new band, which includes Indian Ink, Winged Eel Fingerling, and Drumbo. As he falters in his enumeration, Jan prompts him, and he growls at her to be silent: "Let me say it, all right? I mean, I can hardly talk as it is..."

He's soon back with the subject of the band.

"No I hated to say anything about those people. I hated, oh, to further their names. But after saying what they did... I thought that they, uh, left me no alternative but to show the music. I didn't want to. They forced me into it."

"And I'm not mad at them, other than, now, I am. But not that mad."

"I mean, I know they're sick. I mean, they've got to be sick."

"I mean, that's sick."

"I mean, it's sick for someone of that intelligence to say they could write something like 'Trout Mask.' You know."

Only once during our whole conversation has the Captain tried to introduce the subject of Van Gogh's ear. He hasn't mentioned whales at all. It seems to me that he's too weary in his heart to perform the kind of manic spiel that interviewers have come to expect from him.

Rather a relief, that. But why does he think his other interviews were different?

"Well, they were with men." With men?

"Sure, the competition between men and men is ridiculous. I haven't met one man that doesn't try to compete with me. It's sick. On their part."

You have to out jive them?

"Well, all I can do is jive with them, because they want to see a 'Let's you and him fight' situation. And it isn't hard for me to beat them at their own game. What else can I do?"

"I'd rather talk to a woman than a man anytime. I really think women are superior in most things. Don't you? I mean, don't you, though?"

"That's why I wrote 'Crazy Little Thing,' and 'Nowadays a Woman's Got to Hit a Man.'"

"And they say they wrote all that stuff? Well, they better do a damn good album. And from what I hear, it's horrible..."



"Bullshit not genius..."

Scared dogs bark the loudest, says Duck Harkleroad. He takes up 90 per cent of the air in a room. (cut-man CHRIS SALEWICZ)

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART (aka Don Van Vliet) moves in sufficiently mysterious ways for me to believe that Zoot Horn Rollo (aka Bill Harkleroad) may just possibly be very, very close to encountering some bizarre psychic punishment for daring to tamper with the subject of Mallard (aka The Magic Band).

You know, when someone is capable of coming out with "There are only forty people in the world and five of them are hamburgers" and calls in the tree surgeons in case the recording of "Trout Mask Replica" has caused the California pines any discomfort — as the Captain has stated and has done — a certain amount of unease is perhaps justified.

Why, only the other day, The Magic Band had phoned Don in the States and made him a financial offer to use the collective musical name plus their own personal *noms du disque*.

"Fine. Fine." Don had agreed. The very next day Don had his telephone disconnected so precluding further discussion of the matter.

Now this really was something of a problem. Don Van Vliet, you see, legally owns not just the name Magic Band but also the names Zoot Horn Rollo and Rockette Morton with which he christened Bill Harkleroad and Mark Boston for the liner notes of "Trout Mask Replica", "Lick My Decals Off", "The Spotlight Kid" and "Clear Spot".

Anyway, in late Spring of last year the Magic Band held the Captain together for the

necessary three days it took to make "Unconditionally Guaranteed" — the first Beefheart album released in this country on the Virgin label. A few days later, and only days before a British tour was scheduled to begin, the band split from Van Vliet causing the Captain to replace them with members of Buckwheat.

And now Magic Band 1 are here on 45 day excursion tickets laying down an album near Newton Abbot in Devon on Jethro Tull's mobile courtesy of "an anonymous backer".

With much reluctance — "It'll mean we have to start like a totally unknown brand new band" — Messrs. Rollo, Morton and Art Tripp (aka Ed Marimba) plus Sam Galpin, a singer they dug out from the supper club circuit (and who had never heard of Captain Beefheart and The Magic Band) have relinquished their hold on their original collective title and are intending to let themselves be known as Mallard, the title of one of the tracks recorded in Devon.

Harkleroad doesn't lend too much credence to what he sees as the self-hyped "powers" of Captain Beefheart. Leaning back in an oak rocking chair atop a decidedly funky five-storey Hampstead house and bemusedly tossing around the subject of Captain Beefheart as singer with the current Frank Zappa band, his concern is less with the genius of his former supposed maestro-leader than with his sanity.

"Zappa told Art Tripp about two months ago that there was no way to do it... That Don was too nuts!"

He shakes his head in bewilderment and then rushes in the qualification, "Although Frank wouldn't have said that, you

know. Frank's too careful a person to do that... No, I'm not saying he's nuts. But he's difficult, man."

"He's like the kind of person that would take up ninety per cent of the air in the room. I definitely thought he got a lot of credit for being a genius when it was pure bullshit."

And, of course, Beefheart has always claimed that all twenty-four "Trout Mask Replica" numbers were worked out by himself in one eight and a half hour stretch. And that he wrote them on piano without ever having previously touched the instrument...

"Right. True. He had never played the piano before and he didn't then. It was eight hours of this," Harkleroad simulates chopstick keyboard playing, "And then nine months of the band putting together the music."

"The music was put together by the band. Not by him. It was totally arranged by the band. At one point he said 'Here, play this chord to me'. And there happen to be ten notes in the chord and I play guitar which has six strings, right? So I said 'Hey, It's a little hard to do'. And he said 'Well, you'd better come up with the other four strings'."

In attempting such feats the Magic Band — Zoot Horn Rollo, Rockette Morton and Antennae Jimmy Semens — got themselves into a busy little schedule practising some... twenty hours a day.

Don Van Vliet, meanwhile, was foregoing such arduous self discipline, maintains Harkleroad. In fact, he states that during his whole six year musical career as Zoot Horn Rollo he saw the Captain turn up at maybe six or seven rehearsals, maximum.

But twenty hours of rehearsal a day? Isn't that perhaps just a little extreme? "I was nineteen years old. I was ready to conquer the world."

"As a lyricist he's one of the best I've ever heard in my life. He's not a musician... He got credit for doing a lot of music that he never did. It came from the band..." the guitarist's voice becomes faintly ironic as a relevant pause is delivered.

"It says 'Words and Music by Don Van Vliet' every album... Let's take 'Clear Spot'. I had a lot to do with the music on that. I virtually wrote a couple of tunes with his later putting his... whatever... to it. And the record we just did... I think when you hear that you'll hear the similarities because it came from the musicians." As did the arrangements which were supposedly worked out between Harkleroad and Ted Templeman. "Clear Spot's" producer: "And the way that I did it is very odd. Don would expect me to know how each tune was supposed to be. He would say 'This is how it's supposed to be'. And he didn't know and he didn't want to say. But all that telepathic... all that whatever. All that escape from the situation... But I'm getting a little harsh now."

So it's Captain Beefheart as little more than a Machiavellian music biz strategist tucked away behind the appropriate mask?

"Yeah," he sighs, "Yeah. He knows exactly what he wants. But he's running scared. The dog that barks the loudest is the one that's most afraid. Well, you know how loud he barks. That's how afraid he is."

"I just think it's a lot of paranoia — he's even paranoid about success. I'm not totally negating that part of it because yes, the man had (NB. Use of past tense) tremendous capabilities. He was intelligent. Very intelligent. But the way it came out and the way it was together... the patterns were very broken."

URIAH HEEP

Ain't No Fantasy...

... should be a big one.
Record Mirror

... not only are they very 'eavy
and very 'umble
but also bloody good.
Sounds

... This, their ninth album,
is probably their best ever.
Music Week

...A Chart-Smash
In U.K.
& Europe



URIAH HEEP
Return to fantasy.
ILPS 9335
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CAPITAL



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SATURDAY, JULY 19th

- 7 a.m.—"KERRYGOROUND" with KERRY JUBY. A special children's programme featuring a phone-in to your favourite pop stars.
- 9 a.m.—"CAPITAL COUNTDOWN" with ROGER SCOTT. Capital's new top 40 and climbers of the week.
- 12 noon—KENNY EVERETT with two hours of music and madness.
- 2 p.m.—"PERSON TO PERSON" with JOAN SHENTON.
- 4 p.m.—"LONDON LINK" with IAN DAVIDSON.
- 6 p.m.—"SOUL SPECTRUM" with GREG EDWARDS. Four hours of pure 'soul'.
- 10 p.m.—TOMMY VANCE with one hour of pure 'reggae'.
- 11 p.m.—TOMMY VANCE with AMERICAN PIE. A low down on the American hit scene.
- 2 a.m.—NIGHT FLIGHT with PETER YOUNG.

SUNDAY, JULY 20th

- 7 a.m.—"KERRYGOROUND" with KERRY JUBY.
- 9 a.m.—"SOLID GOLD SUNDAY"—TONY MYATT plays the hits of today and the greats from the past.
- 11 a.m.—GERALD HARPER with "A SUNDAY AFFAIR". Sweet Music, dedications, Champagne and Roses for lucky listeners.
- 2 p.m.—KENNY EVERETT with two hours of music and madness.
- 4 p.m.—"HULLABALOO" presented by MAGGIE NORDEN AND TONY LEE also PETER FAIRLEY introducing 'Fairley's World' and 'WOW'. Also featuring each week young DJ spots and Teenswop. Special interview with DAVID ESSEX.
- 6 p.m.—"THE COLLECTION" with PETER JAMES. A collection of classical music.
- 8 p.m.—"ALTERNATIVES" an Arts Review with SUSANNAH SIMONS. With special guests, interviews music and features.
- 9 p.m.—"A QUESTION OF FAITH" a phone-in on religion on 388 1255 with LOUIS ALEXANDER.
- 10 p.m.—"MARDI GRAS" music of the twenties and thirties with BRIAN RUST.
- 11 p.m.—TOMMY VANCE with LONDON'S HIT LINE. 30 most requested records by Capital's listeners.
- 1 a.m.—"NIGHT FLIGHT" with LOUIS ALEXANDER.

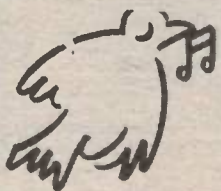
MONDAY, JULY 21st to FRIDAY, JULY 25th

- 6.30 a.m.—THE BREAKFAST SHOW with GRAHAM DENE.
- 9 a.m.—MICHAEL ASPEL with music, features, advice and Swap-shop on 388-1255 PLUS Sue Cook with "Super-Savers".
- 12 noon—CASH ON DELIVERY with DAVE CASH and Music with a BIG PRIZE COMPETITION. Plus 'Cash Quickies', 'Love In The Afternoon' which happens between 2.30 and 3.00.
- 3 p.m.—ROGER SCOTT with Music and special features "PEOPLE'S CHOICE" and "THREE O'CLOCK THRILL" which takes you back to a week from your past.
- 7 p.m.—"LONDON TODAY" Capital's feature magazine programme which tells you what's happening in London and who's doing it. Presented by JANE WALMSLEY and TONY LEE.
- 7.30 p.m.—"OPEN LINE" on 388 1255 with BRIAN HAYES from Monday-Thursday with one and a half hours of Argument and Comment.
- 9 p.m.—"YOUR MOTHER WOULDN'T LIKE IT" introduced by DAVE DEE
- 11 p.m.—TONY MYATT's late night on Capital. The best late music in town including a special musical competition.
- 2 a.m.—"NIGHT FLIGHT" live from Capital.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR FROM IRN

This information supersedes all previous bulletins.

Programmes are liable to alteration.



in tune with
LONDON

THE BOY FROM Upper Darby is pressed into the corner of a Blake's Hotel settee. He looks so much like a very glum rabbit that it's almost sad. Dejected, viewing me with suspicion. (Is this another jerk come to wind me up?)

Ironically, Todd Rundgren (former fave rave of the late Lillian Roxon, lead guitarist with Woody's Truck Stop and ace Philly mod in The Nazz) is feeling one of the fiercest critical-about-turn backlashes since Lennon released "Sometime In New York City" — and he's feeling it for the first time.

People who spattered their hero with applause appropriate to his zip-gun super soda-pop are now finding him plain unlistenable. Their change of heart is, of course, the direct result of Rundgren's own volte face, whereby his role as elaborate verbal ascetic has replaced the erstwhile cartoon phantasmagoria of the most precocious whizz 'id since Spector.

Aged twenty-two and Todd had mastered the studio! It was too good to be true!

Luckily for him there are still many fans who'll assure you he's remained completely consistent to his ideals. Anyone who cares to examine the lyrics to "Just One Victory" and "Sons Of 1984" will recognise a certain flow towards a goal, but the calculated reason he adopted, at times, is now the guiding light of an intense personal philosophy that is, how you say, lacking ze hu-nour.

When Rundgren characterised his mountains of pain we thought he had his tongue firmly in his cheek. When he said he was putting his life on the racks for an elpee's worth of toons or that "A man would have to be as mad as a hatter to try and change the world with a plastic platter" we all sniggered. I mean, anyone who calls an album "A Wizard/A True Star" is playing the self-parody stakes with a vengeance.

Now, all of a sudden, Rundgren is coming on heavy. You can no longer listen to him, digest, accept, or reject. It's not that simple. When an artist is this committed his audience are going to need to agree with almost all of what he says.

MIND YOU the cosmic mumbo-jumbo angle has been overstated.

Today he's closer to a sterilised pair of surgical forceps than an incense cone, which he'd conceivably construe as being frivolous.

At first sight it almost seems that he's driven the dregs of humanity out and consciously replaced them with technological hardware — the music mirrors the switch. A groove goes on forever. It contains a mix so extreme, so intricate that listening becomes a chore. Struggling to understand is no longer a pleasant task.

Last week Todd flew into London for the second time in three weeks to put across his doctrines and supervise weight training exercises using "A Treatise On Cosmic Fire" in place of dumbbells. A very honest, intense and lucid Todd — a little bit frightened too because he's not really off his box and those reviews might have pushed him into a corner.

Did they bug him I wondered? Todd stared testily into his orange juice:

"I don't care. Reviewers don't phase me, it's notoriously thankless work. I mean I never used to pay attention to the favourable write-ups."

But if your shell is so impenetrable why produce songs like "Death Of Rock 'n' Roll" and "Fair Warning" whose basic tenor is one of pompous self-defence and I-told-you-so congratulation?

"Well, they are my attitude to the entire scene. I don't get paid for my opinions..."

Now hold on —

"Well, only in the sense that a record is what I believe at a given time."

The Runt's radical change has at least resulted in increased sales. He's shifting records for the first time.

While Patti Smith, Richard Meltzer, Jon Landau, everyone and their uncle were raving about "Something/Anything", "Wizard" and "Todd" they weren't actually plating the public. Apparently didacticism is bigger business.

"I do have a greater following than ever, but I have no labels. Anything effective is a catalyst and my personality is only the vehicle for universal ideals. Things that everyone would express if they weren't so hung up on style. Apparently, it's O.K. to react favourably to Alice Cooper chopping up babies, whereas to represent more traditional ideals isn't."

That's part of a suicidal attitude which I've sensed as generally prevalent."

The serious, mature Todd (now a "real man") holds the fanatical hordes in deepest contempt, though he would seem to inspire the most definite brand of cultism, elitism currently available this season in Amerika.

"I don't think in terms of a following. If I have a traumatic effect on one person that's sufficient justification. You don't have to like it. Maybe people would rather not be bothered and get into violent, exorcist escapism. That's not my trip."

"I don't exploit drugs or sex. I don't wish any type of pop idolatry worship and I'm uncomfortable when it's expressed towards me cos I don't want to be anyone's favourite. I'm happy when the world is happy."

PHREW. That's a moot point. To counter, one could say that at times of economic recession people want to be cheered up rather than subjected to bombastic uncertainty or, if they're going to be, let it be responsible enough to recognise its own limitations.

At the moment Todd's game seems to be a refusal to take sides and he's adopted an irksome dual personality:

"Yeah but that's why I write songs about religion — to show that 'it won't do it'. Everyone wants snap answers; y'know, 'Is it Scientology? Is it the Guru Maharajji? The answer is there is no answer. You're gonna have to work your fuckin' butt off 'til you get what you want."

"I'm just saying what goes through my head, what I think is the truth. You can devote your life to that expression."

In any case Rundgren says side two of "Initiation" does contain musical statements of intent:

"I wanted to do music without words and I knew I'd catch shit for it. Some things you have to do which might be wrong, but if no one else does 'em you'll never know. Because of the financial recession people want to make a living, want to be safe, so there's not much exploration."

FAIR ENOUGH, but the transition from wacky, zappy Technicoloured Todd to fully-fledged Dogmatic Todd must even have surprised you. One day you're revolutionising the art of production-pop, with albums that equal Stevie Wonder's for that spark of life missing in most contemporaries, and the next you've got all valves on red alert writing songs for the nemesis. Muy strange.

I prepared my punch card and fed it in. Not a glimmer of a smile.

"I have accelerated and become measurably different. Before, I was developing a tech-

nique. I didn't have a singular talent and I got involved in the personality cult with all its connotations. One day I made computations and realised I didn't want to be the same as everyone else."

"I have this messianic image because I extract my personality so that other people can inject theirs onto the records."

For all Rundgren's admirable precision, some of the hypotheses on "Initiation" are the wrong side of intellectually unsound, although I found "Utopia" more questionable. When he does say something profound it's usually because he's strung so many truisms together that he can't go wrong.

Todd clinging to the astral planes is off-putting too. Perhaps he'll have a funny turn and then where will we be? Ten points for trying though, so what's the answer?

"I never claim to have one, it's all projected on me. I put in ideas, not formulae. If you think 'Initiation' is a philosophy you aren't going to get into it, cos I'm trying to draw people away from something that constricts them. It's my honest reaction to being alive."

"Bob Dylan's voice is pregnant with meaning, it doesn't need production, mine does. I'm working on the technological, urban outlook and wrapping up my experiences in appropriate terms."

"If I wanted to, I'd pound the streets foisting my opinions — but I don't. I don't care to because I want to speak with as little animosity as possible."

Rundgren's reaction to Alice A. Bailey's book is not as incredulous as I'd imagined. One thing he ain't is naive.

"I've never read it all the way through" (I doubt if anyone has), "but when I got interested in that literature a whole new world was open to me. While people are looking for escapism it might as well be Eastern philosophy as smack, or tantra as a venereal disease epidemic. It happens to be what my library is composed of and the discus-sion as I consider constructive are along those lines."

"My polarity as a person, as an example, means something to me, as opposed to say the polarity of a Lou Reed or an Al Green or anyone you look to for ideas."

But at least their ideas have something to do with life as she is lived (tho' I dunno about Lou), whereas you exist on a somewhat rarified level where technicality is all-powerful.

Todd raises his voice a notch and looks at me crossly:

"Depends on your ability to assimilate. I'll never do the same thing twice because I view my records in a historical perspective, as the exploration of a new language, not necessarily the finite result of the discourse of that language."

"Wizard's" new language was distilled on 'Todd' and now I'm in the process of another type which might evolve into something else."

"Actually I don't plan to make another album and won't unless I feel motivated."

So, maybe this is goodbye, although Rundgren has a tendency to go out on apocalyptic finales (sorry Pranas) somewhat similar to a Laura Nyro and Marvin Gaye.

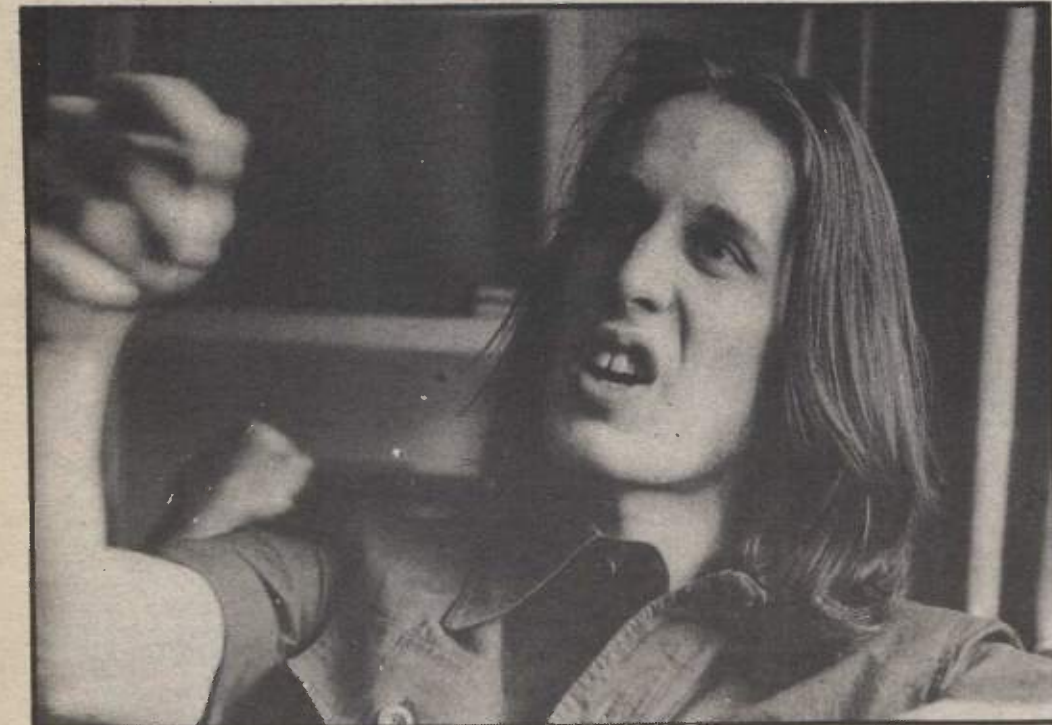
"That is my official goodbye to those who want the romanticist Todd Rundgren. He's not coming back. Or, there again, it could literally be goodbye. I might move into another medium or I might not express anything and become contemplative — absorb as opposed to produce."

Zany boy. TODD HAS always had a penchant for being refreshingly forthright. He once wrote a song called "Chain Letter" which began: "Don't take yourself too seriously/There are precious few things worth hating nowadays / And none of them are me."

Later there was "Why don't you love me? Is it my name?" — and best of all: "If I thought I knew what was good for you I

Showdowns:

MAX
BELL



would have done it for myself." Until finally we have: "It's only a song, pay me no mind."

Unfortunately, people who try to impress their own lack of import don't always mean it. Rundgren's self-effacement ruse may well be enough to get his fans right behind the banner. Otherwise why bother to make the statements?

But let's get specific. What does "Burn my useless body to the ground" really mean? And why the fire obsession?

"That's a childhood thing. It has a symbolic base in prime ethers, flame signifying energy. Energy is a hard word to use in a song, it doesn't sound good. Literally it identifies a mental

energy. The problem is that, before, people took me literally because I was writing specifically — now I'm talking about translated thought."

The Human Torch strikes again. And getting more extreme in the process.

Todd used to undermine his ego deliberately to build it up, but he kept both feet on the ground: you want the obvious, you'll get the obvious.

Now his thought patterns are often so oblique and elitist that I doubt if even he's let into the secret.

"My life is music constantly and so it seems that way, but the sound is only as dense as what is going on in my mind.

It's music on top of music; a song about a song. Music squared rather than to the first power."

Maths, eh? What about "The red polygon's only desire is to get to the blue triangle"?

"That's hard to literalise. Red is the lower part of the colour spectrum, blue is the higher. Hence infra to ultra. Red is a lower vibration and the polygon is the most unstable geometrical figure. The triangle is the... uh... most stable figure."

"In a human sense it represents the expansion of consciousness... umm... towards enlightenment."

Eureka! Thank you nurse, that will be all.

Expansion of consciousness — that's drugs and things, isn't it?

And it's common knowledge that our Todd had followed the examples of pioneering psychedelic hedonists Ken Kesey and Timothy Leary recently and popped the whole bottle. Or so we thought!

"I NEVER TOOK ACID! People who are ignorant like to equate acid and psychedelics in the same breath, but acid is a recent development, whereas hallucinogenics are as old as the human race."

"When people say 'acid' they think of a Sixties life-style and I purposely didn't take psychedelic drugs when everyone else did, for that very reason. I don't like to talk ignorantly, I prefer the educated standpoint."

"I specifically avoided the hippy-trippy, peace-and-love bit — and anyway I never used synthetic drugs. I used mescaline, mostly organic, and occasionally mushrooms. I want to paraphrase this by saying it's not a recommendation. Do what you have to do."

"My attitude was different to the average one, I took drugs to induce a mental change. The necessary effect was achieved."

Good. What about God, Todd (I rhymed the words carefully for effect).

"I believe in God, everyone does. Even atheists glorify chaos. My concept is indescribable, but the Christianity concept is for simple-minded people. Jesus Christ didn't give anymore of a shit for Jesus Christ than I do. My concepts are embodied in day-to-day experience."

Rundgren's corollary to this part of his daily existence lies in his conception of Utopia, though to call it a "City in my head" seems to whitewash the

Todd Rundgren: man, myth or rabbit?

OR HOW THUMPER SAW GOD AND DELIVERED THE WATERSHIP LOWDOWN. THIS PAGE IS TIMED TO SELF-DESTRUCT IN 15 SECONDS — SO GET READING!

issue rather conveniently.

"Mmm, it's tough to get into semantics. I used the word for its positive connotations — it's an idealised form of society which everyone has. If they get shit on by a cop they say 'If I ran the world there'd be no cops.' There's no specific perimeter."

"The band and I have formulated a Utopian work ethic, an avenue of communication that's rare amongst musicians. We've rejected the same things, like we don't just want to shock people. We have optimum communication between us and the audience — it's not a rock 'n' roll power trip."

"In another sense, I have actively realised my Utopia. I live idyllically in pleasant surroundings, have artistic freedom, get along with everybody, which enables me to be productive and contemplative. It's not a real life for everyone so I exemplify it by working. In the process I lose money because making my art available is a financial liability. I don't do it to make money."

He really doesn't. So far Todd has lost money on every Utopian tour. The fruits of the cosmos don't come easy.

He describes the stage act ominously: "As big as anyone's — ELP, yes, anyone," and says that he doesn't feel obligated to perform old material anymore: "Our audience rapport is such that they wouldn't be indignant if we left it out completely. We may do it for fun, but I don't intend to devote any energy to old work. It won't be done seriously."

Blow-ups:
JOE
STEVENS

YOU MAY HAVE gathered that the principles guiding Todd through the sticky brambles towards inner discovery have penetrated his whole being. Have they made him a nicer person?

"No one person has more value to me. If someone had my mother and a total stranger in a chair and threatened to shoot one I couldn't save my mother just because she was my mother."

"Marriage doesn't change that either. My personal relationships are based on reaction to me. If a person I love acts

like a total schmuck it doesn't matter and if a stranger is nice to me I love him. I look on everyone as a potential friend."

Yeah, how is the wife (Bebe) these days?

"I have no wife. I've never been married."

Rundgren's ability as either musician or producer/engineer has seldom been in doubt and there's no need to worry on his behalf. He cut his teeth supervising real heavies like The Band, Jesse Winchester, Paul Butterfield, and Janis Joplin — plus less successful excursions with comparative lightweights: the Dolls, Grand Funk, Badfinger, Halfnelson (later Sparks) and, most recently, Felix Cavaliere, Hall and Oates, and Fantasy.

All of which tended to overshadow his musical prowess.

Todd has no illusions on that score:

"You can find that 'playing in the studio' focus if you like, but recently I've paid more attention to my guitar. At present I can play guitar as well as anybody and I don't feel self-conscious in saying that."

"With anybody... including McLaughlin 'cos speed isn't a factor, it's emotional impact. I can create the illusion of speed as fast as him. He's creating the illusion of speed, the notes are just too fast to distinguish the music."

I'd go along with that, but what about Hendrix...?

"I'd say the same thing. That's a particular thing I get indignant about, glorifying the dead. What you do is crystallise someone's style and refuse to listen to anyone else."

"If McLaughlin had died after his third album he would have replaced Hendrix as everyone's favourite dead guitar hero. What happened to Clapton? No-one pays him attention anymore."

"It's just a fact that if I concentrate I can create as great an effect as anyone."

He's so deadpan that he means it too — although creating good music requires more ingredients than a studio alone can offer. You don't always create a pleasant effect do you?

"No — but what is good or bad music? I can effect... say,

a perfect Beach Boys impersonation if I wanted to. I could imitate Todd Rundgren for ever if I wanted, but if I do there's gonna be aspects of music left untouched because so many musicians are constrained by their ability."

MAYBE Rundgren is right and synthetic electronic music will save the day. His audience obviously subscribes to that belief:

"I get a lot of mail from kids who really get into it and that business about 'goodbye' upsets the hell out of 'em."

So if that's not adulation, what is? Rundgren fixes me an icy frown.

"It isn't personality worship. They realise that if I didn't do it no-one else would. A lot of my fans (sic) see me as a singular entity, because of what I do, not who I am. To a lot of them the records aren't accessible the first time (count me in bud), and they'll document the entire metamorphosis they've gone thru."

"It could take a year, or sometimes they won't understand until the next one comes out. It's not as simple as records you can dance to."

True, very true.

Todd refutes any allegations that he'll turn into a C.P.A. or a Roneo Vickers machine if he's not careful:

"I have a great love of The Human Concept which most people won't acknowledge. I believe that human beings have a specific purpose... Go on, Todd, I'm all ears."

"The reason why Mars and Venus are apparently barren is 'cos we're not there to enjoy them. This is such a lush green planet 'cos we are here to appreciate it. If we weren't there'd be no usefulness in all the flowers and little animals. It exists solely for the human aesthetic."

"Most people think in conventional terms; grow up, go to school, get a job, live until you're seventy, drop dead, have a nice funeral."

"I think that's bullshit."

Anyone this bound up in his life-work would have to be for real, or a very good hypocrite, and Rundgren is hardly in a position to organise rock'n'roll's first counter coup d'état, even if he can reproduce nearly everything else on his Putney when he slams his skull to it.

Doc Frankenstein and Faraday had nothing on this carrot:

"I don't have a good sense of pre-cognition, I'm no Edgar Casey, but it has all made sense to me. It's my groundwork for the next phase. I have a very cinematic sense of working, always with a beginning, ending plot and stars. It's all dynamically-related material."

What he's lost in lyrical vision he's gained in maximising the energy needed to produce his art. By comparison the result is like viewing a painting alongside a photographic image of that painting (his simile):

"I continue to do interviews because it's much easier for me to get a straight idea over verbally. Most people are into the pinning down of an idea. I write songs from yet another level where there's a syllogistic happening between music and words. There are many other ideas I can't verbalise."

TO TODD'S way of thinking, the evolution from runty punk to balls-out freedom-fighter fits nicely into the grand scale of events. He's a stage nearer his objective. The trouble with this newfound Captain Marvel righteousness is that it seems aimed at the listener instead of inside him.

'Wizard'-era Rundgren was a Zen Archer in Amusement City, comic strip master, neo-Smokey Robinson tunesmith, a white heavyweight champion.

So far the aftermath — earnest self-discovery — has proved a poor replacement and no matter how much I agree with his reasoning I find it's getting harder, almost impossible, to sympathise with his method of delivery.

Meanwhile, we've been through Utopia and indulged his Initiation.

The only conclusion I've drawn from them is that regular perfection gets boring and Todd Rundgren's talent once seemed too valuable to get hung up on perfection.

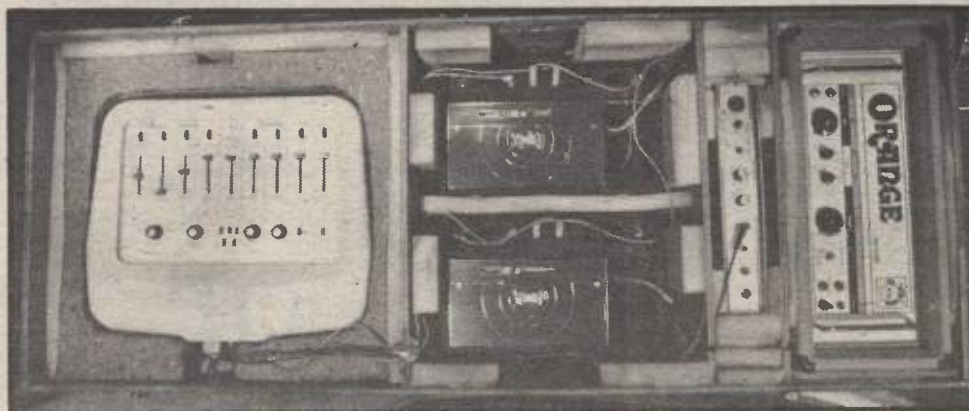
Playing In The Band

The coffin and other stories

... which is actually about guitarists, but the connection will eventually become apparent. **REX ANDERSON** talks to **MILLER ANDERSON**, **DEREK GRIFFITHS** and **MARTIN BRILEY**



MARTIN BRILEY'S custom job; note the do-it-yourself fascia decoration.



THE COFFIN: abandon hope all ye who pilfer here.



How do you face up to what's going on today?

Everybody's agreed that society today isn't what it should be. But how many are actually prepared to face up to the problems and help sort them out?

The reaction of some people is to shrug their shoulders, change the subject, bury their heads in the sand.

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LET'S TAKE a look at some guitarists: On one hand we've got two guys who play in a band not as rhythm and lead but rather attempt to complement each other, and on the other, one guy who has to do the job of two guitarists.

First, the complementary fellows, Miller Anderson and Derek Griffiths of Dog Soldier — which is my kind of band, for what that's worth.

Before launching into an account of their style, let me mention that I myself have been doing some jamming lately, and we've been putting it on tape to see what has come out. Most of it sounds a mess. Half the time we're searching for something we can all hold onto, and the rest of the time we are all off on our own.

There's nothing very complementary about any of it.

We have arguments about working out a plan before we start.

Now, Miller says that when he and Derek play there is nothing planned. And Derek adds: "The only thing we set out not to do is sound like Wishbone Ash. That sort of playing sounds difficult but it's not."

He says it's far more difficult to play complementary patterns, the skill being in keeping out of each other's way. Miller says the main thing is knowing what not to play: "We watch each other and listen."

Derek: "I can honestly say that most people I admire are people who play within themselves. It's easier to play a flurry of notes that don't mean anything."

"If we tried to play our asses off it would sound ridiculous. Some numbers I solo on and some Miller. Some we do together."

Miller: "My guitar style is really acoustic while Derek's is electric."

Derek: "He plays a percussive style. We both have individual styles. If I thought I was copying somebody I'd give up."

Miller: "I like a clean sound like you get with an acoustic. I never touch an electric unless I'm on stage."

Derek: "I regard myself more as an electric guitar player. I'm not a great finger picker. I do like the warm sound you get from a four by 12 set."

Miller: "I always like to hear other people play through a stack, but when I play it doesn't sound as good. It freaks me when it goes wallop in my ear. I would like to think I was a guitar player in the same bag as Stills, Henry McCullough and Neil Hubbard although I appreciate other styles as well."

Derek: "Hendrix masterminded the electric guitar. A long time ago I used to listen to a lot of Kenny Burrell. Santana has some nice things to say.

Cale is so sweet and tasteful. But I can get off on Leo Kottke playing incredible finger picking guitar. McLaughlin is one of my big heroes although that is not my approach. My approach is a couple of pints of bitter and get it on."

Miller: "I fall asleep during a concert. I like a good song myself. We don't fill in each other's gaps. That would make it sound to the audience like one guitarist doing his pieces through the whole number. If Derek plays a fill I play a fill. If he is playing something that is pretty much Derek, I take a back seat."

Derek: "We go on stage with a pretty loose format. Sometimes we put things in that we haven't rehearsed. We try to play things together spontaneously. At the last gig in Manchester I came to the end of my solo, Miller didn't go up to sing and the piano didn't come in so we both walked to the middle of the stage and I played a single note thing and Miller played over the top of it."

Miller's favourite guitar is a Martin D 35, but on stage he mainly uses an Epiphone Riviera — which is 15 years old and like a 335 but with different pick ups. He uses a Fender Twin Reverb with JBL speakers.

Derek has a 12-year-old ES 335 Gibson that he's owned since it was new. He also has a 10-year-old Les Paul and a black Fender Strat with a maple neck. He uses a 100 watt Laney and two four-by-12 Laney cabinets with Celestion speakers. He also uses a Morely Power wah wah and swell pedal, and an MXR phaser and an Echoplex — sparingly.

HOWEVER, THE man to talk to about equipment is Martin Briley of Greenslade.

Now Greenslade had always used a bass player who played solos like a guitarist. And when Martin joined he was filling a slot that had always cried out for a guitarist anyway — but he had to be a bass player as well.

The answer was a double-neck guitar made for him from two of his own guitars by Sam Li.

There was no attempt to compromise. Li took the top off the bass and the bottom off the Strat bodies and joined them together. The Strat is believed to date back to 1958, and the bass is a Rickenbacker 4001 Stereo. All the electrics were transferred to the bottom of the

double body.

The whole thing weighs 14 lbs and Martin reckons the weight is badly distributed: "It's heavier in the neck than in the body, but that's one of the penalties you have to pay for getting your two favourite guitars put together."

An interesting feature is the face of the instrument, which has a transparent perspex cover that can be removed. Behind this perspex can be placed sections of posters, sheets of wall-paper or any other pieces of artwork — thus changing its appearance in whatever way you wish.

This amazing piece of schizoid machinery is then fed into one of the most comprehensive effects systems I have ever encountered. (Things get a bit complex about now!)

There are three leads, one from the guitar and two from the stereo bass. The bottom lead of the bass leads direct to one channel of the bass amp.

The other bass lead goes through a Big Muff fuzz box and a Schaller Rotosound and from there into the second channel of the bass amp. All the effects buttons are housed in a pedal board but the effects units themselves are in a large coffin, which is the heaviest piece of equipment the band has.

The coffin has the added advantage of cutting out the theft problem which tends to plague musicians backstage. No odd roadie or ligger can filch any of the effects because they're bolted into the coffin which is joined to the pedal board by a thick cable. Fortunately few people turn up back stage with a pair of bolt cutters and a forklift truck.

The guitar part of the instrument feeds into a Big Muff, then to a ZB swell pedal and then into the pedal section of a Synthi Hi Fli. The leads from the Hi Fli, housed in the coffin, split to go to two Gibson Maestro Echoplexes wired in parallel.

From there they join up again and run to an Orange spring reverb unit. After that they finally run into an amp.

Martin has two Hiwatt 100 stacks, one carrying the bass and the other the guitar. These drive four cabinets which are cross patched so he can hear the sound from wherever he is. The whole thing was put together by Greenslade's technical expert, Steve Jackson.

The result is a dramatic variety of sounds which Martin admits he is not using to full potential — because for much of the band's present material they are not required.

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ON THE TOWN



In The Wet

By Charles Shaar Murray

10cc
Steeleye Span

CARDIFF

DEKE LEONARD is getting incoherent.

"I'm goin' to die, man, I know I'm going to die out there," he expostulates, lightly thumbing the panic button stage left as what TV newscasters like to refer to as "torrential rain" strafes the grounds of Cardiff Castle and an endless vista of drowned hippies shelter beneath the translucent minarets of their cheap umbrellas.

Someone reverently places an orange pendant around his neck. Leonard snatches it off, eyes bulging, as if it were a loaded scorpion, and then, his fears somewhat mollified, replaces it, collects his Gibson

SG and plods manfully out onto the stage, from which a "floating earth" had only a few minutes before been removed.

Foster, Man's guide, philosopher and friend, groans. "Buxton part two, this is," he observes mordantly.

Indeed, it seems to be Part Of Mans Lot to end up playing open-air gigs which turn into open rain gigs. Most of the stage is taken up by 10 c.c.'s gear, which, as per contract rider, Stays Put, which leaves Man, as it had Thin Lizzy earlier, right on the lip of the stage with the rain blowing right onto them.

Let's hear it for showbiz.

Let's hear it also for the Cardiff police who wouldn't let the press coach onto the grounds, thus ensuring that all the imported observers missed Thin Lizzy's opening set, which was reportedly magnificent (according to an informal poll

of stage crew and members of Man and Steeleye Span).

God moves in mysterious ways, because if it hadn't been for the rain Cardiff Castle would've been a great gig for everybody.

It's an extremely pleasant setting, the place was packed to bursting despite the weather and, as we shall see in a moment, all the bands turned in what were under the circumstances far more than creditable sets.

The audience displayed in full measure the degree of fortitude and enthusiasm which nearly always seems to accompany the juxtaposition of rock and roll and Noah-type weather — indeed, when we arrived the Castle was surrounded by a massive queue which, as we later discovered, was composed entirely of ticketless humans attempting to gain access to the premises.

And so we return to Man, who taking their lives in their hands and the bit between their teeth, play a whomin' stompin' set that easily gains in warmth and energy what it loses in subtlety.

Opening up shop as usual with Deke's "7171551", they punched it out right nice and the audience got its teeth to chatter on the beat. Deke was later to mutter something about "getting through that one on automatic pilot", but it didn't sound that way.

Micky Jones in particular played quite exceptionally well, and considering the hardly advantageous circumstances the sound was surprisingly good.

Even though the show had been brought forward by an hour, in order to (a) attempt to compensate for the inevitable delays and (b) get some music in front of a less than comfortable audience, things still ran — inevitably — way behind schedule.

Things got so desperate that grim tales soon circulated about representatives of 10 c.c. and/or the promoters attempting to pull the plug out of Man, but be that as it may, the promoter ended up offering Man £250 to get straight off the stage at one point.

As it was, they ended up reducing their set from an hour and a half to a little under an hour, ending with a damp but exciting "Many Are Called But Few Get Up".

Moving right along, it didn't take more than three-quarters of an hour to do an equipment

change-over and get Steeleye Span on stage (gold star and a tick in the margin to both bands' road crews).

As the band got the intro to "Royal Forester" off the ground, Maddy Prior was warming up in the wings doing soul dancing and engulfing awesome quantities of wine, and as she hit the stage — the heavens ceased to pour forth their bounty on the unappreciative masses below, who responded by ditching their umbrellas and responding a trifle more physically than they had been able to previously.

It's been some little while since I last saw Steeleye live, mainly because on the previous two occasions they had seemed to be well under par, and it's depressing to see a band for whom you have some considerable musical and personal regard playing what is — by their own standards — inferior sets.

Bearing all this in mind, Your Humble Servant is happy to be able to inform you that Steeleye's performance at Cardiff reminded me of why I started liking them in the first place.

What makes Steeleye happen is the boundless energy set up by Kinetic Powerdrive Ltd. (Rick Kemp and Nigel Pegrum to you), and the chemistry produced by the underpinning of wildly beautiful songs from what seems like a different universe but is simply our own collective past (yer actual National 'Eritage is what I mean) with the rampaging electrical/technological power of here/now.

When it's working right the Steeleye time-warped trick is a benign and wonderful thing; a fact which communicated itself more than adequately to the audience.

Owing to time/space pressure and other varieties of mixed-up confusion, Steeleye's set was somewhat curtailed but they wisely opted to finish their bit with a medley which Peter Knight is fond of referring to as "sum chunes".

"Sum chunes" means a demented grab-bag of jigs and reels with an escalating accelerando, and the final breakneck whirl resulted in certain members of the Damp And Huddled Masses doing almost exactly that.

Finally, the Main Event, your friends and mine, 10 c.c., whose show is currently infinitely better than it's ever been before.

They seem to be rocking out a lot less self-consciously than they used to and they don't look so much as if they were back in Stockport with headphones clamped round their skulls messing with the



I can't
stand
the rain
(though the bands
are pretty hot)

Listen to the rhythm of the falling rain



Pix by
Ian Dickson

Dolbies.

From the opening "Silly Love" to the final boooooogiedown "Rubber Bullets", they gave a fairly convincing demonstration of their credentials as one of Britain's most consistently interesting and entertaining bands — and also proved that "One Night In Paris" is a far better stage number than anyone would've thought when listening to the album.

Now for the bad news.

Despite all the improvements to the show in terms of feel, staging, playing, quality of live sound, etc., a 10 c.c. is still a case of reproducing music conceived and created for/in the studio in a live situation.

It's no coincidence that they introduce numbers with "and now we'd like to play another track from..." Despite their studio pre-eminence, 10 c.c. will

never be a *great* (as opposed to simply *good*) stage band until their performances take on an identity of their own and exist as something more than simply stagings of recorded performances.

Groups of the standing of, say, The Who or the Stones and Led Zep develop things to the point where their records and their performances don't necessarily attempt to duplicate each other, but *complement* each other; and ultimately your memories of one experience colours the other, producing a far more three-dimensional effect.

Even at their best 10 c.c. make me feel I'm watching a videocassette.

Memo to the organisers of the Reading Festival: the first promoter who learns how to control weather conditions will probably end up ruling the world.

ON THE

This piece is about ...

Montreux Festival

WITHOUT hesitation, I'd swap places with Claude Nobs any day of the week. But then, so would most people that I know, being that this multi-lingual Swiss born entrepreneur holds down, what must surely be the most enviable gig in the entire music industry.

His professional life-style is a veritable wet dream in the contemplation; a carte blanche fantasy in which he writes the script, directs the action and plays the leading role.

For the last nine years, Nobs has been entirely responsible for masterminding the prestigious Montreux Jazz, Rock and Blues Festival, a unique arrangement that (each year) allows him the indulgence of assembling his favourite international artists and, for almost three weeks, presenting them in the idyllic environment of Montreux.

Unlike other impresarios, Nobs doesn't have to consider whether a cavalcade of old Texas bluesmen, a gospel choir or a bunch of avant garde Japanese jazzmen constitute a commercial proposition. If he likes 'em, he books 'em and that's that!

Seldom is either his faith or judgement wrong.

The fact that Nobs is restricted to a budget of \$10,000 a night doesn't in anyway deter him from going after Big Fish. His gently persuasive manner has already attracted artists of the calibre of Aretha Franklin, Led Zeppelin, The Rolling Stones, Santana, Roberta Flack, Dr. John, Cat Stevens, Ella Fitzgerald, Fats Domino, Count Basie and even ole penny-pinchin' Chuck Berry... each of them content to appear at the festival for a mere fraction of their usual fee.

Aside from the scenery — the town rests at the foot of the Alps on the shores of Lake Geneva — playing Montreux has more immediate and far-reaching benefits than most other festivals.

To fully appreciate this, first let me backtrack to the mid-sixties when, as an employee of the Swiss Tourist Office, Claude Nobs began promoting small jazz gigs and organising the live attractions for the equally prestigious Annual Montreux Golden Rose TV Award Festival.

Having made two pilgrimages to the famous Newport Jazz Festival at Rhode Island, Nobs became obsessed with the idea of transforming Montreux into the jazz and blues capital of Europe.

Realising that (for the time being), it was virtually impossible to raise the vast bankroll required to airlift in the kind of talent that graced Newport, Nobs decided to approach Swiss Radio with a plan to organise a European Jazz Band Competition.

Run in conjunction with the European Broadcasting Union, the idea was that, each member-country would sponsor a band, in return for territorial broadcasting rights to the entire festival.

To make the scheme even more appealing, the winning band would receive an all-expenses-paid working trip to Newport.

In two years the Montreux Festival was firmly established on an international basis.

Nobs made the event even more alluring by offering (free-of-charge) the mastertapes to interested record companies for possible commercial release.

When "Swiss Movement" — a Made-In-Montreux album teaming Les McCann and Eddie Harris — not only topped Billboard's jazz chart but, also dented the upper echelons of the Hot 100, Nobs quickly realised that he had initiated an

added (and most lucrative) incentive to motivate artists to come to Montreux.

Then, with the installation of video-tape recording facilities, he was in a position to make the kind of offer few artists could refuse.

Relaxing in his bizarre house-cum-office, Nobs reveals his strategy.

"In just under eight years," he says, "the festival has produced in excess of 100 live albums — many of which have been best sellers."

"Now, for an artist to record a live album anywhere else would cost them upwards of \$10,000 and then they can't be certain of the quality. But here in Montreux, we have set ourselves an extremely high standard by assembling what is now acknowledged to be the most sophisticated and up-to-date recording studio in the whole of Europe."

"The desk is equipped with 2 x 24 tracks so that we are able to record anything and everything without the problems that usually occur when recording a live album."

Nobs then goes on to disclose just how the basic economics of staging such a mammoth event are worked out to be mutually attractive.

"The record companies take it upon themselves to pay the artists air fares. Montreux then offers a nominal fee which is standard for either a gala concert or the festival. The minimum is usually \$500 and the maximum \$5,000."

"On top of this, we accommodate the artists and their entire entourage for three nights in the very best hotels and also supply their ground transportation to and from Geneva Airport. Basically, it's a working vacation, but seeing that all their expenses are being picked-up, the artists can still walk away with quite a bit of money, considerable media and press exposure, plus a possible album and promotional video tapes."

"There's no way that an artist can lose out by coming here," Nobs insists.

"When you take into consideration that we average 1,500-2,000 people each night, it may sound like a joke when you compare it to the line-up of talent. But, the whole concept of Montreux is to present each artist in a large club atmosphere and not in some massive stadium where the acoustics are poor, the surroundings are terrible, half the audience can't see and the performer feels very uncomfortable."

"Because of our capacity, I'm very careful about keeping a low profile over the billing. I can't afford to create the situation that occurred at Newport when the bill was so heavy that, there was absolutely no way the organisers could accommodate and control the crowd."

"I know I could get Led Zeppelin, but I don't want to use certain acts to overdraw. Personally, I'd rather have 50 empty seats and everyone happy and under control than have 2,000 frustrated fans outside trying to break down the doors."

"Sure, I know that this sounds totally uncommercial for me to say but, that's the



Rory Gallagher aussi



Mon. Nobs smiles because he is a success...

A Swiss festival with Nobs on

and ROY CARR wrote it

only way to run an event like this and, for nine years it has worked perfectly."

According to Claude Nobs, last year's shindig showed a small profit, but usually with the help of such sponsors as Coca Cola and various breweries, they just about break even. If there is a loss then the Montreux Tourist Board absorbs it.

In many instances, sponsorship isn't just confined to hard cash. Backstage, Paiste of Switzerland has assembled a veritable weaponry of instruments.

"Unless a band uses specially modified amps," says Nobs, "then all that they need to bring with them is their guitars, horns and a change of clothes, because anything else that they might need is already here for them to use."

Over the years, Claude Nobs' role has extended far beyond that of the festival's director, he's now also regarded as being something of a perceptive band-fixer.

Two weeks before Van Morrison was due to arrive in Montreux, he sacked his entire band. It was left up to Nobs to assemble a crack unit around the unpredictable Irishman. Likewise, when Junior Wells and Buddy Guy were contracted, Nobs managed to strongarm Bill Wyman and Dallas Taylor to act as sidemen.

This year, he has encountered little difficulty in getting John Paul Jones, Rory Gallagher and Pete Wingfield to spend three days rehearsing a repertoire with Etta James.

"When I decide to put together things like the Etta James tribute I never have any problems about the billing, because everyone has a deep respect for their fellow artists. In Montreux, musicians are free to play with whom they want to without any suggestion of a rip-off, so it's not uncommon for a concert to carry on until five or six in the morning."

"That's how the album with Champion Jack Dupree and the late King Curtis materialised."

All well and good, but business is still business. So, after she'd turned down small fortunes from various European promoters, how did Claude Nobs persuade Aretha Franklin and her entire package to appear not only once, but twice at

Montreux for an inclusive fee of just \$5,000?

"It was quite simple," admits Nobs who won't take "no" for an answer. "I flew to New York, went direct to Aretha's manager and presented my project."

Needless to say, Atlantic Records were pessimistic of his chances, but nevertheless guaranteed to cover the transportation costs should the Lady agree. And, she did.

Seemingly, what impressed both Aretha and her management was the fact that Claude Nobs was the only European promoter who had bothered to present his offer in person.

Aretha devastated Montreux. Her musicians jammed with everyone in sight and, by way of a personal "Thank you", Aretha invaded Nobs' kitchen where she cooked soul food while her band supplied the live entertainment.

Not all of Nobs projects have succeeded. An attempt to persuade the Allman Brothers Band to play Montreux fell through, but somewhere in the middle of the negotiations, the late Duane Allman personally invited Nobs onstage at the Fillmore to blow a little harp with the Brothers.

"To tell you the truth," he says, "an artist's written contract doesn't mean anything. For me, the thing that really counts is the word of someone I trust and respect. I've had Led Zeppelin in Montreux on three separate occasions and never a contract or a letter of agreement. Peter Grant told me that Zeppelin would accept whatever I could pay and that was the deal."

"Likewise, though I'll honour any special requirements, I'm not interested in fulfilling ten pages of contract riders. I'm far more interested in offering artists something they can't find in any other place they visit. It's not money that's involved but a bit of imagination."

Among the special "extras" is the installation of video-cassette machines in the artists' hotel suites together with a cache of Montreux tapes... a courtesy he provides in his extra-curricular capacity as WEA's European Concert Tour Co-ordinator.

The last time the Stones played Switzerland they wat-

ched recordings of Muddy Waters and Chuck Berry until dawn. Likewise, this little toy kept the entire Warner Brothers Music-Tour enraptured and out of mischief and recently made a hotel recluse of Sinatra.

This year, Norman Granz is taking over two complete evenings at Montreux to present his Pablo Recording artists. With an eye to the future of video-discs, Granz is shelling out over four times the Festival budget to assemble Ella Fitzgerald, the Oscar Peterson trio, Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Joe Pass, Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, Johnny Griffin, Milt Jackson, Benny Carter, Eddie Davis, Louis Bellson and at least a dozen more leading jazz stars on the same stage.

Though this year's festival is far from over, Nobs has already drawn up plans for next year's 10th Anniversary. Aware that the two biggest concerts-on-film were "Jazz On A Summer's Day" and "Woodstock", it's Claude Nobs' intention to shoot next year's event as a full-length feature film.

Claude Nobs once insisted that presenting Elvis in Montreux would have been the pinnacle of his career. Today, not only does he feel that such a task would be too easy, he also feels that it wouldn't be worth the effort.

It's being able to present such an underrated artist as Etta James that has brought him fulfillment. And, it's his sheer determination that will enable him to rescue blind blues artist Snooks Eaglin from obscurity.

"Snooks should have come over here two years ago with Dr. John, but Eaglin's wife suddenly raised the price from \$1,000 plus expenses to £10,000, which is silly because they were so broke he didn't even own a guitar. But if it's the last thing I ever do I'm going to bring Snooks Eaglin to Montreux and show the world what a great artist he is."

Just then the phone rings. It's John Paul Jones asking Nobs if he can advance him several thousand Swiss Francs.

"No problem at all," Nobs says into the receiver. Then turning to me, states, "Did I tell you that I also worked in a bank for some time."

Bay City Rollers
BRISTOL

THERE'S a well-known television ad for Homepride flour which features several little men known as flour graders who leap into a lumpy bag of flour, jump up and down, make muffled sounds and then emerge somewhat dusty but looking pleased with themselves.

See the ad and in 30 seconds you'll have a rough idea of what a 40 minute Rollers gig is like.

Bristol was the gig the band cancelled on the last tour, so the 2,000 odd crowd had waited some two months to become acquainted with the five fledglings from Scotland.

And the girls' fervour knew no bounds.

At four in the afternoon they were scouring the nearby hotels screeching up at windows, "We know you're in there, it's no good hiding." All to no avail.

For those who weren't fully aware which building was the Colston Hall it immediately became recognisable by the ambulances parked outside and the police and St. John's ambulance men presiding by the entrance.

And inside (where it was soft drinks only) in the refreshment lounge was manager Tam Paton chatting to the kids about Eric and Derek etc., trying desperately not to be seen in case he was spotted signing autographs.

The band came on stage at 8.30 — no I'm wrong, they leapt on stage at 8.30. They do a lot of leaping, and fair leapt into "Shang A Lang".

Leslie McKeown seems to be the big scream hero, a fact of which he is apparently fully cognisant. He also leaps the most.

Didn't know the second number they played, but the third was "The Disco Kid" followed by their early hit "Keep On Dancing", all greeted by ear-piercing screams.

The personality of the band is shown through various actions. Leaps (*screech*), hand waves (*screech*), the odd bending of the knee (*screech*), turning your back on the audience and slightly (only slightly) wiggling your bum (*screech*) and the highlight of all, occasionally bending down to touch outstretched hands (*screech*, followed by quick *faint*).

The numbers they play all begin to sound the same 15 minutes into the gig but what they play, (and indeed how they play it) becomes immaterial.

Just a leap, bound, wave and a smile and that's all that's required.

(*Screech*) Oh dear Leslie and Eric have their arms around each other for "Just A Little Love", still it's not as embarrassing as the high kicking that accompanied the old Isley Brothers number "Shout".

(*Screech*) Derek the drummer has come out front to join in the hand-holding during "Remember" and encourages us all to sing.

Those at the front obey the command — but it is not good enough for McKeown who informs the audience if they don't do better the band will go home. (*Screech*) followed by massed Bristol accented "shoo be doo ways". And finally McKeown concedes "We'll stay". (*Screech*).

Now if I hadn't seen it myself, I'd never have imagined that the BCR's were into body language. But during "Be My Baby" Eric and Leslie do something together on stage that looks most uncomfortable. Their knees interlocked, it quite turned my stomach.

Alan (I'm too old so I'll quit. No I won't. I'm staying on because of all the petitions) takes lead vocals on "Rock 'n' Roll Honey-moon" and sounds none too bad. In fact he seems quite a competent bass player.

Now I'd heard (had you?) that there have been occasions when guitar sounds have been ringing out only for it to be discovered not even plugged in. So giving rise to rumours that certain (if not all) of

TOWN

JAZZ

THURSDAY

BARNET Red Lion: STEVE LANE'S SOUTHERN STOMPERS
BETHNAL GREEN Rochelle School: MICK COLLINS REHEARSAL BIG BAND
BRENTFORD Bricklayers Arms: JOHN KEEN
BECKENHAM Three Tuns: STEAM
COVENT GARDEN 7 Dials: MIKE PYNE SEXTET
DRURY LANE White Hart: MICKI FRANCIS QUIN-
TET
FLEET STREET Wolsays Wine Bar: TOM BRIDGES TRIO
GREENWICH The Mitre: RON RUSSELL JAZZ BAND
GLOUCESTER ROAD: Stanhope: GOTHIC JAZZ BAND
HOLLAND PARK Duke of Clarence: YELLOW DOG JAZZ BAND
ISLINGTON Kings Head: STEVE PHEASANT QUIN-
TET
LONDON W.1 Ronnie Scott Club: ALEX WELSH-JOHN BENNETT BANDS
LONDON W.11 Duke of Clarence: YELLOW DOG JAZZ BAND
LONDON W.C.1 New Merlins Cave: DAVE MAW-
SONS DIXIELAND BAND
MAYLEBONE Golden Eagle: JOHN GILL
MERTON Ye Olde Leather Bottle: TONY LEE TRIO
NORTHOLT The Target: NEW IBERIA STOMPERS
PUTNEY Half Moon: MIKE DANIELS BIG SWING BAND
PUTNEY Flanagan's: NEW ERA JAZZ BAND
ST. ALBANS The Goat: STAN GREIG QUINTET
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: TERRY WILSON JAZZ BAND

FRIDAY

BECKENHAM Three Tuns: WEST END STOMPERS
CROUCH HILL, Stapleton Hill Tavern: NEW ERA JAZZ BAND
CROYDON The Gun: WEST LONDON LINEUP
DEVON Beaford Arts Centre: MIKE WESTBROOK BRASS BAND
EARLS COURT Troubadour Coffee House: ERIC LIS-
TERS BLUE JAZZ
GREENWICH The Mitre: KEITH NICHOLS RAG-
TIME IAND
HAMPTON COURT Thames Hotel: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HOLLOWAY N. London Poly: JUST US — ELTON DEAN
LONDON N.W.1 Martha's Wine Bar: POWDER MILL
LONDON W.C.1 New Merlins Cave: JOHN PICARD BAND
LONDON W.1 Soho Poly: THE 4 PULLOVERS — STEVE BERESFORD
LONDON W.1 Thornbury Castle: JOHN GILL
LONDON W.1 Central London Poly: CHAMBERPOT — EDDIE PREVOST BAND

SATURDAY

BATTERSEA Rising Sun: GOTHIC JAZZ BAND
BISHOPSGATE Peanuts Club: HARRY MILLER AND FRIENDS
BRENTFORD Bricklayers Arms: BRICK SIX
CHELSEA Trafalgar: WEST END STOMPERS
CROYDON Red and White Vine Bar: ROY BELCHER QUARTET
DRURY LANE White Hart: TOWN CRYER
FULHAM Fulham Volunteer: YELLOW DOG JAZZ BAND
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: PETER THORNTON'S NEW TIGER RAGAMUFFINS
LONDON N.W.3 Club Calabash: RAM AND THE RAMALITES
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: DAVE JAMES BUG BAND
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: ROD MASON & PARAGON JAZZ BAND
SOMERSET Bridgewater Arts Centre: MIKE WESTBROOK BRASS BAND

SUNDAY LUNCHTIME

BATTERSEA Town Hall Community Centre: LARRY STABBINS/MARCIO MATTOS
DRURY LANE Prince of Wales: LEN SAUNDERS JAZZ BAND
GREENWICH Greenwich Theatre: IAN BIRD
HOLBORN The Rumbowl: SANDY SAUNDERS /TONY WAINWRIGHT
HIGHGATE Ye Olde Gate House: GENE COTTRELL /PETE CHAPMAN JAZZ ENSEMBLE
LONDON W.C.1 New Merlins Cave: JOHN CHILTONS FEETWARMERS
MAYLEBONE Golden Eagle: JOHN GILL
KINGSTON Fighting Cocks: JAKE MCMAHON QUINTET
PUTNEY Flanagan's: NEW ERA JAZZ BAND
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: BILL BRUNSKILL JAZZMEN

TWICKENHAM Turks Head: THE SUNDAY BAND
WEST KENSINGTON Hunters: WEST LONDON LINEUP

SUNDAY EVENING

BECKENHAM Three Tuns: WEST END STOMPERS /STEAM
CAMDEN Camden Lock: MAJOR SURGERY / DON WELER
CROYDON The Gun: MAJOR SURGERY
FULHAM Last Resort: SUSANNAH MCCORCKLE /KEITH INGHAM
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: GOTHIC JAZZ BAND
KENSINGTON The Kensington: PAZ
MERTON Ye Olde Leather Bottle: PETER COE BIG SWING BAND
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: GENE ALLAN JAZZ-MEN
PUTNEY Flanagan's: GILLS BAND
STREATHAM Hill Crown and Sceptre: GRAHAM HUMPHREYS JAZZ BAND
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: BILL BRUNSKILL
TWICKENHAM Madingley Club: MIKE PETERS JAZZ BAND

MONDAY

CHALK FARM The Engineer: AMAZING BAND
CROYDON The Gun: BIG BAND SOUND
FULHAM Golden Lion: BOB KERRS WHOOPEE BAND
FLEET STREET Wolsays Wine Bar: DAVE GELLY /JEFF SCOTT QUINTET
GROVE PARK S.E.12 Chinbrook Hotel: RON RUSSELL JAZZ BAND
HATFIELD Red Lion: BOB WALLIS STORYVILLE JAZZMEN
ILFORD Cauliflower: EASTSIDE STOMPERS
LONDON N.W.3 Martha's Wine Bar: POWDER MILL
LONDON W.1 Thornbury Castle: JOHN GILL
LONDON W.C.2 Pindar of Wakefield: PAZ KING GOOJIE BAND
MERTON Ye Olde Leather Bottle: TONY LEE TRIO
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: GEORGIA JAZZ BAND
SOHO The Crown: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOL-
IES
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: DELTA BAR JAZZ BOYS

TUESDAY

BECKENHAM Three Tuns: SQUIRREL
BRENTFORD Bricklayers Arms: RIVERSIDE 5 + 1
CHELSEA Six Bells: WEST LONDON LINEUP
DRURY LANE White Hart: JOHN MCNICHOL SEX-
TET
ILFORD Cauliflower: EASTSIDE STOMPERS
ISLINGTON Kings Head: GEORGE KHAN BAND
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: KEITH NI-
CHOLS
LONDON W.11 Workers Music Association: IMPRO-
VISATION WORKSHOP
MAYLEBONE Golden Eagle: JOHN GILL
PUTNEY Flanagan's: JOHN BENNETT BAND
PUTNEY Half Moon: MIKE DANIELS BIG BAND
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: ALAN ELSDON BAND
WEMBLEY Hopbine: MIKE CARR TRIO
WANDSWORTH Ship Inn: COLIN TOZER'S BLUES BAND

WEDNESDAY

BATTERSEA Rising Sun: THE JAZZMAKERS QUIN-
TET
BETHNAL GREEN Rochelle School: JOHN STE-
PHENS/MAGGIE NICHOLLS WORKSHOP
DEPTFORD Albany Empire: JOHN CURTIS SEE SAW BAND
EARLS COURT Salisbury Hotel: WEST LONDON LINEUP
DRURY LANE White Hart: CHRIS BISCOE'S BROKEN BISCUITS
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: MAIDEN VOYAGE
LONDON W.C.1 New Merlins Cave: DAVID TAYLOR'S COBARUS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: JEFFERSON CITY JAZZ BAND
PUTNEY Flanagan's: NEW ERA JAZZ BAND
SHEPHERDS BUSH The Clarence: MILLENBURG JAZZ BAND
SKELMERSDALE, LANCs: MIKE WESTBROOK BRASS BAND
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: BLACKBOTTOM STOMPERS
WANDSWORTH Ship Inn: JAZZ JUNCTION
WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EASTSIDE STOMPERS
WEST KENSINGTON Hunters: WEST LONDON LINEUP

the gig was taped. Untrue. Well untrue mainly because tapes would be, presumably, note perfect and that just wasn't the case. There was some particularly off-sounding piano courtesy of Woody.

But it was rather difficult to distinguish as from the side of the stage the sound wasn't at its best and the vocals (oh dear Leslie you missed a bit on "Bye Bye Baby") were very much to the fore.

It was however a wholesome gig.

Rather like a glass of water — tasteless, odourless and harmless.

And so stifflingly hot it was rather a relief that they only played for 40 minutes.

Julie Webb

Clark Terry

RONNIE SCOTT'S

DUKE ELLINGTON put his finger on it when he cast Clark Terry as Puck for the "Such Sweet Thunder" suite.

The guy bubbles. Possessed of one of the most identifiable sounds in jazz, Terry belongs to that generation of professionals who could do the decathlon, and carry their audience with them. He played a long, teasing intro before lowering his flugel-

horn onto the familiar ballad, "My Secret Love" by way of "Nick Nack Paddywack" and points west. Mercurial, the stand-up comic never far from the tender.

"Misty" began in sweet earnest, then up came the suds — joyous, whooping skids through the honey, slung gobs of sound like an urchin action painter.

He sings like he plays, the happiest blues mumble around, swing with a chuckle at the centre.

Wasted for years as a session man, Clark Terry — neck strapped in a brace, imagination skipping — is up and running.

Ernie Wilkins, his tenor player, made his name as an arranger for Basie, Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, Sonny Rollins, arranges himself as for a fiesta. His basically undecorated tone is never allowed to settle. Vibrato, stutters, a yelling top register. The rhythm section swings like a bitch.

Sharing the bill was Pacific Eardrum with Dave MacRae proving yet again that he is the only crisp electric keyboard player on the scene, and a master of blues permutations.

If you miss him at Ronnie's, catch him with the magnificent

Mike Westbrook Orchestra. And for anyone who hasn't caught the scutlebutt — the odd crofter, elderly person — Ronnie's have booked Cecil Taylor in August.

Uncompromising genius is a commercial risk, so I shall not be accepting doctor's certificates, mastoids sir, or the nets. Full attendance mandatory.

Brian Case

Duane Eddy

BRISTOL

THE DUANE EDDY show played Bristol on Tuesday and, although concert-wise this time of year is usually quiet in the area, the turn-out was sparse to something which could probably be accounted for by the following factors:

(a) The show was arranged at short notice and, with little or no publicity, meant that this concert was a closely guarded secret between promoter and venue.

(b) Those who by devious methods actually got to find out about the show did not have too much success in trying to attend it, as tickets were sold for a whole three days prior to the event.

It is to the eternal credit of all

Continued on page 30

COMET

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Catch Bull at Four	2.75	1.99
Buddha and the		
Chocolate Box	2.75	1.99

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

London gig by Simon?

PAUL SIMON is likely to headline at least one solo concert at London Royal Albert Hall in the early autumn. The project is still subject to confirmation, but discussions are at present taking place with a view to Simon playing a string of selected venues in Europe, of which the Albert Hall would be one.

Also due over in the autumn, again as part of a European tour, is Stephen Stills — though the exact period of his visit is not yet known. Simon and Stills are two of several top CBS acts for whom British and European tours are being planned. Among others expected before the end of the year are Bruce Springsteen and Aerosmith.

Special Harvey shows

ALEX HARVEY BAND are planning "some very special British shows" towards the end of the year, NME learned this week. It is understood that these will not take the form of an orthodox concert tour, but will be in the nature of a big production show, playing at leading venues selected as being best able to cope with the presentation. Details are now being worked out and will be announced shortly.

Meanwhile, the band have been booked at short notice for Jethro Tull's upcoming tour of America, which starts at the end of this month and continues until early September. It comprises 32 coast-to-coast concerts, playing to an estimated aggregate audience of over a million. After returning to Britain, the outfit will take a holiday before completing work on their new LP. They then go into rehearsals for their special live project.

Jacksons for U.K.

THE JACKSON 5 are being lined up for a string of British concerts in November. They will play several selected venues in London and the provinces, probably including Wembley Empire Pool. Their projected visit last year was cancelled due to the outcry which followed rioting and a teenager's death, when David Cassidy played a major London concert.

The group's tour is at present being arranged by promoter Danny O'Donovan, who is also in the process of setting up a tour by the Temptations in October. No dates or venues are yet available for either tour, but it is expected that the Supremes' previously-reported concert itinerary (starting at the end of September) will be announced shortly.

George Jones

ANOTHER leading country music exponent, George Jones, is also touring Britain in September. He plays concerts at Gloucester Leisure Centre (11), Peterborough ABC Theatre (12), Ipswich Gaumont (13), Coventry Theatre (14), Liverpool Empire (18), London Hammersmith Odeon (19), Southampton Gaumont (20), Norwich Theatre Royal (21), Aberdeen Music Hall (24) and Glasgow Apollo Centre (25).

Reading Festival
LOU REED IS
CONFIRMED

Robin Trower to be added?

LOU REED is the final big-name American attraction to be confirmed for this year's Reading Festival at August Bank Holiday weekend. One more British act has still to be named, and discussions are taking place with a view to Robin Trower completing the line-up.

Reed's appearance comes about because he has been booked for the "Startrucken" '75 package which, as reported last week, is playing festival sites in 13 different European countries — including Reading — during August. The package features Wishbone Ash, the Mahavishnu Orchestra, Soft Machine, Caravan, Renaissance and the Climax Blues Band, all of whom are appearing at Reading on the final night of the event — Sunday, August 24. And Reed's addition to the package means that he too will be playing on the Sunday.

A spokesman for BTM, who are promoting the "Startrucken" tour, told NME: "It was originally hoped to add the Steve Miller Band to the package. He formed his new band specially for the Knebworth concert and, as he went down so well there, we're rather surprised that he hasn't opted to keep the outfit together. Even so, we are very happy to secure Lou Reed instead."

The deadline for the special reduced rate of £5.50 for Reading tickets expired this week. From now on, tickets for the full weekend will be priced at £5.95 which includes parking, camping and VAT. A festival spokesman said it was impossible to hold last year's price any longer, as inflation was causing costs to spiral all the time.

Individual day tickets will be on sale at the site only, provided the 30,000 capacity has not been exceeded.

MAN
GIGS

MAN are to play a short series of five concerts later this month, visiting towns which were not included in their May itinerary, when they toured Britain with guest U.S. guitarist John Cipollina. They play Ipswich Gaumont (this Sunday), Bath Pavilion (July 24), Redruth Regal Cinema (25), Yeovil Johnson Hall (26) and Torquay Pavilion (27). During the past six weeks, the band have been touring France, Germany and Holland, as well as mixing the live album recorded on that tour.

A Band Called 'O' support Man on four of the five British dates, the exception being July 24 when they appear at High Wycombe Nags Head. Just back from a two-week tour of Portugal, 'O' are also playing Newcastle Mayfair (tomorrow, Friday), Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (Saturday) and London Marquee Club (July 29). They record their third CBS album in August, tour France and Germany in September, and plan an extensive headlining tour of Britain in October.

Football stadiums: one new gig, one cancelled

OSIBISA return from a week's tour of Holland to co-headline, with Toots & the Maytals, an open-air concert at London's Chelsea Football Ground (Stamford Bridge) on Saturday, July 26. Organised by Plum Promotions to mark the launching of their Plum record label, the gig also features Arthur Louis with Papa Music, Lord Shorty, the Flirtations and the Phase 2 Pan Groove Steel Band, plus other bands still to be confirmed.

The first Plum release will be "Knocking On Heaven's Door" by Arthur Louis, featuring Eric

Clapton on guitar. Osibisa remain with the Bronze label, for whom they start recording a new album after the Chelsea gig.

But coinciding with the announcement of this latest soccer stadium event, there is news that the second concert planned for Blackpool Football Ground — which should have taken place this Sunday (20) with the Glitter Band, Kenny and the Drifters topping — has been cancelled. It is understood that the first gig at Blackpool on July 6 was not as successful as had been hoped.

Below: OSIBISA



'Tommy': legal bust-up flares

THE WHO's manager Kit Lambert revealed to NME on Monday that he is, on behalf of the Track group of companies, preparing final documents for "drastic and far-reaching" legal action against Robert Stigwood and associates of his company in connection with the film and soundtrack album of the rock opera "Tommy." Lambert is alleging that money has been withheld and that he has been denied access to relevant documents.

Lambert claims: "Although I own the world copyright and wrote the original scenario, I had no screen credit and have received no financial return. I have been trying to resolve this matter for ten months but have got nowhere, so I am now forced into taking action."

A further allegation being made by Lambert is that Stigwood "alienated the affections of my former partner Chris Stamp, whose resignation I am now demanding from the board of all companies associated with the Who."

Lambert also says that he has dismissed Bill Curbishley "from his title of managing director of Track", claiming that he — Curbishley — was never duly appointed to the board of directors.

Added Lambert: "I want to make it clear that I consider 'Tommy' to be a superb film. However, my action is not concerned with that aspect. It is directed against what I consider to be a lack of business equity, and what I am claiming to be an unacceptable slur."

The Who's position in the impending action was still unclear at press time.

Robert Stigwood, who was executive producer of the "Tommy" movie, is currently in America. His personal assistant told NME: "We have no comment to make at this stage."



Ozark: more dates

OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS are set for two more British dates, in addition to their previously-reported appearance in the Reading Festival on August 23. Currently one of the hottest properties in the United States, the band play Liverpool Theatre Royal on August 21 and Glasgow City Hall the following day (22). They will also be guesting in BBC-1's "Top Of The Pops" to promote their new A & M single (titles not yet decided), and there is a chance of one further gig being added to their schedule.

RECORDING NEWS

Wizzard, ELO to Jet

ROY WOOD, Wizzard and the Electric Light Orchestra have joined the recently-formed independent Jet label, headed by Don Arden. The deal is world-wide, except for the United States and Canada (where they remain on Warner Brothers), and were concluded at a cost of half-a-million dollars. Other acts already signed to Jet include Lynsey de Paul, Raymond Froggatt, Chopyn, Lowell Fulson, Stephen Russell and David Caradine.

Roy Wood's second solo album "Mustard" is due out in August, followed in September by a new ELO album comprising all original Jeff Lynne material. Wizzard's new single "Rattle Snake Roll" comes out next month, followed by an album in the autumn. Lynsey de Paul's next album "Love Bomb" is scheduled for late autumn release. Among other upcoming Jet product is a David Caradine album "Grasshopper" and a single by ELO drummer Bev Bevin reviving "Let There Be Drums."

Black Oak Arkansas have signed a three-year world-wide deal with MCA, for whom they are currently recording new product in Los Angeles. The deal is said to be worth 2½ million dollars and, to guard against non-delivery of material, MCA have insured the life of lead singer Jim Dandy for one million dollars.

Meanwhile, Ruby Starr — the girl who sang on Black Oak's U.S. hit "Jim Dandy" — has been signed with her group Grey Ghost to

Capitol Records. The agreement is reportedly for the largest cash advance ever paid by the label to a new artist.

In a surprise move, Jackson 5 have switched from Tamla Motown to the Epic label. Four of the group have also signed with Epic as solo artists, but Jermaine Jackson has not yet decided whether to leave Tamla.

Jim Gilstrap follows up his recent chart success with "House Of Strangers", released by Chelsea on July 25. Out on the same day and label is a new Lulu single "Boy Meets Girl".

Ian Carr's Nucleus this week started work on a new album, which is being produced by Jon Hiseman. It consists entirely of new material penned by leader Carr.

To tie in with their current tour, K.C. & the Sunshine Band have a new single rushed out by President this weekend, titled "That's The Way I Like It".

U.S. singer-guitarist Barry Melton will have a new solo album issued in November, to coincide with a college tour now being set up. It was recorded recently at the Rockfield Studios in Wales.

Ringo Starr's latest signing to his Ring o'Records label is singer-composer Carl Crossmann, who has been with various companies and has also written hits for Status Quo. He will release his first single under the deal later in the summer, followed by an album at the end of the year.

Bohannon venues set



MOST OF THE dates and venues have now been confirmed for the debut British tour by Hamilton Bohannon, plans for which were revealed by NME last week. He will be accompanied by his own nine-piece band of U.S. musicians. Promoter Henry Sellers is still finalising several gigs, including a major London concert, up to September 7. But Bohannon's schedule so far comprises:

Stafford Top Of The World (August 18), Farnborough Burslesque (19), Halesowen Tiffany's (21), Newcastle Mayfair Rooms (22), Wolverhampton Wheels Club (25), Southend Zero Six (27), Derby Bailey's (28), Bury St. Edmunds Corn Exchange (29), Dunstable California (30), Hanley Bailey's (September 1), Leicester Bailey's (2) and Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (4).

Four Camel gigs

CAMEL, currently on holiday for the rest of this month, are to resume British gigs in August. They will be playing a short series of dates in areas not covered by their recent tour. So far confirmed are Watford Town Hall (August 1), Croydon Fairfield Hall supported by Graham Chapman (3), Southend Kursaal (9) and Liverpool Stadium (16).

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Wakeman/Journey to Centre	£1.25	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	90p
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Beatles Complete (piano)	£3.75	Dylan/Writings & Drawings	£2.50
Lindisfarne/10 Songs	£1.25	Scott Joplin Piano Rags	£1.25
S & G Greatest Hits	85p	Stones Biography	£3.95
Rod Stewart Complete	£1.75	Cat/Tasler & Firecat	£1.50
Roxy Music 19 Songs	£1.00	New Songs of George, Paul and Ringo	£2.50
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R WYATT

Robert Wyatt Henry Cow

ROME

CHRISTALBLEEDING
mighty, are these guys
crazy or something, buzz-
bombing through the
streets on their Fastass
Sumbichi motor scooters,
kamikazeing around the
corners sending pedes-
trians howling for cover
up against the walls,
backs sellotaped to the
nearest buildings until
there's enough of a pause
to make it across the
streets. . . .

I mean, this here is *armed
warfare*, you dig, demented mo-
torised shock troops scatter-
gunning all over the place miss-
ing people by inches, nobody
here gets out alive.

And when you cross a street
in Rome, there's none of this
polite English deal where all the
cars come to a halt in one pha-
lanx to let you trot across.

Over here, m'man, you step
out into the road and the car
directly in front of you stops
while the others keep going.
Then you move forward just a
taste and the car you've just
passed moves on and the one
you've just drawn level with
stops, and so on across the
road.

You want to lose some
weight? You just get yourself to
Rome and cross a few streets
and you'll be sweating right
through the soles of your shoes.

You realise, therefore, that
your average Roman pedestrian
is a creature of no little degree
of intestinal fortitude. He's hip
to the buzzbombers on the
Lambrettas and the Fastass
Sumbichis, he's ready for the no
less weird-out numbskulls in the
cars.

But every so often up comes
something barrelling down the
road that's so bat-out-of-hell
flat-out crazy that he can't quite
handle it. . . .
Wheeeeeooooop . . . wheeeeeooooop
. . . *wheeeeeooooop* . . .

Past the tabachi and the
cafes and the souvenir shops on
a sharp downhill incline rolls
this strange apocalyptic vision
of a stocky, long-haired, se-
raphically grinning bearded
man in a wheelchair wearing a
dirty baby-blue kaftan studded
with cigarette burns, and he's
waving his arms in delicate
seagull-wing movements as he
rolls straight downhill at this
flock of soigne street Romans.

They know from cars, they
know from scooters . . . but
they're not ready for Robert
Wyatt, even though he skids on
the breaks and comes to a per-
fect two-point halt without tak-
ing out any civilians or getting
creamed by a Fastass Sumbichi
that skreeeeeks out of the alley
just 2.14 seconds before he gets
to it.

THEY'RE READY for him in
the Piazza Farnese though,
ready for him and Henry Cow
and Gong, whose free concert
will be the first performance in
Rome by English rock acts for
nearly a year. All day long the
proud facade of the Piazza Far-
nese has resounded to the time-
honoured sounds of the Great
British Roadie at work.

"One-two . . . one-two . . .
a little more bottom on the bass
drum . . . the organ isn't com-
ing through properly. . . ."

Just like home.
Meanwhile things are getting
strange, because the concert—
promoted by an alliance of Vir-
gin, their Italian distributors,
the local Communist Party
(whose success in Italy is down
to the fact that they're more a
mainstream Left party oppos-
ing a not unduly progressive
Right government) and a rock
mag sublimely entitled "Mu-
zak".

Now the Messrs Cow are
more than willing to participate
in the Communist bit, but "Mu-
zak" are publicising the gig as a
"Decriminalise Marijuana" ral-
ly . . . and H. Cow don't hold
with the decriminalisation on
marijuana.

No way, Marijuana is de-
cadent and represents a safety
valve for revolutionary energy
— the "opium is the religion of
the masses" principle and the
word is the night before the
show that the Cows may be
withdrawing their services rather
than perform for such a
counter-revolutionary cause.

Robert Wyatt is wrapping
himself around an omelette and
a San Pellegriano Aranciata (the
best damn fizzy orangeade in
the entire solar system, bedad)
outside a cafe when Chris Cut-
ler, H. Cow's warmhearted per-
cussionmeister slopes by with
his girlfriend . . . and continues
to slope.

"It's very interesting, that,"
mused Wyatt. "Fred Frith
walked straight past me yester-
day. I think it's got something
to do with 'Death To The Indi-
vidual'; they don't notice
people, only buildings."

• Continued from page 29

the musicians concerned that
they did not let these problems
deter them, and produced an
excellent show.

Eddy started with a selec-
tion of the older hit records —
"Movin' 'n' Groovin'", "De-
tour", slowed down for "The
Lonely One"; then into "Forty
Miles of Bad Road" and
"Shazam".

The new record was featured
next ("Man With The Gold
Guitar"), then followed one of
the highlights as Eddy produced
some classic New Orleans Blues
entitled "3.30 Blues" ably as-
sisted by the whole band.

At this point Eddy and the
Rebelettes, and his vocalists,
Deed Abbate and Kin Vassy,
traced for us the history and
origins of rock 'n' roll and pop
music via country, blues and
gospel music.

With Eddy performing on
banjo, Deed and Kin illustrated
how different treatments were
given by the Black and White

American churches of the same
traditional song "Will the Circle
Be Unbroken". From this
Church origin the whites bran-
ched out into country music.
Featuring Eddy on steel guitar
Deed and Kin sang "Beer
Drinking Music" as a typical
record that would be played on
juke boxes in bars, in the South-
ern States.

A couple of Hank Williams'
numbers followed, which illus-
trated perfectly the sad and
happy aspects of country
songs.

Firstly, Deed produced a
beautiful crystal clear solo of
"Your Cheating Heart". This
girl has a wonderfully natural
voice, ideally suited to emotion-
al country songs. She was then
joined by Kin for the happier
"Hey Good Looking".

With Church, country and
blues influences all mixed up,
out came rock 'n' roll and num-
bers like "Heartbreak Hotel",
which Kin sang doing his Pres-
ley imitation.

This period also produced

some memorable ballads by
people such as the Every Bros.,
Teddy Bears and Conway
Twitty, so Deed and Kin finish-
ed the history with Roy Orb-
ison's "Crying", one of the
greatest of the big emotional
ballads of that time.

Time for twanging again
with "Because They're Young",
"Dance With The Guitar Man",
and "Peter Gunn". On the lat-
ter, with that incessant riff driv-
ing him on, Rex Morris played
quite the most brilliant rock 'n'
roll sax I've heard.

No Duane Eddy show is
complete without Rebel Rouser
as a finale. An added bonus,
however, came in the form of
one Ben De Motto, who provid-
ed all the whoops and yells on
those original Jamie recordings.
He fairly ripped his tonsils
round the Colston Hall to great
effect.

Although the audience was
small, having just seen rock 'n'
roll history re-created they de-
manded more, so Eddy came
back and, ably assisted by Ben

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ON THE TOWN

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Ah, but the previous night we'd encountered Dagmar in the company of assorted members of Gong and she'd been quite cordial an' that. "Yes, but she was with the Gong people, not in the 'Cow Box'."

Wyatt proceeds to connect, by an analytical and scholarly process, the selective vision employed by the Cowpeople with the music they play and the way they play it.

"I've never seen any band who rehearse so obsessively. They play such incredibly complex music and everything has to be exactly right as Soss" (wife of bassist John Greaves and H. Cow sound mixer) "has to know the set at least as well as the musicians because she has to know exactly when the guitar has to be faded in or out."

And she does.

The Cow were jes' fine, charging through "In Praise Of Learning" like champneys, augmented by Mr. Wyatt who, though in somewhat subdued voice, struck some real sparks off Dagmar, perched beside him like a hennaed sparrow in a boiler suit.

The set was structured to include a few of Wyatt's songs in the middle ("Team Spirit", "Muddy Mouth", which was interrupted near the end by a suitably laid-back electrical failure, and "Little Red Riding Hood Hits The Road"), plus extra-special-now-with-new-miracle-ingredient duetting on H. Cow's vocal parts.

If nothing else, H. Cow's set proved once again that the only thing you have to do to listen to them is to listen.

Due to the much-vaunted complexity of their music, any attempt to provide a running

analytical commentary on what's technically happened in the set ("Ah yes, Chris is playing alternating bars of 11/8 and 7/4 here") is more of an obstruction than an aid, as concentrating on any individual ingredient of the music (such as any one instrument or any particular line) simply distracts from perception of The Music As An Entirety, which is possibly what "Death To The Individual" is all about.

By the way, don't listen to the lyrics. They are subversive and socialistic and will pollute your precious bodily fluids with their godless ideals.

All that really needs to be said about Henry Cow, finally, is this: they are *sui generis*.

They're playing music that's only remotely similar to anything else you may have heard, and the only way you're going to hear Henry Cow music is by listening to Henry Cow, which is an intensely rewarding experience to anyone prepared to give their preconceptions the night off.

Over Gong's set, let us draw a discreet veil.

The recent loss of two members of the band and the lack of time to put together a new set has meant that too few ideas are currently being stretched over too many minutes, and the presence of a ragingly excellent rhythm section unfortunately fails to prevent the lengthy and repetitious improvisations of Steve Hillage and Didier Malherbe from cloying after awhile.

Plus the whole Radio Gnome/Planet Gong/Flying Teapot should have been laid to rest after Daavid Allen departed.

The weather was great.

again, tore through "Cannonball". He then performed two requests, Chet Atkins' "Trombone" and departed with "Some Kinda Earthquake".

Besides Rex Morris and the Rebelettes, the remainder of the musicians, Charlie McCracken — bass, Rob Townsend — drums, Dave Rose — keyboards and Roger Saunders — guitar, must constitute the best British band he has worked with.

All in all, a most enjoyable 75-minute act with Eddy ever ready to let the other band members show their wares. A great deal of warmth and enjoyment was communicated from the stage and reflected back by the audience.

It transpired that some of the crowd were at the Colston Hall in 1960, when Eddy toured with Bobby Darin and Clyde McPhatter — who are now both dead. Peter Laurie

tant target, rather than the success of the actual production itself.

And Step Two of the Three R's (Ryhope Ritual Revolution) has succeeded again, even though this was more of a gamble.

Director Malcolm Gerrie (still affectionately known as Fuzzy Wuzzy) and Musical Director George Robinson (less kindly nick-named Beepot) decided to mould one conceptual theme from the two works of Ray Connolly's "Stardust" and Bowie's "Ziggy Stardust".

They shifted the scene to a local setting, wrote a handful of new songs (with the help of other staff and pupils) and an original script, based very loosely on Connolly's.

The eventual result was a show that owes less to either Bowie or Connolly than to the adventurous, nay rampant, imagination of the Ryhope production team and cast.

Although one could criticise the vagueness of the plot, which has to sustain itself through three hours and the fact that those unacquainted with the basic story line would have had difficulty following the action, the scale and general entertainment value of the performance was more than sufficient compensation. (Witness the dew-eyed ladies streaming out of the show on the second night).

"STARDUST" was an excellent blend of acting, singing and music, mime and visuals.

Though limited by the natural restrictions of a school hall platform, the production team guaranteed themselves substantial freedom by the ingenious use of a revolving stage for set changes, and also of elaborate film sequences to communicate such events as the fan hysteria when the Stray Cats arrive at an airport.

The screen, to the right of the stage, was also used to project slides to co-ordinate with the dialogue — for example, the TV interview scene where the Star drops dead.

Besides using Bowie's "Ziggy Stardust" character for when Jim McLean achieves Stardom, one other major alteration to "Stardust" has been a shift in emphasis in the plot. Ryhope decided to develop the Death Theme, rather than using the script as an expose of the emotions and brutal reality of the Pop Biz. (Something which the original screenplay strived for, but totally failed to achieve).

Other additions were narrator (Henry Ford) linking the action as a clown, who represented dead rock and pop idols. And the Stray Cats' first break came, not on a concert stage, but as contestants in "New Faces", providing the opportunity for a delightfully funny dialogue from the Panel.

And finally, the American hustling management team of Porter Lee (Martin Softly) and Felix (Gary Shaw) turned in some slapstick cabaret performances.

"Stardust" succeeded more so than "Tommy" because although the same enthusiasm was still evident, this year's cast were appreciably better rehearsed and substantially more professional (a development reflected throughout — in the script, settings, band and singers.)

It was probably John Deacon (last year's "Tommy") as the Elvis-infatuated Johnny of the Stray Cats who turned in the most consistently good acting and vocals.

Unfortunately Jeff Stoker as Jim (and later "Ziggy") was chosen, I suspect, more for his pretty looks and similarity to Essex than his singing voice.

But, as last year, it's unfair to single out individuals for either praise or criticism, because "Stardust" was a cast effort. Its triumph lay in a continuously interesting performance and the fine music, which incidentally brought such other contemporary songs as "You've Got A Friend" and "Here Comes The Sun" into the action.

The kids, in short, were a damn sight better than just all right. Tony Stewart

FOLK

THURSDAY

BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: WESTWARD BOUND
HAVANT Black Dog: CHRIS ROHMAN
LIVERPOOL Dolphin: BERNIE DAVIS / JOE ROONEY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Prince of Wales: ET-CHINGHAM STEAM BAND
LONDON SOHO Shakespeares Head: NOEL MURPHY
MANSFIELD Brown Cow: DOUG PORTER
NOTTINGHAM Windsor Castle: DEREK PEARCE
PENZANCE Western Hotel: CROWDY CRAWN
PONTYPOOL GRIFFITHSTOWN Masons Arms: RO-SIE AND BOB
WORTHING Southdown: ANDY CAVEN

FRIDAY

BIRMINGHAM Bell and Pump: BOB DAVENPORT
BODMIN Garland Ox: BOB CANN
BRIGHTON Springfield Hotel: PAUL SETFORD/ED-DIE UPTON
DRYBROOK Hearts of Oak: VIN GARBUTT
FARNINGHAM Bull: TAVERNERS
GUILDFORD Star Inn: ENGLISH TAPESTRY
IRONBRIDGE Meadow Inn: TONY ROSE
KESWICK Staincliffe Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
LONDON DEPTFORD St. Pauls Crypt: PETE METCALF/CLIFF AUNGIER/GERRY LOCKRAN
LONDON KINGSTON Fighting Cocks: TIM LAYCOCK
LONDON STOCKWELL Surrey Hall: THREAD-BARE CONSORT
LONDON WEST END Le Macabre: DOLPHIN SMILE
LYMM Spread Eagle: BOB WILLIAMSON
MANCHESTER Millstone: ROWDY YATES
PENZANCE Western Hotel: CROWDY CRAWN
STALYBRIDGE Rose and Crown: NEIL DENHOLM
STOCKPORT HEATON MOOR Rugby Club: WESLEY, PARK AND SMITH
TRURO Swan: MICHAEL MOORE
WIRKSWORTH Red Lion: IRETON TRINITY

SATURDAY

BIRMINGHAM Star Social Club: VIN GARBUTT
BROMLEY Chatterton Arms: EDDIE DUNMORE
FALMOUTH Dock Railway Hotel: CELEBRATED RATLIFF STOUT BAND
HASTINGS Fairlight Cove Hotel: TAVERNERS
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WEST BRIDGEFORD Dancing Slipper: IAN CAMPBELL FOLK GROUP/WAYFARERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Wolfrun Hall: ALEX CAMPBELL/GARY AND VERA/BRIAN CLIFF/KEMPION/NICK FENWICK

SUNDAY

BRIGHTON Stanford Arms: SOUTHERN RAMBLERS
BUXTON Royal Foresters: WIDDERSHINS
CREWE Brunswick Hotel: TONY ROSE
EASTBOURNE Crown: DAVE PLANE

GROOMBRIDGE Junction Inn: ISABEL SUTHERLAND

HORLEY Chequers: WILD OATS
HORSHAM Anchor: MARIE CURTIS
KENDAL Community Centre: FIVE HAND REEL
LONDON Springfield Park Tavern: NOEL MURPHY
LONDON CHALK Enterprise: JUNE TABOR AND MADDY PRIOR
LONDON ILFORD General Havelock: MIKE MARAN AND BRILLO
LONDON REGENTS PARK Engineer: MIKE BERMAN
LONDON UPMINSTER Old Windmill Hall: BOB DAVENPORT/RAKES
NEW MALDEN Royal Oak: NORMAN CHOP TRIO
NOTTINGHAM Crown: JOHN SWEENEY/PETE HEMSLEY
OLDHAM Rugby Club: HOMETOWNERS
PAR Royal Hotel: CELEBRATED RATLIFF STOUT BAND
QUORN White Horse Hotel: VIN GARBUTT
SALE Sale Hotel: MARTIN CARTHU
SELBY Crown: BRIAN DEWHURST
SOUTHWELL Admiral Nelson: McSHANE
WORKSOP Boundary Inn: SEVENTH BIRTHDAY

MONDAY

AMBERLEY Black Horse: ROSEMARY HARDMAN
KESWICK Royal Oak: BRIAN DEWHURST
LONDON COULSDEN Purley Rugby Club: BRIXTON BERT
LONDON KINGS CROSS New Merlins Cave: DEREK AND DOROTHY ELLIOTT
LONDON WEALDSTONE Royal Oak: IAN CAMPBELL FOLK GROUP
ORPINGTON Royal Oak: PEABODY AND MCNULTY
PORTSMOUTH FRATTON Railway Hotel: RIC NORCROSS
WIGAN Rugby Club: BEGGARMEN

TUESDAY

BRIDLINGTON Queens Hotel: DAVE BURLAND
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: TAVERNERS
CAMELFORD Jetwells Coach House: JON BETMEAD
DARTFORD Railway Hotel: DEREK AND DOROTHY ELLIOTT
DERBY Rugby Club: BERNARD WRIGLEY
DUMFRIES Tom O'Shanter: CHRIS FOSTER
EXETER Bosun's: ETCHINGHAM STEAM BAND
KESWICK Royal Oak: BRIAN DEWHURST
LONDON CATFORD Rising Sun: TIM LAYCOCK
LONDON ISLINGTON Florence: DICK GAUGHAN
NOTTINGHAM Foresters: GARY AND VERA
QUORN Blacksmiths: CHANDLERS

WEDNESDAY

KESWICK Royal Oak: BRIAN DEWHURST
LONDON CROYDON Waddon Hotel: MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
LONDON STRATFORD Stage One: DEREK AND DOROTHY ELLIOTT
LONDON WANDSWORTH King Georges Park: ROBIN AND BARRY DRANSFIELD GREY/GEORGE ADAIR/DON SHEPHERD
LONDON Adams Arms: TONY CAPTICK
LONDON Abbey Precincts: EAST SURREY MORRIS
MINEHEAD Pier Hotel: CELEBRATED RATLIFF STOUT BAND
SUNDERLAND Royalty: CHRIS FOSTER

FOLK NEWS

Fair Deal first album; Swarbrick, Pegg, Nichol concert set

FOLLOWING Last Fair Deal's successful debut at the Roundhouse recently, the release of the band's first album, originally scheduled for Autumn, may now be brought forward to coincide with Deal's appearance at the Pembroke Castle Folk Siege on August 2.

Meanwhile, Decameron, whose "Beyond The Days" album was to be issued this month, have asked for the release date to be put back to mid-August in order to tie-up with their tour of Wales and the West Of England, which begins at Swindon Wyvern Theatre on August 10. Dave Bell and Co. are also booked to play for five days at Edinburgh's Traverse Theatre on July 15-20. Dave Swarbrick, Dave Pegg and Simon Nicol appear as a trio at a concert to be held at Bridlington Spa Royal Hall on August 8. Also on the bill are Martin Carthy, the Ian Campbell Folk Group and Bernard Wrigley.

This month's Polydor releases include "Whatever Ticks Your Fancy", by ex-Planxty man Christy Moore, and a re-issue of the first Fairport Convention album. Dave Burland has signed a three-album deal with Rubber Records, he's already begun work on the first elpee — which gets a late Summer release. Hedgehog Pie go into the studios for their second album in August, also on their itinerary is a date at the EFDSS Folk Prom at the Albert Hall on September 27.

Folk-rock band Scotch Mist have recently changed their line-up. Fiddle-player Heather Macaulay has been replaced by John Norton (vocals and guitar), while Rod Hudson takes over from Ken Jones on lead guitar. Mist, a Birmingham band, will be recording an album shortly. Some live tracks will be included... "Ancient Maps" is the title of Bob Pegg's eagerly awaited album, due in August. Transatlantic are plan-

Brimstone... Marc Ellington's "Border Skipping" album, which features Steve Ashley, Richard and Linda Thompson and many other guests, has been re-titled "Marc Time" to tie-up with Ellington's current TV series. The album is now on release on the Xtra label.

This year's London Folk Festival, which is being held at Bedford College on October 24-25 and at University College the following Sunday (26) will include music by City Waites and Nick Strutt. Earlier this year Strutt announced that he had given up trying to make a living as a professional musician, but he's agreed to appear on this date, proceeds from which go towards the English Folk Dance and Song Society.

Dutch Phonogram have issued a "Best Of Magna Carta" to coincide with the band's second visit to Holland this year. Magna's Spring tour in that country was such a success that they were immediately re-booked for a tour this month and one set for October... and finally, Dave Mattocks, Dave Pegg and Ian Whiteman will be backing Richard and Linda Thompson on their Cambridge Festival dates: this was the line-up from the Thompsons' very successful concert at Queen Elizabeth Hall earlier this year.

Folk at Crystal Palace

First Time in the Concert Bowl!

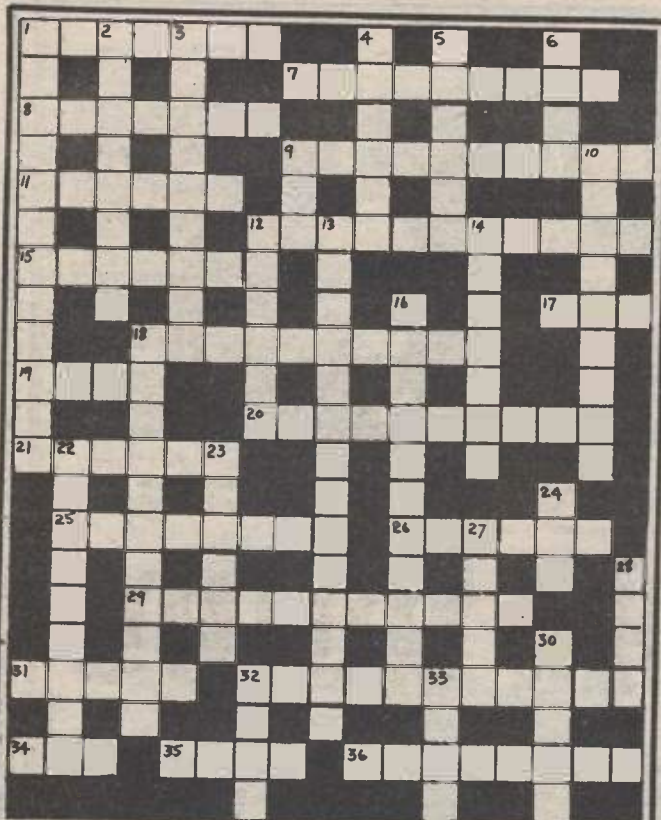
Sunday, 20th July at 3.30

Wally Whyton

The Settlers

Grand Ole Opry Road Show

Reserved deckchairs 50p from G.L.C. Parks Department
233 High Holborn, London WC1 7DN (01-633 1707)
On the day: Unreserved deckchairs 40p, sitting on the grass 25p



ACROSS

- 1 Formerly the Bluebelles
 7 Was talent scout for 17 across before marriage and professional liaison with the Sex Goddess of Soul (3,6)
 8 Reggae backers
 9 Bee Gees "comeback" 45 (4,6)
 11 See 35
 12 Veteran black U.S. vocal group
 15 In the beginning there was...
 17 Sam Phillips' label
 18 R. Music 45
 19 & 25 Kris' old lady
 20 What's loud and colourful and lies heavy on the ocean bed?! (4,6)
 21 Country-rock high fliers! See 19 across
 26 A firework for Elton!
 29 "Rock And Roll Woman" was one of his early compositions (5,6)
 31 Jimmy /.../ Richard Cut first album for Beatles Apple label 1968 (5,6)
 34 McCartney elpee
 35 & 11 Said to be the inspiration for Neil Sedaka's "Immigrant Song"
 36 See 5

DOWN

- 1 A Foot, diminutively speaking (6,6)
 2 Currently reviving The Tokens' "Wimoweh" (5,3)
 3 Allen Toussaint wrote / produced a number of his 60's disco hits (3,6)
 4 See 32 down

- 5 & 36 Former leader 12 across, now solo
 6 Shortly beckon the axeman!
 9 Morrison or Stafford
 10 The IRA nun (anag. 3,6)
 12 Label
 13 Early Moptops 45, recently revived by D. Cassidy (6,6,2)
 14 Old hair piece is back
 16 Quicksilver classic from 60's (5,6)
 18 Back Street Axeman (4,7)
 22 Unaccompanied voices in harmony — see NME Book Of Rock
 23 Rod-nee elpee
 24 Wings 45
 27 The former Miss White from Liverpool
 28 She loves Gregg she loves him not she loves Gregg she loves him not she...
 30 Form of music
 32 & 4 "Leaving On A Jet Plane" (for Peter Paul & Mary) was one of his early songs
 33 Had '65 hit with "A Lovers Concerto"

ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Rolling Stones; 6 Coasters; 8 Iggy (Pop); 9 "Wheel's On Fire"; 10 Hallman; 13 Tim; 14 Gospel; 15 Noel; 16 Stills; 19 Crazy Horse; 20 Fox; 21 Rak; 22 Trojan; 23 Ned (Kelly); 24 Scott Joplin. DOWN: 1 Rick Wakeman; 2 "Leader Of The Pack"; 3 Gordon Lightfoot; 4 Osibisa; 5 Eagles; 7 "Tell Him"; 11 Muscle Shoals; 12 Sly; 17 Syreeta; 18 Stone; 19 Chris; 20 Fanny.

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Live Saturday, July 19th. Admission 60p

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 FIRST NIGHT
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- | | |
|----------------|--------------------------------------|
| Thurs. July 17 | KURSAAL FLYERS 75p |
| Fri. July 18 | G. T. MOORE & THE REGGAE GUITARS 75p |
| Sat. July 19 | WILD ANGELS 75p |
| Sun. July 20 | MOON Free |
| Mon. July 21 | MICHIGAN FLYERS Free |
| Tues. July 22 | ROCK ISLAND LINE Free |
| Thurs. July 24 | ISOTOPE £1.00 |
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First house 7 p.m. Advance tickets £1.75, door £2.00
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Thursday, 17th July. 75p

(7.00-11.00)

U.F.O.

+ Guests & Ian Fleming

Monday, 21st July. 65p

(7.00-11.00)

KURSAAL FLYERS

+ Friends & Jerry Floyd

Friday, 18th July. 65p

(7.00-11.00)

GOOD HABIT

+ Support & Ian Fleming

Tuesday, 22nd July. 70p

(7.00-11.00)

MEDICINE HEAD

+ Guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday, 19th July. 70p

(7.00-11.00)

AGNES STRANGE

+ Support & Ian Fleming

Wednesday, 23rd July. 70p

(7.00-11.00)

SASSAFRAS

+ Support & Jerry Floyd

Sunday, 20th July. 65p

(7.00-11.00)

HARLOT 8 p.m.-9 p.m.

NATIONAL FLAG 9.30-10.30 p.m.

D.J. Mark Poppins

Hot Dogs/Hamburgers & other Hot Snacks are now available

Thursday, 24th July. 65p

(7.00-11.00)

NUTZ

+ Friends & Ian Fleming

READING ROCKS AGAIN AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY

VICTORIA PALACE THEATRE

VICTORIA STREET S.W.1

SUNDAY 3RD AUGUST AT 7.30 P.M.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

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ON SONET RECORDS 'GROSSMAN - GRAMERCY PARK SHEIK' SONET 627, 'AUNT MOLLY'S MURRAY FARM' SONET 640

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Week commencing 28 July: Evenings at 7.30

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|-----------|---|
| Monday | HUMPHREY LYTTTELTON AND HIS BAND |
| Tuesday | ALEX WELSH AND HIS BAND |
| Wednesday | TERRY LIGHTFOOT'S JAZZMEN |
| Thursday | GEORGE CHISHOLM AND THE GENTLEMEN OF JAZZ |
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THURSDAY, JULY 17th

take "THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN"

SHOWADDYWADDY

TICKETS ON SALE AT £1.25. PAY AT DOOR £1.50

THURS. JULY 24th

KENNY

THURS. JULY 31st

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EVERY MONDAY Packin' em in

THE HOWARD PLATT
 DISCO SHOW

NORTHERN ★ POPS ★ FUNK

7.30-MIDNIGHT

BARS

ADM. 40p

JOIN THE QUEUES EARLY!

ON THE TOWN



STEELEYE SPAN (whose drummer Nigel Pegrum is pictured above) undertake a short West Country tour visiting Barnstaple (Thursday), Redruth (Friday), Yeovil (Saturday) and Torquay (Sunday).



THE STYLISTICS fly into Britain this weekend, at a time when they are enjoying a huge wave of chart popularity in this country. They appear in cabaret for a week from Monday at London's new Cunard-International Hotel, to be followed by a string of provincial concerts.



COUNTRY GAZETTE, the band who evolved largely from the original Burrito Bros., are coming in primarily for a couple of festival appearances — at Cambridge and Pembroke. But they'll also play a few other gigs, including Chelmsford (Sunday) and London (Tuesday and Wednesday).

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

BARNSTAPLE Queen's Hall: STEELEYE SPAN
BOURNEMOUTH Showground: SMILING HARD
BRIGHTON Alhambra: KRAKATOA
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: GOOD HABIT/STRAY/HOKEY POKEY
COTSMALL R.A.F. Station: K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND
DERBY Cleopatra's: SASSAFRAS
DUNDEE Royal Centre Hotel: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffany's: SHOWAD-DYWADDY
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: KENNY
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: SAM APPLE PIE
JERSEY Howard Davis Park: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
KENILWORTH Chesford 1812: MATCHBOX
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BLUE DIAMONDS
LONDON CHARING CROSS ROAD Sundown: BOUNCER
LONDON FULL AM Golden Lion: FOGG
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: MOON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STRUTTERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: KURSAAL FLYERS
LONDON Marquee Club: U.F.O.
LONDON Speakeasy: TUNDRA
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS/THIRD WORLD
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: LEE KOSMIN BAND
PENZANCE Winter Gardens: CLANCY
READING Town Hall: LOVE AFFAIR

SATURDAY

AYLESBURY Friars: SASSAFRAS/BE-BOP DELUXE
AYR Maybole Town Hall: SHORTY
BIRMINGHAM Incognito: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS/THIRD WORLD
BRISTOL Granary: FUMBLE
CORRY Festival Hall: CHAPMAN-WHITE-NEY STREETWALKERS/MIKE HERON'S REPUTATION/MOON
CORRY Open Hearth Hotel: MATCHBOX
CROMER Pavilion Ballroom: FOUNDATIONS
DAGENHAM Roundhouse: WALLY DORCHESTER The Tavern: FOGG
EPSOM Ebbisham Hall: GRYPHON
FARNWORTH Blighty's: DRIFTERS
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: STRAY
GOOLE Vikings: REMEMBER THIS
HARLOW Spurrers Park: THIN LIZZY-CAMEL
HAVERFORDWEST Quay Club: MUSCLES
HAVERFORDWEST R.A.F. Brawdy: RED BEANS & RICE
HAVERHILL Puddlebrook Playground: PALM BEACH EXPRESS
JERSEY Airport: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GOOD HABIT
LONDON CHARING CROSS ROAD Sundown: RAZORBACKS
LONDON CLAPHAM Common: ROCKING PNEUMONIA/JAG/C.S.A./LIPSTICK
● Free, 12 noon to 8 p.m.
LONDON GT. PORTLAND ST. Bettina's: KEG
LONDON KINGSBURY Football Club: SPANGLED MOB
LONDON PECKHAM Newlands Tavern: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: STRUTTERS
MALDEN Jubilee Hall: FLYING SAUCERS
MARGATE Too Spot: WHITE SOUL
NORWICH St. Andrew's Hall: BAND CALLED 'O'
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: U.F.O.
PORTSMOUTH Football Ground: K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND/GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES/PAN'S PEOPLE/NOSMO KING & THE JAVELLS/JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS/GONZALEZ/CYMANDE/ TRAX/ED STEWART
ROCHESTER Cathedral: CATHEDRAL/ANACONDA MUSIC THEATRE/GEORGE WHITEHORN
● Special performance of a multi-media concert. Doors 7 p.m., admission 80p.
SCURTHORPE Priory Hall: F.B.I.
SOUTHBOURNE Royal Victoria Hall: JOHNNY YOUNG BAND
SOUTHEAST KURSAL: MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND
STOCKTON Sedgefield Racecourse: KENNY SWINDON Piccadilly Club: SMILING HARD
TAUNTON County Ballroom: BLISS
YEovil Johnstone Hall: STEELEYE SPAN

CRUMLIN Viaduct Hotel: ARKENSTONE
DOUGLAS I.O.M. Palace Lido: K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND
EASTBOURNE Congress: DES O'CONNOR
GORSEINON Bryngwyn Hall: SMILING HARD
GREAT YARMOUTH Caister Holiday Camp: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
IPSWICH Gaumont: MAN/A BAND CALLED 'O'
KETERING Northpark WMC: MATCHBOX
LEEDS Ford Green Hotel: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LEIGH Garrick Club: DRIFTERS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: GREENSLADE/SHANGHAI/MOTOR-EAD with LEMMY
LONDON CHelsea Nose Wine Bar: GEORGE ADAIR
LONDON CRYSTAL PALACE Concert Bowl: GRAND OLE OP'RY ROAD SHOW/SETTLERS
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: KURSAAL FLYERS
LONDON HIGHGATE The Wellington: PALM BEACH EXPRESS
LONDON ISLINGTON Pled Bull: NIGHT LIFE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MOON
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: HEAVY METAL KIDS
MANCHESTER Hardrock: BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS/THIRD WORLD
MARGATE Winter Gardens: LOVE MACHINE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: CISCO
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: STEFAN GROSSMAN
REDCAR Loftus W.M.C.: BAND CALLED CHARLIE
ROMFORD Albemarle Club: EAST OF EDEN/KAV/SHEERWATER/WITCHES BREW etc.
● Open-air concert, 2-9 p.m.
SHEFFIELD Black Swan: ISAAC GUIL-LORY'S PURE CHANCE
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont: ALAN PRICE/TRINI LOPEZ/SECOND GENERATION
TORQUAY Pavillion: STEELEYE SPAN
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: STU STEVENS

LONDON CHelsea Lord Palmerston: STRIKE A LIGHT
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Howff: HIT-TONES
LONDON Speakeasy: BANDANA
LONDON WOOD GREEN Fishmonger's Arms: SASSAFRAS
LONDON 100 Club: SAM APPLE PIE
MEXBOROUGH Jesters: NORTHERN SOUL ROAD SHOW
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: HILLSIDERS

WEDNESDAY

FARNBOROUGH Recreational Hall: NUTZ
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: JUDAS PRIEST
GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffany's: MARC BOLAN & T. REX
LEICESTER Rainbow & Dove: CAPTAIN VIDEO
LONDON BELLINGHAM Saxon Tavern: NICOL & MARSH'S EASY STREET
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: COUNTRY GAZETTE
LONDON EDWARE RD. Crown: PADDY GREY/GEORGE ADAIR
LONDON Marquee Club: SASSAFRAS
LONDON Speakeasy: F.B.I.
LONDON STREATHAM Cat's Whiskers: MIKE MORTON SOUND
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND
SCARBOROUGH Perthmore: MYND
SHEFFIELD Attercliffe Club: BAND CALLED CHARLIE
SOUTHEAST Zero Six: BLISS
STOCKPORT Poco-Poco: DRIFTERS
TORQUAY 400 Club: FANTASTICS

RESIDENCIES

BIRMINGHAM Abigail's Club: GEORGE MELLY
● Sunday for six days
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: JIMMY POWELL & THE DIMENSIONS
● Week from Monday
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: SPARROW
● Week from Sunday
BIRMINGHAM Night Out: DOROTHY SQUIRES
● Week from Monday
BLACKBURN Cavendish: YAKETY YAK
● Week from Sunday
BRIDLINGTON Triangles: MUSCLES
● Week from Monday
CHARNOCK RICHARD Park Hall Leisure Centre: VINCE HILL
● Week from Sunday
HULL Bailey's: MERSEYBEATS
● Week from Sunday
LIVERPOOL Bailey's: BROTHERLY LOVE
● Week from Sunday
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Cunard International Hotel: STYLISTICS / FREDA PAYNE
● Week from Monday
LONDON PICCADILLY CIRCUS White Bear Inn: ROCK FALCON
● Currently until August 4
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: MARIA MULDAUR
● Week from Monday
PORT TALBOT Snowdon Suite: ELLIE
● Week from Sunday
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
● Week from Sunday
SHEFFIELD Fiesta: LULU
● Week from Sunday
SKEGNESS Pier Theatre: KEN KODD
● Thursday until August 2, then August 18-September 6

MONDAY

CHESTER Quaintway's: WIGAN'S OVATION
CRYDON Fairfield Hall: "PINK FLOYD LIVE AT POMPEII" (film)
HANLEY Bailey's: DRIFTERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GONZALEZ
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CLEMEN PULL
LONDON Speakeasy: FAST BUCK
LONDON WOOD GREEN Fagan's: ROCK ISLAND LINE
MEXBOROUGH Jesters: DRIFTING HARMONY/BITTER SUITE
NEWPORT (Gwent) El Cordobes: HECKTA
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: U.F.O.
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: FRANK JENNINGS & THE SYNDICATE

TUESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: STRAY
CARDIFF Top Rank: JUDAS PRIEST
DERBY Bailey's: DRIFTERS
EXETER Tiffany's: K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND
HUDDERSFIELD Ivanhoe's: WALLY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: COUNTRY GAZETTE



MARIA MULDAUR plays a week at London Ronnie Scott's Club from Monday, but no other British gigs are planned at this time.



BOB MARLEY and the Wailers headline a British mini-tour in London (Thursday and Friday), Birmingham (Saturday) and Manchester (Sunday).



FELICITY DEVONSHIRE stars in the new skin flick "She Wants It" (Miracle Films).

FRIDAY

AYR Pavilion: SHORTY
BARNLEY Civic Hall: STRAY
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND
BLACKBURN Windsor Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
BURTON 76 Club: F.B.I.
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: FUMBLE
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: BRITISH ALL-STARS ORCHESTRA — Tribute to Ted Heath
DUNDEE Royal Centre Hotel: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: KENNY
ILKESTON Co-op Hall: U.F.O.
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SHANGHAI/WITCHES BREW
LONDON ISLINGTON Kings Head: CAMDEN GOODS
LONDON Marquee Club: NUTZ
LONDON Speakeasy: BUNNY
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS/THIRD WORLD
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: STRUTTERS
LONDON 100 Club: GEORGE MELLY
MARLOW Crown Hotel: SASSAFRAS
NEWCASTLE Mayfair: BAND CALLED 'O'
NEWQUAY Blue Lagoon: CLANCY
REDRUTH Regal Theatre: STEELEYE SPAN
ST. ALBAN'S City Hall: WALLY
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: NUTZ
TAUNTON Camelot: FOGG
WOLVERHAMPTON Rollerdom: DRIFTERS
WREXHAM Fagin's: MOON

SUNDAY

BIRMINGHAM (Albert St.) The Jug: NIMROD
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: HOOKER
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: COUNTRY GAZETTE
COVENTRY Mr. George's: NUTZ
CROYDON Greyhound: MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND

TV/RADIO

OUR APOLOGIES for having misled you over last Saturday's "Old Grey Whistle Test", which we listed as featuring the film of the farewell concert at London's Rainbow Theatre. Actually, there was a late change of plan at The Beeb, due to a technical problem with the film, and a studio set had to be substituted. Unfortunately, news of the switch didn't reach us until after we'd gone to press. But at any rate, part of the Rainbow film WILL be screened this Saturday — that's for sure.

BBC-1's new series "The Other Broadway" begins on Friday evening. This comprises six shows filmed at West London's new Cunard-International Hotel, with Dionne Warwick headlining the first edition. Makes a welcome change from "It's Cuckoo" (sorry, "Knockout")... And on the same channel on Saturday, the Three Degrees guest in "Seaside Special".

THURSDAY

RADIO 1 7 a.m. Noel Edmonds; 9.0 Tony Blackburn; 12 noon Johnnie Walker (incorporating "Newsbeat" at 12.30); 2 p.m. David Hamilton (shared with Radio 2); 5.0 "Newsbeat"; 5.10 The Apollo-Soyuz Mission; 5.20-7.0 John Peel presents "Top Gear" with John Cale/Jean Armata; 8.0-9.0 Tony Capstick introduces "Folkweave" with Archie Fisher/Bernard O'Sullivan/Tommy McMahon/Gipsy's Kiss; 10.0-12.30 a.m. Don Durbridge with "Music Through Midnight".

FRIDAY

RADIO 1 7 a.m.-5 p.m. As Thursday; 5.0 "Newsbeat"; 5.15-7.0 Anne Nightingale's "Round Table" with Johnny Mathis; 10.0-12.30 a.m. David Bellan with "Music Through Midnight".
LUXEMBOURG 7.45 p.m. Mark Wesley; 10.0 Album Of The Week; 11.30 NME Gig Guide; 12 midnight Spangles Muldoon; 1.30 a.m.-3.0 "100 MPH Dance Music Show".
TELEVISION Dionne Warwick/Frank Gorshin in "The Other Broadway" from London Cunard-International Hotel (BBC-1); The new films reviewed in "Cinema" (ITV, but subject to regional variation).

SATURDAY

RADIO 1 8 a.m. Ed Stewart with "Junior Choice"; 10.0 Dave Lee Travis; 1 p.m. Rick Wakeman's Top 12, introduced by Brian Matthew; 2.0 Alan Freeman; 5.0 John Peel presents "Rock Week"; 6.30-7.30 "In Concert" with Hudson-Ford/A Band Called 'O'; 10.45-12.30 a.m. Alan Dell with "Music Through Midnight".
LUXEMBOURG 7.45 p.m. Peter Powell; 9.30 Tony Prince; 11.0 Mark Wesley; 12.30 a.m. Spangles Muldoon; 1.30 a.m.-3.0 "Dimensions" with Stuart Henry.
TELEVISION Jimmy Savile presents "Jim'll

SUNDAY

RADIO 1 8.30 a.m. Ed Stewart with "Junior Choice"; 10.0 Paul Burnett and "All There Is To Hear"; 1 p.m. Jimmy Saville with "The Double Top Ten Show" followed by "Saville's Travels"; 3.0 "The Dave Lee Travis Request Show"; 5.0 "Insight" with Slade in concert; 6.0 Tom Browne with the Top Twenty; 7.0-7.30 "Sunday Sport"; 11.0-12.30 a.m. "Sounds Of Jazz".
RADIO 3 10.45 p.m. Derek Jewell presents "Sounds Interesting".
LUXEMBOURG 7.15 p.m. Mark Wesley; 9.0 Peter Powell; 10.30 British Top Thirty; 12 midnight Mark Wesley; 1.30 a.m.-3.0 "Dimensions" with Stuart Henry.
TELEVISION Bay City Rollers/Big Jim Sullivan in "Shang-A-Lang" (some ITV regions); "Something To Sing About" (BBC-2).

MONDAY

RADIO 1 7 a.m. Noel Edmonds; 9.0 Tony Blackburn; 11.0 David Hamilton with "Radio 1 Road Show" from Tenby South Beach Pavilion; 12.30 p.m. "Newsbeat"; 12.45 Johnnie Walker; 2.0 Ed Stewart (shared with Radio 2); 5.0 "Newsbeat"; 5.15 John Peel presents "Top Gear" with Bryan Haworth/Global Village Trucking Company; 7.0 Alan Freeman with

"Free Spin" quiz; 7.30 Alan Dell with "The Dance Band days" followed by "The Big Band Sound"; 9.0 Humphrey Lyttelton with jazz records; 10.0-12.30 a.m. John Dunn with "Music Through Midnight".
LUXEMBOURG 7.45 p.m. Tony Prince; 9.0 Stars Horoscope Show with David Essex; 11.0 Stuart Henry (incorporating NME Gig Guide at 11.30); 12.30 a.m. Mark Wesley; 1.30-3.0 "Sound Explosion".

TUESDAY

RADIO 1 7 a.m.-11.0 As Monday; 11.0 David Hamilton with "Radio 1 Road Show" from Barry Promenade Square; 12.30 p.m.-5.15 As Monday; 5.15-7.0 Alan Freeman with "Youth Club Call"; 10.0-12.30 a.m. Colin Berry with "Music Through Midnight".
LUXEMBOURG 7.45 p.m. Mark Wesley; 9.30 British Top Thirty; 11.0 Stuart Henry (incorporating NME Pop News at 11.30); 1.30 a.m. Ralph McTell special; 2.0-3.0 "Sound Explosion".
TELEVISION Bay City Rollers/Big Jim Sullivan in "Shang-A-Lang" (some ITV regions).

WEDNESDAY

RADIO 1 7 a.m.-11.0 As Monday; 11.0 David Hamilton with "Radio 1 Road Show" from Weston-Super-Mare Promenade; 12.30 p.m.-5.15 As Monday; 5.15-7.0 Anne Nightingale presents "Review"; 7.30 George Hamilton IV with "How The West Was Sung" (repeat); 8.0 Wally Whyton introduces "Country Club"; 10.0-12.30 a.m. Tom Edwards with "Music Through Midnight".
LUXEMBOURG 7.45 p.m. Mark Wesley; 9.30 American Top Twenty; 11.0 Stuart Henry (incorporating NME Pop News at 11.30); 1.30 a.m.-3.0 "Sound Explosion".
TELEVISION "The Diane Solomon Show" with Ed Welch (BBC-1).

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IMPORTS

LET'S FACE it, a hell of
a lot of import buying is
down to one-upmanship.

If you got your hands on the
new Dylan ten days before the
local yokels copped their copies
from Woolies, then you really
felt high for that period of time
— right?

But an even better trick is to
be hip to names like Tom
Waits, The Fugs or Dan Hicks,
people who don't have too
much material out on the British
market.

Take Waits, for instance. His
first album was released here
but deleted pretty quickly. His
next, "The Heart Of Saturday
Night", came out a year ago in
the States but is unlikely to be
issued here — and the same
fate seems in store for his third
album, which Asylum should
be putting out in the U.S. any-
time now.

So if you've got any Waits'
albums from the import shop
you can play Jay Gatsby for
many a fortnight — a whole
better deal than grabbing the
big name jobs for just a few
days glory, don't you agree?

But what names should you
invest in? Well, one you might
try is Alain Bellaiche, who's a
singer/songwriter/guitarist on
the French Asylum label.

Together with another gui-
tarist, Alain Renaud, he headed
for New York sometime last
year and put together an album
with the help of Wornell Jones
(bass), Sid Sithens (drums) and
Nils Lofgren (piano). The re-
sult, titled "Metropolitan", is an
attractive proposition.

Bellaiche's main fault is that
when he finds a riff, he hangs
on good and tight, wringing its
neck until the life is practically
drained out of it. On the other
hand, his work is easy-to-take,
rocks lightly and politely, and
has more than its share of ear-
catching melodiousness — ask
your dealer to play you a track
called "Don't Tell Sorry" if you
want to catch Bellaiche at his
best — you could well end up
becoming an addict.

Another album you might try
is "The Lost Gonzo Band"
(MCA), though I suppose this
stands an outside chance of a
home issue. The Gonzos are
Jerry Jeff Walker's back-up
band and, amazingly, for Wal-
ker's sessions have rarely been
noted for their togetherness in
recent times, they're a tight little
unit who can concoct sax-
assisted disco cookers like
"People Will Dance" or lay
back on lazy country ballads
such as "Railroad Man", a
track replete with harmony vo-
cals and Garth Hudson-like or-
gan filling in the gaps.

Who plays what I just can't
tell you — Freeflow Produc-
tions, who record Jerry's stuff,
don't seem to be in favour of
informative sleeves (take a
glance at the cover of Jerry
Jeff's "Collectibles" if you want
to see what I mean), but most
of the songs are by band mem-
bers Gary Nunn, John Inmon
and Robert Livingston, while
Michael Murphey is listed as
co-writer, along with Nunn, of a
song called "Desperadoes" —
a bad choice of title in view of
the successful Eagles' number
of almost the same name.

One person who certainly de-
serves a few more friends in this
country is Nancy Wilson. For
too long she's been regarded as
just a cabaret singer (initially
she was labelled with a "jazz
lady" tag) and I suppose that
it's true to say that her albums
haven't helped. Even items she's
recorded with the aid of people
like Gamble and Huff haven't
dug that deeply into the soul-
ful to grab her any real share
of that particular market.

But her latest elpee, "Come
Get To This" (Capitol), could
help to change matters. Co-pro-
duced by Gene and Billy Page
and featuring back-up names
such as David T. Walker, Wah
Wah Ragin, Jim Gilstrap and
the Crusaders, this one really
makes the grade.

The songs include Jim
Webb's "This Time Last Sum-
mer", Marvin Gaye's "Come
Get To This", Harlan How-
ard's "He Called Me Baby"
and a supersmooth version of
James Taylor's "Don't Let Me
Be Lonely Tonight" that'll
make your toes curl with its
sensuality. You can take it that
I'm definitely in favour.

Fred Dellar

"Rory Gallagher— Irish Tour"

"Status Quo At Wembley"
(ABCs)

LET'S first of all make it clear
that, the title of Tony Palmer's
film notwithstanding, this is not
a filmed history of Gallagher's
Irish tour last year.

Instead it's a film which
attempts to examine the Man
And His Music rather than to
illustrate his rock and roll life-
style.

The result is a sympathetic
portrayal of a good humoured
Irishman, a serious and know-
ledgable musician, and a person
who's dedicated to his chosen
profession of making music
purely on a selfish level (for
himself) or on an altruistic (for
his audience); and finding it
comforting that there is no
serious disharmony between
these two areas.

But perhaps the major criti-
cism of the film is that
Gallagher is allowed to express
and present himself without
critical hindrance, and so the
movie is biased towards him as
much as possible.

In other words, it's not objec-
tive.

Admittedly it's interesting to
a certain degree to learn how
much Gallagher enjoys playing
Dublin and Belfast; how he
regards his stardom and hear
his non-committal attitude to-
wards Popdom; when he first
bought a guitar (at 9) and
where.

But when he starts talking
about his affection for blues
music and the fact that blues
artists and songs reveal so
much about their own back-
ground, it would have been
substantially more edifying for

someone to develop this theme
to discover just how a Donegal
man can relate to those kind of
experiences. If at all.

And in other areas, such as
when Gallagher is explaining
the emotions he feels while
playing, it would have been
preferable to have heard him
say something other than, Man
what a buzz — if you'll allow
the instant paraphrase.

Too much of the film's
content bordered on the bland.

Although, as stated, Palmer
hasn't really tried to capture the
overall touring atmosphere, he
does manage to put across the
feeling of a concert with the live
music, and the general dressing
room aura before and after-
wards.

Visually the movie works
well, with some quite excellent
on-stage photography. And it's
only the imagery, such as clips
of sea washing against rocks
spliced with shots of Gallagher
perspiring that I found particu-
larly contrived.

Other, that is, than the views
of the Emerald Isle and Rory
nipping into music shops and
along to view the Blarney
Stone; it must have been a very
relaxed tour, if he found time to
visit all his old haunts.

Yet after squirming through
the dreadful "Popdown", which
apart from the shots of Julie
Driscoll and the Brian Auger
Trinity I found difficult to
follow with its 60-ish popart
style, and the poorly filmed
"Status Quo Live At Wem-
bley", "Irish Tour 74" seemed
something of a treat.

Tony Stewart

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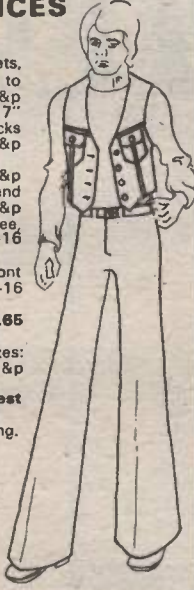
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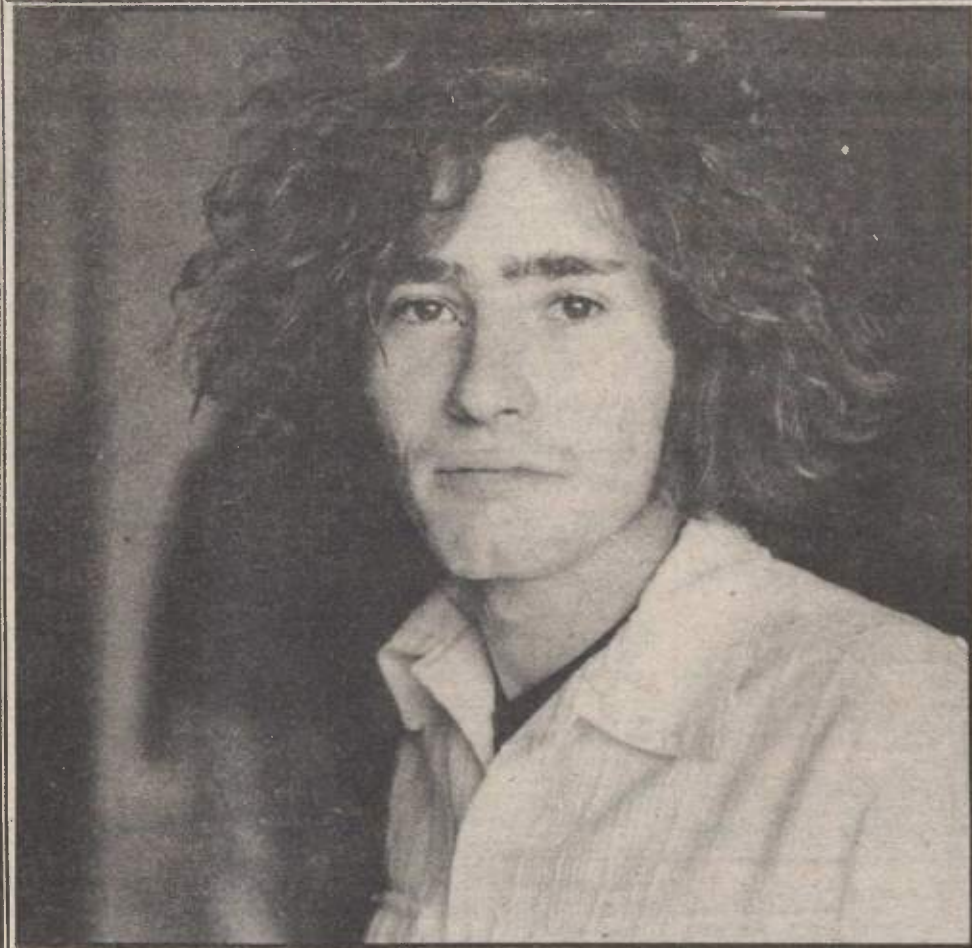


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TIM BUCKLEY 1948-75

Goodbye And Hello

A personal tribute to the L.A. Wanderer
by JOE STEVENS

SMOG, BOURBON, barbiturates, pressures of the record business... take your pick. All could have caused Tim Buckley's heart to stop. Speculation is easy and ru-

mours are rife. Even some of the refugees from South Vietnam know what "Rock Star OD's" means. You pay your money and you takes your choice.

The memory of Tim Buckley will most likely move more units of product than when he was around. Tim Buckley 27 with a bullet? Watch out Remember Croce.

Not long ago (NME June 8, 1974) Chrissie Hynd ended an article on him with: "So remember next time you turn on the radio you may not hear him — but wander outside your insulated world of rock newspapers, Top Of The Pops, school functions, clothes, and the safety gauges of home, and the music you will hear will surely include some of the songs of Tim Buckley."

This boy could finally have an easy time paying the rent, only now he don't need the house.

Record companies seemed unable to figure out how to promote Tim, so he got all too little of that, while management pre-occupied with a menagerie of bigger acts kept him on hold. The records were great when he began, and so were his live appearances, but the people making the moves for him didn't understand. So Timmie got the 'two albums a year and forever on the road' samba. Amen.

I MET Timmie in 1969 and we hit it off immediately, running round the Big Apple, digging and grooving. His show at the Lincoln Centre needed a lighting designer, so I designed; the darkrooms where I ran a photo service needed processors, so Timmie processed. In the evening, womanising and boozing occupied much of Buckley's time if he wasn't singing somewhere. The Dugout, a saloon in Greenwich Village, was a favourite watering hole, and later he would bring his 'catch' (of girls) back to the studio to play records and ball.

It was during this period that he did some tapes with his road manager and sound man — The Bear — in a makeshift sound room. Those sessions will no doubt appear one day among the above mentioned product yet to be sold.

Onstage, Timmie had full command of his voice, able to open it up from the first number. Interestingly, it wouldn't open up the same way in the studio until he'd sung for hours, but the Bear would wait patiently until it did. Then he'd turn on the machines and Buckley would give a demonstration of his pipes.

The splitting tones used to get to me. Imagine a guy singing harmonies with himself; two tones for the price of one. Maybe the Bear has still got the tapes, so stay tuned to our reviews section for developments.

Later in '69, upon completion of a stack of live appearances around the East coast, Buckley left for his home in Venice, California, and our twain didn't meet again until last year when he played Knebworth. Those fortunate to have caught his set there will long remember that soaring tenor

wailing his ass off. Bitchin'.

He came around the house later and my girl friend Kate and I sat around for about twenty hours rapping with him and getting drunker than three coons in Delaware, but Tim couldn't stay cause he was flying back to LA, so reluctantly we had to let him go. Out on the daybreaking Chelsea street, Kate and I watched him make his way, waving, and he was gone.

Let me tell you, he was one helluva great guy and could sing most of these jokers right off any damn stage and I'm sure going to miss him.

Goodbye and hello, Timmie.

DISCOGRAPHY

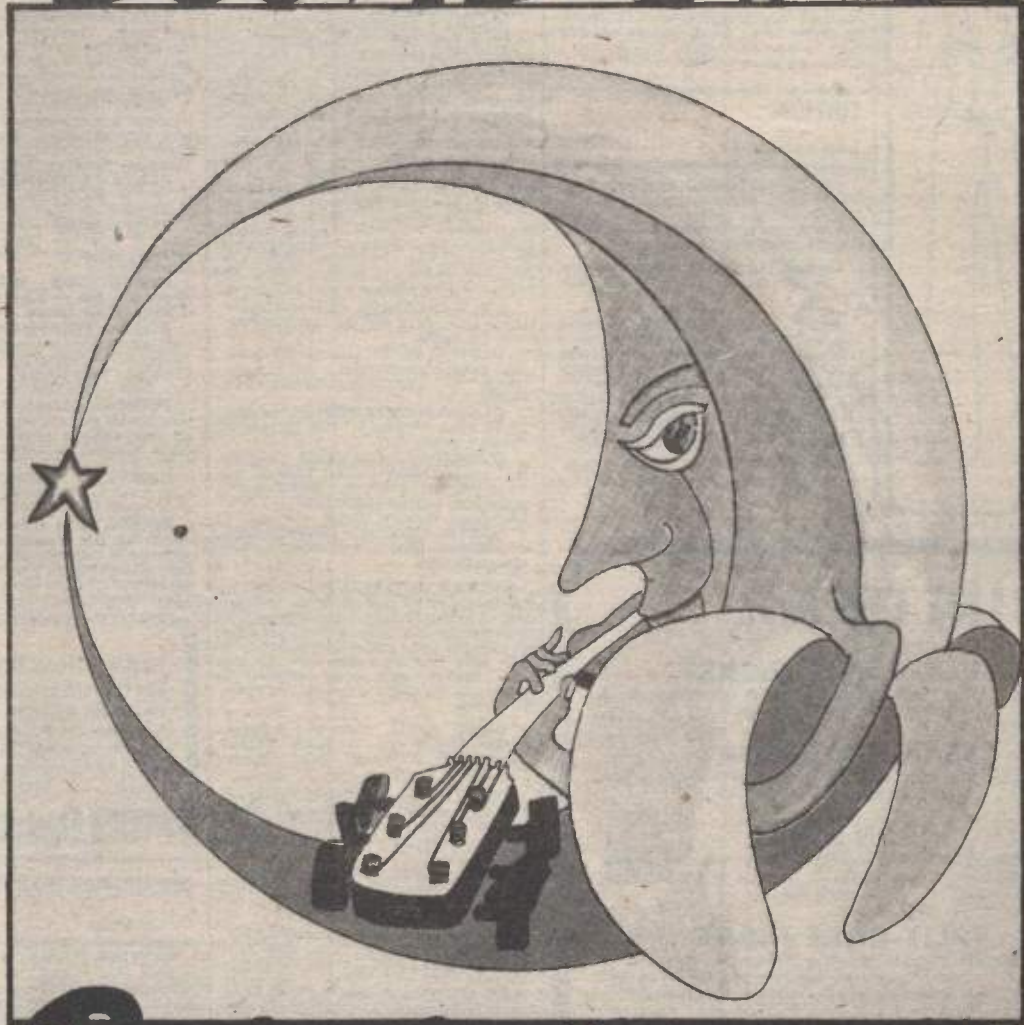
TIM BUCKLEY (Elektra)
GOODBYE AND HELLO (Elektra)
HAPPY SAD (Elektra)
BLUE AFTERNOON (Straight)
LORCA (Elektra)
STARSAILOR (Straight)
GREETINGS FROM L.A. (Warner Bros.)
SEFRONIA (Warner Bros.)
LOOK AT THE FOOL (Warner Bros.)



"There is no name yet for the places he and his voice can go"
— Lillian Roxon 'Rock Encyclopedia'

BANANA MOON. Buy Side One For Only £1.49
Get Side Two ABSOLUTELY FREE!

DAVID ALLEN



BANANA MOON.

UP SIDE

1. IT'S THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE 3:21 TRITSCH - ALLEN
2. MEMORIES 3:37 HOPPER (ROBBINS)
3. ALL I WANT IS OUT OF HERE 4:48 ALLEN
4. FRED THE FISH and the chip on his shoulder 2:27 ALLEN
5. WHITE NECK BLOOZE 4:36 ALLEN
6. CCDEIN. CCDA 3h 42m 9sec approx New stylus proviso

MUSICIANS:

DAVID ALLEN; lead guitar & Sing Song Whoopie!!!
with ROBERT WYATT drum plus lead guitar/Vocal on "MEMORIES"
ARCHIE LEGGET bassguitar GARY WRIGHT piano GERRY FIELDS Violin MAGGIE BELL & JERRY ST. JOHN chorusing
but PIP PYLE drum & SUBMARINE CAPTAIN TRITSCH rhythm guitar & bass
on "Time of your life" & NICK EVANS TROMBONE on "I'm a bowl."
LOVIN THANKFOOLS to milady shakti Yoni for spacewhisper on Side 2
& to PHILDUNNE of Marquee Studios for his engineer & PIERRE LATTES executive producer for Kastric Karakas of Lipol' Bug * RECORDED JAN 1971
P. VIRGIN RECORDS LTD 1975. VIRGIN RECORDS. VERNON YARD, PORTOBELLO RD. LONDON. W.11.
A BYG → VIRGIN MARRIAGE (not?) LONDON. W.11. love from daavid x bye bye

FLIPSIDE

1. SLOTHED-INNOCENT FRANKENSTEIN 3:28 ALLEN
- 2... and his ADVENTURES IN THE LAND OF FLIP 11:44 ALLEN
3. I'M A BOWL 2:46 ALLEN

FIRST THE BOOK OF PLANES' GONG... THEN SOMETHING ELSE ALTOGETHER HEY!!!

THANKS TO NICK KENT for his excellent three-part piece on Brian Wilson and the Beach Boys. I think there are, however, a couple of points worth commenting on.

In the first place I don't think it fair to categorise the "Summer Days" album as a "cop-out" or "manufactured product". The care that has gone into a track like "Let Him Run Wild" should be obvious, while the revamped "Help Me Rhonda" and "Amusement Parks USA" strike me as absolute classics. Listen again Nick!

Secondly, the dismissal of the "Friends" album seems unfair. It is one of my favourite Beach Boys' albums, but that is of course a matter of personal opinion. But surely you should have pointed out that this album marked the first time the other B.B.'s had made any significant contribution to the writing (e.g. Dennis' excellent "Little Bird"), and attempted some appraisal of their efforts?

Much the same applies to "20/20" and "Sunflower" (the latter being their crowning achievement, in my opinion), as well as the fact that you make no reference to the presence on these two albums of excellent Brian songs like "Time To Get Alone" and "This Whole World".

The article's biggest blunder, however, is surely the omission of any reference to the "American Spring" LP, by Brian's wife Marilyn and her sister Diane Rovell. This album came out (in England at least) in 1972 on United Artists, and is produced by Brian, with most tracks featuring vocal and musical arrangements by him.

It is a forgotten classic. One track in particular, "Sweet Mountain", written by Brian and David Sandler, stands among Brian's finest achievements, with an amazing vocal arrangement and beautiful production. Check it out and see.

Also, maybe Brian's involvement with this LP explains his lack of involvement with the "Carl & The Passions" album?

As a Beach Boys enthusiast, I'm one of those who feel "instinctively protective towards Brian Wilson" — he deserves our thanks for some fabulous music. I've got my fingers crossed for the next album.

Thanks for the article and keep up the good work. — RICHARD BRADLEY, Birmingham.

THANK YOU so much for Nick Kent's article on Brian Wilson. It must surely rate as one of the definitive articles on this weirdly enigmatic character.

Perhaps Nick would like to apply himself to writing a full length volume on Brian and the Beach Boys, when he could cover further items such as Brian's work with American Spring. Surely such a resultant gem of an LP from this collaboration reflects some form of creative cohesion.

In the meantime "Brian gets up every day and waters the legend", (Mike Love), and, like the perfect wave, we go on searching, seemingly in vain, for new B.B. studio material. — PETER BALDWIN, Sutton Coldfield.

HEARTY, IF somewhat belated, congrats to the mighty Nick Kent (never thought I'd ever actually shower praise on the 'enfant terrible' of punk journalism); the three-part article on Brian Wilson was long overdue, well-researched and written with affectionate insight by the aforementioned Kent.

I'd taken it for granted that the two joint major tragedies of pop were Elvis's army incarceration and the Beatles split, but at least the artists concerned in these two disasters are still coming out with some kind of product — no matter what the various critics may say about the results.

In Brian Wilson we have a true innovator and all-round musical genius (I know that word is tossed around like confetti these days but I can use it with regard to Wilson without even flinching) who, for whatever reason, seems to have turned his back on the current music scene, seemingly scared to death of the very talent which is so obviously his.

I mean, I've heard of paranoia but even Lennon was able to produce something, however manic, after the demise of the mop-tops. I can see that a weight problem isn't exactly a bundle of laughs but I don't really see how it stops the guy from actually getting it together in the studio. I realise, of course, that there must be more to it than that but what's the answer?

Kent's was the kind of article that had me wishing there was some way I could get to Wilson and tell him it doesn't matter if he fails to measure up to the almost superhuman standards that no doubt many critics expect of him, regarding any new material. It could be that "Pet Sounds" has become a millstone around his neck but

English, She is spoken here. Here is 128 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. E 9QH.

You go steady now Damaged One, or you get to read all of...

Gasbag

Epic or Schmepic

Readers froth over Kent meisterwork

an artist like Wilson surely cannot be measured by just one album.

Now that the majority of drug-oriented idiots, plus major business-hassles have been thrown out the window let's hope that Wilson can start fulfilling his unlimited potential.

I've no doubt that Wilson and the rest of the group, if they put their minds to it, can somehow get together and do it again, but whether they will or not? Well... Wilson only knows. — THE SILVER SURFER, Queensway, London.

I WOULD like to congratulate Nick Kent on producing such a fine piece of journalism. The egotistic mumbo-jumbo on a forgotten non-entity from mamas' All-American boy era, certainly deserves some praise.

The hours of effort which Mr. Kent must have devoted, seems a criminal waste of time and talent, and the excellent presentation hardly seems worthy of the unobtrusive Mr. Wilson.

Brian Wilson's "talent", if that is the right expression, stems from weak soda-pop lyrics and the adaptation of sing-along melodies from his time, and not from any creative source which, if Mr. Wilson had, he certainly kept within. Each Wilson record was different in name only and like the California surf, rolled up and rolled down toward its simpering end.

I found the article at its worst sleep-inducing and at its best boring to the extreme. While you have much to commend the ONLY music-paper of our time, YOUR time could be better

spent in today-land and not giving the kiss of life to dead fish from the murky depths of musical backwaters. — DANNY OLIVER, Bexley Heath, Kent.

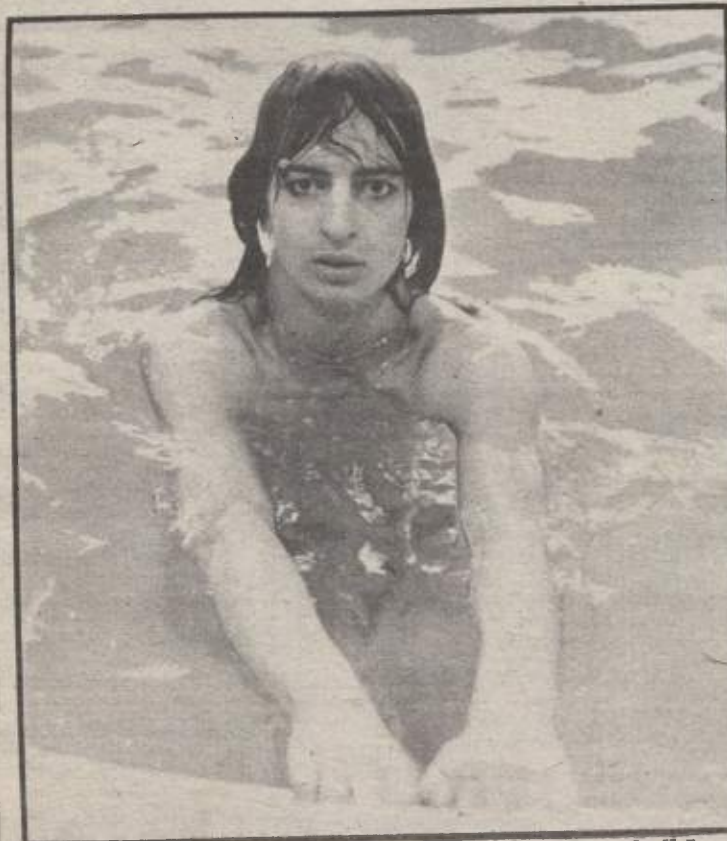
Basically, the only points drawn in these letters I wanted to comment upon concern the omissions which Messrs. Bradley and Baldwin justifiably feel moved to comment upon.

Certainly the "Spring" album should have been dealt with in the third chapter. I move to concur with their collective belief that it stands as one of Brian's most "creatively cohesive" works (though at least two of the people I interviewed — Bruce Johnston I instantly recall as being one — stated that Wilson was forced to retire from the project and that before its completion collaborator David Sandler more or less took over).

Unfortunately, my own inability to properly measure out the gargantuan amount of information I'd gathered on Wilson's post-"Smile" activities is to blame here.

As I was writing the final extract, it soon became rather more than apparent that a fourth chapter was needed in order to get the events in a decent perspective and this would account for numerous other omissions — "Sunflower" could have been examined more thoroughly for example.

If it's any consolation, I intend to expand on my Wilson story at great length for probable publication in book-form in the not-too-distant future. NK.



THINKS: 'Maybe this'll get me some girl fans. I need all I can get at the moment, I'll tell ya ...'

Edited by
MAX BELL



ISNT it time we stopped the procedure of turning rock pubs into discos, citing the case of the Lord Nelson, where the excellent Dr. Feelgood started their career.

It was a pleasure to go and see them, along with other bands. Why should we see the energy and excitement created by such as the Feelgoods replaced by the so-called soul music and chart trash which is so regularly being churned out — how can the brewery justify this crime? Surely they must realise that pure rhythm live is better than recorded crap. — GARRY NELSON, Worcester Park, Surrey.

Right on Garry. Unfortunately this is symptomatic of a gathering trend. By its action The Lord Nelson has turned a blind eye to one of the most valuable breeding grounds for non-manipulated, there in the flesh aspiring new bands. Same with the beer too, for one can no longer experience the matured in-cask flavours of yesteryear; Youngs, Fullers. Now we're confronted with chemically aborted brews you wouldn't souse the parrot in. M.B.

I'M REALLY pissed off. Four times I've changed the Eagles new single "One Of These Nights" and "Barbados" by Typically Tropical and both still crackle like a mouthful of cornflakes.

Last week it was Osibisa's "The Warrior" and Temptations "Get Ready," which, incidentally, I changed three times and still haven't obtained a copy without bad "surface noise".

I'm a partner in a mobile-disco so I have to buy singles and I'd say out of every ten I buy three get returned because of "crackle" or "warping". On top of that, nine out of ten have shitty "B" sides. I only know of one group who released consistent value-for-money singles and they were the Beatles (of course). Double "A"s most of them and classics to this day.

As usual it's the customer who gets crapped on. Sixty pence for two-and-a-half minutes of "crackle." I suppose you'll tell me it's all due, once again, to "mass production." — J. W. HAYES, Leicester.

It's all due, once again, to "mass production." M.B.

HAVING RECENTLY come across a copy of Record Mirror, I was amazed yet perturbed to find that, especially on the letters page, this conspicuously Laodicean paper seems to emulate and even plagiarise the iconoclastic lineaments which have become ensconced as symbolic of your decadent and execrable periodical.

For example: The readers of Record Mirror, for how long I know not, have been indulging in that most enigmatic of NME's offspring — the ephemeral Smart Ass One Liner — modestly titled the One Liner by Record Mirror Readers. I also saw that pestilential noun "dude" (no "wimp" I am glad to say).

It seems sad and apocalyptic that the malign influence of the noxious NME is so indomitable as to enter the portals of such a normally leisurely, carefree paper as Record Mirror, not that I am in any way defending the latter, being hopelessly and irreversibly addicted to NME. — WALT, Boston, Lines.

One of life's sad truths Mr. Disney. Florid nouns and original trademarks once exclusive to this fair journal (bozo, turkey, mucho, macho) now crop up with disturbing regularity wherever you look.

I'm sure that a man of your obvious learning and diligent syntax would not take it amiss if I quoted the great Prophet Kahlil Gibran to ease your mental anguish: 'No man can reveal to you aught but that which already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge so stop wasting your money on Revoltingly Mundane rip-offs.' M.B.

Dear Sir, Llamas are bigger than frogs. — D. P. GUMBY B.A. University of Vanessa Redgrave.

So are warthogs but they don't shout about it. M.B.

Am I a smart-ass one liner? — LEIF GJERSTAD, Oslo, Norway.

Sorry Norwegians don't qualify M.B.

AS MUCH as I love and respect the NME, I feel obliged to insult the June 7 article on New York. Luckily, it's written by dear old Lisa Robinson, so I really don't feel that it reflects anything but a poor choice of New York correspondent. You'll excuse the late date of this reply, but my proletarian sea-mail copy arrived only this morning.

The main flaw of the piece, is the obvious omission of The Planets, one of the longest-standing, and most respected New York bands.

I'm under the impression that Ms. R is having some sort of feud with them, but in the pursuit of quasi-objective journalism, there is no justification for not including a mention of them. Ignorance is no excuse, they've played bills with Television at CBGB's.

Another minor blunder is the description of The Fast's stage show. Based on their recent performances, it's obvious that Lisa hasn't seen them for at least a year. In such a transient scene as New York has engendered, it's extremely poor practice to write about year-old information.

Finally, her taste sucks, but of course, that's uncriticizable — the Ramones are the stupidest, least talented pile of shit ever. The whole mystique of New York rock is unfortunately built around bands that, five years ago, would have been thrown out of high school dances for not being able to play.

Then the Dolls came along, and now the goal is to be as incompetent as you can. The point that dingos like Lisa (who couldn't possibly be bothered to go to the truly scummy places where these bands play) are missing is that it does not take any talent at all to put together a lousy band.

If a band is talented in some ways, but not instrumentally (Velvets, Stooges, Television) or vocally (Dolls, Eno, Alex Harvey), that's understandable, and even an asset, but you've got to have something going for you, otherwise, trash is trash.

Please don't let rock go the way of modern art — I couldn't bear an album of gorilla noises in the charts.

There is talent in the New York bands — lots of it in bands like The Planets, Fast, Dictators, Television, Marbles. A lot of the rest is all mystique and non-music. Come to your senses Lisa, and stop fawning — SCOTT ISLER, New York, NY.

Dear Scott, you've raised the age old question about what constitutes trash in rock and what doesn't. To claim on one hand that neither The Velvet Underground nor The Stooges were instrumentally talented needs extensive backing up (James Williamson? John Cale? Lou Reed?).

To then go and say that this is conceivably an asset in their case is plain inconsistent. I think you've underestimated the value of mystique in relatively unknown outfits, something which will soon be dispelled if they fail to deliver on any level (The Dolls eventually). The high school dances bit is a total myth. There has, and always will be, a limited but important market for rough raw energy bands whether they be The Standells, Seeds, Flamin' Groovies or Television. Equally relative talent and widespread success have very little in common, probably because few of them fully manage the transition to record. Witness the appalling Dictators effort "Go Girl Crazy", a group who you say have some talent, and the fact that Island have dropped Milk and Cookies. M.B.

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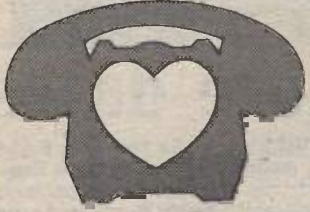
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Five Years Ago

Last This Week
Week ending July 15, 1970

1 1 ALRIGHT NOW Free (Island)

2 2 IN THE SUMMERTIME Mungo Jerry (Dawn)

7 3 IT'S ALL IN THE GAME Four Tops (Tama Motown)

7 4 UP AROUND THE BEND Creedence Clearwater Revival

15 5 LOLA Kinks (Pye)

3 6 GROOVIN' WITH MR. BLOE Mr. Bloo (DJM)

10 7 SOMETHING Shirley Bassey (United Artists)

14 8 LOVE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE Nicky Thomas (Trojan)

5 9 GOODBYE SAM, HELLO SAMANTHA Cliff Richard (Columbia)

4 10 SALLY Gerry Monroe (Chapter One)

Ten Years Ago

Last This Week
Week ending July 14, 1965

3 1 MR. TAMBOURINE MAN Byrds (CBS)

4 2 HEART FULL OF SOUL Yardbirds (Columbia)

1 3 I'M ALIVE Hollies (Parlophone)

10 4 TOSSING AND TURNING Ivy League (Piccadilly)

2 5 CRYING IN THE CHAPEL Elvis Presley (RCA)

6 6 TO KNOW YOU IS TO LOVE YOU Peter and Gordon (Columbia)

7 7 IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE Dusty Springfield (Philips)

5 8 LOOKING THRU THE EYES OF LOVE Gene Pitney (Stateside)

10 9 LEAVE A LITTLE LOVE Lulu (Decca)

9 10 ONE IN THE MIDDLE (EP) Manfred Mann (HMV)

15 Years Ago

Last This Week
Week ending July 13, 1960

1 1 GOOD TIMIN' Jimmy Jones (MGM)

3 2 PLEASE DON'T TEASE Cliff Richard (Columbia)

2 3 AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' Tommy Bruce (Columbia)

9 4 SHAKIN' ALL OVER Johnny Kidd (HMV)

6 5 MADE YOU Adam Faith (Parlophone)

5 6 ROBOT MAN Connie Francis (MGM)

4 7 WHAT A MOUTH Tommy Steele (Decca)

23 8 LOOK FOR A STAR Garry Mills (Top Rank)

11 9 ANGELA JONES Michael Cox (Triumph)

7 10 THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Eddie Cochran (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

C · H · A · R · T · S

SINGLES

This Last Week
Tuesday 15th July 1975

1 (1) TEARS ON MY PILLOW
Johnny Nash (CBS) 5 1

2 (3) MISTY Ray Stevens (Janus) 4 2

3 (4) THE HUSTLE ... Van McCoy (Avco) 8 3

4 (15) GIVE A LITTLE LOVE
Bay City Rollers (Bell) 2 4

5 (5) HAVE YOU SEEN HER
Chi-Lites (Brunswick) 4 5

6 (20) BARBADOS Typ...ly Tropical (Gull) 3 6

7 (2) I'M NOT IN LOVE 10 c.c. (Mercury) 7 1

8 (9) EIGHTEEN WITH A BULLET
Pete Wingfield (Island) 3 8

9 (6) DISCO STOMP
Hamilton Bohannon (Brunswick) 7 6

10 (7) DOING ALL RIGHT WITH THE
BOYS Gary Glitter (Bell) 5 7

11 (25) JIVE TALKIN' Bee Gees (RSO) 3 11

12 (23) SEALED WITH A KISS
Brian Hyland (ABC) 2 12

13 (8) MOONSHINE SALLY ... Mud (Rak) 4 7

14 (24) D.I.V.O.R.C.E. Tammy Wynette (Epic) 3 14

15 (17) MY WHITE BICYCLE
Nazareth (Mooncrest) 5 13

16 (18) FOE-DEE-O-DEE Rubettes (State) 4 16

17 (11) THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN
Showaddywaddy (Bell) 9 1

18 (—) JE T'AIME Judge Dread (Cactus) 1 18

19 (29) ROLLING STONE David Essex (CBS) 2 19

20 (—) IT'S IN HIS KISS Linda Lewis (Arista) 1 20

21 (10) WHISPERING GRASS
Windsor Davies & Don Estelle (EMI) 10 1

22 (16) BLACK PUDDING BERTHA
Goodies (Bradley) 3 16

23 (27) I WRITE THE SONGS
David Cassidy (RCA) 2 23

24 (19) MAKE THE WORLD GO AWAY
Donny & Marie Osmond (MGM) 4 19

25 (—) ACTION Sweet (RCA) 1 25

26 (12) LISTEN TO WHAT THE MAN SAID
Wings (Parlophone) 8 6

27 (14) I DON'T LOVE YOU BUT I THINK
I LIKE YOU
Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM) 4 14

28 (26) SOMEONE SAVED MY LIFE
TONIGHT Elton John (DJM) 3 25

29 (21) MAMA NEVER TOLD ME
Sister Sledge (Atlantic) 4 20

30 (—) FOOT STOMPIN' MUSIC
Hamilton Bohannon (Brunswick) 1 30

BUBBLING UNDER

YOU GO TO MY HEAD—Bryan Ferry (Island)

BLANKET ON THE GROUND—Billie Joe Spears (United Artists)

HARBOUR LOVE—Syreeta (Tama Motown)

NEW YORK CITY—T. Rex (EMI)

IT OUGHTA SELL A MILLION—Lyn Paul (Polydor)

ALBUMS

This Last Week
Tuesday, 15th July, 1975

1 (1) VENUS AND MARS ..Wings (Apple) 6 1

2 (2) HORIZON Carpenters (A&M) 5 1

3 (4) ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
10 c.c. (Mercury) 17 3

4 (3) CAPTAIN FANTASTIC
Elton John (DJM) 8 1

5 (5) ONCE UPON A STAR
Bay City Rollers (Bell) 13 1

6 (6) BEST OF STYLISTICS (Avco) 15 2

7 (29) ONE OF THESE NIGHTS
Eagles (Asylum) 3 7

8 (7) BEST OF TAMMY WYNETTE (Epic) 10 3

9 (9) TUBULAR BELLS
Mike Oldfield (Virgin) 99 1

10 (8) GREATEST HITS OF 10 c.c. (UK) 6 7

11 (25) STEP TWO ... Showaddywaddy (Bell) 2 11

12 (10) THE SINGLES 1969-1973
Carpenters (A&M) 79 1

13 (16) ROLLIN'
Bay City Rollers (Bell) 42 1

14 (12) TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF
Three Degrees (Philadelphia) 9 8

15 (15) MADE IN THE SHADE
Rolling Stones (Atlantic) 3 15

16 (13) 24 CARAT PURPLE
Deep Purple (Purple) 9 13

17 (20) RETURN TO FANTASY
Uriah Heep (Bronze) 2 17

18 (11) AUTOBAHNKraftwerk (Vertigo) 10 5

19 (14) ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS
(DJM) 36 1

20 (17) JUDITHJudy Collins (Elektra) 8 7

21 (23) THANK YOU BABY Stylistics (Avco) 2 21

22 (24) DARK SIDE OF THE MOON
Pink Floyd (Harvest) 119 1

23 (26) SIMON & GARFUNKEL GREATEST
HITS (CBS) 138 1

24 (—) MUD ROCK II (Rak) 1 24

25 (18) PHYSICAL GRAFFITI
Led Zeppelin (Swansong) 19 1

26 (—) THE SNOW GOOSE
Camel (Decca) 1 26

27 (—) THE BASEMENT TAPES
Bob Dylan (CBS) 1 27

28 (—) CUT THE CAKE
Average White Band (Atlantic) 2 28

29 (21) STAND BY YOUR MAN
Tammy Wynette (Epic) 4 20

30 (22) I FEEL A SONG
Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah) 5 17

BUBBLING UNDER

DISCO BABY—Van McCoy (Avco)

AL GREEN'S Greatest Hits (London)

ON THE LEVEL—Status Quo (Vertigo)

HIS 12 GREATEST HITS—Neil Diamond (UNI)

METAMORPHOSIS—Rolling Stones (Decca)

FANDANGO—Z.Z. Top

U.S. SINGLES

Tuesday, July 15, 1975

1 (2) THE HUSTLEVan McCoy

2 (4) ONE OF THESE NIGHTSEagles

3 (1) LISTEN TO WHAT THE MAN SAID.....Wings

4 (6) PLEASE MR. PLEASEOlivia Newton-John

5 (5) MAGICPilot

6 (3) LOVE WILL KEEP US TOGETHERThe Captain & Tennille

7 (8) I'M NOT IN LOVE10 c.c.

8 (9) SWEARIN' TO GODFrankie Valli

9 (11) JIVE TALKIN'Bee Gees

10 (12) ROCKIN' CHAIRGwen McCrae

11 (14) MIDNIGHT BLUEMelissa Manchester

12 (18) SOMEONE SAVED MY LIFE TONIGHT
Elton John

13 (15) WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDSWar

14 (7) WILDFIREMichael Murphy

15 (10) THE WAY WE WEREGladys Knight

16 (16) MISTYRay Stevens

17 (19) DYNOMITEBazuka

18 (20) RHINESTONE COWBOY.....Glen Campbell

19 (22) THE ROCKFORD FILESMike Post

20 (13) LOVE WON'T LET ME WAITMajor Harris

21 (17) I'M NOT LISAJessi Colter

22 (21) WHEN WILL I BE LOVEDLinda Ronstadt

23 (30) MORNIN' BEAUTIFUL ...Tony Orlando & Dawn

24 (28) DISCO QUEENHot Chocolate

25 (—) HOW SWEET IT ISJames Taylor

26 (—) FALLIN' IN LOVE
Hamilton, Joe Frank & Reynolds

27 (—) I'M ON FIREDwight Twilley

28 (—) EVERY TIME YOU TOUCH MECharlie Rich

29 (—) IT'S ALL DOWNRingo Starr

30 (27) SPIRIT OF THE BOOGIEKool & The Gang

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Tuesday, July 15, 1975

1 (2) VENUS AND MARSWings

2 (1) CAPTAIN FANTASTICElton John

3 (3) ONE OF THESE NIGHTSEagles

4 (7) LOVE WILL KEEP US TOGETHERCaptain & Tennille

5 (4) FOUR WHEEL DRIVEBachman Turner Overdrive

6 (5) THAT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLDEarth, Wind & Fire

7 (8) THE HEAT IS ONIsley Brothers

8 (11) MADE IN THE SHADERolling Stones

9 (16) CUT THE CAKEAverage White Band

10 (10) DISCO BABYVan McCoy

11 (13) HORIZONCarpenters

12 (14) METAMORPHOSISRolling Stones

13 (6) STAMPEDEDoobie Brothers

14 (17) GORILLAJames Taylor

15 (9) FANDANGOZ Z Top

16 (12) SURVIVALO'Jays

17 (18) TOMMYOriginal Soundtrack

18 (20) DIAMONDS AND RUSTJoan Baez

19 (15) CHICAGO VIIIChicago

20 (—) CAT STEVENS GREATEST HITS

21 (—) STILLSStephen Stills

22 (19) WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE Alice Cooper

23 (24) ADVENTURES IN PARADISE Minnie Riperton

24 (27) WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDSWar

25 (28) TOYS IN THE ATTICAerosmith

26 (30) ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK10 c.c.

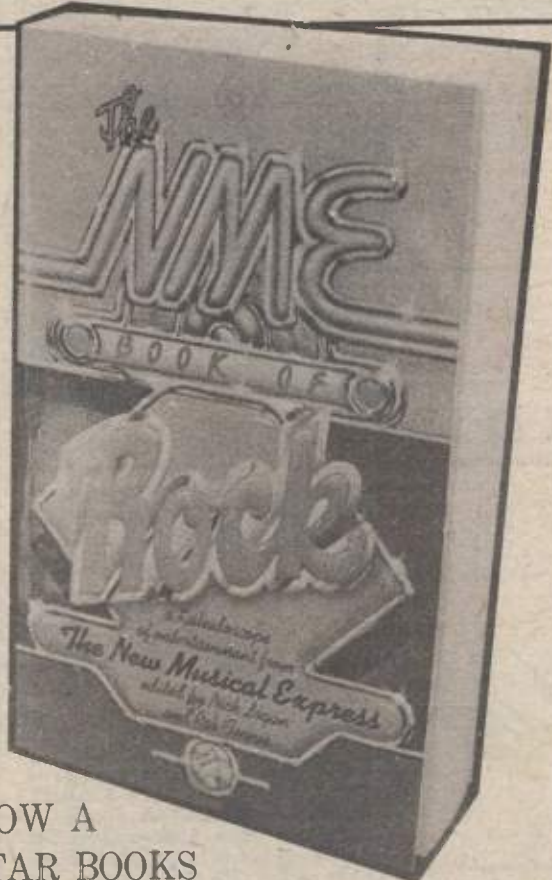
27 (21) MR. MAGICGrover Washington

28 (22) SPIRIT OF AMERICABeach Boys

29 (25) HEARTSAmerica

30 (—) CHOCOLATE CHIPIsaac Hayes

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FIRST DAVID Bowie, then Peter Sellers... this year's Steeleye Span guest superstar is none other than Womblemeister Mike Batt, who—believe it or not—is producing their next album. Observers at a recent session at AIR Studios noted that Batt's combination of leftfield jokiness and ruthless efficiency is producing excellent results. Apart from driving band members through fiendishly complicated vocal parts and then blandly asking "Can you double-track that?", Batt also contributed the following one liner, "Don't forget about the ending which you haven't heard yet," to a terminally puzzled Bob Johnson. Remember you're a cloggie?...

Meanwhile, back at the Pink Fluid, the latest skuttlebutt suggests once again that, in the wake of Knebworth and the last tour, All Is Not Well and that it may be a mucho hot day in January before they tour again; plus their next project will be soundtrack music for a movie version of Frank Herbert's incredibly long SF tub-thumper "Dune", which may star David Bowie (though if D.B. was doing it he'd probably want to do the music himself); still, there are quite enough rumours to go round, so take yer pick...

And over to "Police 24", where our crime reporter Toulouse La Kneecaps is about to report on This Week's Busts: Chuck Negron of Three Dog Night went down in Louisville, Kentucky (home town of Muhammad Ali) charged with illegal possession of narcotics; he's currently out on \$10,000 bail and his case comes up on August 14 in case any of you

TDN freaks wanna mark up the date in your Letts Desk Diaries—while ex-Slapp Happy man Anthony Moore had spot of law bovva after he and Ruan O'Lochlainn, while driving out of Abbey Road at 5.30 a.m., put Ruan's van through a

stationary vehicle...

California Foolishness Dept: fun-lovin' Grace Slick leapt on stage at a Martin Mull gig in San Francisco, reportedly rubbed up against Mull's naughty bits and later showed up backstage to ask the musical question, "Let me do ya, lemme do ya now, ya Nazi pig fascist." She later commented, "Anything anybody said I did after nine o'clock at night is probably true"—thanks Gracie; incidentally, Martin Balin is now a full-time card-carrying member of the Jefferson Starship, if anyone cares...

Back to Toulouse La Kneecaps: Lynnyrd Skynyrd's Ronnie Van Zant and Gary Rossington tanked on a drunk and disorderly charge after allegedly punching out a Michigan bartender; jeez, the class of person you meet in jail these days...

Could the latest stage in the career of the Jackson 5 be the "Romeo And Juliet" of rock and roll? The Jacksons done packed their bags and fled from Motown to Epic Records, but without bro' Jermaine, who having married Motown boss Berry Gordy's daughter Hazel, is staying put; the Jacksons changing name to Jackson Family, which is quite a feather in their Capulet (blechhh! —Ed)... Bianca Jagger currently in Rome blagging Federico Fellini for a role in his new flick "Casanova", featuring Donald Sutherland; Mick's farewell to her in L.A. was to souse her with icewater, and she was Not Smiling...

Half year for chart accountants: NME Chart points so far for '75 put Mud at top of singles pile with 433 points. Kenny are second, Bay City Rollers third, Showaddywaddy fourth, and the Carpenters fifth. Over there in 'serious' (heh heh) land of album charts, "Elton John's Greatest Hits" is top of heap with 642 points, hotly pursued by Oldfield's "Tubular Bells" (632), "Rollin'" (Bay City Rollers) (509), "The Carpenters' Singles 69-73" (470), and 10cc's "The Original Sound Track" trailing fifth on 382 points. Just thought you fax 'n' info freaks might like to know...

Contrary to reports, BBC now playing Dion's new single—in fact, Noel Edmonds made it his Record Of The Week... Dave Dee depping for Nicky Horne on Capital Radio "Your Mother Wouldn't Like It"... Billy Cobham's sidemen reputedly amongst best paid in business; \$500 a week, rain or shine...

Major record labels report-

edly shying away from signing FBI: seems they want extremely large advance... Chieftains to supply score for next Stanley Kubrick Movie... Puzzle Corner: Are three major instrumentalists with surnames beginning with letter "C" preparing an announcement?...

On continent, Rolling Stones "I Don't Know Why" Decca track issued in picture sleeve featuring the late Brian Jones; 'tis, in fact, Mick Taylor on geetar... Danny Thompson screamin' for the blood of Guardian critic Robin Denselow and other notorious rock scribes: to be forewarned is to be forearmed!... New Sweet single has more than passing resemblance to Beach Boys "Heroes & Villains"...

Montreux Fest notes: During Rory Gallagher's acoustic set, a bomb scare failed to shift the audience; they refused to leave until Rory had completed his umpteenth encore... Chieftains took the festival by storm with their mixture of Irish madness and music... While motoring across France en route to Montreux, John Martyn interrupted his journey for a spot of trout fishing; before reaching Swiss border, Martyn pulled up at a French bistro, and presented the Patron with six large trout and instructions how to cook 'em...

Belgian guitarist Philip Catherine (aided by pre-recorded tapes) was one of surprise hits of Montreux folk/country/blues guitar night; likewise, Julie Felix and John Golding scored personal triumphs... Boatloads of tourists on Lake Geneva astounded by apparition of Keith Emerson and Atlantic Records British bossman Phil Carson streaking naked on water skis... Later same day, demure young ladies sunbathing by the edge of casino pool swooned at sight of brazen Emmo "duck-diving" au naturel... Jimmy Page, Robert Plant and John Paul Jones now tax-exiled in mountains overlooking Montreux...

Further on Emerson: seems he drove his motorbike all the way from London to Montreux in one day...

Tickets for Bob Marley shows sold out at record speed... We hear whispers about possibility of extra two shows in London next week... And in New York Wailers given official welcome by the city's mayor...

In US, new band named the Almost Brothers includes three Allman Bros ex Roadies... And if you're feeling the pinch of inflation (ouch) and the bite of new economic measures (yaroo), think yourself lucky you're not a continental record fan: singles cost a quid, albums four quid, Import albums an arm and a leg... Sports Editor Vicious O'Hooligan in deep trouble for getting scores of Pink Floyd/Roy Marley's Trigger cricket match wrong way round last week. Floyd were in fact the winners (at least, that's what they say)...

More on pub-rock: Island A & R manager Richard Williams spotted looking over hot shots Moon at Hope and Anchor recently. You read about 'em here first if we say so ourselves... While Mike Rutherford of Genesis apparently recruiting Mike Strickland, singer with Witches Brew, for his solo album... Marc Bolan looking almost as pregnant as his missus in Sun special pic this week. The Dwarf, sorry Elf, also lost high court battle over publication rights to his "Warlock In Love" poetry book. Must be a bad time for Librans, Marc...

New Labelle album almost completed and tentatively titled "Phoenix"... And trichologists, this could be your big break: John Winston O'Boogie Scarlet O'Hara Lennon reportedly frantically seeking scalp specialist with low down to save Liverpoolian mop-top's diminishing locks. Never mind, John, like we said it's a bad time for Librans... Clive Davis sees the light—The Mystic Rhinestones, Guru Ji's brother's band signed to Arista... Silly one of the week: John Cale at Dingwall's Georgie Fame gig dressed as Snoopy...

Extravagant down Thames cruise to promote new Kursaal Flyers' album cost princely sum of £5,000... Sports Ed Vicious O'Hooligan faintly appalled to

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see Ginger Baker galloping round Windsor great park playing polo: "It's just not cricket," he quipped... Name of new band currently being

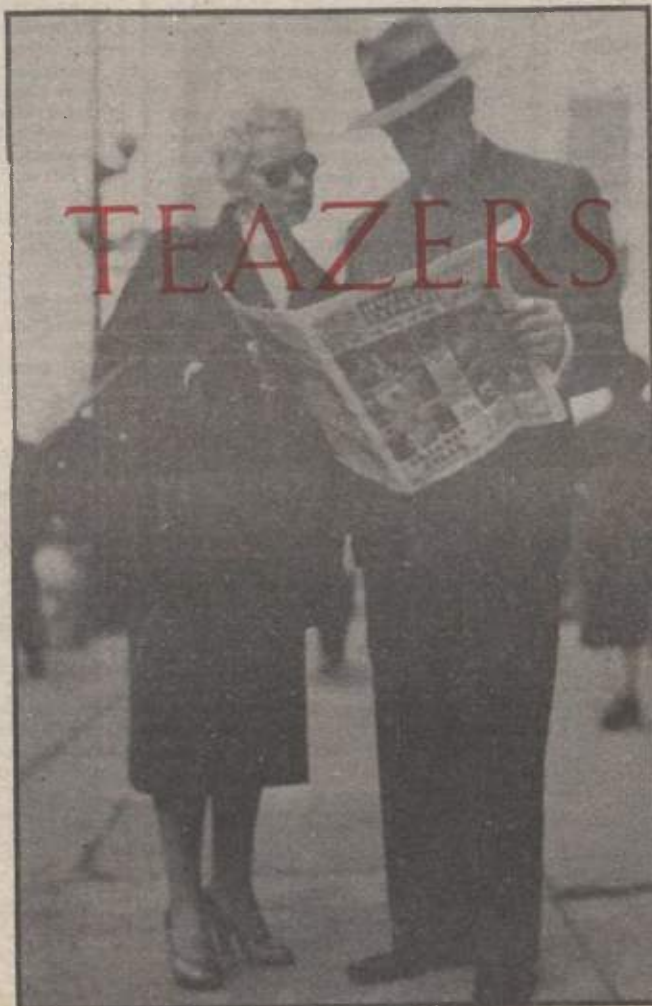
"I had to tell him that it was no use walking into the room and saying something to David and getting upset when he didn't answer. You walk in, grab him by the coat, give it a couple of tugs and you yell: 'I've got some paintings to show you daddy David'."

And Daddy David goes: "What is it, child?" with a look of tenderness in his eyes."
ANGIE BOWIE. 'Honey' magazine.

pulled together in LA: KGB. Members include Mike Bloomfield, Barry Goldberg, Car-

mine Appice, and Rik Grech (hey—remember Rik Grech)!

A cool million and a quarter dollars grossed by The Stones for their six concerts at New York's Madison Square Garden... Joni Mitchell and Neil Young both play on David Blue's new album. Blue also appears on cover of Dylan's "Basement Tapes" double album, which we unreservedly recommend... Max Merritt and the Meteors, veteran rockers and all round good geezers, one of first UK signings to Arista label. The lads have finished first album for September release... And late candidate for 'Grim Reaper's Greatest Hit': 'Johnny's Dead', a sepulchral superbo by ex-Slapp Happy heart throb Anthony Moore. We predict left field smash, ETA mid August, over and out...



A WEEKLY COMPILATION

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This man used to be in the foam business

FASTER THAN a premature ejaculation! More powerful than an ulterior motive! Able to leap tall hydrants in a single bound!

Don't look up in the sky, for the boulder we're talking about is Captain Sticky, a self made and very much earthbound super-hero who resides in Long Beach, California and practices the long neglected art of caped crusading against evil.

Like most ordinary folks, the Captain has his own opinions on just what "evil" is: "I define it as something which oppresses a person who cannot fight back.

"The old and the fat are the most oppressed people in our society. Blacks, Mexicans, women, they all have movements. But I ask you, who speaks up for the old and the fat?" chews out the Captain.

While he relaxes in the living room of the home he calls Stately Sticky Manor, it's simple to discern how the Cap can empathise with the corpulent half of the world's downtrodden. His 325 lb. frame would leave divots in most furniture and just sitting there in his plain clothes (his loose fitting super zoot suit and cape had just been sent to the cleaners) C.S. looks for all the world like the "before" picture in a Vic Tanny's reducing salon advertisement.

When pressed about his chubbiness, Sticky is quick to take the defensive, stating, "This is all muscle," making a sweeping gesture from the head down, "and I can lift a refrigerator..."

All superheroes have mysterious origins and C.S. is no exception. The Captain grew out of the glassfibre-foam industry where, under his former identity of well-mannered Rick Pesta, he scored enough with some ingenious inventions to comfortably retire at age 28. He then eschewed the life of the idle ulcer in favour of assisting his less affluent fellows.

With tongue deeply in bearded jowl, Pesta explains: "The job for superhero was open and there were no other applications."

Like Bruce (Batman) Wayne and Tony (Ironman) Stark, Sticky Rick invested his stockpiles of cash into a whole arsenal of character contrivances, including his \$1,000 day-costume designed by a movie studio wardrobe, a laser powered peanut butter and jelly gun for "immobilising somebody in good taste," grenades made from peanut butter, vinegar and, appropriately enough, Alka Seltzers, and a customised limousine, the Stickimobile.

Said limo is bulbous with paraphernalia, including radar shields, flags streaming from the headlights, and tacky slogans, like "The Eyes of Evil Are



He's a little whacko. His zoot suit and cape don't fit so good. But for a crazed Planet Earth he might be our last chance. STAN FINDELLE brings you the ballad of . . .

The Captain, garbed and ready to destroy evil with peanut butter

Captain Sticky

"Never Blinded" emblazoned on the windows.

So far, only the police have taken the vehicle seriously. "While I was patrolling San Diego recently, the police roared up and gave the Stickimobile a spontaneous escort, with sirens and flashing lights," chuckled Cap. "They thought the Sticky Flag meant the limo was transporting some foreign rear admiral. Big navy

town, San Diego, you know."

C.S. hopes to generate more uproar with a Sticky Blimp at present in the works. He's even allowed himself the extravagance of an "evening cape" spun from 24 carat gold (priced at \$2,000) for after-evil fun. "I enjoy a good time just

like everybody else. I'm not concerned with what a person eats, drinks, or smokes, or whom he sleeps with. I deal with basic wrongs. That's all."

For Superpowers, Sticky is at a bit of a loss, unless you want

your refrigerator moved. In one of his flurries of semi-wit, he'll obusely claim he can walk on water . . . if you pour it on a cement slab first. "Never sunk more than one-half inch," adds the fat man rather dryly. He can't fly. He doesn't even espouse any particular political wings. What Sticky is armed with, however, is a shrewd

acumen for the peculiar appetites of the news media and how to manipulate its power for the purpose of his freelance do-gooding. This, plus the fact that underneath all the gimcrack and chickenfat, Sticky is deadly serious.

"There's a philosophical difference between do-gooders and actually doing good," he cloudily pontificates. "A do-gooder is pure at heart but naive to power politics. I'm sophisticated in tactics which intimidate bureaucracies which I feel are the festering sources of evil in our society."

With a true sense of schmalz he declares, "If I were to wear a pinstripe suit while trying to aid the oppressed, I would have no efficacy. Thus my characterisation. When I stage a surprise raid in my costume, you can be sure I'm not ignored."

It would take a strong person indeed to remain oblivious to a bearded, crash-helmeted Rasputin running wild in a nightmare pyjamas, gold lame boots and a peanut butter bazooka. You can be sure wherever he treads, the news cameras aren't far behind.

Imagine the stir he caused recently when he invaded some alleged luxury convalescent homes in South California and, it is claimed, found geriatrics tied to wheelchairs, trussed up like old clothes put into storage.

"Few people realise that our elderly are subjected to illegal drugging, beatings, bed sores, maggots and dehumanisation as well as loss of civil rights," says the Captain, breathing a bit heavier now while fingering some Kodachrome snapshots of people with bedsores.

"These people, defenceless as they are, are hawked by their so-called protectors: doctors, attorneys, reverends . . ." his rhetoric on all burners now. "I can actually terrorise somebody who has something to hide. The last thing they want is a spotlight glaring on their malfeasance."

Thus Sticky desires to cleanse with his notoriety.

But surely there can't be such a low ceiling on his eventual goals. "Actually, my goal is to take over the country. Not be the President, mind you, for one can see just how worthless *that* is. But run the show. What I'm doing right now is Phase I. Phase II will be where we change the economy. Phase III is where — *we take over*. But I can't quite tell you about that yet . . ."

It's no small irony that one of the biggest selling deodorant soaps in the States is also called "Phase III".

IT SEEMS that rarely a day passes where the Captain isn't involved in some messianic journey to the surrounding countryside weeding out evil where he finds it. This particular week, the Captain was to make appearances at a carnival for retarded youth and deliver a guest lecture at a campus referred to as the University of Southern California, private bastion of culture where the monied Cro-Magnon children of Los

Continues over

Captain Sticky

If you see evil lurking, it is your duty to report it at once...

■ From previous page

Angeles 'buy' themselves a degree or two.

With all the Micky Mouse classes they feature in the curriculum here, it came as no surprise to the "media-arts" class to see that their lecturer for the day was a man in a cape and a golden helmet.

After demonstrating his accuracy with his peanut butter blaster, the Captain got down to business, which, for the most part, consisted of a futile attempt at hustling a shapely co-ed in the second row.

"I'd like to impress upon you people again that the good Captain does not care about who you sleep with. I like to sleep with people just as much as the next guy. Now this child here (referring to the aforementioned fox) ... you can plainly see that she has no problem at all with being fat. Let me also add that Sticky is not G rated. Sticky is lecherous!"

After this probe gets him substantially nowhere, the Captain tries a variation on his tune. "Of course if you look like a troll, there's no reason why you shouldn't be able to get it on as well." (A quick survey of the room discloses that, indeed, there are several girls in the room who resemble trolls. Sticky leaves no chick unturned.)

"I would like to attack what I call the 'peacock syndrome' in this country. The advertising companies that insist loneliness is a vice, that dwell and sell and finally prey upon human inadequacy. We're turning into a nation of neurotics. It's a strategy of fear, to make you want products you don't need, products which say you are no good if you've got rancid armpits or thick thighs. I mean," he says, looking straight at the voluptuous bird again, "why can't a fat person be loved?"

Now that we're assured the Captain is no caped capon, he digresses into pithier matter. "For the most part, I've educated myself on the john (American euphemism for toilet). I've done a lot of reading there, and what I've learned is, there's a certain art to communicators who grab your attention. How many people in this room have heard of consumer advocate Ralph Nader?" Only a few hesitant wrists flap in the air. "Now, how many have heard of Walt Disney?" This being USC all the hands instantly thrust for the sky. Some even raise two hands.

"There, you see?" says the Cap with some resolution. "Walt Disney was a communicator. Ralph Nader not. I take my lead from people like Disney, Hitler, Lincoln, Elton John. These people aren't intellectuals. They're egomaniacs. And so is Sticky. People read on the john. The best way to communicate is with comic books, or songs."

At this point, the Cap and his sidekick pass out a bundle of comic books featuring the Captain in several unremarkable melodramas, peppered with mottos like "Hear all evil. See all evil, etc."

Most of the USC students read the booklets, and seem to

catch the drift. Never was a pamphlet better suited for use in the john reading or otherwise.

One of the stories, in fact, tells the complete life history of the Captain within a brisk one page. Most of it shows how he used to bore his own classmates giving speeches on evil. And time has not corroded any of his impact. As he swaggers into his second hour many of the USC students have the glazed look in their eye I've witnessed before on red freaks at Deep Purple concerts.

Then Sticky passes out some of his special forms, which make anyone who wishes, an honorary spy against evil. They are called Fink Forms. They say:

FINK FORM

If You See Evil Lurking
It Is Your Duty To
Report It At Once!
Captain Sticky:
I observed evil lurking
at:

"I wish to swell the ranks of my spy ranks. I've got spies everywhere now working for me, in all lines of work. Some of my spies are belly dancers," he discloses.

Asked by one of the students for another example of evil, the Cap barks: "One of the greatest evils lurking in America today is Evel Knievel. Wait 'til kids start maiming themselves, riding their bicycles off buildings."

The Captain finally terminates the proceedings playing his theme song on a tape, an innocuous marshmallow of a ditty which reminds one of the franchise hamburger commercials that constantly drone over the television airways here. Recalling that I'm some kind of a music critic, he asks me "what do ya think of my song?"

"It'll never make the top 100," I predict tactfully. Nor the top 20,000, for that matter.

★ ★ ★

BACK AT Sticky Manor, the Cap begins to bandy his name around with organisations like the FBI and the Kiwanis Clubs. "Because I don't have any political taint, I'll be able to exploit such agencies for my purposes," he predicts. But while Sticky would gladly use the FBI, the FBI might find it more compelling to clap Sticky in irons as a dangerous lunatic.

At this suggestion, the Cap displays a certain paunchy panache.

"If they investigate me, I've got no secrets. No doubt my Manor, phone and car are bugged. Good. Let them listen. They might learn something about useless bureaucracies. It doesn't scare me."

Well, whatever the final impression Sticky will leave, he certainly doesn't believe in secret identities. He puts it all out in front even to the "Get yer Captain Sticky posters, tee-shirts and bumper stickers" plug on the backside of his comic book. He might even become a President. Certainly we've done worse in that position. In the final analysis, it will depend on how much cardboard is in his character, and sociologically, just how sticky he lets his wicked really get.

THERE'S A delicately detailed brass rubbing of Burlington House above the bed-head in room 420 at the Inn On The Park. Some rock musicians would've tried to bend it into a frisbee. Most wouldn't have even registered its existence. "I've spent a lot of time just looking at that," Jeffrey Baxter tells me.

Baxter slips off the bed and wanders over to the table by the window to fetch an orange presse. The literary tastes of the lady from the Warner Brothers Press Office are checked out. "That epitomises Steely Can right there," he says pointing to her copy of Vladimir Nabokov's *Mary*.

"Vladimir was the hero of Donald and Walter — they thought he was the finest writer in the West. Crazy things for little girls, though — a little twist in his personality there."

"Donald (Fagen) and Walter (Becker) were literary majors and everybody was an avid reader. And everybody'd certain authors and certain styles of writing that they'd discuss and believe in. And Nabokov was one of Donald's favourites. So was Stendahl. He thought Nietzsche was pretty funny (laughs). I thought Nietzsche was pretty funny. It's pretty brutal but it was a kind of humour that we had that was a little different, you know?"

Ye-ess. But, of course, whither went the Dan? Last summer the audience at the Knebworth Frolic found you and your pedal steel up on stage with the Doobie Brothers. And when we spoke briefly back in January when you were over for the armer Brothers Music Show you offered a heady cocktail of jetlagged reticence.

Come now, did you leave or were you left?

"It was a very mutual thing. Personality-wise we couldn't do it anymore," Baxter emphasises with a twitch of his moustache.

"What happened to jazz," he continues unprompted, "was that musically it became so inbred as to be unavailable to the general public. Maybe one-half of one-quarter of one per cent of all the people who ever listen to Charlie Parker understand what's going on musically."

"Maybe Donald and Walter had put so much intelligence and sophistication into their lyrics — which they naturally would do because of their high intelligence — that they might be losing people or not being able to reach people and starting to get inbred."

This, however, is the battery hen interview syndrome. Thirty minutes to go. Keep 'em flowing. Hardly the occasion for an exposition on the metaphysics of rock music.

Equally unsatisfactory, though, would be any rent-a-spiel tales of Baxter's just-completed 40 days on the US road with the Doobies or backstage fun and pranks with Elton John. Some gentle foreplay over the Warner Brothers Music Package, perhaps?

"I thought it was real good. I couldn't believe that it came off the way it did in the first place. So well organised. Happened so good."

Hmmm. However: "But I also learned a lot of music. Especially from one guy name of Bruce Conte — guitar player for the Tower Of Power — who is an excellent guitar player ... A guitar player who's coming from a good strong foundation of musical knowledge ... Understanding the instrument."

Better. The Doobies, of course, did seem to pick up quite a bit of slack.

"Yeah. We've been killed." From the NME ... "Oh. That thing."

Ummm ... Actually, that's who I write for, Jeffrey. That's who this interview is for.

"Oh!" But you were saying ... You feel you were murdered?

"Oh yeah!" he nods, subconsciously (presumably) fingering the lettering on his scarlet Doobie Brothers T-shirt, "but it's okay — because I don't believe that the majority of the people who came to see our



BAXTER (right) with JACKSON BROWNE

Skunk hunting in W1

Actually, **JEFF BAXTER** doesn't use the 'Skunk' tag these days, but that don't stop intrepid white hunter **CHRIS SALEWICZ** from treeing the fellow at London's Inn On The Park and firin' some loaded questions about Steely Dan, the Doobies, and E. John.

band didn't like it. Because otherwise why would they applaud and yell and react ... Audiences can't fool you. They can't make you think they like you when they don't.

"So if the people liked the band — and the people were whom we were playing for — that's fine."

Following Little Feat at that Sunday afternoon Rainbow gig, though?

"I thought they were a lot better than we were."

Though, of course, you did manage to get on stage with both bands that afternoon.

"Yeah ... But it's not like we hate Little Feat or Little Feat hate the Doobie Brothers, it's 'You guys did great today'."

As you can imagine.

Baxter, though, is most certainly not pleased with this paper. Baxter is particularly displeased with Pete Erskine's review of "Stampede", the Doobies' most recent album.

Baxter is especially displeased with the caption underneath the photograph accompanying the review. In the photograph Baxter has pulled his walrus moustache apart offering a fairly accurate simulation of a pair of ... uhh ... lips. The caption reads: "We offered Jeff Baxter the right of reply to Pete Erskine's review. Here you see him delivering said reply."

It is pointed out to Baxter that the caption is not perhaps intended to be taken too seriously. "The only kind of people I know of who'd do something like that are the Russian Secret Police or the CIA," remarks the guitarist. The remark is hopefully not without irony.

Baxter's complaint, though, is that a thoroughly flippant

caption is hardly in keeping with the tone of the review. My complaint is that "Stampede" is not The Great Leap Forward that Tom Johnston had assured me I should expect when I'd bitched to him about the generally limp "What Were Once Vices", the album's predecessor.

Pete Erskine's complaint is that "Stampede" is not The Great Leap Forward that Jeff Baxter had assured him he should expect.

"It was just like a number we'd all liked when we were younger and we wanted to re-work it," is his explanation of the inclusion of Holland/Dozier/Holland's "Take Me In Your Arms".

I point out that it's a little too close to the currently prevailing vogue for white soul for mere coincidence. The walrus moustache shrugs.

I tell him that Mr. Erskine was genuinely peeved at what he felt to be a gross under-utilisation of Baxter's talent. Jeff Baxter concedes that maybe he is mixed down in the album and on stage: "It's gonna take me time to fit into the Doobies. What do people expect? That I'm gonna take the lead role straightaway?"

Yet — how should I put this now? — there are those amongst us who find you, Jeffrey Baxter, just a little suspect; that while we readily accept that your seemingly playing with anybody who comes within jackplug distance may be little more than the announcing of a Mr. Nice Guy of Rock Music, there is also the possibility that you could be a total Macchiavellian Rock Music strategist.

Now of course this may be just some subliminal result of your father's having once been the employer of one H. R. Haldeman at the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. I suppose Watergate paranoia and rock music probably do not mix.

"Are you asking me if I'm just doing it for the money?"

Well, yes, actually.

"Of course I'm doing it for the money. But I'm also doing it for the music. My music has to develop. So do I."

"It's opportunities. It's being able to ... "Baxter wraps the duvet around his bare feet ...

"If you go to a not well-known university and you do real well and you get a certain amount of notoriety as a molecular biologist and all of a sudden UCLA offers you a grant to study the electrolytes in rats' brains ... What do you do?"

"Do you say, 'Well, I don't want to learn because everybody'll think I'm a schmuck for taking this grant and going to UCLA and leaving the small university.'"

"I mean what are you supposed to do? I don't know. I don't want to go back to working in a guitar store."

It should perhaps be noted that when I inquire as to whether Baxter actually made any money when he was with Steely Dan — he has no writing credits on any of their albums — the conversation is interrupted by the arrival of the gentleman from another newspaper. Somehow the question gets overlooked.

Okay then. What if Elton offers you a permanent gig? Would you take it?

"Uhhhh ... (long silence) ... Would you turn that off for a second?"

With the cassette recorder not running it is confirmed that Elton has offered to put Baxter on the full-time payroll but that the latter decided against it.

The latter also decides that there is no real reason why this should not go down on printed record: "Because of some things we were going through with the Doobie Brothers — and the fact that those guys are really super-friends — I could not leave at this time with a clear conscience."

"And I really felt something more for the Doobies than I did for anything else and I wanted to stay with the Doobie Brothers. Because we make good music together ... I think. Or try to make good music or whatever."

The last sentence is thrown my way with a glance so nebulous that I'm still working on it.

I dunno. Maybe your approach to the music business is just too professional. Maybe we dislike being made aware that there actually is a rock music corporate structure which any able and intelligent musician can climb. Maybe we've been burned once too many times by Leon Russell and his ilk ...

"But boy. Has he made good music!"

Well ...

"Oh, I dunno, I haven't really listened to him within the past six months or a year ...

"I dunno. I'd crawl in an existentialist hole if that's where it's at but that's not where it's at at all."

"It's not the money. Sure I like to make some money and be comfortable because let's face it — I'm not gonna be on the road when I'm 40 years old. I have no intentions of being on the road when I'm 40 years old. If I starve I'm not gonna go on the road. I don't care."

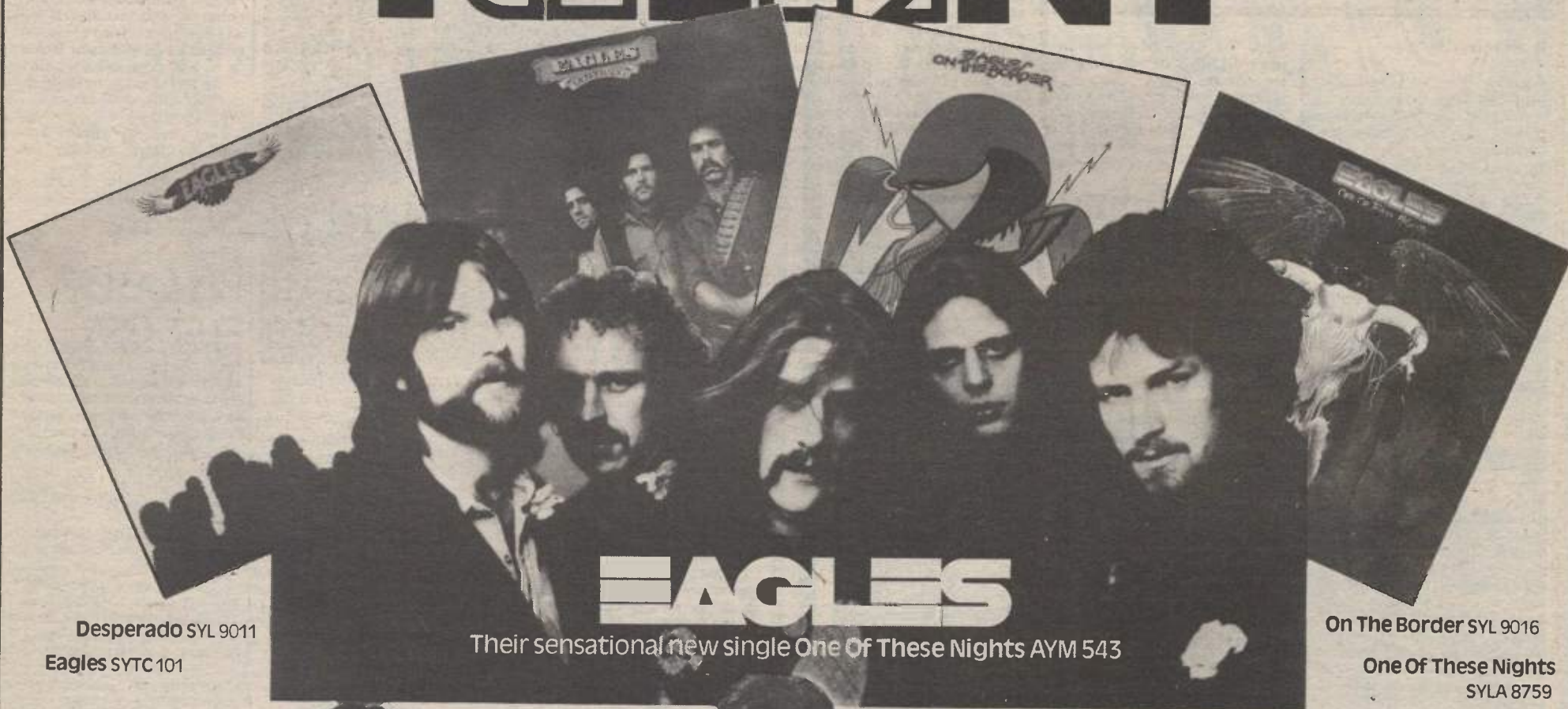
"So I might as well ... If there's so many other people that are making a success off me I'd like to be included. And that's the way the music business is. And I'm just saying that there are so many other people that are benefiting from my talent."

"If I'm gonna go through all this — and being on the road ain't easy and making a record is not real easy to do. And to do it right and stay alive and keep your health. So if I'm gonna do all this and somebody else is successful via my doing it I'd like to be successful at it too. If nobody else is successful then there's no reason why I should be either."

"Do you understand what I mean?"



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Valentino: "Tain't a fault, it's a fact."

GODMOTHER OF SOUL

GAY SOUL has long been an important facet of the disco scene — it's been London's gay clubs which have broken many of the big foot-stompin' hits of the past year or so, while acts like Disco Tex and the Sex-o-Lettes have camped it up with a vengeance.

Now it's all out in the open with a new Motown-distributed label called Gaice, and a record titled "I Was Born This Way" by Valentino.

"Tain't a fault, it's a fact," proclaims Valentino in what turns out to be something of an anthem for gay lib, albeit a pretty funky little record at that.

Air-play doesn't seem a strong likelihood, but the disc is getting plenty of club play and not just in gay venues either.

"It's meant as a statement, not so much a protest song but a song which explains to people that being gay isn't anything odd or to be ashamed of, it's just a fact of life for millions of people who should have a role to play within society, not outside it," says the person.

It was his manager Bunny Jones, along with Chris Spierer, who inked the song for dancer, actor, singer Valentino whose face may be familiar from his appearances in the "Madigan" TV detective show.

Born this way in 1952, Charles Valentino Harris trained as a ballet dancer and appeared in the Australian production of "Hair" back in 1971. He also toured as a dancer with the Pierre Cardin and Don Robbie fashion shows, and had a spot in Bill Turner's much lauded "Ziegfeld Follies Of 1975" show.

The lyrics are what makes "I Was Born This Way" so different and, thankfully, they are written in a commonsense, straight-from-the-shoulder (or should that be hip?) manner and sung in a voice which resists the obvious temptation to camp it all up.

□ ROGER ST. PIERRE

When a not-so-old cricketer leaves the crease ...

HARPER BAILS OUT FOR USA

ANOTHER WICKET falls. A denimed Roy Harper guffaws, momentarily falling back into his seat. "Shit, I just love it when John Snow gets wickets."

He's at home on a Thursday afternoon, watching the England/Australia Test on a tiny colour TV, and telling me exactly what the situation is regarding his "retirement", and his bank balance — or rather the lack of it.

See, for the first time in his professional career Harper's in debt, and in debt to the tune of five grand. His solution? To give all his attention to American audiences, hopefully via a tour with his excellent band Trigger and a US record deal with Chrysalis, thereby ignoring British audiences who, according to Harper, regard him as a joke.

"I'm a dead duck over here. I'm not being self-effacing, just honest. If the English audience chooses to ignore me it's their misfortune," says Harper.

In actual fact the English audience hasn't totally ignored Harper, since his newest album "HQ" has already notched up sales of 15,000 in its first month of release — enough to give it a placing in the lower echelons of the Top Thirty. Moreover, Harper's recent British tour was a sell-out everywhere apart from a couple of gigs at Preston and Sheffield.

Harper's nine other albums haven't uniformly bombed out either. His fourth album "Flat, Baroque And Berserk" has sold somewhere in the region of 28,000, and "Valentine" his seventh, made it to number 15 in the chart, Harper remembers. He does seem very aware of how his records sell.

"It's how many they don't sell I'm aware of," replies the guy, ever-sharp.

But as Harper admits, he's stayed stationary at the top of the second division for the last four years. And his decision to go out with a bona fide and truly excellent rock 'n' roll band (Rock's a recent infatuation for Harper) hasn't put him into the premier league as yet.

Now musicians of the calibre of Chris Spedding and Bill Bruford, who are prominent in the ranks of Trigger, don't go onstage for a fiver and all the booze they can drink. And their wages (and of course the wages of bassist Dave Cochran) have meant that Harper hasn't earned so much as a green one from any of his gigs this year.

Hence the accumulation of debts which Harper thinks might have to be met from the money EMI (Harper's UK record company) were going to lend him for a £30,000 mortgage.

At present Harper's bank balance stands at the princely sum of eighty quid. He reckons he's going to have to live off his girlfriend until autumn, (a thing he is very loathe to do) when



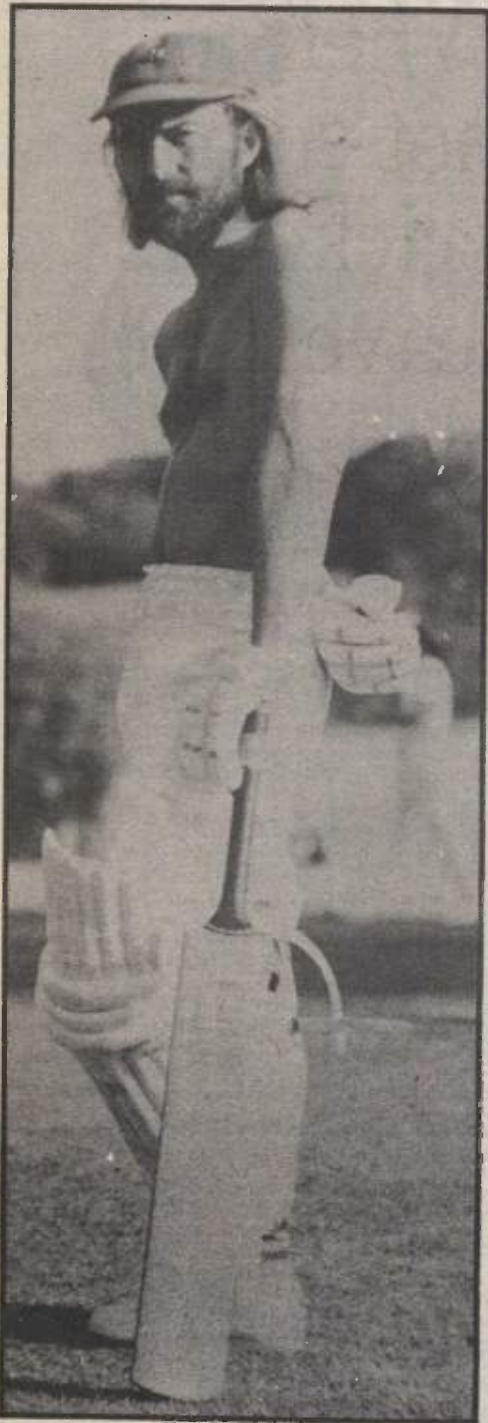
Pic courtesy The Sun, 7.7.75.
Graffiti by Eamonn Percival, London N.10

RIDE YOUR GET ON YOUR

MEANWHILE, back at de ol' contract riders (which we was talking about some while back), we find that the whole idioecy has escalated to the point where top New York promoter Howard Stein can be quoted in *Our Magazine* as saying, "There was a time when a rock group would thank you profusely for putting a few cans of cold soda in its (its?) — Ed dressing room. Now they don't understand how you could be so dumb as to give them a case of Burgundy when you know they prefer Bordeaux".

One Washington D.C. club owner, Jack Boyle of the Cellar Door, has actually had to close up shop because of the growing menace of the Silly Contract Stipulation. The ones that broke the camel's back were the Grateful Dead's request for steak-and-lobster dinners for the entire band and road-crew, Lou Reed's requirement of a small army of security men, and alleged satirist Mort Sahl's piffing trifle of all 22 volumes of the Warren Commission

Thrills



"Come 'ere and say that, Alec Bedser." Harper passed over again by England selectors.

things in America should hopefully come together.

"I don't think that the English rock public are as intelligent as the American equivalent," goes Harper's reasoning for turning to the US. "I've never said that before. In this country I think a lot of the intelligent young are lost to rock music because there's no outlet."

Despite being a professional musician for nigh on ten years, Harper has never gigged in America and his records are only available there on import. If the deal with Chrysalis works out, all that should be changed.

By way of introduction to the US audiences, Harper is singing lead vocals on a soon-to-be-released in America Pink Floyd single "Have A Cigar", premiered at the recent Knebworth festival which Harper has a thing or two to say about too.

"I think we should have been on immediately before the Floyd, then they would have had to

play really well to follow us," opines Harper, pointing out that right now he sells more records over here than Steve Miller and Captain Beefheart put together. To which I reply that neither act has an album out right now.

Then why put them on in the first place? replies Harper.

Touche. "Beefheart was theatrical but he wasn't stunning. Miller played too safe. I think he was really average. Fred Bannister (the promoter) wasn't prepared to take the risk."

If Harper is a little self-effacing about his success then he isn't about his talent. "I don't care what Ken Russell says about Townshend, I think I'm the best poet of the rock generation. I'll go round to my friend's houses (and he's referring to people like Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, Bowie, Townshend and Ian Anderson — all Harper patrons) and see ten platinum records on their walls and their work isn't any better."

"I'm not grumbling. I'm just having a quiet chuckle."

□ STEVE CLARKE

DOIN' THE KENSAL SKANK

Backstage of the Biz

HOT MOVES are afoot in the music biz amigos, as Trojan Records prepare for the big switch from Charisma. They've been bought up by Saga Records, who completed a royal flush in terms of tastes catered for with the acquisition of the top reggae label, and B&C to boot.

Interesting because Saga began life as a classical concern ('The Five Thousand') before moving into the jazz realm ('The Six Thousand') where they now have a catalogue to rival Nat Joseph's Transatlantic group. Having snaffled a fair chunk of the MOR market with Boulevard, this most recent venture makes them about the biggest smallish independent label operating in such a diversified area.

In order to get the news fresh from the horse's mouth I put on me Babylon boots an' run to Kensal West, where bossman Marcel Rodd was spillin' de beans.

It's no secret that B&C did go into liquidation but under the guidance of Wizz accountancy have resurfaced as B&C Recording Ltd. Trojan will be known as Trojan Recordings Ltd. Rodd assured me that: "Both traditions will be kept vigorously alive and strengthened." B&C had been getting financially shaky for a long time: "We always thought it was a paying proposition. A lot of money was wasted."

Of course, Trojan is another kettle of ketchup. The label is practically synonymous with reggae, as Tamlia Motown was to sixties soul and fish is to chips. In a way though their monopoly did them no good: "Trojan's lead on black music was so strong that it never needed to advertise to the rather wild extent it did. We'll continue to keep up the image um... (pauses meaningfully)... in a more prudent sort of way."

Rodd has a great line in understated backhanders. "The essential difference between the new B&C and Trojan set-up is that now it's been taken under the 'Saga Umbrella' they'll have their own studios, camera team, art department and press. They'll be operating from here rent free, have low price pressings — in fact all of Saga's manufacturing facilities."

One could interpret from Rodd that certain aspects of the previous arrangement had been mismanaged. He chooses his words carefully with the genteel diplomacy of a man to whom acumen and success are second nature. These are still tricky times and, when they do move in a few weeks, B&C will find their staff quota has been



WHERE ARE THEY NOW DEPT.

A GREY-HAIRED gent wandered into NME recently bringing with him a distinct touch of the *deja vu*. Seems his name was Roger LaVern and not only was he manager of Jet Harris but he brought the news that his band, The Tornados, had just recorded a number titled "Telstar."

"Cor," we said in amazement and our best Oxford accents. "But didn't poor old Joe Meek cut that with the band back in '62?" And of course he did, the record making No. 1 both here and in the States, the first recording by a British group to do so. Now it seems, all the original members of the band, except lead guitarist Alan Caddy, whom they claim they can't find, have reformed and cut a brand new, stereo version of their worldwide chartbuster.

Most of the quartet haven't worked together for something like twelve years — which brings us to the whatever happened — bit. Heinz, the blonde Kraut who left the band to gain his own allocation of royalties with "Just Like Eddie", a tribute to the late Eddie Cochran, did well at first, touring with a back-up unit called the Wild Boys, a band which, incidentally featured a guitarist named Ritchie Blackmore. By 1969 he was earning his living as a potato delivery man — though nowadays he's back in show biz during his spare time, his main bread coming from a job on the

Southend Evening Echo.

Guitarist George Bellamy has stuck around the music scene in one capacity or another, eventually forming his own record company, SRT, in 1971, while LaVern, the Tornados' keyboardman, seems to have been involved in cabaret and the world of commercials since he left the band in '63.

Drummer Clem Cattini is, of course, a well-known sessionman, having played with everyone from Johnny Kidd to the Bay City Rollers. And now the four are together again and crossing their collective fingers and hoping that "Telstar" can make it big the second time around.

But they claim they have one recurring nightmare — that interested punters won't realise it's the new SRT disc that's being plugged, the result being that they'll go in and ask for the Decca original.

And as LaVern left the office, he revived the scent of *deja vu* by informing us that "The Original Tornados", as they now bill themselves, were indulging in A STUNT — by driving around London in an ancient bus advertising their wares.

The Spirit of '62 lives on!

□ ROCK. A. FELLA

pruned. Trojan remains intact.

Saga have also had offers from major record companies anxious to get their national distribution — again it's no secret that EMI's contract there expires soon. Marcel won't commit himself over the possibility of others handling their subsidiaries: "Wouldn't be fair now, would it?"

As I'm leaving I remark that Saga are onto a good thing. Reggae is about the only form of popular musical expression that hasn't yet achieved its full marketing potential, though every year the curve swings upwards. Rude boy music has gotten sophisticated, and is tailor made for

fashionable adoption. There are mysterious, intriguing figures like Marley, Pablo and Portious to revive the flagging interests of a rock satiated public, figures who still stay faithful to their ethnic origins. Marcel is excited:

"We believe black reggae will grow, that's why we took it on. It's no longer a specialist, community interest. We employ a lot of black people so we know their tastes and, today, reggae is getting to a lot of whites as well."

You bet. Like the man says 'Reggae is another bag.' Jump in.

□ MAX BELL

CONTRACT CONTRACT AND RIDE

report on the Kennedy assassination.

And just so you're all hip to just what's backstage next time you go to check out your fave act's action, know ye from the pages of *Qui* that Joe Cocker and his pals will have their two cases of Dom Perignon, Rick Wakeman & Co. will have been entertained by six fully costumed Charleston girls, Bob Dylan's been playing ping-pong in a dressing room equipped with carpets and antique lamps, David Cassidy has been (or will be) doing something unspecified in a private dressing room with "a neatly-made bed", the Stones will have feasted on \$600 worth of assorted food and drink and Cat Stevens will have enjoyed his £750 worth of full-course Indian nosh prepared on the spot by an Indian chef.

Naturally, none of this stuff has anything whatsoever to do with the rising ticket prices that you're current paying.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

THE LONE GROOVER

BENYON

